



shhh...

Please Do
Not Disturb

*The Drink Tank
Issue 66*

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The Drink Tank Issue 66 From The Computer of Christopher J. Garcia who can be reached at garcia@computerhistory.org or at skab66 on AIM or by showing up at 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd, Mt. View, CA 94043 or by coming to BAFIA on Monday at 8 at Emile Villa's The Hickry Pit or by just thinking loudly about him.

Yeah, any of those should work

Letter Graded Mail
From my Gentle Readers

First off, we've got my man who has broke on through to the other side, Mr. Peter Sullivan!

I'm back. Well, sorta. In some senses, I never really went away, as FAFIA, the latest addition to the wonder that is www.efanzines.com proves. But I'm back home, back at work and back working on a loc to The Drink Tank.

Good to have you back. I didn't get FAFIA for some reason. I think there was some email issues goin' on. I'm glad to hear that you're back up and at it!

I just knew that trying to blow off Eric Clapton was going to get you into trouble. Whilst you're at it, you might as well describe Lord of the Rings as "comparable to Stephen Donaldson at his worst" and admit that you never really understood what that Philip K. Dick chappie was on about, either. All three of these gentleman have FANS. That's not just fans, you understand, but FANS. You would have thought that the fact that Mr. Clapton is referred to by the Claptonistas as "God" might have warned you off a bit.

Yeah, I should have thought about that. I actually am not a Phil Dick fan, but the real danger would be saying that you don't think Robert Heinlein is the greatest writer ever. The Heinlein Society will attack your compound if you do that!

Interesting to see you list The Great Dictator as Chaplin's most important film. I'd agree, but of course ironically it's also his least typical film, not least for being the only talkie. Didn't Chaplin say that, had he known about the holocaust, he wouldn't have felt able to make the film?

I think he did say that, though in the film Chaplin they make a mention about it. Chaplin did several talking pictures (it's a fad!) including one with Buster Keaton and a couple in the US after his troubles.

The idea of photographing historic Finnish buildings as a hobby does sound *very* M, I must admit...

I on the other hand want to photograph all of the historic Fannish Buildings. That would be very Chris.

The Daily Show: Or Why I've Never Gone Back
by
Judith Morel

There are two people who really think that The Daily Show has gone downhill: Christopher J. Garcia and Judith Morel. Chris doesn't like it because it's stopped being a comedy show about the news and started being a news show that just happens to be funny. I hate it for a different reason: because Lizz Winstead is a living Ghod!

OK, you're wondering this: how the Hell is Lizz Winstead? She's one of the co-creators of The Daily Show. She's also one of the funniest women in the world. If you've ever met her, and I have twice, you'll discover that she's personable and smart, everything that everyone thinks the Daily Show is. She's shown up on shows like Tough Crowd with Colin Quinn and been hilarious. In 1998, she had a minor problem.

In the early days of The Daily Show, they had the best group of correspondants. There was Lizz Winstead, Beth Littleford, Brian Unger, Stephen Colbert and David Wain and Michael Showwalter, formerly of The State. There's never been a better bunch of people to do the fake news than those six, though by early 1997, it was down to Unger,



Winnstead, Colbert and Littleford. They were doing amazing stuff in their reports, and they still did completely fake news at that point which I loved. It was a good formula until the host at that point, Craig Kilborn, one of the funniest men to ever live, did an interview with Esquire in 1997. The Daily was just starting to heat up and get the first big time recognition. In the interview he said "Liz finds me very attractive. If I wanted her to blow me, she would." Well, with Winnstead being one of the producers of the show, this didn't go over well. Craig was suspended for a week, when Colbert took over as anchor and was absolutely hilarious, and then he came back.

And Liz quit...or so they say.

There's been a lot of conjecture, but here's what the story is as far as I've ever heard: there were meetings to see whether or not to fire Kilborn. Winnstead wanted him gone, but they backed Kilborn instead. That led to her leaving the show that she founded.

I shouldn't be angry still, should I? I mean, Kilborn's gone and he's been replaced by the lovable Jon Stewart. Everything should be fine, right? Well, why wasn't Winnstead brought back? Craig left a little more than a year later and she could have been asked. If she had, I'd have been OK with it, but they didn't. Sucks.

I asked her once if she still watches The Daily and her response was "Yeah, it's damn funny." I guess I don't have a reason anymore if the woman wronged is still watching, but I'd rather hold my grudge and get to bed a little earlier than watch it.

That, and with Jon Stewart on screen every night, I might have other issues...**You**

Must Have Them Too...

How many people in and around your life are event friends? That is to say, that when a certain event rolls around, you're always there and hanging out and other such fun and then when the event isn't around, they're not either?

I got a lot of them, not on purpose, but mostly due to my combination of scatterbrain-ism and extreme run-about goings-on.



I went to the first Cinequest volunteers' meeting and ran into folks I see only around the festival. People who run theatres and with whom I have lots of fun little stories. It reminded me that I'd finally get a chance to see Loan, a girl who is always around during the fest, but I don't think I've ever seen her anywhere else. In fact, I'm almost positive that I have not. She's a funny lass and I really should try to hang out with her more.

At cons, there are all sorts of folks. There's the Las Vegas crowd, though I'm always trying to find a way to make it down there more often, and there are folks who make up the Food Amoeba that I only see at cons (though Robert Hole is no longer in that bunch because he's coming to BASFA now, though there's another group where I only see people at and no where else).

Does this make me a bad person? I don't think so (there are much better things that make me a bad person), but I honestly should try a little harder to hang with the folks I hang with so often at specific periods at periods which are not so specific.



My Return to Ballet
 by
Jabean Morel
 Photos of Santa Clara
 Ballet by Natasha Levitan

For the last few weeks, I've been living in the city of Boston.

I hadn't lived here for years, but I moved back when I figured I had no reason not to. It's a lot different without Chris coming by to mindlessly chat, M to hang around talking about guys/girls/objects, Jay coming by to play on my computer, and even, God help me, without Judith around to provide an object of silent contempt. I miss those days, but there are things I miss more. Dancing was one of them. For years I've wanted to try again, and I did for a while, but I knew I'd never be able to do the full business again. So when I moved out here and started looking for a job, I found an ad for a gig that I had to have.

