

**The Drink Tank 226- [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)**

***That is another amazing abstraction from Mr. Steve Stiles. I love them. I think that Steve's really hit on something with them. I now will quote from Dave Hicks, a guy I only briefly met in the UK who had this to say about Steve's first Abstraction cover.***

Chris,

*I'd just like to commend, support and encourage Steve Stiles for the cover. There are artistically conservative undercurrents in SF and SF fandom (and someday I shall get together my thesis that much of 'orthodox' SF illustration is the last refuge of landscape painting) so it's pleasing to see some abstract art and doubly so to see some good abstract art.*

*I'd assume that Steve is familiar with Frank Stella (one of my heroes when I was an art student) but there's also a British artist called John Hoyland and some wonderful stuff and a less-know American, Frank Owen (whose early stuff isn't showing up on web searches - shame) who I encountered in a London gallery -oh - 25 years ago.*

Dave Hicks

***I love Stella. He's a star who has gone into so many fields. I met him at the MFA in the 1990s. Here was our entire conversation- 'Nice to meet you, Mr. Stella.', 'Hey.'***

***It was magic.***

***This issue has a long piece from me about the most kick-ass movie of all-time: Jennifer's Body, and a piece from Taral and more! Let us begin.***



### **Jennifer's Body: A Review and More**

The following will be surprising to some who believe that I've been joking about how much I've loved the film Jennifer's Body. Maybe you think that it'd be hard for a guy to believe that a horror film with a plot that could have come out of the PowerBook of the latest Hollywood Hack could possibly be the best movie he's seen all year. The answer to that is very easy: because it's the only film I've seen this year that gets it. The it is the entire point of this article. Explaining that it will take a bit of time.

Let's start with that plot. There's this girl called Anita who goes by the name Needy. She's a cute girl who is a total nerd and has a wonderfully nerdy boyfriend. Her best friend is the total sex pot, hot-bodied, ever-loving blue-eyed thing, Jennifer. Jennifer and Needy head off to a concert and a massive fire breaks out. Jennifer and Needy end up getting separated after the fire and Jennifer goes off with the band that was playing. She meets with Needy later and it's obvious that she's different. There are a series of murders and Needy knows that Jennifer is evil and she has to stop her.

OK, you know where this is going.

The entire thing just kind of folds-out, doesn't it? It's obvious what happens, who the good guys and the bad guys are. You'll know the second a character comes on screen what they're final disposition will be. You could literally go down the list of characters and go 'lives, dies, lives, dies, lives barely...' and never be wrong. This is not the reason for this film. This is not like, say, The Dark

Knight, where the plot is the driver. It's also not Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, where it's supposed to scare you. It's also very much not Scream. I'll talk about that at length in a bit.

First off, there's the obvious need to explain the cast, because they are the key to the presentation of the script which we'll be dealing with in a minute. The cast is very strong, though on paper, it would not seem so. Amanda Seyfried plays Needy. She's the Plain Jane of the pair. Amanda has giant eyes and is amazingly gorgeous. It's much like Rachel Leigh Cook playing the Plain Jane character in She's All That. She's gorgeous, but they put her in glasses and she's nerd! They help themselves by giving her a very human boyfriend who isn't Jonas Brothers cute, but has a certain charm. He's obviously the most realistic character in the entire film, and he's really good. Johnny Simmons is his name and he plays the role with good natured, All-American joy. He's also smart, which is something that's utterly important to the entire film.

Jennifer is played by Megan Fox. She's perfect in the role. She's quite possibly the only modern film star who could have competed with those beauties of the 1930s, 40s and



50s. She is so amazingly hot. It's insane how gorgeous she is in this film. The hair, make-up, costuming and so on are all perfect for her. They knew exactly what they wanted to make her into, and from everything I've heard about Megan Fox, it wasn't that difficult. Some will say she's pretty much playing herself. No doubt that's true, and it takes balls to play yourself when you're often accused of being vapid, self-centered and obnoxious. I'd never say that about Megan Fox, and I'll gladly offer my shoulder to cry on if Megan needs it after reading whatever Perez Hilton is saying about her. J.K. Simmons plays the teacher, the only teacher we see for any length in the film, and Amy Sedaris plays Needy's mom, though she has almost no screen time. It actually works for the character and again, it's something I'll deal with later.

