



**THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 107
A LITTLE BIT PSYCHO**

**Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers
Ladies & Gentlemen...Eric Mayer!
Chris,**

As I keep repeating to folks, if I'm kind of brief/late/silent it's because I've been pushing to get to the end of the first draft of the new book before I'm hit with the avalanche of legal writing which is even now thundering down the slopes toward me. Great Ghu. If I could ever not have to do that for a living I'd be thrilled. **Must be maddening. I thank Roscoe that I've got a gig where I can do my FANAC and no one ever notices. I think my fannish productivity would drop if I didn't work anymore!**

I did find your Roswell article fascinating. I've read about it over the years, but the details become hazy. It must have been over thirty years ago when there was a big UFO craze and I collected books featuring pictures of hazy disks -- flying saucers, or pie tins or hubcaps. **I thought Jeff's article was great. I've been to Roswell, but not for years. I'm the proud owner of a Roswell Film Festival T-Shirt, though.**

I love to imagine it might all be true. As you get older a lot of the magic goes out of the world. Things that make life interesting, like Santa Claus



and the Tooth Fairy. The more you understand the more boring it all turns out to be. It's nice to think there might be amazing things going on that aren't so mundane after all.

I love UFOs, I'm still not convinced that they're not out there.

The trouble is, most of the Roswell type stories turn out to be based on false information. I once saw a compelling, if distressing, show debunking the tales about the Bermuda Triangle. It turned out that most of the "facts" which, if you added them all up formed a remarkable picture of weird occurrences were simply false to begin with. So people would argue that the Bermuda Triangle believers were drawing the wrong conclusions from the facts while the believers argued convincingly that they weren't. But no one had addressed the

problem that the facts being argued about were pure fabrications.

The same thing can be said about Bigfoot or Loch Ness or Mokele-Mbembe. Bigfoot's probably the worst of them. There's a lot of discussion about the two most famous videos: the Patterson Film of 1967 and the Redwoods video of 1995. People will always point to things out the video, like the fact that Patterson knew a Hollywood effects guy, as a way to debunk. I know it's hard to discredit something entirely within the discussion of the piece, but little things are often blown out of proportion.

I don't particularly want to know if all the "facts" about Roswell are true. Let's have some mystery in the world. One major premise, to me, is a given. The US government does indeed lie! **That one goes without saying! I've never talked with any of the first person types who were around at the time, but I've talked with researchers who have and I'm convinced that something happened, even if it was just a test flight gone bad.**

Sorry about TAFF if I didn't already say so. Lot of politics involved there always seems to me. I sure hope you get the trip next time.

I'll give it my best shot in 2007!
Eric

FRANK FRAZETTA BIOGRAPHY

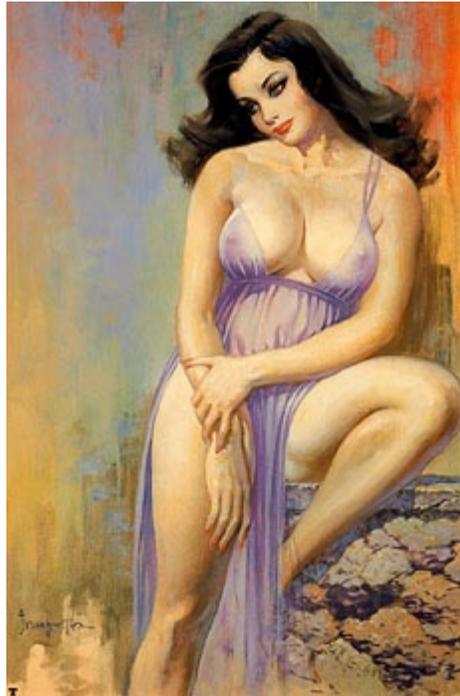
By Jeff Redmond

Make no mistake about it: I am most definitely a Frank Frazetta fan, and forever will be.

For a while in the late '80s, I lived from one Conan the Barbarian paperback to another. And it just wasn't because of the Robert E. Howard stories, but especially for the cover art by Frank Frazetta. Any book with a Frazetta cover was a book sold as far as I was concerned. But as much as I loved Frazetta, I knew little about him. This was on purpose, though. I often try to keep an ignorance going with my heroes because knowing too much can end your admiration for someone.

But now that a new DVD about him has come out, I just couldn't resist. I just had to know something about this man who had given me so much pleasure. "Frazetta: Painting With Fire," a two-disc package, is a fine introduction to the artist and, since I knew very little about the man, the film filled in for me nicely.

