

# *The Drink Tank*



## *Issue 65*

*A Wild Ride across the  
world of the Fanzinistas!  
cover by Amanda Flick*

# Letter Graded Mail Sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org By My Gentle Clapton Loving Readers

**Well, the first LoC from the reason The Drink Tank started in the first place:  
Jan Stinson!**

01/25/06  
Jan Stinson

Sonny, you got a lotta nerve saying Eric Clapton sucks as a guitarist. Such a comment makes me wonder if you realize how many guitarists who came \*after\* Clapton have been influenced by him. I suspect that your answer to the greatest guitarist of all time might be Jimi Hendrix, and I'd have to agree just on innovation points alone. My "fastest and meanest" title goes to John McLaughlin (ever heard of him?), and the "makes me weep" title goes to Steve Howe (ever heard of him? huh? huh?). As for "shreddingest," if I understand the term correctly (and I may not, being an Old Phart), I would put that crown on Stevie Ray Vaughn's head, despite the many similarities in his style to Hendrix's style. Vaughn took what Hendrix started and steeped it in the Texas blues tradition, wiggled it around and came out with something that is inescapably Steve Ray Vaughn. Anyone who can mistake SRV for any other guitarist still living does not even know what a Clue Bus looks like!

**OK, OK, I was wrong. He doesn't suck as a guitarist, but he doesn't play what I like. Maybe it's the fact that I really dislike the Blues. As far as shredders go, you've got Buckethead, Mr. Edward Van Halen, Steve Vai and others. I guess there's a distinction between the line which comes from BB King and his ilk and the ones that came from the line of Django Reinhardt and his follow-ons. That might sound weird, but the concept of guitaring that Django brought out is certainly in line with the Metal guitarists.**

I could run through a whole buncha other names, but I'd bet the majority of your readers wouldn't recognize most of them. We are all creatures of our times, and I got into rock music in the late 1960s and through the late 1970s, with an emphasis on British prog-rock and glam rock. So now y'all know I'm a Bowie fan, right? And guess who's still rockin'; and making viable music today? "You betcha..."

**I love Bowie. I saw him last year (or maybe it was 2 years ago now) and he was great. I like Prog, especially Yes. Then again, I grew up on Punk and Elvis Costello, who I still listen to regularly.**

M is very fortunate to be able to shop as she pleases, and I suspect she knows it. I very much doubt she would bother trying to get items for less than their ticket prices if she didn't.

**Yeah she is. She used to be much more free-spending then she saw a thing on Donahue about lottery winners who were broke. That really changed her.**

The ish-ending fiction piece was, oh, how shall I describe it? Piquant? Yes, I think that's the word. I did smile at the end. Nice job.

**I found a few old pieces that I might run at some point. I liked that one the most.**

Once again, I really think you should slow down a bit before you wear out your fannish heart with all this pubbing you've done lately. Do be careful.

**I'm not close to the limit yet. I can probably pull off two more APAs and another zine or two. Then again, maybe not!**

**Thanks Jan! And now, taking me to task for some of the same things as Jan did is John Purcell!**

You might find this really surprising coming from an old phart like me, but when I clicked on the link for issue 63 and saw that picture come up, I shouted out "Holy extra crispy, Batman! It's Buckethead!" And my wife gave me one of those patented "you are so strange" looks from across the room. While I disagree with your appraisal of Eric Clapton's playing (shame on you, bad-mouthing an elder guitarist-statesman like that! have you no concept of what his influence on generations of guitarists has been? Obviously you're more of a metalhead than a stylist), I do agree with you about Buckethead's technical prowess with the guit-fiddle. No argument about the man's ability, but I prefer style and fluidity when added to technical proficiency. As an example of what I'm getting at, if you're into jazz piano music, I suggest you listen to how Ahmad Jamal and Duke Ellington employed space as an integral part of a solo/melodical line. A lot of notes in a damned hurry can blow you away, sure; but tasteful licks are just as effective, if not more so. I agree that Slash is not a great guitarist, but competent. On the other hand, I don't think Keith Richards is a technically great guitarist, but he knows exactly what to fill when it's needed. To me, that's the mark of a great musician; the guitar simply happens to be his instrument of choice.

**Indeed, it seems that Eric Clapton has a lot of defenders out there. I do like Duke Ellington quite a bit. I took a History of Jazz class in college that was awesome. I got introduced to Duke, Earl Fatha Hines, Phil Woods, all the greats. Keith Richards is more about attitude than playing.**

Other things of note before I get on to my next class here at MCC: I am between teaching classes at Montgomery College, so I'm up in a computer lab polishing PowerPoint Presentations for my classes.

Those are now down for the next week and a half, so it's time to rattle off a couple quick locs.

**It's always those moments where you can sneak in an LoC or two that you end up savoring. I've done my best LoCs while having no more than two minutes between meetings. Wait...maybe those were the bad ones that end up in WAHFs**

Nice pic of M. Looks like she's ready for something, like maybe the 69th issue of Drink Tank? hee-hee...

**I decided that the 69th Issue would probably have something to do with sex, whcih means that M will have a prominent role in that issue. Then again, isn't every issue the Sex issue?**

Very nicely done bit about Hugo Gernsback's Science & Invention Magazine. Good old Hugo loved encouraging his readers to be science hobbyists, so it's not surprising that his magazines catered to that kind of material. Fun stuff, though. I really loved the illustrations you selected.

