

The Drink Tank 96



WorldCon Continues (If only in my Dreams...)

First off, I've gotta apologize. The photos from the last issue were courtesy of Robert Hole, Frank Wu, Alan White and Kevin Standlee.

This issue has Bob Hole photos, as well as ones from Alan White, Kelly Green, Kevin Standlee, Andy Trembley and some art from Bill Rotsler and others.

This time, I'll be talking some and others will be talking a lot more. Other than my look at the Materials I brought back from WorldCon, mostly, I'll let others do the talking.

But let us start with LoCs on the last couple of issues. First off, debuting in the Drink Tank, is Andy "Algol" Porter!

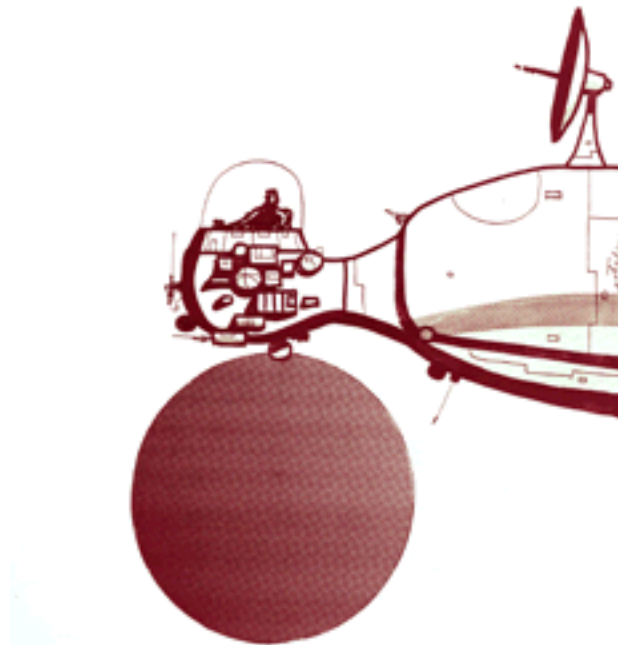
On the whole Ted White covered NyCon 3 very well. I want to say that the total gross of the convention, including membership fees, dealers table fees, banquet tickets, everything, was \$35,000. That's all, folks. What is it now? Something in the millions, I'd guess.

I seem to remember that Con Jose did a fair bit more than a million. They had thousands to pass along to other cons as well, which is always a plus. 35 grand. Wow, fandom's changed (as have prices!)

I disagree with Ted's comment about NYC hotels. There are lots of really big, really good hotels here. The hotels Ted talks about as old and with small rooms can't hold

worldcons because, in some cases, their convention facilities no longer exist. For example, the Pennsylvania Hotel (where the phone # remains PEnnsylvania 6-5000, just like in the Glen Miller song), where NyCon 3 was held, converted its ballrooms into TV stages. If you want to see them on TV, watch "The Maury Show". Ted never mentioned all the major new hotels that have been put up in the intervening decades -- it's been 39 years since NyCon 3!

I must try that phone number some time. I know a few of the largest establishments out here still have the same number going on fifty years, but they are getting rarer. I've been to other conventions in NYC, but they were all very



expensive.

The real reason that there hasn't been another worldcon bid is because the room rates are sky high. The occupancy rate here is so high because everyone wants to visit -- tourists and business people especially. The only conventions here are those where people will willingly pay more than \$200 a night for a less expensive room, with top line rooms going for \$300-500 a night. One SF "con" being held here is the 2007 Nebulas, where I think the con rate at the Millennium Hilton (right near the WTC site) is \$215. And fans and most pros can't afford that.

I love the Millennium, though. Great hotel, and on Expedia you can usually get a room for less than 125. I'm very upset with cons that refuse to look into getting resonable rates for rooms. OK, 120 for some hotels is OK, but they should at least find a way to make affordable options available (I almost always stay at a hotel like a Super-8 that's within an easy walk (like I did at WorldCon).

About John Purcell's memories of Big Mac: the 1980 and 1981 World Fantasy Conventions both published hardcover program books. I haven't been a member of WFC in recent years, so can't speak to later cons. Patia Von Sternberg wasn't hired to perform; it was entirely her own idea. She did not endear herself to those

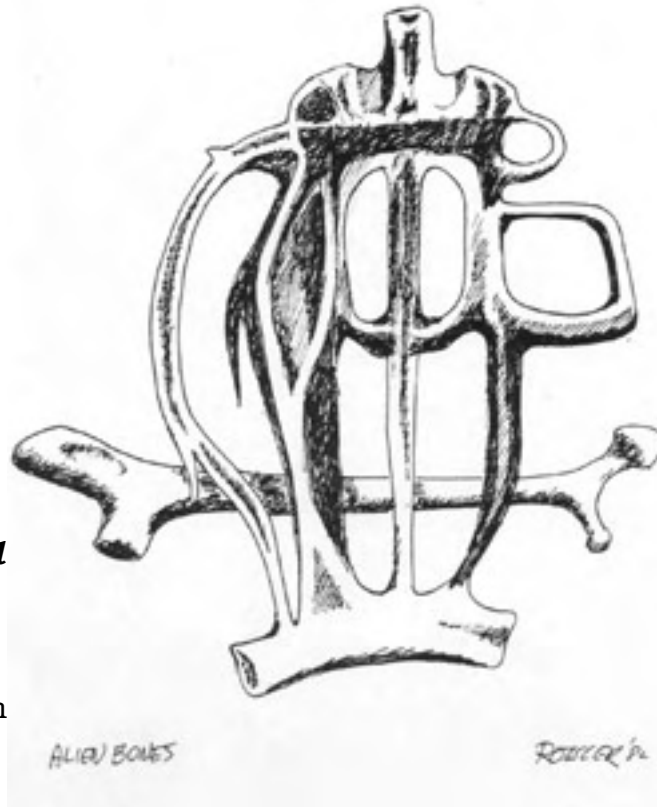
fans who had small children with them. I saw a whole bunch of upset parents hurriedly escorting their kids out of the room. Sadly, Patia's performance didn't make up for the fact that beyond a certain point in the journey from cradle to grave, human flesh loses the firmness of youth, and an erotic sight at one point on the journey turns to...something else.

I've heard that four WorldCons and a half-dozen World Fantasy's have done hard covers, as well as a few smaller cons (like WishCon in the late 1980s, according to M). There is nothing sadder than an old stripper...except for an old stripper who doesn't want to give it up.

Nice photo of the SF Chronicle banner on my table in the dealers room at Chicon on page uhh, something. I gave that banner, hand-made by Perdita Boardman, to Warren Lapine when he bought SFC from me (Perdita also made the 6 foot wide banner for the NyCon 3 bid, that spelled out "NY in '67" in yellow on deep blue felt). I wish I'd kept it; I bet Lapine threw it away or lost it.

That would have been a great piece of Fannish History. I'm very much about supporting FANAC.org of late, and that's the sort of thing that could get easily lost.

The weird thing about the 2002 worldcon for a lot of New York fans was that the convention center was on the



flightpath into the airport, so a steady stream of very low flying aircraft went over all the time. This was just short of a year since 9/11, and ever since then, I've always looked at airplanes differently. If a plane is where it's supposed to be, up at 30,000 feet, that's fine. But lower triggers some apprehension. I was ducking when I heard those planes, when I was conscious of them...

That's the kind of thing that you could never plan for. In some areas where the convention center is close to the airport pathways, they have

super-strong noise cancellation. Some don't. Those are the ones that freak me out.

--Andy Porter

Secretary, NyCon 3 (and lots more stuff in the intervening years)

Thanks Much, Andy!

And now...Mark Plummer (of that fine BritZine Banana Wings!)