We learn about the life of this artist, and hear from an impressive list of interviewees, who tell us what an incredible influence he was in the world of illustration. Artists such as Bernie Wrightson, Bill Stout, Neal Adams, Dave Stevens, Michael Kaluta, Al Williamson and John Buseema sing



his praises as an original who had an effect on their work.

The oldest of four children and the only boy in the family, Frank Frazetta (he would later drop one of the "z"s) was born on the 9th day of February, 1928 in Brooklyn, New York. He discovered the wonders of drawing before he was three, when he sold his first crayon drawing to Grandma _ for the tidy sum of one penny. It was through her interest and encouragement, that he continued his drawings through those early years.

When he hit kindergarten, his teachers were astounded that there was a child only 5 1/2 drawing better than ten-year-olds. Throughout

Elementary School, Frazetta created comic books with the main character a snowman and an array of assorted characters.

Frazetta began drawing his own comic books around the age of six. Intricate, labor-intensive colored pencil stories featuring his original characters like "Snowman" and "The Red Devil & Goldy" still exist and exhibit a level of style and sophistication that is amazing. One of his sisters would often take Frank's home-drawn comics, and trade them to other kids for their store-bought issues of Famous Funnies.

Frazetta's artistic ability wasn't a secret to his elementary school teachers. "Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving were my big days," he remembers "I guess I drew more Santas, bunnies, and turkeys on blackboards than anyone could count. At the insistence of one of my teachers, my parents enrolled me in the Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts when I was eight.

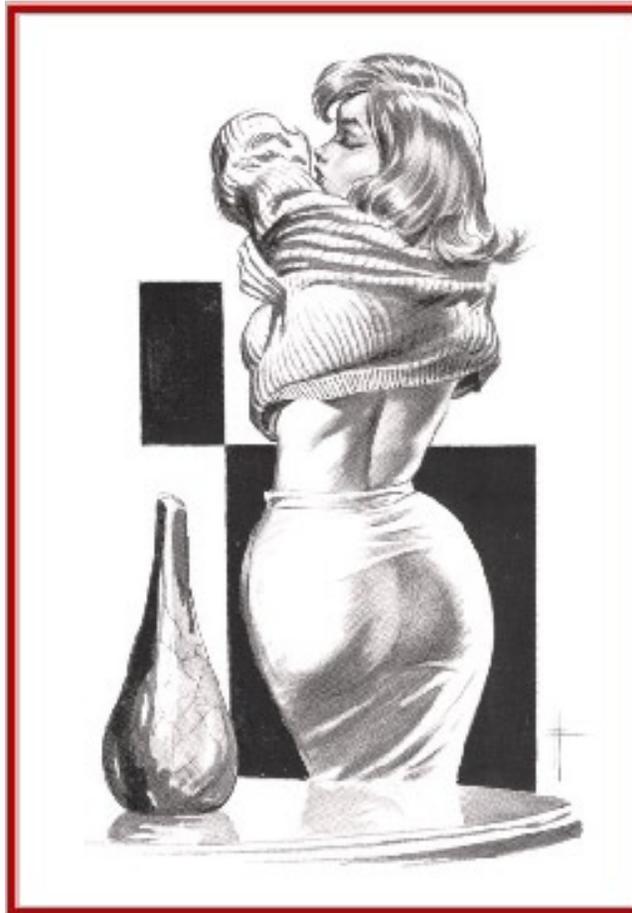
"The Academy was little more than a one floor/three room affair with a total of thirty students ranging in age from eight-me!-to eighty. I still remember the Professor Michael Falanga's look of skepticism as I signed in. He was rolling his eyes and you could almost see the thought balloon

over his head, 'Oh no! Not another child prodigy!' He sat me down with a pencil and paper and asked me to copy a postcard featuring a group of realistically rendered ducks. When he returned later to see how far I had progressed, he snatched up my drawing exclaiming, 'Mama mia!' and ran off waving it in the air, calling everyone over to look at it. I thought I was in some kind of trouble."

Falanga, a fine artist of some renown in his native Italy, was impressed with Frazetta's natural ability and believed he had tremendous potential.

"He died when I was twelve," Frank explains, "right about the time he was making arrangements to send me off to Italy at his own expense to study fine art. I haven't the vaguest idea of whether it would have really affected my areas of interest. I don't know, but I doubt it. You see, we never had any great conversations. He might look over your shoulder and say, 'Very nice, but perhaps if you did this or that...' He spoke very broken English and he kind of left you on your own."

