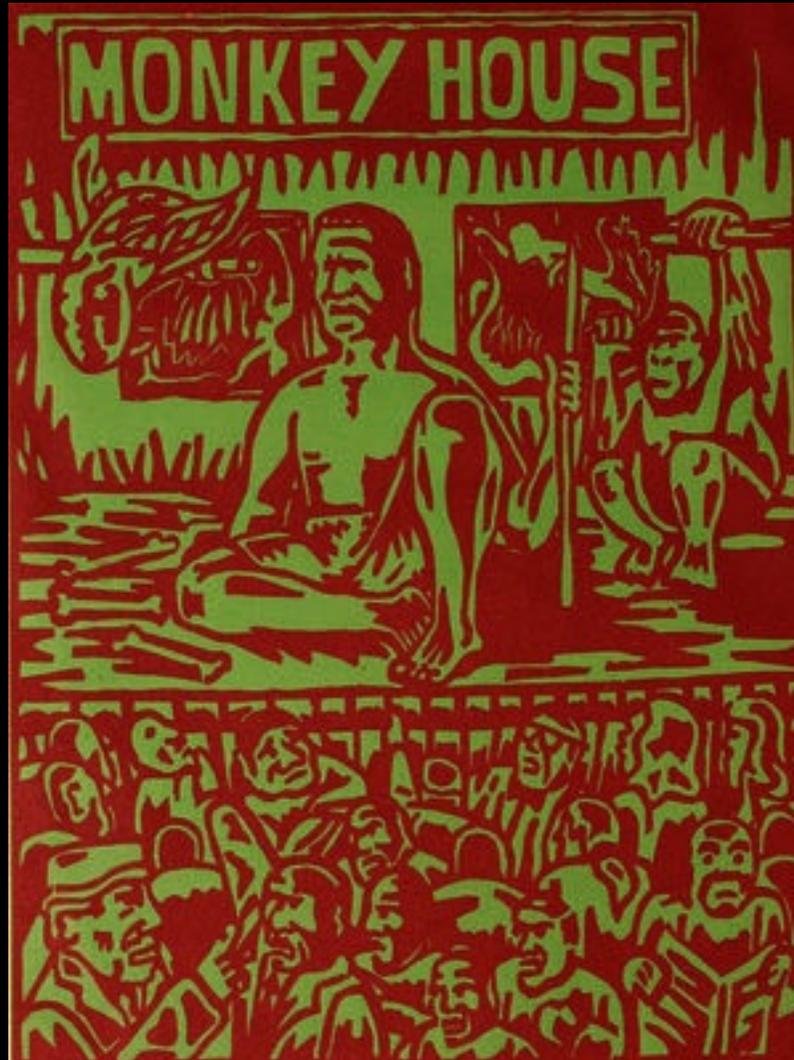


THE DRINK TANK



ISSUE 116

Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
By my gentle Readers

We'll start with reaction to Issue 114: The Montreal in 2009 Issue (and we'll feature photos of beautiful women so that the men in my readership will associate them with the bid and increase the chances of WIN!). Also, I haven't gotten any response to the Second Annual Giant Sized Annual, so I kinda have to start here!

Let's get the ball rolling with Tall Kevin...Kevin Standlee!

I enjoyed your take on Montreal, including the all-poutine tour and hitting the casino. Which reminds me of a Worldcon casino story. In 1990, attending the last Worldcon (before this year's) held in a country where English isn't the first language, I was staying in the hotel that included The Hague's casino, and it was similarly a place where you needed a suit jacket, although they didn't require ties. I'd brought a suit for a different reason, but I ended up needing to go to the casino due to Worldcon site selection.

