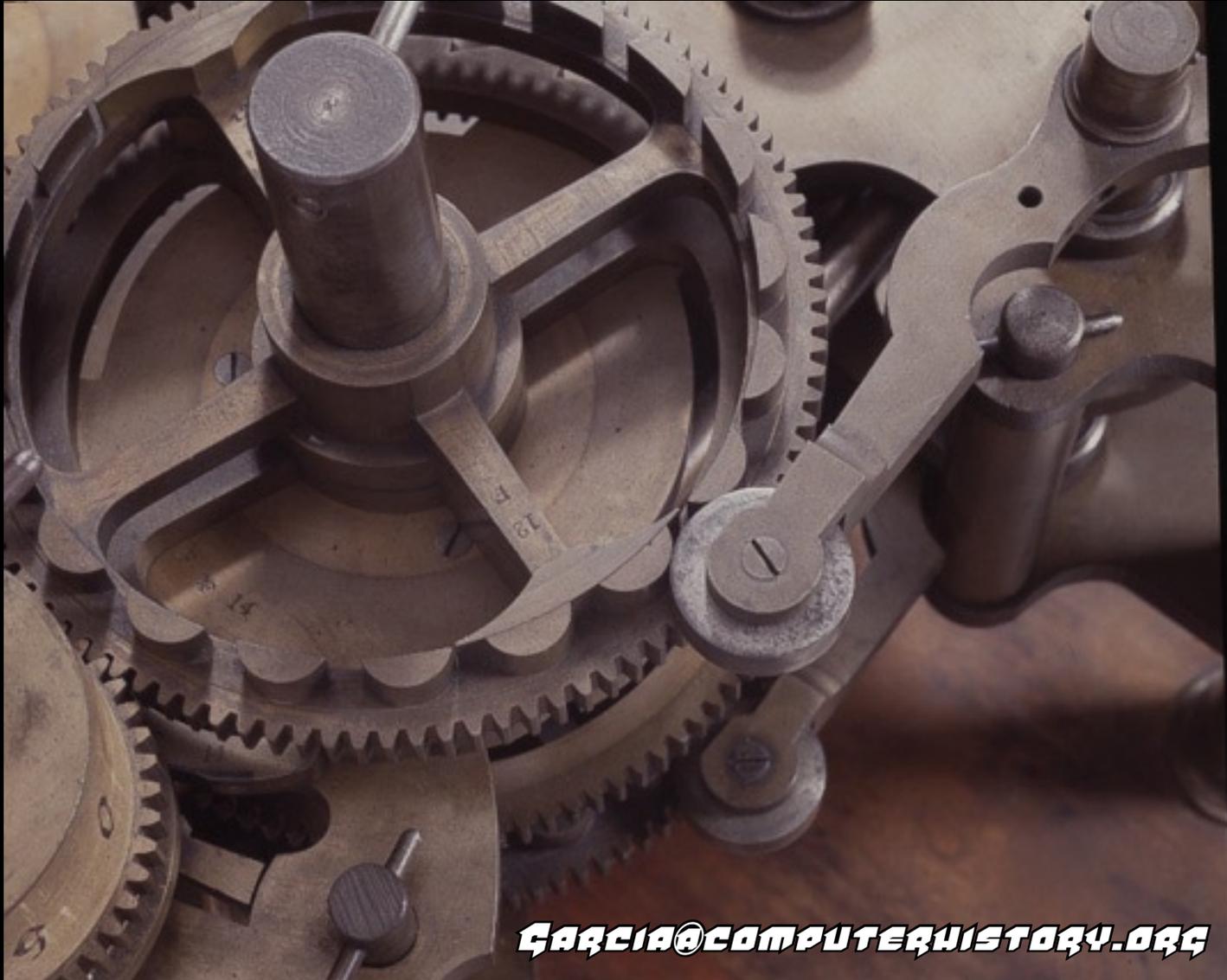


Another Mechanical Power of Two



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The Drink Tank issue 128

Look at that happy bunch over there! Five very happy folks at the end of a con where they were all dias-sitters. It was BayCon 2005 and it was 1.7 metric shitloads of fun! Jay Lake, Writer GoH, Frank Wu, Artist GoH, Evil Kevin Roche, No Nickname Needed Andy Trembley, and myself were all there and had a wonderful time. I'll never forget it as long as I live. Joyful, explosively funny, exhausting and strange. All of those are what a great con should be and BayCon 2005 fulfilled those to the maximum allowed percentage. I'm always looking for a good reason to write about it again.

It's well-known that I am deeply associated with BayCon and that I'm a huge supporter and the last two years a staffer. This will not change for a while (unless they decide they don't want a Fanzine Lounge, which is really the only thing I'm qualified to work on). More than that, I truly love BayCon and am glad that it's managed to keep things going after losing what I consider to be the perfect con hotel. Still, there are other cons at the DoubleTree (Con-X-Treme, which may or may not have its act together and Silicon in October) and the San Mateo Marriott is a nice place and one that I won't mind staying at for a convention. It's biggish, clean and full of strange paths and connections that make floors meld into one another. It's a bizzare place, with floors two (where most of the function



space is) and floor three (where the party floor will be along with the Con-suite and Fanzine Lounge) are a continuous piece of floor. It's very useful if you don't wanna have to take elevators and lots of stairs annoy you.

