

The Drink Tank Issue 77

A Rare Unthemed Issue!

Our Fighting Women
A Semi-Fictional Bio Piece
from Judith and Kathryn Morel

The girl in the ring becomes something more than the one in the audience. I'm not sure how to say it otherwise. Even if the most glamorous starlet is sitting ring-side, she's not a stitch in history compared to the woman in the ring. That's what Maria's father told her as he made her throw five hundred punches into the heavy bag every day after school.

Maria Alejandra Munceo fought two hundred and sixteen bouts before she stopped at the age of twenty-three. Six years later, she came back. Three years later, she showed up on a pay-per-view and dropped hard to the canvas for the big payday made bigger by her co-operation. That was the boxing career of Maria Munceo, save for the other fight, the real fight.



When a little girl is six-foot by the day she steps into her Junior High classroom, she gets teased a lot. When that girl grows up in Los Angeles, she's pretty much assured that she's going to have to fight her way through. As long as she stays in school, she'll have to keep fighting. Maria graduated, 3.2 GPA, 36-2 with a couple dozen knockouts in PAL and Golden Gloves, 100-0 with a few score knockouts in brawls with those angry girls with the brown lip-liner.

At six-three with muscles that weren't sculpted but fire-hardened, Maria wasn't in demand for the promoters who controlled OnDemand and HBOxing. Graduation meant a choice: the warehouse video-taped fights for good money that were nothing more than fetishist pre-flight entertainment that usually ended in photo spreads and sometimes going home with wealthy admir-



ers, or the no-money wonder that exist in legal and illegal boxing clubs with names like KO Towers and the Double-L. If you made it strong in one, you'd be rich, famous on the net and in the magazines that cater to the audience that doesn't care whether it's boxing or wrestling or simply two nearly naked, and sometimes totally naked, women beating each other to bloody messes. If you're a great club boxer, maybe they'll see you, maybe they'll call and say they want you in the show, on pay-per-view, in the big arenas.

Maria chose the clubs.

When you work for the big promoters, the pay does not come in sealed envelopes containing a mystery

amount which never comes close to the number promised. The girls who fought Mia St. John and Christy Martin were put up in hotels, flown in to take the beatings. Maria would drive all night to tiny arenas and then drive straight home after the fight, not wanting to waste the money on the only cheap motels in one horse towns. The represented girls, they fight at the Taj Mahal in Atlantic City, the Olympic in LA, the MGM in Vegas. Maria fought in Worley, Idaho, the Women's Boxing Capital of America, in Primm, Nevada, in Hawaiian Gardens, California.

And all the while she kept winning, kept knocking out girls who were a foot shorter and far prettier. She ran an impressive record, seventy-plus wins, maybe four losses, and more knockouts than she could remember. The records on the club scene were rare and often revised to give more weight to the girl who stepped in the ring with the local favorite.

Maria was always the local favorite, no matter where she fought. In Idaho, the only place where women box and receive as much admiration as the men for their talents She knocked sixteen girls out in a row before she had one fight go to the cards. She still won and ten more after. She ruled Los Angeles' small clubs, making young Chicana boxers stare up at the lights. She lost once in Reno, once in Tahoe, a close call in Chula Vista and another

in Texas. Every night she fought, no matter what the ending of record was, she was the star.

Until she quit.

She had just fought her first fight in Juanez, a three hundred dollar pay-off and a long car ride back home. In Arizona, on a road she knew from trips to fight Garcias in El Paso and Vegas in Nuevo Laredo. She pulled to the side of the highway and stared into the rear-view.

What the hell am I doing? She thought and she looked at the clock on the glowing 3:43 am. There was still a



trace of blood on her cheek from Leanna Fuente's nose. She had only taken maybe four punches of any force, but she was hurting, ribs felt cracked and spine felt compacted. Everything hurt all at once, the weight of years of boxing, of self-imposed limitations, of fights against opponents who were no match for her. She hadn't lost but a handful of fights, but she felt like she had been destroyed. That night, she stopped and slept at a motel. The next morning she called Jaime Jullian and told him to cancel her three fights for the next month. Maria Munceo retired, unnoticed.