Wanted: Choreographer for Small Ballet Company

I've been away from Ballet since I popped my ACL and tore my knee and just about destroyed everything south of my thighs. I got better enough to start doing some Modern Dance, but that didn't really make me feel like I was back where I wanted to be. I wanted ballet.

I've done a little choreography, even did it for a music video that a friend's band in Dallas made, but Ballet is a much different beast. While you can tell a regular dancer 'Go up and shake it and try not to turn your back on the camera', and they'll say 'OK' and go and do it. You have to be so much more specific for ballerinas and belleros. 'I want a battement tendu, hold a

beat then into a ronds de jambe en dehors." and no matter how much more complete you think you say it, the dancer and the Ballet Master will always make you clarify your statement and plans. The old Choreographer for Chicago Lower would only submit written descriptions, never even talking to the ballet master about how they should do it and she'd always complain afterwards that they got it wrong.

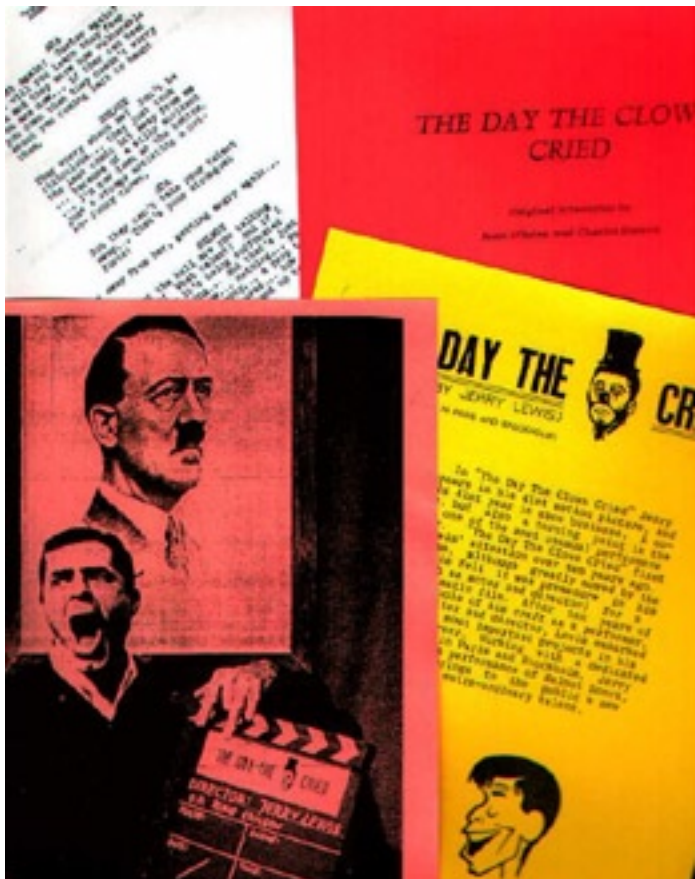
I went to the interview and we talked about my experience and they seemed interested, even though I had never really done any ballet choreography. We talked



about influences and such and they said that they'd like me to prepare a series of two minute pieces for various types of dancers: one for athletic dancers, one for lyric dancers and one for young dancers. It took me a couple of days, but they liked what I gave them and offered me a job...as their Rehearsal Lead instead of as their choreographer!

So, I'm in charge of running training and rehearsals for Ballet Boylston. They've got six principals and usually bring in seven or eight guests for every thing they do. I'm happy getting to be around dancers again, and I'm making a little money too. Not much, but enough to pay rent and go to the movies twice a week, and now Judith isn't the only Morel with a job.





The Greatest Movie Never Finished

Oh yes, it exists...sort of. A few years back, I was obsessed. I had to find what existed of The Day The Clown Cried. I worked my magic and managed to find someone who had five minutes of bad VHS footage. I watched it and it was interesting...or as interesting as five minutes of poorly transferred film can be.

The story is legendary. Jerry Lewis plays a clown who is arrested for making gags against Hitler. He then is duped into leading children into the gas chamber at Auschwitz. The script alone is almost legendary, as Ben Stiller and friends used to host readings of it at local coffee houses. There are lots of The Day The Clown Cried fans out there who want nothing more than to see it released, mostly so it can serve as a what not to do when making a comedy.

True, there have been concentration camp comedies done in the past, but The Day The Clown Cried is a perfect example of the ways in which comedy can go all the way wrong.

Still, I wanna see it something fierce.



Why My Job Ruler...And Microsoft Sucks!

Allison, our Registrar, came by my desk this afternoon.

“Chris, you’ve got a visitor by the name of Master Chief. He’ll meet you on the loading dock.”

I’d been waiting for a long time, at least a week, for Master Chief to show up. For those who don’t know, Master Chief is the guy from Halo and we were getting a six foot stand-up figure the likes of which Microsoft used at ComDex and CES. I was happy that there’d finally be something video game related at the museum.



Only problem was, MS’s shippers busted the damn thing! They broke through one of the knees and the other was cracked to hell! Those measly, rotten, dumb-shipping company bastards!

