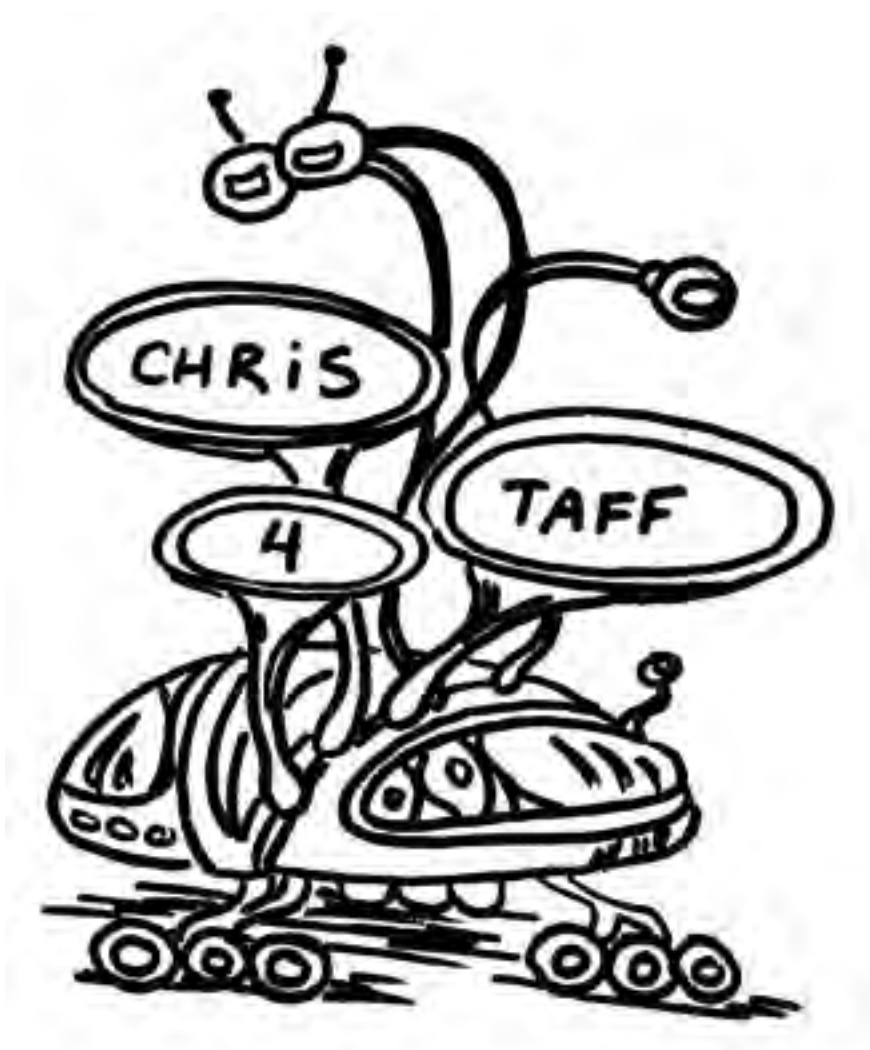


Printzine



The Christopher J. Garcia
For TAFF Zine

WHY SHOULD AMERICAN FANDOM HAVE TO SUFFER ALONE?

Welcome!

This here is my TAFF RaceZine called PrintZine. Many, if not most of the readers of PrintZine will be reading it on-line, making the title ironic. If you're one of the lucky folks who got a paper copy, congrats!

PrintZine will seem a little formulaic: there'll be a reprint of an article or two that I wrote in the past, a few short testimonials from good folks, an article or two from others and probably one or two new articles along with the exceptional art of my favourite Fannish Friends.

So, if you've got comments or just wanna drop a line, it's Garcia@computerhistory.org.

One thing I've done in several issues of The Drink Tank are articles and reviews of things that haven't happened. Here's one that I really liked about a bad re-make coming in the Future!

Greed 2009

Some of the greatest movies of any generation came out. Some Video Clerk in SoCal made two movies, Reservoir Dogs and Pulp Fiction, both of which were legend. The thought that film had changed right before my eyes never escaped me. Nothing was the same when I sat alone in the dark again. When Bryan Singer's The Usual Suspects came out, we all knew that the Tarantino Way had changed film forever.