The next week she took stock. Seventeen thousand dollars in the bank and another six grand in cash that she kept under the spare tire in her car. She lived in a five hundred dollar a month apartment in Westwood, surrounded by UCLA students. Maria took a week that she thought perfect. Sleep 'til ten, then a long bath. Lift until 1, then TV and lunch. Dinner at seven and then long run. Then home and bed earlier than she'd ever managed while training every afternoon.

After that, it was business again. She moved North, just outside of Santa Barbara, a little place surrounded by students again, paying four-fifty and living with three girls who went to UCSB. She started community college, got her AA with an emphasis on Physical Training. She worked as a



waitress at the 24-hour pancake house where every drunken frat boy ended up drinking coffee after parties, waiting until they might be sober enough to drive. One of them, a boy of twenty, bought her flowers.

"I'm Michael Falls." he told her as he gave them to her "I'm gonna take you out when your shift's over."

She smiled and nodded. He came back at seven am. They walked across town for the better breakfast at Hobee's. Maria was touched that he had come for her, and by the end of the evening, she was his.

She was pregnant that October,

and gave birth a month after her graduation. She named her Rosa Cassandra Falls. The name was a mistake, for Mr. Falls never made Maria his bride, and barely stayed until the day Rosa learned to walk.

Maria Munceo started UCSB two years later, when she had saved enough working as a personal trainer at an over-priced gym to pay for school. She got her degree in Recreational Science, a near 4.0 GPA and a daughter whose first words were 'lift' and 'hold' and 'breathe'. Mother and daughter were both fit as a fiddle when things changed again.

Four years and six days after the birth of her daughter, an old voice over the phone.

"Is this the Munceo residence?"

"Yeah, this is Maria." She said.

"Maria, it's Jaime. Jaime Julian."

She didn't need the clarification, but the two talked for almost an hour about what Jaime had to do to find her number, who he had talked to along the way.

"I got a fight for you."

Maria spent a few minutes ex-



plaining that she wouldn't fight in those clubs anymore, that she had more to worry about than driving across the country to pick up a few hundred dollars when she could make that in an afternoon.

"No, Maria, I don't want you to fight at the Club. Hell, I haven't been there for more than a year." Jaime said. "No, I want you to come and fight for me at the Olympic next weekend. Thirty-six hundred for the winner, twelve hundred for the loser. The girls an old Club Fighter named Missy



Stanek. Fight's in six weeks."

Maria smiled. Missy could take a punch like a man, but couldn't throw around any sort of defense.

"Yeah, I'll do it. I'll drive up the night before." Maria answered.

"Nope." Jaime sounded insistant. "You and the kid can drive up in two weeks and stay at the Holiday Inn. I'll have a room for you. We want you to train with Michael Brodeur and Mickie Chavez."

Brodeur and Chavez? Maria got the rest of the details, but those names, they meant more than the money. The two had six amazing fights against one another in the late 1970s, each one knocking the other one out three times late in the fight, each time setting them back to the beginning, but building to a rematch that drew the Mexicans to the fights at the Olympic. They started training guys in the late 1980s, and when the LA fight scene started drying up, they took in the ladies. Maria had seen some of the girls Chavez had trained; they were fierce and knew their business. To them, fighting wasn't a sport, it was a way of making a living.

That first fight, that

first time back in six years, that night when the drunk Mexicans got a terrible opener where two tiny African fighters with names the announcer could barely manage



to mangle threw maybe ten punches each and did no damage. Maria knew the kind of fight it was, just the one to get them on a card and get a payday without affecting the real record of either man. In fact, both fought under fake names: one really was Tanzanian, the other from Long Beach. The second fight was much better and the crowd rode that through six rounds. They were on third.

Maria took some hard body shots, but came back with simple, and slower, combinations. That first round, the first round back, that hurt her more than the ten hours a day training under the rigid taskmasters. She was burnt, started to sieze.