This will also be the first year since 2005 where a majority of those of us who were GoHs in 2005 will be at the con. I'm gonna be there, as will Kevin and Andy. Frank might make an appearance as well. I think we'll all be at Westercon (and we were all together again at Dave & Spring's party last weekend!). There's gonna be a lot of fun stuff goin' on and we'll probably end up making a memorable impres-

sion for the only time that BayCon will be in San Mateo (though Westercon could be seen as BayCon 25.1)

So, what is this issue going to be? Preparation for BayCon. It's got a report by Janice Gelb on her time as Fan GoH in 2003 (that's where I met her, I think) and it's got a lot of Chris thoughts plus photos from Howeird (like the one above) and Espana and Andy. Plus there's some more interesting (to me at least) stuff about Kurt Vonnegut from my man James Bacon! Add to that LoCs and you've got a full-blown issue of The Drink Tank!

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BayCon 2003 Report

by Janice Gelb

Photos from Andy Trembley and Espana Sheriff!

BayCon 2003 was my first and only Fan GoHship so it definitely lives in my memory, which in this case has also been bolstered by the trip report I wrote at the time :->

I was a bit apprehensive about being selected as Fan Guest of Honor for my local SF convention, a for-profit 2,000+-person convention. Especially after they had me sit down with a video crew for an interview to be shown as part of closed-circuit “Baycon TV.” (I figured I was the infomercial equivalent for people waiting for their roommates

to get out of the shower :->)

I had joked when selected that I was a cheap date, given that I was local and they didn’t have to pay transportation so they should at the very least send a limo. Seven months later, the GoH Liaison was seriously asking for the address to which the limo should be sent! Luckily, I managed

to talk them out of it.

Friday, May 23

I arrived at the con at about noon, with opening ceremonies not until 2. When I went up to Program Ops to check in, I was informed that they’d assigned me a “button pusher”: someone to turn lights on and off and push elevator buttons on the Sabbath!!! I informed them that this really wouldn’t be necessary. (Not only would I have been very uncomfortable with that arrangement but it **is** actually against the rules...)

Rick Moen, the friendly guest liaison, gave me a big bucket of swag

(including stuff that I’d asked for, like bottled water, and stuff that I would never use, like Fritos, which ended up being donated to the con suite). After we dropped it, plus a heavy vase of beautiful flowers, off in my room, I went to my first panel

My first panel was on how to moderate a panel, with fellow panelists Margaret Organ-Kean and two local fans, Chris Garcia and Jane Mailander. The panel went fairly well: I’d remembered to bring with me the handout for moderators that I developed for Magicon and have refined over the years, so we just used that as talking points.

After pretending to work in my hotel room for a few hours, I went out for an early dinner given that I had to be back for the “Meet the Guests” event at 8 (plus sunset was around then anyway) with Julie Dickinson and Randy at one of my favorite restaurants downtown, called La Pastaia (whose menu includes the motto “No cigars, no cellular phones, and only one sardonic person per table”). Unfortunately, they didn’t want dessert so I was foiled in my desire for the restaurant’s specialty tiramisu.

I scrambled into my night-time GoH outfit and went upstairs to the Meet the Guests event. The GoH liaison had told us that the event was optional for GoHs. (As a matter of fact, until I asked him about the “night event” for guests that I noticed on the web site,

they hadn't told any of us about it at all.) However, when we got there, we were told we'd be expected to say a few words! I put in a plug for DUFF and told people to stop me in the halls and chat.

Saturday, May 24

Unfortunately, the hotel plumbing had hit a snag and there was no hot water when I tried to take a shower. I showered as quickly as I could and then scarfed down a Doubletree cookie and some bottled water for breakfast. On the way down from Program Ops, I took the elevator and a bell guy in the elevator with a cart saw my namebadge and said "I just read all about you in the convention newsletter!" Now that's fame, being recognized by the hotel staff! They'd sent all the GoHs a few questions to answer but this was the first I knew that I was the first one to be featured.

My 10 a.m. panel was called "What is the Nature of Fandom?" It was meant to discuss what makes a fan a fan now that there are more avenues for fannish activities. We started out with 2 people in the room besides the panelists -- me, Michael Siladi (who owns the organization that puts on Baycon), LA fan Ed Green, and a local second-generation fan named Sabre (Caradwen Braskat). We almost cancelled but then got into a casual

discussion of the topic that turned into a full panel and ended with about 18 people in the room!

I then went about 10 feet to the Noreascon 4 fan table where I was scheduled to sit with NY fan and fellow committee member NY fan Ben Yalow. The Noreascon table turned out to be a godsend. I had asked a couple of people before the con what was expected of guests of honor and been told that they shouldn't hide in their rooms but should hang around and shmooze with people. This is probably easy to do when you're a Writer GoH whom people come to see and hope to speak to. However, when you're the Fan GoH, it's a little trickier and I wasn't quite sure how to make myself accessible: walk up and down the halls saying "Anyone want to talk to the Fan GoH?" The table meant that I was around and easy to talk to but I wasn't wandering the halls like a lost soul.

