



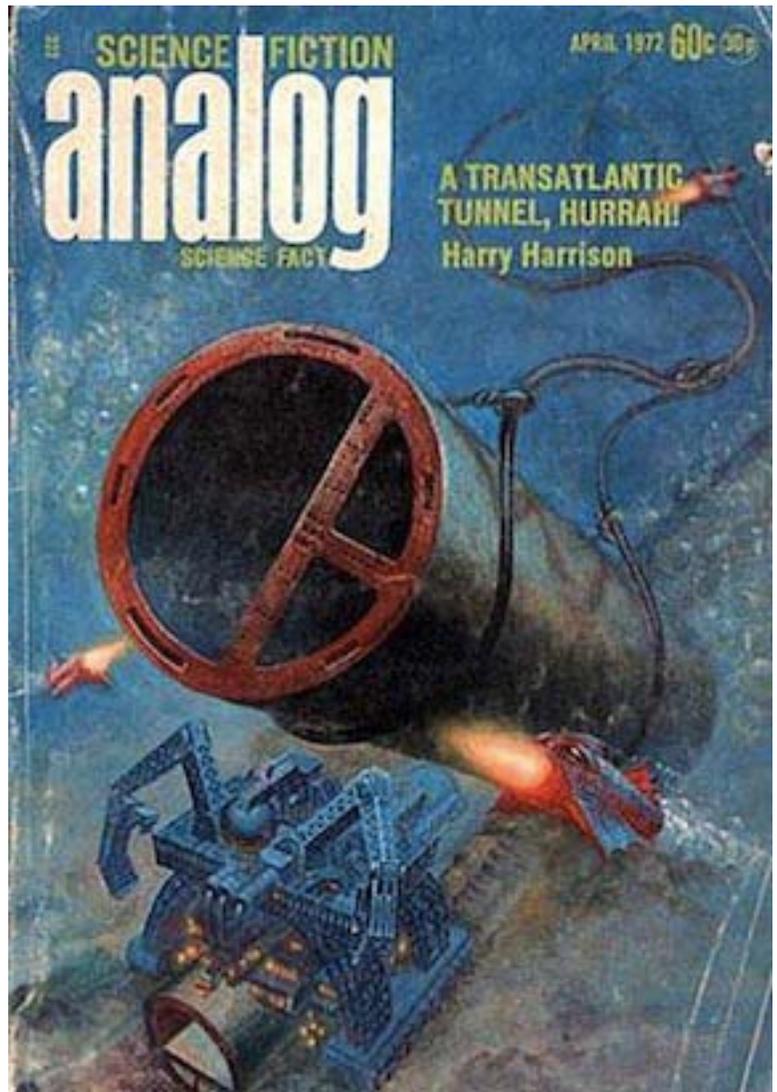
**TERMINATOR 2**  
**JUDGMENT DAY**

**DRINK TANK**

It's a shame that this year has turned into a year where we've lost so many legends. This week alone we lost two: Harry Harrison and Joe Kubert. My good college pal John Magrisso has been kind enough to write a remembrance of Mr. Kubert for us. I can't say enough how important Kubert was to comics. He was one of those faces that I always expected to be around. I met him once, when he was introduced to me by an older gentleman named Julie Schwartz. I only exchanged a few words with him, and I shook his hand. If I had known then what I know now, I would have spent a lot more time chatting with Julie, but that was the only time I met him and I never got into the history of his time in fandom.

There aren't a lot of folks left from the Golden Age. The list of characters that Kubert drew is amazing. Johnny Quick, Zatara, Hawkman, Wildcat, and most important to my father for sure, Sgt. Rock. He was also arguably the most important teacher of the comics genre. He was a star, but more than that, he was a touchstone. I'm glad I got to shake his hand. That man had a grip! Julie's too for that matter.

Harry Harrison and I never met. I had hopefully asked James to get in touch to see if we could rerun one of Harry's comic book pieces from the days when he did comic art. I wanted to use it for the comics issue of Journey Planet.



Sadly, it didn't happen. The last few years he was out of view, in a bad way as I understand it, but he was always with us, in a way. I remember being very upset when they announced that he wasn't healthy enough to make the trip to the NASFiC in Seattle because I was so looking forward to meeting him.

As for his books, I never read The Stainless Steel Rat books. When I was in Junior High, we had a reading contest. The books were The Stainless Steel Rat, The Lion, The Witch & The Wardrobe, and a Heinlein novel (I thought it was Citizen of the Galaxy). I didn't read any of them but The Stainless Steel Rat won by a wide margin. I remember our English class talking about it and someone said that there was nothing like a love story in the selection. I said "Well, then you should read Bill The Galactic Hero".

The one lass who read SciFi in the class giggled.

I loved A TransAtlantic Tunnel Hurrar. It was one of those novels that hung me up. I've read it more than once. Bill The Galactic Hero was a lot of fun, one of my faves. Deathworld I powered through when I was far too young to recall any of it. Still, I had a thing for his work.