"Maria, harder. Hit the bitch harder." Mickie said.

In the second round, Missy went toes up, floored cinematically hard from a right cross that she had no counter for.

Five more fights that year and she was 6-0, with four knockouts. The next year she fought at the Olympic, at Mandalay Bay, at the Rosemont Horizon, at the Compaq Center. 14-0 with a draw and ten knockouts. She was featured in Rings as the Next Challenger to watch for. She made ten grand a fight, twenty in the big arenas. He took her kid with her on the road until the day she started Kindergarden. She paid for a nanny, full time. She had a record that most boxers only dream of.

Jaime Julian, aged sixty-six, died four hours after Maria knocked out Joyce Kubiak with a strong jab to her temple. He was driving home and had a heart attack behind the wheel. He went into the median and that ended his life. Chavez and Brodeur took over his bookings, but they had bigger names they wanted to work with and Maria was left to working freelance.

A phone call.

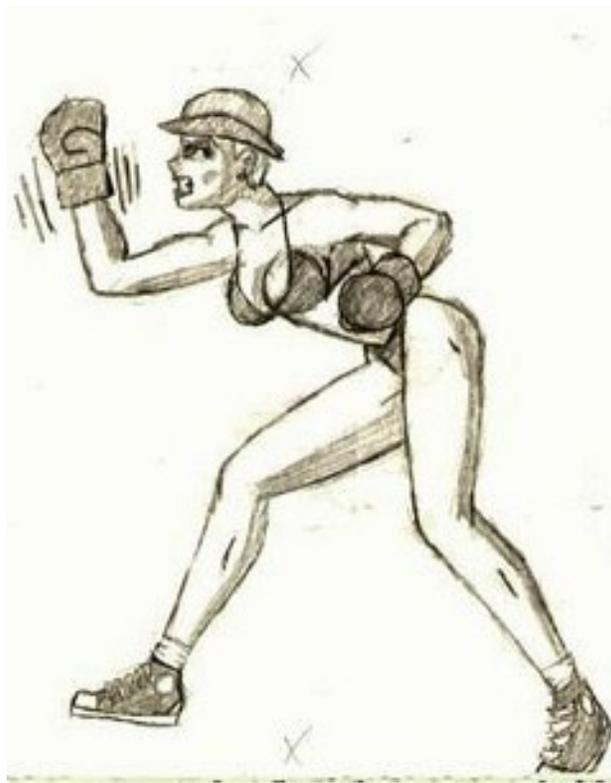
“Miss Munceo, I wonder if you might come and visit us at Top Rope.” An English voice asked.

She went and saw them, toured their facilities, met with fight doctors and others.

“We’ll put you on a fifty-thousand dollar retainer and you’ll be on pay-per-view starting next month.” He said.

She signed that afternoon.

The training center was perfect, and other fighters came there for



work with trainers who knew that they were doing. Two different heavyweight champs passed through. She let one spot her while the other took her to dinner and more. She had money and world class equipment.

“Maria, can I talk to you.” The English voice said while she was busy pressing three hundred pounds of plate.

“Yeah, sure” she answered. They went to the offices and she sat in the leather chair, he in the Herman-Miller chair that would have cost her a full month’s rent.

“Your next fight, you know what to do, right?” He said, as if she’d un-

derstand.

“Watch out for her left and try to take it to the late rounds?”

“No, you’re to drop in three, no more. She doesn’t look convincing after three rounds.”

Maria had never thrown a fight, save for one or two to boyfriends when she wanted action. He told her the fight paid seventy-five to the winner, ten to the loser, and one hundred if she took the dive.

“She’s a model. She’s got looks, a spread in Playboy in three months, a pop star boyfriend. You, you’re a good boxer, and if you’ve got anything else to offer, then I’d like to see it.”

