

**THE DRINK TANK
ISSUE EIGHTY-SIX**



Letter Graded Mail

Sent to garcia@computerhistory.org

by my gentle readers

Making his Drink Tank LoC debut is Mr. Ted White on issue 69. The LoC was written a long while back, but apparently my emailer ate it and Ted was kind enough to resend it.

Dear Chris,

Reading the last two DRINK TANKs (#s 68 and 69), I'm struck all over again by how you've essentially reinvented fandom in, well, not exactly your own image, but something approximating that.

Wow, that's a terrifying thought. Flattering as all Hell, but terrifying!

By that, I mean that you've introduced the rest of us to an entire social milieu -- your friends -- and allowed us to slowly untangle their backstory, bit by bit, issue by issue.

By now I feel like I almost know them -- enough so that when I hear the MoreLs were grouping in Baltimore after a couple of them were in D.C., I have this "Well, hell, we shoulda gotten together, then" reaction. Although they wouldn't know me from any bloviating politician in this town. (I may not live in D.C., but I work in D.C., so I have a certain proprietary gut attachment to the city.)

Their time in DC was apparently

very well-spent. I love Washington (lived there for a summer) and the bunch of us are planning a first birthday get-together for M's kids in a year's time.

M did a good job on #69; it feels like an issue of DRINK TANK.

I think it's interesting, how differently society treats female homosexuality. Male homosexuality causes the Fred Phelps of this world to rise in angry protest -- at the funerals of soldiers who were in Iraq, no less. Female homosexuality just leads men to ask, "Can I watch?" A sign, I guess, of how male-dominated our society remains, and how fearful many men are of their own sexual identities.

So I see all these women in #69 talking about their experiences with other women. But nothing by men talking about their experiences with other men. Why was that? M doesn't know any gay men? (There are quite a few in fandom.) Or men talking about sex with men doesn't turn her on? (I've known women who wanted to watch men having sex.) Or is it just that none of her male friends wanted to write about that?

There was an interesting article that M wanted to use that was almost a How To guide to man-on-man sex. It was a tad too graphic for the zine, so I asked for a rewrite for a future issue.

He agreed. M does enjoy the male porn, on occasion, comics mostly as I understand it. In fact, she once bragged that she got to meet The Hun and Tom of Finland back in the day. When even I've heard of a homoerotic artist, I'm pretty sure they're big deals.

When I was a youthful fellow, still callow and largely inexperienced, the whole world of sexual experience still mostly in my future, I was driven to an extent by a combination of loneliness and the thirst for experience. But, strangely enough, all my early sexual experiences were closely tied to deep relationships -- lots of emotion, commitment -- and it wasn't until I'd been through two marriages (and was a single father raising my daughter) that I got to the casual sex stage, multiple lovers, bisexuality, three-ways, and all of that.

I've never been to that casual sex stage, I always tie up a lot into sex, which is a blessing and curse.

Despite that, I think the strangest sexual situation I was ever in -- it remains utterly unique in my experience -- occurred during my second marriage. Now, one of the best things about my marriage to Robin was the sex. We were very sexually compatible. Even after our divorce, the sex was still good. So one night we had gone to bed and eventually to sleep, and I had this dream.

I don't remember how it started, but it was one of those dreams which I call "fiction" dreams -- in it I was not myself, but was some fictional character in a story. And in the story I met this other fictional character, a woman, and we began making out. Soon we were having sex. And as, in the dream, I was on the point of orgasm (in what would otherwise have been a "wet dream"), I woke up -- to find myself fucking Robin. Now that in itself is a bit extraordinary -- it's the only time in my life I ever sleep-fucked -- but the kicker was that Robin had been dreaming a Very Similar dream, in which she was a fictional character and a fictional man was having sex with her. In other words, she was sleep-fucking too. It had been a perfectly synchronized meshing of two dreams into one. And we both came together.

That was so perfect that it never happened again. And that's my sex story for you.

That is wonderful! I've heard a similar story from a friend of mine, but they actually had some tape or somesuch that was supposed to bring about sleep-fucking. I'm not how it worked, but they both said that it was an incredible experience.

