

The Drink Tank 214



Just Talkin' 'bout Baycon

The cover and all the photos in this issue are from Martin Guerrero, a fine photographer who I discovered on Facebook who had some lovely shots of Bay-Con, including the one of me on the cover. That one's a keeper.

As you may have heard, and will hear more about in a bit, I had serious bad computer stuff happen. I lost all my art. I'm lucky in that some of it was basically bookmarked and I can go back and find it, but all my stuff from Brad Foster, all my art from Frank over the years, all of the Mo Starkey, Espana Sheriff, even my Bill Rotsler stuff is all gone with the wind. I have a DVD of Ditmar stuff (which reminds me, read the latest Claims Department with all his magical art) and a few things that made it onto a stick or were in one of the uncorrupted eMails that I had saved. As Linda always reminds me, back-up, back-up, back-up. Of course, it could always be a back-up procedure that leads to you losing everything (as has happened before at the museum, which was a cruel irony) but still, you don't worry about the gas tank exploding when you fill up and that happens at least 10 times a year in the US. Think about that!

The hardest part, after losing all that art and the PDFs of hundreds of zines, both mine and others', was the loss of my collected decade of music. From the Rolling Stones to MC Chris, it's all gone. Luckily, friends are coming to the rescue and allowing me to re-rip some of the

best of it. That makes me happy because it means that I'll have some of the most significant 'Chris is having a _____ day' songs back.

This issue? Well, there's John Hertz writing on one of the Grand Old Men of Fandom who left us last year: Jack Speer. There's Frank Wu a couple of times. There's Taral Wayne, with both art and words, and there's the photos of Martin Guerrero. I've also got a little bit in here. In fact, you might have been reading it recently...



Jack Speer (1920-2008) ***by John Hertz*** ***reprinted from Vanamonde 829***

Speer or speir in Scots is "ask". John Bristol Speer had an inquiring mind, a sharp wit, and a pioneering character.

Before his seventh birthday he had read the September 1927 issue of *Amazing*. By 1937 he had built a hectograph. He was a co-founder of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, first apa of fandom – note the conjunction seventy-five years ago of fantasy and science fiction – and at his death the last surviving founder who was still a member.

Speer wrote the first *Fancylopedia* (1944), still unsurpassed, and our first history, *Up to Now* (1939). After FAPA came countless more s-f apas. Comments, in what one contributed to an apa, upon what others had in the previous apa mailing, thus mailing comments, became indispensable; fanzine letters of comment in apas or not became our blood; Speer pioneered the mailing comment. Permuting his name to John A. Bristol, with a different writing style, typewriter, address, and opinions, he created our first hoax.

At Chicon I (World Science Fiction Convention, 1940) he pioneered the home-made music we later called filksinging (a typographical error – not his – that stuck), and the Masquerade cos-

tume competition, in which he was one of two Masters of Ceremonies, himself entered as Buck Rogers, and later in costume on the street outside the hotel was nearly arrested by the police.

He invented quasi-quotation and interlineation. If in fanwriting one's quoting is inexact, whether deliberately or helplessly, one so indicates with quasi-quotation marks: "There is reason to believe he has forgotten nothing he has ever read." If one is so struck by some utterance

On the other hand, it may have been triangular.

that one must publish it out of context for the nourishment of readers – a "lino" – one interlineates it. These practices, like commenting, filking, costuming, flourish today.

At MagiCon ('92 Worldcon, Orlando) Speer in the audience of a fanhistory panel I sat on wore a propeller beanie. He had made his. At Torcon III ('03 Worldcon) he and Art Widner were my roommates.

At Noreascon IV ('04 Worldcon, Boston) he was one of two Fan Guests of Honor. From Elinor & Buz Busby, who knew him in Seattle days, I got four photos of him for an exhibit, sent to the con by overnight courier. He was himself a photographer.

The N4 Souvenir Book included his play Last and First Fen; he did not in-

vent this jocular plural of fan nor allusion to Stapledon's Last and First Men (1930), but he had written famously about numbered fandoms, and his play was in Elizabethan blank verse. The New England S-F Association's NESFA Press published as his GoH Book a collection Fancestral Voices. Giving the Hugo Award for Best Fanzine he showed a mimeograph stencil; "We were robust then"; he said fanzines remained the most distinctive product of the s-f community.