That fight, that was a rough fight. She opened working the jab, opening a cut over the left eye with just a bit of thumb. The second round she had her in trouble, but started pulling the punches and ‘walking’ into one or two of her opponent’s. In the middle of round three, she she stepped into an haymaker, snapped her own head back and crumbled. She would have been out even if she hadn’t set herself up for it.

She only fought a few more times after that. She won all those fights, all of them on the undercard of significant bouts between good lightweights. She retired, aged thirty-two. Her daughter was eight, but she already knew how to pull the elbows in and to start the uppercut from the hips, not the shoul-

der. Maybe Rosa wouldn't take the dive where she did. Maybe she'd be that girl with endorsements and a photo spread that meant she wouldn't have to step into a punch that she wouldn't have let hit in a hundred years. Maria never forgave herself, but she also used that money to make sure her daughter had the choice to fight or not.

Now, Maria trains boxers, makes them learn the skills and tells them 'if you're going to fight, fight right. If you're going to take the money, at least make it look good.'

And her girls always have, no matter which way they choose.



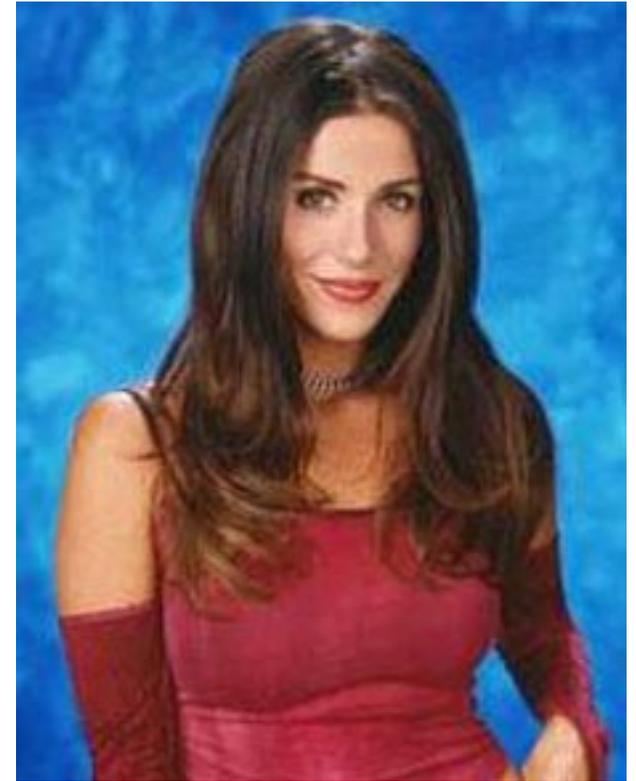
Scary and a Bit Sad: Scientologists I've Known and Loved

I've been friends with very rich people for many years now, and yet, of my friends, there are no Scientologists. On the other hand, people that I've respected and even some that I've met and had conversations with are, but I never figured it out until I was surfing the net recently.

The first one is actually debated. Frank Kelly Freas is listed several places as having been a Scientologist, and he certainly had some connection to Scientology and specifically to Illustrators of the Future, but his wife says he was never a member. I don't think he was, but there's a lot of talk about him being in with some of those people.

There are those that we all know are Scientologists, like John Travolta (I met him in 1980), Tom Cruise (saw him in Hollywood circa 1990), Isaac Hayes (shook his hand in 1996) and Chick Corea (met him in St. Louis Airport in the mid-1990s), but there are a few shockers that I love, like Beck (whose family were all Scientologists) and Doug E. Fresh. I've heard Beck called a Scientologist in name only, and that Doug E. Fresh is only partially active.

The biggest shock when I found out was Soleil Moon-Frye. She's a major babe and our paths crossed several times. The first was when she was still Punky Brewster and I was a kid



who won a contest to meet her (along with about a hundred other kids). She did a horror film about killer fish and I was at the opening and ended up talking to her for almost an hour (and was constantly staring at her chest). I then met her again at a film festival in 2001. She was really nice, and still beautiful. We laughed about the film that showed with hers which was terrible and she really got into the mockery.