So, I always look forward to the next Quint film, whatever it may be. His two-part masterpiece Kill Bill had me in the palm of his hand, as did his BioPic of Sam Peckinpah. His minor failure in the film Yellow Flag, starring Bobby Lee as the first Asian NASCAR driver, could be easily overlooked. When I heard what his next project was, I nearly fainted with glee.

In the 1920s, film making was, in many ways, still forming. There had been some great films, even complex and powerful films that have managed to stay at least somewhat relevant today. One of those few films that pulls it off is Erich Von Stroheim's Greed. Based on *McTeague: A Story of San Francisco* by Frank Norris. It's an amazing piece of cinema, and one that is so power,

so amazing that it changed not only film making, but acting in general. And though Greed is top-notch stuff, it's flawed. That is to say that what's on the screen is only about 1/5th of what Von Stroheim wanted to do with Greed, and in fact he had shot and edited a nearly 10-hour version. To this day that long cut of Greed is considered the Holy Grail of lost films, alongside London After Midnight and The longer version of The Magnificent Ambersons.

The long version was sorta recreated in 1999 when Turner Classic Movies took a shooting script and a ton of the production stills and put out a six hour version using the stills and the script notes. I think that's what caused it all to happen, that somehow Quint watched that six-hour version, possibly while high, and came up with a plan: he'd remake the Greed that was meant to be shown. The first part was to get AOL/Time-Warner, who owns the original, on-board. It wasn't that difficult, as they simply seemed to be happy to get Quint to work with them. They then signed on with MGM to do the film itself, which was a giant task that involved jumping through many hoops. Tarantino talks all about it in his article *Why I'll Never Work In This Town Again*, about why he left LA and settled in



San Francisco.

“MGM wanted a blockbuster,” Tarantino said, “I wanted to do Greed. I gave a lot and got a little. It sucked.”

The thing he gave on first was that it wouldn't be a silent, but a talkie. Quint had pitched it as the 'Last Silent', a picture that would officially end the silent era nearly 80 years after it ended the first time. MGM said that there was no way they would do a silent picture and threatened to end things right there. Quint gave in. Next, even though it was a talking picture, Quint wanted to use certain title cards, and that was nixed quickly too, but they went back and forth later. They did give in and let him shoot entirely on location in San Francisco and Death Valley, plus they let him set the film in 1899 instead of the modern remake that most of the suits at MGM were pushing for. Quint also gave in when he wanted to cast three unknown actors, two from the stage and one who was a well-known commercial actress, and instead was told that he'd have to submit the names of any potential hires to the MGM execs and they'd make the final call. This would be the downfall of the film.

Tarantino came up with a list of four actors he'd be OK with playing the role of McTeague. The first on that list was Michael Madsen. Then, according to newspaper articles, the list went Johnny Depp, Michael Chiklis and Zach Galifianakis (though that may have been a joke). The MGM team, looking at the choices, said that Quint could use Depp. This bothered Quint, who thought that he was far too pretty to be playing McTeague. He talked with Depp's people and was told that he was unavailable. Returning to the MGM suits, he then pushed for Madsen, though he was too old-looking for the part. The MGM team said that Madsen could not be McTeague, and that was the first time Tarantino walked off the project.

The standstill lasted three months before both sides gave a little. Tarantino agreed to withdraw Madsen from consideration and the MGM brass agreed that they'd only have to approve the top four actors (McTeague, Trina, Marcus and



Maria) and that he and his casting director, Johanna Ray, would be given free reign over the rest of the casting. This seemed like a victory to Quint, who was grabbing for whatever he could get after being told that he'd not be able to make the film any other way by the Norris Estate as well as by Turner's people. The role of Trina, originally played perfectly by Zasu Pitts, was the first to be finalised. After a long search and wooing of starlets including Scarlett Johansson, Kate Bosworth and even Parker Posey, Ray had managed to secure Laura Fraser. While Fraser was hardly a household name, she had been dependable in small roles for more than a decade. MGM was surprisingly happy with the choice and Quint saw it as an opening for a bold move on the part of McTeague.

On June the 30th, a meeting was called with all the execs where Tarantino introduced Michael Rooker. Rooker was older (actually fifty-three) than any of the other candidates, but he had the look and a long string of roles which showed he could be trusted with handling such an iconic character. Quint gave a twenty minute speech and then gave the floor to Rooker for several minutes. After that, Rooker was asked to leave. He went and waited outside in a lobby, drinking can after can of Coke from the vending machine. Quint emerged two hours later and told Rooker to go home and he'd give him a call. The battle that took place in the conference room was heated, with Quint twice saying that he would walk off the project if he wasn't given Rooker and the

execs twice saying that they'd be able to do what they wanted with the material since they had secured deals with the holders of the various rights.