Here in Vanamonde when I mistyped Walt Willis' famous pocsarcd, see H. Warner, Jr., A Wealth of Fable p. 163 (1992), Speer corrected me "Nothing is sacrd." Just before the end he attended Corflu XXV (fanziners' con, named for mimeograph correction fluid; in '08 at Las Vegas), where Widner sang Speer's "A Mighty Fortress is Our Apa", perhaps the first filk.

Born in Oklahoma, during his war service he spent a year in Algeria. Thereafter moving from Washington, D.C., to Washington State, he took a law degree, was an alternate to the 1956 Democratic National Convention, and in 1958 was elected for a term to the Washington House of Representatives. After moving to New Mexico he served two terms as a judge. He was married nearly sixty years until his death; his widow Ruth still energizes.

Willis said he was "one of the few great fans able to synthesize in himself the sercon [serious and constructive] and

the fannish attitudes," H. Warner, Jr., All Our Yesterdays p. 177 (Siclari ed. 2004). Ave atque vale.

The Editor would like to add that Jack Speer is an image that I'll always carry. I was on a panel at LACon IV, with Mike Glycer, Roger Sims and Seth B. on Fannish Hoaxing. In the front row was Jack Speer. Half-way through the panel, Jack put on a fake Sanchez mustache and declared himself under a new name. I laughed a lot. I wish I'd had more time to get to know him...



POST-CREATIVE DEPRESSION Taral Wayne

There is always something a little depressing about finishing a major work of art. The elation of finishing it lasts a short while, and then it sets in that you really don't have anything more to do. What next? You feel like a boat that's lost its mooring, but isn't under sail yet. The tiller swings this way and that, and for a while you have no idea what course to shape.

It was that way with "Off-Trail."

I'd been working on that piece, on and off, for months. It began as a request for a contribution to the 100th mailing of Rowrbrazzle, to fit a quarter page format. I prefer to work at a larger size, of course, but proportioned the image area of an 8 1/2 by 11 sheet to match a 4 1/4 by 5 1/2 panel. The larger size enabled me to go hog-wild with detail, a self-indulgence not merited by the commemoration in any way.

After all... I haven't been a member of Rowrbrazzle since about the 30th. or 32nd. mailing. And how much of the detail I was packing onto the

art would be visible in a size just slightly larger than a pack of cigarettes?

But from the start, I realized I wasn't going to limit the use of this art to Rowrbrazzle's 100th mailing. Something would come along that needed art, and I'd have a good start on it the moment the need appeared.

The need appeared before long. I wanted to do a cover for one of the progress reports being released by Anticipation, this year's worldcon, and "Off-Trail" was the perfect choice.

Colouring the piece was a challenge, insofar as my skills with Photoshop went. Much of the geological detail



in the background was impossible to use the “select” tool with, so had to be airbrushed by hand. Still, nature does tend to be sloppy, so that didn’t amount to much of a problem. The foreground details of Saara and her costume was familiar work. And I had recently discovered how to use the gradient tool, and had no trouble at all with the sky. In fact, the work went a lot smoother and quicker than it had on my previous full colour pieces (“Body Werk” and “Holy Crap”.) (At least it would have, if I hadn’t mixed up the files I was using. I did two or three hours of airbrushing on a file too small for further use, and had had to do it all over again.)

I’d like to say I finished the work under the wire. In fact, I missed my deadline by about two weeks. This was fortunately not too late to submit the work to Anticipation before the PR had to go to the printer. And about a week ago (in late April), Progress Report 4 was released by the con. It looks great... at least I think so.

Now I’m at loose ends again, over the years a place I’ve been in too many years to count. What to do now? It isn’t as though I don’t have a folder full of unfinished work to do. I’ve a couple of jobs to ink for different people, and a number of sketches I want to finish for my own satisfaction. Beyond that there’s much more to do -- such as sample illustrations

for a children’s story I’ve written, so that I can try to sell it. There’s plenty to do. I’m painfully aware of all of it. It just doesn’t seem to affect the way I feel.

