



The Drink Tank 219

Why yes, that's a Ditmar cover! I love it, and Evelyn had one of her all-time great quotes about it: it's ladybugs on a Morrissey strip! I nearly burst a blood vessel after she said that. Also, I should change the CD in my car...

This issue is dedicated to the staff of Trepidation, the 2009 Bittercon. It's being held at the Hyatt Regency in San Francisco on Friday, the 31st of July, 2009. Jason Schachat, Drink Tank contributor/filmmaker/FAAn Award vote getter, will be the Fan GoH and the Writer GoH is known as Tobe Announced. You can read more about it at www.trepidation2009.com.

Did I also mention that they put all this together in less than a week, that is to say that they started on Friday and the con is the following Friday? It's amazing. Look at their website: it's fantastic! It's better than most con websites where they have things like budgets and people and time! It goes to show that you can always put together awesomeness by simply having bizarre people do bizarre stuff! It's all a part of the grand tapestry.

I've had a lot of changes in my WorldCon schedule, with the two biggest being dropped from what I count as three panels (the Young People's panel with Warren Buff, the Computer History panel and the one with Flick) and had the Technobabble Quiz turned over to Monday at 12:30. It's a better sched, though.

This issue has a tribute from Taral Wayne, a piece from Lee Lavell, Mo Starkey and Ditmar art and LoCs!



Phyllis Gotlieb, 1926 – 2009 ***Taral Wayne***

I only heard it yesterday. A very old friend had died. She was 83, so it was no surprise in the cosmic sense, and yet, as usual it was completely unexpected.

I met Phyllis Gotlieb sometime in the mid '70s. The local SF club had started a writers' workshop, and we invited Phyllis to supervise the first meeting.

She was a natural choice. Until that time, Phyllis was virtually the only living author of science fiction in Canada. There had been a few old pulp writers, mostly buried and forgotten. A.E. Van Vogt had been

born in the Canadian west, but had moved to the United States, and was better known as an "American" writer. Writers like Spider Robinson and Guy Gavriel Kay had not yet moved to Canada. Donald Kingsbury, Tanya Huff, Elizabeth Vonarburg, Charles de Lint, Nalo Hopkinson, Robert J. Sawyer and Robert Charles Wilson all lay in the future.

But for more than twenty years, Phyllis Gotlieb and Canadian SF were all but synonymous. As a younger woman, she had been first among Canadian poets. Then in 1964 she wrote her first science fiction novel, *Sunburst*. It became a classic among those who knew their genre, and it stood alongside a body of magazine stories written to the same high standard. We were flattered to have her attend our piddling little writers' workshop.

Unfortunately, we frittered away the privilege. We had a few more workshop meetings, but it was plain that almost no-one was working between them. What little was being brought for reading was wretched. One of our group clearly had issues to resolve, and never failed to have a few pages of disturbingly violent and angry prose to share. The only other participant who took the workshop seriously wrote at a grade three level. The rest of us had discovered fanzines, and were distracted by writing for egoboo, rather than for the remote possibility of professional publication someday. We discretely stopped asking Phyllis to attend, and the workshops no longer appeared in the club schedule.

That might have been the end of our acquaintance, but I stayed in touch with Phyllis for reasons that are no longer clear.

It might have been because I was OSFiC secretary, and it was up to me to keep in touch officially. It got to be a pleasant duty that I continued even when I gave up responsibility for the club newsletters.

During the years after the workshop, Phyllis seemed to overcome some internal inertia. Her first new full length work since the 60s was “O, Master Caliban,” published in 1976. She wrote “Heart of Red Iron,” as a sequel in 1989. In 1998 Phyllis began a new series with “Flesh and Gold,” finishing it with “Violent Stars” the year after. “Mindworlds” followed in 2002, and her last novel,

“Birthstones,” was published in 2007. And that was all, unfortunately. Even though she had reduced the wait between her novels significantly, Phyllis was always a perfectionist as a writer, and perfection is a slow process.

