

# The Drink Tank Issue 95

L.A. CON IV  
64TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION  
23 - 27 AUGUST 2006  
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

# This Are WorldCon



a couple of breakfasts to replace sleep. That set the tone for the first couple of days: exhaustion, mingled with such utter giddy joy that I had stars in my eyes. Not stars for the writers that I kept bumping into, but stars because I was running into people who were friends and people I admired from years of reading zines and people I hadn't met yet and I just wanted to get to meet and know everyone.

As soon as I made it to the hotel lobby, around 6, I started chatting people up. I used Chris for TAFF as an entry point, but I usually just ended up chatting with folks about this and that. I went to breakfast with a couple of Philly fans and that was wonderful. Talking with them, having lunch with three people I'd never met before after merely a couple of minutes of chatting, made me realize that fandom is the most accepting place on Earth. There's no other time I've been able to feel like I could simply walk up to someone and start a conversation and think that I might be heading to breakfast with them in less than ten minutes. The conversation was good too.

As the day went on, the conversations continued along long runs of topics that may or may not be at all related.. That would explain why I have so little voice left now. I talked to every fanzine fan I ran into. Randy Byers seemed to be around all the time, so we chatted a lot, as were Jerry and Suzle, Marty Cantor, Milt Stevens and others. I've only vaguely hung out with fanzine fans save for CorFlu. I spent a lot of time in the fanzine lounge, and not just

because there were free foodstuffs. I talked and read a little and realised quickly that this was a community that I might consider myself a member of. This was the 'con within a con' that was happening for those of us who were fanzine fans. I also realised that I wouldn't be happy if that was all there was. I'm a big fan of big fandom, of the media discussions, of the writers sitting down to chat, of the SMOF talk, of the room parties, in short, I'm a fan of the people who show up at these things with or without a single purpose or goal. I love the Great Unwashed, those who see fandom as a place to go and party during cons, those who love the panels and talking to authors, getting books signed. Even if the most participation we get out of them is showing up and paying the entrance fee, I love that they're around to add little pieces to the entire story.

My view of fandom is changing. I've always seen all the SMOFish politics, the petty rivalries, the strange personal vendettas that people carry. These can sink people and make conventions feel like straitjackets that have no escape. It must have been going on, there's no convention that has escaped fannish conflict, but I never saw it. Other than the Harlan thing (which blew up after the con), the con itself felt like a tension-free zone. The con staff did such a great job that I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. There were minor bumps, a lot of programming issues beforehand, but it ended up being a great con. While I was slapped with political issues at Con Jose (when I was still new to things), I was completely free of it here and I was putting myself out there and meeting folks and talking about all sorts of things.

*If you're really interested in learning about my WorldCon experience, I'd suggest you go and read SF/SF when it comes out. It'll have everything that I did and stuff in a very literal manner. It'll talk about events, who did what, what I said and be linear in chronology and importance.*

*This issue is something a little different.*

*Lloyd Penney's writing a series of 'impressions' for John Purcell. I could steal that idea, but this is going to be something else. This is going to be the ways in which WorldCon moved me towards thought, towards people, towards fandom, and ultimately, towards a thankfulness that I don't know if I've ever experienced towards fandom.*

### *•Apres moi la deluge*

I'd arrived and walked around Anaheim so I wouldn't have to wake up Frank and Jim at 2:30 in the morning. I walked around the edges of Disneyland until almost 7. When I got to the convention centre, I found a bunch of people and started chatting folks up and had

Which is part of the wonder of the convention. I was out there promoting myself for TAFF, but after a while, it merely became another bit in the comedy that I tend to do. By Friday, I wasn't so much campaigning as using the whole Chris for TAFF thing as a way to lead into conversations and make new friends. I probably talked to a couple of thousand people. I shook a lot of hands, I gave out a lot of hugs. I met people from around the US (with a lot of BArea, LA, and Seattle people) and around the world. There were Swedes and Norwegians and Israelis and Germans, and Grant Krueger (South African living in Portland as I understand it) and folks from elsewhere. It was amazing to see them all and I got to meet them and give them ribbons and talk about their ideas on fandom and explain what TAFF was and what was going on in the World. It's one of the things that I love about the big WorldCon, the chance to get to meet hundreds of people who have no contact with my fandom. I imagine that the small WorldCons of the 1940s and 50s were more intimate, allowing for stronger connections to be made between the couple of hundred folks who were there. You could meet everyone and have impressive conversations and really get into their headspace, but now, you can pick and choose and if you're interested, you can get to know hundreds of people from places that you've never been. I've met French-Canadians and the Irish and the Russians and the Greeks and so many more who probably never would have come across the waters in the old days. It's just different and I love that variety. Maybe it takes someone like me, someone without that filter that would



block them from going forward and shaking hands with a complete stranger from a strange land and then hold a conversation.

