



The Drink Tank Issue 114  
Doing Our Part to Bring WorldCon to Montreal!

Bonjour, mes amis! This here's the big shill issue for The Drink Tank's love of Montreal in 2009. Why are we so thrilled about Montreal? Well, you'll read all about it in the zine, now won't you? We've been supporters since I first saw the group at Norwescon in 2005. I chatted with Rene Walling and sampled the now famous Spruce Beer than he brought with him. It was enough to get me to become a Friend of the Bid. That's the only time I've ever done that.

It's not that Kansas City isn't a wonderful place too, but there's nowhere in North America that I could think of that I'd love to go back to nearly as much as Montreal. Plus, with all the wonderful bidding the Montreal team has been doing, there's no other choice in my eyes.

So, this issue is all about why you should support Montreal in the race for the 2009 WorldCon. We're lucky enough to have Rene Walling to write a bit about the bid, Andy Trembley has said a few wonderful things (and is the reason I even started thinking about this issue) and I've got a lot to say about my time on the Royal Mountain. So, Laissez les bon temps rouler!

**Anticipation**

## **Vegetarians, Avert Your Eyes!** *by Andy Trembley*

It's not like Kansas City, one of the Porkish contenders for the BBQ crown, is doing much to draw the coveted Vegetarian Site Selection Voters block, not with their parties' meaty centerpieces.

Montreal, on the other hand, is playing both sides of the fence. Sure, the traditional Montreal Spruce Beer (Soda? Made from trees? It's the perfect beverage!) is cool. But unless you've been to an Anticipation 2009 party in Canada, you probably haven't experienced the delight that is Montreal Smoked Meat.

You wouldn't expect a strongly francophone community to totally embrace an Ashkenazi Jewish standard, but Montreal took classic Jewish deli-smoked brisket to heart and melded it into *cuisine Quebecois*, creating a synthesis greater than the sum of its parts. While many of Quebec's Jews left the province in recent decades (fleeing French-only language laws), Montreal Smoked Meat stayed.

What, that doesn't sound like anything threatening?

It isn't really.

But you haven't heard of Montreal's secret weapon of carnivorous carnage.

It's a temple to the pig and the duck. It celebrates with daily sacrifices

(except on Monday, when St. Martin rests). Its altars are piled high with that reviled ingredient being outlawed everywhere else, *foie gras*.

It's a restaurant once taken on by the great king of cynics and gourmands, Anthony Bourdain. The restaurant won.

It's *Restaurant Au Pied De Cochon*, the foot of the pig.

It's a vegetarian's nightmare. Everywhere you look, meat.

It's a vegetarian's nightmare. There's not a bit of waste. Talk about a moral dilemma. Looking back to the peasant and country traditions that are the basis of great French cuisine, they use every bit of the pig but the oink, every bit of the duck but the quack.

There's a whole menu dedicated to *foie gras*. There's even a seafood menu during the summer months, if you find pig and duck to be too much in the hot weather.

It's efficiency in excess. It's an excess of efficiency.

Then there's the chef's name. *Martin Picard*. Sure, it's a common French surname, but who cares? It's a stfnal French surname.

If you were ever going to vote for a Worldcon site with your stomach, make it 2009, and make it Montreal.

**The Montréal Worldcon Bid**



***My Last Trip to Montreal: A True Account from Christopher J. Garcia***

I flew in from Northern California on a plane that seemed too small to make the trip. It was the last time I flew with a carrier that boasted ‘Lower Prices Than ValuJet’. I was going for five days and I had no firm plans other than I wanted to see the Casino and maybe enjoy some of the culture and food. I had been to Montreal a lot as a kid, but this was the first time I was on my own with no plan at all. The last time I’d been there had been for wrestling at the Molson Centre. I also took in a hockey game, but it wasn’t hockey season, so no dice!

I landed and took a cab to my hotel right off of St. Catherine. I was hungry because, hey, I’d came out from California. I was near Peel St., I think, and there was this place called La Belle Province right up the way. I figured I’d go and have a snack while

I waited to think of something to do. I got in and I knew exactly what I was going to have: poutine.

Poutine is the greatest invention man has ever dared to dream up. It’s French Fries with cheese curds and gravy. The gravy is the highlight, though good cheese curd will make you think you’ve died and gone to Heaven. I sat down and ordered it. The time was a little after 3 pm. It was glorious! I ate it far too fast, not realizing the insulation advantages that gravy and cheese curd give to french fries. I burnt the roof of my mouth twice on that pile of awesomeness.

I headed to a small bookstore that was a few blocks away. I figured I needed the walk. I bought some sort of book (I think it was a non-fiction book about Gordy Howe, though I might have picked that up on my way and got some other book) and I went for a walk. I found a couple of nice record stores and after about 3 hours, I found that I needed to have a seat and enjoy some rest.