Around 4 am, nearly sixteen hours after the meeting had started, Quint called Rooker and asked him to join him for a drink at a local coffee shoppe. They met and Rooker was told that the studio had taken away his right to cast McTeague himself and they'd decided on Rufus Sewell, who had never even been mentioned in any previous conversations, but whose agent was well-prepared for the supposedly impromptu phone call they made to her at nearly midnight.

The next two weeks were the most important in the casting process. Tarantino regulars Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth were both cast in smaller roles, as were directors David Lynch, Jim Jarmusch and Sir Richard Attenborough. The two other 'Approval-Required' roles, Maria and Marcus, were left uncast until sixteen days before the start of shooting. Marcus, a difficult and meaty role, was offered to a number of people by the MGM executives, but no one seemed willing to take it as it was a long commitment. Kyle McLaughlin, who had little interest in the role initially, was offered it and accepted for a few days until pulling out before Tarantino had even been told of the choice. Dougray Scott was the next favourite of the MGM crew, and they held a meeting to tell him about it. Quint said that MGM had 'filled this production with a bunch of limey creeps!' but, after calming down, said that he'd like to spend some time thinking about it and rewatching Scott's work. He supposedly borrowed a screening room and watched *Enigma*, then returned and said that Dougray was a fine choice and that he'd go along with it.

Maria was the last role cast. With only four days until production, Maria was supposed to be a Mexican woman, but MGM wanted to use a black woman instead, pushing for name like Vivica A. Fox and even Halle Barry. Quint came up with Selma Hayek and Mia Maestro. The MGM group

called a meeting, and when Quint brought tapes of both Hayek and Maestro, they said whichever of them Quint thought would work the best would be fine with them. Maestro was chosen and immediately flown to San Francisco.

The films nearly 100 million dollar budget was astronomical in relation to Tarantino's other films, but he was shooting a nearly ten hour film on location. They had troubles finding areas of San Francisco that would work as an 1899 lower-class slum. The answer, which MGM didn't like, was to find one area that could be used as the interiors and limited exteriors for the Polk Street boarding house, and then build a series of large avenue sets on Treasure Island. This drove costs up, but the sets produced will likely go on to win the Oscar for set direction, though even that didn't materialize. The costumes were also spectacularly expensive, but they were also worth the money and did win the Oscar.

The story of *Greed* is the story of



McTeague, a brute who is an unlicensed dentist. He falls for Trina, a German immigrant girl who is semi-betrothed to Marcus. After knocking Trina out and working on one of her teeth, he kisses her and then says that she needs to return again and again to get more teeth removed. They fall in love and end up getting married. Trina, very shortly after leaving Marcus, wins an illegal lottery and five thousand dollars. This leads Marcus to report McTeague's dentistry business, which then gets shut down. This section of the film is powerful, and Tarantino directs it remarkably well. Sadly, the problems with

production start here as well.

Those scenes, shot in the first 10 days of production, are heavily featuring Sewell and Scott, as well as Fraser. Sadly, the chemistry between Sewell and Fraser did not materialize early on. Tarantino did everything he could but nothing could make the two of them click. Tarantino wanted to replace Sewell, who he still saw as too 'British', but instead he was convinced to let Fraser

and Sewell work together for an extra two days of rehearsals. This seemed to work, as they reshot many of the first weeks scenes after the rehearsal time and the chemistry grew from cold to merely lukewarm, but it was still better.

As the story continued to be built, so did the problems. There were script issues. MGM had hired script doctor John Millius to do touch-ups. Tarantino, despite loving Millius, thought that the changes were ruining the film and walked off again, this time for only two days, one of which had been a planned off day, so production was

only slightly slowed. Tarantino demanded that he be given control over the script (which he hadn't wanted to have written in the first place as he would have been making a silent film with the original script) and MGM said they'd yank what footage he had and go on with someone else. Quint shrunk back and finished up shooting the film in roughly 120 shooting days.