**There are a lot of issues which will lead to a bunch of other articles.**

Say, if you'd ever like an arkle from my pen, let me know. I'm looking forward to the 64th installment of your zine---- wait a minute.....it's 12:05 PM now...that means you just pubbed it 18 minutes ago! Damn it all, Chris! Now I'm behind in my loccing to you again!

+grumble+

**Nope, I had to do a lot of work on the Drabble issue, but it's up now, so you better get to reading it!**

All in fun, y'know. Hey, I also finally got around to reading your Steampunk Issue. Fun stuff. I also enjoyed Harry Harrison's The TransAtlantic Tunnel. A good book. I may have to check out that di Filippo book when I have time. Sounds interesting.

***It took me a while to find The Steampunk Trilogy and I finally had to go to Amazon.***

Take care, and keep those zines pouring out of your fertile, albeit warped, brain.

***They're coming faster and faster it seems. The next issue...which is this issue, will be out middle of next week.***

All the best,

John Purcell

***Thanks Big Guy!***

***And Now, on Issue 65, Mr. Eric Mayer!***  
Chris,

This will not be 100 words long, as it probably should be. It was interesting to see how different people handled the short form. Limited forms can be a lot of fun.

***It's a tough row to hoe, but I had fun doing it...even if it drove me nuts!***

Fascinating collection. Luckily I've stuck around fandom just long enough to read it, but probably not much longer. Yeah, your contributors are very observant. I am becoming Aljo Svobodaesque. In the 70s he made a career of writing letters explaining he was gafiated. Did it for years.

***You see that would be a GAFIation I could accept from ya. I also thought that Aljo Svoboda was the Right Wing for the Buffalo Sabres in the 1990s.***

There's my man on the cover -- Wilt the Stilt. I didn't see his wild scoring period but I used to watch the Sixers on TV later in his career and he was like a stationary point guard. He'd stand in the middle, waving the ball over his head, while his teammates tried to get open. If one did he'd drop the ball to them. If he got bored he'd just take it to the basket himself. He was so much bigger than most of the guys then it was like watching Godzilla vs Tokyo

***I met him at a signing in the earliest part of the 1990s. Giant man. Simply Giant.***

Maybe you have a point about how to

read sf these days, dip in toward the end. (Hey, he was the Big Dipper too...!) Usually I can't get past the first page. This is true even of short stories. Can't hack my way through the verbiage. Maybe it's like how thick vegetation sometimes grows in a tangle by a roadside, but if you can force your way through, the woods beyond are open.  
***Exactly. It's what's kept me from reading much Neal Stephenson for example.***

Speaking of verbiage, odd how many of Ken Patterson's words I know by sight but whose meaning I don't know. Kind of like recognizing the face but forgetting the name. Fairly familiar arrangements of letters one never quite gets to know. Wasn't "Floccinaucinihilipilification" the name of a fanzine?  
***If it's not, it should be! I had to look up about 70 of the words. Bill Burns only had to look up 32. Mostly folks are reporting in the high 30s to 40s.***

Liked Jay Lake's mini-fiction, however. Nice images.

***I said, when I started, that I wouldn't do this if I couldn't get Jay Lake to write a piece for me. He has never let me down when it comes to the words. The man's great.***

Those recounted "difficulties" were harrowing. I can't say I "enjoyed" them exactly, but they packed a punch for the size.

***Those were rough. I thought about sprinkling them throughout, but then I realised that would, in effect, bring the room down.***

"100 Words of Solitude" was well written and presented. I can relate to that. Particularly carrying lunch back to my lonely office.

***I laughed very hard when he sent it to me.***

Mike Swan's "Never Sicker" was neat, but I'm not so sure I wouldn't be sicker after dinner with his dad.

***Never Sicker was the one that got to me first and it was the one that convinced me this whole thing would work.***

Kelly Green's right, coffee is the

corporate drug. In my final year at the corporation, by the grace of the CEO there was created on each floor a wondrous font of free coffee. Verily, even the premeasured coffee packets appeared in a basket beside the drip. Of course, since people were doing legal editing whoever found the pot empty usually dumped three packets into the hopper but even triple caffeine wasn't enough to rouse legal editors out of work induced zombie-hood.

***I'm not a coffee guy too often, but I tell you what, when I need coffee, I NEED coffee.***

Have you written about working at the Smithsonian? If not, please do.

***Someday I will. I really don't have much to say about it. I worked with some art, I played in the archive and that was it, but I do have some stories.***

And thanks for the flattering bio. We both seem to be stranded on the coasts, to an extent. I'm not a traveler, particularly not a plane traveler. My reasons are, aside from cost, that with all the terrorist bullshit I'd probably get hassled and I don't react well to getting hassled by authority. Not that I begin shooting or running people over with my car or anything, but I have a real aversion to authority which I'm not very good at hiding. I shoot off my mouth, which authorities don't like, I've noticed. When I lived in Rochester and went over to Canada via Niagara Falls, long before the border craziness began, I was consistently hassled. On the American side, that is. The Canadians were very laid back. So I don't feel like subjecting myself to airport gestapo. I guess what's necessary is I get a million dollar book contract and the publisher pays for a tour, and someone to meet me at airports and chauffeur me around etc (since I also don't like driving in cities...) then I'd have to travel. However, who knows what the future holds?