"I think I learned more from my friends there, especially Albert Pucci. Falanga would look at some of the comics stuff I was doing and say, 'What a waste, what a waste! You should be in Italy and paint the street scene and



become a very famous fine artist!' And that didn't thrill me! After he died the students tried to keep the school going; we had become such close friends that we couldn't bear to close up shop so we all chipped in and paid the rent and continued to hold classes. I did nude life drawings and still lifes; we'd paint outdoors. It was all totally different that the way I work now, but it taught me a lot about brush technique and perspective and helped me to develop

my own style."

When Frank started working for Magazine Enterprises and National (now known as DC Comics) he graduated to the adventure titles and drew stories for Durango Kid, Manhunt, Adventure Comics, and Blackhawk. His covers for Ghost Rider received tremendous recognition and in 1951 M.E. gave Frank the go-ahead to create his own comic, Thun'da .

"I came up with this Tarzan-like character who gets trapped in a lost world," he explains. "They brought in Gardner Fox to write the script based on my idea and the first story in the book followed my plans pretty closely. Then the editor, Ray Krank, had Fox take everybody out of the prehistoric setting, by the end of the third story in the book, and ruined the entire concept: they turned it into just another cardboard jungle comic."

Thun'da #1, published in 1952, was the only complete comic book Frazetta ever drew.

He quit working for M.E. after they sold the rights to the character to Columbia Pictures for a serial starring Buster Crabbe. Since he had created Thun'da under the comic industry's standard work-for-hire agreement, Frank never received additional payment for the characters and art he had created. Bob Powell took over as

artist on the comic with the second issue and stayed with it until the title was canceled with #6. The first issue has become a classic. The first was considered by many to have been the best year for Frank as far as comic work was concerned.

Frazetta ghosted a few weeks of Flash Gordon for Dan Barry and tried unsuccessfully to sell the syndicates several other ideas for newspaper strips: Ambi Dexter featured a baseball pitcher adept with either his right or left hand, Sweet Adeline was the humorous story of a young working woman, Nina was a female version of Thun'da and Tiga (originally conceived in 1950 with a script by Joe Greene) was a post-apocalyptic adventure tale.

During the early 1950's, war was raging in Korea and the prospect of being drafted was a daily worry. Yet this time was an invigorating, fun-filled period in Frazetta's life. He worked as much or as little as he pleased, producing a memorable stack of art for E.C. (publishers of world-class scary and violent comics), Toby Press, and Prize Publications. His Buck Rogers covers for Famous Funnies are considered some of the finest comics work ever published and many prominent film makers have cited them as a visual influence on their movies. These covers overwhelmed

George Lucas, who has stated (quite accurately) that they were the inspiration for his Star Wars stories.

At the same time, Frank was far from a workaholic. He enjoyed life too much to just be chained to a drawing board, and he made a point of playing baseball everyday. He enjoyed hanging out with artist friends like Nick Meglin, Angelo Torres, and Roy Krenkel, posing for reference photos, and going to the movies. Handsome, muscular, and charismatic, Frazetta was popular with women and he had a string of intense



romances. In 1952 petite seventeen-year-old Eleanor Kelly caught his eye and his days of jumping from one relationship to the next came to an end.

“I sensed that she would be forever loyal and I never ever had that feeling about any other girl I’d been involved with,” Frazetta reveals. “Sure, she had most of the physical attributes I looked for in a women, she was beautiful and athletic. But beyond that she was very sharp and alert and pert and she knew a lot of things I didn’t know.”

When Frank left Al Capp’s studio in early 1961 he thought it would be no problem to land another steady job. And so, with portfolio in hand, he went searching. But it seemed his work had become poison to any publisher he showed it to. His best stuff was rejected as being too “old style”. He honestly believed he’d been blacklisted by Capp because of his leaving the studio on such a down note.

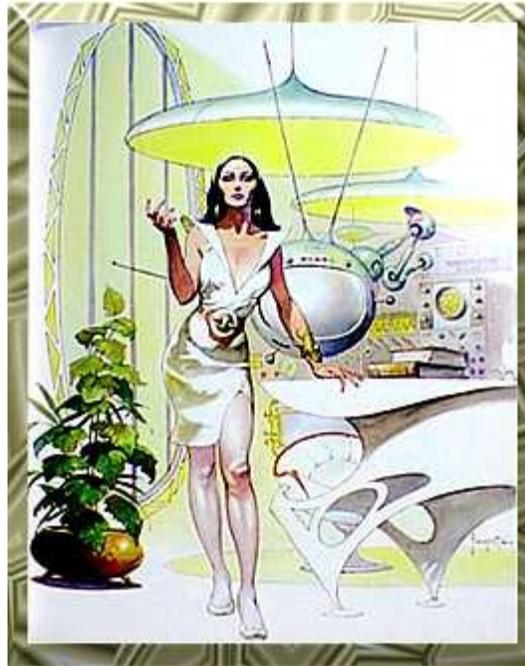
This “down time” in Frazetta’s career is best shown in the drawing of his “Self Portrait” (1962). It captures well the look of the troubled artist at the time. The story goes that he painted it after another exhaustive day of trying to find work. He wasn’t completely out of work though. There were companies that found his talent

quite useful. For instance one of those companies, Midwood, hired Frazetta to illustrate a few of their spicy novels.