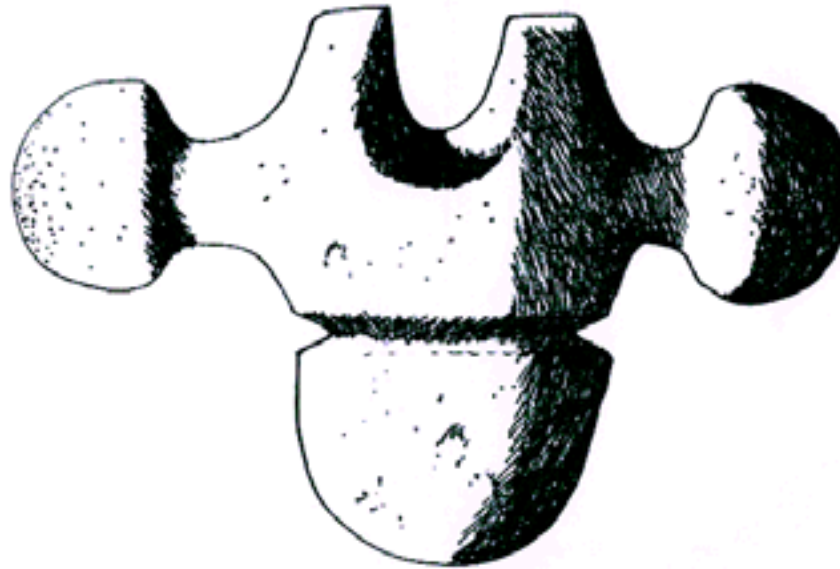
Chris,

James Bacon and his partner Simone came round to our house a couple of nights back. Over Chinese food, and while Sim was splashing soy sauce in her eye (James: 'Do you wanna wash that out, love?' Sim: 'No it's all right, I'm South African') I showed them the print out I'd taken of the Worldcon issue of The Drink Tank. All very interesting and everything, but James thought as I did that it was supposed to be something more extensive, covering every Worldcon rather than the half dozen or so that are actually represented. So what happened? Did you have problems finding contributors or did the ones you found not come through? Is this the first part of a series? I realise that you may already have explained this in an earlier DT, which forces me to admit that, umm, I can't claim to read every issue, so sorry if I'm asking you to revisit something you've explained before.

Well, perhaps I'm the Walt Dougherty of this generation. I had 20 or so WCs on the hook and a few of them fell through. In fact, all but the six I ran. R Twidner said that he'll get me the Pacificon report sometime and a few others have said they'd make good later, so it'll probably turn into an annual issue where I'll get to put together more WorldCon memories every year. Should be interesting.

I like Ted's 'dialogues' idea as premiered at NyCon 3. I know I've read about it

before somewhere, and I freely admit that after doing so I pinched it and recommended it (with attribution) to at least one British Eastercon committee, but I suspect that it's not been more widely used for Worldcons-- for all the similarity with Steven Silver's 'intimate discussions' at Chicon 2000 -- because of the sheer numbers of people who volunteer for (and expect to be used by) a Worldcon programme. My limited experience of this comes from assisting on the literary programme for Interaction where we had scads of volunteer participants and it quickly became apparent that we couldn't use them all, especially as several were unknown to anybody participating in the programming process and had



Ted

R. Twidner

given us no indication of the subjects about which they could speak. **I've been denied at a couple of cons. Mostly when I write about being a part of programming, they're enthusiastic about having me. Maybe it's the job, but I think it's my hair.**

A minor correction to John Purcell: MidAmericon may have been the first Worldcon to produce a hardcover souvenir book, but it's not the only one. Conspiracy in 1987 did it as well -- my first Worldcon, so I just assumed it was a Worldcon standard -- and last year's Worldcon offered a hardcover option for a cash supplement.

I think I've seen the Conspiracy

one, but not the Interaction hardback. I must find someone who has it.

Reading James Bacon's description of attending a Worldcon is almost as exhausting as actually being there yourself. I don't actually remember James all that much from Intersection, although I too spent a good deal of time drinking in The Cabin Bar where I also met Randy Shepherd. Was I perhaps the recipient of some of that rum James was dispensing? Not out of the question, I suppose, but I am at least certain

that I *wasn't* the chap who became 'friendly' with a woman in the cubicle (another echo of Steve's 'intimate discussions?'). James's discretion over the identities of the individuals concerned is admirable: I wonder who they were?

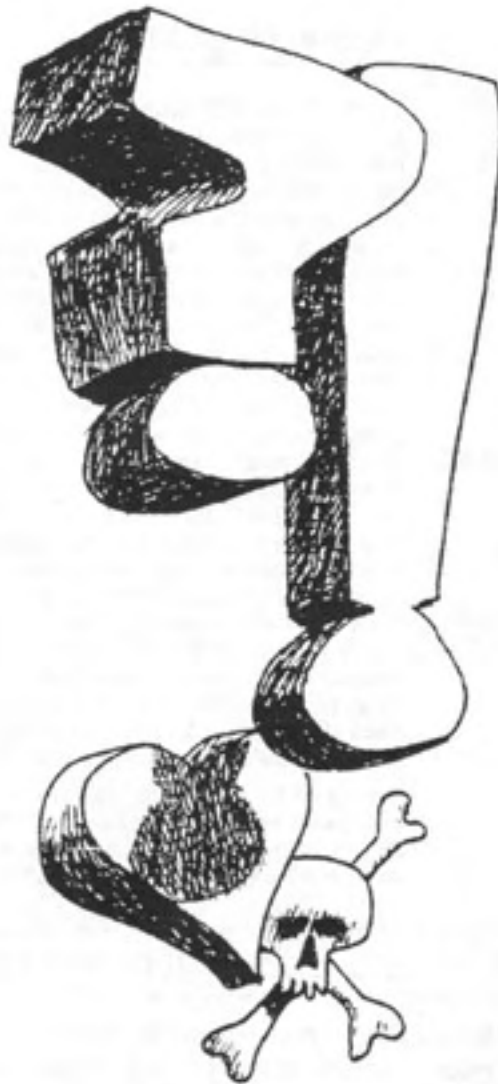
That is the thought that is on the minds of all my Drink Tank readers. Who was that mysterious masked man?

One personal anecdote from Intersection. This was the first time I actually worked on a Worldcon, and a couple of days before the convention I was issued with an official pager. I dutifully wore my pager for the next week or so, turning it off only as I went to bed and then turning it back on

again first thing in the morning. On the last day of the convention I was walking through the dealers' room when I heard a strange beeping noise. What was it? Where was it coming from? Ah, it was coming from me! At this point it suddenly dawned on me that nobody had ever explained what I was supposed to do when I was paged. I went to find Claire (my boss) and she told me to go to the ops room. So I made my way over to ops and presented myself: 'Hi, I'm Mark Plummer, you just paged me?' This is when I discovered that my solitary pager message for the entire convention was in fact a request to bring the pager back. Sort of puts you in your place...

I've never had a position where I rate a pager or walkie other than Cinequest. I don't really like either of them. I

In your letter column, I'm sure Peter Sullivan is right when he says that since its introduction the 20% rule hasn't actually made a difference to the outcome of any TAFF race. In fact, I think it's been established that had the rule existed all along it wouldn't *ever* have resulted in a different winner. Having said that, I also agree with Peter that it's [not] unreasonable to expect 20% "name recognition" on both sides of the Atlantic', so I don't think the rule is entirely superfluous. To me it seems



THE STANDARD SURPRISES LIFE
HAS TO OFFER *Wolfe*

to be sensible codification of one of the sentiments expressed in the first line of the TAFF ballot: 'The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the

purpose of providing funds to bring *well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean* across the Atlantic.'

Very good point, but if TAFF ever has a 9 or 10 person race (and it could happen), I think that the rule would be slightly unfair unless applied only to the later series of balloting.

I did go back to #92 to see what had inspired Peter's comment and I have to say that I'm not convinced by Eric Mayer's contention in that issue's letter column that '[UK] fandom ... has been less ready to embrace cyberfandom'. I wouldn't dispute that few people in this country have adopted the PDF/efanzines model - - off hand I can only think of two or three examples -- but Eric shouldn't extrapolate from that that we're all still doing paper fanzines (well, we -- Claire and I -- are, but we're a minority). No, aside from the fact that we're a smaller country and thus can see each other in person more easily, I'd say that UK fandom is just as 'cyber' as that of the US albeit a cyber model that's mostly focussed on elists, weblogs and LiveJournal. British fandom does strike me as insular, mind (one of Eric's other claims), and as somebody who does believe very much in interaction with at least the other English-speaking fandoms this is something I've tried to explore without ever really getting

anywhere. Perhaps if you win TAFF we can do a programme item about this at next year's Eastercon -- although I suppose the insular Brits wouldn't bother to turn up...