There were two collections of Phyllis’s short stories that helped make up for the long waits between novels. “Son of the Morning and Other Stories” (1983) was a mass market paperback original, and brought most of her best short work to readers for the first time since their magazine publications. In 1995, Tesseract Books brought a number of other short stories to a smaller audience. “Blue Apes” appeared in both a paperback and hard bound edition.

(A good collection of Phyllis’ work ought to include a copy of “Works,” her 1978 one-volume collection of poetry as well. And perhaps “Tesseracts 2,” the one anthology she co-edited.)



By the time Phyllis wrote her third novel, she was no longer the only SF writer in the country. Nor perhaps the most prominent. New names appeared regularly through the 80’s and 90’s, more than one of the newcomers rising to real prominence by any measure. But Phyllis was recognized by one and all as the Godmother of SF in Canada. She was repeatedly honored in that role. Her skill was a inspiration to all, and her efforts to help fledgling writers were appreciated universally.

Of course, I was not one of her more likely bets. Phyllis never lost faith in me, despite years in which I messed around in fandom and was un-able to make a real foothold as a professional illustrator. She encouraged me, gave aid when needed, and was a good friend regardless of unpromising returns on her investment.

Phyllis passed away about a week before I heard the news from Bob (Robert

Charles) Wilson. He thought I knew. Sadly no, but who would have thought to inform me? Bob had read that the cause of death was complications due to a ruptured appendix. It’s all the more tragic because it sounds so routine. Surely modern medicine can mop up some infected leakage? But it doesn’t take very much to stop the clock on a life that’s in its 80’s.

The last time I saw Phyllis was at her 80th. birthday party. I brought a friend and introduced him. We spoke a little to the family, her husband Calvin (who I knew slightly), and helped myself to the buffet. Phyllis sat in the middle

of the community room, and spoke with everyone as they passed by. But after what seemed only a short time, she was fatigued and went upstairs to rest. My friend and I stayed a while longer, and left also. It’s hard to believe it was three years ago and not just last year.

After the party, we continued to talk on the phone from time to time. Sometimes I’d e-mail her this or that article I’d written, for her comments. For weeks, now, I’d been thinking I should make another call. I had been putting it off, and putting it off, since Phyllis could only talk on the phone for a few minutes, before tiring. Now, as you always do, I kick myself for not making the effort.

The irony, the sickeningly unfunny twist in the tale, is that this year I might finally have rewarded Phyllis’s faith in me. Although I’ve been several times on the ballot for best fanartist, the Hugo has remained elusive. This year, at Anticipation, I’m

rather hopeful that things will go differently. Being the fan Guest of Honour is an advantage I'm not reluctant to flaunt, and there's encouraging buzz in fandom that this is "my" year. I may finally come home with one of the silver rockets. Phyllis would have been proud of me. Unfortunately... if the outcome is all I could hope for, it still comes too late to phone her with the happy news.

I'll feel as though I'd let Phyllis down despite everything.

Still, she didn't doubt me for one minute before, so perhaps the Hugo would only be an anticlimax anyway.

Thank you, Phyllis, thank you.



No Man is an Island but I May Very Well Be a Peninsula

by Lee Anne Lavell

I will need to make some explanations before I get into the body of this. First of all, I am writing this in mid July, 2009. Secondly, it is important to understand exactly where I live.

I reside in Indianapolis which is in Marion County, Indiana. My house is located on the far east side, 1/4 of a mile from the Marion – Hancock line, which is marked by Carroll Road. The street upon which I live, Muessing Rd, runs north-south, with the south border being Prospect Street and the north being Washington Street (also known as US40 or the old National Road.). To the south, Muessing jogs a bit to the east then continues on to the South to road 52. To the north Muessing enters the small town of Cumberland, continues across Washington St. for about ten blocks, then becomes Cumberland Road.