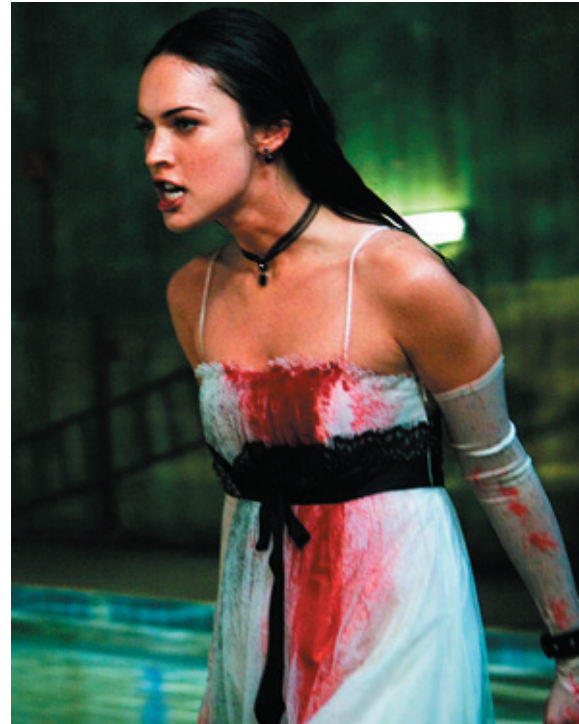
The acting here is not completely over-the-top, but the film slips through genres at the drop of a hat, and it's the acting that really tells the tale. When Amanda is playing Needy over-the-top, it's a horror film, while she's more naturalistic when it's a teen romp. Megan Fox does similar gymnastics with her character as well. Fox here is not at all one-note, which is something that you could accuse all of her previous roles of being. She alternates naturally as the cycles of her character flows (not like that!), but there's more to it. When Needy goes one way, Jennifer goes tangentially with her. It's an interesting way to play off each other.

Now, the acting gives us all the clues as to how we're supposed to be taking the action, but the real strength in *Jennifer's Body* is Diablo Cody's script. Yes, the plot is weak,

and I will maintain that it's supposed to be. She was writing a satire. A jet black satire, but a satire nonetheless. Diablo Cody smartly wrote a script that takes best parts of Teen films (which I adore) and mixes them in a completely new way with the elements of horror. Now, you're thinking 'Hey, wasn't that what they did with *Scream*?' and I'll answer 'Shut up and let me finish!'

You see, *Scream* and *Jennifer's Body* are two completely different film. *Scream* was a referential horror film that hung all its references on the horror films of the last twenty-five years. *Jennifer's Body* is a satire which certainly does referential moments, but the referenced bits are from the real world, not from the world of film at all. *Scream* recreates Johnny Depp's entrance in the film *A Nightmare on Elm Street* with Skeet Ulrich, who could have been Johnny Depp. There are a dozen other references, but none are quite as clear as that one. *Scream* is self-aware, every character having a thorough knowledge of the world of horror films.

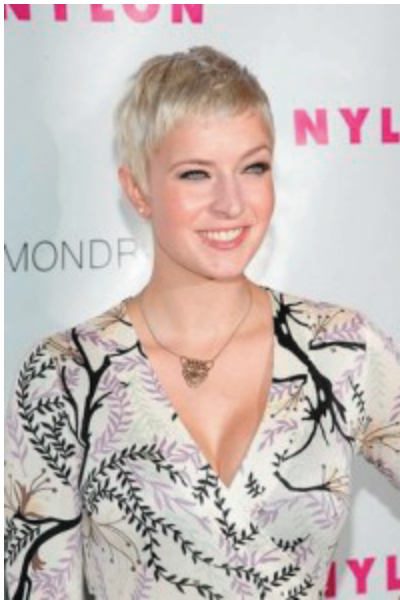
In *Jennifer's Body*, the references are to actual world events. There's the obvious one: the burning of the local roadhouse bar. This is certainly a reference to the White Lion Fire in Providence, Rhode Island. The fact that a bar



went up so quick while a band was on stage and everyone freaks out. Then there's the entire thing that Jennifer is at her most beautiful right after she's dined on the innards and blood of young men. This certain references Elizabeth Bathory and her quest for youth through the use of blood. It's the focus of my friend Alisa M. Libby's *The Blood Confession*. It's a good book. Anyway, the fact is, at the same time as playing in the field, she manages to avoid

repeating any of the same games that have been played there before. This feels so much smarter than *Scream* because it casts its net far wider.