***I've never been hassled going across the Canadian border. I just walked across at a point about a mile from an official crossing, hung out and came home. That was ages ago, but still, it was a good time.***

You mentioned your dad's illness a few times I note. How's that going? Hope better than it sounds.

***He's OKish. He had to give up driving the limo because the pain of long periods of sitting was getting to bad, but he's not getting much worse. Not much better, but not much worse. The docs told him he'll probably make it a couple of more years if things respond as they have been.***

--  
Eric



This is Evelyn riding the Pig at Pike's Place Market in Seattle. She had a great time and loves room service. The hotel we stayed at, the Radisson at SeaTac Airport, is being torn down in a few days and they just had the last con at the hotel which was once the Hyatt House where the 1961 WorldCon was held. Evelyn and Gen both loved the city. I love Seattle Cons, so we'll be back for sure...when the money picks up. Evelyn was afraid she'd get hit by a thrown fish.

# The Great Film Comedies Live Forever!!!

If you've read *The Drink Tank* for any length of time, you'll know that I love silent films. They are what really inspire me as a historian and a guy who makes movies. Recently, I was going over my DVD collection and found that I have several silents and that the comedies, not the massive films of significance and majesty, are the ones that I adore.

While comedies date back to the 1890s (with guys like Melies and Edwin Potter making a lot of comedic films) the first Comedy Superstar really didn't appear until the year 1910, and I'm willing to bet you've never heard of him.

At age 47, John Bunny arrived on the scene in a bunch of one and two reel comedies that were called Bunnyfinches because they starred Bunny and Flora Finch. They were the original Fat-Lean combo with Bunny at more than 300 lbs and Finch a mere 100 pounds. It was a formula that would work for dozens of teams over the years.

The Bunnyfinches were hugely popular, with Bunny being the Jim Carrey of his day. The idea of a big name comedian started with Bunny and his series for Vitagraph was massively popular around the world. Sadly, John Bunny died in 1915,



Keystone Cops

just five years after he made his first movies. An Irish paper declared the "John Bunny, The Most Famous Man in the World" had died.

Sadly, almost all of Bunny's films are gone, lost to 90 years of no one knowing who the hell this guy was. A few survive, including one of the early ones, *Her Crowning Glory*, which is on the Treasures of American Film Archives DVD set. It's very good.

Around this time, there were a lot of comedy folks coming up, but by 1912, there was a solid leader. Mack Sennett started a series featuring a bumbling bunch of police officers called *The Keystone Cops*. Every comedic concept of the moron police officer was based on what they were doing in 1912-1915. You can trace it from Inspector Cleus-eau to Chief Wigham. It

also made a star out of a big man from my neck of the woods. Living in San Jose and Oakland at various times, I believe he may have been in a couple of the films made in Niles. He was certainly one of the big stars in Hollywood and when Sennett de-pushed the Cops in favour of Chaplin, Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle went solo.

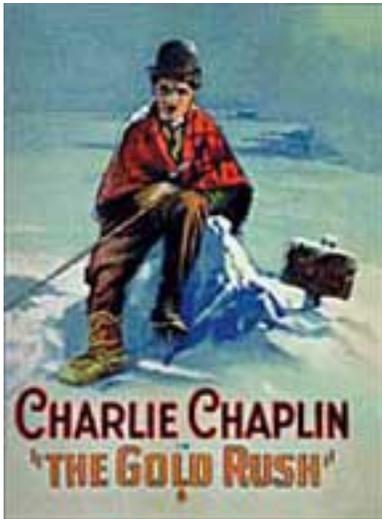
He also invented the greatest gag ever. During one of Roscoe's early films, a pie in the face was used for a gag. That was

typical of Fatty's comedic craft.

Arbuckle is better known for the first real Hollywood scandal, the death of a young starlet named Virginia Rappe. No one's sure what happened, but he was found not guilty and then only worked a bit for the next decade until his death in 1933.

In some of his early films, he discovered a guy who had the greatest stone face in history. He was also one of the most acrobatic comedians in history. A fellow name of Buster Keaton.

Of course, Chaplin was around and was pretty much ruling the roost. By 1915, he was the biggest star in Hollywood. By 1920, he was a legend. I never much cared



for Chaplin the actor, though Chaplin the character never fails to entertain. He was constantly falling for his co-stars, especially if they were young. Arbuckle was the Number 2 man in the biz. A distant third was another guy you probably

haven't head much about.