Jenna Elfman and her husband, Bodhi, are both members. I met her when they were shooting exteriors for Dharma & Greg. Pretty lady, and funny too. It's a shame she got caught up in Scientology!



My Date

I've been writing too much. That's probably strange to hear coming from me, but it's true. I haven't had time for much other than writing and watching Evelyn. But now...well, now I've got a date.

It's set up for next week. It's dinner and perhaps a movie, nothing overly fancy, but she's a nice girl (with the Fake Red Hair like you see above). I'm not entirely sure I remember how to go on a first date, but I'm willing to learn.

Any advice that my Loyal Readers. Here's what I do remember: the only way to put your arm around a girl is to fake a yawn and stretch.

That is all.

Emailed Words of Comment from my Loyal readers

sent to garcia@computerhistory.org

First off, making his Drink Tank debut is Robert Hole on Issue 76!!!

I'm loving it. Just finished and must say it's my favorite Drink Tank that I've read so far.

I really enjoyed it, especially getting Neil and Frank's articles. I'm a big fan of writing about film, which is why I was going to be a Film Historian (though the job requirements are much stiffer than I could have imagined.

Frank's tale of his movie making enterprise not only brings me up to date on what he's doing, but brings back fond memories of my one little film for a photography class in about sixth grade. We were told to make a one reel (super 8 - yes, that was cutting edge) silent and we ended up with a two reel (super 8) complete with sound (via a tape recorder, which only synched up ONCE - during the premier in class!). It was a silly story combining elements from "Sleeper" and "Genesis II" (the Roddenberry show). It even featured a futuristic version of BART that literally had just opened. It's long gone now - I haven't been able to find it in several years. Good memories and I always meant to do another one. Maybe I will. Hmm. I have this idea....

Cheers,
Bob

I'll make sure that I add your film to the long list of lost films! You know, this may have been the longest I've gone without mentioning lost films. I think you for the ability to mention it here!

And now, with what he calls HalfALoC is Eric Mayer!

Chris,

Just a note to let you know I'm still around and to chide you for that remark on your Drink Tank cover. No. I didn't think you'd be burned out by now. I thought you'd be burned out six months ago.

As I mentioned in my Vegas article, I'm a big guy, but I've got remarkable stamina!

I almost left a comment on Charles Stross' blog, by the way. I don't read sf but I was interested in his thoughts on second-person narrative because that's the default for computer text adventures. Hell, I thought I'd mention it. But I figured probably someone already had so I began reading the comments and, holy shit! Where is this Garcia not? I thought you were in Vegas. Or writing about wrestling, or doing a fanzine, or staying at some hotel. Oh, and I see you posted to the Truefen.net journal too. SaBean's in Boston huh? Well,

that's great orienteering country, you know. Actually there's a big club in San Francisco too.

SaBean's got a GPS (long story on why, I'll try and get her to write it). I never read Charlie's blog, but it was mentioned in Cheryl Morgan's Blog on EmCit and I figured I pay a visit. I met Stross at Con Jose and he was a nice guy. I had NO IDEA who this scruffy-looking guy was, but we talked about the museum and I tried to get him to come out for a visit.

I loved Judith's last ghost story about the landlady. Did I already say that? She is really good. Looks beyond the obvious.

Judith is the smartest woman I know. That's not to say that the other lasses I hang with aren't smart, but Judith just rules. She's had the good sense to not take me up on dating offers when I was single and to take me up on advances when I wasn't available for dating. I've just written an issue on just that for Claims Department.

Bill James is a genius. Do you read Hardball Times on the web? I just found that and it's full of Jamesean-type material. Clutch hitting, though, is a puzzle. Do batters ever have enough clutch opportunities to tell if their performance rises above pure chance? Does all that statistical stuff about chance really apply when you're

talking about something accomplished by skill? Strat-O-Matic put clutch hitting in their game so it must be so. What I don't get are the fielding stats that show guys like Derek Jeter to be awful fielders. I mean coaches and managers and scouts do nothing but watch baseball. They see a tens of thousands of balls hit to thousands of shortstops, hard, soft, here, there and see what the fielders do with them. I don't see how all those eyes can lie so badly.