For reasons that seemed sensible at the time, the administering Worldcon had set the site selection voting fee at 22 US dollars, which worked out to 48 Dutch guilders. When we opened site selection, people



promptly started voting by giving us NLG50 notes. Within a few minutes, those of us working site selection had exhausted our supply of guilder coins. (A guilder coin was about the size of a US quarter.) The currency exchange booth in the convention centre was no help. What to do? I suggested I go to the casino and change some bills. Site selection loaned me NLG200 -- I signed a note for it -- and I headed for the tram stop to head back to my hotel. At the hotel, I changed into my suit and headed for the casino, then to the slot-machine area, where changing

200 guilders was no big deal. But now I was faced with a minor dilemma. They give you the coins loose in cups, not in rolls the way I would expect in a US casino. It seemed a bit crass to just walk right out of the place with the cup of coins. So I wandered around the slot machines for a while until I felt comfortable nonchalantly as possible pouring the coins into the pockets of my suit. For appearances' sake, I played the slot machines a couple of times (with my own money!), then left. I wonder what the surveillance cameras thought of me? Clinking noticeably, I made my way back to the convention centre, where the site selection crew were very relieved to see me dislodge my haul of guilder coins. This proved to be enough for us to make it through the weekend. The experience led me to insist, in those years where I had something to do with site selection, that the voting fee (now called "advance supporting membership") must be a value that makes change-making easy. (Even worse than the USD22 and NLG48 was the insane GBP18.50, which of course people tried to pay with a twenty-pound note that we couldn't possibly change. Madness!)

I've used casinos as money changers before and at least in the US they really don't like it. That's an easy way to launder money. True, if you do it in small enough

batches it's not likely that you're gonna get fingered as a mobster, but try changing 500 bucks in a US casino and then just walking out. They'll stop ya and ask questions. Still, that was a brilliant technique for gettin' cash!

Your desire to have the Worldcon be more "worldly" is not new in fandom. Back in the late 1960, the Worldcon site selection rotation scheme was briefly changed so that the convention would alternate between one of the three North American rotation zones and "the rest of the world," so the convention would be rotate West, Rest of World, Central, Rest of World, East, Rest of World, and repeat. The reason this is not well known is that there was only one Rest-of-World convention held under this scheme -- Heidelberg, 1970 -- whose Business Meeting promptly voted to change things back to the previous scheme of West-Central-East, with Rest of World eligible anytime. Why? Because the rest-of-the-world fans did not *want* to host a Worldcon every other year!

That's a good point. I remember reading about that in Richard Lynch's Outline of Fandom in the 1960s. I've never heard how Heidelberg in 1970 turned out. It was the first WorldCon in a country where English wasn't the primary language (and there've only been



one other with Japan making it three this year) and I'm wondering how it worked. Was it an English-speaking con in a non-English speaking country or was it a bilingual con or something else?

If you modify your desire for an "overseas" Worldcon every alternate year to a "non-US" Worldcon, then you've actually had your wish for much of the past decade. Just look at where the Worldcons have been and where they will be: 2002 San Jose, 2003

Toronto, 2004 Boston, 2005 Glasgow, 2006 Anaheim, 2007 Yokohama, 2008 Denver, 2009 Montreal or Kansas City, 2010 Almost Certainly Melbourne. Without excessive intervention by the WSFS Business Meeting, the Worldcon is trending to be increasingly more than just a glorified American National SF Convention.

That's a very good point. It was been very international of late. It really does add to the mystique of WorldCon when it's outside the US more often. Even though there are few cons I could attend outside the US (Montreal will be an exception), it makes the WorldCons I do manage to get to that much more special.

A key thing here is that you have to bid to have a chance of winning. Not every non-US bid has won -- the two bids for Zagreb, a Scandinavian bid, and a Sydney bid come to mind -- and nowadays most non-US bids have to work as hard as any American bid does. However, fandom looks pretty favorably upon any serious bid from outside the USA. Given that political reality says you have to convince a lot of Americans to vote for you no matter where you're bidding, I think that says a lot about how willing American Worldcon-attending fans are to vote for a site that isn't necessarily convenient for them to attend.

That's the key point. I've heard that

at one point, folks thought that all International bids would win because they were international, but that's certainly not the case anymore. I'd like to see more groups take steps to get ready to host a WorldCon. Eurocons and having large national conventions are a good way to prep, it would seem. Arguably, Japan was ready five years ago (to hear them tell it).

Now, if Grant Kruger could figure out a way to actually bid for South Africa, and if only the Finncon folks would put in a Worldcon bid....

Kevin

Grant thinks there'll be a South African bid in a decade or so. There are folks who say that Finland's not ready, and maybe they need more guidance, but they'll bid sometime in the range of soon.

Thanks, Kevin! And now...Robert Sabella!!!