Finally, the slow trend ended in 1963 when Frank's best friend Roy Krenkel introduced him to paperback covers (for which many of us are familiar). He started with Ace Paperbacks doing a series for Edgar Rice Burrough's novels. This was the first published appearance of his painted work. It was also his first official work on one of his favorite characters "Tarzan of the Apes," a dream of Frazetta's since childhood.

The public response was overwhelming. Other paperback firms started noticing. A back cover for Mad Magazine, a caricature The Beatles' drummer Ringo Starr, was noticed by United Artists Film Studios. They had Frazetta do the poster for What's New Pussycat? For it, Frank received \$4,000.00, a whole year's pay (back then) earned in one afternoon! It finally started to pay off.

An interesting story lies behind his cover for "The Mad King". He so enjoyed his work for the 1964 edition, that when it came time to hand over the art for a reprinted 1970 edition he reproduced the entire painting and handed that over instead. Even though the copy was of lesser quality, it was readily accepted simply because of



Frazetta's popularity. Between 1963 - 1965 Frazetta produced twenty-five covers and twenty-two interior illustrations for Ace.

Then Frank began an inspired series of paintings for Jim Warren's Publishing Company, which provided total freedom for Frank the artist to utilize his talents to the fullest. Just about that same time, Lancer Paperbacks were picking up on Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian series. They engaged Frank to do the covers. When these hit the book stands, they became one of the greatest selling series in history, with upwards of 10 million copies. Many people bought the books just for the cover art, and couldn't have cared less

about the contents.

Because Frazetta's covers did sell so many books, he became more selective about the material offered to him. He retained ownership of all original art and permitted only first printing rights. This in itself started a whole new trend in the paperback industry. To this day Frazetta's work is considered fine art. Fine Art is something that is total: "It has a beginning, a middle, and an end." To prove his point, Frank will talk about design while pulling pictures from the wall and turning them upside-down, drawing the eye toward the center of interest, being pleased that it works from any angle.

In 1970 Doubleday's Science Fiction Book Club embarked on an aggressive program of reprinting Edgar Rice Burroughs' interplanetary adventures. Naturally, Frazetta's phenomenally popular covers for Ace and Lancer made him the only logical choice to illustrate the series. His paintings for A Princess of Mars, the first in the series, was so perfectly "Frazetta".

Although Frank and Ellie were quite comfortable in their New York area Long Island home, and were keeping busy raising their four children, they moved back to Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn to be

closer to family. While there, Ellie had saved some money and taken a gamble by starting a small business called Frazetta Prints. It consisted of just 5 posters of some of Frank's early work. She worked diligently with a few distributors to get Frank's artwork into the public eye. Now some 28 years later it has blossomed into an empire of over 150 different prints, books, lithographs, and literally anything that pertains to Frank's art.

After living in Sheepshead Bay for only 1 1/2 years, Frank still longed for open space and privacy. With his son starting high school, and the big city school violence getting out of control, Frank decided to set out and fulfill his longtime dream. They started out in search for that old farm house and lots of land. His one son would later explain about this period in his father's life.

"I recall driving with my dad for days in western New Jersey and Pennsylvania his dream place - to no avail. The prices had sky rocketed in the past 10 years, and anything my dad liked was already well out of his price range. All the quaint old farms and parcels of land had been bought up and developed upon. Dad turned to me and said, 'I can't believe I waited so long, there is nothing left.' We drove hundreds of miles with not even one



prospect," his son would later explain.

"Then, lo and behold, a Realtor in Stroudsburg, PA said, 'You know, there is this old place just out of town that has 67 acres and a pond. But the house is extremely run down and practically worthless.' My dad said, 'Let's take a look.' My father always told me, you can always fix or replace a home, but there is no substitution for land and privacy. Dad always had great foresight, especially when he first laid his eyes on the house. He immediately fell in love with it."