I suspect that the motto of DRINK TANK must be, "Sex, Drugs & Rock and Roll." So #69 was the Sex Issue. Will you be having a Drugs

Issue, or a Rock and Roll Issue? If you ever do, let me know. I'd like to contribute to both of them.

All best,
Ted

I've already planned both! The Drug Issue (which I've asked SaBean to edit with me) will be happening around issue 105. It should be very interesting. The Rock 'n' Roll issue will be sometime after, maybe as my second Annish. I'm working on getting an old school rocker to write something for me, but it's gonna take some time.

And Now: Matthew "Some Fantastic" Appleton!

A year ago I was thinking that it would be an interesting race to see who reached which milestone first: you making it to Drink Tank #100 or me making it to Some Fantastic #10. Clearly, you're going to beat me, with plenty of time to spare.

Well, I still gotta get 100 Writers to write 100 articles, so that might buy you some time!

While reading Drink Tank #85 I tried to think of a couple other TV shows set on islands that I might argue belong in the Top 5. Removing any show set in Manhattan -- so many people forget that it's an island too -- I actually couldn't come up with one. McHale's Navy was just too silly to be

listed there, not to mention that for some unfathomable reason they were sent to Europre for the last season. A few of the Fantasy Island episodes were written well enough to transcend its often goofy morality tale atmosphere, but again the whole series really falls into the realm of camp. By the way, it might just be a nitpick on my part, but technically speaking, The Prisoner wasn't explicitly stated as taking place on an island (there were mountain ranges that helped isolate the seaside "resort" from the rest of civilization), but I think the effect was the same. ***Fantasy Island came close to making the list. I loved it when I was little. The follow-on series in the 1990s wasn't good, but it brought back some fun. I seem to remember an episode where they talked about it being an island (likely off the coast of Portugal, I seem to remember them saying.***

However, I do think that there was an island show that you probably neglected because it was a reality show. That's right the one that changed the face of reality television forever here in the US: Temptation Island. :::firmly planting tongue in cheek:::

I watched every episode of Temptation Island. That one chick was HAWT!

Take care,
Matthew

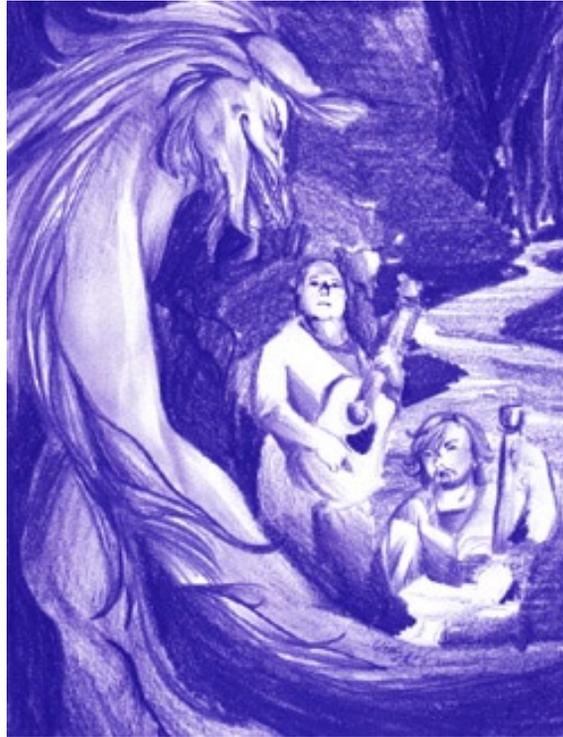
The Greatest Fantasy Authors in the World: Tenacious D and Tribute

Let me say that I fear this thing called Fantasy. I seldom read much of it, though I did rather enjoy The Stars Dispose, and of course Harry Potter. The best Fantasy I've come across in ages has to be Tenacious D.

Never heard of Tenacious D? Wondering how a writer with such an awful name could get published (and honestly, it's much better a name than, say, Minister Faust). Well, Tenacious D are a band composed of Jack 'Jables' Black and Kyle 'KG' Gass. You might remember Black from King Kong or Nacho Libre. You might remember Kyle from his role in the extended version of Almost Famous playing a disk jockey. The two of them were also a team in the film The Cradle Will Rock. They're a great team.