The sense of being cast adrift isn’t a rational one. It’s more like post-coital depression, I suppose – a purely physiological/psychological let down after a period of intense effort. It will dispel in a while. One thing or another in my work folder will catch my eye, or a deadline will approach, and I’ll begin working on something else.

To what end? Toward the next

bout of Post-Creative Depression more than likely.

Oops. Just got e-mail from the con. They need some changes to the art so it can be used for their name badge as well. Interesting problem... shrink “Saara” and move her toward the bottom more, and fade the background to maybe 30% opacity... hmm. You’ll excuse me, I’ve got urgent business it seems...





It would seem that I run this same photo every year. A bunch of lovely ladies tethered together. They would roam the party floor, every Sunday of BayCon, and they'd look lovely all over the hotel and people would take hundreds of photos. This year: Steampunk. While this is the same group that had the lovely ships in their hair last year, this year it was hot air balloons. I even ran a photo of them in 2005 from the DoubleTree (I think it's in issue 25 or so)

Interestingly, these were also some of the folks who made the Steampunk convention last year happen, including the woman who handled programming. I don't know them very well personally, but I've spoken with most of them at one point or another and have Facebooked a few of them. I do the exchange smiles thing with almost all of them. Then again, who don't I exchange smiles with?

Sadly, my favourite of this year's outfits, the lass in the photo to the right, is barely visible in the bigger photo. I always enjoy the outfits favourou□

THE ONCE AND FUTURE CAPTAIN

by Frank Wu

Now that the dust has settled, I wanted take a second look at the new “Star Trek” film.

I still love it – we saw it twice on IMAX. Contrast this with “Terminator: Salvation.” Before “TS” came out, we were expecting huge crowds, so we bought tickets in advance for both Friday and Sunday of opening weekend. We were so disgusted after the Friday showing that we skipped Sunday. We happily paid twenty bucks not to have to see it again.

In contrast, “Star Trek” is a great film. Funny, exciting, full of nods to old episodes. But. We are “Star Trek” fans and we nitpick. It’s our way of expressing love.

One nitpick is Kirk on snowbound Delta Vega, being chased by a horrible monster, which is then eaten by a second, larger, horribler monster. Didn’t we see that in “The Phantom Menace”? Indeed, there’s always a bigger fish.

But the thing that really bothered me about the new “Trek” film is Kirk, straight out of the academy, after one heroic mission, being promoted to the captaincy of the newest ship in the fleet. The flagship.

Whoah.

The problem stems from filmmak-

ers making movies about things they know nothing about. This is an increasingly prevalent problem, as we spend less time having adventures and more time watching the movies left behind in the thought records by our ancestors.

Allow me to digress.

The two guys who produced the 1933 version of “King Kong” – Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack – didn’t simply make adventure movies. They actually had adventures first! The jungle thrills and animal fights in “Kong” are drawn from their own experiences. These were tough hombres. Cooper had been a bomber pilot in WWI and a POW – in both German and Russian camps. Both of them had hunted wild animals in Africa, back when it wasn’t easy to get there.

We don’t see the verisimilitude that comes from experience in most modern movies. In the new “Trek” film, young Kirk hangs off a cliff, but there’s no sense of swirling, unpredictable winds. No palpable danger. In the videogame “Prince of Persia,” Elika runs for miles in snow and over rough and splintery wood – barefoot. In the last “Indiana Jones” movie, Indy and friends stand around without flinching or shuttering as com-



puter-generated boulders rain down, inches away. In “Revenge of the Sith,” Anakin and Obi-wan fight around lava pits – but wouldn’t the heat and sulfuric fumes kill them? And during the fire scene in “Quantum of Solace,” there’s nary a thought about smoke inhalation.

Not so in the 1933 “Kong.” The girl – Ann Darrow, played by Fay Wray – doesn’t escape from the jungle with hair still perfectly coiffed. No, she is bruised, beaten, splattered with mud, her dress torn to ribbons. She’d had an adventure! There’s a scene in “Kong” wherein a character – a filmmaker modeled after Schoedsack and Cooper – says that he always handles his own camera. Why? Because once his cameraman was filming a rhinoceros – and it charged them. They missed the shot because the camera guy ran away, even though the director was standing right there with a shotgun. In the film “Chang,” which Cooper and Schoedsack made before “Kong,” there’s a shot of a tiger, its face and fangs filling the screen. How did they get this shot? At the time – 1927 – there was only one way. Cooper let himself be chased up a tree by a wild tiger, filming it inches away.