After a couple of hours at the table, I went back 10 feet to the same programming room (3 for 3 on panels



Espana Sheriff with Harlan Ellison at BayCon Dos Mil Tres

there) for a panel on copyediting. I had suggested this panel because of the successful one at Boskone but due to my not providing a precis myself, the description was misleading, asking people if they could identify copyediting marks. The only other panelist was Rachel Holmen, the convention toastmistress and the former editor of Marion Zimmer Bradley's magazine plus a bunch of other credits.

Once again, we started with only two people in the audience, one of whom said she had been asked by a friend to edit a fantasy novel and wasn't sure how to go about it. We started out talking about marks and



terminology but soon got more specific questions about technique, how much to edit, not editing just because you like your wording better than the writer's wording, and so on. Gradually, a few more people arrived.

After another short stint at the table, I went back to the same program room for a panel on technical writing. The panelists were a mixed bag: Gerald Perkins, mostly a QA engineer who'd fallen into writing for a couple of years before his retirement; Judy Lazar, who documents chemical processes and drug submission proposals to the FDA; and Brett Glass, who mainly does columns and articles for magazines. The audience, for a change reasonably sized from the start, was mixed as well,

with some wanting tips on how to get started as a tech writer and others wanting to discuss cutting edge technology.

Trying to keep everyone on track proved to be daunting and after a little while I just asked the audience whether they cared that we'd gotten away from talking about technical writing and

everyone assured me they didn't so I just interjected from time to time to keep people from dominating the conversation but gave up otherwise. I was embarrassed at this failure but a couple of people later on in the con told me they'd enjoyed the panel so I guess it worked out all right.

Given my sketchy lunch (a Balance bar and banana from the lavish GoH supplies bucket in my room), Ben and I had decided to try the fancy restaurant in the hotel. Local Brad Templeton and his wife Kathryn joined us. For a change, the dinner conversation actually had to do with science fiction as we reviewed the Hugo nominees for this year and some of the past winners.

Back in the room, I tried to log in to get my email but couldn't get a connection. So I got into my party duds and stopped at the LA party to pick up the badges for my space cadet sash. The ConJose "thanks" party was next door, and Tom Whitmore was giving out refund checks to volunteers and program participants so I picked mine up. I checked out the other parties down the hallway but ended up hanging out in the LA one, admiring Ed Green's light-up-base wineglass and talking to various people, some of whom were naive enough to be impressed by my Fan GoH status :->

Sunday, May 25

The con was treating the GoHs to Sunday brunch but unfortunately there wasn't much I could or was interested in eating at the brunch, perhaps the first I've seen without breadstuffs of any kind (rolls, toast, nothing...)

My only panel on Sunday was "Meet the GoHs" at 1 in the very large ballroom. This actually went fairly well despite a rather rocky toastmistressing job, including my having to prompt her to take questions from the audience toward the end. Unfortunately, she was one of those interviewers who has a prepared set of questions and doesn't pick up on cues from the answers. (For example, Greg Bear tangentially mentioned that he'd made his first sale



at 16 and I saw she was going on to her next question about his current book so I broke in and asked about the sale, which resulted in a really cool anecdote about his early writing career, and taking creative writing courses in college from professors who didn't have as many sales as he did!)

She did do a fairly good job of rotating questions, though, and I felt that I held my own. We even got into a philosophical discussion about fans and conventions near the end. I'd hoped to get done with the panel in time to see my taped interview, which was scheduled for 2 p.m., but the panel ran late so I never did get to see it live! (I later got an online version and wasn't too embarrassed...)

tiramisu fix :-> We met Ben out front, where Ruth picked us up. Dinner was fun, as we quizzed Ben for worldcon gossip and bid predictions. Luckily, everyone was up for dessert!

Back at the hotel, I rushed into my Regency outfit. The small room was more crowded than I've ever seen a Baycon Regency dance so I ducked out for a while to go upstairs to the bellydancing. A fellow Sun employee who had been at ConJose had told me she'd be performing and sure enough, I got there right when she started her routine. She was wearing a gorgeous blue-and-turquoise beaded outfit that she told me later was special-ordered from Turkey for \$800!!! She and a fellow bellydancer tried to show me

Very few people stopped by the Noreascon table so fellow minder Ian Stockdale and I decided to try for an early dinner. He and his wife Ruth had eaten regularly at La Pastaia's branch in Palo Alto before it moved downtown (as had I) and I said I wouldn't mind going back so I could get my

how to do the moves, which much have looked incongruous with me in a pink Regency-era gown!

Before going back to the dance, I went upstairs to a party that Greg and Astrid Bear were giving. (Of course, on the first attempt I managed to hit the one elevator that wouldn't go to the concierge floor without a relevant room key.) More chatting about the Hugo nominees ensued, with everyone pretty much agreeing that this was a weak year for novel.

Monday, May 26

After picking up a Doubletree cookie to soothe my nerves after a night spent trying to sleep despite noise from people congregating right outside my room, I did some preliminary packing. Then I picked Ben up at his hotel to take him up to the San Francisco airport. I stopped by for a fast lunch before going back to the con hotel. Closing ceremonies were about as fast as opening ceremonies had been so I checked out and went wearily home.

Conclusion

BayCon treated me really well, with a generous per diem and some exposure on programming, not to mention an extensive gift basket! I appreciated the honor then and still do now.