The music these fine fellows make has been called Folk Metal, which is pretty accurate, and there are long ties to groups like Black Sabbath, King Diamond and Led Zepplin. It should surprise no one that there's a lot of comedy from these two since Jack Black is one of the best comedic actors around. The song Tribute perfectly combines comedy and fantasy and enjoyable fun into one little song.

The first thing is that there is more than one version of the song.



The best version is the Live one they do. I've heard the one from Chicago, Portland's Roseland and from Las Vegas. They include the entire CD version plus the added section that appears in the Tenacious D HBO series version. The long one is the one I'll be talking about.

This is the greatest and best song in the world... Tribute.

Long time ago me and my brother Kyle here/we was hitchhikin' down a long and lonesome road. /All of a sudden, there shined a shiny demon... in the middle... of the road/And he said:

[sung] "Play the best song in the world, or I'll eat your soul." (soul)

[spoken]

Well me and Kyle, we looked at each other, /and we each said... "Okay."

[sung] And we played the first thing that came to our heads/Just so happened to be/The Best Song in the World, it was The Best Song in the World.

Black and Gass have conjured up a world comparable to the ones Sabbath used to sing of, featuring demons. In many ways, this set up brings to mind Charlie Daniels' immortal classic The Devil Went Down to Georgia, with the pair forced to play the greatest song or have their soul eaten. Daniels' tune may be more literary (and certainly more influenced by the traditional tales of Devil Reels and stories like that of Robert Jordan selling his soul to play his guitar real good), but The D, in a fit of lyrical economy have managed to put together a simple world.

In the video version, the road is a simple desert highway and the Demon is the guy who just moved in next door who is constantly claiming to be a writer.

Oh, and it saved our butts, because the demon want to kill us/Oh-ohoh-oh-oh/But he was forced to set us free, by the honor code that demons...Have to live by./Cause it's Satan's Surprise and it's magic!/And it's a mystical disguise.../It's the devil's song and it's tragic!

You are the mystical-eyed virgin/ and you're rocking!

Here, you can see that they're singing about playing the greatest song in the world. It's tres Post-Modern. The video features the pair of them transformed into Wrestlers to do battle with the great Beast. It's a battle that the Demon is winning at first, but then ends up losing after Jack drinks some Rocket Sauce (a running gag with the D) and spits fire on the Demon.

Well needless to say, the beast was stunned./ Whip crack, went the swampy tail, and the beast was done./ He asked us, "Be you angels?"/ And we said "Nay! We are but men, rock!"/ This is not the greatest song in the world, no. This is just a tribute./ Couldn't remember the greatest song in the world, no./ No! This is a tribute, oh!

And here it all comes to a head. The boys not only aren't singing us the Greastest Song in the World, they're pointing it out! They've gypped us of the GSitW and we're supposed to celebrate it. True, they do it in such a way that we're still amused, but they've done what so many SF and Fantasy writers have done: baited us with the left hand while the right plays the switch!

Still, Tribute is a far better piece of fantasy than most fo the stuff I've read in the last five years. Maybe Jack Black should start writing Fantasy, I mean, if Greg Kihn can write horror,

what's to stop jabbles?



A Very Brief Note: The Following came through my eMailbox this morning.

*Chris M has Babies stop
4 lb 5 oz and 4 lb 3 3/4 oz stop
Names Christopher Teppo Crasdan and Guy Axelrod Crasdan stop
Mom is fine stop
SaBean and Judith are coming next week stop
I'm going to try and sleep now stop
Jay*

And that's what happens when you're having twins!

My First Time: The Reading of Hollywood Babylon (and the Night in General)

I got paid, and with a little extra cash, it was Used Bookstore time! The first one I went to (Know Knew Books in Palo Alto) had a lot of great stuff, an early ComputerZine from the 1970s, a great Tiki Drink book, a fine issue of Niekas dealing with King Arthur from 1989, and a 1999 NASFiC programme book (with a Frank Wu ad on page 4). That was enough to get me started, but the other place I usually go was out of the way, but I was watching Evelyn over at her Grandparents' place in Los Gatos. LG is sorta up-scale, a nice little town set into a couple of hills with a bunch of trees. It's a nice place with its nose slightly angled upward.