There were things going on that just about killed me. There were people coming up to me saying they'd been wanting to meet me. John Hertz was one of them. So was Mike Glycer. Wow. I've been around for ages and now people are starting to know me and that feels nice, almost like I matter...almost!

The fact is, WorldCon 2006 taught me not to take myself too seriously. Comedy, it seems, and comradery are what fandom is based on. I don't want to be that serious fan who doesn't know how to take it easy, who floods his LJ with petty fannish complaints and doesn't get it when the people who want to have a good time simply go out and have it. Hollister taught me about how to hoax properly at the same time as making a good point, but it was also a lot of fun.

I was deeply thrown into fandom here, completely untethered from the rest of my life (not even email checking happened) and I loved it. It's not that I don't love Evelyn and the rest of them, but it felt so nice to be able to dive in without worrying about the rest of the world. I can say that I've never really been able to do that at a BayCon or at NASFiC last year, or any other time than the 2002 PhilCon that I flew out to. I was always at least a little tied to something. Here, I only made two calls out to those still back home and it was only to see what was going on. It was wonderful, Original Recipe GAFIA at its best.

And that's roughly what it was like.



### ***More Comebacks than a Jeff Stryker Compilation***

The Match Game in the afternoon was fun. It was funny, it had good attendance, and it provided a terrific amount of laughter for the panelists and the audience. The Match Game After Dark was something altogether different.

To start with, most of us showed up pretty early while the Hugos were still going on and Kevin got a drink. Andy had a drink. I had my flask of vodka and I had also been drinking a little before that and I continued to drink. I was about a sheet and a half to the wind by the time the show started.



The panel will sound familiar if you've read about the other editions. There was Kevin and Andy, with Kevin on my left and Mr. Trembley in my position on the other side. Len Wein, the comic writer and a genius, was between the two of them. Tom Galloway was the lead-off guy, and at the far end...Leigh Anne Hildebrand.

OK, here's the business: Leigh Anne's a comic genius. She has a brilliant character that she plays that's from the original series: the ditz. She plays it with a bit more obvious devil hiding beneath the surface and that only makes it more funny. As the guy who has studied roasts, I'm pretty good at laying a snap down, but Leigh Anne figured a way to do her damage back to me during the questions. She was brutally hilarious!

The opening was us being silly and holding up signs, mostly about us drinking. Leigh Anne held up a sign that said ~~16-17-18~~ 19 Room Keys Collected during the con. I tossed her a room key from a con ages ago and she crossed out the 19 and wrote in 20. We were off to a good start as the crowd loved it.

Kevin Standlee has gravitas. There's no other way to say it. The man just has a presence. I wish I could be as good a host as Kevin is (and CBS thinks that I might have the chops, but I can't talk about that yet) and he was great here. He played things straight, mostly because he was sober and played clean while the rest of us were filthy potty-mouthed freaks. It was a nice counterpoint.

I went into Leigh Anne early (and what man hasn't?). When Kevin introduced the Lovely and Attractive Bob (Drink Tank

cahootery member Robert Hole), Leigh Anne said "I know that guy!" to which I said "You've known EVERY guy...biblically" to which she replied "N minus 1, Chris. N minus one." Ouch!

The show went along with us doing innuendo. *Captain Kirk has the biggest \_\_\_\_ in Starfleet.*

Len- Jeffrey's Tube

Tom- Phaser

Me- Docking Bay.

See, I've always thought that Kirk was a bottom...

My friend Lori Forbes was up as a contestant and Kevin, who was wearing his zebra-striped contacts (which are creepy to look at up-close), and he said, "I like your shirt. It matches my eyes."

"I like your boobs." I added.

"Well, I'll take her shirt, you take her boobs and we're all set." Kevin returned.

Anyhoo, the show went on and the

questions were good. I knew I'd have to say it at some point, and when the question was "The new motto for StarFleet is "Find new worlds, discover new people and \_\_\_\_ them". So, I held my card up and said "We've gotta earn our R-rating sometime. The card simply read 'FUCK'. The people ate that up.

One question: "Chris Garcia said 'I was running for TAFF, but instead they elected me to \_\_\_\_' I said Con Chair, as did Tom. Kevin, Andy and Len didn't play since they had gotten matched the previous question. Leigh Anne struck hard. She answered *Least Likely to get Laid*. Ah, her tongue is a lash!