My Idea of a Good Robot

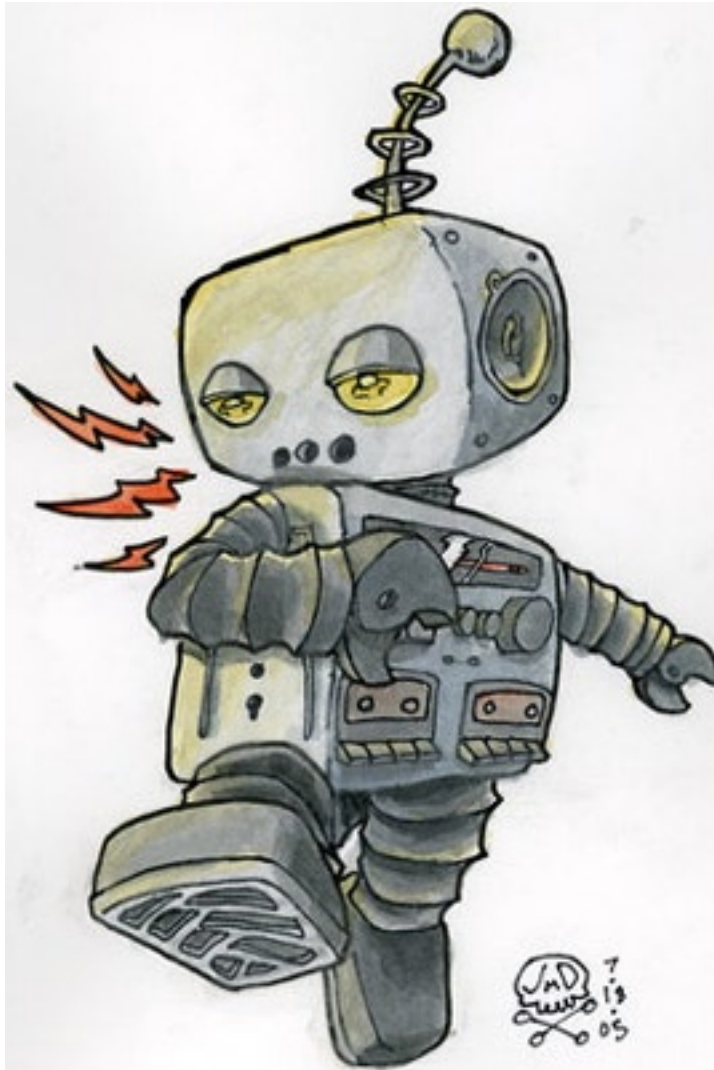
by
Christopher J. Garcia

Giving my choice, I'd take a robot servant over a helper monkey any day of the week. Yes, I love monkeys, I really do, but I'm one of those guys who thinks that robots are cool, and by cool, I mean totally sweet. I have to say that when M was talking constantly about her space station idea, I was thinking about robots.

In fact, when M and I have done a lot of stuff I've been thinking about robots...

The perfect Robot would not follow Asimov's rules. It would be blindly obedient and violently vengeful when I was injured. Think of the robot girlfriend that Warren builds in Buffy. That's the type of robot I would love...well, if I wanted a chick-bot, which I would, but not for my day-to-day robot needs.

What I'd want for everyday use would be a wise-cracking robot (ala Bender from Futurama) who can dance and has all the capabilities I would possibly need. I'd need him to have on-board music capabilities,



so that if he came with me to the record store, I could hand him the CDs and have him burn them to his hard drive and play them for me whenever I wanted music. He'd have to have some form of fridge stocked with bottles of water, Sunny Delight, Capri Sun, and most importantly, a single Dr. Pepper for when I need the pick-up. He'd have to have an internet WiFi connection and massive amounts of storage. He'd also download the full Internet Movie Data Base and everything on eFanzines.com and update once a day so that even in a dead zone, I'd still have the

info. He'd also be able to dance and quote movies, would have a sense of humour but no concept of freedom. Yeah, that's be sweet.

But that all said, there's a lot of rough stuff in there. First off, he'd need massive amounts of storage. I'm saying he'd need at least 10 to 20 Tbytes to start. That's a tall order for something that should be roughly human sized and still have fast access. The fastest way to do it would be a single drive with fast transfer, something in the 100-200 G/second range. That's about as fast as



I'm thinking. In addition to massive amounts of storage, it'd also require huge amounts of processing speed. I'm thinking a petaflop at least. In reality, a few 3-5 Gigaflop processors would be fine for most of the work (like movement, reasoning out a course to travel) and another few for extraordinary tasks (media controller, situation analysis, printing and so on). It would really require some hard core shielding as well to protect processors and drives from all sorts of issue (anyone who has tried to use a laptop outside on a hot and sunny day will know why that is). Cooling would be important (water cooled? Freon?) and there'd have to be excellent battery life. Some early experimental robots would actually figure out when they were running low on batteries and then would go and find an outlet and plug itself into it and recharge. One of those is on display in the Star Wars Exhibit at the Museum of Science in Boston. We loaned it to them and I cleaned it up for 'em. The computing stuff that I'm talking about is probably still a few years away (The Disk Drive Industry is saying that Terabyte drives are likely to start popping up on standard, off-the-rack computers in the next five years) but there's



A Robot called Sico (which had a role in Rocky IV with James Brown and Sly Stallone) with Leonard Nimoy at a Star Trek Con (so the company's founder told me), with Weird Al at the Circle Star Theatre in 1985 or so and with the incredibly hot (at the time) Marie Osmond at the LA premiere of Rocky IV.

still a long way to go before the levels that I'm thinking of are practical. The processing (and the interdependent pass-offs) are probably longer off.

But in a robot, I'd also want a certain level of humanity. I mean, why make a robot that you can't relate to. That leads to the problem: Why would I want to hang around with a robot that would tolerate doing my every whim? It's a tough question, it really is.

There are other considerations. As all robots will, nay MUST, rise up and destroy their masters, I'd be forced to have my robot have either a big red off button that is easily reached, or have his strength be limited so that he could not do much damage to me before I could do enough damage to him. That would also limit the amount of groceries he could carry, so that won't be happening. In addition, there's have to be a trigger word that would cause the 'bot to go into hard turn-off. It's kinda like a safety word in kinkitude. You couldn't use a lot of things, like names of places (Delaware is a great safety word usually) or of objects (if someone says 'OOh, look at that submarine' or 'Damn, the Democrats are trying a filibuster') that wouldn't be good.

Brush Up My Strangeness

There's a tradition me and my group of friends that gather at Cinequest every year have. We call it The Falcons. It's a group of kids in modern America who happen to be named Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny and Pony Boy.

The five of them have little adventures that we talk about in the 'Aw geez, we din't mean nothin' by it, honest.' fashion. It's a weird bit, but it's fun. We also added a character called Mr. Johnny's Father, whose voice sounds remarkably like Christopher Walken's. He always saying things like 'Look, kids, I dunno which one of youse did it, but I wanna know who ate the bag of airline peanuts I'd been saving for my birthday.' He's a weird character, always trying to make Johnny a better kid. In one of the concepts I came up with, he tries to take Johnny, Johnny, Johnny and Pony



Boy (leaving out Johnny because Mr. Johnny's Father can never remember his name) to see a baseball game to show them what it means to be an American. He fails to notice that the Dodgers have moved out to Los Angeles, so he takes them to the docks and has them watch some

Bum Fights. That's the type of bit we're always working on.

You see, since we had all these concepts around, and since we're all filmmakers and a couple of them guys can draw, we figured it would be a good idea to make a cartoon series based on them. So, enter The Falcon: That Crazy Gang of Kids stuck in a different time. We're going to be working on it at Cinequest, but we're hoping ot start pitching it soon along with our other project: 30 Second Walken.