The other difference is that while they both deal with teens, *Scream* is not a teen film. Almost half the time, *Jennifer's Body* is a teen film. Take Needy. She's the Pretty/Ugly girl, the exact same type as played by Rachel Leigh Cook in *She's All That*. In fact, *Scream* is deeply tied to *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>* and *Nightmare on Elm Street*, while *Jennifer's Body* is more closely tied to *Cruel Intentions* and *Donnie Darko*. There are some great teen film moments, and what's amazing is that *Jennifer's Body* is far more real. The 'Pretty Girl Who Is As Insecure as The Ugly Girl' isn't what Jennifer is. She's hot, sexy and she knows it. She never gets called on it. Even when she's low on male viscera and looking



### **The Lovely Diablo Cody**

designer using that same technique to cover up the amazingly gorgeous Seyfried.

Why people do things in Jennifer's Body is pretty easy: hormones. Why can Jennifer get boys to do stupid things? Not because the guys are stupid (which is something you can certain accuse Sid of in *Scream*), but because they're horny. Plain and simple. Jennifer knows exactly how to use sex to her advantage. She's confident, both before and after her transformation. The non-monster form of Jennifer could just as easily have committed the crimes that the Evil Jennifer does. She could have used her body to get the boys. It's not at all a stretch. Whereas *Scream*, and honestly all horror films, require the characters who are not the evil ones to be either stupid or naïve, Jennifer's Body features characters that aren't stupid, just hormonal. There's no other way horror films can work. That's where the Teen

weak, she's still amazing. She's almost like Miss Dalloway, only without the depth. You may also say that the glasses and overalls that Needy employs are direct references to She's All That, but I actually bet that it's more a lazy Art or Costume

film aspect comes in. It has a smart character, Needy, who knows exactly what's going on, and she can't do anything about it because there's the traditional statutes that exist between BFFs in Teen Films. She also has to structure of high school to fight against. It's something that's obvious, though not explored as completely as it could have been.

Sex plays a big part, but it's almost reversed from the typical horror film. In *Halloween*, you have sex, you die. In Jennifer's Body, everybody has sex. Jennifer does, and because she lies about it, she became evil. Needy has sex. The boys in the town all want to have sex, which makes sense now, doesn't it? Sex does not equal death in Jennifer's Body. Falling pray to the desires of a beautiful woman does kill, though. Whereas the heroine chooses to open that closet door because she's dumb and has no concept of the reality of what's in that closet, the goth kid enters the yet-to-be-completed home because he wants to get laid. He knows what's in there, Jennifer's hot ass, and that just overrides everything. He's not dumb, in fact, he'd be dumb if he DIDN'T go in for the sure thing.

The characters in Jennifer's Body are smart, but smart in an entirely different way than those in *Scream*. In fact, you could say that they're of completely different generations. *Scream* is the 1990s while Jennifer's Body is the 50s. The settings are so different, *Scream* taking place in a regular town while Jennifer's Body is set in this strange, Picket Fences sort-of town with a weird waterfall and sink hole.

The ultimate difference between *Scream* and Jennifer's Body is the element of

the fantastic. There is none in *Scream*, just the illusion of the supernatural that the team of killers employ in pulling off the killings. In Jennifer's Body, it is a film of the Supernatural, and furthermore, it's a film about the aspects of the Supernatural as a piece of the entire modern youth movement. This is perfectly analogous to my time in high school when there were either hard-core Christian kids or way-out Pagan-esque kids who dabbled part time in ritual and research. Some of them went on to do serious Occultery (my buddy Christian being one who really ran with it later in life and really discovered the root of it all) and most would snap back into some traditional form of religion and go all the way with it. My friend Tasha was one who went from Wicca-to-Wesleyan in one relationship flat! The fact that it's young folks who don't understand what they're doing that make the twist that gives us the monster is certainly a commentary on that. This is an interesting stream that a lot of work could be done in. Someday, when I write Jennifer's Body: The Text of Our Times, I'll look into that most deeply.