Well, it should be the nature of any Island Fandom to be insular, but that said, I've found that a lot of the lists are heavily Brit, but I'd still like to see some of the major BritZines at least post as a PDF down the line. You know, zines like Zoo Nation, Tortoise, BANANA WINGS *hint-hint*

Regards,
---Mark

Always good to have an LoC from that side of the Pond.

And now...John Purcell also on Issue 94!

Chris,

It seems so apropos that my 100th loc of the year is about your worldcon issue.

Woohoo! I had Lloyd's 300th last year and now #100 from Mr. Purcell. I'm shocked!

This fact floors me. Never before in any of my fannish incarnations have I reached this pinnacle of fannish accomplishment. One Hundred letters of comment in a single year. And there are a little over four months to



go.Unbelievable.

In a nutshell, I will make this short and sweet: this was a wonderful issue!

Thanks! I felt really good about it, even if it was also the issue where I had the least to write!

Got that? Good.

There really isn't much to say here except that the Worldcon is a unique experience that all sf fans of any merit must experience at some point in their fannish careers. Ted White's concom retelling was wonderful; well, he may not have thought so, but I enjoyed his article.

Yeah, I also had another WorldCon chair on the hook for an article, but he got busy working on other things, so I'll let him off. Next year, though...

So for now, it seems kind of a downer that my hundredth loc of 2006 is so short, but maybe that is appropriate. Thank you for these selections of World Conventions past, and I do hope that you enjoy this year's version.

I only wish there could have been more. I've gotten more interest for future WorldCon issues, so I'll have to see.

All the best,

John
**Always welcome, John!
And now another debut...Mr. Randy Byers!**

Hiya, Chris for TAFF. U sher no how to mak a gurl feel purty, even if I am a guy! But I do regularly take breaths, so I guess that makes me breathtaking.

And think how well that must work on the ladies...

Looks as though LACon IV was a transformative convention for you, and it was a real kick to read your evolving thoughts on fandom. The best bit for me was when you said that you learned not to take yourself too seriously. That's an ongoing lesson for

me, and maybe it'll sink in before I'm 90.

Well, as Art has proven, FANAC doesn't start until you're 70 or so. To quote Van Wilder, 'You shouldn't take life too seriously or you'll never get out alive!'

As you wrote, "Comedy, it seems, and comradery are what fandom is based on." LACon made that easier than usual to experience, because the wit and affection were flowing something powerful. I've started making a list (very fannish of me, I'm sure) of everyone I talked to at the convention, and just making the list gets me all excited again about the things we talked about, the laughs we had, and the sense of connection we shared. Not to mention the hot public sex with James Bacon and an inflatable kangaroo.

-> busy having Inflatable Kangaroo humping flashbacks! No, no James Bacon...NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....

Okay, I've got to go rest now. I'm basically an introvert, and all this socializing has taken its toll. Time to hole up in a dark basement with a wet towel over my head. In any event, I just wanted to say thanks for the shout out, and keep on reading and writing and learning and growing. I'm glad you're making your niche in the fanzine world. Keep up the good work! **Go and be all hidden away like a good fanzinista should be. Just**

make sure you put a towel under the door, turn on a fan and try not to ash on the floor!

Randy Byers



While many of us were at WorldCon, Pluto totally got moted and pronounced as no longer a planet. That sucks, as San Jose's Lick Observatory played a role in its discovery. As a result, the great George Van Wagner put out this tribute to the far-off planet-like thingee.

For Pluto, Charon, and Xena

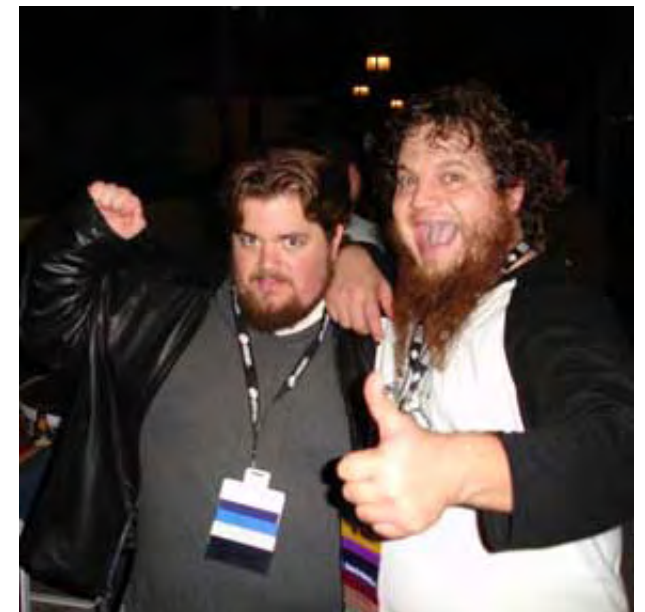
Oh tiny iceball, cold and quiet,
orbit all eccentric
your planetary status gone
how must you feel anon?

Abandoned to the stygian depths of

outer heliospheric wand'ring
orphaned from the loving family
you have always known

Oh frigid mass of rock and ice,
lopsided as a lump of poo
there's barely sun enough to warm
your aching icy heart and now
rejection looms
to grab the status back that you have
barely had
- you weren't a planet from the start

On, slowly marking time celestial,
spinning hidden from our sight
'til once again, you come around and
give Neptune a kiss
Perhaps by then, we'll all agree and in
the twinkling starlight
have ice cream cake and diet pop and
laugh about all this



This Letter of Correction came in and I feel really bad about about it. Making her Drink Tank debut is Leigh Ann Hildebrand! photos from Robert Hole!

My Dear Mr. Garcia,

Greetings! I don't know how to begin this letter without sounding like something out of Penthouse Forum. ("I never thought it would happen to me. I was alone in my room at the WorldCon Party Hotel when there was a soft knock at the door. . .") What I'm saying is that it's My First Time. I have had friends involved in fanzines for more than 25 years, but this is the first time I have ever written a LoC or otherwise appeared in fanzine print. Promise me you'll be gentle; that's all I ask.

Don't worry, I'll light some candles, put on some Barry White and make sure I've oiled the strop thoroughly.

While I'd read a little of the Drink Tank before leaving for WorldCon, I only just recently got enough time to sit down and review more issues in detail. A certain matter came up that I simply could not let go without comment. I refer to your frequent creative spellings of my name. I have to tell you that I find misspellings of my name very pesky and more than a little irritating. In your case, you seem to be trying to set a record for the most misspellings of it EVAR by one person.

I've catalogued the variations so far, to serve as an educational exercise for you and your readers.

In issue #82, you refer to me as Leigh Ann Hildebrandt. Now, that particular version is one I've gotten for years in the fannish community, for obvious reasons. To answer the question that inevitably follows, "No, not directly, but most of us with variants of that surname are, if you go back far enough." By the way, I was pleased to see that #82 has some nice action shots of us at the Baycon Match Game SF. Since my official unofficial title was "Celebrity Cleavage", I was trying to play that up, though I'm Southern enough to believe there is some rule against corsets (especially leather ones) before noon. That's why



I wore that one over a slightly less risque' top. In thinking about my ummm, assets as portrayed in the photo illustrations accompanying the writeup, I am reminded of an old joke. My friend Gwen Knighton (who is some kinda filk star now, in part because of a Pegasus, if you know what those are) used to introduce me by saying, "This is Leigh Ann, and these are her breasts." Or something like that.

The rules against corseting before noon were lifted by Vatican II or some such.

Moving on, in issue #93 I get a brief mention that includes my name's evil arch nemesis, the hyphen. Leigh-Ann. Oh, the horror! It gives me flashbacks to the days when I was married and carried a legal hyphen. At this point the only remaining vestiges of the marital hyphen are my children's names, which is nice for them, I guess. (I think only the most seriously geeky of gamers recognize the truncated post-hyphen part, because my ex has some fame as a game writer and used to do a fair amount of GoHing at cons himself.) Dear Mr. Garcia, I beg you -- if you must misspell, leave the hyphen out. If not, I'll be forced to begin spelling your name with an umlaut. Or more apropos, a tilde. Over the *r*.

