

I DONT KNOW WHO  
THIS IS



BUT MY FRIENDS  
SAY HES COOL

***THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 113***

**Letter-Graded Mail**  
**Sent to [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)**  
**by my gentle readers**

**Let's Start off with Marty Cantor on issue 111!**

I just glanced at #111 and I have a few things to say, starting with it was good to (briefly) speak to you again. And I hope that you worked out something with Marc Schirmeister and he sends some artwork your way.

**I made the connection and I hope he'll provide some art. I'll be debuting a couple of new to The Drink Tank artists over the next few weeks.**

What you saw in the display case which contained (amongst other things) Bill Rotsler memorabilia (including Hugos) was the urn which \*used\* to contain Bill's ashes. The ashes were scattered - someplace, I remember not where - and the urn is now at LASFS.

**Ah, that's far less creepy.**

As for running into Iggy Pop, well, those kinds of things happen a lot around this town. Having run retail shops in both Hollywood and Studio City, I have had "celebrities" come into my shops at one or another time. In fact, a few times a year the Mexican restaurant at the end of my block is the scene of some sort of movie or television shoot.

**I always seem to run into celebs**



**when I'm down there. You don't happen to live by Los Burritos off of Hollywood, do ya?**

The shop I managed in Hollywood was right next to the Wax Museum on Hollywood Blvd., right off of Highland Ave. Not all that far

from the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel - but I never went to that hotel. To me, Hollywood was just a place where I managed a business - this whole movie and television business is something in which I have about zero interest.

**I spent a lot of time in that neck of the woods. I used to buy my cigars (or my pipe tobacco, I had one store for each) from a shop over in that area, and then I'd head across the street to check out what movie scripts were on sale in that old shop where they had posters, pictures and scripts. I found a huge treasure trove of wrestling memorabilia there once. Growing up steeped in pop culture like I was, I'm required to have a certain thing for celebrities.**

Marty Cantor

**Thanks much, Marty! and now, Eric Mayer on 111**

Chris,

What is this if Mazeroski can make the Baseball Hall of Fame there's hope for the NY Dolls and Devo. Hell, if Mazeroski can make the Baseball Hall of Fame there's hope for the Dead Boys. Or how about Toni Basil? Like Maz she was a one hit wonder. Well, OK, Maz was known for his leather. But I'm sure there are too many rock bands with a fondness for leather who don't deserve to get into the hall of fame to even think about.

**Maz had his seasons, but he was a glove expert and that's what brought him to the dance. But really, he's in the Hall for the Home Run. There are a lot of people who argue that Don Larsen, whose overall career was somewhere around the level of Mike Kurkow's, should be in the Hall. And Toni Basil's awesome!**

Wow. Imagine opening the paper and reading about Chris Garcia run down by Iggy Pop. That would've been awesome! In a really horrible way of course. Mason Reese almost walked into me once on a Manhattan Street. He was a homely little kid who did a lot of commercials, mostly for Underwood Devilled Ham, a long time ago. He was a little bigger when he almost walked into me, but looked just as homely. Sheesh...that's nothing like almost being killed by Iggy Pop. I would've guessed Iggy Pop would've killed himself with rock n roll excess long before he killed you. You just never know.

**That's a good point. If he'd bumped into me on the street, I'm betting he'd crumble into dust. He looked really fragile.**

John Purcell reckons I must have changed some since my miserable high school days. Well, I don't know. When I was in high school I suspected the world was a really screwed up place for which I was ill suited. So, now, with 40 more years experience, I



\*know\* the world is a really screwed up place for which I am ill suited.

**It's weird in that everyone who remembered me from High School, and it was just about everyone for some reason) figured that I'd have changed the most. I rolled into my reunion, started talking to people and everyone was amazed at exactly how similar (if more doughy) I was to my high school self.**

I enjoyed your tour of Universal Studios. Stupid me, I didn't know they had rides.

**I hadn't been back since they added them. It's more amusement park than studio now. Twisted and evil...**

Patti Smith has done some great stuff, although she took herself out of the business for a long time. A few years ago I realized, in retrospect, that The Dave Clark Five were better than I'd given them credit for back in the sixties. The Beatles blew away other pop groups, making them seem lesser in comparison.

**I couldn't pull a lot of Dave Clark Five up in my mind, but I eventually found a few MP3s and they were a**

**pretty decent band. Over-shadowed? Yes, but still pretty good.**

And I have to add, I love Groundhog Day. It is one of the best sf films ever, in my estimation, because it does what the sf I loved did -- takes a weird idea and wrings every possibility out of it. The trouble with media sf, as fun as it often can be, is that it focuses on the settings and trappings, like monsters and outer space, but the real core of classic sf was the off center ideas.