OK, so there's a lot to think about just in there. The biggest thing that I kept coming back to was that this dialogue was so weird, and yet also natural. Maybe you've noticed that I talk funny. I noticed that there are people who have cadences, who have phrases they turn like a 5-4-3 Double Play, and so many screenwriters are fond of writing those. Cody goes in such a different, and highly intelligent direction. The phrases roll, and sometimes it's high-brow and sometimes it's low-brow, but they all help establish that there is a land of Diablo Cody. It's

probably somewhere near Diego Garcia. There are great moments in the dialogue. My favorite is an exchange between Needy and Jennifer.

Jennifer- My tit.

Needy- No, your heart.

That is the perfect summation of the thought patterns of the characters, and so simply sums up every push in this film. It's so simple, so clean, and when it comes at the end, you realise that this dichotomy has been there all along and you're sure that the fact that it's been acknowledged in the text means that it no longer applies. There's a moment in the opening which pretty much shows that switch has happened, and now you see why.

Oh yeah, and there's a hot make-out scene between Seyfried and Fox. It's so damn hot. Hotter than Selma Blair and Sarah Michelle Geller in Cruel Intentions. Much much hotter than Denise Richards and Neve Campbell in Wild Things. In fact, I described Jennifer's Body as Wild Things meets Buffy, but that's neither here nor there. Maybe it's clouding my reason. It's even hotter than the Mad Men season three seduction of Sal, which is the Gold Standard at the moment. Anyhow, the Seyfried-Fox scene is incredibly hot, and there's some awesome backstory dialogue afterwards. I can not express how incredible it was. The best phrase from that dialogue: We can play Boyfriend-Girlfriend like we used to. Much FanFic was created in that line. I saw it in a theatre at Midnight filled with teens. The guys were hella into it.

They still say Hella, right? The kids, I mean...



***As always, it's a busy time in the land of the Garciazines. The Drink Tank has a special issue dedicated to trains coming up. James Bacon is my Co-Pilot for that one and it's got some good stuff coming. I'm excited for it.***

***Journey Planet is quickly becoming one of my favorites to work on and we've got good stuff coming for issue #5. It's the Alternate History issue and if you've got something, send it along now-ish! It's going to be a fun one and I've found some good stuff from this side of the Atlantic for it.***

***And there's always Exhibition Hall. Issue #2 is due out October 1st and it's got Howard Hendrix, Mike Perschon, James and Ariane, some stuff from me, and a great deal about Continuum. I'm really having fun with this one, even more so than The Drink***

***Tank, which has always been a ton of fun. I'm not sure if it's the topic or the fact that so many people who I appreciate have gotten involved. I'm working on a piece about Richard Lupoff and Steve Stiles that you'll want to read, but it might have to wait as long as issue 4. That's not until December. Issue #3 will be good.***

***Luckily, October is also a month with Cons and I've always produced a lot during cons. At WorldCon, I managed a few articles, despite running around all day! It's what allowed me to write so much of my report while I was still on my TAFF trip.***

***There's also a new Claims Department coming out featuring the art of Selina Phanara, which I really should have released months ago!***



# **Energumen**

## **Edited by Mike Glicksohn & Susan Wood 1970 – 198?**

### **Tara Wayne**

Introductions that talk more about the knob writing them than about the subject are the bane of this business. Nevertheless, I'm going to start by talking about myself, so bear with me.

I date my entry into fandom to November 1971, when I attended my first meeting of a science fiction club called *OSFiC*. The meeting was in the basement of a neighbourhood library. It was dark and hushed, as library basements generally are, despite the twenty or thirty people packed into the room and milling around. I didn't know any of them, but by evening's end would have made two life-long friends. Of course I didn't know that just then. I also didn't recognize the object being handed around from one person to another. It was a collection of goldenrod coloured paper, stapled together along one side, as a sort of magazine. I was sharp enough to work *that* out. What it was, though, and why some people were getting one while others weren't was beyond my comprehension.

Well, of course they were copies of *Energumen*. By then Mike & Sue had already published nine issues, and the copies I observed at that *OSFiC* meeting were likely either the ninth or a newly minted issue ten. It was my first, albeit distant, exposure to the world of fanzines.