Hi Chris,

The Montreal Worldcon Bid sounds fine to me. My family visited Montreal a few summers ago (camping in our pop-up between Ottawa and Montreal so we could visit both cities), and it was a wonderful experience. I loved the Old City and street magicians and the French (which I remembered enough from school to actually make sense of the street signs and the conversation,



so long as it was spoken s l o w l y) and the farmers' market.

Sadly, I speak no French and have a tin ear when it comes to languages. I've always made it by on English alone down there (and it's easy in Montreal, though not as easy in Quebec City). I've never been to the Old City. Like the Space

Needle, the moment after I leave I say 'Damn, I forgot to see it! I'll hit it the next time I visit' and I never manage.

Of course, I agree with you that "poutine is the greatest invention that man has ever dared dream up." And the gravy is definitely the highlight. I would return to Quebec Province just for the chance to eat poutine again. If that isn't sufficient reason for supporting a worldcon bid, then what is??

I think food is a big part of why I vote for a bid. I mean, why else would I have voted for Denver save for the omlettes?

I will definitely have to look up PatatiPatata when I'm there for new varieties of poutine, although I don't know if I can emulate you and try it with every meal I eat. I do want to have a waistline when I return home from my next trip to Montreal.

I don't recommend the Garcia Diet for everyone. I'd consult a doctor, but not too reputable a doctor, because then they'd tell you not to do it!

Seriously, the concommittee looks to have both experience and geographic diversity, and it is definitely time for another Canadian worldcon, especially in a French-speaking

location. I attended Toronto in the 70s, which was English-speaking, but it was my favorite worldcon (I actually attended them regularly from the late 60s through the early 80s before I settled into my eremitic existence). 2009, huh? Hopefully things will work out. Good luck.

I've never actually been to a Canadian con. I was supposed to go to TorCon in 2003, but my Dad's state of health was such that I didn't feel right leaving the country. He was rather annoyed by the fact that I didn't go. I enjoyed hearing the stories of the ways in which the con failed. I'm still convinced that Cheryl Morgan's dissection of it in Emerald City is what won her the Hugo the next year.

Take care,

Bob

Let me also put in a plug for Visions of Paradise, Bob's zine that's available on eFanzines.com. It's a really good read.

And Now...John Purcell!!!

Even with Corflu looming one week away, you still find time to crank out the fanzines. I shake my head in wonderment and fall prostrate at your feet. Speaking of which, my prostate is making me needing to go pee. Be right back.



Miss me?

DT #114 = I would love to visit Montreal some day. My wife and two daughters are all taking French classes, so they'd be able to converse (sort of) with the locals, but I'd be interested in going to the mecca of all hockey fans, the Forum, home of the Canadiens. Ah, the memories of Maurice "Rocket" Richard, Henri "the Pocket Rocket" Richard, Gump Worsley, and many other legends. I'd love to see the place.

I would love to see Montreal win the 2009 WorldCon bid. My whole family would go if that happened. Isn't Kansas City also bidding for 2009? Man, tough choice between those two cities.

There is so much going for the Montreal bid: the city is beautiful and clean, great subway system, the food is wonderful, and the sight-seeing is among the finest in North America. It is also easily accessible and, from what I hear, not as costly as many American (as in USA) cities. I really like the name for their WorldCon bid: Anticipation. Good name.

DT #115 = I totally love that Brad Foster cover! He just seems to get better and better. It's a good thing I've asked him for cover art for my zine. Brad should get some votes for Best Fan Artist next weekend. Oh, I'm sorry;

voting just ended three days ago. Even so, he's a front-runner for that award, IMHO. Let's see how accurate my prediction is.

Two years and counting. Congratulations on your extended run of madness, Chris.

Wonderful material you've got in here, too: great artistic contributions from the likes of Brad, Kurt Erichson, Harry Bell, and Dan Barrett are always fun, but I really like it to see other names contributing to the fun, like Selina, Robert, Espana, Josh, and Steve. Good stuff by all.

And the written contributions are wonderful, too. Ed Green's genealogical tale was quite interesting. My family comes from poor Irish steerage that came to America escaping from one of Ireland's patented potato famines and rampant poverty, which makes it difficult to trace my parent's lineage before the 1840's. Valerie's family history has royalty in it; at one point in the distant past, one of her ancestors was the Queen of Norway, or something like that. The best I have to hope for is that I am a possible descendant of Sir Henry Purcell, the English composer. We don't know for sure, but that would be cool to research over in the British Isles some year.