JT Snow is the perfect clutch example. His RiSP is .145 higher than his batting average over his career. That's significant. Humans react to stress differently, so clutch hitting is measurable by testing response times while applying varying degrees of stress. The military used to test this (we've got some of those notes at the museum because it was a part of the SAGE programme).

Hope you get back to e-APA.

It's looking like July will see my return!

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Eric

Blog:<http://www.journalscape.com/>



***Another Boob Article
by
M Lloyd***

OK, I'm pregnant. That's been the theme of the last few months, me being pregnant. I mentioned in the only issue of The Drink Tank worth reading, I'm horny as hell, but I've forgotten to say that I'm also bustier than ever. So much so that it's not easy to get around anymore. My breasts are now about twice as large as they were when things started. It's a terrible feeling to be trapped under your own tits, but it's also a little bit erotic.

I'm due in a month called July.

It's not supposed to be this bad yet, but truly, I'm pinned to the bed half-the-time. I'm flying to the States June 17th and staying until at least August first. The Finns are good people, they've very nicely said that I can go and come back. (If you're willing to pay for it, there's no better health care in the world than the US. The Finns are good with the Universal insurance, but the medical care is only so-so).

Last week, I managed to sling my boobs into the titanium bra I've been wearing and made it to Simo's church, built in the 1840s. While I was taking the shots, I discovered a lovely young thing with a chest that was in line with the one I've been dragging around. She was a beautiful girl and with a shape that I could find little fault with. I approached her and tried to strike up a conversation.



My problem was I'm not great in Finnish yet. I'm not bad, I've got a hold on conversational Finnish, but with regards to striking up a conversation with a beautiful dark-haired-and-stacked Finn Chick, I wasn't sure I was there yet. Luckily, she got to me first.

"You're pregnant?" she said, the Finnish accent sometimes making things sound cuter than they actually are?

"Yes, but you're just about the same as me!" I said.

We talked for a while, even compared bra stories, mostly in English unless she didn't know the word for something. Despite the fact that she's probably an L-Cup, she's already had a reduction surgery, and it was a disaster (again, Finnish Medicine is years behind expensive US doctoring) and she said that no back pain is as bad as a month on the fucking couch, her words, due to the operation. We exchanged numbers and have hung out a few times with the two of us and my Simo friends. We even had a seven person party in my bed on a day I couldn't walk. That's my idea of a good time nowadays...partying without having to support my weight!



Here's a fact: Mike Swan is a Freak!
by
Mike Swan

Chris Garcia once said that a pair of boobs is the most deadly weapon a woman can have. This is almost without question. Look at M. She's huge in the chestal region and she's never had issues with finding a partner, even if it's only for a very short period of time. SaBean's not a surfboard, but she's not to the level of M, but she's got spunk and she's

not without her charms.

M is always writing about them, mostly because she's got a great set and wants to point that out. With the relationship that her and Jay have (which isn't open but it's certainly not closed) she can always use the help in attracting the ladies/gentlemen.

I'm 100% certain that Chris publishes them because he has all his spank-bank drawings and is looking for articles to put them with. M is certainly happy to put them out (along with other things) and it lets the great drawings we see every week come out and play. Gotta thank both of them for the service!

The Continuing Tale of Frank Wu and the Quest to Bring The World Guidolon

This Week's Episode: Is it possible to make a movie and NOT go insane?

Is it possible to make a movie and NOT go insane?

Current mood: 30% insane.

My animated project "Guidolon the Giant Space Chicken and Friends Half-Power Half-Hour" (for those who didn't read the last issue of The Drink Tank) is about a giant space chicken making a giant space chicken movie. But he has delusions of grandeur - he thinks he's a Shakespearean tragic hero, but really he's just a giant space chicken.

Am I Guidolon?