"Sure, the house was run down, the rolling fields were over grown with brush and trees, the entire place was seemingly never maintained. Maybe

even since the turn of the century! The asking price was one which dad could afford. The only thing holding my father back from closing was that someone had already put in a bid! Just \$500 less than the asking price. The offer was refused and to my dad's disbelief the potential buyer had walked away from the deal! Before you could put a period on the end of the previous sentence, my father said, 'I'll take it.'"

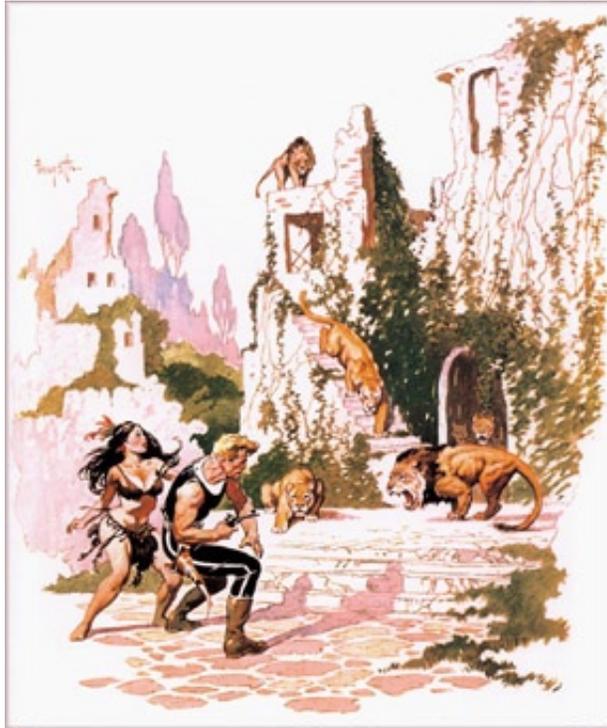
"Oh Boy! All I could think of was how much my mom loved my dad, to move into this place. There was a lot of work to be done in order to turn this run down house into a home. Mom and dad were determined to make this place a home for their 4 children. And with the aid of a mop, a Kubota tractor, and lots of hard work, this old house was transformed into the now beautiful estate where 3 of the 4 children, and 9 grandchildren reside. In just 6 months the place was beautiful, the fields were cut, the house was painted, the children were hitting golf balls, fishing and playing hide & seek on the property. That very same year a developer had offered my dad four times more than the purchased price. With no disrespect to the gentleman my father said politely, 'No thank you, this is our home now.'" Some 29 years later the now beautiful

estate will welcome the addition of the new Frazetta Art Museum.

The decade of the 80's began auspiciously with an invitation by Ralph Bakshi to come to Hollywood and co-produce a new animated film based on Frazetta concepts. Bakshi was a longtime fan and admirer of Frank and always thought his art should be seen on the big screen. Frazetta accepted Bakshi's offer and moved to Hollywood. They hired a team of animators to draw and paint; with live performers so that select scenes could be rotoscoped. Frazetta wanted the film to feature realistic and believable action. Many action scenes were Frank himself doing the falling, kicking and rolling over because some of the stunt men said it couldn't be done. Well, Frank proved some of Hollywood's top stuntmen wrong.

Frank sculpted several clay models of the key characters for use by the staff. Frazetta also painted a large oil for the movie poster and a number of stunning pencil illustrations that were used in the opening sequence of the film. Frazetta worked furiously on this project night and day. But because of poor marketing and distribution irregularities, it was not the success he had hoped for.

Undaunted by this disappointment Frazetta returned



to his estate in Pennsylvania and purchased a 10,000 sq. ft. building in downtown East Stroudsburg. Initially Frank's two sons started their own business at this location, with Ellie devoting herself to opening the new Frazetta Art Museum. This was a longtime dream of his wife, Ellie, and she threw herself into the project until it was completed. The museum tastefully displayed his most famous works. Accented with African art and wildlife bronzes, it was an unprecedented showcase for any living artist, much less for one categorized merely as an "illustrator".

In April of 1985 the new

museum opened with much fanfare. A lavish opening day party was thrown and it was attended by many local politicians, Ian and Betty Ballantine, Frank's longtime friends, Dave Winiewicz, and Nick Meglin, Frank's mother, father, aunt, uncle, and scores of fans. Frank repainted a new version of the standing "Masai Warrior" oil for the museum. It dominated one wall. The museum became a kind of mecca for the many fans who would travel long distances to see the many marvelous masterpieces on display.