Sadly, Gen locked us out of the house forgetting that I didn't have a key. So, we left and went to the Recycle Bookstore in San Jose. It's the second biggest used bookstore in the area and it's a good place for SF. I hung around the back where they kept all the role playing game.

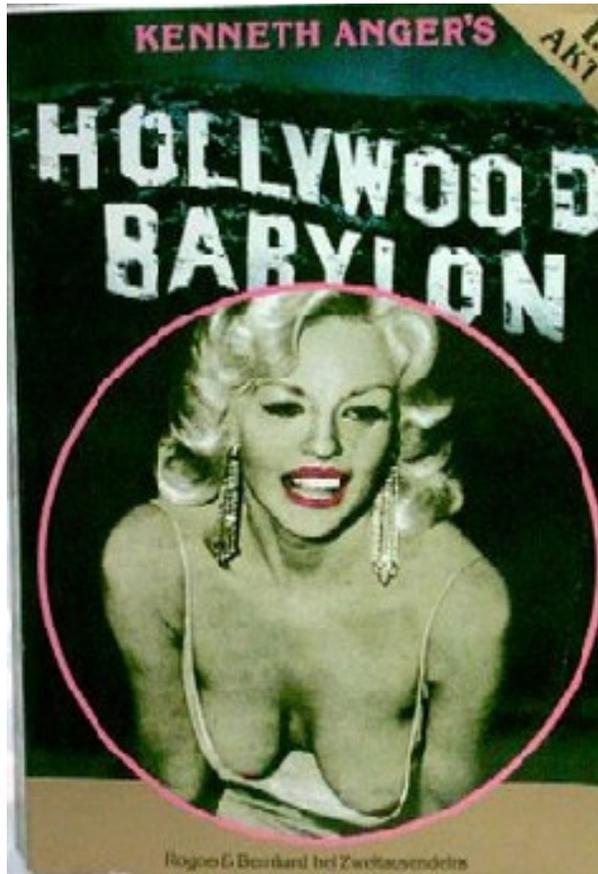
Now, this is the joint where I found my copy of the 1976 WorldCon programme and The Book on the Edge of Forever. This time, I found an overpriced set of 27 Amras for a hundred buxks. Ouch! That's the cut that hurts. Of course, I couldn't pass it up, so I now own 27 issues of Amra.

As I was poking through the

Hollywood film book section, I found a copy of a book I'd been meaning to read for years.

In the late 1950s, a former Child Actor and then Avant-Garde filmmaker named Kenneth Anger wrote a book about the Golden Age of Hollywood called *Hollywood Babylon*. In it, he made public much of the scandal and whispered beliefs of the first forty years of Hollywood's existence. It was a shocker at the time, mostly due to the fact that he said things that had been floating around for decades and had not been talked about in a major forum.

Anger wrote the book over the course of several years and revised it several times as well. I've never read the original (other than the opening chapter which was used in a Text book for Intro to Mass Comm) and it had the cover with Jayne Manfield's boobs all hangin' out (the one I got was much tamer). In it, he tells the stories of the best known figures in Hollywood. He gives a lot of coverage to Charlie Chaplin and his foundness for the young ladies. There's talk of Mabel Normand and Mary Minter Minor. Lots of talk of suicides and murders, including Ramon Navarro and Marilyn Monroe. While he certainly does paint vivid pictures, especially of people who didn't seem to like much, he gets details right that were incredibly scarce. No one is certain where he got all of his info, but he



certainly had time to research every bit of gossip he ever heard. While he certainly gets more details right than anyone had previously, he does paint some broad strokes far from true.

It doesn't hurt that there are a lot of great stories that Anger tells with big bravado, including the big two: *The Death of Tom Ince* and *The Fatty Arbuckle Situation*.

