



The Drink Tank Issue 73 Less Tombstones, More Ghosts (Special for The Everlasting Club)



For Reasons That Will Become Obvious...

I'm dropping two of my APAs (eAPA and The Everlasting Club) once my subs end. The reason? Increased workload for SF/SF as well as workload when it comes to The Drink Tank. I'm still sticking with FAPA, because I've got enough Claims Departments already written that it's no problem.

The Drink Tank is my favourite zine. I love it to death, I do, even when I know it's crap, it's still the zine that I hold closest to my heart. This issue is dedicated to the good folks in The Everlasting Club, especially the OE Mr. Mark Valentine for all the good work they've done in putting out wonderful zines as well as the work Mark's done

in accumulating and distributing the zines. The Job of the OE is always hard and not enough of them get the props they deserve. So what does this issue consist of? Well, it's the combination of The Drink Tank and the regular stuff that I'd have in my TECzine The Thing Just Off-Screen, plus more.

I'm sad to say that this'll be the last thing I submit to The Everlasting Club, and it's a reprint so it doesn't really count, but I think I've managed enough pages to qualify for the year and there's only one more mailing.

So, here we go...

With Nothing But Thanks and
Admiration,
Christopher J. Garcia

The Ghosts of Hollywood
by
Christopher J. Garcia

I recently picked up a book that was in the Hollywood History section of my favourite used book store (Recycle Bookstore in San Jose) and then found that it was a book of fiction. It had stories from Ron Goulart and Harlan Ellison among others. All the stories took place in Hollywood, so they titled it Hollywood Ghosts. I wasn't too impressed, especially since there are so many wonderful Hollywood Ghost Stories that are true.

The first stories are long ago, before the White Man came. There are legends of the Hollywood Hills being a place of dark energy that go back more

than a hundred years before the arrival of the white man. The exact stories are kinda sketchy, but at least one tribe blamed the winds that scorch SoCal regularly on the existence of the hills and another believes that the hills were formed in a legendary Spirit battle. The area around Hollywood and Sierra Bonita is supposed haunted by Native American spirits. They've been seen in the intersection and in homes in the area.

The most iconic of Hollywood symbols, that massive sign reading Hollywood (originally Hollywoodland) that every little girl has in her dreams. In the 1930s, a woman named Peg Entwistle had just lost out on a big part (one story claims it was a Chaplin film) and she climbed the H and jumped to her death. There've been a lot of sightings over the years, especially late at night at the sign. She's not the only one who's committed suicide off the sign (and not the only one of the H either) but she is the one you most hear of mentioned as a ghost. One sighting was made by a cop who drove by (as the Entwistle suicide led to more frequent patrols that happen to this day) and saw a woman on the H. He called to her and she fell. He followed her down with his eyes, but she disappeared halfway though.

Lon Chaney was one of the most recognisable ghosts of Hollywood for years. There was a bus stop bench at



Hollywood and Vine and he'd be seen sitting on it. They removed it, but there've been reports of him haunting the Phantom of the Opera set at Universal Studios. There was also a claim that he haunted his old home.

Haunted Hollywood homes are a dime a dozen. The most famous are the ruins of Harry Houdini's house on Laurel Canyon. It burned down about 50 years ago, but for some reason, they've never torn down the ruins and rebuilt. He's seen amongst the ruins, especially on a staircase. One famous story is a guy whose friends went with him to the ruins to sit and

drink beer. Houdini suddenly appeared behind the poor guy and stood there for a moment. When the guy turned around, Houdini, with that famous stare, walked forward into him and disappeared. Creepy. Three members of the most famous acting family ever haunt the Berrymore estate. John, Lionel and Ethel have all been seen, and one of the witnesses was a young lass name of M Heil. One house that's almost certainly haunted (and one that my Pops once led an investigation to) was George Reeves' old place on Benedict Canyon in the 90210. He kilt himself there and many have seen him in his old Superman garb as well as in street clothes.

There are other ghosts of Hollywood homes. What was once Pickfair before Pia Zedora knocked it all down to build her dream home, is haunted by Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks sr.. There was a story of a maid who was once told by Miss Pickford to get her a glass of Iced Tea and when the maid went back to ask if she wanted sugar in it, she saw Mary walk through a wall.