We also lost Mr. Ray Bradbury. I've never been a big fan of his writing, but I did enjoy the stuff that has come out of his work. The TV film of The Halloween Tree was great, and I loved Something Wicked This Way Comes. I am so happy that Steven Silver sent this piece.

David B Williams makes his Drink Tank debut with a fine article for it, too! I spend a lot of time on Fancy 3. If you're not sure what that means, you will soon enough!

And we've got A few more pieces of awesome in here! I think this will actually feel like a real issue of a REAL Fanzine!

The next issue gets done on a TRAIN!

# Joe Kubert - 1926 -2012 by John Magrisso

When I was a freshman in college, I had the opportunity to speak with Joe Kubert about his career in the comics industry. My writing professor assigned us a research paper, on the topic of our choice, but we had to have at least one primary source. I decided this would be my chance to sit down with my artistic hero and get his story. I called up the Kubert School and explained the assignment and said that I would like to interview Joe for my paper, to tell the history of the comic book industry through his life in it. For whatever reason, Joe agreed to my request and we scheduled a date for me to come to his school and interview him.

I took Amtrak down from Boston to New Jersey and made my way to Dover, where I had booked a hotel room. This would have been March or April of 1995. I walked from the hotel to the school with my backpack, carrying notes, pens, paper, a cassette recorder and a couple long-playing cassettes. I had a brief wait in an outer area that contained original comics pages by Joe, Sgt. Rock and The Losers as I recall them. Then Joe came out, shook my hand with that famous handshake (though I believe he went easy on me, as I don't recall my fingers being broken afterwards) and took me into his studio where we sat at a conference table within feet of his drawing board. For the next two to three hours we discussed his life in the comic book industry, from his start as a 12 year old (over the years Joe gave different versions of his age when he first began showing his drawings done on butcher's papers to various publishers, but this is my recollection of our conversation) to the work then on his drawing board, Fax from Sarajevo. We discussed the men he termed "the masters," not just Milton Caniff and Alex Raymond, but Michelangelo and other "fine artists." Unfortunately, my recording of that conversation is in a box in storage, and I won't have access to it again for a few more weeks, after this piece is due. And I need to find a working cassette player. So I can't relate all the details of our conversation at this time.

Nonetheless, what I recall most from those hours I got to speak with Joe, even more than the specific details of our conversation, was how generous and humble he was. He gave me all the time I could have asked for, simply to help me with a college paper. He was honest in his opinions and, despite my being some college kid off the train, he treated me with as much respect as if I were there interviewing for TCJ or any other professional publication. And he never failed to credit those who came before him, though there are few in the comics industry that were there before Joe, and he never failed to credit those with whom he worked and from whom he learned. He was a man of such talent and stature, that he had every right to boast about what he had accomplished; instead he was modest and most interested in what was then on his drawing board. His generosity and humbleness was not a surprise to me; I'd met Joe before this when I was a high school student.

The first time I met Joe, was 1992 and I was 15 years old, with a burning desire to be a comic book artist. I had seen an ad in one comic book or another for the weekend seminar put on by the Kubert School for aspiring comic artists and knew I had to go. That weekend I spent drawing and talking with other guys (I don't recall there being any women there) about comics and what was then going on in the industry. And then Joe Kubert sat down next to me (as he did with each student in the class) reviewed what I had done, gave me pointers on laying out a panel and a page, took a sheet of tracing paper and placed it over my work, took a brush, dipped it into a pot of ink, and showed me exactly what he was talking about. I sat there watching this master of the form that I loved take my amateur drawing and turn it into a work of art, all as he talked me through what he was doing and why. Of course I have saved that tracing paper, the one and only time my work was inked by Joe Kubert. It wasn't just that Joe transformed my stuff into something amazing, it was that he did it with the respect and care that I don't doubt he gave to any professional work, never belittling my limited ability, simply showing ways to improve and build upon what I had.

As anyone reading this knows, Joe was a legendary figure in his chosen field, a man of astounding talent, who never stopped working at his craft and whose talent never declined. He was also a man of such accomplishment who gladly took time to sit down with a teenager, whether to teach him ways to improve his mediocre artwork or to answer his questions about his professional life over the course of a morning, for no reason then because I requested that he do so, was a man to admire and respect. That is why his death is so sad- not just because we have lost a great and vital artist, but because we have a lost a great and vital man.



My favorite outfit from the Gaultier Exhibit at the deYoung Museum in San Francisco, taken by the Lovely & Talented Linda



## Ray Bradbury - 1920 - 2012 by Steven H Silver

A few years ago, I received a message. Ray Bradbury was interested in attending Windycon. There was more to the message. Ten digits that purported to be a phone number I could call to make the arrangements.

I had Ray Bradbury's phone number...Maybe.