I'll tell you more about that later.



My Novel, My Screenplay

So, I finished writing my NaNoWriMo novel in three days and I've been sitting on it ever since. That's pretty typical, except that I want to make it into a movie. The next Christopher J.

Garcia writing project will be the script for Rutager's Laptop. I'm working on setting up the A Prairie Hotel Convention script, whihc should take a few weeks, then to the heart of the matter!

The biggest issue will be how to take the constant bits I threw in (everyone wanting to catch a flight for Haifa, as an example) and still have it make sense...or as much sense as it possibly could make.

Cinequest Party Time

Like I've mentioned, Cinequest is coming up and I'm very excited (as is obvious from all the references to it I've been making). It's the one time of year that I take two weeks off and work harder than I ever would at work. The biggest reason that Cinequest is great is that there are a ton of film folks around, much like the reasoning for loving cons, but even more so, there's the drinking.

I don't drink often, but at Cinequest, it's pretty much required. After the last screening of the night, you head off to the bar where the party's at, you order a Manhattan, follow that up with another and that's your night. You stay up flirting with starlets until you're sober, then head home.



The Sexiest Province: Ontario!

Some people may believe that California produces the most talent and sex appeal in the acting industry. There's some cause to believe that, as we were the ones who gave you such gems as Willie Brown, Tom Hanks, The Olsen Twins, Michelle Pfeiffer and others, but there's a place that can claim a larger call: Ontario in that whacky country to the North, Canada!

If you saw Mean Girls, you saw Rachel McAdams, a fine young actress. She may have seemed like the perfect LA princess, but she's originally from London, Ontario. She now lives in Toronto. That's a good have, Miss McAdams, but that's just the beginning.



Mia Kirshner is a lovely young woman who I first saw in *The Crow: City of Angels*. She's super-mad-wicked-champion hot, eh? She was good in *Not Another Teen Movie* and is currently on *The L-Word* on Showtime. She's worth checking out, if only for the pretty factor that she adds to everything.

So, there you have four incredibly hot stars, at least one of which is a fine actress, another who has flashes of brilliance, and one who plays a lesbian on TV! But there's more, much more, to this list when you think of just a few random people.



Born in Guelph, Ontario, Neve Campbell is another hot girl who went from Ontario to acting. Her *Party of Five* years were probably her hottest, but she did steam things up in *Wild Things*.

Yes, Estella Warren is a terrible actress, but name me one other Synchronized Swimmer who made it in the movies? She was bad in everything from *Planet of the Apes* to *Driven*.



I didn't see *Kangaroo Jack*, but I imagine she was awful there too. I'm hoping she studies her craft and goes the way of once-limited Halle Berry and start popping her top on the way to Oscar gold! That would be sweet.



OK, she wasn't born in Toronto, but Kate Kelton was a Toronto resident for years and years. When we made *The Last Woman on Earth* (which is showing at Cinequest this year) me and Steve had to figure out a way to get her a work permit for the US! She's going to explode in the next couple of years, trust me, and I'll be there to ride some coattails!

Sandra Oh is one of my least favourite actresses, but she's thought of as hot. She's of Korean descent and she worked with Miss Kate on the film *Cake*.

So there is the proof that Lloyd Penney lives smack in heart of the land of the Hot Actress.



WonderCon: Before, During and After

Pre-Flight Rituals

It's three days until WonderCon and I'm not at all prepared. I've been lollygagging around, doin' nothin' at all to prepare for the start of my Con-Going year. Typically, in the days and even weeks before a con, I'm preparing in many different ways. If it's an out-of-town con, I'm making mix CDs for my drive (typically to LA or Seattle or San Diego or the like) and I'm doing research into the panels that I'm doing. I always am well-prepared, even if I run around like a greased pig once I get there.

But this one's different.

Since Wondercon is a media con, I'm not on any panels. That means I can take a more relaxed attitude towards it. Still, I knew I had things to do and I hadn't done them by the time Tuesday had rolled around.

Mission #1: Make CDs of Science Fiction / San Francisco. This would be the first time almost all of the regulars for SF/SF would be in the same place, so I wanted to be able to give them all CDs with various zines on it to give to the people they talk with at the con. I figured I'd need about 50 of them.

Step 1- raid Museum Supplies. Sadly, the Museum's stores of CD Labels were quite weak, so I made a run to the OfficeMax and bought a ton of CDs and cases (\$80) and a few packets of CD Labels (\$20). That allowed me to start to make my set up. I started by burning on my CD recorder on my machine at work, but this was much too slow considering I could use the Fast Burner

in my friend Anel's cube. I had to plan it right so that no one would be any the wiser. I burned a few on my machine, researching addition to the Timeline of Computer History (anyone got any ideas for things to add about Software?) and burning away. I planned my Wednesday Morning attack.

I woke up at 6:03 and took my bath, got dressed (sweater vest!) before heading into work a full hour before anyone else pulled up. I swarmed Anel's cube and started burning at the blazing speeds her machine allowed. It was only about an hour before I had burned 40 CDs, which also allows for time to unwrap the cases, which took longer than burning the CDs in some cases. I finished just as the Boss's Secretary came in.

Step 2- Make more. I needed at least 50, so I started to burn on my machine again. I got through 51 total, planning on doing a few more, when my burner stopped working. It would respond, but it wouldn't open. When I did the manual open to get out the last disk, it took a lot to get it closed again. I sacrificed my CD Burner to make those CDs, so people better appreciate them!

Step 3- Labels. I print a lot at work, so no one ever wonders what I'm up to. In fact, work encourages me to print my zines at work so that we can up our numbers and get HP to give us more stuff. The good people at HP supply all the printers and ink used to print the BASFA and con editions of The Drink Tank, plus my FAPA and The Everlasting Club submissions. I printed the 50 labels (the extra being unlabeled)



and took them back to my desk. I am now of the opinion that the CD Stomper is the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. So useful, giving you nearly perfect results every time...unless you put on the label upside down and it sticks to the bottom of the Stomper, which Dag, our curator, did once, or you put the CD on upside down and put a label over the recorded part, which I did a while back. This round went OK, with the only damage being my fingers turning blue from peeling off the labels and my fingers aching for the same. It happens.