"It was all Ellie's idea," Frank explains. "We were always getting calls from the fans asking if they could come see the originals. The best we had done through the years was to have some exhibits at various conventions, but that got to be a risky hassle. We did the museum for all the people who have had fun with my art over the years. It wasn't for profit - if I wanted to make money I would've sold the originals. My joy is in showing the work."

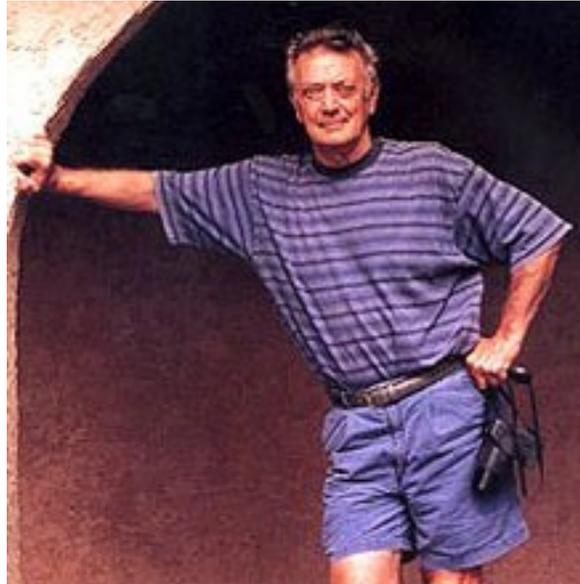
A fire on the lower floors of the building in 1995 closed the museum; fortunately none of the artwork was damaged. Announced plans to relocate the gallery to Boca Grande, Florida were changed at the last moment and Ellie re-opened the museum in East Stroudsburg in 1999.

But along with financial comfort and critical acclaim, the 1980's also brought health problems to the vigorous artist.

"The first symptoms appeared about 1986," Frank relates. "I had three jobs going on at the same time and I was burning the midnight oil. Coincidentally I had bought some really inexpensive turpentine, real junk. The fumes were so terrible that it probably screwed my thyroid up. Nobody's quite sure what makes a thyroid malfunction or quit or go hyperactive, but they certainly know it can be affected by chemicals. I was working for about two weeks with this turpentine that just permeated my studio: my wife and kids wouldn't even come into the room it was so bad. But good ol' Frank just kept plugging away. I'm tough, this won't affect me. Around the time I was finishing the jobs I suddenly got this eerie, insidious taste in my mouth. It was almost as if Death had entered."

His recovery sparked a creative renewal and in the early 1990's Frank reemerged in to the market. He allowed a few of his originals to be sold at auction at Sotheby's and Christie's, where they went for high five-figure sums.

Frazetta finished a lovely oil entitled "The Princess and the Panther"



and it was used on the cover of Heavy Metal magazine. This was followed by the publication of Small Wonders in 1991, a book by Kitchen Sink Press devoted to reprinting many of Frazetta's funny animal drawings from the 1940s. This was closely followed by the publication of Kitchen Sink's Pillow Book, a collection of Frazetta's watercolors from many stages of his career. Most of these watercolors were personal productions designed to be given as presents on certain holidays. Ellie would often encourage Frank to paint her a watercolor for Christmas, Mother's Day, etc. Or he would simply do them just to amuse himself. The book has a small selection. There are another hundred images that have never been seen before.

Renewed interest in the work

of Frazetta reached a fever pitch in the middle 90's. A number of people arose with new projects and ideas. Randy Bowen convinced Frank to help him co-create a bronze sculpture of Frazetta's signature oil, The Death Dealer. Glenn Danzig, a longtime Frazetta fan, collector, and emerging rock star, decided to begin his own publishing company, Verotik. He commissioned Frank to produce a book of pencil drawings based on monsters and demons. This extraordinary volume was intitled, Illustrations Arcanum, and it immediately became a wild hit.

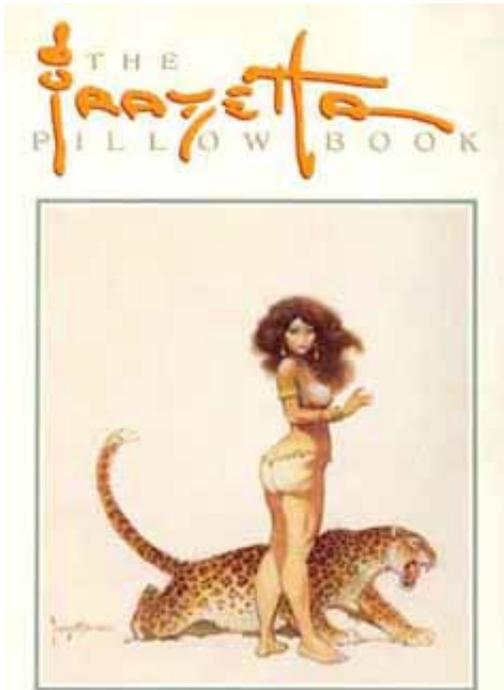
The quality of the art and the beautiful production values blended to energize Frazetta's name in the art world. Danzig followed this success with a series of Death Dealer comics, other assorted fantasy-supernatural theme productions, a series of sculptures based on Frank's Fire and Ice models, and a new character entitled, Jaguar God, for which Frazetta painted several amazing oils. Danzig's company presented the Frazetta name to the newest generation and they responded.

