



Drink Drink 385

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## NEVER SCENE IN COLOUR 7 TARAL WAYNE

If you've ever seen *The Rocketeer*, you may share my fondness for this light weight evocation of 1930s aviation, with its background of growing menace from the Third Reich. It was a film that seemed far to short, to me. The 108-minute running time was barely long enough for the hero, Cliff Secord, to discover the rocket pack, learn to fly with it and become involved in movie star, Neville St. Clair's dastardly plot to steal the invention for Hitler.

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**EDITORS - JAMES, VANESSA, CHRIS**



*“When I first saw my future girlfriend, I was struck so hard, I couldn’t think straight. We were walking out after The Rocketeer and I literally ran across the lobby as she was walking out, tapped her on the shoulder and said “You’re actually more beautiful than Jennifer Connelly was in the movie.” Her response - “Sadly, no. No woman has ever been that beautiful.””*

*Chris on meeting his first real girlfriend, Jen*

The movie is full of pop cult references and odd performances. For instance, the Bee-Gee Z racing plane flown by Cliff at the beginning of the film was a flying replica of the famous 1931 Thompson Trophy winner, privately made, that was leased for the film. During the action, the original “Hollywoodland” sign that sat on the Hollywood Hills was partially destroyed, creating the shortened “Hollywood” sign we are familiar with today. (In reality, the “wood” part of the sign was simply removed by the Chamber of Commerce.) Neville St. Clair is a direct nod to Errol Flynn Jr., who in a notorious biography had been accused by the author of being a Nazi spy ... among other things. The fictional actor’s home appears to be none other than a genuine Frank Lloyd Wright creation, the Samuel Freeman House, located in the Hollywood Hills. One other “screen capture” I have to mention is Howard Hughes, as the patriotic industrialist who wants to build the rocket pack for America. One can almost forget to follow the story while busy looking for authentic colour.

Pity the film didn’t do well in the box office. As a comic book adaptation, it was ahead of its time, perhaps. Now that Marvel has only to fart out a new superhero flick and make a half-billion dollars, easy-peasy, there is a slim chance of a sequel or reboot of The Rocketeer.

However, I was talking about the art, or at least I was supposed to be. I drew this take on one of The Rocketeer’s posters, but after so many years I’ve actually forgotten who asked me to do it, and why! I only coloured the work some time later, and did a rather hurried job of it, as the “textured” quality attests. When I scanned the coloured art at a much later date, I used Photoshop airbrush tool to smooth out some of the worst of the graininess. Now that digitally perfect rendering is so commonplace, I actually like the textured quality of this piece now!

The handgun is an 1896 “Broomhandle” Mauser, semi-automatic pistol, as used in the film. It is one of the quintessentially “Nazi” weapons, along with the “Luger” and “Schmeisser.” I suppose it is characteristic that not one of them is known by their correct names. The Mauser was not even standard army issue in WWII, having become obsolete. One of the amusing moments in The Rocketeer that few will have noticed was when Cliff “cocks” the pistol while under cover, by pulling back on the knurled grip just under the hammer. A few seconds later, having decided that this wasn’t heroic enough, he

strikes an exposed pose and does it again! All this would accomplish is to eject a perfectly good, unfired round, and load a second one. Mere waste.

To draw the Hindenberg – called the Luxembourg in the film – I used a small plastic model in my possession. It was a premium that came with a large pack of Life-Savers rolls, and was the only affordable replica of the famous dirigible that I ever came across. That the LZ129 visited the West coast on a clandestine visit seems hardly plausible, but given the premise, it must date The Rocketeer to prior to the destruction of the craft in New Jersey in May 1937. This is entirely consistent with the 1931 date of the Gee Bee flyer.

The costume I've drawn my hero in is a close copy of Cliff's, of course. Only the pants and jack boots have been altered to fit non-human legs. The character is one of my "extee" creations, a Teh Langgi, who have gloriously bushy tails and walk on their toes.

At first, I experimented with brighter logos, but once I settled on a Germanic blackface font, it became increasingly obvious that I wanted something menacing. I selected a dark fill for the letters and outlined it with subdued red. I think Der Fuhrer would have approved.





## LOSCON 39 TRIP REPORT

### A CROSS- CONTINENT VISIT TO LOSCON BY LLOYD PENNEY

To start...let's set the Wayback Machine to 2001, and Yvonne and I were attending the Millennium Philcon, the Worldcon in Philadelphia that year. We were at loose ends bid committee-wise, we wanted to see who we might want to work with, and there was a relatively new bid from Los Angeles fandom to bring Worldcon back for 2006. We had attended L.A.con II back in 1984, and thought that returning to the West Coast for L.A.con IV would be a good idea, so we volunteered our services to the committee (and to Craig Miller, IIRC) to be their Canadian agents. It took a bit of discussion, but eventually, we two strangers were added to the committee.

Over the years, we were able to handle cheques, cash, and financial instruments we'd rarely seen before, in a number of currencies for L.A.con, and when it was time for Torcon 3 in 2003, we assisted with layout and equipment for the final big parties before the vote. We were agents right up to the time of L.A.con IV in 2006, and I think we did a good job for the committee.

And now some years after that...reset to 2010, and we are contacted by Christian McGuire. Would you like to be the fan Guests of Honour (note spelling for later) at Loscon 39 on the US Thanksgiving weekend in 2012? Of course we were...amazed, honoured, surprised, slightly embarrassed...why? Why us? We'd been considered for some years, something to do with being Canadian agents for Worldcon years ago, and we were voted in. Congratulations!, and now, you must be quiet about this for the next year and a half. That was awfully tough, but we did it. And then, it was time to actually plan for our trip!