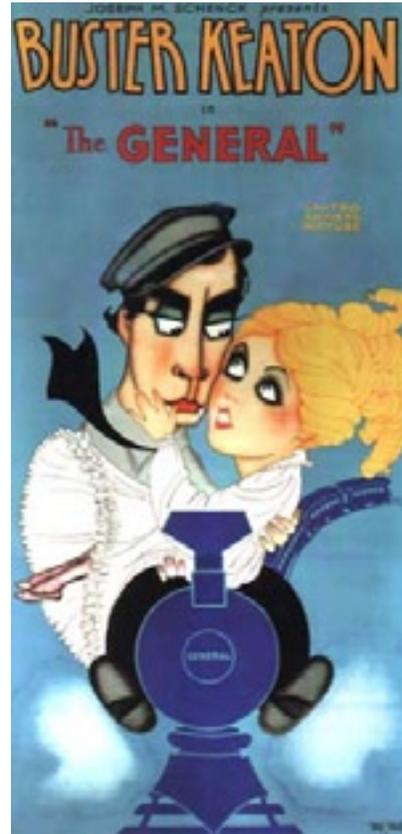
Harry Langdon was a big-time Vaudeville performer and was sometimes thought of in the same vein as the best of Chaplin. He was a star, but he faded, mostly because he went from being a big star with Principal Pictures to being number three behind Fatty and Chaplin with Sennett. Still, he was a name and he drew masses. Still, Sennett managed to make him a bigger star, and eventually he left for First National to be their Golden Boy.

It didn't last.

While he did make movies, he



passed away earlier than Keaton or Chaplin and didn't enjoy their revival success. He was a big star, but he was never any higher in the pecking order than Keaton, Chaplin and Lloyd.



After Keaton broke from Arbuckle, he went on to do some impressive films, like *The General*, *Sherlock Jr.* and *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, not to mention *Cops*, that my friend Jordan Rosa says is the funniest silent ever. It's hard to imagine now, but he was really the number three guy at the time. Chaplin was number one (due to sentimentality) and Harold Lloyd was

the daredevil superstar. It was the Cannes Film Festival that really made Keaton into the number two behind only Chaplin in the eyes of many. I love some of Buster's stuff, but he was really less amazing than Lloyd.

Harold Lloyd was the second most popular behind Chaplin, which isn't surprising. He would do things like climb buildings and hang on by his fingers, some of which were rubber after an accident with a 'fake' bomb in one of his early movies. I've talked about Lloyd before, but he was the big deal.

While Jackie Chan always says that Buster Keaton was his inspiration, it was the Lloyd style of realistic (if not 100% real) stunts that Chan took off with. *Safety Last* is one of the greatest comedies ever made, easily better than anything Keaton or Chaplin ever put out.





He kept making movies into the era of the talkie, but he was really at his best in the silents. While Chaplin kept making Silent Pictures until he made *The Great Dictator* (easily his most important film), Lloyd made soem great talking pictures including *Movie Crazy*. It's on his box set that was released late last year.



A name that you won't associate with comedy is a fellow named D.W. Griffith. He was the director of such important films as *Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*, but he also did several comedies, typically starring Carol Dempster. The one that I most

enjoyed introduced a guy whose timing was brilliant but whose era wasn't until the invention of sound: WC Fields.

Fields was World Juggling Champion, known for his cigar box routine and his witty patter. He had done a few shorts in the early teens, but he really came to the public's attention with *Sally of the Sawdust*. He played Professor McGargle, who is in the circus, and he raises young Sally and loves her very much. For a guy who would make his living off hating kids and animals, this was a great change.

There are a lot of silents on DVD now. The Harold Lloyd Collection is worth it if just for *Safety Last*, *The Freshman*, and *Movie Crazy*. There are two larget sets with Keaton, one with his films alongside Arbuckle and one of just his great stuff. I'd pick up *The General*, *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, and *Sherlock Jr.*. They're all great. Chaplin has a couple, including one of the Chaplin Mutual shorts. I'd say that there are three Chaplin films worth the money to buy ( *The Gold Rush*, *Modern Times* and *The Great Dictator*) and there are a few others worth renting (*Lime-light* featuring Buster Keaton being the easiest to recommend). Langdon's got a set out too, and I think WC Fields has one as well. It's always good to see these films preserved for another generation or two.

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## A WEIRD MOMENT

I'm working on an issue of *Claims Department* all about a visit to LA to hang with The Sisters Morel and I sent off notes to them saying that I'd be talking about little things but nothing terrible. SaBean remembers the entire thing as sort of a foggy haze and told me to tell everything as it happened. Judith remembers everything and said as long as it's true, and I let her know, I could say what I want. I took a moment, thinking about the odd parts of the trip and I realised that I'm much more like SaBean than any other writer for *The Drink Tank*. Neither one of us can resist writing those things that cast us in a negative light, and all our stories end in heartbreak...for us!



**THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS  
BY  
JUDITH MOREL (AND CHRIS GARCIA)**

***This is one of those stories that, when it's finally over, will make you question whether or not the truth would be better to print than the legend. We all know what John Ford thought, but we here at The Drink Tank remain undecided. - CG***

Her name was Rachel and she might have been beautiful if I had ever been allowed to think of her as such. She was 1965 and would never let you forget it. She was bi, we all knew that, but she was different in a way that went far beyond sex. She had exactly three sig-oths as long as we knew her: two of them were girls, but one was a guy who we all loved.

She carried a tea kettle as a purse. She never went outside without her hair perfectly flipped and some sort of scarf or head band adding a splash of colour to the black. She walked with her head down, but unlike Chris who does the same thing, she didn't do it to break the crowds like a Ice Floe ship, she did it to avoid the eyes of those she walked by.