I ended up in a small cafe somewhere far from where I started. I remember not being able to recall the route I had taken so I was going to have to figure it out on my own. I ordered a coffee. The Tragically Hip song Blow At High Dough was playing on the overhead. That’s one of my faves. I sat and drank some really bad coffee for an hour or so. I started reading the

Gordy Howe book and then, after at least two more hours, I realised I was hungry again.



I had somehow ended up on St. Laurant Street. I dunno how, and looking at a map now it seems quite impossible. I discovered that the place I was closest to was a small diner. When I say small, I mean maybe a dozen people could fit in the place. It was nearly packed, but there was one seat when I went in and I got it. The name of the joint, and how could anyone forget a name like it, was PatatiPatata.

I looked over the menu and discovered something: lots of great poutines. They had varieties that I didn’t know existed. I had to have them. They were good. I’ve heard that there are quite a few poutine fanatics who say that PatatiPatata is the best poutine in Montreal, though I’ve experienced different myself. It was damn good with an excellent sauce. At this point I knew what I had to do. When I went to Phil-Con, I’d done a challenge with myself to eat one Cheesesteak from each of the stalls at Reading Market. This turned into a great challenge. I figured I’d eat poutine for every meal I had in Montreal.

This was my quest.

I headed back to my hotel since I was beginning to feel a little bit heavy with poutine already. I managed to make it on my own and did some squats and a few pushups to make sure that I was going to be in fighting shape for the next phase. I ended up reading and listening to the radio. The station I chose played a song from The Tragically Hip's album Fully Completely. I felt like I was really in Canada.

I woke up the next morning and prepared myself. I knew I had to go to the Casino that night, which meant I had to build in time to go back to my hotel and change into my suit. It was nearly 10am. I needed to get two meals in between now and 6ish.

I've learned a number of things when I travel. The best is never ask a cab driver to point you to high class fittles. It just doesn't work. If you want good eats in the realm of diners or lunch counters, then cabbies are your best choice. Since poutine in one of those everyman foods (in Quebec at least) I took a chance.

I got a cab at the turn-around and he was exactly what I was hoping for: a giant guy wearing a cabbie's hat.

"Where to?" he said in that distinct Quebecois voice.

"Where's the best poutine you know of?"

He laughed a giant booming laugh.

"I know a place. Long fare,

Poutine.....	\$3.49
with pop.....	\$4.25
Cheese Fries.....	\$3.25
with pop.....	\$3.99
Fries.....	\$1.99
with pop.....	\$2.75
Fries and Gravy.....	\$2.49
with pop.....	\$3.25
Cigarettes(25s).....	\$5.00
3 packs.....	\$14.00

**Poutine Meal Deal**  
1 Poutine  
1 Pop  
25 Cigarettes  
**\$8.99**

100% Vegetable oil available upon request  
Prices subject to change

though." he said.

"I'll handle it." I answered and we were off.

I'm smart enough to know when a cab driver is giving me the long way around, and this guy was. He turned what shouldn't have been a huge fare into a nearly huge fare. It was OK, because he dropped me off at La Banquise.

La Banquise, I've come to understand, is something of a legendary poutine spot. It's trendy, kinda upscale and not quite the place I'd expect a cab driver to recommend. I'd not done any research, but from what I understand now, it's supposedly one of the top

five poutines in Montreal. They had a bunch of different ones, so I ordered the bacon poutine because it was nearly breakfast time.

Sweet Mary & Joseph, it was so very good.

It was smokey and incredible and the gravy was amazing. It's deserved every lauding it's received. I ate and had a wonderful meal with my book. It ended around noon and I figured I should walk some more.

I found an internet cafe a few streets down and stopped to check my mail and look up new places. There was a joint that was a bit far away where I could indulge two of my favourite passions: food and bowling. I used the net to figure out a route using the metro system and a bus route.

While I made my way there, I saw that there was some big car thing out by the casino. I figured I'd stop by and see what the fuss was. Since it was open all night, I figured I'd have the time.

I got to the bowling alley and it was a bowling alley. It was a bowling alley that reminded me of how bowling alleys were back in the 1980s. This was a place to go and bowl. I figured I'd throw a few balls for a couple of hours and then eat up. I threw two good games by my standards: 120 and 130 or thereabouts. The score wasn't that important because after I'd played two games, I got myself the poutine.

Greasy and delicious! It was hearty fries, a standard sauce and a bunch of cheese, and they used Cheese Curd instead of the shredded cheese that I understand a lot of lesser places use. It was tasty and I almost forgot I was in a bowling alley. I bowled another game, but I did no good. I was too stuff.