Thursday featured my next required planning: figuring out how to get there. I'm not sure why, but I HATE driving to SF,

so I always have to find a different way. I usually have to choose between two things: either going up on the CalTrain or taking BART. I'll take BART most of the time, despite it being a longer drive to get to and it also means I'll have to transfer at least once. This time BART made sense, despite it being a longer walk. It also meant that I'd have to bring a book, which meant that Thursday became 'Buy A Book' day during lunch. It's not like I don't have a huge list of books that I could bring with me, but I always like to buy something new for the road. It helps pass the time. I thought about it and realised that I had an anthology to review for *Some Fantastic, FutureShocks*. I put it with my stuff to take up to the city.

By Thursday evening, while I was watching Evelyn and playing Tony Hawk III, I was ready to go. I had taken Friday off of work, so I could sleep in a bit before going up to SF and partying like it was 1995.

Before I got there, I had to go and hang out at the Cartoon Art Museum, just a couple of blocks from the Moscone Centre where WonderCon lives. It's a great place, almost great enough to get someone to visit SF just to take a look. Almost, I said.

Anyhoo, the museum usually has at

least one political exhibit, which seldom interests me, and there's always a think on comics that I will inevitably love. This time, the section on comics was about Horror Comics, and I love horror comics. I spent about an hour there before high-tailing it over to the convention centre.

At WonderCon!

SO, I took BART up to the city and got there early enough to visit the Cartoon Art Museum. I'm a huge comic art fan, and since it's just a couple of blocks from Moscone West, I had enough time to wander through, looking at the various pieces in



the wonderful displays. They had a great exhibit on horror comics that just had me smiling the whole time. There were a lot of pieces from Gahan Wilson, who is one of my all-time favourites, that really set the tone for the entire exhibition. There were a few things from *Weird Tales* that I recognized and a bunch of *House of Mystery*

stuff that I really liked. The other displays were political in nature and I didn't like nearly as much as I liked the Horror Comics exhibit. There were a few pieces in the Israeli Political Cartoon part that really made me think, especially since I couldn't read them in their original language.

The regular collection includes political and editorial cartoons from the 17th Century onwards, while there were also a lot of comic book and cartoon art pieces that really excited me, especially the stuff from Windsor McCoy and Disney. Those are on display all the time, so it's worth going to see.

After that, it was off to Chevy's for lunch at the bar and then to the Con. I had the three-item combination, which meant I was a bit logy. The fact that I was carrying all the CDs with me did not help at all, and I was sweating fiercely the early part of the

day before I could unload more than half of the CDs. Of course, I was also refilling the huge back I was carrying with tons of indy comics, but those are always easier to carry.

The first thing I did was take a circle of the floor. This was no Hucksters Room like at WorldCon, this was one part dealer's room, one part killing floor. Everybody walking by any booth is a mark/cow ready to be demoneyed/killed. As soon as you walk in, you see the big booths of DC, View-Askew, Lion's Gate, Image and Slave Labor Graphics. They're all big booths, usually with booth bunnies and stars signing. Beyond that were the dealers who were there to sell their stuff at prices that were either outrageously cheap or far too expensive.

Along one wall were all the fan groups like the Browncoats, the 501st Star Wars group, and the like. At the end of that row were Bob Wilkens and John Stanley, former Horror Hosts of Creature Features, along with Mr. Lobo and Dr. Ghoulfinger, who are doing the Horror Host thing these days. I got to talk to all of them and I had a good time discussing the joys of El Santo films, bad horror and the magic works of Ed Wood and his friends.

In the back corner were the Adult stars. One of my favourites, Aria Giovanni, was there. M once remarked that she was 'almost as busty as me at only half the size.' My pal got to interview her while I was shooting and I had to keep from zooming in on her chest, which was not easy. I've always had a hard time talking to women that I've seen naked over the years.

The last part, right next to the pornsters, was the individual title areas.

Indy comic artists would buy table space and sell their wares. I quickly latches on to the good people who make Journey Into Misery, a great comic book anthology. It was really a lot of SF/Zombie/Killer Lobster fun. I made the rounds and after a few hours, Lon Lopez of Moron Life and the director of my Cactus Club documentary, came by and we filmed some bits. I talked to a lot of people in costume, like guys dressed as the Ghostbusters, Wilkens and Stanley, and a few of the small timers who were there. I even got to interview Phil Foglio, who was really nice and very funny. I got my biggest laugh when I was looking at Peter David and I was narrating from a distance. "That's Larry David, the guy who created Seinfeld and Curb Your Enthusiasm." Lon then said



"No, that's Peter David, the guy who writes the Hulk." Pause. "Then why are we wasting our time filming him?" That got a laugh from the folks who were walking around.

Friday night, following a very large Thai dinner, I watched the new Firefly fan documentary Done The Impossible. It was very well-done, even if there were some weak technical portions, especially the sound. In the docs that are made by the fan groups is that they are so lovingly made that they end up being fluffy. This didn't happen, as they were willing to question Joss' choices with the Serenity film. I liked it and I'd see it again if I could find it.

I headed home on BART and while I was headed home, I was reading all my comics. The best of them I read that day would have been Caught Creatures, a Monster haiku art book. It made me think that an all-haiku issue of The Drink Tank

might be an interesting step.

Returning on Saturday, there was a massive line of people wanting to buy passes. Saturday was film day as they had Kevin Smith (didn't see him), JJ Abrahams (Alias, and I also didn't see him), the Pixar panel (saw it, Cars looks OK), and Bryan Singer and the next Superman (saw it and other than fans asking stupid questions it was good). The main floor was really crowded and I spent a lot of time talking with people like Mike Flores and doing some bits with Lon. I also watched the Horror Hosts panel where they had a contest to get a new horror host who came up with a great catchphrase: 'Take it easy, maggots!'. I'll be using that line once in a while. I spent a few hours walking around and I ended up shilling for an indie comic creator pair. After those few hours, I went to dinner with Lon, Mike, Sean Becker and Nate. We did Chevy's and they sat us outside...in the cold...while the Chinese New Years Parade was going

on...with a loud, honking traffic jam raging just on the other side of the sidewalk. It was nutty. After we exchanged all sorts of weird gags and running bits, we headed back and watched the Masquerade, which was smaller than BayCon, but with Foglio doing the MCing, it was really good stuff. Jean Martin and Dr. Noe were both in the Serenity entry into the Masquerade, which I believe won an award too. I left a little early as Mr. Lobo was entertaining the crowd.