I've always wanted a tilde

Anyway, back to the name thing. In #95, you again get the Hildebrand

right, but have added an extra e to the first name, giving us *Leigh Anne*. Argh! Not one of my favorites, though certainly better than the single word versions, Leann or Leeanne.

On the other hand, you *do* know how to flatter! Comic genius? My, how you do go on, Mr. Garcia! *flutter* I have to say that during the day version of Match Game, I was very bimbo, but for the PM version, I made that darker, as you said, by going more for slutty bimbo. Evidently, these little charades of mine are convincing to at least some of the audience -- someone sitting next to one of my friends spent the entire AM edition making snarky comments about my stupidity. For shame! I took some amusement from being the only non-Participant celebrity panelist, though. I am evidently a stealth celebrity.

I learned flattery as a method of keeping jobs for which I'm not at all qualified. the slutty bimbo you managed to play was Hi-larious.

Perhaps in the next mention, you'll endeavor to have both the first and last names spelled correctly? If you manage it, I promise I'll be ever so appreciative. No, really -- though in a strictly AM-edition kind of way. N minus 1, after all. *delicate cough*

I'll do my best. You have my word.

Finally, I had mentioned to you elsewhere that I did, in fact, record your appearance *in pajamas and curlers* on Cinema Insomnia recently. I've got it as a Tivo file on my laptop, ready for viewing, or at least available for harvesting of compromising still photos. I'm sorry we weren't able to share it together at WorldCon, but you were very busy, and so was I. Next time, perhaps.

I'm sure there are images of me in my smoking jacket and curlers out there on the net. I'm terrified.

Cordially yours,

Leigh Ann Hildebrand

OK...I'm an idiot, but to be fair, I've put you in good company.

Samuel 'Chip' Delaney had his named misspelled by several people, including on the cover of his books, by Analog, F&SF and Asimov, not

to mention in the programme book of one of the WorldCons. They fixed the matter by making a correction in the Daily Newsletter and it ended up being a more different form of wrong.

Now, I have also misspelled names for folks like Brock Lesnar and Rogers Hornsby, and they are good company to be in. When I met Brock he said "So, you're the guy who can't spell my name." I responded "Yeah...please don't eat me."

I'm off-topic, I should be apologizing for my wrongs. I am so sorry, Luanne Hilderbottom, terribly terribly sorry for misspelling your name and I will make stronger efforts to get my shit correct in the future.

Chris for TAFF



You've seen his art, You've read about our exploits, but here is Jason Schachat's writing!

Why we need a Fanzine about Chris Garcia

by Jason Schachat

This all stems from a nagging naggy thing in the back of my head. The kinda thing that tingles and makes a writer say "Oh, I'd better not do THAT". I mean to say that this article became all about how Chris Garcia produces the Chris Garcia fanzine when, in fact, the original subject was WorldCon. Or booze.

Jesus, I hate sobriety...

Anyways, after lord knows how long, Chris finally told me to write up something for a The Drink Tank. Sure, he'd come to me for original art before. Never for articles. Quite perplexing, since I'm a writer by trade and a cartoonist by desperation. But, when you remember it's Chris Garcia, you just naturally apply a different logic to any given situation.

So I looked over some issues of this fine, not-quite-but-frighteningly-close-to Hugo Nominated zine and tried to remind myself of the subject matter.

It's Chris.

You see it crammed into every article, somehow. It is the disjointed and chaotically nonsensical (meaning it almost makes sense, at times) narrative of this man's life and obsessions.

Now, I bring this up not to shill (that's Chris's job) or to pad my word count (195 and ticking, biotch!) but because I think this needs to be addressed. Chris admitted on one of the numerous places he posts that this zine is rapidly changing focus from general interest to the aforementioned "biopedia" run amuck.

And I'm gonna say right now that it's a good thing.

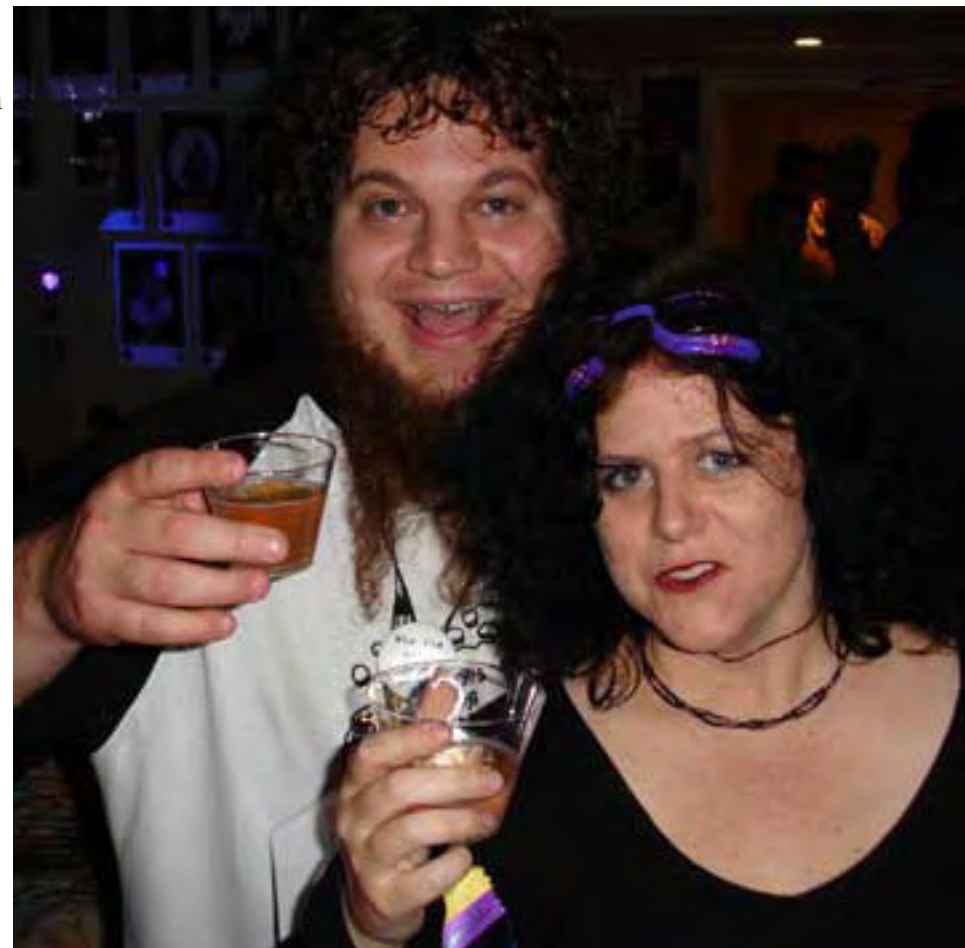
Chris Garcia has a certain enchantment about him. A prototypical charisma incarnate. Only in America could this beast take form. Only in a land so bereft of good intentions could such a frivolous entity thrive. When it comes to the building blocks of the perfect society, Chris Garcia is that extra Lego you had left over and just stuck on the side like it belonged there. Noah would've taken one look at that curly mop, kicked the gangplank right off the Ark, and sailed away.

But, dammit, these are not biblical times. The drainage systems are far superior and misinterpretations of God's will are far worse. We don't need more worker bees, and we sure as hell don't want another one of them bloated queens eating all our royal jelly. We MADE that royal

jelly with our own six legs. That's OUR royal jelly.

So we need to stop worrying about the rest of the hive and take comfort that a mutant strain like Chris Garcia is out there collecting honey for us.

Why? Picture his face in your mind. Those overly expressive eyes. Those cheeks like cherries. The lips drawn up like a bow. All the other quasi-Santa Claus crap, too. Makes ya happy, don't it? Probably ranks somewhere



between “bunny rabbits” and “functioning air conditioners” on your Things I Don’t Wanna Punch list, doesn’t it? You’re under his ooooooky spell of “come what may”. Just the thought of his Royal Weirdness puts your antennae at ease, makes your wings buzz... other increasingly thin yet non-sexual bee analogies....