As he makes his movie, Guidolon slowly goes crazy, throwing hissy fits, firing his crewmembers for no good reason, driving the love of his life away, literally destroying the film in order to save it, chaotically inserting random elements "just to get it done."

Is that what I'm doing? In addition to not sleeping and giving in to the fear that this is all pointless and stupid? I was rushing through working on a side-view of Octuron (the giant space octopus) and I realized that I had no idea what he looked like from that angle. I decided at the last moment that his head should be shaped like Henry Kissinger's nose (like anyone



would notice).

Is this a good idea or bad? There's a fine line between funny and stupid. I can't tell where it is anymore. How far into a quagmire of debt am I willing to go to finance this movie? Will spending so much time on Guidolon

cost me my day job? Am I insulting or misusing my animators and artists without meaning to? Am I good boss? I've never run any project a tenth this big. I was thinking today that the images in the animation look slightly distorted - the people look a little wide, maybe 1 or 2 or 3 percent too wide.

Is this just my imagination?

Or is it real?

Am I going to go insane? Or... am I already insane?

When I was originally writing the Guidolon story - which was published as a screenplay in the Ditmar-winning





anthology “Daikaiju! Giant Monster Tales,” edited by Robert Hood and Robin Pen - I drew inspiration from watching, alternately, monster movies and movies about making movies. There are a lot more of the latter than I thought. A true classic is Fellini’s “8 1/2.”

People ask me where the name “Guidolon” comes from. Here’s your answer. “Lon” is the standard name suffix meaning “giant monster” (like Megalon) and Guido is the troubled Italian movie director standing in for Fellini. “And God Spoke...” is a relatively obscure making-of movie, but I have a copy because a friend of mine, Gary Rubenstein, from high school, has one line in it. He plays a guy trying out for the role of a narrator in a Bible epic, and he says, “And God

saw the Light,” and that’s it. Then there’s “American Movie,” which I would not recommend to creative people with insecurity problems. Nor would I recommend to the weak-willed the various Woody Allen movies about Woody Allen making Woody Allen movies.

Then there’s the documentary, “Burden of Dreams,” about the Werner Herzog slowly going insane in the jungle making “Fitzcarraldo.” And my personal

favorite, “Hearts of Darkness,” about Francis Ford Coppola slowly going insane in the jungle making “Apocalypse Now.” “Hearts” contains the quintessential Coppola quotation about going insane making a movie: “There were too many of us, we had access to too much equipment, too much money, and little by little we went insane.” Coppola goes from highs to lows with incredible speed, (quoted as) exulting in one breath that this would be the first film to win a Nobel Prize, and then collapsing in fear that the film will never get finished. The lead actor, Martin Sheen, has a heart attack.

Marlon Brando is woefully out of shape. Typhoons destroy the sets. They borrow military helicopters from dictator Ferdinand Marcos, but then Marcos wants them back to actually go

and shoot people...

“Burden of Dreams” is similar to “Hearts of Darkness”, though less well-known. They are all thematically tied to the Joseph Conrad novel, “Heart of Darkness,” as is Herzog’s “Aguirre, Wrath of God.” Herzog’s “Fitzcarraldo” is about the attempt to bring opera (read: “civilization” or “white man’s burden”) to the Amazon basin (read: Belgian Congo). In order to build an opera house, they need a riverboat to run supplies back and forth. The problem is that only part of the river is navigable - and in order to get the ship there, they need to enlist masses of people (read: too many of us) to pull the massive ship from one nearby river up and over a massive hill to the other river.

Both the film and the making-of film center around this Herculean task. And bit by bit, Herzog slowly goes insane. The ship keeps sinking into the mud instead of gliding against gravity up the hill like it’s supposed to. (Though I don’t know why they didn’t think of just mixing in raw concrete mix directly into the mud to harden it.) Ropes keep breaking, the ship is just too heavy. And then a small crew actually dies while making the movie, when a helicopter crashes. That guilt had to weigh heavily on Herzog, as did perhaps the responsibility for Sheen’s heart attack.

Do they cut their losses or do



they finish the project to honor the dead and injured?