One night, long after college had ended for all of us, we got together and asked the young man, Tom, to give us the facts of the girl.

"Rachel? She's a good girl who just can't accept that she's for real."

"Whaddya mean?" Chris asked.

"I mean she knows she's the biggest fake there ever was, but she means it mostly."

Chris nodded, I was confused. *What the hell did that mean?*

I finally figured it out when I called her up a few years ago. We agreed to meet for a bit and talk about the old days.

She was still dressed in a coat that looked like Mary Tyler Moore had once worn it. She still carried her tea kettle as a purse. She recognised me, more as SaBean's sister than as myself, but still she knew who I was.

"So, what've you been up to?" I asked her, hoping for no particular answer.

"How long have you got?" she replied.

"I got the time it takes for the two of us to drink two cups of coffee." I said.

She smiled, something she had rarely done when I had been around her before. We headed over to a coffee shop with a loft area where the hip kids went to drink.

"So, about ten years ago, I got married."

I went back over my mental notes. 2002 - 10 = 1992. SaBean dated her in 1994, Tom from late 1994 through middle 1995. M and her were well acquainted in the early portion of 1996.

"So, you were married before you got to college?"

"Yeah, right outta Porter High." she said, now staring at her cup of coffee. "He didn't want me to go to college, but he also didn't want to divorce me."

I almost laughed. She had gone to college, played around, and when she went home on weekends, she lived a normal life with her husband.

"After graduation, I went home, found out that I didn't want to be married nor did I like living in Providence. So, I left my husband."

That made sense, but then I wondered.

"So, you dated a lot of folks while you were at school? Did you..." I wasn't quite sure what I was asking.

“Cheat on him again? Of course. There was no other way for me to get...You remember Chris Garcia?” she asked.

“Yeah, he’s still one of my good friends.”

“He used to say that thing about the Blind leading the Stupid. Well, that’s my husband.”

I smiled. We chatted for an hour or so more where she told me about her ins and outs, about trying to force a divorce on a guy who wouldn’t have it and about covering it all up. After an hour or so, I looked at her.

“You know, you’re still really cute.”

“Your sister used to tell me that.”

“You broke her heart.”

“Along with a few others.”

“She’d kill me if she knew I was meeting up with you.”

“She’d kill you anyhow. She used to talk about you all the time after we’d...” This girl had a way for cutting off sentences. I knew what she meant.

I also knew that she was looking at me with a very different set of eyes than she had before.

“What are you doin’ tonight?” I asked.

“Sleeping with you, I imagine.”

And that was that.

The next morning I woke up and Rachel was still sleeping. I went to the bathroom and found that her lipstick was smeared all over my neck. I stopped a minute and realised that these things only happened to folks like Chris, M, SaBean and I. My guess was we were simply gathering more stories to use the next time we got together for dinner. I laughed and then I saw that she had left her purse...I mean tea kettle, in the bathroom.

I had to look. Don’t blame me for my curiosity.

And there it was, plain as day. A Louis Vuitton wallet. She had a Driver’s License with a picture of her looking like a model, not an inch like the girl in the big coat and flipped hair that I knew. The photo couldn’t have been older than a year or so. She had expensive make-up and a bunch of money. I knew I’d been had. I wiped myself off a little

and climbed back into bed.

“Did ya look through the tea kettle?”

“Of course.”

“Are you mad?”

“Why should I be?”

“I sorta lied to you.”

“No, you really lied to everybody.”

“That’s true.”

We snuggled up and I made a few little kisses on her neck.

“Doesn’t matter, Rachel. I thought your picture was hot.”

We went back at it for a bit in the morning, then she got up and left. She sent me an email a few days later.

*I should have told you that I was never married, but I guess you knew that. I just got into the habit of that as my backstory. The truth is only better when you stop to think about it.*

***I couldn’t agree more- CG***

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## **MY SISTER & MY EX-GIRLFRIEND**

**BY**

**SABEAN MOREL**

So, Judith mentioned that she had enjoyed a night or two with an old girlfriend of mine. I guess I should explain a couple of things. First, Judith and I both exert the same amount of bisexualism, that is, exactly as much as we are attracted to a single particular member of that sex. Judith has maybe messed around with a half-dozen girls, me with a few, and Rachel was the one I dated. The thing I knew about Rachel that no one else is that she’s psycho in a way that no one understands. She builds elaborate fantasies and lays them at your feet to shine at you while you let her play with your body. She makes herself over, ‘builds a tragedy’ as Frank T.J. Mackey says in *Magnolia*, and you become hers.

She owned me for a few months. Sexually, she was amazing. Emotionally, she was captivating. She told me the marriage bit, but said she ran away from him. That’s enough to get me to hold a woman through the night and forget about the next fix. That’s saying something for those days.

I broke up with her when she said

that she was going to give up women. I was crushed, but hid it well by pushing the lancet in just a little more often than usual. When she started sleeping with M, she kept it quiet from the rest of us...or at least me.

Judith told me a while back about her fucking Rachel. I wanted revenge somehow, and I got it. I made her tell me everything and I compared it with what I remember of Rachel in my bed. The colors poor Judith turned while she said the filthy things she'd done were the best apology I could possibly get. It also sounds like Rachel hasn't changed her game much.