Now, this doesn’t mean Chris is without fault. Not at all. Hell, he may be the faultiest excuse for a human being ever to be squirted out on this blue/green orb of ours. It’s like the Universe was trying to tell a joke and got up to get the phone halfway through.

But the joke is still going. This is his oh-so entertaining epic saga fueled by that hummingbird-like attention span which drives him from one situation to the next; absorbing information but rarely sitting still long enough to stack it all up in a fearsome, towering, overstressed pile.

But when he does– COMEDY GOLD. Like one of those big pie fights they used to do when a movie ran out of plot but had plenty of whipped cream sitting around. That’s what Chris is doing: filling up all those pie tins so we don’t smash each others’ faces in when we finally run out of plot.

...or he’s mindlessly setting all those pies out just to encourage pointless fighting. Either way, someone’s laughing their ass off.

And you get it in print.

For free.

Chris for TAFF.



Worldcon 2006 - Newbie Mundanish Perspective #1 (My First Con)

by NM Lindsa

Ok hey, I want to start this all out by saying that some mundanes aren’t really all that uninteresting.

I mean, I’m mundanish in a lot of ways (haven’t read any *sci-fi* in about 3 decades, still think that Kirk is Captain, and lose every Trivia game I ever played)... but *I* don’t think I’m boring at all! :-)

Now some of you may declare that I’m really one of you incognito, or just delayed developmentally. However, to be honest, I’m not quite ready to wear the New Rock shoes, get my PhD (is that how you spell it?), read Harlan’s stories (or clap for him), write a fantasy novel, and/or cite trivia about obsolete science fiction films. And I might not ever be. However, I sure enjoyed the people who did.

So for this first little Perspective, given that I am starting school again (teaching) this week and don’t have a lot of “soontime” (my new word - wanna help me get it on Wikipedia?) right now, I would like to just quickly say that I had a *great* time. And it’s because of YOU. THANK YOU to every one of you fun, interesting, loving, affectionate, accepting, strange, literate, stimulating factoid geeks of all sorts who hugged me, taught me, listened attentively to my questions without making me feel stupid, and welcomed me wholeheartedly to your big, weird, curious world.

I loved it and I’ll be back for more, if it’s ok with you!



furthermore is most definitely a small personalzine. For many a moon I have felt that all fanzines are “personal” zines at heart because most are produced by one person, and that’s cool. Besides, it’s the personalities that come across in fanzines that make them so much fun to read and produce. Much like being at a convention, it is definitely the variety of people involved that make it such a worthwhile endeavor to be a part of.

More Letter Graded Mail sent to garcia@computerhistory.org by my Loyal Readers

This time, it’s another John Purcell, but this one’s on issue 95!

So it sounds like you had a wonderful time in LA. Good.

Starting at the end of this instead of the beginning - kinda like reading Hebrew - your plans for *Drink Tank* sound good. Keep it as personal as you wish. Yeah, there are times when it seems to get too personal, but that’s part of the nature of the beast: this is a **personal**-zine, so naturally you are going to write about personal things. Of my two zines, *In A Prior Lifetime* is more of a genzine with a personal-zine attitude, while *and*

I made a very similar point while reviewing and furthermore on my LJ. I’m a big fan of personzines that blur the lines. Grant Krueger said he finds the distinctions to be meaningless, and I tend to agree, though I really think that clubzines are kinda off in their own little world.

Love the one-liners at the end of this issue. My favorite is “I did a fanzine back in the day. Then I discovered masturbation.” Were you talking with Dick Geis at the time? Your line about “Guy (Lillian) flashed a few people on the way to the auction” was a good one, too. Lloyd got off a good zinger when he asked you “how many issues of the *Drink Tank* did you publish during the panel?” elicited a guffaw out of me.

It was a highly quotable con. I couldn’t even get off the line about the former New Kid on the Block who is forming a band on Making the Band.

Great cast of characters you thanked. A lot of these names I know only in print, but some I remember from Way Back When. Can’t wait to meet them at Corflu in February.

You’ll get to meet a bunch of them as I heard a lot of folks saying that they were excited about going Quire in Feb. It should be interesting.

That Match Game sounds like it was a blast. The running gags about Leigh Anne Hildebrand and the sexual innuendo definitely add to the genuine frivolity of the moment, and you did a good job making that come across in print. Science fiction fans, being generally sexually frustrated through all age brackets, think about sex all the time, so it’s no surprise that these gags worked so well. Yah, it’s a lot of fun, fer shure.

I’m fully ready to do it again. The bunch of us work together so well that we should tour cons around the world, providing filthy fun for all!

My favorite part of every convention is the convention suite mainly because everybody goes

through there at some point or other during the convention. Many a great conversation can happen whether you're in the con suite or out in the hall leading to/from it. Your dad was so right: place yourself in the hallway outside the main con suite and the convention will come to you.

Damn straight! I had a blast and some conversations took place in locations including trash cans, elevators, and while laying on a bellhop cart.

If you get to a con early - like I used to do back in the day - it is also much fun to sit in the lobby, read a newspaper, and greet folks as they arrive. Love that. A con is a great way to meet old friends, and create new friendships. When you wrote

that "fandom is the most accepting place on Earth," you are reiterating something that fans have said for ages. From my personal experience, fandom is the only place that I know of where pretenses are left at the door and a person can simply Be, and be accepted at that level. Fandom is a great equalizer in this regard. For the most part, fans are like this. There are people who do stick to their own little sub-groups and cliques, but that's their decision. Like you, I love the variety of folks you meet at world conventions. That's what makes it the most interesting, besides accepting, place on Earth.

Wake up early and you can catch East Coasters not adjusted and West Coasters not yet asleep. Fandom as equilizer is a great

philosophy, though one that so often gets forgotten.

So you've got some Harlan Ellison stories to share, eh? Fine, bring them on. He was Pro GoH at Minicon 41 this year, and judging from the Minn-stf website and photo-journals on-line, it was a grand time for all up there. I've met Harlan a couple times before: Byobcon V in July, 1975 in Kansas City, then again at Iguanacon in 1978. He's an interesting fellow, to say the least.

I heard things about him from last years Foolscap that were supposed to be very bad indeed. He's a hoot, but he seems to cross the line. I've heard the same could be said of Dr. Asimov many times, but he knew when to draw a line far better.



Oh, you met Jack Speer? I just found his "Up to Now" fanhistory in the stacks at Evans Library on the TAMU campus. It's interesting reading. I checked it out along with Harry Warner, Jr.'s *A Wealth of Fable*. (Must order a copy of that on-line.) My libcat browsing hardened my resolve to get into the Cushing Library - I know one of the guys who work there - where they keep all the old and rare books, which includes some awesome science fiction novels and - wait for it - bound fanzines! For example, they have non-circulating bound copies of *The Fantasy Commentator* there, which should whet your appetite. Gotta get in there!

Jack was a really nice guy. Old guy too. It's weird that I've always thought of Jack Speer as old while I was shocked SHOCKED to discover that Art Widner was nearly 90. I mean, that guy's got some anti-aging spray or somesuch! Sounds like the type of place I should get around to. I meet some of the folks from the Eaton Collection and saw a few of their things, but I want more, dammit! Fanhistory must be served!!!

At any rate, I shall check out your LiveJournal to read more of your take on LA Con IV. You can't imagine how much I'm looking forward to getting Lloyd's "impressions." (Good

name for the arke, that.)

I know Lloyd had a great time and I'm very interested in seeing what he puts out from all that fun and joy. If, and I did say IF, I ever bid a CorFlu, he'll be my figurehead.

Glad you're back and pubbing away, friend. Hope you've got your voice back again, too.

All the best,

John Purcell

My voice is 90% back, but then I got and twist my ankle. Go figure. Thanks, John!



The Required Post-Con Ribbon Article

OK, it's officially out of control. There were so many ribbons that you couldn't possibly even see them all, no less have one on your badge. I had a few more than 30, which was a lot and here's my run down of them.



The Badge- My name rubbed off so no one who didn't know me couldn't read my name. I'm still not sure how that happened.