Ray Bradbury was one of two science fiction authors whose work I was assigned to read in Junior High School. The teacher had us reading Fahrenheit 451 (the other science fiction was Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s short story "Harrison Bergeron"). The teacher made no pretense that Bradbury's work wasn't science fiction. She presented it for what it was, a story that presented a dire warning about the dangers of censorship and the importance of the spread of ideas.

I'll admit that when it comes to contacting science fiction authors, I can be a little bit jaded. Running programming for Chicon 2000 had put me in touch with hundreds of authors whose works I had read, and, of course, I knew they were all people.

But, I had Ray Bradbury's phone number...Maybe.

I had met Ray Bradbury only once before, in, I believe, 1998, at the Book Expo America, although it may still have been the American Booksellers Association at the time. Bradbury was signing advance reader copies of his forthcoming book and the light was very long, stretching, it seemed, halfway across the hall in McCormick Place. I took my place at the back of the line and found myself standing next to a science fiction author who was also looking forward to meeting Ray Bradbury. Because, while he was just a person like we were, he was also, Ray Bradbury.

We stood in line, chatting. I introduced myself to the author who stood behind me. He looked thoughtful and said, "You just reviewed my book, W-----. I had. Even as we spoke for the next hour in line, I tried to remember what I had said in my review. Was it too critical? Was it thorough? Did it demonstrate an understanding of the book? We never discussed that. The tedium of the line was relieved not only by our conversation, now long since forgotten, but by another person who was supposed to be autographing who decided to break the rules...Richard Simmons, who flamboyantly led his entire autographing line (nowhere near as long as Ray Bradbury's, out of the hall to exercise instead of sign autographed.

In the end, I got Ray Bradbury's signature. I don't remember what I said to him or what he said to me. It was the brief encounter so many autographing sessions are.

So, I had Ray Bradbury's phone number...Maybe.

My meeting with Ray Bradbury was not life changing experience it could have been, but I didn't expect it to be. Those only happen rarely. Bradbury has often spoken of his own life changing event, which happened in a field in Waukegan the day after his uncle's funeral.

On September 3, 1932, Bradbury was traveling home from his uncle's funeral. About a mile from his home, the family passed a traveling circus set up on the west side of Green Bay Road at Washington Street (there's a BP

there now, Bradbury got inspiration there, I got gas). He has visited the carnival the night before and seen a magician named Mr. Electrico. As the magician sat in a chair, sparks flew through a sword he held and he knighted all the kids in the audience. As the electricity rushed through the sword to young Ray, the magician shouted "Live forever!"

Now, returning from his uncle's funeral, Ray felt the need to visit Mr. Electrico again and learn the secret of eternal life. Bradbury ties that conversation into the start of his life as a writer.

Now, many years later, I had Ray Bradbury's phone number...Maybe.

I picked up the phone a few times and finally made use of the number.

A voice answered on the other end. I identified myself and asked to speak to Ray Bradbury.

Ray Bradbury answers his own phone.

I had Ray Bradbury's phone number.

We talked about Windycon and the possibility of Bradbury coming. We talked about his hometown, nearby Waukegan. We talked about possibly finding a way for him to call into the convention for an interview in these days before Skype and video conferencing. We determined that Bradbury would not be able to attend Windycon, or any other con in the area. His health precluded travel of that nature.

I hung up the phone and saw my daughters sitting in the kitchen.

"You know that I often talk to science fiction authors?"

They rolled their eyes. They're good at rolling their eyes.

"Remember this call. It was with Ray Bradbury. You're going to study him in school."

They rolled their eyes.

Yeah, I might be jaded. But I had just spoken to Ray Bradbury. And I had his phone number. And he answers his own phone.

Time to fast forward a few years.

My older daughter, R. is entering eighth grade. Her final year of middle school. My wife and I went to Curriculum Night, where the teacher tell us what great knowledge they will be trying to impart to our children over the next several months. After each session, my wife and I stay in the room for a few moments to introduce ourselves to the teachers...Math, Social Studies, Spanish, Language Arts.

The Language Arts teacher has the walls covered in posters of book covers. She notices me looking at the cover to Fahrenheit 451.

"R. told me that Ray Bradbury called your house."

It wasn't a statement. It wasn't exactly a question. It was more an accusation that my daughter was stretching the truth.

And I thought, "She listened to what I said! And she remembered!"

And I still had Ray Bradbury's phone number, although I had only used it the one time.

I informed the teacher that R. was correct. At least within the margin of error that a four year old memory would have for a fourteen year old.

And later that year, R. came home and asked if I had ever read a short story called "The Veldt."

"By Ray Bradbury?" I asked.

"Yeah, we're reading it in class."

I told her I not only had a copy, but I had a recording of Ray Bradbury reading it.

She asked if she could borrow it and I dug out the old audiotape. R. managed to scrounge a cassette recorder so she could listen to it. Not only had she listened to what I told her when I spoke to Ray Bradbury, but she had, in fact, studying his writing in school.