Mark Valentine's article about



the Dr. Thorndyke stories by R. Austin Freeman was well-researched and written. Informative and entertaining. This would be a wonderful example to show my students as to how a research paper should be done. If it is alright by you and Mark, may I do so?

That bizarre song by the Arrogant Worms Lloyd Penney mentions, "Jesus' Brother Bob," sounds suitably strange. The lyrics are a hoot, and I wonder what the song sounds like.

As far as future issues of *Drink Tank* goes, I will still be around, my favorite Corflu roomie. I'm sure that I'll

be shipping some material your way besides locs. No matter what, continue to have fun with it, my friend. We all appreciate your efforts. Someday your efforts will be rewarded by our sending you off to some other poor, unsuspecting country. Like England.

Have a good one, and see you in 6 days!!!!

All the best,

John

Ah, always good to have a John Purcell LoC...and Lloyd Penney Style too! My love of the Montreal bid isn't based on distaste for KC, in fact it's one of those rare occasions where either choice is good...but Montreal is a little better!

I think I'd agree that Brad, along with Dan Steffan and Stu Shiffman, are the front-runners. You know, I just realised that Corflu's in Texas and isn't that where Brad's from? I haven't seen his name on any lists though. I'm so psyched for CorFlu myself.

I'm actually very happy to have such great contributors and especially to get new folks involved. Gotta keep replenishing the stock, as it were.

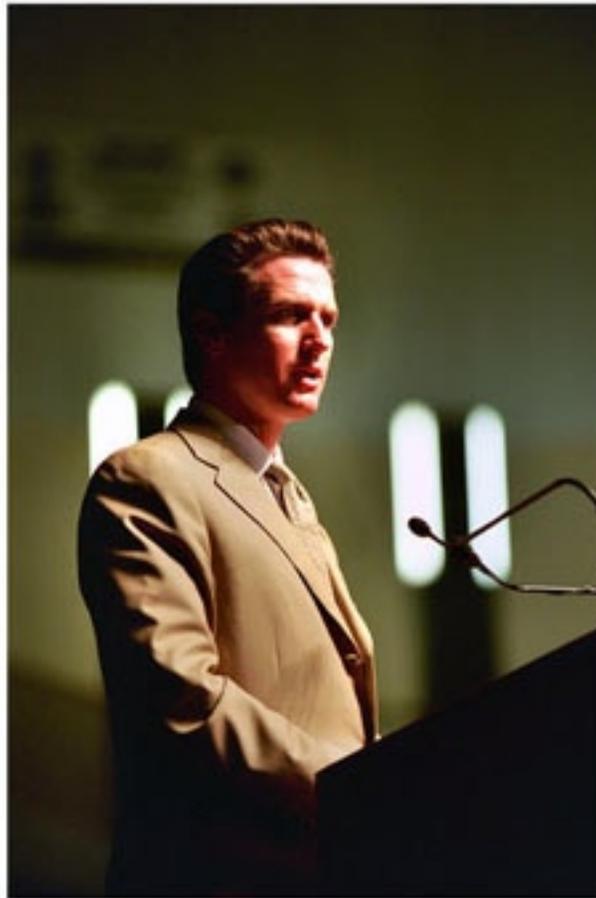
As soon as Ed sent me his piece, I was smilin' knowing this was probably the best piece I'd had. I'll ask Mark for you soon, too!

Oh No! Troubles for my Bro!

OK, you might have heard about it on CNN or in your local paper, but Gavin Newsom had an affair with the wife of his campaign manager and she ratted him out as a part of her twelve step programme. Sucks to be Gavin. As a guy who received his best endorsement from Gavin (after he'd had a couple of glasses of wine), I feel like I better tell him to buck up, Charley. You're still gonna be the next Mayor of San Francisco!

Now, I'm sure you're layin' in wait, moping a bit, licking your wounds and trying to figure out how best to come out fightin'. That's not a bad plan, but eventually you're gonna have to get back up on your feet and make a go of it.