Chris for TAFF- I rearranged the ribbons so that CfT would be on top. I mean, how else would a ruthless self-promoter do it?

Fanzinista- I wish I knew how to do Spanish punctuation in inDesign. This is the Militant Wing of the Fan Writers of America, but really they were left-

over from BayCon's Fanzine Lounge. I gave them to Fanzine fans from around the World.

Speaker- The official ribbon that indicated that I could use the Green Room. I covered up the logo with a Mosow in 2017 sticker. Here's hoping for a Red WorldCon!

Alternate Surrealities- George Van Wagner was handing these out and I think I qualify!

The Wrong People- Yes, another Van Wagner and I certainly qualified for that one too.

Casa de WorldCon- The ribbon that went to the BidComm members for the Hollister bid. Another left-over from BayCon that Andy was handing out. I'm prouder of the Hollister bid than any issue of The Drink Tank I've ever done.

Buffalito Wrangler- Also from Andy, though I'm not sure what it was for! It must have been Casa de WorldCon...but I'm not sure!

Secret Master of Foodism- Kathryn Daugherty, who you all have to blame for bringing me back into fandom, gave me this because we've done the Foody panel at BayCons since 2001. I was really happy she had these made be-



cause it told people I liked food!

This ribbon left intentionally blank- James Stanley Daugherty gave me this one which made me hoot. I always laugh when I see it printed on a book page.

rich brown: The Doctor is Out- The rich brown memorial ribbon. A lot of people had this one and it was given out in the fanzine lounge.

Burning Fan- the 2008 Westercon will

be in Las Vegas and I'll be there. They gave these out at their party, which I only went by for a couple of minutes, but I did get to chat by phone with Merrick Anderson who was in Hawaii.

Friend of JohnO- The LiveJournal ribbon given to folks who are on JohnO's FList. I am in fact.

Menace to Fandom- Cheryl Morgan gave these out, as she's often been called a Menace to Fandom, but Andy, Kevin and I all got one because the Hollister bid earned it for us!

Not an Official Ribbon- I don't remember who gave it to me, but it wasn't official.

Sterilized with Fear- This was a hilarious entry into the Masquarade that I loved. It was the trailer for a 1950s Horror/Sci-Fi flick The Skeleton of Cadavera. I laughed hard and it was



a great performance. I think this was given to me by the same guy who did Not an Official Ribbon

Timebinders- Joyce Scrivner gave these out. I'm a Timebinder, in fact, it's the only list I'm on!

Because 5 Wasn't Enough- Promo for Polyphony \$6, which Jay Lake co-edits.

I can sing that song in three notes- Lynn Gold was giving these out and I think it has something to do with filking...



Minion- Given out at the Evil Geniuses Party. I was a minion, no question.

Lab Rat- The new improved version given to those who did the nasty drink challenge. I drank Wasabi Vodka and Five Wolve Spirit. These were enough.

Mook- The head of Norwescon FLARE brought these out and gave me one in exchange. It was very cool to have a very different ribbon.

Eric in the Elevator- There's a talk show done in the BayCon elevator and this is it! I've only seen it once and it was really fun.

Tuckerized- I've been Tuckerized over the years once or twice by friends, but I'm not sure where I got this ribbon!

Gnome and BayCon 2006- Westercon 2007 and the usual BayCon crew are pretty much the same, and I'm on the teams!

Perplexed- Again, not sure.

Pretty Boy- Well, in fandom I am a pretty boy...right?

The Cult- I'm not allowed to show the Cult ribbons that TTrend was giving out.

And now, WorldCon as seen through the eyes of Kelly Green!!!

It's 8:19pm Tuesday; Do You Know Where Your WorldCon Went?

Countdown, WorldCon minus 1.

On Tuesday: Picked up Wendy Delmater, managing editor for Abyss & Ape and my friend since CascadiaCon, from LAX late Tuesday evening, installed her in my bedroom and slept on the couch in rosy anticipation.

Wednesday: FIRST DAY OF WORLDCON! Packed. Wendy, Simon, and I went to Starbucks for coffee (well, I had coffee, a red eye to be exact; Simon had hot chocolate, and Wendy had a caramel macchiato), Target for chocolate (I needed candy for the Broad Universe Rapid Fire Reading, about which more later), Barnes & Noble for puzzles (Wendy had this idea that we'd be bored at some point and want to stay in the room and play word games.) Simon drove us to the hotel, the Anaheim Marriott, and we checked in (around 3pm) without incident.

My daughter Elizabeth took the bus into Anaheim early in the morning to meet with my daughter Stephanie who'd taken the Amtrak from San Diego; they had pancakes at IHOP and undoubtedly gossiped away in that style of young women everywhere. They had actually already checked into the room; we'd meet up with them later.

Simon Dark is a family friend who'd never attended a convention. He'd heard us discuss conventions and science fiction and all the various activities one could indulge in at a convention and decided he had to attend. Yes, this WorldCon was not only Simon's first WorldCon, but his first convention, and his first exposure to fandom. Would he survive? More on that later.

Simon, Wendy, and I went to the convention center (a very short walk from the Marriott, just down a hallway, a walkway, across a street, and through a lovely garden maze to the glass doors. We registered, then scattered to our various interests. I



found Sandy Cohen, staff in charge of the green room, so I could begin my green room assignment. Not much to do, really, but plenty of good folk to hobnob with. I left the green room at 6pm and toured the dealers' room, display area, and art show for the first time. I needed to set up for Broad Universe Rapid-Fire Reading! (8pm Santa Monica room; the reading was a happening experience and if you missed it, haha! we had 11 women reading! chocolate! and jaylake!); attended 10pm horror reading by Jay Lake and Keven Andrew Murphy; went to parties (many many parties). I'm not sure I like the 5th floor courtyard as a sequestered party floor, especially as the layout of the 5th floor is confusingly looped. Still I manage to wander into most of the rooms, seeing the sights with my friend Steve Libis, who'd earlier recorded the Broad Universe reading. Steve is a long-time fan and long-time bootleg recorder, specializing in the LA punk scene and the current surf music scene.

Thursday: I woke up in bed pretty early so I must have made it to the room at some point, though I'm not entirely sure when. I hustled over to the green room/teacher's lounge to deliver hard-boiled eggs and make devilled eggs (if you had the tie-dyed devilled eggs, yep, those were mine). After a while I

went up to the green room/convention center and hobnobbed; attended certain panels; ultimately went to dealer's room, art show (oh the sculpture! surprising beauty there), toured the display area (robots! cars! DeLorean! good thing I'm not a car thief); met up with Jason Henninger, nascent writer and friend who also shared the room with us, hung out with friends. Jason and I ducked into the Grand Guignol theatre and just as quickly ducked out; seemed an amateur presentation and not as much fun as I'd hoped. Attended parties til the wee hours (the Nippon room's octopus balls and sake were quite satisfying); (yes, I ate octopus without throwing up, I guess my fish allergy doesn't extend to baby cthulhu); received a call from the guy in Hawaii who is utterly jealous of me attending a con without him (haha!); Tad Daley wandered by at strategic moment and whispered loud nothings into my cell phone, making guy in Hawaii even more jealous. (haha!) Rolled off to bed at an ungodly hour.

(The good parties: Nippon/2007; the Russians and their vodka; the people with the chocolate fountain, whoever they were; the EscapePod crew and their happening music.)

Friday: Woke early of course, slid into my swimsuit and staggered down to the pool and Jacuzzi. Exhaustion has set in and I'm muscle-crampy, headachy, cold sweats and hot chills most of the morning. I wandered up to green room/teacher's lounge and set out eggs; wandered into consuite (ok, not the greatest consuite ever but very long) and then to the convention center and more wandering aimlessly. Around midday I realized that I hadn't eaten since Tuesday lunch. Uh oh. Daughters forced me to go to Denny's for lunch. Yeah. That's the ticket. I functioned well for the rest of the day, well enough to attend the first half of the masquerade (skipping the Lux After Dark, which is usually a good professional show but I see it every year at LosCon) and swing through the parties after

the masquerade.