The Frazetta Pillow Book provided a surprising glimpse of a more whimsical, if no less erotic, side to the artist. Filled with a charming selection of beautiful nude gnomes,

fairies, and nymphs, the book showcased Frazetta's proficient skill with watercolor.

"Nearly all the paintings were done as gifts to me or for family," Ellie Frazetta explains. "They show the playful, fun_loving side of Frank I have known all my adult life."

And, indeed, Frank Frazetta certainly has that..... and so much more. Next time you're browsing through your favorite bookstore, take a look at so many of the fantasy works' covers. More than a few will be Frazetta Works. And all of them will be the absolute best!



Thanks to <http://frankfrazetta.org/> for all the help with the art!

YESTERDAY'S DVDS: THE PSYCHOTRONIC FILM FESTIVAL

To really understand the place of 16mm films, you have to understand that it was the good stuff in the 1960s and 70s. There was 8mm and Super8, but these were hardly enough for most cinemaphiles. 35 was overly expensive and required very difficult to use projectors. 16mm was the one preferred by high school A/V Clubs, and that's where a lot of kids got their first taste of running projectors, so that's what got bought for home use in the Pre-VCR days. There were thousands of 16mm films produced for folks to watch at home and even more made for use in schools and at churches and even in video jukeboxes. These films are slowly starting to disappear, so someone had to start a programme to showcase these marvelous films.

And that's the Psychotronic Film Festival.

It was a dark and stormy night. Psychotronics takes place at Foothill College, nestled into the foothills of Los Altos Hills, meaning it sits among trees and scrub (and a strand of bamboo) that makes a dark night into a horror film-grade dark night. It was pouring rain as I drove up and the road was barely visible in front of my car. I pulled into the driveway and went to pay the 8 quarters for parking. I had, of course, forgotten an umbrella, so when I discovered that the machine was broken and that the nearest work-

ing parking station was a block and a half away, I figured I had time to run inside and buy my ticket and get my spot: front row, on the right hand aisle.

I got to my seat and chatted with the folks sitting next to me, a trio of fellas which was seemingly led by a big guy with a mustache and chin puff who was wearing a fez and a pirate kerchief. After a few minutes, I braved the weather and ran out to that far parking lot, paid my quarters for parking and returned.

Psychotronic takes place in a classroom, an appropriate setting for 16mm films. There was already a decent turn-out by the time I got there. I almost immediately started to run into friends. There was Uncle Al, the Software Curator at the Museum, and there was Dave Clark. KTEH Ken and Trivia Jerry were there too! Some regulars couldn't make it, like Bill Maxey, the shorts guy at Cinequest, whose girlfriend just had his baby, and my man Jordan Rosa. Jerry noted that this was the greatest gathering of nerds anywhere. I pointed out a thing called WorldCon.

Robert Emmett runs the thing. He's the host of the Norman Bates Memorial Soundtrack Show on KFJC. He's a nice guy, great film fan, and a lover of Fez culture. Can't go wrong with that. He introduced the show and mentioned that since there was only the one working parking machine,

don't worry about paying if you didn't manage. I felt a little wetter just from hearing that. The show started and as always it opened with no sound. This is a tradition that will never stop.

The first thing played was a Video Jukebox song called Pretty Girls. Lots of hot, late 1960s chicks dancing. Can't go wrong with that. That was followed by a Sue Rainey song where a vaguely ethnic guy has Sue singing to him. There's a wonderful moment where Sue is singing, and starts to kiss him but the song continues. That was humour.

After the first round of music videos, we were treated to Marcel Marceau. Now, I believe that talkies were invented to free us from the tyranny of Mimes, and this was at times very creepy. There was this French dude making out with himself, rocking a baby in a way that'd make a British Au Pair think he was out of control, and even playing a cop and a kid. Now, to be fair, he did morph between characters well, but this stuff has a hard time playing anymore. That was followed by Daffy Duck in Mexican Joyride, where he locked horns with a Fighting Bull. And what's the only thing that could possibly follow a Mime and a Bull with a Tommy gun? That's right, Lawrence Welk! Welk's Let It Snow was a lovely romp, featuring the most unattractive dancers cutting a rug.