There are ghosts everywhere, or so they claim, and what's better to haunt than a stage where so many careers have died. The Comedy Store, owned by Mitzi Shore, the mother of Paulie Shore. The place used to be called Ciro's back in the day, and it was a favourite hangout of gangsters and



various other low-lives, like stand-up comedians. The most famous ghost is that of Mickie Cohen, who has been seen on the back stairs. Sam Kinison said that he was heckled by ghosts there during a midnight show when there were only three people in the whole joint and he could see all of them and the heckling didn't stop. The other report, and the creepier one, is from comedian Blake Clarke. He said that as he was walking from the stage, he came across a giant menacing figure. Blake's a big-ish guy and he claimed that the thig was at least seven feet tall and was coming towards him with ill-intent. Creepy.

The All-Star Cafe is a part of the Vogue Theatre and it's supposedly haunted by as many as seven different ghosts. None of them are famous, and

one is a construction worker who died on the job, but it's a likely spot to get weirded out. I was there once and it felt weird.

The Viper Room isn't wildly known for being haunted, but there are people who say that River Phoenix still haunts the joint he loved and died in front of. At least one sighting happened last year by one of the Pussycat Dools that perform there.

For another haunted eatery, look towards Sweet Lady Jane's on Melrose. The ghost of regular patron Orsen Welles has been seen there, along with strange smells like brandy and cigars. It's also a nice place to go and grab a cup of coffee and dessert. I really had a good meal the last time I was there, though I saw nothing.

Hotels are always haunted. My favourite hotel in the world is the Hollywood Roosevelt, but y'all've heard me talk about that before. The Chateau Marmont is one haunted hotel in Hollywood that has a couple of great stories. Belushi, who used to drink at Dylan Thomas' favourite bar in New York, used to tell stories about ghosts in cheap flophouses he used to live in. Dan Ackroyd retold all of John's ghost stories to friends at the private wake that took place at the Chateau. John's said to haunt the place in the same way he did when he was alive, with his cubs hat pulled down while he stared at the ground. There was also another

ghost, one that haunted the bungalow where Belushi, that pre-dated John's death.

The other hotel that one must think of when they think about haunted hotels is the Beverly Hills Hotel. I've been there a bunch and it's just another oldish hotel with a sense of old Hollywood style. But it's also haunted by five ghosts that I can name. One is of a woman who was a member of the Housekeeping staff. Another is an old man who was one of the regulars in the 1950s. Another is Harpo Marx, who has been seen by dozens of people, though few recently. He is said to haunt one of the bungalows and has been seen in one of the hallways. Another is a piano player named Rachmaninoff. That's right, THE Rachmaninoff. He's been seen out by the bungalows and the sound of his music echos on some nights. Last report I heard about him being heard was late last year. The final ghost is Peter Finch, who suffered a heart attack in the lobby. More people have heard him, gasping for air and falling over, than have seen him.

There are others, especially many of the old hotels, like the Vogue and the Roosevelt.

That brings us to the locations that are most likely to be haunted: Graveyards. The first one that comes to mind is Forest Lawn Glendale. There are literally hundreds of famous people

buried there, probably about the same number as are buried in Pere Lachaise, but a lot of it is closed to the public so you can't go and see a lot of the most famous graves, including W.C. Fields, who has been seen wandering the area near his gravesite. D.W. Griffith is supposed to be haunting the location as well. They don't like people nosing around the cemetery for no good reason. I've been asked to leave there once myself.

Other than Forest Lawn, there's always Hollywood Forever Memorial Park. It used to just be Hollywood cemetery (and eventually engulfed the Jewish graveyard that was next to it) and they have an impressive list of internees themselves, just slightly below the level of Forest Lawn. The ghosts that you'll hear the most about are Clifton Webb, who haunted his mausoleum (possibly because he did not actually want to be buried there) and Virginia Rappe, the woman who many believe was killed after Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle went sexual ape on her with a Coke bottle at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. She mostly is heard crying and screaming around her grave. The most famous ghost is the Lady in Black, who was a real woman who would go and pay her respects at Rudolf Valentino's grave. She's still seen, some forty years after she is thought to have died.