**I see what you mean, my only question is in comparison to other films that aren't in, like a lot of the comedies of the 1960s and 70s. I must say that Bill Murray was great as Phil Connors in Groundhog Day, but what about Uncle Buck? It was just as funny and Candy's turn as the title character was awesome.**

Eric

**Thanks, Eric!**

**What about John Purcell on Issue 111?**

Boy, you really are addicted to lists, aren't you? I have my personal lists - we all do - and when it comes to films, two Mel Brooks films are on my Top 5: *Young Frankenstein* and *Blazing Saddles*. As a matter of fact, the latter was one of my Christmas gifts this season. The DVD 30th Anniversary Edition has some totally wonderful

extras, such as Brooks' running commentary on the film - fascinating listening to him describing the genesis and making of this modern classic - and the pilot episode of the television series it generated, *Black Bart*. Alas, the series never materialized for real, but the pilot is uproarious fun. A great gift, slightly surpassing the DVD of *Asterix and Cleopatra*. Funny, funny stuff there.

***I've gotta get that DVD set. Genevieve has it but she's always watching it so me stealing it would go noticed.***

I read on your LiveJournal of your \*ahem\* "run-in" with Iggy Pop. What strikes me as so funny about this story is that he was driving a PT Cruiser. Something rather surreal about all this, I gotta say.

***They say the mighty fall the hardest.***

As far as Los Angeles goes, it's an okay place to visit - there are lots of cool people living there that I would love to see again some day - but after living in the San Fernando Valley for one year (1986), I will never do that again. Couldn't stand the traffic, could barely breath the air. Very unfriendly people, too, at least from my perspective: shallow, self-centered, pretentious. And those are Los Angelenos *good* points!



***I'm very LA, so I get along well down there. My favourite part of the LA-area is Hollywood, where I always feel welcome for some reason.***

The LASFS folks I know, of course, are nothing like the general population. Some day I would like to get back there and visit, but I really don't see this happening any time soon. Now, the restaurants in La-La Land are good, it is true. Ah, well.

***A friend of mine sent me a list of about 35 top-rated LA eateries and then put a thing at the end saying "You chose Bob's Big Boy?"***

I completely agree with Eric Mayer's assessment that Devo should be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Great choice! The New York Dolls would be cool, but I doubt it. Who else but hard-core punk rockers would understand their influence? Besides, you gotta love a group that produces people like Buster Poindexter (a.k.a., David Johanssen).

***I totally wanna find someone who could do a mash-up Devo and Il Divo. That'd be neat.***

Don't you just love the way that your *Drink Tank* loccing crew can flesh out your zines with rapid-fire locs to sort of keep up with your rapid-fire pubbing schedule? We're the best.

***I do. Y'all keep me honest!***

And aren't you glad Lloyd's back to loccing? I am. With any kind of luck, starting in March he's agreed to do the fanzine review column in my zine. He is a good choice for the job.

***If there's one guy who could review a bunch of zine, it's Lloyd!***

Yummy smells coming from the grill; it's 70 degrees outside, and I just put some chicken on the grill. Chat at you later, bud. See you in Austin.