So why archive *Energumen*?

It might not have been the best fanzine of its time, but it was an exemplar of its type and no one would dispute that it was one of the best. It was in a class with *Kratophany*, *Granfalloon*, *Maya*, *Outworlds*, and *Warhoon*. In 1973 *Energumen* won a *Hugo* at Torcon as best fanzine of the year. A few year's later it's co-editor Susan Wood won a *Hugo* for best fan writer. As well, many of its regularly contributing fan artists won *Hugos* for their work. Clearly *Energumen* was at the peak of its form and time, and no better showcase for the finest talents in fandom of the early 70's can be found.

From a more pragmatic viewpoint, I had an excellent scanner and happily all sixteen issues.

And strangely, I've found that fanzines on-line are very nearly all contemporary titles.

It pleased me that by archiving

*Energumen* I resurrected a tradition of excellence in Canadian fan activity that has largely faded with time. For a number of years, Canadian zines from Montreal to Vancouver flooded the mails, making artists, writers, loccers and pubbers, household names in America, Australia, and the United Kingdom. It was a golden age the like of which hadn't existed since the days of the first *Torcon*, *Canfan*, and *A Bas*. Sometime in the

late 1980's it could be seen that the impetus had begun to fail. The second golden age was drawing to a close. Today it cannot be said that any remarkable instances of the fanzine form can be found in Canada. Perhaps bringing *Energumen* back to light will raise the bar once again and inspire a new golden age, though to be honest I believe the necessary conditions and ingredients are most probably missing. Science fiction no longer has the same relationship with society at large that it once did, and furthermore it's prohibitively expensive for most fans to mail bulky printed matter around the world. A third golden age would almost certainly have to evolve on-line.

So far there is little evidence of it. A few contemporary zines can be found on-line as Acrobat or Word documents, and only one or two published taking *full* advantage of the digital format. The temptation to simply "blog"

is too strong I suppose. Desktop publishing software costs money, and has a steep learning curve to learn how to use.

Still, by archiving *Energumen* the example will be there to inspire, and if no future golden age of digital fanzines comes of it, at least the pleasure of reading some of the best of fanac of a by-gone age has been made available again.



**Letter Graded Mail**  
**Sent to [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)**  
**by my Gentle Readers!**

**Let us start with Lloyd Penney!**

Dear Chris:

Oooooooo! Beware the ides of September! 'Tis me again, bearing comments on three issues of the Drink Tank, 223, 224 and 225! Beware! Oooooooo! Scary! (Sorry, mixing it up with Hallowe'en.)

***Halloween is coming! I'll be at World Fantasy in a costume of some sort. I might go as David Hartnell.***

223... That front cover is striking, but it must be a painting over a photograph, it's so accurate. Taral's article about the lack of

money and surfeit of those demanding it is all too familiar. How many of us do not live from paycheck to paycheck? Yet, I see people on the street, miserable and begging, and I am rich in comparison, and very lucky. ***I'm not sure how Mo did it, but I'm guessing it's a photo that she doctored via Photoshop. It's gorgeous! Living paycheck to paycheck sucks, but it beats the alternative. Worse are those who bust their ass and can't catch a break. I've got many in my life, so I must be appreciative.***

Now that Anticipation is a fading fond memory, I am finding out about the parts of the convention that people seemed to be horribly disorganized. Programming was a mess, and there's never enough of wheelchairs, mobies or other wheeled mobility vehicles to satisfy the demand of Handicapped Services, but overall, things went well. I read Cheryl Morgan's review of Anticipation; can't fault her at all. If the successes outweigh the failures, it's a good convention, and my good experiences far outweighed any bad times I might have had, if any.

***I saw a little of the chaos, a couple of the things I expected from programming weren't there, but mostly I had a complete blast.***



If fanzines are a disease, I'm a terminal case. Take that, Lord Vader... \*urk\* \*choke\* ***I've got a quickly progressing form, then!*** 224... Two dinosaurs up on stage, playing guitar... it's the Stones, right? (I'm 50, I can get away with that.)