I headed back to my hotel and got cleaned up. I showered, I made the beard look presentable and I donned the suit that I got for being on the reality show I did. That was the best thing I ever did, even if it never aired. I looked good, so I made my way to the subway and then to the casino bus. I arrived and was amazed at the place. It's a gorgeous casino and it's perfectly situated. Everyone was well-dressed, which is a requirement. They don't let you wear hats in the gaming area and they'd just switched to having No Smoking in the Casino. It was a good place to gamble. I had about 500 Canadian and I went immediately to the craps table.

Smart move.

There was a hot lady rolling and I managed to turn 500 Canadian into almost 2 Large over the course of three hours. I was hitting hardways all night long. The table had become hopping and I noticed that folks were much calmer in Montreal when folks were on hot streaks. I made a great deal of money and I was tipping like a big shot too! I



was a happy happy boy.

And I was about to get happier. One of the women around the table was a tall (about two inches taller 'an me) lass in a lovely black outfit that wouldn't have looked out of place as a backup singer for Stevie Nicks. I had been eyeing her between throws and she was smiling at me. Seldom am I as suave as I was that night, but I managed to make her smile (and won her about 500 bucks by throwing consecutive 11s). After I was walking away, she came up.

"You goin' to another table?" she said. Obviously an American.

"I'm thinking of goin' to that car thing." I answered.

"Mind if I come with?" Ah yes, she was a Californian too.

"That would be rad." I said, knowing she would understand exactly what I meant.

We walked over and we both cashed out. We chatted about the craps, and it was strange as I'd had a very similar experience with craps and ladies in Las Vegas. We headed out the Casino to the show.

It was a small show, maybe 10 cars, but they were pretty. I realised that I hadn't even introduced myself to her as we went to look.

"By the way, I'm not sure that it matters, but I'm Chris."

"That's what I was waiting for." She said, smiling. "I'm Tamara."

I offered my hand and she shook it.

"You're from Cali, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yeah, San Francisco. You?"

"San Jose. I work at the Computer History Museum."

We talked about that and wandered around the cars. She had a camera so I took a few photos of her lounging on them. The folks in charge noticed after two or three, so we had to knock it off.

After about thirty minutes, we

headed back into the Casino.

I headed over to Pai-Gow and managed to win another fifty or so dollars and Tamara managed to win another hundred or so. I was getting tired and I had a long trip. The subway had already stopped, but there was a service that ran to my hotel. Tamara walked me to my pick-up spot and I actually kissed her hand as I said goodbye. She had written her name and number (in California) on a napkin that still lives in the jacket pocket of my suit jacket.

I got back and I managed to get myself into bed and even get to sleep. It was a night filled with strange dreams, I recall.

The morning came...but I missed it since I didn't wake up until almost 2. I was starved and decided that another walk around town was a good idea because I could feel myself becoming more blob-like as the time passed. I had written down three places to eat and I wanted to get to all of them, though since I only had the rest of the day to do so, I had to prioritize.

I walked around until I came across a Frite Alors. It's a chain that does poutine right. I had been told that Burger King and McDonalds in Quebec both do poutine, but I didn't want to go to that level. Instead, I went to this little place that was modeled after Belgium, I think. There was an excellent selection in the place, though I



just chose to have the regular. They were really good, and cheap. The place reminds me of The Sonoma Chicken Coop here in San Jose as for atmosphere and price point. It was also just as filling. I got up and I walked some more. It was approaching 5pm and I was in the mood for some entertainment.

It would seem that a good American Sports Bar shouldn't be easy to find in Montreal. I was hoping to find a Canadian-type bar somewhere along my travels. I found a place that was jumpin' and I headed inside.

Yup...American Sports Bar.

I would have moved on, but one of the TVs was showing wrestling! I looked and it was a pay-per-view! Score! I hadn't seen a WWE PPV in ages, so I sat down and ordered a couple of drinks. It wasn't a great show, but there was a good Kurt Angle match and that was enough for me!

I headed out after the show end-

ed and found myself ready for the big one. I'd been told that Maamm Bolduc was one of the best places in Montreal period, and they did a good poutine. I had to know and seeing that it was going to be my last place, I wanted it to go well. It was a hip little place. I believe it would technically qualify as a bistro. I got a seat and I waited.

And waited.

And waited.

I'd brought a book, so that wasn't a problem, but they seemed to be ignoring me for all they were worth. I think I was there for about thirty minutes before I ordered.

And the order was Poutine Bourguignonne, which added ground beef, onions and garlic to the gravy-cheese curd mix.

Everything in the beast was perfect. It was slightly cheesier than La Banquise and the gravy was the best anywhere! And the cheese, OH DEAR LORD!, the cheese. It was stringy and fresh and delicious. It just made the entire dish that much more perfect.