Ray Bradbury died on June 5, 2012 and the next day while driving around with R. I played a recording of an old X-Minus-1 radio adaptation of "The Veldt." I didn't tell R. what it was, but she recognized it and pointed out that the names of the two children in the story are Peter and Wendy, just like in Peter Pan.

Next year, R. will be heading to high school and my younger daughter, M., will be heading to middle school, where she'll eventually read the stories of Ray Bradbury.

Although Bradbury is no longer with us, he managed to achieve his goal set forth upon meeting with Mr. Electrico at the circus in Waukegan so long ago. Through his writing, he will live forever.

# Fancy 3 and Me by David B. Williams

Sometimes the best egoboo is the unexpected kind. One recent Sunday afternoon, I was wandering around Bill Burns's invaluable eFanzine.com site. Scrolling down, I came across the link to Fancyclopedia 3 and went there. I wanted to see how things were developing and to check for bios on a couple of my early fan contacts. No, Andy Main didn't have an entry, not even a stub. But his name was included in the profile list, in the form indicating "entry needed".

I don't know what possessed me, there was absolutely no reason for me to expect to be included in Fancy 3, but I scanned down the list of names beginning with W and was stupefied to discover that I was there! Some overzealous editor had somehow unearthed my name from the dusty strata of fan history. Someone thought I deserved an entry in Fancyclopedia 3. Incredible.

After closer examination, I suspected it was all a mistake. Someone with my first and last names was listed as a featured guest at MidSouthCon 2004 (maybe video game creator and novelist David J. Williams; read on to see why it's highly unlikely that I would be chosen as a featured guest at any convention). This mention must have stimulated the wiki software to generate a "link needed" entry. Then a sentient being must have intervened, assumed that David Williams referred to me, and added my middle initial. Whatever. My name was now there, requiring a linkable profile, an inherent demand for any on-line reference work.

But this raised a dilemma, at least for me. There was no one in contemporary fandom who could write a valid entry for me. There never has been. The only person informed enough to write such an entry is me. But was I brazen enough to submit an entry for myself? And if I did, what would I say?

Now, the easy solution would be to chuckle mordantly, mutter "good luck with that," and ignore Fancy 3's appeal for an entry for David B. Williams. I could go down in fannish legendry as the fan of mystery, the one entry in Fancy 3 that remained forever blank because no one knew who I was. I might even inspire some acerbic fan writer to popularize DBW as the acronym that signifies the opposite of BNF. ("Joe is a real BNF; Jim is just a DBW.")

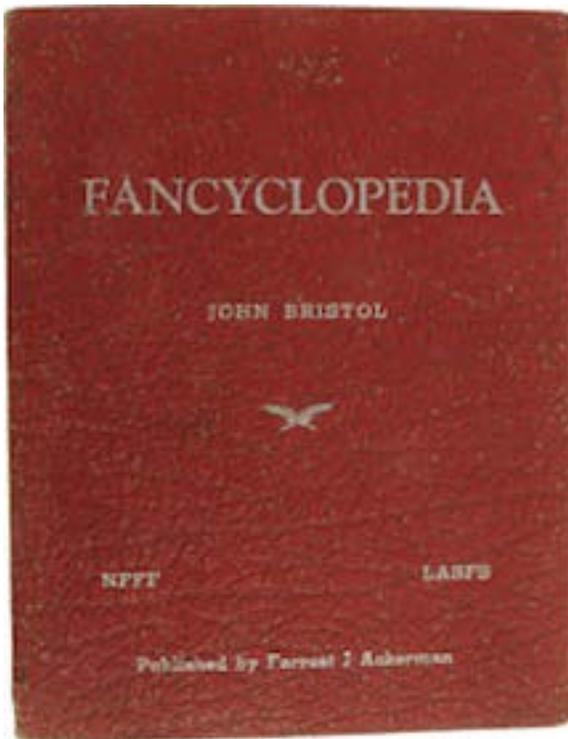
But the logic was inexorable. An entry was needed. I was the only one informed enough to provide it. I had to write my own profile for Fancyclopedia 3.

That only left the bigger half of the question: What should I include in my profile? What could I include in my profile? Name and year of birth seemed insufficient (though some might argue that this information would be entirely adequate). Surely, I needed to mention some actual fan achievements. Well, "achievements" may be too grand a term. But including a few actual fan activities would seem to be called for.

Warning: if while reading the following paragraphs you feel an unwelcome sense of *deja vu*, it may be because the incidents in my fannish career have been so few that, in a desperate endeavor to find something to write about, I have mentioned virtually all of them in previous publications.