The other graveyard ghost is

Marilyn Monroe, who also haunts the Roosevelt, her former home and one of the tunnels at the CalNeva in Lake Tahoe. She's seen around her gravesite at The Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park Cemetery. Others who are buried there include Robert Bloch, Truman Capote (who rumor has it haunted the joint like he did so many New York bars), Bob Krane, and Hugh Hefner. Hugh's was bought so that when he kicks it, he can have the site next to Marilyn, who was his first Playboy Playmate.



A Movie About a Ghost Ship: The 2002 Film Ghost Ship

I rewatched a couple of the Dark Castle films this last month and they were both appealing in their own way. I watched House on Haunted Hill, which wasn't a good movie, but I thought it was a lot of fun. I rewatched 13 Ghosts, which wasn't good, but it had moments of entertainment in it. Then I put in Ghost Ship. There's a lot of crap you can say about it, but I found a few things that made me want to watch it again.

Ghost Ship was the 2002 Dark Castle movie that really made me think that the Dark Castle line might be getting better. The story is pretty simple: a bunch of salvage guys come across a ship called the Antonio Graza, at least partially based on the Andria Doria. There's a great scene to open things as there's a dance and a wire that ends up slicing everything in half. It's one of those classic gross-out scenes. The ghost portion of the film is fairly interesting, if it seems a bit hackneyed. It feels like the type of movie William Castle would be making if he were alive today, which he isn't.

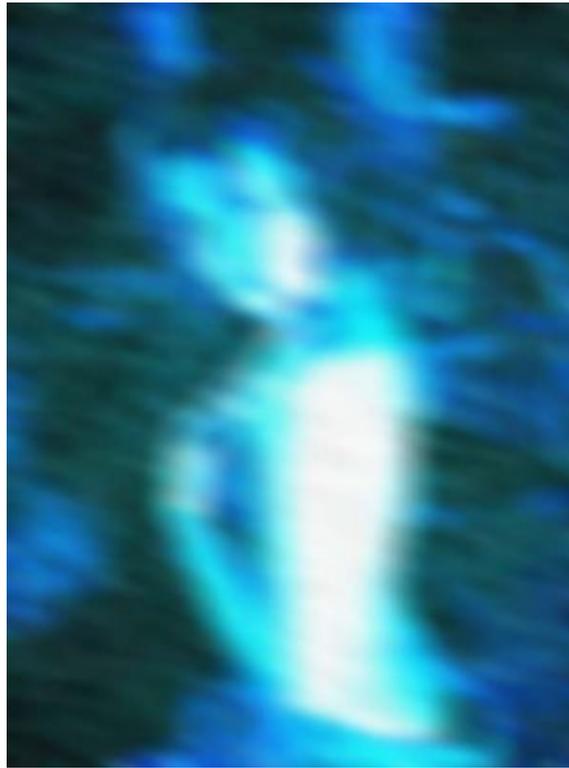
The key to why Ghost Ship was OK and Thirteen Ghosts wasn't is the acting. 13 Ghosts had Tony Shalub, which is a good start, but it also had Shannon Elizabeth, which knocked it down. Ghost Ship had America's great-

est actor Isiah Washington, as well as the highly dependable Gabriel Byrne and Julliana Margulies. That's a pretty good cast over all. I had kinda hoped that Gavin McCloud would be playing the ship's captain, but alas no. (In an unrelated piece of news, I did buy a 16mm Film version of an episode of The Love Boat featuring Hulk Hogan in it) The performances are far better than most horror films, especially the ones that Dark Castle has done (which includes House of Wax 2005 which is in the running for worst acted movie ever!)

The story goes that the crew naturally goes nuts and all sorts of bad stuff happens. It's predictable, but still fun. It wasn't as much fun as House on Haunted Hill, which just reeked of 1960s horror joy (I mean, they had Lisa Loeb and James Marsters as a TV crew!)

The story, while simplistic and a little hokey, wasn't boring at all and I never found myself confounded by the inconsistencies that usually pop up in these films. I thought that the writing, while not overly-strong, was at least competent.