***See, when I make the same joke, I use Genesis. Who are the Stones?***

One of my favorite comfort foods... pasta with mushroom and tuna. Drain a can of tuna, dump the tuna in a pot with a can of mushroom soup in it. Don't water it down. Heat it up, and the two together are tasty over pasta. Only problem... the tuna and mushroom doesn't microwave very well. In fact, it smells reminiscent of vomit... It's one of those combinations that will gross out your co-workers in the lunch room. Yvonne and I have three crockpots, and they get used regularly. We've loaned them out to con suites. And, we know hominy corn, too. Delicious stuff, haven't been able to find it in some time. Ah, you know dinner is ready when it explodes. Or the smoke detector goes off...

***I used the crockpot last night. The boneless ribs were so good, and the Mac & Cheese so good too. I finished it off tonight, save for my pre-World Fantasy meeting breakfast.***

I have a copy of Green Tits and Fur at home, and I know Kevin Duane. I first met Kevin when he



bought a dealer's table from me at Ad Astra far too long ago. I knew he was from New York, he was pushy and rude, and I didn't want him to return for a future year. Several weeks after Ad Astra, I saw him in the Toronto subway and hoped there weren't two of him...sure enough, he'd moved up here. For some reason, so many ex-NYC fans come up here; perhaps it's considered exile. The last couple of times I'd seen him, he'd crept into the local anime convention through the back door, commandeered a table, and sold some of his furry porn CDs. I'd need to check, but I might have a disk or two at home.

***I've seen a couple of those disks at FurCon.***

What do you need on trains? I can send along some photos taken at a hobby railroad north of Toronto, the South Simcoe Railroad.

***That'd be great, Lloyd! It'd go great with the issue! It's gonna be very wide-ranging. I just gotta find the right cover. Maybe something from Ditmar...***

225...Nothing sadder than a cold, wet rabbit. Or hare. I hate wet hare...

***Chilled rabbit is kinda good, actually. At least if you've already cooked it...***

There has always been someone to spearhead changes to the Hugo Awards, and I would certainly encourage that...to stay relevant, the awards must change and improve over the years. Chris Barkley is the latest to lead the charge, and best of luck to him. As the media SF takes on changes, so should the awards.

***I really think he'll do a good job. I'm mostly listening and will be helping to push the news from them out there. There's some interesting discussion.***

Haven't heard about M and SaBean in a long time. That autobiography should be a hot one. Some admissions should burn up the paper. Looking forward to that...wish they weren't so far away.

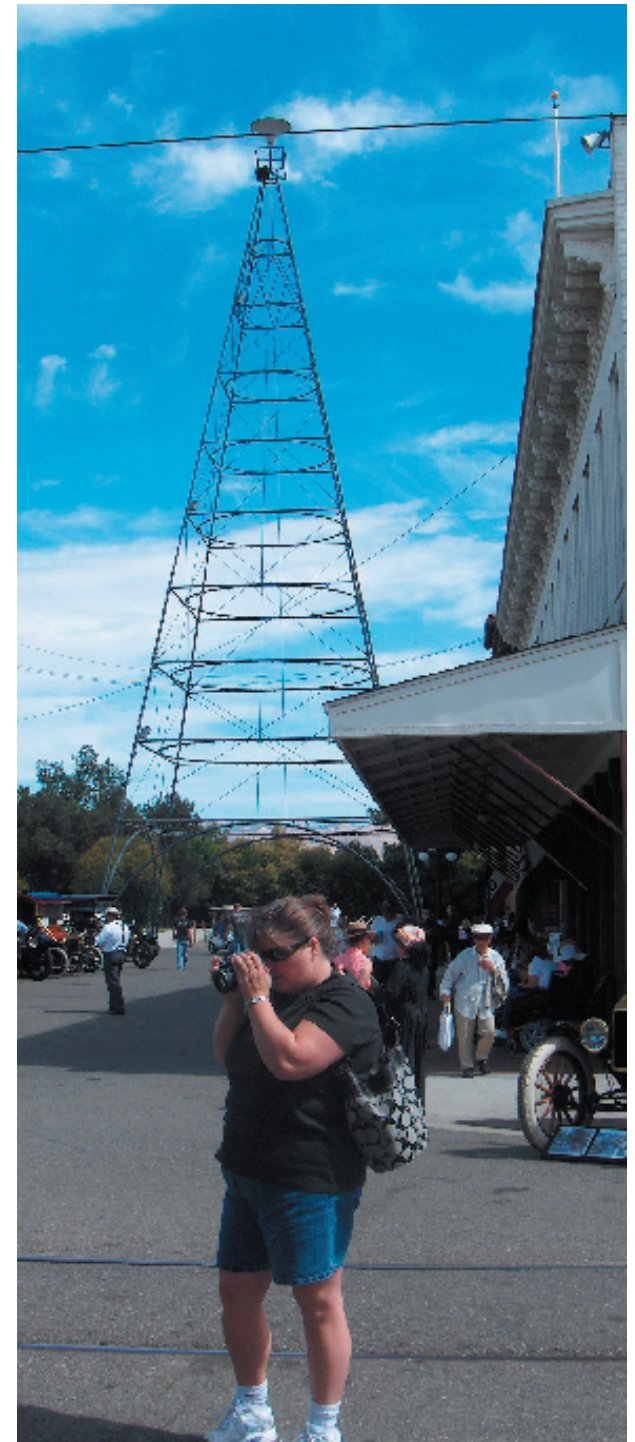
***I hadn't heard from them in ages either! I'm happy to report that the kids are all doing great (which, I assume, is why they call nearly as much as I'd like) and that they're always workign on new projects. Gotta love folks who keep themselves busy.***