The thing is you fucked up, no question. You knew she was married, you knew her husband, and you went out and banged her anyways. She was a secretary, as I understand it, though San Francisco has no specific rules against nailin' your secretary as long as it's consensual. That's a good thing as it clears you of the worst charges that could be brought against you, but it'll still give you opponent in the up-coming election some powerful ammunition. The people still love you, your popularity is still in the 65 to 70 range whcih is far better than any mayor in the last three decades. That's



a big deal.

You apologized, which was the right way to handle it, now all you gotta do is make the folks who try to use it against you look like assholes for bringing it up. There's a fine line between playing it down and rolling over for them, and you have to ride that line to the end.

Now, as far as future political possibilities...you're gonna have a few problems. I've always thought that you'd make a great Congressman, and

if you were to run against Nancy Pelosi, it would be a hell of a primary to choose. I'd take Pelosi and the points, but you'd make a good showing...if this whole business had never happened. Still, Democrats all seem to have the ability to get elected after scandals. Hell, Ted Kennedy managed to drown a chick and he's still in the Senate!

So get it together and run your ass off! You were gonna win reelection in a walk, but now you're gonna have to work. It won't be a pretty election, that's for sure, and if I were you, I'd start by getting myself good and drunk and then once I've sobered up, I'd figure out who my main opposition would be and start to work the defenses against each of them. You know who your enemies are (that big guy who's always trying to find people to run against you, Dennis Hull, I think his name is) but you've got good people workin' for you (say Hi to Todd for me!) and you'll figure it out.

And if you're ever really down, do this. Give you entourage the day off. Head to these three places on your own (or even better with a date)- North Beach, The Castro and The Sunset. You'll be swamped at all of them. You'll have people comin' up to you telling you what a great job you're doin', you'll have folks who will boo you, but they'll be at the back of the pack. The real voters will be the ones who are clamoring for pictures!

ALL HAIL THE CONQUERING CHICKEN

OR: The Continuing Saga of Guidolon vs. Powerman and the Money-Go-Round

**By
Frank Wu**

When we last left our filmmakers in issue 103 of The Drink Tank, they had left their short film “Guidolon the Giant Space Chicken” to lie fallow for a while, except for dragging it to film festivals hither and yon.

In this installment, “Guidolon” shows in Seattle at the Science Fiction Short Film Festival!

This was a big deal. The Festival is co-sponsored by the Sci-Fi Channel and the Sci-Fi Museum. When “They’re Made Out of Meat” won last year, I knew that, if I made “Guido”, I wanted to show it here. Of all the film festivals in all the world, this was the one where it would get the right audience.

And so I hauled up to Seattle all my publicity materials/giveaways - hundreds of CDs of the film; postcards of Guido, Trisuron the giant space Triceratops, and the monsters dressed up as Mexican banditos; Trisuron T-shirts; and the Guido sculpture Rodney Artiles had made.

A huge posse of my sci-fi convention friends from the Pacific Northwest were



there. Misty Marshall, Bridget Coila, her friend Justin, their friend Janet, Michaela Eaves, Miki Garrison, Leah Cutter. Even Patrick Swenson, editor of “Talebones” magazine, hired a sitter and came. All these artists and writers and scientists - and most of all, my friends! - came to cheer me on. We filled a whole row in the VIP section. I felt so loved.

But would the audience like it?

We were in what Jay Lake calls the Power Position, first slot in the second

group of films, prime time, 7 pm. We got the first crack at the crowd, before they got weary from too many short films trundling through their brains.

After a brief introduction, we were on.

And they loved it! They laughed at all the right spots, even the lines which had fallen flat at other film festivals. Like: “In this life, we have a choice of nightmares. For me, one nightmare is to make a movie. The other is to NOT make a movie.” And they got the “It’s a



Deus ex Mexicana!”

line. Here was a crowd - my kind of people, who appreciate giant monsters and spaceships and things blowing up for no good reason. After a while, I stopped watching the film and just listened to the laughter. It was like coming home, and I was so choked up that I actually cried during most of the showing.

In the Q&A after all the films were shown, we were asked why we chose science fiction as our genre. I said, “I grew up on science fiction. If a film doesn’t have spaceships, robots or aliens in it, I don’t want to watch it.” They laughed. These were my people.

Early in his career, a comedian had bombed at an old folks home in the Poconos. He thought of hanging it up, but an older comic told him, Son, if you can make it in the Poconos, you don’t belong in Hollywood. That young feller went on to great success.