And that's maybe the best word for the film: competent. It wasn't great, but it was interesting and had some scares, a little boobage, a lot of acting that I could certainly respect, a fairly strong series of effects and that was all it needed. It still could have used Vincent Price to make it perfect.



V for Vendetta: Hells Yeah!

Very rarely do I see a film that is really a great movie. That's not to say it's a masterpiece of cinema, but it was a great 'pass the popcorn' kind of flick that just has you all the way through. The best Movie I've seen of late is V for Vendetta (which I understand that Tina Rath was in one of the scenes as an extra). It was a wonderfully made movie that at times tried to nuzzle over to Great Cinema, but ended up in the world of Brilliant Movie.

The story is basically what Alan Moore came up with: England's all totalitarian and a dude Codenamed V de-

cides that we need Guy Fawkes Day to finally succeed. Personally, I wish they had at least recognised that his name was Guido, but what are you gonna do? He ends up saving a young woman (played by Natalie Portman with a wavering accent) and takes her along as he has his terroristy adventure. It turns out that she's had a life that was as deeply effected by the tyrannical ruler as he was. After she saves his life, he takes her along to his place.

The acting in V is really good where they needed it to be. The role of V required exceptional body language, since the guy wore a Guy Fawkes mask so you couldn't use the face. James Purefoy (is that his name?) was the original guy playing V, but he left adn they brought in Hugo Weaving, whose voice was perfect and his body language was so strong that he didn't need his face at all. Stephen Rey was wonderful as well with all his subtlty working in perfect timing. As the inspector, he's wonderful, as he always is. I still think he was robbed of Best Actor for The Crying Game. John Hurt (or was it William Hurt?) was great as the Dictator. He was chewing every inch of scenery he could find and it was wonderful.

While Natalie Portman isn't a great actress, she's a damn fine movie star. She's got a Julia Roberts thing going on that I love. She did a scene where she dressed up as a little girl

prostitute and that was awesome. She had Kevin Costner-like accent issues, but I was willing to forgive.

I'm hoping that V for Vendetta gets a lot of DVD extras, like the Matrix movies did. I'd love to hear Hugo talk about how he did the acting with the masking on. The movie would be enough, but I always want to know more.

So yeah, go and see it!



Judith Morel

I kinda believe in ghosts. Not as much as Chris, but enough to be annoying. We've talked about it and I had a story I told once that scared teh hell out of Chris. It was a true story, which made it freakier.

One month, I was living in an apartment building in Providence. It was an old place, five stories with a central staircase and no elevator. It was hell with groceries, but the rest was less than 400 bucks a month, leaving me more money for the things that really mattered (booze and memorabilia). I would come and go at weird hours, sometimes not being in the apartment except for fifteen minutes on either side of my sleeping. it was a fun place and I'm kinda bummed I only lived there for a few months.

There was a strange thing that happened. I would come in, walk the short hallway to the stairs and look up. I always felt like I was being watched. I would look up and it was like a swatch of colour would pass away. It never seemed like a real thing, just like something that would play with my mind. It was annoying, but it was also creepy. I'm wasn't sure what was going on.

Not until I was 2/3 of the way up on night. I was always the only one coming and going at those strange hours, so I never had anyone to verify what I was witnessing. I was on the



third floor and I could tell that someone had opened the door on the first floor. The slight change of pressure was noticable enough, but add to that the sound of a strange chime-like thing coming from one of the rooms on the floor I had just passed. Out of it came a rail-thin woman of maybe 40. She had been pretty-ish, but had not gone out in a long time if her skintone was to be believed. She wasn't hard on the eyes at all. She came scurrying out and

peaked down to the floor. She would have been barely visible to the entrant on the first floor, but to me, I could see her, notice the lines on her face and the general bags under her eyes. She must have been quite a looker years before she started double-checking everyone who entered the building. It had made her look exhausted, as if she had never slept since she moved in.

Over the next few days, I went to find out all I could, and I figured the super would be the place to start. It turned out that she was the owner of the building and indeed hadn't left the house for the better part of a year or so. She was a very light sleeper and the chimes in her living room would wake her so she could go down and see who was coming in.