So, what could I cite as claims to fannish fame? I began my fan career, of course, as a letterhack, sending locs to the forgotten fanzines of 1960. As the only fan residing in Normal, Illinois, I was able to distinguish myself by signing as "the world's only Normal fan." Ha ha. But my letterhack career withered pretty quickly. I am basically a lazy procrastinator; I always have something to say about what I read, but it's just too much effort to write it all down and mail it in a timely manner. \*sigh\*

So I never became the King of Locs. But I eventually did do some actual fan writing without placing too



great a strain on fandom's patience. My bibliography now exceeds half a dozen items. In 1971, I was briefly the prozine reviewer for Dick Geis' Science Fiction Review, with two installments of my column in SFR 42 and 43 (I think). That was something, since SFR was a widely read and Hugo-winning publication. But then Geis underwent one of his exasperating publishing gaffs and my lunge at glory fell short.

After resting for 25 years, I felt the fan writing bug gnawing at my cerebral cortex again, and around the turn of the 21st century, I managed to tap out a few more pieces. The first, "That Was Then, This Is Now," appeared in *Mimosa* 26 and was chosen for immortality in the *Mimosa* Fanthology 2. My second contribution to *Mimosa*, "Looking for Degler," appeared in the 30th and last issue, and the editor introduced it as "a detective story of true fan historical significance." Not bad. (If only I had some claim to true fan historical significance.)

I also contributed a bit of humor to Michael and Nomi Burstein's short-lived *Burstzine*. When Ted White reviewed that issue, he wrote that among the three features, "The best is David B. Williams' 'Napoleon, Tucker, and Me,' which links a number of

disparate facts to reach an amusing punch line." This is yet another example of unexpected egoboo, since I was unaware of this review until recently, a decade after its publication (and thereby discovered that egoboo delayed is not egoboo denied!).

I have also contributed two pieces to *Challenger* (Nos. 21 and 24) and one to *Fosfax* (212). Altogether, this is not an intimidating fan bibliography. In addition to the few kind words cited above, my fan writing endeavors have earned me the elite status of *Mimosa* Life Subscriber and *Burstzine* Life Subscriber, but I doubt that those honors will impress *Fancy* 3 readers, considering that both publications are now long defunct.

Maybe stature in fandom is not derived from what you do, but who you know. In analyzing my problem, I recalled that some wit once wrote an essay entitled "Famous People Who have Known Me" (who did that?). Could I enhance my *Fancy* 3 profile by naming a few notable fans and pros with whom I have not only made eye contact but actually exchanged a few words in conversation?

Here, to the best of my recollection, is the comprehensive list. Those few who are yet among the living may be surprised to learn that they have met me: Forry Ackerman, Ray Beam, Juanita Coulson, Rich Lynch, George Price, Mike Resnik, Bob Tucker, Dick Smith, Wally Weber, Mort Weisinger, George Willick. (I include Mike here among the fans because I have always admired him for not disavowing his fannish origins in spite of his professional success.)

The list of professionals with whom I have spoken is even shorter: Steve Barnes, Jack Chalker, Glen Cook, E. E. "Doc" Smith, Jack Vance, Gene Wolfe. Jack Chalker, of course, also rated as a Trufan in his day. Steve Barnes holds a unique place in this list because he initiated conversation with me rather than vice versa.

Several of us were sitting around in a lounge area at Indycon, where he was guest of honor, and he noticed my pensive expression. He had been discussing his alternate-history novel about ancient Athenians migrating to Africa after the Peloponnesian War. I wanted to impress him and was trying to recall whether the war ended with the battle of Arginusae or Aegospotami. Like me, you probably get those two confused all the time. Apparently, I was looking baffled enough to arouse his interest.

Jack Vance is a special case, and at last I have found something worthy of mention in my *Fancy* 2 profile. I haven't just spoken to Jack, I have spent hours with him and visited him at his home in Oakland. I have written the most extensive Vance biography and literary sketch currently extant (30,000 words). Very sercon, but a fan achievement nonetheless.

Surveying the remainder of my fan resume (it won't take long), I can make no claims as a Traveling Giant or a con-goer. I've never traveled more than 200 miles to a con or fan event. I've attended just two Worldcons (more

than 40 years ago), one Midwestcon, and a smattering of other regional and local fanfests. I have never published a fanzine. I have never designed a costume or played a video game.

Does longevity count? More than half a century of engagement with fandom is some kind of achievement, right? OK, maybe I should have specified “mostly passive engagement.” But still, how many fans who are around today can remember Heinlein’s staged entrance into the Chicon III banquet hall in 1962, his white dinner jacket gleaming blindingly in the spotlight? What a drama queen.

So, here I am, caught in Fancy 3’s spotlight without a white dinner jacket to dazzle the audience. I am just me, a lowly DBW whose only claim to fannish fame may be the Fancy 3 profile that I must struggle to write myself.