The death of Tom Ince is one of those Hollywood stories that traveled a long way over the years. The basic story is this: Tom Ince got on William

Randolph Hearst's boat, *The Oneida*, to celebrate his birthday. Along the way, he somehow ended up dead. The official story: acute indigestion. The loudly whispered rumor: Hearst shot him.

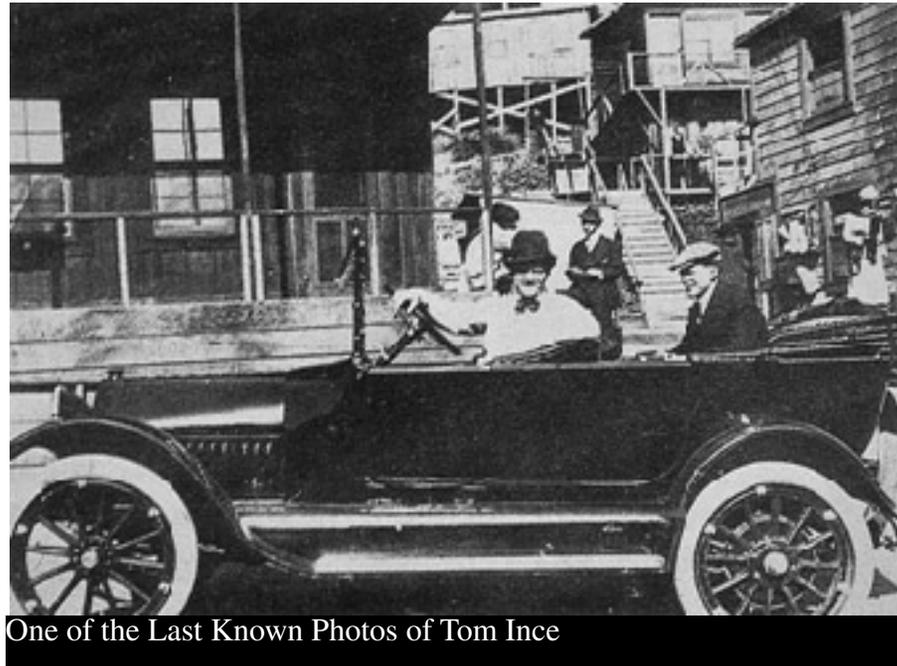
I'm not the expert on the events that a lot of Hollywood students are. I've seen the movie based on the situation, went to a lecture by Peter Bogdanovich where he talked about it for almost twenty minutes, got a chance to chat with Boggs about it a year or so later, and have read most of the important published accounts. Anger's version is far vaguer than the one Boggs got out of Orson Welles, but it's also the only one that has a believable guest list (though, if there were only 15 people, it would have been WR's smallest Yacht Party ever and that's weird considering it was the popular Ince's birthday). The basic story is the same: Marion Davies, who had been saying 'No' to Charlie for months, finally had her defenses broken down and went for Chaz. WR saw them going at it (or one of his stooges told him, which is the version I once heard from critic Rex Reed) and Hearst ran down with his gun and shot the guy he thought was Chaplin. Instead, it was Tom Ince.

Now, the movie *The Cat's Meow* uses the fact that Ince had saddled up alongside Davies to chat with her about her dealings with Chaplin and was wearing Chaplin's hat, hence why Hearst shot him. Other's say that Mar-

ion was actually in the process of schtupping Chaplin, Marion made a racket, everyone ran onto the deck and WR managed to shoot Ince. Many, if not most, say that Luella Parsons witnessed the entire thing and that's why she got her lifetime contract (and others say that it was because she had much better dirt on Hearst and co. than just that). Anger's list includes Parsons, writer Elinor Glyn, the legendary Chaplin, Marion, a trio of young actors, and a couple of friends. It didn't mention any of the close friends of Ince who would have been close to Hearst as well, including Tom Mix. Mix would have been invited to any party that Ince was having, especially since he was a favorite of Hearst's. My guess is that Anger's list, plus at least five more, is probably the right point.

The bigger point here is that Anger was writing the thing while at least half the involved people were still alive (Marion Davies, Chaplin, Lolly Parsons were all alive, and I think that Anger did an OK job with the way he presented it, but it could have been much clearer.