From Washington St. there are two entrances to go south on Muessing. One block west of the Muessing stoplight is Munsie Street, which is a one way south for about a block and will lead directly into Muessing from there. The Muessing stoplight is another matter. If one turns south there you go one block and then you face an arrow pointing left. Muessing is to the right. I have no idea why the arrow is there but it confuses the hell out of people who want to get to Muessing and really need to turn right for one block. There is one thing more thing that one needs to know about my stretch of

Muessing. Since much of it borders a creek heavy rains will flood out certain areas (although not near my house which is up on a hill).

Washington Street is fairly commercial in area with shopping centers, restaurants, supermarkets and all the rest. Prospect is residential with a couple of schools and a park.

Going west on Prospect from Muessing, the next street, German Church, is about 3/4 of a mile away. Another mile west is Mitthoffer Road, and the next mile west is Post Road. Those streets all run north to Washington St. and then continue on north for some distance.

Therefore my usual access to civilization are these north-south roads, either going straight north on Muessing or going west on Prospect to one of these other roads.

Now down to the body of this thing after the above long and turgid explanation. Last year road improvements began along Washington St., but these did not affect me strongly as they were mostly beyond Mitthoffer and did not greatly impact my driving. This year that has changed. A lot of the construction has now moved further east to the Hancock County line and Carroll Rd. In early Spring the work was mostly on the north side of the street and so, outside of making me dodge around barriers and face slowed down traffic because of lane closures it didn't bother me much (although did it cause one accident where a worker managed to get his head in the way of a bulldozer).

In June, though, things started to get

nasty. Suddenly Mitthoffer was closed on the south side while they reconstructed the complete intersection. My bank is on the corner of Cherry Tree Shopping Center, right at the intersection. OK. I could cope with that. Just drive a bit further and enter the shopping center further west and come around to the entrance of my bank that way. All this was to be finished by July 7. Not too bad. Just have to remember I can't get to Washington St. via Mitthoffer. I can always take German Church or Post Road.