So perhaps at some film festivals they just didn’t get it. But here...

After the showing, some new fans came up and asked for autographs.

Someone gave me a Mardi Gras bead necklace with a plastic rubber chicken. I have no idea why he had this, but there it is. Leslie Howle interviewed me.

And one of the other filmmakers (notice how I am discretely not naming names) said she would pass my film on to two of her friends, who were directors at Cartoon Network. No promises, of course, but this was like her “paying it forward.” Angels had come out of nowhere to help her finish her film, and so she wanted to help me with mine.

Love was all around. It was beautiful.

I returned from Seattle with renewed energy for the minor tweaks we want to do to “Guido.” Fixing things pointed out as flaws. There isn’t a strong ending - we never find out if Guido finished making his movie. And some of the animation needs to be punched up, particularly the fight scene.

And the opening shot of the monster coming out of the water.

I added a shot of Octuron the giant space octopus celebrating the victory over Number One, the evil robotic head of the movie studio. Just two seconds of him leaping with joy transforms him from a cut-out to a character.

On the way to Seattle, I read

Malcolm Gladwell’s book “The Tipping Point.” He mentioned a fellow who spent hours studying a filmed snippet (<

1 min) of a mundane conversation. In those repeat viewings, he noticed tiny movements that conveyed feeling and emotion as the people talked. That observation transformed how I see animation.

Perhaps it is a lesson I should have already learned. Lori Ann White mentioned long ago, after seeing a draft of the film, that the characters’ wings moved, but not in a way that carried emotion. Nick Parks noted that in “Wallace and Gromit,” the characters wiggle their fingers because it’s easy to animate and makes them more believable. Perhaps the power of these small motions is a lesson I need to learn over and over. Perhaps it is akin to Christianity, which has been described as a class, like Faith 101, which you have to take every semester and can’t Pass out of. Filmmaking is



like that - you learn the same lessons again and again until you get them right.

And so I sat in McDonald's. Watching people.

Grandpa, who - though still alive - hardly moves, his ankles locked together, his jaw barely translocating half an inch with each chew. In contrast, Mr. Black Sweater, whose knee bobs like a jackhammer. Or Mr. Cash Register, pleasantly rocking back and forth as he awaits the next customer.

Fabio struts in, and I deconstruct his stride so perhaps I can animate the giant space octopus acting like God's Gift to Women.

Meanwhile Mr. Orange Reflector Vest slips easily through the crowd, his orange vest gaining him access to every location, yet guaranteeing anonymity when he arrives.

Little movements that make these masses of flesh and cloth into characters.

And so I return to the drawing table, where we will add Trisuron the giant space Triceratops doing a victory dance.

Several people asked me what I'm doing next.

Bridget Coila suggested that I film Trisuron's back story.

She is the best character. Smart, sexy, funny. The Buffy the Vampire Slayer of the Giant Monster World.

But... why does she have a Triceratops head on a human body?

In the episode "But They Didn't Know How to Put Us Back Together", we learn that she was on a spaceship with a mixed crew of humans and giant monsters. The Shrink-o-Matic

(or, reversed, the Humungulator) made everyone the same size. But the ship crashed on a lonely planet and the aliens there didn't know which head went with which body, so they switched them. Which means that somewhere in the galaxy there's a Triceratops with a human head.

Stay tuned... for the next exciting episode of "Guidolon the Giant Space Chicken and Friends Half-Power Half-Hour"!