For the easiest version to understand, watch Bogdanovich's *The Cat's Meow*, or read his Orson Welles book or audio recordings and hear it the



way Welles told the story. I've heard Boggs tell it, I've heard Reed retell it, and I've talked with Robert Wise about the way he heard it (from the co-writer of *Citizen Kane*, which is probably where Welles got it from). I'm fairly certain Glyn would have been the one to record everything in her diary, which I've never managed to find (though I'm told she was a life-long diarist.

The other story is more sordid and Anger's presentation is much more slanted. Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle is a guy I've written about before, including the famous party at the San Francisco St. Francis Hotel where Fatty was unwinding after signing a boffo contract. That was the high point for Fatty Arbuckle, and in SF, there were far fewer cameras and everyone could party like it was

room 770. Along the way, Virginia Rappe came over and she got ill. That led to her dying and Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle going on trial.

There are a lot of ways to tell the story and Anger's way is brutal. He certainly tried to sell it that Fatty was responsible for Rappe's death, even going so far as to present the situations. I've read the transcripts (and I'm sure that Anger has as well) and the way he characterizes Fatty's responses at the trials seems very unfair. I also hated the way he brought up the time when Fatty was seen throwing

a bottle out of the car window when he was pulled over for Drunk Driving. Anger then says that it was the second time that Fatty had tossed evidence out the window (or something like that).

Did Fatty kill Virginia Rappe? It's actually pretty doubtful. More likely it was a botched abortion that just got worse as she partied. It might have been Fatty's kid, though.

There are other great parts to the book. He presents Mae West and makes a sly reference to the fact that she may have been a man. There's a great section on Erich Von Stroheim and his methods. The photos are great, if gruesome, including post-death shots of Paul Berg and Jayne Mansfield. There's a shot that I'd never

seen of Suite 1221, the St. Francis party suite where the Arbuckle kerfuffle started, and various other shots of stars. There's along section on Mary Astor's diary which was considered the filthiest ever presented in court. It's a classic and the Judge of the case ordered it destroyed.

If you love Hollywood History, this might be the book for you. It's not the easiest of reading, but it's good dirty fun.



America Finally Has Its David Icke

Yes, she's a racist. Yes, she's a crackpot. Yes, she give all us Conservatives a bad name (well, not ALL...there are worse), but Ann Coulter and I go way back. How way back? About a decade and a half back.

In 1993, I went to Washington to work at the Smithsonian. I was lucky enough to get to chat with a lot

of Washington Insider types, including Arlen Specter and Wolf Blitzer. I ran into a HOT chick while I was chatting with my pal Louis Reel (OK, he's Sa-Bean and Judith's pal since he helped fund many of their Dad's projects in the 1970s and 80s) and he introduced me.

"This is Ann Coulter" he said. We chatted for a minute and that was that. She mentioned that she'd been working as a lawyer. We talked for maybe a couple of minutes.

Flash-forward - Emerson College, 1999. I was invited to a thing as an alumni to hear people talk about modern sexual harrasment issues. Coulter was on the panel. We talked a little afterwards, mentioning that I thought we'd met before. She looked better in 1999 than she did in 1993. She made a Hilary Clinton joke, and I returned with a far dirtier Hilary joke. She laughed and followed-up with "you'd think with a topic like the panel, you'd have learned that wasn't appropriate." She then said "Anything is appropriate when you get to laugh at that slag."

I laughed even harder.

I don't like her politics, particularly her views on Arabs. I think she's entertaining, but more than likely evil. My favourite of her quotes had to be the one about wishing Timothy McVeigh had blown up the New York Times instead of the building in Oklahoma. That's even dark for me!

***More Letter Graded Mail
Sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers***

Ladies and Gentlemen, children of all ages, please direct your attention to...John Purcell!!!

Wow. You are rapidly zooming in on 100 issues. Not many fanzines in history have achieved that level of madness...er, I mean, productivity.