We booked our own flights to LA so we could pick the schedule we wanted to have. The committee agreed that we could fly into LAX the Wednesday before the convention, and leave the Monday morning after, and that is exactly what we did. We also thought about where we wanted to go in LA... we wanted to go to the Proud Bird Restaurant, the California Science Center to see a shuttle if possible, and yes indeed, the LA County Coroners' Department offices.

After lots of waiting, it was time! We were off to the nearby Lester B. Pearson International Airport in

Toronto, an early flight, 5 hours in length and nothing to really report except that it was a full flight, and a little tight on shoulder space for everyone. I spent that entire time tilted to one side. We arrived early in the morning at LAX, shuttled ourselves to the hotel because it was so close, and we checked ourselves in to the LAX Marriott, and we found ourselves in an extremely comfortable junior suite on the 14th floor, with great hotel staff who know what Loscon is all about. We checked out the hotel, the con facilities and other hotel amenities like the workout room, the outside pool and the tuck shop.

Dinner that day was at the Denny's down West Century Blvd., which was within walking distance of the hotel. We tried a little experiment...we ordered from the seniors' menu, and got the size of servings that we're used to at home. We got asked if we ate there willingly, but, hey, it filled the stomachs, and fit the budget. We didn't have a car, so the walk helped wake us up, and get the travel kinks out.

Thursday was US Thanksgiving Day, and even though some thought it a little strange, we really had little to do that day. We had heard that of all who had volunteered their services as gophers, few of them had actually showed up, so we decided to fill our

time, and we volunteered our services to the convention. Yvonne helped old friend Jerome Scott set up the art show paperwork, and I made about ten trips from the loading dock, schlepping the panels and posts for the art show into the room, lots of boxes of registration packages to the registration area and the nearby storage area close to the con office, and lots of cases of soda and other necessities to the con suite at the 18th floor



of the hotel tower. That kept us occupied, and we know that every convention needs volunteers to get ready.

We were treated to a wonderful full turkey dinner in the con suite Thursday night, and then our liaison, Sherry Benoun, took us to the Thanksgiving evening meeting at the new LASFS clubhouse for 6:30pm, at the corner of Aetna and Tyrone in Van Nuys. Marty Cantor conducted the meeting, and then gave us the grand tour of the clubhouse, with its amazing library. This was Y's third meeting, so she bought a membership, and so did I. Sherry did yeoman service for us all weekend, and we heartily thank her for all her efforts to make sure we got around that huge city.

Speaking which...on Friday, Sherry drove us to the LA Coroners' Department in East LA. We were hoping to get to the gift shop, but, when we arrived, what we suspected was true...the building was closed for the Thanksgiving weekend, and we couldn't get in to see *Skeletons in the Closet*. Oh, well, we ordered online, but it just wasn't the same...

John Hertz asked us to be Hall Costume Award judges, and so we handed out buttons and ribbons all weekend. There were some amazing costumes, and some extremely happy people who had been coming to Loscon for a long time, but had

never won a hall costume award. Those smiles were worth it. We did get the feeling that some were not happy with our choices, but we recognized some hard work.

Saturday was a busy day. We were asked to judge the art show that afternoon, but just for the record, the winners, as chosen by us were... 1. *Rivers of Life* by Jeff Sturgeon, 2. *Cthulhu's Eye* by David L. Pancake, 3. *Snow Owl* by Theresa Mather.

GoH dinner in the hotel that evening...great hotel food! I know those are three words that don't usually go together, but that night, they did. There was the steampunk ball that evening in the Marquis Ballroom, but we were simply exhausted from a busy day. It caught up with us, and we made an early night of it.

Sunday was also a fun day...we attended Genny Dazzo's great High Tea, both of us dressed in our steampunk finest, and we were served by Japanese café maids, an interesting combination! That afternoon, we admitted that we would be heading home the next day, so we packed our things, with a kind gifts given to us by the convention, and we weighed in, both of us within ounces of our luggage weight limits.

Panels we were on...we got to be on panels we liked, so Yvonne was on a Harry Potter panel and a movie panel, and we were both interviewed by the illustrious Christopher J. Garcia on our semi-illustrious fannish careers, each spanning about 35 years or so. I also got to be on a voice work panel, with professional voice artists Don Glut and Phil Proctor. I do make a little money with a regular client, so I guess I can say that I am a professional voice artist, too.



**"I love these two!"**

**Chris Garcia**

**The Drink Tank 385**

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**Special Movie issues  
coming soon!**

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What else can I say about our stay at Loscon? We ate breakfast in our suite each morning based on some good food purchases in the tuck shop the previous night, plus some fresh fruit from the workout room Yvonne would bring back after her workout. We were prepared for a dip on the outdoor pool, but it was foggy each day, and even November days in California can be chilly, so we never got into it. We tried our best to be visible at the convention, and I hope we were, and I hope the convention got their money's worth out of us.

Our trip home was about as eventful as trip to LA. Lots of people stopped Yvonne to tell her they thought her suitcase was amazing...it had on both sides maps of the hemispheres, courtesy of the National Geographic Society.

I am sorry that fannish lethargy has made it nearly impossible until now to get this promised report ready...we may have redefined RSN, but here it is, with photographs courtesy of Alan White, and I think there's a few from me, too. My belated thanks go out to the Loscon 39 committee and LA fandom as a whole for being such welcoming hosts, and we do have plans to come down on our own nickel one day. I hope it's soon. Thanks to you all.