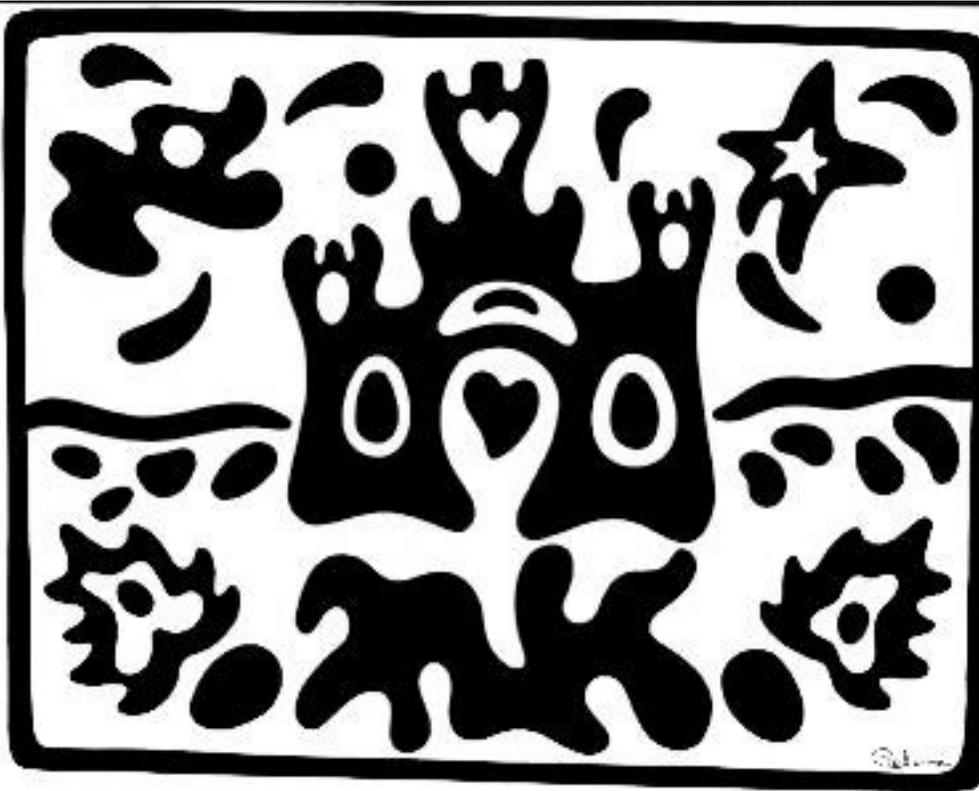


Trisuron artwork by Suzanne Rachel Forbes

And so another issue has come down the track and finally left us behind. I'll miss it. I really will.

I'll be at CorFlu this weekend, Partying with Don Anderson, Lenny Bailes, Tom Becker, Harry Bell, Tracy Benton, Bill Bodden, David Bratman, Claire Brialey, Bill Burns, Mary Burns, Randy Byers, Jack Calvert, Janet Carrington, Jim Caughran, Graham Charnock, Rich Coad, Teresa Cochran, Earl Cooley III, Catherine Crockett, Michael Dobson, Lise Eisenberg, Aileen Forman, Ken Forman, Colin Hinz, Rob Jackson, Jerry Kaufman, Earl Kemp, Frank Lunney, Pat Mailer, Karen Meschke, Murray Moore, Janice Murray, Spike Parsons, Mark Plummer, John Purcell, Alan Rosenthal, Yvonne Rowse, Stacy Scott, Joyce Scrivner, Ian Sorensen, Geri Sullivan, James Taylor, Suzle Tompkins, Pat Virzi, Howard Waldrop, Peter Weston, Ted White and Art Widner. That crew should make for some good times.

I'm excited, even though it means flyin' from here to Texas. I'm not a fan of airplane travel and I'm expecting to be a bit nervous, especially since I'll be flying out of a storm (if the weather people are to be believed). Still, I'm nearly seat-wrigglingly psyched to be going to CorFlu.



Art This Issue:
Cover by Action Wolfe, the photos were by Lak Lietnas, Marvin Gains, Steve Sachsen and Laura Ring. That piece right over there is by the Lovely and Talented Selina Phanara

Ted White asked me to be on a program item all about TAFF, so I'll be doin' that. I also hear there's an auction for the various Fan Funds which I'll also be participating in, most likely as a buyer, but you never know if they'll pull you out to help auction. I'm planning on buying a lot, or at least enough that I'll need additional help getting them back home. I did just get my phat check from the US Government for my taxes.

And then I'll party hard and have a very good time chattin' with folks from all over the place and

trying to charm the English folks. Schmoozing is what I do best!

And then I'll come back home, tell stories of the fun I had and then write a long report for The Drink Tank and one for SF/SF and one for ANZAPA and who knows how many others. All I know is this: I'm going to wring this thing for all it's worth!!!

And that closes another issue of The Drink Tank. Thanks to y'all who helped me out with writing and art and as always, remember where you left your soda. There's a lot of germs floatin' around right now!