***Approaching the Slaughterhouse* by James Bacon**

I love war stories and I love science fiction. The two don't always come together neatly but occasionally I am well impressed with the harsh realities of men fighting one another being portrayed in a science fictional setting or universe. It's great crack and a well told war story, with an even level of knowledge and understanding, is something that I can immediately tune in to.

I loved *Starship Troopers* by Heinlein and it led me to some all-time favourites like *The Green Hills of Earth*. I didn't mind that the militaristic view was harsh and really compared to mill-pulp writers such as Sven Hassell it's fairly tame. I liked Haldeman's *Forever War*, a great piece of SF although I prefer *1968*, and of course James White's *Tableau* is perhaps one of the best anti-war SF shorts in existence.

Military-SF has been around a while and I always reckon its SF. Even John Scalzi who seems to be throwing a cyberpunkish K.Dickensian twist into his military novels in a rather contemporized way with as much going on about inside the head as action in the field, as one might say is well grounded in SF. And anyone who is a fan Hugo nominee gets extra points. I interspace good SF with factual and fictional war stories and have done so for a long old time. *Schlachthof Fünf*



as we called it in our house, was an obvious book for me to read, but I always get thinking about it. Normally I am loath and hate the way critics and reviewers try to impose their outlook of a novel upon it. I dislike the way novels are hijacked as this or that, and I always defer to the author even when I am a bit unhappy with the result for an insight into opinion and inspiration and, most of all, meaning.

Yet I break my own rules for good old Billy Pilgrim. I have never really read in depth what the critics make of *Slaughterhouse 5*, I won't enter into a debate if it exists over whether its SF or Lit. I don't mind if Mr. V gave detailed explanations and it appears I am talking out me arse, because I love this book and I am sure Mr. V will allow me some latitude to play around and speculate upon my perception of his superb novel.

I never really reckoned that *Slaughterhouse 5* was science fiction,

it didn't feel right somehow in my mind, and I felt that Mr V was using the science fictional tracts of the book and the way that Billy Pilgrim accepts the fatalism of the Tralfamadorians and the calmness with which they approach life's situation as substitutes for Billy's mind not being able to deal with the horror of war and this is a default mode where everything is the way it is and that'd be fine thank you.

Or so it goes.

With a similar reasoning I feel *1984* isn't a science fiction story either, it just uses a future setting to reflect something that was of concern to the East, and although all SF has been a mirror of a variety of current events, Orwell was specifically writing about the evils of totalitarianism. Vonnegut threw a real harsh light upon the Dresden bombings. I hope he meant to, he served there and I know he saw the dreadful Dresden bombings and their aftermath and such a thing obviously not only allows true insight but also a way to exorcise the horror. I wonder if Vonnegut's version of Tralfamadorian self help therapy was writing a book about what he saw and showing us all that it's a bloody mind bending experience.

There was a war on, and unfortunately bombing is a method of waging war and thousands of civilians die. It's still happening today, somewhere some faster than sound

jet powered technological mirickle will drop or fire a piece of ordinance onto an enemy and no doubt people will get injured and die, but that's ok 'cause it's the good guys who are doing it. That for me is what *Slaughterhouse 5* is, remembering that war is essentially a bad thing regardless and that the human cost can never be mitigated by hyperbole and spin and that in pointless death it's hard to know who is good or bad.

It's all horrible, but I marched in two capital cities against the likes of what I see now in the papers and on the CRT and as I sit here in south London, it's totally beyond comprehension what it must have been like to sit in Anderson shelters out in the back yard and sleep deep in the tubes and awake to the craters and destruction, and have no food and generally be the target on a daily basis. Today people have breakdowns and are on leave for although subjectively serious, objectively rather minor life trivialities compared to the ails of civilian folk in 1940's, where bombs and being bombed and death were just a daily occurrence. We won't mention civilians in further places from here, but I will mention that on the march I attended, it were SF fans who walked by my side.

Dresden though is truly unimaginable for me, despite the photos and images and books, for me what brings Dresden into sharp



3-12-07

perspective is the life altering affect it has on Billy. It seems to drive him round the bend. Well he sees and believes in aliens, not normal stuff really, and I have a fairly tolerant and open mind on these type of things. For me Mr V wrote about the horror of War. *Slaughterhouse 5* makes me think and wonder and also shapes an opinion that war is bad and that human suffering should be paramount in the minds of decision makers. I am also seen by some as a humanist, which I think Vonnegut was, but he was probably a real one, I am probably an atheistic humanist, not really in there for the whole thing.

I reckon that Billy Pilgrim is

disconnected from the realities of the world as we know it and the story shows Billy's time stepping, as he phases in and out at random places during his life, as a sort of dislocation of the brain, not brought about by an accident, but by the irreprecable damage on a person's mind that war can inflict, the jarring created by the extreme experience just frying some of the synapses in such a way that somehow everything is finely out of kilter.

The was leaves an impression, and obviously is responsible for his eventual death, the importance at times of the war in a normal way as experienced perhaps by other veterans is used to show quite clearly where the gap takes place between bad experience and trauma.