That’s filmmaking made from experience.

Now let’s return to my quibble about “Star Trek.”

The makers of the new “Trek” allowed the young, inexperienced Kirk to be promoted to Captain of the flagship because... they didn’t know any better.

Gene Roddenberry, before he created the original “Trek,” had been in the military. He had flown combat missions with the U.S. Army Air Corps in World War II, and had survived several plane crashes. The three guys who made the

new “Trek” film – director J.J. Abrams and writers Roberto Orci and Alex Kurtzman – have together zero days of actual military experience. What they so have is everything a lifetime of watching earlier “Star Trek” movies and having TV producers for parents can teach you about the military.

“I watched 8 episodes of Boston Legal before I realised it wasn’t a new Star Track!
~Tracey Jordan on 30 Rock

So... Roddenberry was careful to explore Kirk’s experience before he was allowed to become Captain. In the episode “Obsession,” we learn that 11 years earlier, he was newly minted Lieutenant, fresh out of the academy. He paid his dues. In the book “The Making of Star Trek,” Roddenberry and co-author Stephen Whitfield note that Kirk’s first command was a destroyer-class. Not the flagship.

Before Jean-Luc Picard became Captain of the Enterprise, he was first officer of the old ship “Stargazer.” He took over when his captain was killed, and commanded that overworked, underpowered old junker for 22 years.

Before they give you a battleship, they give you a tugboat. (An exception might be in a time of war with high attrition. In the Civil War, with so many officers slaughtered, inexperienced men were readily promoted above of their years and capabilities – but that’s not

what happened here. Though it would have been an interesting choice to set the first “Star Trek” movie during, say, a Klingon war, so we could kill off lots of officers – just so that Kirk could become captain of the “Enterprise.”)

Of course, with all their movie-watching experience, Abrams et al. weren’t following military tradition – but film tradition. It’s standard operating procedure for a “Trek” movie to end with Kirk becoming Captain of the “Enterprise.” Again and again and again. (See “Star Trek” I, II, IV and now “Star Trek.”)

ADDITIONAL THOUGHT: Of course, I don’t have any military training, either. And not much real-life adventure. Unless you count stomping on that centipede in the bathroom the other day. Or getting lost in the desert fossil-hunting. So... the only things I’m qualified to make movies about are sitting around the living room painting, or maybe writing patent applications about cancer treatments. Booooooring. Let’s go write about stuff blowing up! Can I be Captain?





From Left to Right, Top to Bottom: One of the Balloon Girls, The always dapper RJ, A ribbon wang being weighed and measured, two lovely lasses dancing at the Tempest concert!

Letter Graded Mail

sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers

Among the other things I lost, I lost all the LoCs on I had gathered. If you were one of those who sent one, please send them again (it's looking like issue 217 will be a LoC issue). I did manage to find Lloyd Penney's LoC on his LJ!

Dear Chris:

I'm on a roll, don't stop me now... I've been writing loc after loc all day in an effort to catch up, and it's working. Here's some smartass remarks on The Drink Tank 213.

I hear that train a-comin'...

Great cover art, and striking colours, too. Must be some DeviantArt treasure you've uncovered? Great illos elsewhere in the issue. Very Victorian and steamy and such.

I lost it, along with all my other art. It's one that cousin Claire got for me. I'm no tsure where she found it.

I think I would have liked the Eaton Conference. I haven't read a lot of Jules Verne...I'm much more up on Conan Doyle and Wells. I've heard of many complaints about the past translations of Verne's work, and some people, as they might do with manga, learn the original language so they can get the original meaning. I'm glad the Eaton is embracing fandom the way they are, and getting out into the community. They



were supposed to be at Corflu Zed, although I don't recall hearing anything specific about their presence there. ***I heard a lllittle bit of Welles bashing at the conference, which is kinda to be expected. I like Conan Doyle, though I have to admit that I'm a Clark Ashton Smith guy more than***

A serious steampunk presence at the conference? Yes, I would have liked it. Captain Nemo did have technology at hand that would have far outstripped anyone else in that era. There have been similar conferences held in Toronto in the past, but they have been small, literate to the point of being stuffy, and fandom

has been told that they aren't welcome. I have told our local SF con that I'd like to see the brothers Benford at Ad Astra... science and science fiction, great combination, but no luck on my part.