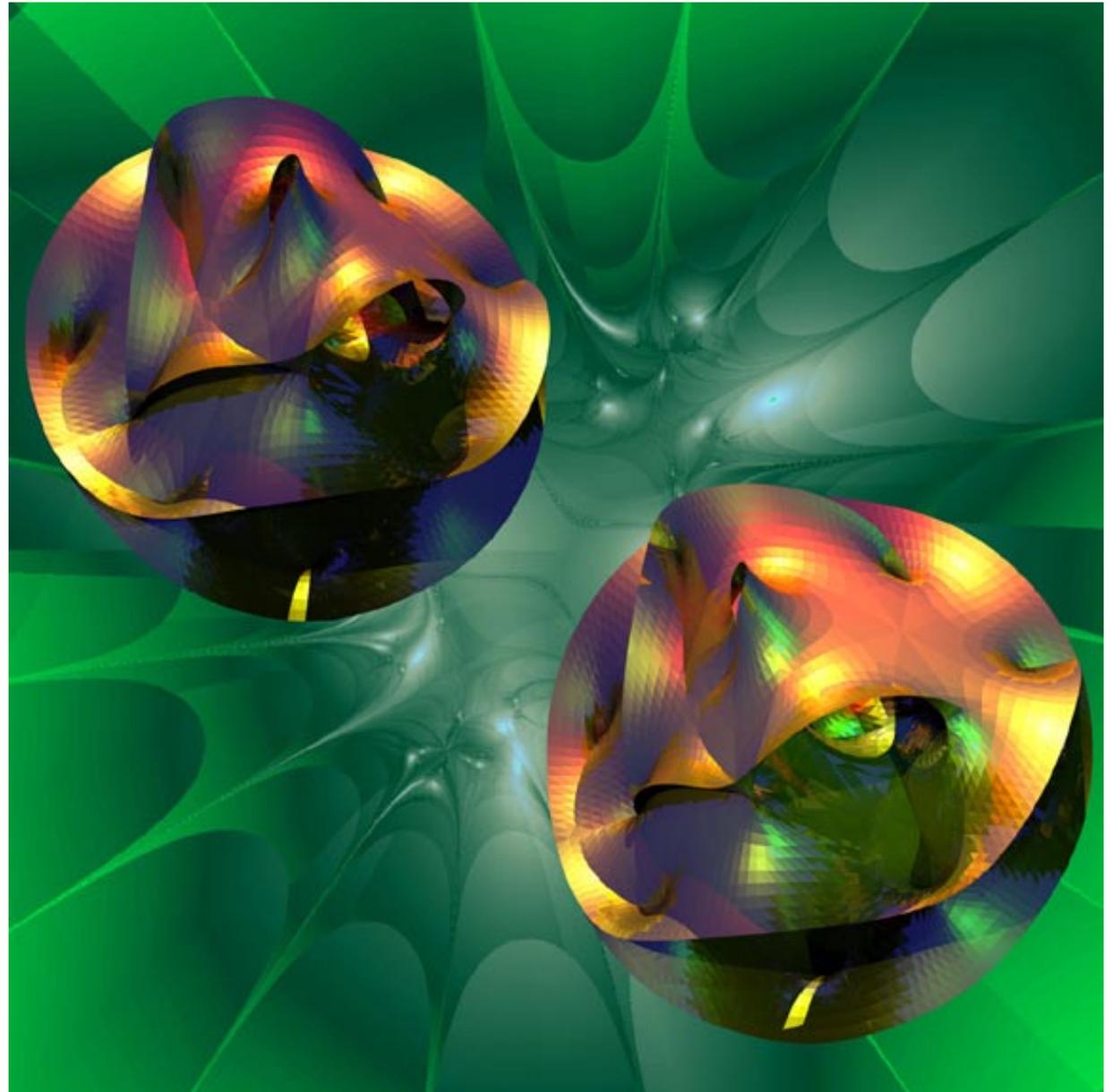
However, at the beginning of July a sign went up on Prospect saying it would be closed beyond German Church for no stated number of miles from July 7 for a month. Just great. Now I can go north on Mitthoffer except I can't get to Mitthoffer, or to Post Road for that matter, via Prospect. I could go north on German Church and Muessing so I still had a couple of ways out.

Sure. That would be too easy. They have started work on the south side of Washington Street. Suddenly everything is a mess there. The intersections to Muessing and Munsie are all torn up. Sometimes you can get through and at other times barricades are up. Carroll, on the county line, also has the same problem. There are also a couple of small side streets into Cumberland that are messed up. It is an adventure, sometimes futile to go north that way.

Ah, but at least I still have German Church as an escape route...until they start tearing that up. A few days ago I was planning to go north on German Church beyond Washington, but when I got there I found there was work going

on there too and it was blocked. Had to go west to Mitthoffer and go north that way. That bit of work seems to over with, I believe. However, if things continue this way, pretty soon I am going to have to go

all the way south to road 52 in order to find a way north—that is, there isn't construction go



Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by our Gentle Readers

Let us begin with Lee Anne Lavell!

Greetings,

I found issue 218 of The Drink Tank particularly interesting.

My WorldCon Schedule: Geez, Chris, how will you find time just to enjoy the con itself, what with all the things you will be participating in. And don't some of these things conflict with each other, like the Hugo Awards thing and the Lost panel? I hope you have all the timing figured out! Presently I am not into the con thing any more, although I did drop into a Midwescon for a few hours a couple of years ago. I sort of lost interest in cons when even the "small" ones got so big. That's just me, though.

They fixed most of it and I'm not runnign around from A-to-B so much anymore, but I'm still excited!

Harold Lloyd: I had just finished Steven Silver's article on Mabel Normand in Askance so I immediately turned to his essay on Lloyd. I enjoyed this entry into the series a great deal. However, I wish he had touched on how the injury to Lloyd's hand had impacted his performances, especially considering the stunts he did.