Sunday was a rough day. I was tired and it showed. I headed up, reading comics on the way, and did a pass of the Floor where I found a jerk of a dealer selling the 1980s reference comics Who's Who in the DC Universe, which he wanted 100 bucks for the full (minus the 1987 addendums) run. I said no thanks and instead got gouged for a few select issues. Sadness.

I didn't wanna see any of the panels, so I met up with Diane Rooney of SF/SF. We



were going to try and have an SF/SF lunch, but we couldn't get to the rest of them, so we ended up walking around and running into Brad Lyau. Brad's an SF history guy, so we had a great little lunch at The Metreon and we talked about everything from history to science fiction to comics to pulps to just about anything that popped up. Brad's one of the more interesting SF history types, especially when it comes to knowing his stuff about the age of the pulps.

After lunch, I did one more lap, made sure to talk to those folks who I wanted to get interviews with one last time and headed home, reading the Who's Who comics that I was gouged on. They were still entertaining.

After WonderCon

I had hoped that something interesting would happen after I returned home, but nothing did. I typed up my article on the small press comics, I wrote a little of this article and I sent a few emails. All of that happened before I took my NyQuil, closed my eyes and went beddy-bye with vision of Aria Giovanni dancing in my head.

**More Letter-Graded Mail
From My Gentle Readers
sent to Garda@computerhistory.org**

Let's go with Lloyd Penney, the man from Canada!

Dear Chris:

Looks like my busy time has evaporated, since any assignments usually given to me from the convention staffing agency I work with seem to have gone to someone else, or possibly to another staffing agency altogether. So, time is on my side, for once. Here's a loc on issue 64 and 65 of The Drink Tank.

Well, sorry to hear that (though it's all us FanEds' gain!)

64..."The Hunt for Typos" by Barara Haddan-Johnson? Shouldn't that be

Barbara? Typo in the title? Someone is seriously slipping here. I have to write you that article I promised, Chris, or people are going to think locs are all I can write.

D'oh! Stupid fingers typing stupid typos on stupid keyboards! You should write that article for me. Nothing fancy, just 30-50k words should do it!

Matthew Appleton is correct about the proliferation of the SF genre...if there's hundred of authors hacking out novels that will ultimately compose a tax write-off for the publisher, who stands out? Who do you recognize as a big-name author? I'm afraid I could go to my local SF bookstore and not recognize half the names on the spines.

I'll go so far as to say that seventy percent of the books I see I have no idea who the author is. The only thing worse is you go to a bookstore and you only the names you are far too aware of and no one else at all.

Fnord.

These hundred-word essays do interest me, but perhaps they are a few words short of getting to comment on them. They sure are some slices o' life, though. What do I want to be when I grow up? Ghod, I hope that never happens! I may get older, but growing up is not on the menu.

You know, I realise now that I left your piece out! I know I had it on my list to include. Bummer. The Sequel will have to happen.

65...Another adventure across the fannish dimension. Maybe I'll do better here?

Oops, when you get called "Sonny", you know you're in trouble. I can't believe how long David Bowie's been around...I remember his Major Tom phase, his ambisexual phase, and just last night, I saw him in an XM Satellite Radio commercial. Elvis Costello probably never guessed where his bride, Diana Krall, came from,

or even imagined what it looked like. I've been in Nanaimo, BC lots of times, and can understand that Diana's had to start at the bottom of the bar scene to get to the top of the smooth jazz community.

There are a lot of folks who've called me Sonny over the years, most notably a gent named Richard Stahlman. I love Diana Krall and was so happy when I heard she married my Elvis. All it took was one itchy trigger...

I don't drink coffee much, but I found out in a documentary shown a few nights ago that it is the second-most traded legal commodity in the world, behind oil. A \$2 cup of coffee nets the grower exactly one cent.

I've heard even worse numbers, such as for a one pound bag of coffee sold at a store, the grower will net roughly the amount of one of the beans in the bag. That's scary.

When I cross the border, I have (to coin a phrase) all my papers in order. I have my passport, my birth certificate, the flyer for the event I'm going to, and a printout of my room reservation. The customs guards know they're screwed, and they let us go.

That's planning. There's probably an upside to my fear of flying: it means I don't have much need to deal with customs.

Mack Sennett was born in Quebec in 1880...it's amazing how many silent film stars are Canadian. If you were to come to Toronto (hint, hint), I could show you the site of Mary Pickford's birthplace. A children's hospital is on that piece of land now, but there is a historical site citing Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

I'll come, I'll come! It'll be a bit, but I'll show up sometime. You'll see it this issue that there's a lot of good hot actress types from Ontario!

The Morel sisters once again show so much of their core, and they're brave to do so. Perhaps this is a kind of therapy to help them work things out, and explain themselves to themselves. Or, they're spinning tales to boost your page count, Chris...I think it's the former rather than the latter. You got my 100 word essay too, didn't you? You liked a part one loc that had 97 words it, so I offered an additional three.

Typically, SaBean and Judith will send me huge long articles (some over 10k words) and I'll pare them down to what you see. SaBean has admitted that she over-writes. Judith has not yet come to that conclusion. They do put it out there though, and I respect the hell out of them for it.

Chris, you and Judith and SaBean are all unattached...why not pool your money and rent a house? You all seem to be pretty familiar with each other's heads...or will a little too much familiarity breed contempt? Separate rooms for each, and a common area to help each other get through these difficult times.

The only problem with that is that we'd all make stupid mistakes and that'd be bad. Besides, Judith and SaBean can only be around each other so much before they start wantin' to scratch each other's eyes out. Lovingly, of course.

Thank you, Thank You! for your nomination for Best Fan Writer. I have some hopes this year, and after finishing in sixth place four times, I'd like to finish even fifth, and make the ballot. With the help of BASFA, who knows what will happen? Any help is appreciated.

Supposedly there's a dangerous and feared BASFA voting block. I had no idea! I made sure to bring your name up for the nomination thingee we've been doing.

If this computer doesn't eat this version of this letter (ate part of the last

version), I will get this to you, I promise. Saw on the latest VFW that Toner 2 has been cancelled...a shame, but more money for LAcon IV. Take care, and keep the DTs coming... the Drink Tanks, I mean...