I'd say it was a serious academic conference, but it was shockingly un-stuffy. Yeah, there were paper presentations, but it wasn't nearly as dry as many of the literary conferences I've been to. Maybe not the kind of things most fen would enjoy, but a lot of fun.

The Canuck session? What happened there? No matter...

Three Canadians in a single session. It was weird...

All done...sounds like the people there were as good as the event, if not better. There is a steampunk event tomorrow in downtown Toronto, but we will not be participating in it. The organizer expects that we will all show up in full costume at the St. Lawrence Market (weekend market, lots of all foods, most big cities have them), and then walk up to the Allan Gardens. Sounds good in theory, but I have found out the hard way that if you show up in public in some kind of costume, you present yourself as a target to just about anyone. Walking up the sidewalk of one of the major downtown streets? Even more so. And the Allan Gardens is a panhandler's hang-out...no thanks, guys, I wish you luck, but I am not going to endanger myself or Yvonne, and expose myself to the more dangerous citizens of this city. I'd prefer

a controlled event, like some kind of tea party or social in a hotel environment. Safer for all involved.

All done, and rant is over. Have a good weekend! It's a long one for us here, the Victoria Day weekend. Perfect for something steampunk, but not the event above. See ya!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.
And of course, I thank you much. I think this proves just how useful your LJ is for those of us FanEds!

And now, Lloyd Penney on Issue 215 (the issue after this one!), plus the Westercon 2008 zine and the Baycon 2009 Fanzine Liars!

Dear Chris:

Is the computer crash bad? Are you still waiting for someone to come and recover your files, or is everything back up and running? I thought I might wait for 214 to come out, but instead, here are comments on The Drink Tank 215, plus the single (malt) zines from Baycon and Westercon. *And people thought that the Westercon zine would never see the light of day...*



215...Sounds like the files lost are serious, but I am sure that most people would send you their files again, or have them in places where you could get the files again. Take what you need of my LiveJournal, and I will be working on

getting some more Tales From the Convention! out to the zines at large. Aren't memory sticks great? Yvonne got me a 4Gb USB drive a couple of years ago, and now 16Gb and 32 Gb drives are available. With the benefits of flash memory, I've see 500Gb flash drives available, and we might invest the money. I could back up my entire system on one of those.

A few of the files that stuck around were on a memory stick (8g) but it has troubles interacting with my Mac and PC. It's a shame, but it'll teach me my lesson.

Kevin's Pants...is the rabbit performing Hamlet? Las Vegas is a great place to be, but it's a heckuva walk. Fremont Street is truly entertaining, and sometimes rough on the eyes. It's a shame about Seattle having to withdraw from 2011... they've had some very bad luck. After imbibing, any three unrelated foods would taste good. After more imbibing,

anything you might put in your mouth, food or not, would taste good.

I love Vegas. I love Vegas fandom even more. I wish I'd had time to see Arnie and folks like John Hertz did, but alas, it was not meant to be.

Westercon in Las Vegas...we've all gotten so many zines from Arnie Katz, we might not realize there are other fans in Vegas, too. Woody Bernardi is back in Vegas? Not connected with the Vegrants any more? We all choose what parts of fandom we want to be a part of, but that shouldn't give us the right to diss what others like. Leigh Ann likes patchouli? I know Yvonne does... The fannish Match Game wreaked havoc once again, the delight of the people in the audience, no doubt.

I think Woody came back just for the con. I don't think Leigh Ann likes patchoulli, but I'll ask! I loved the Match Games we did at Westercon. Jason Schachat was really good on the panel.