If that be so, then it is to my advantage to make Fancy 3 as complete and successful as possible, a work that will be treasured and read by future generations. So I must make an appeal. Every fan listed in Fancy 3 as a “profile needed” should follow my example and write his or her own entry. Otherwise, the task will never

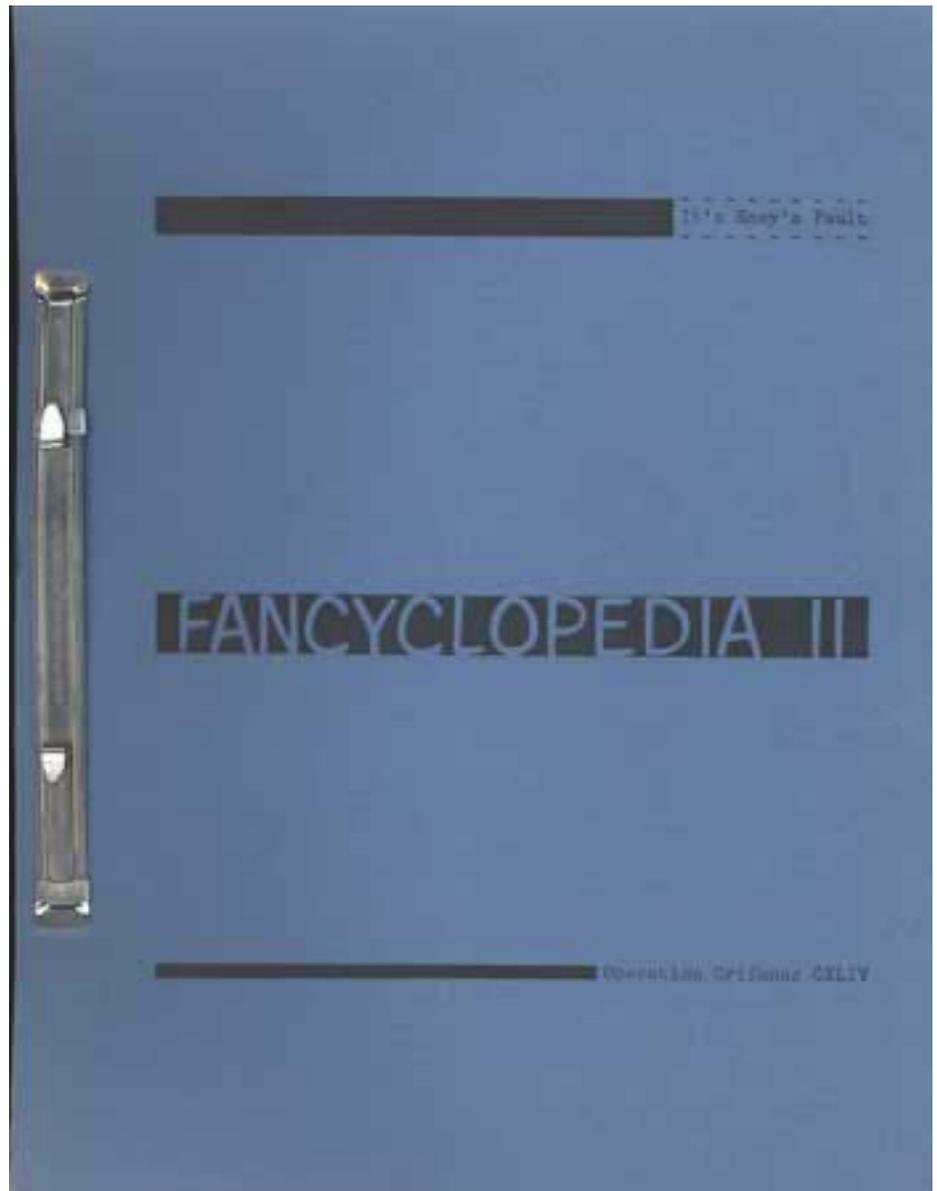
be done and Fancy 3 will linger as a pale ghost of its original purpose and potential.

And let’s be frank here. Some of you would be well advised to write your own entry, because if you leave it to others, you might not like the result. Remember that fan feud you engaged in back in ‘96? Do you really want that guy writing your profile for Fancy 3?

Lacking a fannish Boswell, I will certainly write my own. But clearly I have a problem: I can’t claim fannish fame based on achievement. Nonetheless, I see a way around this trifling difficulty. Having laid out my record, I think I can fairly assert that, over more than 50 years of association with fandom, my distinguishing characteristic has been a remarkable lack of accomplishment. So this becomes my claim to fannish fame: I am fandom’s great underachiever! I challenge anyone to match my record of longevity combined with such meager attainments.

So bravo, Fancy 3 editor or mindless wiki program who perceived the need for my profile. Your acumen, or blunder, is vindicated. I am, even to my own surprise, a fan of distinction.

Footnote: The morbidly curious can find the various fanzine contributions mentioned above at <http://www.db-wilyumz.net/>



# It Has Begun - The Race for GUFF 2013!

GUFF is the Going Under (or Get Up and Over) Fan Fund which transports SF fans from Europe to Australasia (and vice versa). Nominations are now open for the southbound race, to transport a European fan (or fans) to Conflux [[bit.ly/qaFb9](http://bit.ly/qaFb9)], the 2013 Australian National Convention (NatCon), to be held at the Rydges Capital Hill in Barton, Canberra, on 25th to 28th April 2013.