I headed back to the hotel and got two hours of sleep. I flew out at six the next morning, so I had to make sure that I had everything packed. I had managed to make it to The Casino and win a fair deal of money. I also managed to fail at getting into any of the local culture. I'd say that I did very well with my food thoughts though. I mastered Montreal Poutine!



***How did I get so excited by this Montreal business? Well, it was meeting Rene Walling in Seattle. That and Spruce Beer. There's nothing quite like Spruce Beer. It's like drinking a forest! Rene was kind enough to send me these fine words about his vision for Anticipation!***

***Pourquoi Anticipation?  
By Rene Walling***

I've been asked to write a few words about Anticipation and why people should vote for Montreal to host the Worldcon in 2009. Since you can read about Montreal elsewhere in this issue, I thought I'd say a few words about the bid committee and what I hope Anticipation will be.

The Anticipation bid committee reflects the diversity and openness to the world of Montreal. Of the dozen members, only two reside in Montreal, the others live across Canada (Fredericton, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg), in the US (Boston, Philadelphia and Phoenix) and one of us resides in the UK. We also have a good amount of experience amongst the members of the bid. Included in the committee are the chairs of the last two Canadian Worldcons, as well as the past chair of a NASFiC. Others have been department or division heads at a many Worldcons, not to mention the literally hundreds of local and regional cons we've worked on over the years.

This experience means that we know the traditions behind the Worldcon and also know that adding to it with local colour will make it a memorable event.

One of the things Anticipation hopes to accomplish is to make you discover a new aspect of SF, one that definitively colours local fandom: the universe of French language SF. This

means everything from written fiction (from J.H. Rosny Sr. to Ayerdhal), to BD (from *Astérix* to *Métal Hurlant*) not to forget films (From George Méliès' *Le voyage dans la lune* to Christian Volckman's *Renaissance*).

Not all French language genre production comes from Europe. Canada has a lot of homegrown talent whose production is mainly in French. From Montrealers like Yves Meynard Jean-Louis Trudel and Daniel Sernine to people living further out like Elisabeth Vonarburg and Joel Champetier, the Québec SF scene is dynamic and produces a lot of outstanding works.

The English language scene is also active, Glenn Grant, Mark Shainblum and Jo Walton are just a few of the genre writers to be found in Montreal. Ranging further out, there are many talented Canadians many of whom you probably know. We hope to be able to honour some of them in 2009 by hosting the Convention, (the Canadian National Convention) which we plan to bid for once we've won.

Our hopes are that Anticipation will bring a bit more of the world to the Worldcon, (by highlighting some aspects of the genre that many fans may not be familiar with) but also to bring more of the Worldcon to the world, by showing people who like SF but are not part of the fannish tradition what we're about.

You may be asking yourself why Christopher J. Garcia is shilling for Montreal in 2009 when he so seldom sticks his neck out for anybody. The answer is simple: it's a great bid and there's more than that in the concept.

I love WorldCons. If you've read the WorldCon issue of The Drink Tank, you can see exactly why I love these gatherings. It's the one time you can really count on meeting fen from around the world in a setting where you're almost guaranteed to have a good time interacting.

Which is why I think WorldCon needs to become less of a US thing and more of an International touring event. I want more WorldCons outside of the US so that we can truly make the World Science Fiction Convention a real WORLD convention. There are a lot of World conventions of one type or another, conventions that tour around the world seldom being in the same country more than once every decade or so. True, a lot of those are technical conventions, but still, they make an interesting comparison. They get a more international representation when they are in the US than ones that mostly stay in the US except for occasional visits once every few years.

And that's what I want WorldCon to become. If we had one WorldCon in the US and then one over-seas, that's what I'd love to see happen. True, that requires more international fan-



doms having to get their stuff together enough to host a WorldCon, but there are several that could, with a little help, be ready in the next five years. I've always said Finland and South Africa are the two that I'd most heavily support, and I think that Australia should stay on the 'rotation' with a WorldCon every ten years or so. Add the UK to that that group and you've got a long list of places that could host WorldCons.

Montreal is the closest location we could possibly have for a very different WorldCon. There's never been a French language WorldCon, which

is odd, since there's a long tradition of Francophone SF and Fantasy. The same could be said of the Russians, though Russian fandom is probably not quite ready to host a WorldCon. The fact is, WorldCon needs to branch out, and the Montreal bid, besides being in the beautiful and magnificent city of Montreal, is a bid for a bi-lingual WorldCon. These have happened before, but this is the first chance we've had to focus on the French.

I'm all-in for Montreal, and I hope you'll think about it too. You should visit <http://www.anticipationsf.ca/en/index.html>