Liars! The Journal of Lies...Liars, liars, Kevin's Pants on fire! If John Scalzi gets any more fan Hugos, we might all drop them altogether, and stick with the FAAn Awards. And if we do that, much of fanzine fandom might wash their hands of them, and come up with some other awards. Just Tape Some Bacon To It... what did James do in that issue? ***I am going to have to tell Mr. Scalzi that he should start teh zine and have the first issue be paper only with a picture of James taped to the cover.***

Looking for more steampunk, Mr. G...we got our steamy dose at Anime North this past weekend, and had a great time. I was the railway conductor, and

Yvonne was the airship pilot. And, I am finally going through Phil Foglio's Girl Genius...great stuff!

As always, I must say that Girl Genius is brilliant and I think it'll bring another Hugo to a hugely deserving winner. I voted for it.

I got a cute redhead for MY 30th birthday...I get her for every birthday! And, I will be turning 50 on June 2, and I will still get that cute redhead! (Yvonne. Who did you think I meant?)

Congrats, you lucky devil!

Kirk...this convention is swarming with Klingons! They're all wearing flesh-coloured turtles on their heads, and car floor mats on their shoulders, and they are all TALL! And how many trilobites can fit on a CD? I gathered that Mercedes Lackey and Larry Flint were ill just before the convention. Afterwards, I heard of con crud complaints, so maybe they made the right decision. Are we all con crud carriers?

A trilobyte to a CD. That's the measurer!

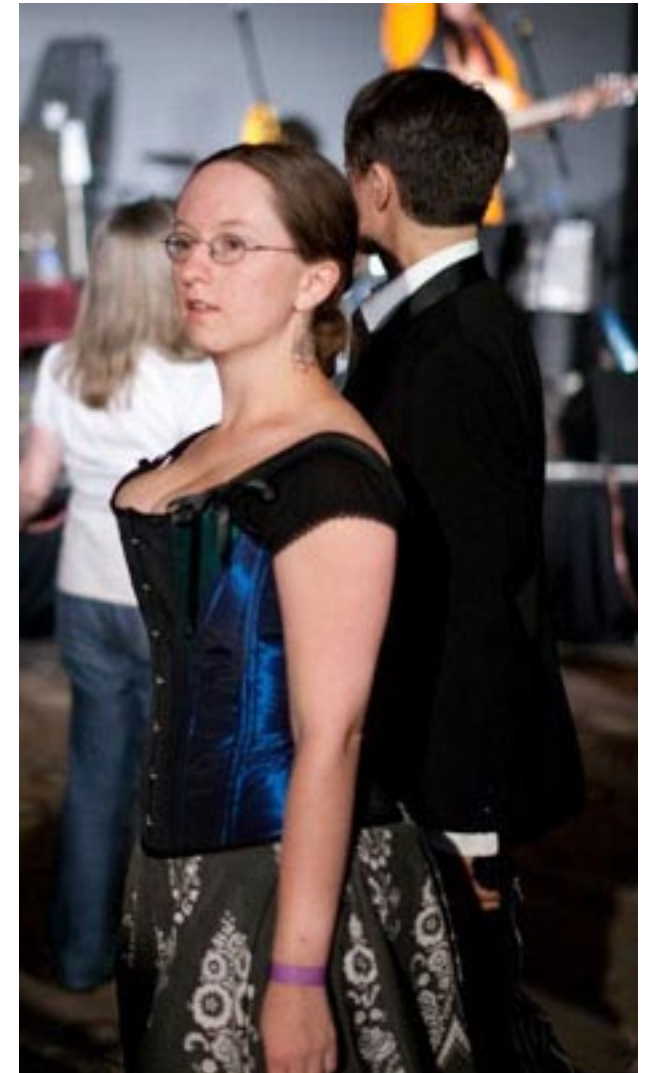
I thought Dave Langford used all his Hugo Awards to make a silvery picket fence for his front yard? Yup, everything in this Drunkzine lounge is extremely fan. Just for the record, Moxie is a warrior's drink. It's not carbonated prune juice, but it does taste like it.

I think it tastes more like cough medicine, but I do love it. Did I get through everything? Well, if you can do it, so can I. Good luck reconstituting

issue 214, and it will get a more coherent loc than this one when it arrives. See you and it then!