In the editing room, Tarantino and his editor, Sally Menke, worked on piecing together a nine hour film. The last few weeks of shooting had been rough on Quint, who argued with star Sewell on many occasions, but the film that made it to Menke was,

by all accounts, very strong, though there were rumblings from the execs even before editing started that they wanted something far shorter. "It was like they wanted to cut it off at the knees before it could even walk." Tarantino noted in an interview with ABC. Menke was called in for various meetings, but she had been told by Tarantino that he'd handle it. He was called in and asked for rough cuts and other matters and he'd respond that they'd be coming soon.



On August 14th, almost a full year after production began, the first cut of Greed appeared, complete with every scene mentioned in the shooting script from the original 1923 production. The first screening was a success. Quint screened it for a few friendly media members and select members of the cast, including Jarmusch and Lynch. Lynch was quite impressed and asked if there had been a transfer of it done to any other format. Tarantino said that they'd had a series of DVDs made, and Lynch requested a couple of copies. When asked why, Lynch responded 'Because I want to show this to

people and I'm sure it'll never make it to the screen. Tarantino sent him five copies two days later.

Even though it was only three days later, the first screening for MGM was a disaster. None of the execs could sit through the entire film, even with the built-in breaks every 3 hours. By the end, it was Tarantino, Menke, David Costler (Quint's only supporter of the MGM suits) and the projectionist who had seen the full film. The execs had gone to a small conference room and held an emergency meeting. They came back and asked Tarantino to defend the work. He said that he'd reedit it down, losing some of the bits that may have seemed extraneous. MGM then asked Tarantino for all the footage. He said that he'd like one more pass with Menke, and MGM agreed, though with strong reservations.

This second cut came in at 6 hours, lost several pieces that Quentin thought were among the most impressive. This was screened for the suits with a preceding talk saying that it could easily be released in two or three parts. The executives had as little patience for this edit and noted that the contract they had signed gave them every right to recall all the footage.

Tarantino called Menke, trying to get her to move the reels out, but she informed Quint that they'd already picked up the footage two hours prior. Tarantino went back into the meeting and announced that unless the studio accepted Menke's version, they'd be forced to use a pseudonym (though the Director's Guild had denied him the right to use an Allan Smithee earlier in the process). That did not phase them at all, knowing that the Director's guild was on their side.

The film was released, exactly as the 1924 version, at a running time of two hours. Tarantino started a lawsuit, but the decks were stacked. Tarantino dropped the suit after a month, though MGM did make a good will gesture and left his name off the credits of the film when it was released on DVD. After a few copies of the early cut were found floating around Hollywood,

MGM sued Tarantino to get the DVDs that he and Menke had made. He did return all the copies save for David Lynch's, which he claimed he'd given away but could not recover. He also conveniently forgot to mention the two hundred copies he made using a DVD copier at his home. These are the ones that make the rounds on the internet even today.

The two hour version is not terrible, it's merely incomplete. The story has no sort of flow and everything feels rushed to the point of incomprehensibility. Still, there is a little bit of magic in the direction and particularly in the acting of Fraser and Sewell. That said, the title cards that Tarantino paid to have done by hand in Germany are completely missing. So are a half-dozen subplots. And all the majesty that would have made Greed great.

Good luck with the race! I'll be rooting for ya from the middle of the ocean- Sharee Carton

Chris Garcia: The Straight Dope by Judith Morel

Why should we vote for Chris Garcia? Why should he be the one to represent us to the good people of North America to the good people of Europe. I've got an answer to that.

Because he's fun.

The first time I met him, he was pushing my sister on a swing in a playground in the middle of the hottest September on record. He introduced himself to me, and in doing so, my sister actually fell off of the swing. He forever endeared himself to me with that one action.

If you'd like a more concrete reason, allow me to say this: he'll give you a hell of an entertaining speech. He's one of those people whose main fear isn't public speaking. He'll make you laugh, he'll make you think, but most of all, he'll make you get to know him. I don't know how he does that, but you're usually rewarded when you do.

Chris is perfect for TAFF. If he wins, the US is free of him for a while, and the Brits only have to put up with him for a few weeks. Win-Win, baby!- M Lloyd

My Job Kinda Rocks

I mentioned that I was running for TAFF to various people around my work. They know I do a lot of fanzining and such on work time, so after I explained the TAFF concept, they were very interested in helping me out.

“If you need to take a few half-days counted as full-days, no problem.” said my Boss.