Oh, the masquerade: What I remember at this distance in time, still, is the Dancing with the Stars, polished and rehearsed and quite witty; and the movie preview for the 50s alien flick, *The Lost Skeleton of Kadavera*, which absolutely sterilized me with horror!, featured spot-on humor.

Saturday: She's alive! Or at least pretending to be. I do my green room/ teacher's room stuff, meet the daughters at 11am to get photo with wax ST:TOS figures; get to the Space Port Lounge in time to see Beckie Barber become Beckie Rowan to the accompaniment of bagpipes and a flight of nerf rockets. I attend a panel or two, meet up with cute guys and flirt (admittedly I've been doing this the whole weekend); go to Jolly Roger for dinner (miserable place, ugh); attend HUGOS and FRANK WU is now a TWO-TIME HUGO-AWARD-WINNING FAN ARTIST! yeehawww Frank! nap then parties then nap then parties then bed.

Yes, I saw the Harlan thing. I noted a few audience gasps and titters, but no outcries. Until later. And he deserved the opprobrium of our community. He has subsequently apologized.

Saturday parties were of course wonderful. Once again the EscapePod party rocked: good music, good drinks, good people hanging on the patio and schmoozing. My friend Jason is dying, allergies, con crud, exhaustion. I'm fine.

Sunday: is it Sunday yet? We pack up the room, check out, stash luggage with concierge; eldest daughter to Amtrak for her return to San Diego, youngest daughter to bus stop to go home, Wendy to LAX via Simon's driverage, all by 10am; me, I'm off to the panel on racism, attended by women, minorities, handicapped, paneled by James Killus, Tobias Buckell, Pat Cadigan, Charles Barkley, not the same old white male panelists, the same young white male attendees; the discussion



is interesting but no new material covered, damn it; we need new blood and new ideas to jump start science fiction into this new century. Then I went back to the green room/ teacher's lounge for a final time to see if they need assistance. Nope. Score some coffee and wander to green room/convention center, nope, not needed there either. My friend 'the hairy guy' has found an 8gb flash card for a camera, turns it in to Lost and Found who say that if no one claims it before end of day, card goes to someone on committee. Hope the owner gets it back. Attended Jay Lake reading (NOT cancelled, just placed in the other-dimensional 3rd floor, famed of whispered rumor and no

hard scientific evidence; yes it does exist, I just am not allowed to tell you how to get there), attended barcon Sunday afternoon, met up with and said 'Hi-bye' to many many friends. Finally collected Simon from gaming room and luggage from concierge and returned via 22W and 605N to the everyday world.

Simon (a week later) has not entirely recovered. He plans to drive to DarCon in January and wants to attend other conventions as they come up. He wants to play more LARPs (he loved the werewolf game.) He wants to understand how science fiction has anything to do with dances and parties and gaming. He's hooked.

Other people seen during the weekend, in no particular order:

Simon Dark

 safewrite

 kingcadillac

 jaylake

 carmental

 squirrelqwest

 davidlevine

Marsha Sisolak (has an lj handle)

Elizabeth Glover (has an lj handle)

Rob Campbell

 davekirtley

 asimovberlioz

 bridget_coila

 chromeoxide

 danjite

Khaybee

 johnnyeponymous

 yourbob

 rebecca817

 klingonguy

Adam Ruiten (has an lj handle)

Greg Barrett

Lori Ann White (has an lj handle)

Paolo Bacigalupi

Lou Anders

I wonder if the lj roll-call is a comment on my circle of acquaintances or a reflection of blogging as a way of life.

Certainly much else happened this weekend, and much to make me think, but as a quick guide to where I've been and what I've been doing, there ya go.

<http://www.abys sandapex.com>

<http://www.broaduniverse.org>

<http://www.escapepod.org>

<http://www.livejournal.com>



TOP TEN THOUGHTS ONSTAGE AFTER WINNING A SECOND HUGO

by Two-time Hugo Winning Fan Artist Dr. Frank Wu

1. When is the proper time to start screaming, "PRAISE GOD!"?
2. So happy for artist Donato Giancola, finally winning after coming in second to Eggleton so many years in a row.
3. Overjoyed for David Levine, who's had a friendly rivalry with Jay Lake for years. Both were up for the Campbell for best new writer but Jay won and David didn't. Both were up for the Hugo and David won and Jay didn't. So they're even now.

4. Is it selfish of me to have two Hugos when so many great artists - James Bama, John Berkey, David Cherry, Kinuko Craft, etc. etc. etc. - don't have any? I hope Steve Stiles wins next year in Japan. He deserves it.

5. After cutting in on Robert Charles Wilson so I could stand next to actress Morena Baccarin, I must remember to tell her that I really liked her movie "Serenity". But not tell her that I barely remember her in it.

6. Where is Mariposa? I can't see her with all the flash bulbs going off.

7. And where's Harlan Ellison? Did anyone get a chance to punch him in the nose?

8. Did people understand my terse acceptance speech ["You are all beautiful!"]? I meant that I am an artist, and even if you have an unusual body shape or are feeling unloved, I love you and see your inner beauty. Should I have passed this by someone to make sure that that sentiment was clear? Oh, well, too late now.

9. I hope they finish with fotos soon - I gotta get out of here and hit the parties quickly so I can still get some sleep before Sunday service at 8:30, where we're helping to lead worship and singing. I hope being served the Eucharist by a Hugo winner will be a blessing.

10. The newly-minted Hugo Award-winning author standing next to me has his fly open.



The Things I Brought Home With Me From WorldCon

by
Christopher J. Garcia

If I hadn't started dating The New Girl, this article might have been eighty pages long. I bought hundreds, literally hundreds, of things at Con Jose and spent almost a month's rent doing it. This year, I didn't have that kind of scratch and needed to vote in the Site Selection. As a result, meals were slightly leaner, I didn't buy as many drinks as I had planned, and there were few enough pieces purchased to make a short article.

August 1952 issue of Startling Stories with Phillip Jose Farmer's The Lovers

I'd wanted this for years. I love PJF and *The Lovers* was one of the best of his novels. Supposedly caused a major stir when it was released, I'd never even seen the cover until I was digging through one of the Pulp sellers in the Dealer's Room. I paid ten bucks, which is reasonable considering that it doesn't have its backcover. The story is better in its later paperback printing, but it's wonderful to own such a significant piece of Science Fiction history.



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PicoFarad Issues 5 and 6- Free