I somewhat believe the premise of an unmoveable timeline that we are all tied to that Vonnegut extrapolates upon through the time stepping of Billy. I reckon that I will die some day and no matter what I do, I cannot change that, as after my death, the day I died will be just that. I accept that sort of fatalistic yet pragmatic approach to death and its not so bad. The big difference though is that I haven't been through a war and suffered badly and seen unthinkable horrors, I am just a bloke with a job, plodding through life. I can easily imagine becoming slightly unhinged

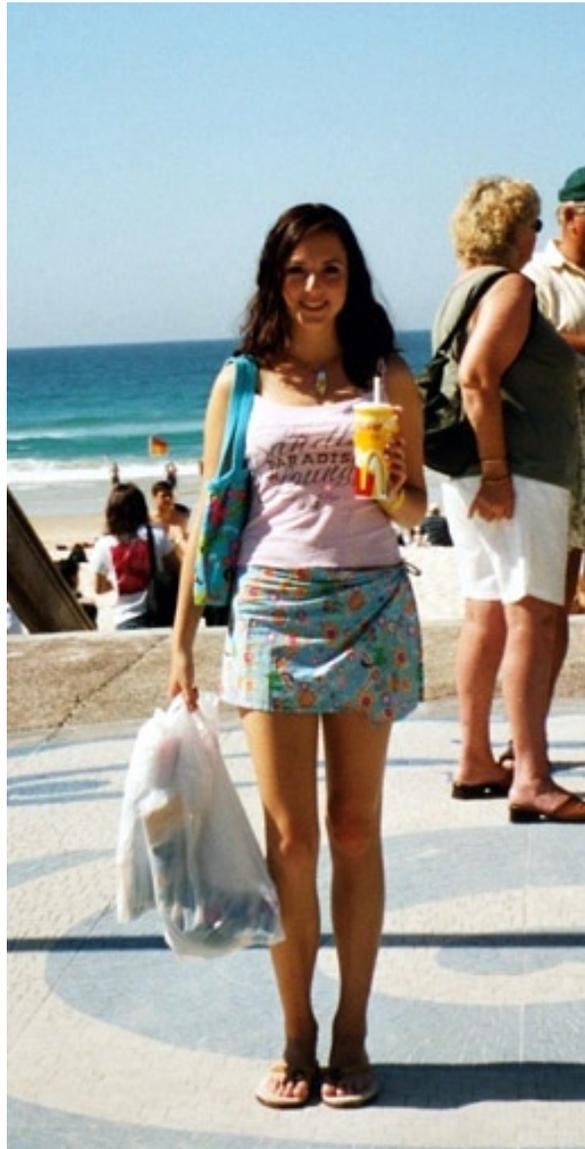
and with my fatalistic attitude, and imagining I was at different places along this timeline, although I could not see myself being so mildly affected as Billy by the horrors that he encountered. I would be well gone, I imagine.

For me the Tralfamadorians are a further proof that Billy gone round the bend, and especially when he has to live with a porn star, for me this is a delusional sequence that fortifies the perception that he is jarred much worse than one would imagine from his every day goings on and interaction with characters and people around him. With that premise it is easy for me to build on that and speculate that the 'science fictional' aspect is not there to create a science fiction story but rather as a clever plot device to convince the reader that the mind of Billy is definitely somewhere else.

The book is also so nice. It's just so easily well-written and there is something that I just adore about Billy. Perhaps it is that we share a belief of sorts and that I just consider myself to be lucky or he to be unlucky in our requirements for a fatalistic belief of sorts that we share. I don't talk to Aliens mind, but I do not agree with much that happens and more I protest as best as I can, and if anything I hope Mr. V allows me my interpretation with that fruititious result in mind.

end

But what of Kilgore Trout a failed SF writer. James will be looking at some aspects to Kilgore that may be well known or perhaps not, and just who are the Gogleskan?



I just wanted to point out that I have a date with that girl down there. That is all!

**Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my loyal readers**

Lloyd Penney is the first in line!

Dear Chris:

Holy chit, Batman! I'm FOUR issues behind! That is what happens when you're not looking, and you get busy...stream of unconsciousness on issues 124 to 127 of The Drink Tank. 124...Worldcons are what you make of them, and the greatest challenge is to provide the most opportunities for that good time to happen for the greatest number of people. Thinking of getting involved in Worldcon fannish politics, Chris? Lured by the dark side of the fandom? I'm sure our good friend Mr. Standlee could help you out there, and give you a primer, but in the long run, I wouldn't. I've been there and done that, and got burned by egos. However, it was local egos here, and I hope things are a little better in LA and SJ. Doing a bidzine can be a near-guarantee that you will win, IMHO. The Toronto in 2003 bid put together a series of bidzines called The Incisors Report, and it was a popular success. People want to feel they are getting something for their bid money, and a bidzine does the trick.