**A Short LoC from John Purcell on  
Issue 64  
Chris,**

**Weird shit in here. Fun shit, true,  
but weird.**

**end of loc.**

**All the best,**

**John**

## **THE OSCARS BY CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA**



Just prior to this time of year, every film geek starts to look over the list of movies that have come out and make up their Oscar picks. I do it every year and usually I'm off by two picks per category. Then the noms are announced and there are always surprises. This year, I was dead-on with two full categories, Best Picture and Best Director, and I was closer than usual on Best Actor and Actress (why Naomi Watts didn't get nominated I'll never understand. It's almost as bad as Paul Giamatti not getting the nod last year). The list this year is good.

I'm going to be taking a look at all of the Oscar categories, save for Best Score (I'll do a later article on that alone) and Best Documentary (That might be a full issue). **SaBean, Judith** and **Mike** will have comments after my comments., which will be formatted as their names appear above.



Best Picture-

There's no question in my mind that Brokeback Mountain will win it. It was a damn fine movie, incredibly well-acted, and it's a gay-themed film which Hollywood has been wanting to honor for years and now has a reason. The other nominees, Crash, Good Night and Good Luck, Capote and Munich, are all strong thoughts and all of them are message films, but the weight of the performances will give it to Brokeback. Director Ang Le will also win for his work on Brokeback. Too bad Randy Quaid got passed

over.

The other film that has a shot is Munich. Oscar has shown that they love Spielberg and this might be his shot. I don't think Crash has a chance because some have said that it's over-whelming with the language, and Capote is really a one-man show. GN&GL also has a shot, but I'm betting that folks will pass it up for Brokeback.

**Chris thinks Brokeback, and while I'll admit it's the top runner, don't count out Good Night. It's got all the Liberals behind it!**

*No way anything but Brokeback Mountain wins.*

**Gay Cowboys...been done. Hot Gay Cowboys, that's new! I lock with it though I'd say the Best Picture of 2005 was 40 Year Old Virgin.**



Best Actor-

There's a three-way battle that's brewin', but it's only a minor one because one will get swept up in a landslide. Phillip Seymour Hoffman is dead-on amazing as Truman Capote. David Strathairn, who has deserved an Oscar for years, was equally amazing as Edward R. Murrow. Any other year either of these two would take it in a walk (like George C. Scott in Patton or Geoffrey Rush in Shine) but this time, it's all about the Gay Cowboy. Heath Ledger put on an amazing performance for a guy who was never thought of as a great actor. He's got range, that's for sure, and he'd be the first person from 10 Things I Hate About You to win an Oscar (though Larry Miller should have had one a long time ago).

**Gay Cowboy. Yeah.**

*Hoffman without question put on the most amazing performance of the year and easily the best imitation of Capote ever. I'd say he takes it.*

Best Actress

I've got a feeling that my favourite actress is going to finally win a big one for

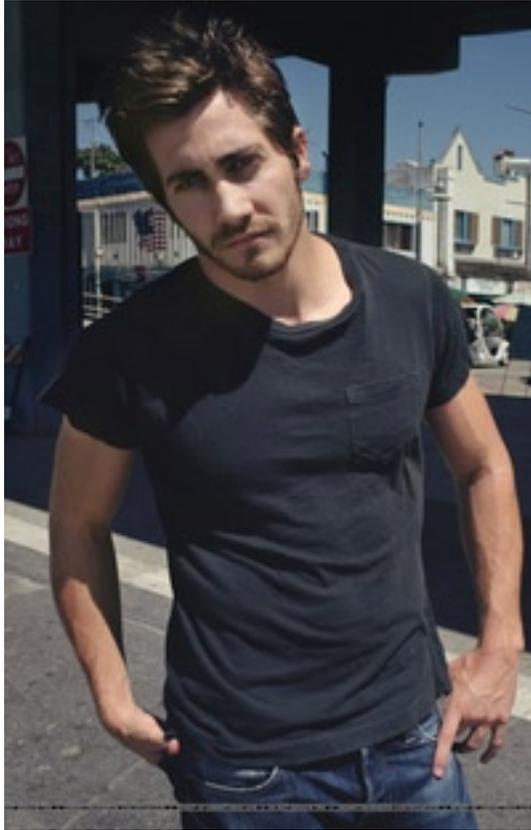


one of my faves: Felicity Huffman. Mrs. H. Macy will probably walk away with the Oscar for her role in Transamerica. She plays a guy going through the last stages of Sexual Reassignment Surgery who discovers that she...I mean he...no, I was right the first...whatever, has a son. It's a great performance and she'll win. Her main competition is Reese Witherspoon. She was great as June Carter Cash and will get a lot of votes from the crowd that likes to award former lightweights. Theron, Knightley and Dench are all also-rans this time. One of those two will win, and I'm betting on Huffman.