“You can print your newsletters here at work as long as there’s no other big jobs.” said the Director.

“You need art?” said the kooky girl with the crazy glasses.

So, work has mobilized themselves to help me with the easy and fun part of the campaign. I’ve got art and I’m doing photo shoots with a few of my fellow employees on company time. The reaction of the museum: Chris for TAFF. There’s even a couple of signs around the office promoting Chris for TAFF. Sadly, none of the good people can vote (though a few of our volunteers are long-time fen) but it’s nice to be supported.

I think there are two reasons that they want me to win the race. The first is they want me out of the office for a while. We’re entering a big project space (the Compleat Timeline of Computer History) and there’s a lot of time in that period where I just won’t be needed. So, getting me away from work might be a nice way for folks to relax and refresh. Not that I’m a drain on them, but it’s always easier when there are fewer people around during the down times.

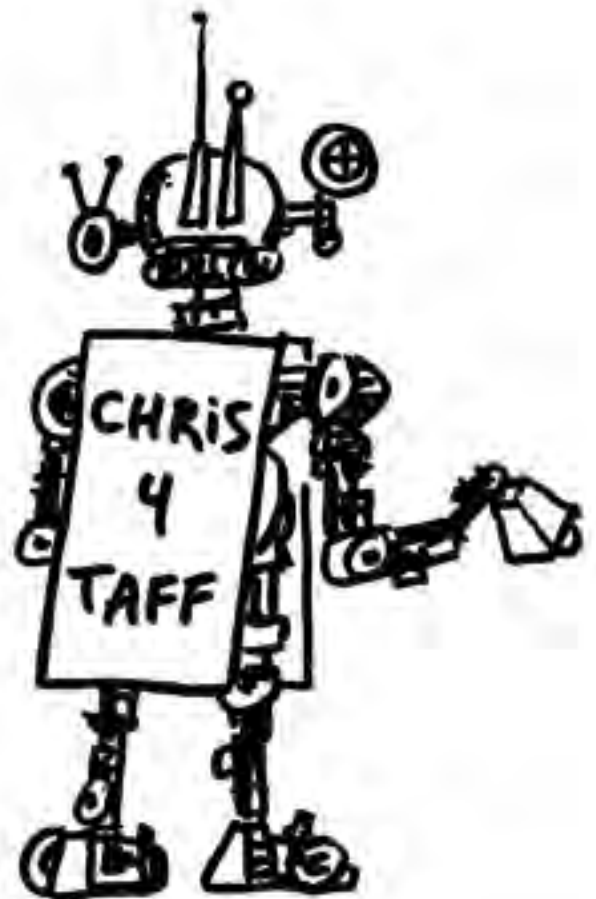
The other reason is the good one. I’ve been ordered to go and see the important places in computer history in the UK. That’s something I’d have done anyways, even

with all the fanning that’ll be going on. I’m planning on a trip to Bletchley Park, where they built the Colossus (almost a computer during WWII), and at some point to the Science Museum in London (they’ve got one of my pieces in their collection and I’ve got friends who work there). These little things won’t distract me from my main purpose: making sure European fandom knows how much we love them.

So, yeah, I’m getting a rub from the good people around me at the museum. I’ll have to bring back presents (sno-globes and souvenir pennants for ever’body!) and I’ll have tales of my trip to be told over long lunches.

Of course, there’s also the fact that I’ll be writing my report in these first few days after my return. I’ve said it’ll be 30 days and then it’s done, and I’ll be damned if I miss that deadline.

And stop laughing! It really can be done!



MY STRANGE DATE

FROM THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 90

I went out with a girl. She was delightful and entertaining and it might have been the weirdest date I've ever been on...if it had been a date.

It was almost Midnight and I got a call. I wasn't expecting Sara to call since I had said that we couldn't go out the night before.

"Hey, you wanna go and get those drinks now?" she asked.

"Sure. How about the Fairmont in fifteen minutes?"

"Done."

The Fairmont is the only hotel in San Jose with a quiet lounge suitable for chatting. They also serve excellent drinks that are hugely over-priced. If you went to Con Jose, perhaps you stopped by that lounge (I think I met Charlie Stross there, briefly)

I parked in the garage by the old Movie Theatres and walked over. She was waiting in the lobby with a drink in her hand and a smile on her flaming lips. She was wearing a lovely dress that was just a little too long to be showing off her lovely legs and too short to keep the eyes of guys like me off of her. She didn't get up when I arrived.