It turns out that she had been robbed once, someone had come in to her apartment and held her at gun-point, forced her to walk him through her apartment and pick out the valuable things. He may or may not have taken sexual advantage of her as well, she never pressed those charges, but the signs were there. She didn't talk to many people, but I did get to meet her once. She came up after I had told the and asked if I thought the rent was too high or if I was moving because of the building. I was just going out to LA, and she seemed to accept that. That's the closest I'm been to a ghost: a creepy landlord who never really slept.



LoC
Sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org
by John Purcell
Chris,

Even when this zine is long dead and gone, it will continue to haunt its readers for years to come. Heck, this zine is one of the spookiest little fanzines ever to grace our little microcosm. You should be proud of Drink Tank's place in fandom.

I certainly am. I had so much fun with the issue and everyone gave me great stuff.

I think this is one of the best theme issues you've produced. It ranks up there with the invention and *sex* issues. Lots of fine contributions in here by many good writers. Well done, me laddie!

I think the Invention issue is my personal fave.

In my lifetime, I have made many trips to cemeteries. When my family lived in Marshalltown, Iowa, we used to take walks and bike rides up to and around nearby Riverside Cemetery, four blocks north of our house. Riverside is one of the loveliest cemeteries in the country (there are annual rankings of these places, and Riverside for many years used to place in the top 10). The landscaping there is wonderful, with paths winding up and around the smoothly rolling hills that surround the pond in which ducks, geese, swans, and fish abound. Our children loved to feed these critters, and it's not uncommon for a large gaggle of geese to follow you around once they've noticed that you have FOOD. They don't attack, just gather around and keep a respectful distance. The kids love it, and so do we.

I've seen that mentioned in some book I was reading. They were talking about Riverside and one in Boston that I used to pass by almost

every day.

Riverside's a very relaxing place, with huge, ancient oaks, maples and pines shading the cemetery's residents, both living and dead. My wife's family has many members buried there, going back four generations. I remember the internments of her paternal grandparents (Charlie was 90 when he died, Hazel joined him shortly after she turned 90 a few years later), aunts and uncles, and especially the funeral and burial of my wife's father. He was only 58 when he died in 1999, and the turn-out for his funeral was huge; Lynn was a well-known and respected man in Marshalltown, a good man. I was one of his pallbearers. The day of His burial was a gorgeous July afternoon, one worthy of bestowing on a man of his character.

I've lost a Grandmother and a Semi-Grandmother, and that's it (for now)

My parents are both buried out in American Fork, Utah, in a cemetery perched on the foothills of the mountains overlooking Lake Provo. That's also a pretty location, with the mountains and the cool, crisp Utah skies watching over everything, but hardly any trees. I began writing a song quite a few years ago in memory of my father, "I Had to Say Goodbye", that describes the place. It's not done yet, but I'd like to finish the song.

If you do finish it, let me know and I'll set an entire theme issue around

it.

Well, good stuff in this issue all around. Your history of the Undertaker is well done, and I especially like the accompanying photos. On a related note, just last night I was watching the WWE's Hall of Fame induction ceremonies of Eddie Guerrero. Lots of great speakers, memorials, video clips, and everything. It was nicely done.

I liked it a lot. Eddie's induction was another tear-jerker, like always. I did love the great Gene Okerlund being all sassy up there. Bobby Heenan didn't get to talk much on the TV version, but he's always brilliant.

And I am glad to hear that the Drink Tank is not going in the tank. Not yet, at least. Like you, even though I am not nearly as active as you are, Chris, I need to curtail my fanac from time to time to take care of things that need to be taken care of. Like today. I have papers to grade - on-line, which is fine and not as heavy as lugging around stacks of papers - and a paper to work on due Wednesday for one of Doctoral classes.

Almost done with the core work for the PhD. Can't wait to bury THAT one!

Thanks for a fine issue, Chris.
All the best,
John Purcell



So, that's going to have to be that.

I'm sorry to have to Leave the Everlasting Club, but I encourage all my Drink Tank readers to get on-line and search for it. It's a great group and I highly recommend joining if you like ghost stories and APAery.

This different issue of The Drink Tank was written for eFanzines.com and will be sent out with the next (soon) Everlasting Club mailing. I hope you enjoy it and will LoC to garcia@computerhistory.org.