**Transgendered is like Gay, so this being the Year of the Gay for the Academy, it'll win!**

*She won the Emmy for Desperate Housewives, I don't see her as Oscar-type. I'm going with Knightley because it'll be the only thing that P&P wins.*

**Get real! It's all about Witherspoon. She did her own singing (see: Foxx, Jamie; Zeta-Jones, Catherine) and she held that movie together, despite how good River Phoenix's little brother was. She'll win and you all can suck on it!**



#### Best Supporting Actor

If ever there was a case of being owed one. Paul Giamatti is, in fact, owed one from last year. He should have been up for Best Actor in *Sideways*, as I think he was far better than Jamie Foxx, but he wasn't even nominated (I'm guessing that Johnny Depp got what should have been his spot). That would make him the front-runner in my eyes, especially since there are two also-rans (Matt Dillon and William Hurt) and the other guy who might be the spoiler, George Clooney. Jake Gyllenhaal is the easy favourite, especially since he also has *Jarhead* this year where he was quite effective. It's Jake followed by Giamatti with Clooney next.

***There you go Chris, always underestimating the liberals. Clooney in a walk.***

*Giamatti in a close one.*

**Jake is hot.**



#### Best Supporting Actress

I'm going out on a limb here and choosing another of those actresses that I've had a crush on for years. Catherine Keener was great as Harper Lee in *Capote*, and since they won't be giving the Oscar to Hoffman, I expect her to walk home with it since she'll be the only one from the movie to win one (see *LA Confidential* in 1998 with Kim Basinger's win). This is a category where there are lots of possibilities. The amazingly hot Rachel Weisz has a strong shot for *The Constant Gardener*. There are a lot of folks who are saying she'll win. There are two former Teen Queens who will split that potential vote: Michelle Williams for *Brokeback* and Amy Adams for *Junebug*.

***I'd like to say Adams could win it because she was so very good, but I'm going with Williams as a part of the Gay Cowboy rub. She was great, held her own in a movie with incredible acting, and she'll NEVER get a part that good again, that's for sure. Don't count out Frances McDormand either.***

*Don't make me laugh. Keener will never win. She didn't win for *Being John Malkovich*, where she was 100 Times better than in *Capote*, and she won't win now. I'm voting for Amy Adams. Talk about break out roles. The girl was in *Cruel Intentions 2* for fuck's sake! Williams has a shot, but I'm guessing this is where they're gonna spread it out a bit and give it to a lesser known actress.*

**Yeah, Keener is a good choice, but I really think that Williams will win. She was really good and has that whole *Dawson's Creek* thing working for her.**

### Best Adapted Screenplay

This one's usually tougher than Best Picture. Often, it's what I want to win taking it, like *Eternal Sunshine of a Spotless Mind*. This year, I'm figuring it's either *Brokeback* or *Capote*. *A History of Violence* was a very strong adaptation, though it got mixed reviews. It's going to be tough to beat *Brokeback* this year. *Munich* has a shot at it, only because it'd be the only thing it would win, but the reaction to *Munich* was also mixed.

#### ***Gay Cowboys.***

*Gay Cowboys* or *Gay Writers*. I can't really decide.

**I'd say *Munich* if I thought that the film was strong enough because the topic is fascinating. I'll go with *Capote* for the 'Should Win Everything But There's The Damn Gorilla' reasons.**

### Best Original Screenplay

I'm saying *Crash*. It's not getting much love elsewhere and here would be the place to recognise it for what it is: a very well-written movie.

***No doubt Crash takes it...unless that Liberal Voter thing gives it to a certain guy I know Chris hates...***

*Crash* is well-worth it. It'll be the one win it gets.

**Are you kidding me? *The Squid & The Whale* is in a different league than all of the other films nominated. There's no way it should lose to crap like *Crash*. No way in hell.**



### Best Animated Short

I've seen most of them (I think there's one I missed) and two of them have Cinequest connection (*The Geographic Explorations of Jasper Morello* in March and 9 last year). I'm going with *Morello* (pictured down there) as its animation style is wonderful, using a form of silhouette shadow animation which is amazingly effective. Much better than *Ryan* which won last year.

***Saw 9. I'd say it was worthy of an Oscar Didn't see any.***

**Saw none of them, but 9 sounds interesting.**



### Best Live-Action Short

Well, since *The Chick Magnet* was not nominated, I don't know. Actually, this year's best Live Action Short is easy for me to choose: *Cashback*.

All of this year's nominees are good, but *Cashback*, which I raved about back in the early days of *The Drink Tank*, is simply a brilliant piece of Urban Fantasy / Nudey work. *Our Time is Up* is also good (and also showed at Cinequest) but *Cashback* gets my vote.

***Chris sent me the tape. Cashback is hot. No doubt that Our Time Is Up, featuring Kevin Pollack, is great, I'm betting on a foreign film winning it, so I'm going with The Runaway. Cashback. It's a good short and they're making a feature of it.***

I'll do a feature on Best Documentary for Issue 66 or 67, and then Best Score right around the time of the ceremony. I don't usually think too much about the technical categories, mostly because I'm never sure if I'm right about Sound Editing or Film Editing. Usually editing goes to either the Best Picture or to the Far-Out There films. I've got a lot to say about all five Feature Docs and the Short Docs too. I'm one of the few who care more about Best Doc than Best Picture.

**LoC from Barbara Johnson-Haddad on issue 64**

Dear Crhis -

Loved the Drabble issue! Very crisp reading.

So when will you do the haiku issue?