"Good to see you. I ordered you a drink. A Sazerac."

"I don't remember telling you about my soft spot for old lady drinks." I said.

"I was just hoping that you liked it. It's my little test. You passed."

I sat down and we started talking. And drinking. We went over the last few months in both our lives, followed by our years of High School (she went to Santa Clara a couple of years after I did).

And we drank.

It was a long night, about 90 minutes in which we had four cocktails each. We sat around the lobby after the drink service had gone just talk-ing about stuff. She was very nice and laughed at my jokes. That's important. She said she needed to go home and I said that I'd walk her.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Santa Clara and Bush."

"I used to live there!" I said. "You live in the Avalon?"

"Yeah. Number 317."

"I used to be in 204."

We started walking and all that boozing hit us hard as we were passing under Highway 87. I've never been nearly that drunk all of a sudden. I wasn't nauseous at all, but I wouldn't have been able to make it more than a few feet. Sara was staggering almost as much as I was, only she was looking much better doing it.

Now, in olden times, there was a statue that was located in a lovely area of town that kinda looked like two clubbed hands trying to give a five high. It used to be a rite-of-passage to have sex in the middle of it because it was protected from

viewing on three sides and there was easily enough space for a good lie-down. Now, they've moved it to the side of Highway 87 where it's very hard to see and where there's no way to spy if there's anyone in there if you're on the street. Now, it's behind a fence with a swinging gate which has a chain and padlock that allows people to pass through if they really try. Well, we saw it and we made our move. We squeezed through and headed straight for the statue. I almost fell in to it. I staggered while lowering myself which was a sort of slow fall, but I didn't feel



it at all. I leaned against the outer wall and Sara put herself down on my left side. She was out within a minute and I must have been asleep about five minutes later. It was almost four o'clock in the morning. It was a warm night, so I didn't even notice that we were sleeping against a statue made of concrete.

I think it was about 9 when we woke up. I was up first and she was up about a minute later.

"How you doin'?" I asked.

"I'll be better once we get to my house." she said. We slowly got ourselves up.

It must have taken ten minutes because we were moving at hang-over speeds minus one or two because we had been sleeping on concrete and there were rough spots that had to work themselves out. We started to walk to her place, but she had to stop at the bridge next to the San Jose Arena (aka The Shark Tank). She puked into the Guadalupe River. A cop stopped while he was driving by.

"You alright?" he yelled out at us.

"Yeah." I said. "We're just getting rid of last night's bounty."

The cop rolled away and she started walking after a minute.

"Sorry, but I'm pretty sure that we're not going to have a good night kiss." she said.

"I didn't expect it. It's after 8am."

We got her to her house about five minutes later. I walked her to the door and she invited me in.

"I gotta pass, but I'd love to see ya tomorrow, how about?"

"Sounds good to me." I turned and started walking away.

"Hey, Chris." she says. "Last night wasn't a date."

"Why not?"

"I don't sleep with a guy on a first date. Sex, sure, but never actual sleeping."

I laughed, turned around and we briefly hugged.

I had a vague idea about

where I parked, but I couldn't remember. I walked towards the garage and I remembered pulling in. I started at the bottom and walked until I got to the top. I didn't see my car at all. I took a seat for a moment, looking out over San Jose. It's a pretty city, lots of trees. I'm not sure why, but it reminded me that I'd borrowed my Mom's car since she was away for the week. I walked back down and found the car on the third floor. I'd walked right by it when I was looking for my car the first time.

I took a half-hour nap and drank the large bottle of water I keep in the car for just such an emergency. I woke up, drove home and immediately started writing this article, mostly because I was afraid I'd forgot the stupid little details, of which there were none.

In a World Gone Mad, Only a Lunatic is Truly Insane! That Sums up Chris for TAFF- Mike Swan

Art featured in this issue: Alan White did the guy blowing the horn (but I added Chris for TAFF). The Cover and the Chris For TAFF robot were by Frank Wu. That piece down there, that's Brad W. Foster. The Tarantino, film strip and girl images were done by McTier and I took the photo of the director shooting The Chick Magnet

Mucho Thanks to Sharee, Mike, M, all my Artists, John Purcell, Arnie and Joyce, Pete Sullivan, John Neilsen Hall, Bill Burns, BASFA and all the ships at sea.