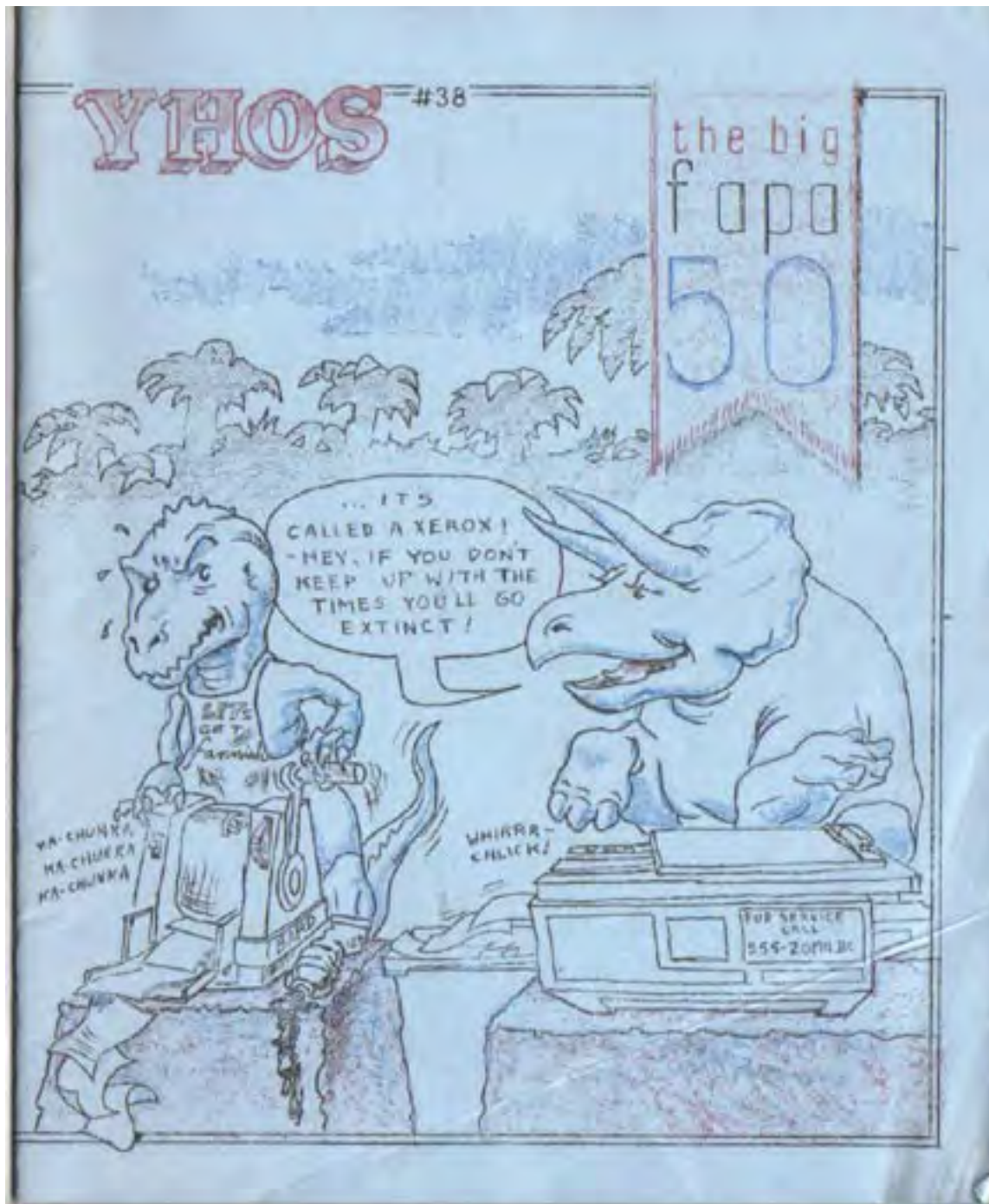
OK, I didn't buy this fanzine, but I did get copies of Issue 5 and 6 by Petrea Mitchell. It's a really fun little zine that comes out bi-monthly. Issue five

(with the great cover image) was good, but issue 6 was the better issue with a long guide to visiting Disneyland and a series of short reviews followed by two long reviews. I really enjoyed it and she does a national con/big event calendar that is really impressive.



The Enchanted Duplicator Eighth Edition by Dan Steffan for 1983 WorldCon- 12 bucks at TAFF auction

Arnie Katz gave me a copy of the third edition that he and Rich Brown did with the Ross Chamberlin art, and this was the same story with Dan's pictures. I can't choose between the two and they're both wonderful.

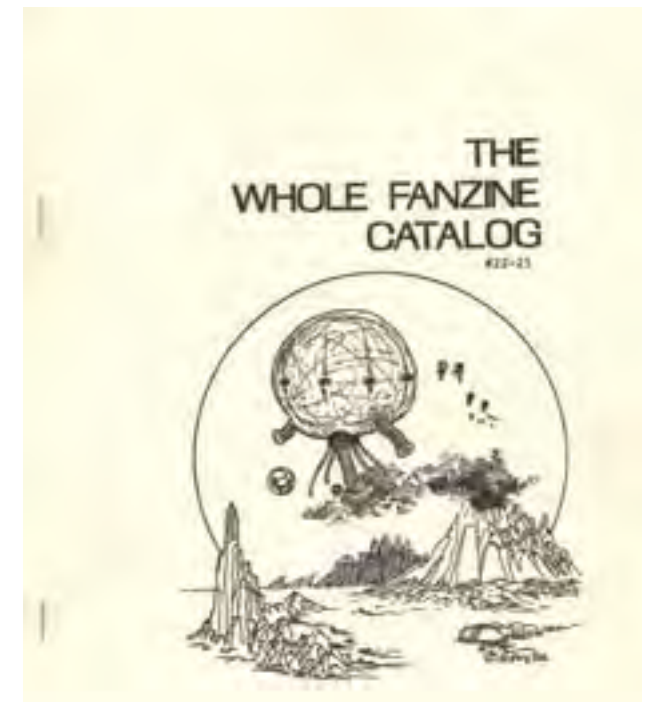


YHOS #38- Bought from TAFF table for 2 bucks

R Twidner is a Fannish National Treasure and YHOS is a wonderful fanzine. This one was produced in 1987 as a part of the celebration of Fifty Years of FAPA.

There's a good little article on regional Fandoms from Janice Morningstar. It's a really good article looking at the ways we're different. I've never been in the belly of Mid-West fandom, but the view of them here makes them seem like good folks.

The highlight is the cover. Mathew Davison did the front and back and they are both brilliant with the Dinosaurs using Mimeo and Xeroxing. It's the best cover I've seen in ages.



The Whole Fanzine Catalog #22-25, 1982/83 bought from TAFF table for a buck

The Whole Fanzine Catalog is obviously a play on the Whole Earth Catalog which used to be put out by my good friend Stewart Brand. It's a good little resource if you like learning about fanzine history. There are reviews of clubzines, genzines and newszine, each laid out into neat little piles. Here's a bit I appreciated quite a lot.

"At this point, Mike Glycer has lasted longer as a newszine editor than Linda Bushyager did, a tribute to his stamina and fortitude (or masochism). File 770 carries all the news that LOCUS doesn't want to be bothered with and is thus indispensable to the average fan."

Now, considering that was written in or around 1983, you gotta appreciate the fact that Mike's still at it...as is Locus.

Algol #16- TAFF Auction for something like 15 bucks

Now, considering that I've bought many other fanzines from this same period for a dollar each (and sometimes less), I really thought that I got ripped off at the auction, but the money was going to a good cause so I didn't mind. It's a good issue, solid as most of the Algols of that period were, but since Andy Porter was sitting in the front row I had him sign it. He signed Chris

for Taff. How better to put it!



The Science Fiction Poetry Association's Rhysling Anthology 2003-Free

I'm not the biggest poetry fan in the world, and sometimes genre poetry messes with me, but I rather liked this. Bruce Boston and Tim Pratt both

have some good pieces in here, as does Ian Watson. Bruce Boston in particular is a great poet of the kind and has won the Rhysling many times. In fact, I think he's got the most, with Joe Haldeman right on his tail.

I would have liked a little interior art, but poetry anthologies tend away from that in recent years. A shame, as it really would have made things shine.



Rune Issue 79- two bucks from TAFF Table

Are you listening John Purcell? Huh? I found this in the pile that was being sold for TAFF and I instantly grabbed it. Sadly, I didn't get around to reading it until after I got home and it's a damn fine little zine.

There's another File 770 review in it too. "A well laid-out mimeozine with great repro (except when there are problems).

John Purcell does a history of Minneapolis Fanzines that's really really good. Possibly the best buy of the bunch.



The Wildings of Westron by David J. Lake for one buck

I got this book specifically to get it signed. So I took it out fo the dealers room (where we bought it from our favourite booksellers) and walked around with it for a couple of hours until I ran into Jay Lake, who had nothing to do with the book, so I got him to sign it.

Now that I've done that, I just gotta get a copy of Ringworld signed by Terry Pratchett and the Autobiography of Jackie Robinson signed by Spider Robinson.



A Piece of Cheese by Bill Rotsler from the TAFF Auction where I paid 15 or so bucks

There was a great lot of Bill Rotsler drawings up for sale in the TAFF Auction. I wanted it bad and I was willing to go up to about 35 bucks, but it ended up drove up to 60. I offered to go halvesies with Guy Lillian, but it was too much. There was another envelope that I thought might have more Rotsler drawings, but sadly it was empty.

The other Rotsler thingee that

came up was the piece you see above, a wonderful little piece that was done a what appears to be a piece of a grocery bag. It's a cute little piece, which I'm sure I'll use in other places, and it was a great buy for personal reasons. I know I've said it before, but my Pops loved Rotsler and owning a piece he did is a wonderful little thing. I'll be using it in something soon, possibly as a cover for something...

I love being cryptic!