I met his Daughter and Granddaughter at Cinequest a few years ago where they showed Safety Last. Lloyd was the greatest of the Silent Comedians (well, Bunny and Langdon and Keaton all come close) and

is also the one who is least revered (that honor goes to a chap named Chaplin, with Keaton on his tail)

Piracy on the High CD's: I've no experience with pirated movies and after reading Taral Wayne's article I don't think I care to.

Now for a bit of quibbling: Although in general the physical appearance of The Drink Tank has improved dramatically from its rather chaotic beginnings to its greater organization of today, you still need to work on your proofreading. (Sorry, Chris, but that is part of an editor's job.) The dropped or repeated words and/or phrases, as well as misspelled words are disturbing to the flow of the writing and therefore to the enjoyment of

the contribution.

I rarely call myself an Editor. I prefer Chairman. See, a name change will over all manner of sins. I'm terrible at things like Grammar and especially spelling. I've not got the eyes, as folks around here tend to say. I'm no good at editing, and I guess I have to accept that as the guy who does the King of the Crudzines.

All in all, though, I really enjoyed this issue. Have fun at the WorldCon!

Cheers.....Lee Anne Lavell
Thanks much for writing in! Always good to hear from ya!



And now...Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

Two issues behind again. Things have been a little crazy here because we're getting ready for Polaris, the local media SF convention, 3000+ people expected, and the only guest I recognize is Matt Frewer. M-M-M-Max! Looking forward to a party weekend, but until that arrives, here's a loc on The Drink Tank 216 and 217.

I love Matt Frewer. He sometimes get pigeon-holed in his role as maniac wisdeguy. I thought he did a good job as Moloch in Watchmen.

216...Oooo, that's an eeee-vil parrot on the cover. Beautiful plumage, but eeee-vil. Being in a cage for a long time will do that to any-

one, I imagine.

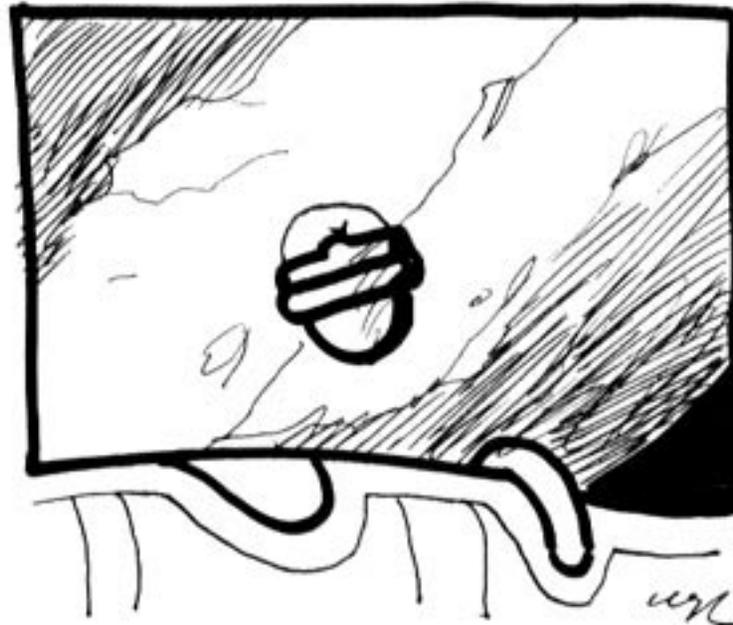
Another winner from Genevieve. She's top of the pops to me!

Wow, John got way behind. Good for you, Herr Doktor Professor Purcell! I have utterly failed to care about the Oscars for quite some time, unless of course one of the rare movies I've actually seen and enjoyed gets some recognition. Wall-E has gotten some trophies; might get another in Montreal.

It's always hard to play catch-up. I gotta work on getting back into the LoC swing of things. Wall-E got an Oscar or two and it got a number of other awards. I think it's a very strong film.