Barbara

***I've thought about it, trust me. but...***

***Poems with seventeen syllables can't have much meaning can they? Wooooooo....***

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***You know what I hate?***

It's interesting to note that Anime seems to have locked on to SteamPunk very strongly in the recent years. Steamboy, Steam Detective, you name it, they've done it. It makes sense if you realise that Steam Punk infested comics a few years back.

The two most obvious examples of SteamPunk comics are The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen and Girl Genius. There was also a mini-series Elseworlds that was SteamPunky. And how can I forget Barnum, a great TPB by the guys who directed A Price Above Rubies?

**An Apology**

In Issue 64, I made a foolish mistake and I feel not but shame surrounding it. You see, in my 100 Word Biography of Mr. Andrew T. Trembley, I started that he came to fandom through MinnAPA. This was wrong. It was MilwAPA, another APA from that useless piece of land between New York and Los Angeles called America. I beg forgiveness.

I'd also like to beg mercy from SaBean MoreL and Mike Swan, both of whom had 100 Words that I forgot to add. Maybe I'll use them in the Sequel.

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**Make-Ups and Break-Ups**

It wouldn't be the life of the Strange Group of Friends that I keep without strange relationship matters.

Judith is single again, sadly. She's moving to Vegas for a year on a contract for a year. She was planning on going with her guy, but instead she's moving alone and will actually be living in a hotel. She's a bit depressed and I said I'd go down and see her at some point in the next few months (LV fandom: I'm Headed your way!)

SaBean is also single again, which is quite a blow. They'd been together for ages, but the break-up was clean. Here email to me was short and upbeat for SaBean.

*We just broke up and I'm not going back on the stuff, so don't worry.*

We all worry about her going off the deep end when she has hardships like this, but she's pulled through just fine (and M is flying out this weekend to stay with her for a couple of days).

I'm still not dating anyone. Evelyn called me a bachelor the other day. I laughed.

M and Jay are doin' fine. Jay's loving Finland. He's already got a job working as a Translation Clean-up guy. He basically takes text translated into English and turns it into good English. M's been working on a novel (which explains her absence in the pages of The Drink Tank) and she's got a new hobby. She's been working on photographing historic Finnish buildings.

## **SOME KIND WORDS**

**WELL, IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN. BASEFA HAS STARTED NAMING FOLKS AND NOVELS AND THINGS THAT'LL BE POSTED ON EMCIT.COM'S HUGO RECOMMENDATION LISTS. I'VE GOT A LOT OF THOUGHT AND I FIGURED I'D SHARE THEM HERE.**

**FOR BEST FANZINE: EI, VEGAS FANDOM WEEKLY, CHUNGA, AND PEREGRINE NATIONS ALL CAME TO MIND, AND SO DID META AND BANANA WINGS. I'D SAY PLOKTA, BUT I DON'T GET IT USUALLY AND THEY HAVEN'T POSTED RECENT ISSUES ON THEIR SITE.**

**FOR BEST FAN WRITER: LLOYD PENNEY IS UP THERE, AS IS EARL KEMP, ANDY HOOPER, GENEVA MELZACK AND FRANK WU. FRANK WOULD BE THE SECOND BEST FAN WRITER/BEST FAN ARTIST NOMINEE (AFTER LEE HOFFMAN)**

**FOR BEST FAN ARTIST: ALAN WHITE, ROSS CHAMBERLIN, FRANK WU, STU SHIFFMAN AND BRI-CHAN ALL CAME TO MIND.**

**FOR BEST SEMI-PRO: EMERALD CITY (WHICH WILL, MARK MY WORDS, WIN THIS YEAR) ANSIBLE (LIKE IT NEEDS MY HELP) AND NTH DEGREE. OH YEAH, IROSF ALSO MAKES THAT LIST.**

**I'M PLEASSED TO SAY THAT THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE TO SAY SOON.**



**THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 65 WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA, WITH ARTICLES FROM SABEAN AND JUDITH MOREL, AND MIKE SWAN. COVER WAS BY AMANDA FLICK (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH NON-PLOKTA CABAL MEMBER FLICK) AND THERE'S ALSO ART FROM SAAAB AND KYME-CHAN. IT'S ALL GOOD.**

**AS FAR AS THE NEXT FEW ISSUES, THEY'LL BE PRETTY NORMAL (OR AT LEAST AS NORMAL AS THE DRINK TANK GETS) AND WE'LL PROBABLY DO A BIG CINEQUEST ISSUE RIGHT AS IT STARTS IN EARLY MARCH AND A WRAP-UP ISSUE TOO LATER IN THE MONTH. I'LL BE DOING A WEIRD RECIPE ISSUE AT SOME POINT, SO IF YOU'VE GOT ANY RECIPES, EITHER REAL OR SURREAL, LEMME KNOW. I'LL HAVE ONE THING THAT'LL KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF IF YOU TRY IT.**

**AND AS ALWAYS, THERE'S WONDERCON NEXT WEEKEND. THAT'LL BE A BLAST FOR ME AND MAYBE FOR YOU TOO. IF YOU'RE LOCAL TO SF, STOP BY, FIND ME AND I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK...OR A CHURRO. YOUR CHOICE, REALLY.**