All the best,

John

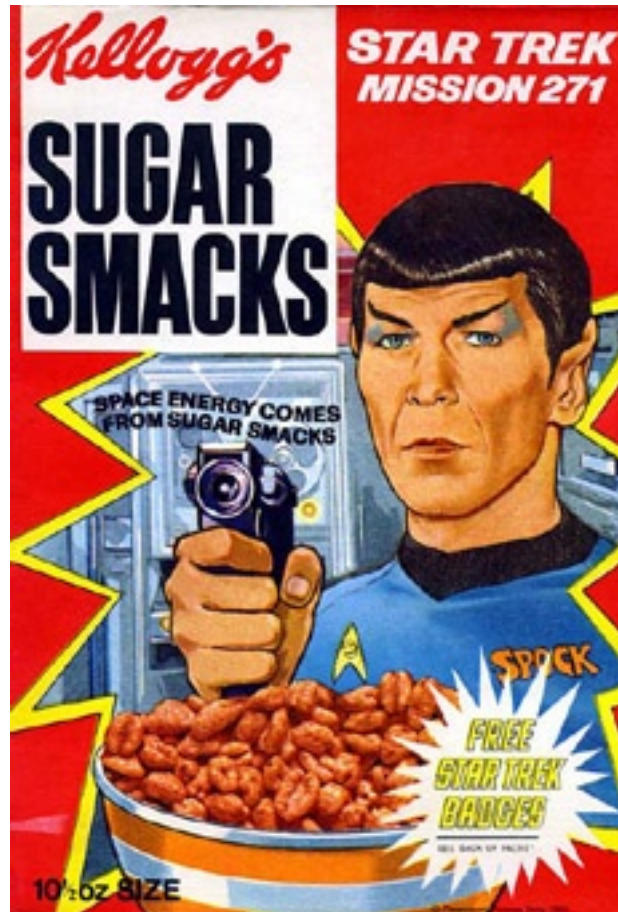
## **On Issue 112...Eric Mayer!**

Chris,

Grim business about your friend Jon. A lot of talented people die young. Often it's what makes them talented that kills them. Being adventurous, different, creative, reckless, whatever. Reminds me, because of the name, of my dad's prize art student Jon Carsman. Became a big time painter in New York. \$30,000 a canvas. Married a model. Drove a car that was probably worth more than any house I've ever lived in. Jumped out his studio window when he was diagnosed with aids. I guess he was a little over forty. Hell, he probably had more living than I ever will though. I guess, in the end, it's quality that counts most.

**So true. It's those of us talent-less safesters that live to tell their tales! That said, I've lived a lot in my time. I've not been too reckless, but I've also not played it too safe. I walk the line...**

Your photo essay of Howeird's trip to Parkfield was fascinating. Never heard of the place. Too bad you missed the quake. I experienced a mini-quake in Rochester, NY. Around dawn the house kind of shook and stuff rattled on the shelves. Half asleep I thought it was one of the big auto supplies trucks that always went by on their way to the car dealership next door. They made the whole house vibrate too. Turned on the news and found out it had been a



quake!

**I love earthquakes as long as they're nowhere near where I live. I love riding 'em out, but I'd hate to have one where I had to worry about them knocking my face down. Parkfield would be a great place to feel one.**

You might've seen this in the LA Times but if not it might interest you. And it even has a mention of the Roosevelt Hotel. (Thanks to you the name meant something to me)

Mad Max -- Heavyweight champ Max Baer Sr. was unable to defend himself against 'Cinderella Man.' The job fell to Max Jr., who's going down swinging.

[http://www.latimes.com/features/magazine/west/la-tm-baer01jan07\\_0,4406121.story?coll=la-home-magazine](http://www.latimes.com/features/magazine/west/la-tm-baer01jan07_0,4406121.story?coll=la-home-magazine)

**I love Max Baer Jr. mostly for the fact that he made some of the most important Independent films of all-time in Ode to Billy Joe and Macon County Line. He's also a Santa Clara University Grad, which is something that a lot of folks can't say!**

Love the cover, by the way. I had a living room set just like that once, bought at a used furniture store naturally.

**I found it, got perms and set it up as the cover. It's just the perfect suburban livingroom situation.**

Best,

Eric

**I also want to give a general thanks to everyone for their notes on the passing of Mr. Chapman. Marin Carpenter, Kate Kelton, Rissy Smith, SaBean, Judith, Steve Sprinkles, Frank Wu and a few others dropped lines and I think them all for their kind words.**

You may have noticed that things around here are slightly less fannish than you'd normally expect. Where are the con reports? What about real fan art? Where's the Fudgicals? That's no illusion, there's a distinct lack of fannish presence in my life at the moment. I don't know if other fans have fannish seasons as well, but I certainly do.

The start of my personal fannish season is Memorial Day Weekend. That's BayCon for me and that means a lot to my personal view of fandom. It's my home con, it's the con that brought me back and if BayCon's no good, the rest of the year is gonna have troubles. Luckily, that's only happened once. After BayCon, there's Westercon, WorldCon, Silicon and others all the way up through LosCon. LosCon ends the heavy fannish season for me on Thanksgiving weekend. There's a sort of lull until after the Christmas season. I'd almost call it fannish time-out.

Come January, there's a little action. We've got FurCon here in the BArea and a few other little conventions. There's always BASFA and BayCon meetings, fanzines to be read, but really, it's a sort of slack period. I'm thinking about March and April, the movie months.

You see, there's the Cinequest film festival and the Sonoma Valley Film Festival and they both are important parts of the year. I really get involved with both and that sort sends all fannish thoughts away for a bit. True, I still do The Drink Tank through it all, but it's hardly fannish at that point.

Now, with QuireFlu comin' up, I'm apt to start adding in more and more touches, but it's hardly going to be massively fannish until



May or June. True, there'll still be things like the 48 Hour Film Project (we're goin' again this year and we're gonna win!).