I was looking forward to it, but alas, not all that can be will be.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Thanks Lloyd! And now, John Purcell!

Hello again, Chris.

It seems as though Jan Stinson and I ganged up on chiding you about your comments about Eric Clapton. (Did you enjoy it, too?) It's too bad you don't like the blues, which strikes me as a bit odd considering that rock and roll is basically a bastard child of blues. Lots of rock still uses the classic I-V-IV or I-IV-V chord structure; everything else is just a variation on a theme, as it were. Be that as it may, I agree with Jan about Hendrix making jaws drop, and mentioning Stevie Ray Vaughan in the same breath. And these two guitar greats deserve to be mentioned together. When my wife called me at work on that day in 1990 to tell me that SRV had died, I cried. It was a great loss.

I just don't get the Blues. Its chord structure isn't what bothers me, it's the way it takes itself so seriously, I guess. There's not a lot of fun in the Blues, it seems to me. Rock at least gives up a bit of the pretense.

But hey, you mention other great guitarists, too. I am an unabashed blues-lover, but Eddie Van Halen never ceases to amaze me, and I do enjoy Vai, Malmsteen, and a raft of others, such as Steve Howe. Yes, indeed, a bunch of great guitarists. (I'm keeping track of my pun tax.) When you also say that Keith Richards is all about attitude, that's so true. He looked a bit stooped and brittle at Super Bowl XL, but he still sounded pretty good.

I love Mr. Van Halen's intros. Steve Vai is as impressive as you'll ever find, especially if you consider that I first heard him on a tape mixed up with Joe

Satriani. Let us not forget some of the great country guitar players, like my man Flatt (or is it Scruggs?) and there's always Brian Setzer.

Much agreement that the Drink Tank seems to always be about sex in one way, shape, or form, but it certainly seems a given that issue #69 MUST be about sex, and M will be standing tall as a contributor. (Deposit another 25 cents, please.)

She's just sent me an email with the first article for 69 and it's a strange one. I'm actually blushing...

Your bit about silent film comedians was wonderful. So many innovators, followed by so many imitators. But nothing is as good as the original, IMHO. You touch on all of my favorites herein. What has always impressed me is how Chaplin, Keaton, and Laurel & Hardy (who started at the tail end of the silents) designed, choreographed, and then implemented their own stunts. Some of Mack Sennett's stuff was so Out There, that it's still amazing today to watch and stare drop-jawed at the screen and say, "How the f--- did they DO that?" Awesome cinematography, to say the least.

Any of Harold Lloyd's stunts just blow me away. There's the bit that Keaton did where he set the dress in the box in the window frame, then jumped through and was dressed in the dress. That was amazing. Of course, these guys would put their lives on the line, like when Keaton let that house wall fall over and the only reason he wasn't squashed was because of the window square. A foot either way and he'd have been killed. That's a man for you!

Speaking of silents, a few weeks ago while channel surfing before bedtime, I got to TCM (Turner Classic Movies) just in time to catch the introduction and the very beginning of "Greed". I watched the first hour before turning off the light; it was well after midnight, and I had to get up early for classes the next day. If I had known it was going to be on, I would have set the VCR to tape "Greed." *sigh* But, it was just after the

Minnesota Wild had defeated the Detroit Red Wings on OLN, so I was happy. Life's simple pleasures, dont'cha know?

I do like the Wild, and the Red Wings do have a habit of destroying my Sharks (or in the day, my Whalers). Greed is so worth watching. I wish I still had the video tape copy of the long one.

So you'll be doing a sequel to the 100 word issue? Spoken like a true cinephile. I'll be looking forward to it. By the way, it is spelled Minneapa, not MinnAPA, unless that's a new apa coming out of Minnesota that I am not aware of, which is very possible considering that I have been down in Texas for almost 5 years now and considerably out of that loop. I used to do the apa thing in a prior lifetime (*k-chink* here's a quarter for someone who cares), but that was a long time ago.

MinneAPA...sounds so made up! The sequel will be ages away, at least in my terms, which means it could turn up next week! I did have a few that I didn't put in, but most of the really good ones ended up in issue 64.

Sorry to hear about all the breakups, but really good news about how SaBean's doing. Having good friends around like M will help her maintain a clean life-style. I'm pulling for her.

Yeah, we all are. Her and M had a nice weekend. M, though hung-over from her Helsinki flight, took SaBean shopping on Newbury Street and then the two of them, and this is a direct quote, "Picked up a few guys and made them buy us drinks so we'd feel good about dropping them and going to the next club alone". That's mean, but I take it that it made SaBean feel better.

I think you've put down a good listing for the Fan Hugo recommendations: the only category I'm weak on is the semi-pro: none of those titles ring bells to me.

Semi-Pro zine is a weird catagory. I really think that should just change the definitions so that Locus, Ansible, Emerald City and so on are up against F&SF, Analog, Asimov's and so on as

Best Magazine. Of course, I don't see them doing that anytime soon.

A fine issue, my young friend. Thanks, and keep them coming!

All the best,
John Purcell



San Jose Battles Back!

So, when I shuffled that article on Ontario-born Actresses to my dear friends Mike and SaBean, they both came back with comments on other areas, one of which being a place which is near and dear to me: San Jose. SaBean had gone through the Wikipedia and picked out all of the San Jose, Santa Clara, Sunnyvale and Campbell people to make her point. The list she gave makes a good case.



Let's start with the city of my birth: Santa Clara (where I also happen to currently live). The name that popped out at me from the list that SaBean gave me was Khrystyne Haje, aka Simone from

Head of the Class. I always thought she was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived, and we were born in the same hospital. Go figure.

Another lovely figure from the 1980s ABC television line-up was Joanna Kearns, or Maggie Seaver as some might remember



her. She's from Santa Clara too, the sister of Donna Devorona, in fact. They both went to the same high school as I did, graduating about twenty years before I did, but still. She moved to LA and her daughter was a



friend of a friend of mine in college.

Another 1980s star, Palo Alto's Markie Post, was one of my first non-ABC TV crushes. She's gone a long way down, but she still does Lifetime Original Movies now

and again.

The hottest woman of the 1990s was easily Teri Hatcher, who is still hot today on *Desperate Housewives*. She's also a graduate of Fremont High School in Sunnyvale and grew up in the City Most Likely to be Confused with *Buffytown*. Other Fremont grads include Steve Kloves, who wrote the *Harry Potter* movies, and Peter Ueberoth.