I'm hoping to get Kevin to write a

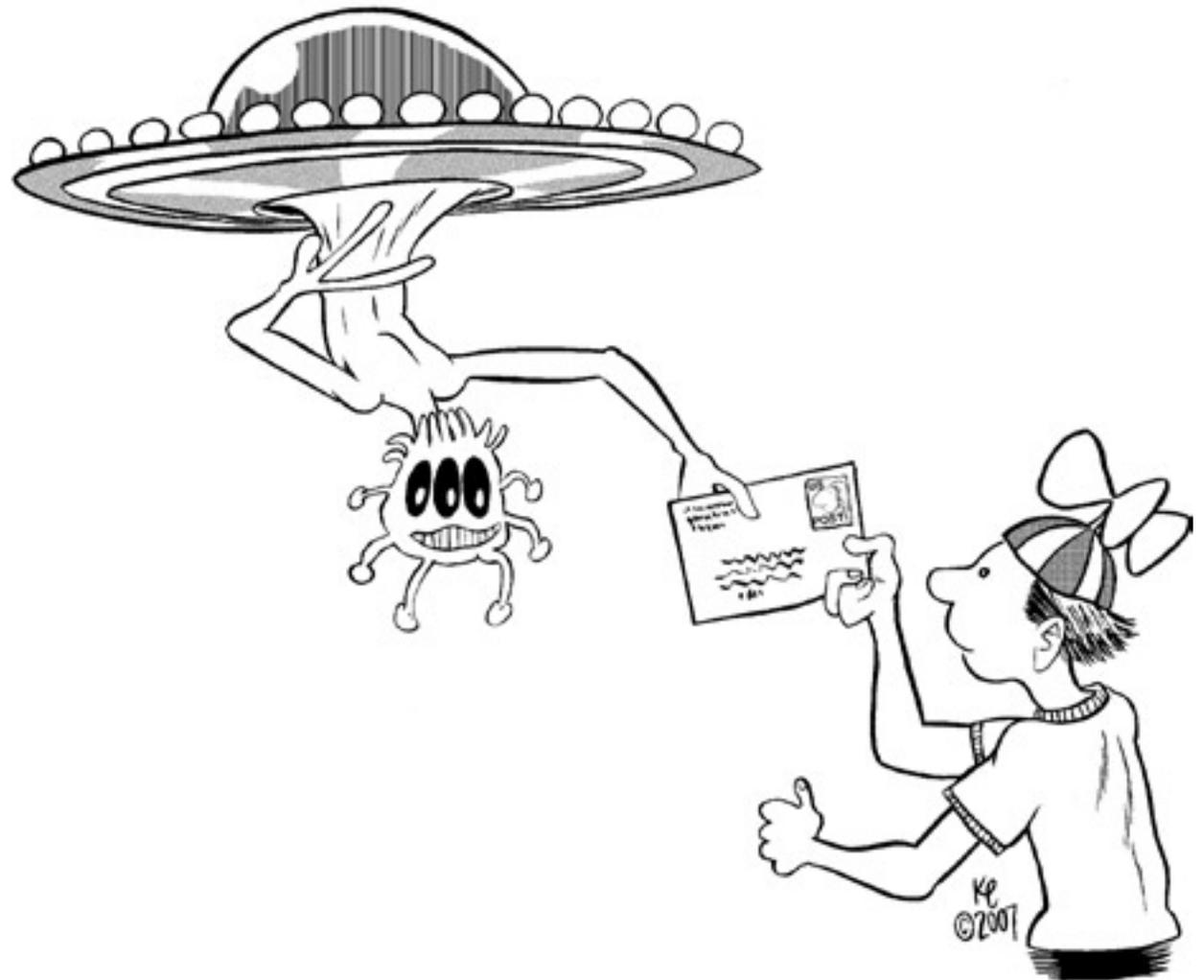
full response to the issue at some point, but like all of us, he's a busy guy. Someday. We did have a little talk about it at BASFA last week and he gave me a few points where it's obvious that my dreams are the dreams of a lot of SMOFs.

Getting the right balance of accessibility, bathrooms, nearby food... it's impossible, and you can't satisfy everyone, anyway. That doesn't mean to say you shouldn't try...fans are quite pedantic, I'm sure you've noticed, but they will grudgingly give you the credit for doing your best if you've done your due diligence. Programming is difficult, especially if you don't have access to a wide variety of fans and their activities. Special tracks are fine, but panel rooms can be a financial drain, especially if any given panel get fewer attendees than panelists.

That's true, and that happened at LACon a few times, mostly with Fan-type panels. Still, we packed the room for a couple of things I was on, one of which was the Hoaxes panel. I was stunned by that turnout, though Mike Glycer and Seth make for a good draw.

I still haven't supported the Montreal bid...I think they understand why. I guess we wanted to go out of Worldcon work on a positive note, and LAcon IV was definitely it.

You do realise that I'm not going to let you throw in the towel



completely, Lloyd. I can be very persuasive.

Re Mark Plummer's loc, Canadian work and individuals did not do well at the Winnipeg and Toronto Worldcons, mostly because even with an enlarged Canadian membership, American membership simply overwhelms any Canadian choice. Robert J. Sawyer was the exception,

as he got votes from all over, especially Canada. I've done as well as sixth in Hugo voting, about 10 nominations or so off the ballot. Always a bridesmaid, never a bride...

This year was a weird year. There's no way I'll ever make the ballot again unless 1) WorldCon's held in the BArea and all my friends vote or 2) WorldCon is held in LA and

very few voters from the previous WorldCon vote. And you were on my ballot, Lloyd!

My loc...yup, falling behind again. After that three-week assignment, I had a four-day assignment, and now, we're preparing to fly to Dallas for the International Space Development Conference to help with gophers and registration, and generally show 'em how it's done, and to meet up and have a meal with your old Corflu roomie, John Purcell. By the way, I'll be taking my Palm and keyboard, and writing locs on the way to Dallas and back at 30,000+ feet. **I Hope y'all have fun out there and get a chance to LoC the waterfall of zines I'm about to unleash in the next few days!**

Carl's Jr. wants to set up shop in Canada, but there's a lot of competition out there for your burger bucks, and I think most people know that a Carl's Jr. burger is probably the worst thing you could put in your mouth. I haven't had a burger in a while, and that's probably a good thing.