In fact, I've been thinking a lot about filmmaking lately. Not only because of Jon's death, but because I'm getting to the point where I miss it. Steve moved to LA and so did Sean Becker, so I've really got limited folks to work with. I've been writing scripts and talking to folks, but really, I'm itchin' to get into it all over again.

Which isn't surprising at all. I'm a guy who loves movies and has managed to make a

few that turned out OK (and a couple that really sucked). I'm hoping that the coming year will see me make the hardest film project I've ever attempted, the easiest one, and maybe one more. You never know though.

By the way, you may be wondering about the art up there. It's from a guy by the name of Mike Jittlov who made movies, including *The Wizard of Speed and Time*, which I've only seen about twenty times at various cons. It's Star Wars art, done as concept pieces, from 1974. It's a nice touch and I love it! He was one of the first BayCon GoHs!



John Neilsen Hall, one of my TAFF nominators and a helluva FanEd, put a picture in his latest issue (which is highly awesome by the way) that I mistakenly thought was Jayne Mansfield. It was of Diana Dors. It was a fair mistake for a guy who wasn't born when they were in their prime (and Mansfield was dead by the time I was alive). As always, I have to apologize to John and any others I may have wronged with my statement.

Jayne Mansfield was the bombshell as far as I'm concerned. She completely understood her sexual appeal and wasn't afraid to use it to her advantage in any occasion. Whether it was dipping forward in a low cut dress or simply popping a boob out in public, she was willing to use her assets to get headlines in every forum she could. She was that hot.

It's odd that I've always thought of Mansfield before Monroe, or even before Mamie Van Doren and Carol Doda. The only actress that I'd say was on par with Jayne was Mae West, which made the revelation on several sites that she might actually have been a very convincing Drag Queen particularly devastating.

When Jayne died in a car accident, her kids were in the car with her. One of them, then-three year old Mariska, would go on to be the hottest

woman on the Law & Order series of shows. The kids survived. She was one of the most beloved of the Hollywood set at that point, even if there were many who questioned her tactics.

There was a significant death this week too. Yvonne deCarlo passed away at the age of 84. She was a sex symbol starting about 10 years before Mansfield hit the scene. She starred in tons of movies but is probably best remembered for the part she played when she was well-past 40. She was Lily Munster on the show The Munsters. She wasn't the blonde bombshell, but the Raven Haired vixen of so many dreams. She played Salome in a memorable role and was in about 100 different films from the 1940s through the 70s. She kept acting until the early 1990s, though she slowed down. She was the Grandmother in Oscar, one of my favourite films of 1991.

The saddest day will be when Julie Newmar passes. The loss of Catwoman will crush me, I'm sure.



Did you know that Jayne Mansfield was the fourth Playboy Playmate of the Month to die? The first was Marilyn Monroe in 1962 (which is appropriate since she was the first Playmate). The second, Tonya Crews, also died in a car crash, just like Mansfield.



**More Letter-Graded Mail**

**Just got this from our pal...Ted White!!!**

Dear Chris,

A slow day at work has allowed me to catch up with DTs from 109 on, and now allows me the opportunity to write you a LoC. Work around here seems to be feast or famine – in November and December I was putting in overtime (at the boss's request). Now I'm playing a lot of Solitaire and catching up on my reading at eFanzines.

**I do a lot of that at work too. I tend to be far more famine than feast...and that's just the way I like it!**

It's easy to sink into the mental black hole that is Solitaire. I've been

playing it with cards for decades, and on a computer for around ten years.

I started playing it on computer when I worked for Logotel. I was actually encouraged to do so by my boss, when we upgraded from DOS to Windows 3.1. "It'll teach you how to use a mouse, give you good hand-screen coordination. Click-and-drag, all that good stuff." (My boss was an old and good friend, who had hired me at Logotel. He lives in San Diego now.) I liked the game because it was fast and simple, but did require strategy. I could play a complete game in two or three minutes.

**I got hooked on solitaire while camping (we'd only bring a deck of cards and I was never too much for hiking) and when I discovered it on computers, I almost completely forgot the card version. I used to play all the time by hand.**

It was a nice break from inputting invoices (I was Accounts Payable). A chance to briefly unwind. I got into the habit of using a game to reward myself after a particularly exhausting stint of work.

Time passed. I moved from Accounts Payable to Inventory Control Manager. (Logotel made upscale printed t-shirts, like all the South Park shirts, and, before that, the Far Side shirts.) I ended up with my computer in an "office" in the middle of the warehouse, with the newly-hired

warehouse manager my new immediate boss. He didn't like me, because I knew his job better than he did, and I got along better with the warehouse guys (one of whom was Steve Stiles). He \*hated\* to see me playing Solitaire. He'd scream at me about it. I'd tell him to fuck off.