***You were right the first time, John!
And by planning on doing 100
articles by one hundred different
writers, I may be planning my own
undoing!***

An island themed issue. Interesting. I really don't have much to say about the pieces in this issue, but I still enjoyed them. Loved the artwork you've selected. Good stuff, and I am glad you included art credits; not only does this give egoboo, but provides other faneds a chance to gather more artistic contributors for their zines.

***If you wanna get in touch with any
of the artists I've listed, drop me
a line and I'll patch you through.
They're good folks, typically.***

As far as islands go, I think that fandom can be envisioned as a gigantic archipelogo of fan groups on separate islands; some are separated

or connected by little strips of water while others are gulfs or oceans apart. Fan groups have a tendency to mostly be insular. Some club members have more of a need to be known as regional, national, or international fans, but that's the choice of the individual.

I kinda think of it as a long series of Fjords. There are hundreds of little isolated groups, but almost all of them have some slight connection to the whole. Fandom is Finland!

For the last decade or so I have felt kind of like Easter Island: people have heard of me, sometimes contact me, there are artifacts (my old fanzines) left behind of my prior fannish existence, but my life has been stuck out in the middle of nowhere. Now that I've been pubbing again, the distances of time and space have been shrinking, and I feel much more alive and enjoy the contact again.

That's a good point. You were remembered by fannish archeologists and people debated how you managed to put together your 20 ton fanzines using nothing more than ropes.

Chris, you are *NOT FAT!* I was merely quoting Jackie Gleason (loved his old variety show, and the original Honeymooners series).

I loved Jackie Gleason, especially when he used to do the Roasts with Dean Martin.

Sorry for such a short loc this time around, but I really want to get that Big MAC write-up done for you; it's been on hold this week while I concentrate on getting ahead on the World Lit class I'm teaching. Hang in there: it *will* be done!

Can't wait to read it (but I will). Are you using my theory about giving piano lessons: just make sure you stay one lesson ahead of the kid?

All the best,

John Purcell



The 48 Hour Film Project or Christopher J. Garcia and Pals Find New Ways to Pain Themselves

Last year, we assembled a team of twenty or more people and made a forty-eight hour film that really changed the World.

That's a bold-faced lie.

We made a movie that some people enjoyed, others thought was crap and it nearly killed us physically and emotionally. It wasn't a great time, but we made a movie and all went about our lives.

It's 2006 and the time came again. This year, several of our friends were doing teams of their own, so we had a serious drain. Most of the actors we knew were on other teams already, as were many of our crew friends. The day before the project was set to start we had a crew of three: Steve Sprinkles, who directed *The Last Woman on Earth* and *The Chick Magnet*), Jason Schachat (writer of both of those and Director of *Golf Course High Kick of Death*) and me. By Friday, we'd added Gen (my Ex and a Smart Girl herself), and my buddy Justin Torres. Sadly, that was all.

I was waiting at the house for folks when Jason called.

"Chris, we're on 152 and it's backed up. They're saying it's four hours from here to Casa de Fruta."

For those of you who don't understand that reference, let me put it to you like this: you're at the Washington Monument and you want to get to the Lincoln Memorial. That would take you almost an hour under this sort of traffic. Since we had to be up in San Francisco to pick up our info, Justin and I left. We hit traffic too, but we decided since it was a Spare the Air day and BART was free, we'd take it up to the City.

It was a bad choice. We were later than I'd have liked. We made it before the drawing, but still, it was close.

For the 48 Hour Film Project, they give you several required elements so you have to write something new and fresh instead of pre-writing a scrip. This year every team had to include three things: a pillow (The Prop), "When are you going to clean up this mess?" (The Line) and Foreign Ambassador Mark (or Margot) Plantagenet (The Character). That's a rough one, that last. We then all chose a genre. We watched folks pull things like Spy Film, Science Fiction, Fantasy and even Drama, but when I pulled from the hat, we had Musical -or- Western.

Death, that was. Pure death. We didn't have the crew (or talent) to do a musical, nor the props or locations for a Western. Luckily, there was a chance to take the Wild Card and we drew Buddy Picture. Much, much better.