As you can see, I've done what I could, but the original was much better. I do like that BayCon photos, though. Martin did a great job with them!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



And, of course, Frank Wu gets the final word of the issue with his little piece written after I mentioned that I'd lost all my stuff.

LOSS

Chris Garcia has emailed me, telling me he's had a computer meltdown. Massive. Everything wiped clean. OS obliterated. Files gone, even (gasp!) "Drink Tank" material. Probably a nasty virus, maybe some sort of computerized dancing pig or swine flu.

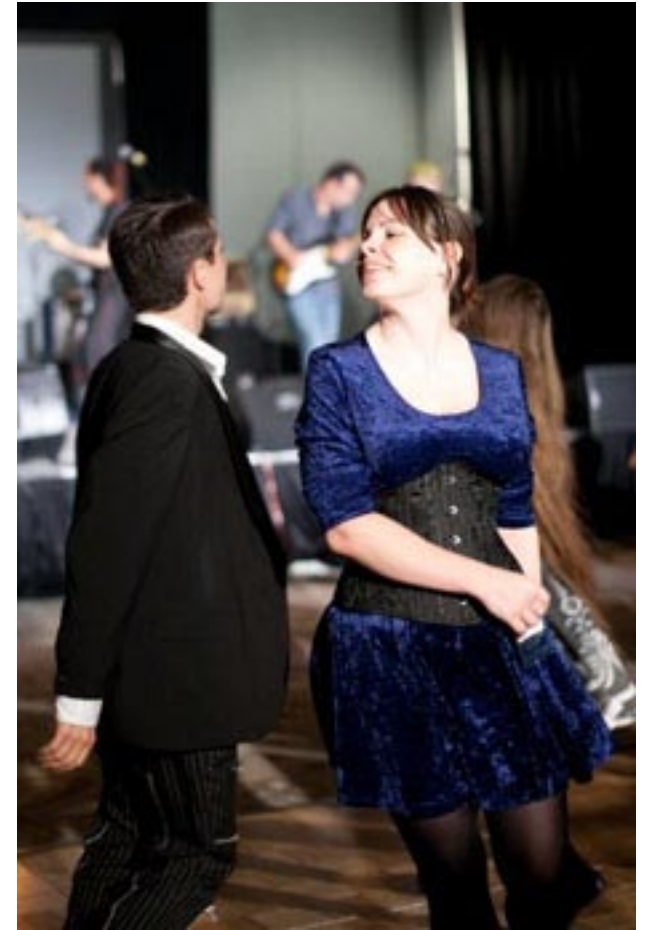


So I thought I'd send him a short article to help replenish his coffers of "Drink Tank" files.

His story made me think a lot about loss.

One way to cope with devastating loss is to put it in perspective. Loss of your computer files is bad. But not as bad as, say, having your brain emptied by a Klingon mind sifter (or, turned all the way up, mind ripper). Or as bad as the end of human dominance on this planet as we are replaced by our telepathic - and telegenic - children. Nope, a computer meltdown is insignificant compared to, say, the loss of all iron. Oh boy, the catalytically-driven atomic disintegration of all the iron on this planet - iron that's vital for oxygen transport, muscle function and DNA biosynthesis - would kill everything and everyone and generate 10,000,000,000 foot-pounds of energy per gram, reducing the world to a lifeless, burnt-out gray husk (according to Alfred Bester in "Adam and No Eve"). Definitely worse than a computer meltdown. As, is, say, the heat death of the universe and the ineluctible workings of the second law of thermodynamics (as in Asimov's "The Last Question"). Or the ancient cosmos dying, losing all coherence and cohesion - everything we know and love bit by bit winking out of existence. Except maybe Santa Claus (as in Greg van Eekhout's "In the Late December"). Yup, worse than some lost files.

So many of the stories we tell are



about loss.

Lost love, lost horizons, lost fame and fortune, loss chances at redemption. I suppose the biggest loss, though, is loss of human empathy for suffering.

And so I say, Sorry, Chris, about your computer. Really sorry. Those files must have meant a lot to you - you must have spent a lot of time and heart on them, and it's a crappy time economically to have to buy a new machine. That really sucks, dude. My condolences. Frank