**I probably have a lot of Logotel shirts. I've always been a big shirt collector (I've more than 600 now). There's a woman at the office who plays a lot of solitaire and people accept that it's what you do while you're poring over huge numbers of database records. It's the pause that allows you to be sane after 10k records.**

Here at Beta Reporting, when I find myself bogging down in a tedious transcript (which I am proofing and editing, while listening to an audio file of the proceedings) I will take a brief break with a quick game of Solitaire. I allow myself to do this no more often than once every half hour or hour.

**It's now twenty minutes later. And Yes...I did play five games of solitaire.**

But when there's \*nothing\* to do, I can play one game after another for hours at a time. It becomes mindless, almost rote, as I try to see how far I can stretch a winning run of games -- five or six in a row is my record -- and then, when inevitably I lose again, I have to win one before I can stop. It's



horrible when I have a losing streak, though.

***I usually play Vegas style where they keep track of how much money you've won and lost. There's nothing worse than finishing a game and still being several hundred imaginary bucks down.***

In DT #109 Eric Mayer discusses high school reunions. I went to my 50th last fall. Yup, I graduated high school in 1956. At that time I was a hyperactive young fan. I've been to my 10th, 20th, 40th and 50th reunions. I enjoyed them. I missed my 30th because I was in jail.

***That's funny. I'm coming up on my ten year from College and I'm debating making the trip. It's a long trip, and I'm trying to figure out who I'd want to see out there.***

That's not because high school was such a joy for me at the time (it wasn't – but it wasn't hellish either), but because I went through the Falls Church school system from first grade to high school graduation, and over the course of those twelve years I made a lot of friends. There were some kids whom I'd known from before school, and others whom I met for the first time in various grades, but they accumulated. I was never a “popular” kid (unlike my son, who was elected Homecoming King one year), but I had a solid group of friends in high school, and they are people with whom I've

mostly lost touch over the years, so it's good to catch up with them at ten-year intervals. I always enjoy seeing them and we have a good time telling each other stories about back in the day. ***I've managed to stay in touch with a fair number of folks from High School (and before that even) due to things like MySpace. It's about three times a month when I get an email from folks I haven't seen in ages.***

It's been most interesting tracking the women – several of whom

ended up university presidents and the like – and seeing how attractive the plain janes of grade school have become as women. My favorites are the Cooper twins, Joanne and Georgina, whom I've known since the third grade. Great personalities and fun to sit down with. I just wish I'd been prescient enough to have struck up a dating relationship with one of them back when.

***There are a lot of successful Santa Clara grads that I knew. The rapper Scholar, my buddy Scott Morse who went on to win an Eisner (I think) and even a few who went into this thing called the Internet and are billionaire-types.***

In DT #110 I notice you again spelling “fanac” in all-caps, as “FANAC.” Why? “Fanac” is not an acronym. It is the shortening and combining of two words, “fan” and “activity.” “Fanac” is what you \*do\* as a fan -- anything you do as a fan, actually.

***You might have noticed throughout my writing that the way I capitalize/spell things may or may not have anything to do with the way in which is it actually spelt/capitalized.***

DT #111 includes your mention of THE T.A.M.I. SHOW. Is this available on DVD? If it is, I want to get a copy, because I remember that show quite fondly. I saw it in a Times Square



movie theater when it was originally released, and it blew me away. It was, I think, my first exposure to James Brown's incredible stage act (previously I knew him only from records), but what actually distinguished the movie at the time was the fact that it wasn't filmed. It was shot on videotape, one of the first movies in general release to make use of this new medium. It added to the sense of immediacy for us watching the movie.

***Supposedly it's coming to my home via eBay in the next couple of days. I'll bring it with me to QuireFlu and let you have it. I'll have ripped it by that point. James Brown did have an amazing stage show and I've only gotten to see a portion of it at SuperBrawl in 2001. It was still tasty.***

Not much I can say about #112 – very few comment hooks – but it was probably the most solid and interesting issue you've done for a while.

And that needed to be said, even if I say nothing else. Which I won't.

All best,  
Ted

***I didn't think folks would have much to say about issue 112. Bad news seldom draws comments.***

***I'm lookin' forward to seein' ya around CorFlu, Ted!***



***Here's an email I got from M the other day. It made me laugh.***

*Chris:  
I'm attaching the photo of the next girl you're going to fall in love with. Her name's Zoe and she's probably the nicest girl I've ever met. Also, as you can see, you'd be willing to strangle my Mother for the right to fuck her.*

*My response to M was this-*

***M- No matter how many times you ask me to, I am not going to strangle your Mom.***