Justin and I worked on an idea on the way back to the house. Our idea was called Ambassador Squad, an old school Police Squad-like unit that got countries to sign treaties with one another. The head of Ambassador Squad was the evil Mark Plantagenet, the guy who wanted nothing more than to get Chase out of the AS for sleeping with his sister, Margot Plantagenet. We came up with a bunch of great gags, but once we had gathered, it was obvious that the others were better.

Jason and Steve managed to make it and we headed back to Gen's. Gen had made a nice Tri-Tip dinner

for us and it was very good. She was peeved that we were there so late, but we did make it and ate well that night, I tell you what. The boys pitched their idea and I was easily won over.

Basically the story is this: Don and Joe are two Mob Cleaners who are trying to dispose of the body of one Foreign Ambassador Mark Plantagenet. They are putting him in a dumpster when they are seen by a passing guy on a Razor Scooter. That guy takes a photo with his camera and they have to chase him. They manage to corner him and he takes a hiding place on top of a high fence. That leads to a long conversation about phones and an eventual falling down.

See, told it was pretty simple.

We wrote most of it by 2am and then we all went to sleep. I was tired, but I only got an hour or so at a time because Leo, Gen's Dad's adorable puffball of a Pomeranian, was sleeping in my room and constantly needed to be let out. Still, in the morning, we were up and at them!

We were ready to start filming around 10. We'd brought in Steve's buddy Frank to play the role of the corpse of Mark Plantagenet. He was wearing a suit and it was the hottest weekend of the entire year. Oh yeah, and he had to be put into trashbags and we only had an hour to shoot it.

We managed, but after he was gone, we had stuff that we needed



The 48 Hour Film Project

to shoot that didn't require us to show his face. I'm a man of many talents and one of them is making things that look like

people. I build a guy out of paper towel rolls.

We bought two big packages and I built a torso and legs and the stubs of arms (if I'd had enough money, I'd have bought another thing of towels and made full arms and legs). When you were looking at it in the back of a truck of something, it looked good, like a guy who had been stuffed into a trash-bag.

We kept working. At Cinequest, I had worked to convince people that Hubris led to the downfall of Jaws. Well, that line is what opens this film. The guys, Justin and Jason, played the cleaners. I played the Razor Scooter guy. We filmed in and around Los Gatos and it was a lot of fun. I got to ride the scooter up and down hills, around trails, even got to do some closed-course racing. It was a lot of fun even if I was sweaty like a pig. I noted on the form where they asked what we need to remember for next time that a cooler of bottled water is unforgettable.

My role required that I climb a fence. Now, that's no problem, but it needed to look like I was at the top of a



very high fence, maybe twenty feet. So I found one that was ten feet high and I climbed it, laying on top of it.

The only thing is, on the other side of that ten foot fence was a fifty foot drop.

Luckily, I'm good and I didn't even waver, but the shot they got of me didn't show the drop. They had a great shot of me against the sky, but none of my on top of the fence from above, risking my life. When it came time to record my dialogue and do close-ups, I was on a much lower fence, but for a long period of time which meant that

the top of the fence dug into my belly flesh. Ouch. I managed to make it more bearable by having a jacket on top of the fence, but I'm still feeling it.

So, once we were all finished, we sent it off to Steve who edited it all together. There's a section of fast intercutting that was just rough on him, but he finished with time to spare. We headed up to San Francisco and dropped it off, the second team to make it and turn it in.

Now, this year was fun. We had a few guys who were all friends and we clashed only minorly. Last year we had one guy who caused a major ruckus and took a lot of the enjoyment away from a lot of the people on the crew. We put together a fun little movie, something entertaining and light, while last year we were very darque and swore a lot. Still, it had its charms.

We worked harder, but got more sleep this year. We had worse conditions, but we made the most of them and used every bead of sweat to make the shots even better. We had to bend, but at no point were we even close to breaking. We did really good stuff...

And sang along with a lot of Johnny Cash.

The Drink Tank issue 86 was written by Christopher J. Garcia and Ted White and John Purcell and Matt Appleton. It was posted to eFanzines.com by Bill Burns! Hollister in 2008!



Let It Be Said...Chris For TAFF



More Details in the Next Issue

CHRIS
FOR TAFF