One of Psychotronic's main joys is the combination of types of shorts. There's the cartoons and the live action shorts, and there are commercials (like the ones for Shredded Wheat and a Commie-themed one for Tide XK) and there are trailers (a great double feature: Diary of a High School Bride and The Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow) and little things like Boris Karloff and Bela Legosi playing chess. There was a little featurette on WC Fields, including showing the time in 1933 when they were filming and there was an actual earthquake (March 11th, 1933 to be exact) and a piece of a short about a dentist that was cut, possibly for the strong sexual theme that having a dentist with the legs of his patient

wrapped around him seems to bring up. There was also a Castle Film. These were old newsreel footages that were re-edited in the 1950s and re-released. This was about early Extreme Snow Sports and included Bobsled crashes and people getting dragged on skis by horses, motorcycles and even a plane. The Ski Jump section was the best. Last time they showed old wrestling matches, but this was good too.

Plus, there's lots of old TV. There was a thing from Our Show of Shows and there was Frank and Nancy Sinatra. There was the famous Golden Globe presentation to Cantinflas by Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Rooney. Let me say this now: Jayne Mansfield made Marilyn Monroe look like a Bigfoot covered in dog vomit. Just sayin' is all. There was also Space Angel, where they used the cartoon with real mouths thing that Conan O'Brien loves so much.

There were a couple of UK fan films from the early 1980s. There was a Dr. Who Music Video and a thing for Fandersonvention 81. Neat little things.

The highlights of the first section were three obviously brilliant pieces because they were brought up later in the show. First, there was Pirro, the puppet. This was a Marionette thing about teaching what a Thermometer does. It's full of stuff that is obviously

sexual commentary, though in 1963, it might have passed. It was really funny to see Pirro, the obviously retarded puppet, try and figure out what 212 degrees meant.

The second one was Act Along with Boris Karloff. This was a Coffee ad that had our lines on the bottom of the screen. With an audience that is as participatory as the Psychotronic audience, this worked beautifully. It also became a running bit during the feature.

The biggest thing was a bicycle safety film called One Got Fat. Basically, this was a head trip of a film about 10 friends. We see them as all having monkey faces and one by one, for ignoring the rules of bicycling, they get picked off. Three or four get hit by cars, a couple fall down an open manhole. One succumbs to fallen arches and another is, I kid you not, run over by a steamroller. The saddest fatality has to be of the popular Floog, the leader and star athlete. Poor guy. It's an unintentionally hilarious film.

After the intermission where they raffled off prizes, we got our feature: The Green Slime. When Bob Emmett introduced the film, he was wearing dark sunglasses, which made me yell out "Play Pretty Woman!" That got a good laugh. The Green Slime was a fun little early 1960s film with a great theme song. We MST3Ked the hell out of the film. From references to Charlie



and the Chocolate Factory and One Got Fat, the film was a laugh riot, even funnier than the idiotic costumes that the evil slime wore. It was a blast.

We were done around 12:30 and I headed home while it was darker and stormier than ever before. I'm lucky to have made it home. I'm planning on going to the next edition in March and there's a thingee called Thrillville up in Oakland that I might attend as I hear there's burlesque there. Nothing better than that!

OK, That's yet another issue of The Drink Tank. I'm hoping to get number 108, 109 and 110 out by the end of the year, but it may not happen. I mean, the Holidays are rough on all of us.

Any of my LA readers may want to know that I'll be down there on teh 28th and 29th. I'll be at the LASFS meeting on Thursday and then hangin' on Friday. I'm hoping to hit Griffith Observatory and the Tar Pits, but I'm flexible.

On the 30th, I'll be in Santa Cruz seeing the Frontier Wives, a 1980s and early 90s San Jose band featuring Lex who was the runner-up on Survivor. They're a good band and figure prominently in my Cactus Club Documentary.

Other than that, and a date or two (keep reading for more details) my life will be boring until at least CorFlu.

SF/SF will have a very important announcement coming soon. Let me just say this: if you're local or can make it up here, try and keep the middle of September open. You'll hear a lot more about this in the coming weeks and months

And that's that. I wanna thank Jeff Redmond for all of his great stuff (you'll be hearing more from him) and to Frank Frazetta and Miss Mayhem for the art.

Kisses!