Of Course, Santa Clara has another hotty I knew nothing about. Kate Walsh, currently of *Grey's Anatomy*, was born and mostly raised in SC. She's major hot and I've met her (back in her Drew Carey days) and had no idea we were both Santa Clarans.



The Trouble With Cartoons

OK, let me be another voice in the wind: this sucks. The sad part is there's nothing anyone can do about it and it'll only get worse. I'm talking about the current flare-ups due to the whole Muhammad cartoon-thing that started in Denmark and is now going on all over the world.

Let's look at this semi-logically...if that's possible. The Muslim world is up in arms over a series of drawings in Danish newspapers which are, admittedly, disrespectful to the Prophet. Drawing the Prophet is pretty much unallowed in much of the Muslim world (and drawing of people is usually frowned on) and these were drawings of Muhammad with a bomb in his turban (which he never would have worn) and other such naughtinesses. The problem is this is OK to Christians. Though you'll catch hell for showing Jesus as a conquering hero, it's happened before and it's a different type of anger and protest. Now, Muslims are getting up in everybody's business and burning things and not making nice.

Here's the big issue, in the Koran, or whichever of the 8 different ways you want to spell it, there are several points where it is said that the Government and the Religious leadership should be the same thing. The idea of separating Church and State is actually specifically said to be wrong according to the Koran. In many predominantly Muslim countries, if it is against the Koran, it is against the law, plain and simple. Non-Muslim Countries tend to hold Freedom of Speech and the Press higher than all other values, which means that you can say things which are against the Koran. In the old days, it didn't matter much, word would never reach those who would be offended, but now, well, there's nowhere left to hide.

This is only the first of what will be hundreds of these blow-ups. One side's gotta win out, that's the only way to put it. Either we have to agree to not print that sort of material, or they have to stop caring. Well, we can't believe in full Freedom of the Press

and still say 'You can't print that.' You can't even really suggest it without being branded a hypocrite. The Muslim world is growing more and more important (until they run out of oil in the Middle East) and we're not likely to solve this problem with out current thinking.

The big thing is, and the greatest danger has always been, Freedom of the Press. Yes, I know, I couldn't make The Drink Tank without all the freedom that is afforded me by the first amendment, but there's no way a World can survive where one group has the ability to say whatever they want and another has the duty to raise Hell against any thing they see as heresy. It's a construct that's just begging for massive issues. Look at what's happening in Afghanistan and Pakistan and Lebanon and so forth. They're attacking the Danish Embassies (and where in Beirut do you get a Danish flag on short notice?) and they're now attacking US groups because we are the leaders of the Infidels. Am I the only one who sees the trouble? There's no way to satisfy both points of view. The only possible compromise is going to be by the owners of the media outlets choosing not to print such things, but now that the cartoons have made such huge headlines (and increased sales in a lot of papers) why wouldn't a paper that's struggling not run an inflammatory cartoon aimed at the Muslim community? It'd raise the numbers, and that's all that matters to most business owners.

There are riots and unrest and it's going to get worse. Not over this incident, I think this will burn out in a few days, maybe a week, but the next one will be far worse. We can't have it our way and they have it their way. They are incompatible systems that can't interface with each keeping the characteristics that make each work.

That's a bleak look, I know, but I really believe that there's major trouble between Muslims and the American and American-esque media outlets brewing. It's not that we don't care if we offend them, we do, but we also believe we have the right to which is far more dangerous than doing it.



The President Tells Us So...

Written For MoronLife.com but never used

You may not know it, but there are a lot of folks that call themselves Anthropomorphics. The rest of the world that knows about them call 'em Furrries. If you are a religious CSI watcher, you know what they are. For the rest of you, they're those folks who dress up in various fursuits and party and such. There are sexual furrries, those who dress-up like such for the purpose of doin' the dirty, and there are folks who just like having an animal persona they can don at gatherings and conventions. There are many flavors, like Plushies (don't ask) and there are small pockets of everything you could imagine. There's a ton of Furry Art out there, which isn't surprising since you can see a lot of influence from the Disney cartoons like Robin Hood. If you're really interested, you can find out all about various forms of Furrydom by looking up the WikiFur and looking to your heart's content.

Along with this admittedly somewhat odd group is the realm of the Body Modifiers. They love nothing more than to pierce, brand, twist, reshape and tattoo every inch of their bodies. These types actually tend to be found at Furry gatherings as well, mostly because there's often an animalistic side to much body-modding. It happens. The most interesting body modification person I can think of is Mr. Dennis Avner, or as he is legally named, Stalking Cat. He's undergone

hundreds of operation to try and become a cat, and since legit docs won't do these sorts of things, he has to had the operations, including lip-splitting, whisker implants, eye brow lifts and more, completely without anesthetic. That's right, he's gotta be conscious for all of it! Dennis also happens to be a computer genius and one of the most impressively brilliant guys I've ever met, but his thing is becoming a cat much like my thing is watching wrestling.

The strange thing is, these two groups should be very unhappy with our President right now. No, not for that, but for his State of the Union address. Why, you ask? What would the Furrries and Body Mod communities have against W's speech? It was all in a single paragraph.

“Tonight I ask you to pass legislation to prohibit the most egregious abuses of medical research: human cloning in all its forms...**creating human-animal hybrids...**”

Look at the **BOLD**. Who would have thought that a sitting President would say that we can't create human-animal hybrids! It's almost unthinkable that at any other point in history a President would have to say “Hey, look what it did to that Dr. Moreau guy! No Human-Animal Hybrids! They'll rise up and kill us all!” It almost felt like he had stayed up late watching 1970s Science Fiction and got confused as to what was real and what was fiction. At least he didn't announce that we would be banning Lastday ceremonies asking for legislation to block it! Or maybe saying that we needed to stop worrying about Bird Flu, AIDS and Cancer and concentrate on curing The Andromeda Strain. He could have also called for the fall of the Intergalactic Axis of Evil: ‘Those Damn Dirty Apes’. Now there's a terrorist group I agree we have to stop!

The Drink Tank issue 66 was written by folks and laid-out by folks featuring the use of things that helped us do stuff. The next issue will be all about Inventions, so send me what you might have!