The worse part is the constant nagging question: Should I throw in the towel? Other people have time to lounge around watching “Veronica Mars” and floating in swimming pools. I don’t - gotta go make an animatable puppet, gotta go fix the backgrounds so they work, gotta go cut the audio track together, gotta go arrange publicity materials, gotta go...

Hopefully, though, no one will have a heart attack or die in a chopper

crash while making my movie... or die of cancer like much of the cast of the John Wayne epic “The Conqueror,” filmed thoughtfully close to nuclear testing grounds. Hopefully the scientists are right and my animators aren’t all being blasted by killer radiation from staring at computer screens.

The novel “Heart of Darkness” visits and re-visits this idea of a “Choice of Nightmares.” Indeed, we all have a choice. Herzog and Coppola didn’t need to make their movies. None of these crazy white people really

NEEDED to go into the mosquito- and leech-infested jungle. I didn’t need to make Guidolon. Or do I? Is it a more frightful nightmare to make a movie, or to NOT make a movie? To the creative person, which is worse?



On the Subject of Herzog...

I seriously hope that Frank isn’t turning into Werner Herzog, because that would make me Klaus Kinski and that’s not a good position to be in.

On the set of Aguirre, Wrath of God, Kinsky was in rough shape and wasn’t giving Herzog the performance he was expecting. The two squabbled and the story goes that Herzog forced Kinski to perform at the barrel of a gun he kept behind the camera, which explains Kinski’s terror-filled gaze in several shots.

Now, I don’t think Frank owns any firearms (and the Herzog story may not quite be true), but still, if I hear him slipping into a German accent, I’m leaving the recording station. I love being Guidolon, but a crazed director is too dangerous!

I got Punk'd and I got My Revenge!



I'm a member of a group at work called the Committee for Parties and Unity (CPU, in a delicious pun). We're the young folks of the museum and we get together and set up parties, have events and play dominos. We're a fun bunch and we've really made the office a lot more entertaining. We're also all smart-asses and all have a streak of wild fun.

Every Friday, we go out to lunch. We actually have lunch together pretty much every day, but Fridays are our big day. This week, we went to Chevy's and had a lovely time. We got back and had our CPU meeting (I beat the

group's recent Femme Non-Official-Leader Alana in Dominos two series to one) and after that, I checked my mail. I went looking for Alana and discovered that she wasn't around. Neither was Mira (Alana's sidekick), Vinh (The IT rep and a nice guy who we gently mock), Tom (who's real name is Tanh) and Christa (who is not CPU, but is an Intern). I discovered them as I went to my car. They were having a good time outside, which made me worry a bit, but after playin' around for a bit, I was calmed. I got in my car and confetti spews out at me from my Air-Conditioning vents. They had filled it. Bas-

tards!

Now, I swear Vendetta on them all and have made my first strike. I chose Alana (because she's a delightful girl and the two of us have a friendly rivalry) and I decided to wrap many of the items in her cube in newspaper and some wrapping paper. I was thinking of filling it with beachballs, but this was a much funner idea. I recorded the locations of the objects, then wrapped them in paper, including a glass Alana had left half-full of water. I only did one section (her computer, the keyboard, the mouse, her paperclip carriers, her stapler, her tape dispenser



(after I used her tape to tape the things together in a bit of irony), her in-boxes, one of her pen holders (with each pen and scissors individually-wrapped), and of course her chairs.

She has three chairs and I put several layers on each of them and one, the main one she sits in, has at least five layers of newspaper, a piece of Happy Birthday wrapping paper and a bow on top I wrapped everything I could (I ran out of paper) and I gave

myself rules: Nothing in the drawers (though I did completely cover one of her rolling filing cabinets) and nothing person except for a single photo that she has on her desk. I didn't want to hurt anything, I just wanted to annoy her with a bit of Tomfoolery.

I'm writing this on Saturday, about an hour after I finished. I am win, and now I have four more devilish schemes to deploy. Any ideas? Lemme know and I'll do them!