Depending on the length of trip they're able to make, the winner could also consider attending Swancon [[bit.ly/LS56VT](http://bit.ly/LS56VT)] in Perth (29th March to 1st April) and/or Au Contraire 2 [[bit.ly/O6BMe5](http://bit.ly/O6BMe5)] in Wellington (12th to 14th July). The winner will also be required to take over the administration of the fund for the next northbound and southbound races.

If you wish to stand, please contact us at the postal or email address below. You will then need three European and two Australasian nominators (who will each need to confirm their nominations), a 100-word platform to appear on the ballot, and a bond of £15/€20/AU\$25 guaranteeing to attend the 2013 NatCon if you win. If you wish to stand and are unsure about how to go about getting any of these things, what the fund pays for, or the duties of a GUFF delegate and administrator, then feel free to contact us in confidence.

Nominations are open until Thursday 11th October 2012, and candidates will be announced on Saturday 23rd October at Octocon [[bit.ly/BXlhg](http://bit.ly/BXlhg)] in Dublin. Voting will then run until Monday 7th January 2013, with the winner announced at GenghisCon [[bit.ly/MyJKic](http://bit.ly/MyJKic)] in Perth, Western Australia on 13th January.

Nominations should be sent to [james@scifi.ie](mailto:james@scifi.ie) or James Shields, 7 The Way, Highlands, Drogheda, IRELAND; or [kylie\\_ding@hotmail.com](mailto:kylie_ding@hotmail.com), or Kylie Ding, 80A Forrest Street, FREMANTLE WA 6160, AUSTRALIA.

Please disseminate widely.



# Book Reviews - Fair Coin / Quantum Coin by E.C. Myers

## Reviewed by Diane Osborne

# E. C. MYERS

**Titles** Fair Coin  
Quantum Coin  
**Author:** E. C. Myers  
**Publ:** Pyr

E. C. Myer's Coin series has much to offer - fascinating premises, cool science stuff, interesting dramatis personae, possibilities both horrific, gratifying and comical. On a "What If?" scale, this series rocks. At times the story lagged but curiosity had me plowing on as Epraim flipped the coin one more time and the proverbial bull cookies hit the fan.

### Thoughts:

By the second book, it felt more YA than SF. Is there an SF element? Yes. Did it feel like I was back in sixth grade, reading something made for a juvenile audience? Yes. Was it juvenile in an enjoyable way? No.

I would probably read more books in the series, just to see what the author does with the material. Not sure if I would re-read the ones I have read. Kind of like some dates: seemed like fun at the time but worth repeating in hindsight.

With that said, I could totally see it being an awesome television series. If they could get a talented team like the one for Dr. Who and Torchwood on it, this could be a stunning piece of campy TV.

Regards,  
Diane O.

# QUANTUM COIN



## 52 Weeks To Science Fiction Film Literacy - Terminator 2

It's a horror film. OK, that's not true. It's a science fiction film with a horror element, and it's a damn good one. The first Terminator was pretty deck. It told a great story, was very smart and absolutely played to the strengths of its stars. Terminator 2 was a different beast. It was arguably the effects film to end all effects films until a year later when a certain dinosaur-based film hit the market. Looking at the two of them, you can see the difference between 1980s and 1990s SciFi.

The first Terminator movie was pretty simple, really. It was the simple kind of double-back film that I complained about with Bill & Ted's. The Terminator is sent back in time, along with a human who is sent to protect Sarah Conner and make sure the Terminator doesn't kill her. The biggest problem with the concept is that the guy sent back to save Sarah ends up fathering the child who ends up ordering the guy who saves Sarah to go back. It loops too weirdly, but that happens. I understand Harlan Ellison thinks he wrote the story. Go figure.

The biggest thing is that it's simple. There's not a lot of special effects, but what's there is well-done. The production values are great, the story, while a bit violent, is intelligent. The part of the Terminator, played by Arnold Schwarzenegger, is perfect for him. He wasn't much of an actor at that point. He as pretty much emotionless, but he presented a toughness that just rocked. He was ideal, and it was a film that was based around him as the inhuman monster chasing two humans. A touch of horror, but more akin to psychological horror. This was the way of 1980s science fiction. It was a clean concept genre at the time.

Terminator 2 is so very different. It was an effects film above all. The story is still kinda simple: A terminator, captured and reprogrammed by the Resistance, is sent back to protect John Conner from a newer, prettier model of Terminator (the T-1000, played by the awesome Robert Patrick). This time, the Terminators are fighting out and John Conner befriends the Terminator. Sarah decides to go out and try and kill the guy who designs the microprocessor that enables Skynet to take over the world, as well as create the Terminator. This leads to a battle with the T-1000 and much wackiness.