I love a good burger, and Carl's is probably my favourite Fast Food burger and is in my Top 10.

125...God Bless You, Mr. Vonnegut. Labels can help or hurt, and the label of science fiction writer seemed to hurt him, but a good label for me is Vonnegut fan and reader. We've all had a good dose of Vonnegut-style wisdom

through Earl Kemp's eI. I've read a lot of KV, but I think you're better-read than I am here. On my shelf are Cat's Cradle, The Sirens of Titan, Welcome to the Monkey House and Wampeters, Foma and Granfalloon. I have read Breakfast of Champions, Slaughterhouse-5 and God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, but those books have disappeared with the passage of time... **You know, while Cat's Cradle and Slaughterhouse are the two best remembered, Breakfast of Champions might be the best referenced when it comes to pop culture. The movie, while awful, was far more seen by my generation than Slaughterhouse-5 was by the Gen before me.**

126...No musical talent have I at all, and I know few people who do, so I won't comment on music further, and no comments at all about some filkers I could name...

Richard Nixon tried to be funny, and failed miserably. Who remembers Tricky Dick trying to say "Sock it to me!" on Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In? It was funny because Nixon just couldn't do it. Nixon was just plain an Ugly Man.

Nixon, like all my faves, was a deeply flawed human. Reading his memoirs and listening to his personal tapes, you get the feeling he was much more than he showed and at the same time a lot darker



than I wanted to believe.

I keep getting people fretting about their ages, don't I? I recently got a bad haircut, and now I know what I'm going to look like in about 10 to 15 years...just like my dad. Ooo, scary, kids! John P. will discover what I look like with a semi-brushcut...

I'll be 40 in 8 years. That's a little scary. I doubt I'll look like my dad anytime soon. I was not cursed with his Dumbo-like ears!

Ah, now I know what your building looks like! I guess I was expecting a big brick building on a university campus somewhere. Parts of the computer displays glowing in the dark...sounds like a Borg regeneration chamber. The Toronto Aerospace Museum is housed in an old hangar on the old Downsview Armed Forces base here, and in another hangar is

housed that repro of the Avro Arrow I wrote about some issues ago.

We were going to be on Stanford for a while, but I like the new building better. When I bring folks through who haven't been around since the days when we were in 126 (like Janice Gelb and co. this Sunday), they're amazed at how we've grown and how much better it looks, even if they miss the general comfy tightness of 126.

127...A Speak & Spell? There's a toy from the 70s... I am glad The Usual was brought about to start up this gift economy that is fanzine fandom...can you imagine having to keep track of the dozens of fanzine subscriptions you'd be paying for? You'd be writing lots of cheques for small amounts...Brian Earl Brown's zine was called Sticky Quarters. Fandom couldn't be invented by one person, unless he were truly sick and twisted...this happy asylum we all enjoy had to be a group effort. Page 6 is going to give me a terribly swelled head if I let it...okay, egoboo! (And egoboo to the rest of y'all.) This isn't a skill you know, it's the product of pure desperation to get caught up. That's why the Palm and the keyboard were a godsend...I can now write my locs anywhere...in a jet or in the men's room. Or in the men's room on the jet, although it's a little cramped...

Gotta love portable computers. I'm writing the brief for Portables and

I'm trying to think of incorporating them into regular life without saying 'look in your pocket!'.

Two pages for four issues may not be much, but it is Friday, and we're on the edge of the Victoria Day long weekend, and I can't wait! I still have to go to work tonight, but after that, three days to relax a little, and get ready for the trip to Dallas. Also, I had a job interview earlier today...if I get it, I'll be working full-time for an advertising agency for some decent bucks. Cross your fingers and toes; it's been a long time since I've worked full-time anywhere.

I'm pullin' for you and hope you'll have to slow down a bit because you're gainfully employed!

I'm done like dinner; see you soon, and I'll try to get a loc on SF/SF on the go soon.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Thanks so much, Lloyd!

Who better to follow up with than John Purcell!!!

How about this? I'm keeping up with you for at least one week. This won't last, that's for sure.

True, but even trying gets you Brownie points!

Brian Earl Brown produced *Sticky Quarters* back in the 1970s and I think it ran into the very early 80s. It was usually a listing of fanzines with quick, one-paragraph summations of that zine. It was indispensable for someone like me who was (at the time) building up my mailing list and wanting names and addresses to trade zines with.

I've seen copies, but never read one, I don't think. I might have one as it's on a list of zines I got but haven't been through yet. I wish someone was doing a zine like Sticky Quarters or The Whole Fanzine Catalog nowadays, though The Zine Dump comes close.

Ted is absolutely right about fans producing zines mostly for feedback and contributions, with the intent of having enough interesting



material to justify putting out another issue. Of course, fans need no more justification than desire to pub an ish, but it helps to have *things* to include to make a zine interesting. You know, little things like artwork, book/movie reviews, interviews, letters... Stuff like that. The couple times I actually received a dollar in the mail for an issue of *This House* astonished me. Most of the time I wanted artwork or written material.