Don Hutchison is an old friend of mine, too, and I remember how pleased he was, and we were, when after all his work in dark fantasy, and all his work in fandom, was finally rewarded with an Aurora Award. I don't see him often these days, but when we do, he and his wife Jean are great company.

I think I am all done for the moment. Off it goes, downloaded SF/SF 94 this morning, and I will take some time to enjoy it. See you next issues!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

***I really liked putting together my stuff for issue 94. I always enjoy working on SF/SF, and it's getting more and more busy and I'm still enjoying putting things together. The 100th issue will be fun. We still have to think about what we're gonna do, but I'm planning on putting together a hyper-detailed index that will be both useful and fun. We've been at this for more than 4 years now. It seems like yesterday that I read the first issue going "Hey, who is this guy?"***





Let me give a shout-out to something known as Banana Wings. I've been a huge fan since Mark kindly gave me a copy at CorFlu in San Francisco. It's fantastic, and the most recent issue, #39, is nearly perfect for BW. I've been a huge fan of Claire and Mark's writing and have been lucky enough to get words from both of them. They're among my fan-nish heroes.

James Bacon, with whom I am lucky enough to work on the zines Exhibition Hall and Journey Planet, as well as having him as my co-editor for the Train issue and we already did the Watchmen issue together earlier this year. He has an article about the difficult task of chairing an Eastercon. I'm going to Eastercon next year, which will be a blast, but it's always something of seeing the sausage made to read about the under-the-covers stuff that needs to be done for any con.

Interestingly, Max (aka Steve) had some response to James' first part of his Chairing an Eastercon article that took exception with what James had said. It showed many of the reasons to never chair a major con. I'll be doing a CorFlu, and I'll be working hard to do it right, though there's no doubt that I'll blow it in at least some ways. That's what always happens anyhow.

The next Exhibition Hall will have some great stuff, and I'm having fun laying it out as we go. Howard Hendrix and Mike Perschon are two great guys and I'm glad that I'm getting to run their stuff.

Mike reviews Gail Carriger's soon-to-be-released (October 1st) novel, *Soulless*, and it really makes me wanna go out and read it.

And I've seen Jennifer's Body twice already. If I didn't have a World Fantasy committee meeting tomorrow morning, I'd go and see it again. It's amazingly good for a film that's been partly savaged by reviewers who obviously don't know Teen films.

I'm also happy to report that my dear friend Alana is getting married next weekend. I may not have an issue out next week since I've got a lot to do to get ready, but I wanna make sure that I wish her public congrats!

I made some really delicious boneless short ribs last night, where I recycled the Syrah I braised the ribs with to cook some macaroni, which I then added some heavy cream and a cup of shredded cheese to make a lovely Mac & Cheese. I usually don't like M&C, but this was just about perfect. The wine and beef flavor worked so well!





# Tales of the DORK KNIGHT