The T-1000 is made of liquid metal. That's basically a smart way to allow for the coolest effects of the day: morphing. Morphing had been a popular form for a while. It was the only thing people remembered from Willow, and the Michael Jackson's video for Black or White used it to great effect. Basically, the T-1000 can become the shape of anything that touches it. That allowed the effects people to play with it. The T-1000 became a number of different people, which is a great power to have! The effects, like when we get to look through a hole Sarah Conner shot in the T-1000's face, were awesome, but it's also true that this wasn't the only thing the movie had

going for it.

It also shows how much of a horror film this is.

The most interesting thing that I noticed on this rematch was that the T-1000 was an excellent killer, and creative. He turns his arm into a sword and slices through John Conner's foster dad's milk carton and through his mouth. He uses his finger as a needle in a kill that's worthy of Michael Myers in one of the latter Halloween movies. The way that the T-1000 is presented is exactly like a monster in a slasher flick. He does get a few funny lines, but mostly, he's there as a monster. It's cool the effects they use to make him a monster, the most obvious being the way that the bullet holes close up on him. That's the ultimate story of a horror film. Your best, most powerful weapons, the ones you can't on to save you, they stop him for a moment, but they close up, leave not a mark. This is exactly the same as Jamie Lee Curtis stabbing Michael Myers in the eye with a coat hanger, seeing him fall out the window and then walk away. It has gone over and beyond anything we can do to stop it. It's a scary thought.

The casting here is very interesting. Arnold was great as the Terminator in his first turn because he had no personality, but here, they add some comedy, which is actually pretty fun because Arnold pulled it off with a touch of his previous emotionlessness, only touched with a bit of comedy timing he picked up along the way. The scenes where he interacts with John Conner are really strong. In a way, it's what they were trying to do with The Iron Giant.

Don't get me started in The Iron Giant...

Eddie Furlong is a weird concept. I think he was perfect. He acted exactly the saw way that all my friends



in Junior High acted. As I was in High School when it came out, I think that may have colored my enjoyment of the performance. He was good enough, though when the going got tough, he didn't really rise to the occasion.

Linda Hamilton is back, only as a hard-nosed tough-as-nails Mom who has trained her body and gone to the loony hatch. It's a good performance, she dives into it hard, but ultimately, it's written wrong for her. She should be an emotionless machine, and it seems like she is supposed to be, but in reality, what she was playing and what really works, is playing as an angry beast trying to overcome her anger. She blows it a couple of times along the way, but at a few points, like watching a playground get turned into parents and kids ash and blown away. That scene was very controversial back in the day. I thought it was the most emotional and powerful part of the movie. The rest is an effects reel. The playground scene was what the folks who saw the Daisy commercial back in the day must have felt.

Joe Morton, an actor I've had the pleasure of chatting with a couple of times, was great as Miles Dyson. He first had to come as a workaholic family man who understands that he's got to walk the tightrope better. He then discovers that he is responsible for the deaths of three billion people and goes Gung Ho into destroying it. He then gets the best death scene of the 1990s. It's so simple, he's so good, so smart, that the performance is as effective as any moment in any film I can think of. You usually remember deaths for their bigness (ie. Paul Rubeus in Buffy The Vampire Slayer) and here, it's because of something that feels so real.

Robert Patrick is also amazing. He's got a sly sort of emotionlessness that is very different from Arnold's in 1984. He is so good, so focused, that he makes for an amazing villain.

I should also mention, that this film wasn't the beginning of the James Cameron role as effects master (that would be The Abyss, the second to last film cut from the 52 Weeks list), but it was the first film where an actor was secondary to the effects. You can see it in the behind-the-scenes material, which are great to watch, too! The way he shot every scene with the T-1000 showed that he was making an effect a star. If you watch the way that Robert Rodriguez shot George Clooney in From Dusk 'Til Dawn and compare it to the way the T-1000 is used in its scenes. It's a very similar way of handling a character. There is a long stretch without the T-1000, and that section gives us a bit of the humanity to the film, and not surprisingly, it's the portion of the film with the most Joe Morton. It's a good thing.

One thing about T2 that really stands out is how violent it is, and how it followed what I call the G.I. Joe theory for half of it and the Kill-'em-all! theory for the portion with the T-1000. Arnold is forbidden by John Connor to kill anyone, so he just blows up cars and kneecaps a couple of people. When he is looking out across the field of destruction he laid waste to with his chain gun, there's a little item at the bottom of his special vision that says "Fatalities: 0.0".

Why would he need a decimal in that gauge? Is it possible to half-kill someone?

All in all, Terminator 2 sold a LOT of tickets, helped define what 1990s summer movies would look like, and gave us some amazing effects. It's also a fun ride, and there's a chase through the LA River, so how could it go wrong?

But let's be clear, this is a turning point. This was where 1980s science fiction finally did go. Thinking of all the great films of the 1980s, they were lighter, less gritty. Terminator 2 and Jurassic Park are both full of grit, and spectacle, but it's spectacle in terms of computer effects more than anything else. It's continued in this vein to today, as we'll see in the next couple of months of 52 Weeks!