Now aren't you glad that Ted sent you this loc? His letters are always so damned interesting for their historical input. (So where's that loc on *Askance* #1, Ted? Hopefully he will respond to the second issue.)

I'd always love material, but I'd much rather just have people reading than anything else, even if they're not feeding back. I'm kinda seeing that putting things up on the web is kinda like putting a price on a zine that folks can send...and the price is free!

Bob Tucker is, in my estimation, the father of modern fandom. Thanks to him, the appearance of a distinctive fannish sense of humor developed, and things just really haven't been the same since.

I've gotta learn more about Bob. There isn't enough writing about him in my eyes. Anyone know of a good source?

Ted's mention of Sam Moskowitz

reminds me that the SF & Fanzine collection at the Cushing Library has a whole shelving section, floor to ceiling, of boxes of the unsifted papers of Sam Moskowitz. Hal Hall, the curator of the SF & Fanzine special collection, told me that he had heard through the grapevine that it was available, and managed to get some funding from Texas A&M University in order to

buy the whole kit and kaboodle. How I would love to dive headfirst into that stash of boxes.

You know, the more I read, the more I think SaM was a bigger deal than most think and far less of a deal than he believed!

There should be no problem in getting that IguanaCon reflection to you by mid-July. *Askance* #3 should be out by then, so it should be easy enough to do the research and writing of that event.

Awesome!

Hey, I'm glad you pubbed Frank Wu's Vonnegut tribute. "Harrison Bergeron" is included in the Literature anthology that Blinn College has authorized for usage in English 1302 classes, and I usually have students read and discuss it. A wonderful story. ***It's one of those stories that sometimes gets overlooked in favor***



of his novels. It's a good one, and it's short.

I am not one for Aussie Rules Football. It is an interesting sport, that's for sure, but I know very little about it. Thank you for your brief commentary, but maybe you could expand on this to talk about the rules of this game, noting why you find it so exciting compared to American football. Just a thought.

Believe me, if I explained the rules of the game, you'd be even more confused, kind of like how folks were more confused when they pubbed the ish explaining the name of Granfalloon.

Thanks again for the issue, and let's see how long I can stay current with you.

All the best,

John

Same to you!



So, that's the pre-BayCon issue of 2007. Here's what I'm looking forward to about this year's BayCon...

Everything. The Fanzine Lounge is proving to be a lot of work, but I'm handling it well and with Trey and Barb it'll be so much easier when con rolls around. I'm also hoping for a lot of traffic and there's been a little bit of talk about it in various parts of the LJosphere. I've gotta pick up a bunch of stuff (a Frank Wu art piece to auction and some books) for the silent auction.

I've increased the number of Hugo-nominated zine issues I'll have on display to include six by me. Sadly, it's doubtful I'll have much to pass out of my own stuff. I might get 20 or so copies of either this issue or a Claims Department to pass around, but that's not 100%. We'll have to see.

I'm also looking forward to The Match Game. Last year, both times I



was on the panel, we had a very good turnout. This year, we're a part of the Masquerade half-time, along with a short play. I'm doing the stall tactics required to buy enough time to do all

the set-up. I'm a little worried about how much time I'll have to eat up with schtick, but I can manage. I've had to tap dance before to keep a rowdy crowd at bay, I can do it again.

The panel is one of the best we've ever done. Sadly, no Evil Kevin (Roche) nor Andy, but we've got Esther Friesner (she's a hoot and two-thirds!) and my man, Martin Young. Truly, he's one of the most criminally insane geniuses I've ever met and he'll make great use of the opportunity. There's Doug Berry, who was great the first time we did it at BayCon in 2006, and there's the master of sarcasm (and one of the better players of the actual game) Tom Galloway. Hopefully, I'll be sitting next to the lovely and talented Leigh Ann Hildebrand and we'll get to play our magnificent game of mockery within the regular game.

You know, the most I think about it, the more interested I am in bringing good old fashioned Fannish entertainment into cons. I'd love for us to do a Roast. That'd be a fun thingee, especially if we got the right roastee (and no lookin' at me!). I'd love to do fannish Wait, Wait, Don't Tell Me. That one's probably the easiest to put together. Almost as easy would be Says You, and it would allow for more players to play for the audience. These are all good ideas, each easier to implement than the last!

I want to also give a shout out

to the new kid on the block: From Alien Shores. Jack Avery's newest zine is a visual dream and shows why I consider him one of the best lay-out men in all of fandom. He's flashy and awesome and it fits with his Eastern-flavoured content. I thought it was one of the best-looking zines I've read in ages and the writing was good too! Just all around good stuff from a good guy.

I wanna also thank Miss Bonnie Delight for her picture and the lovely and talented Miss Selina Phanara for her art that I'm using on this page. The front image came from the Science Museum of London and the Collection of the Computer History Museum. Of course, gotta thank Kurt Erichsen for his LoC Header image, and Shelly for the picture of Shelly. Go figure. How weird and Andy Trembley and Espana also get great thanks, as does the alte Gerry Perkins who took photos too.

And that's that. 129 will have

BayCon coverage, as will the next SF/SF. there'll be a lot of stuff in issue 130 and who knows beyond that. I gotta get cracking on the start of This Were WorldCons!

Peace Out!