I have been told by those in the know that Yvonne and I will be presenting a Hugo. I believe it will be Best Fan Writer, which means that we'll be up on stage early. Might go to Taral, with all the writing and artistry that's been in fanzines these days. I'd like to see John Hertz win some year. Maybe Reno? In a week or so comes the sixth Harry Potter movie, and I am cruising through the sixth book right now. With luck, I will finish reading it as I head off to see the film.

He's not on the ballot for Best Fan Writer (Lee Hoffman is the only one who's been on both Fan Artist and Fan Writer ballots, though Frank Wu came within 2 votes of it last year) though I'm betting he came close. I'd like to see John win too. If I can



get on the ballot, I might have a shot at Reno, but not before (and probably not after unless they have a BArea WorldCon.)

With the computer problems we had in early June, we now have about 250Gb of backup space. I must learn a little bit more about backups, and this may never happen again. Yeah, right... Great news from Leigh Ann! And she is looking forward to coming up and doing something fanzinish in Montreal. (I'll jump ahead to something I read on your LJ...tell me lots more about this Steampunk zine you want to do. I am connected with a number of groups, who may be able to get you lots of material.)

I must agree with Dan Kimmel, there's a number of good movies come out in the past year or so, but Wall-E is the best for me. It's warning and upbeat and fun and a beautiful sight to see. And, its various messages are vital and important today, too. And I know of what Taral speaks, for I have to have a cataract removed, and I think I will wait until all of this year's conventions are done, and I am back to work of some kind.

I'm always glad to have the vision of Dan Kimmel in my pages, especially since some of my friends from Emerson had him and he was among their fave profs.

217...I think we've all liked to make movies, or have at least some involvement in making of a movie. That may be one of the reasons behind getting some voicework done.

Had some more lately, and there may be more shortly. I met up with one woman who is not only doing voicework here and there, but also starting up her own agency. If her promises come about, I may be doing some anime and video game voicework. We'll see what happens here.

I'd love to just more voice work! Its a field where you can break in a little more easily than actual on-screen acting, but it's still not an easy road.

His later life was gaudy, so it's no surprise that the news of his death and his memorial were even more gaudy. Sigh...all those performers, talented or not, who wanted to show some respect, and wound up make the whole show a bizarre musical, fully intent on

giving themselves a little more exposure and publicity. MJ is dead, and please, please, everyone, let him lie in peace.

Perhaps I am one of those freaks, but I've looked all all the details of his trials on The Smoking Gun.

It is late Thursday here, and tomorrow is one of the big local cons here, Polaris 23. We'll have our own table, a great room, access to two swimming pools, and a family reunion of all those who didn't come down to Ad Astra this past spring. I've had so little time for writing lately because of preps for this convention, and as you can see from some e-mails, I am finally getting somewhere with the fanzine lounge. In about five weeks or so, it will be time for Worldcon in Mon-

treal, and I am looking forward to seeing you and Linda and Leigh Ann and Jean and the bunch from the Bay. It will be a pleasure to see you all, and no matter what, we will have the best of times. Bring it on, I can handle it. See you then!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Sadly, no Jean or Espana this year at WorldCon, but Leigh Ann, Jason Schachat, The Lovely and Talented Linda, me and various others will be haunting the Convention Center. We'll be the ones having the good time!

OK, let's put this one to bed. I'm hoping to have one more issue before WorldCon, but if I don't manage, it'll be good to run into y'all at the con and I'll have issues of Exhibition Hall and various other things for folks. Also, the TAFF Scarf will be on auction at 5:30 on Saturday. I can not wait to see it all come to an end. A year of build-up, of writing about it, of getting photos. It's like the baby bird leaving the nest. Fly away, noble scarf. Fly away to your new home!

The next issue already has a couple of piece in for it and I'm sure I'll have something to say about the 400 square foot challenge, but you'll have to wait. Let's just say it's not just architects who are going to be having fun with this one!

I wanna thank Taral, Lee Anne, Mo and Ditmar, along with the late great Bill Rotsler!