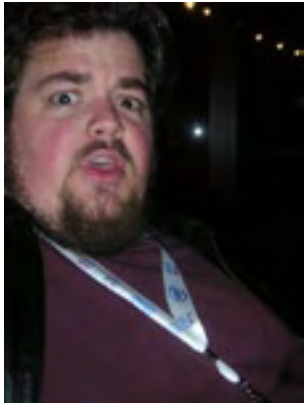
I played a bunch of bits, but my favourite was Amber. She was a cute young girl (looked to be mid-college) and I did the completely unsubtle hitting on her routine that I thought worked really good. It was an old bit, but they seldom do it on TV game shows anymore.



In all, it was a good time for the foul-mouthed stars and the audience seemed to love it. I hope we get to do it again. I've got a receipt for Leigh Anne that needs to be delivered!

### ***Here we are...***

I wanted to say thank you. You can see everything before means that I have a lot to say thanks for. Here, in no particular order, is my list of thank yous.

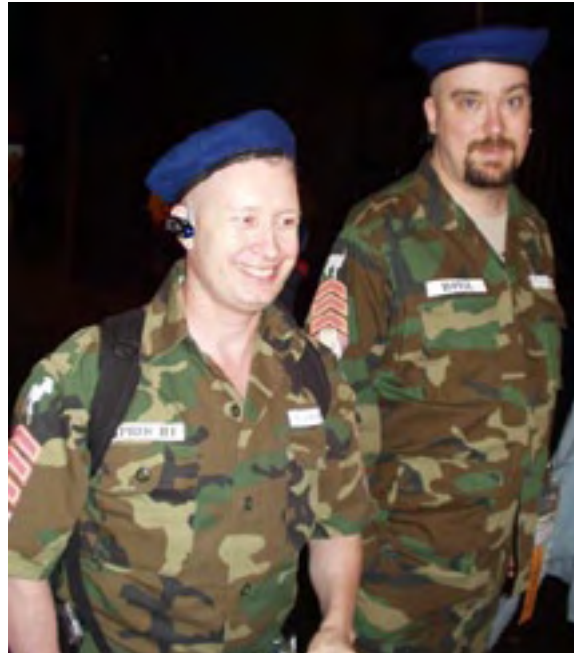


Thank you to Jason Schachat for his comedy and his discussion and his nearly IMDB-level brain for movie knowledge. Without Jason around, I don't know if it would have been nearly as much fun.

And thanks to Andy Porter for drawing a Chris for TAFF symbol with his autograph in the issue of *Algol 16* that I bought at the Fan Fund Auction.

Thank you so much to all those wonderful people who made the Fan Fund Auction so great. Joe Siclari, an Australian dude whose name I didn't catch, Suzle, Jerry Kaufman, Simon Bradshaw, Bug, Mary Kay Kare and all the others for the work they put into it and the way that they did good work towards raising money to send me...I mean the TAFF/DUFF delegates, off to the other side of the fannish world.

There were two people who were more responsible for making the various processes entertaining than any others: Kevin Roche



and Andy Trembley. The two of them came up with Hollister in 2008, shopped for the party, schmoozed, let me play along, gave great entertainment to the Match Game, were hilarious in general and put on a great party. I've never been one for going to the party floor, but this year I was more than happy hang out in the Evil Genius/Hollister parties. Hell, they made the Site Slection Voting Process fun! Thanks guys!

Thank you to Bob Hole for his hard work on Match Game.

Thanks to Daniel Spector and Kelly Beuhler for making Chris for TAFF (and other variants) into a running gag. And same to Dave Gallaher and Dave Clark for turning it into a greeting similar to Aloha.

Thank you to Yvonne Penney for telling Lloyd to buy me the TAFF short in the auction. That was wonderful.



And a big thank you to Lloyd for delivering it to me with the words "Go get 'em, Chris!". That was a moment that I'll remember for a long time and it seemed so small.

Thank you to the incredibly beautiful woman with the bright blue hair from Los Gatos for either failing to notice or just not caring that I was staring at her so often.

Thank you to Vegas fandom for being wonderful and making me feel all sorts of loved. You guys are the best!

Muchos gracias to the Russians for the fine party. Absolutely awesome time I had and I'm glad I'm supporting them and I'll do everything in my power to go to Eurocon 2008 in Moscow.

To Guy Lillian, thanks for being one of the most enthusiastic auctioneers I've ever seen. I mean, he was practically holding a tent revival when he put things on the block.

Thank you Espana Sheriff, Jason Schachat, Eric Anderson, and the Swedish guy whose name I've forgotten for having an actual conversation about science fiction at a science fiction convention. I'd never met Espana and I'd emailed her a few times over the years before she joined SF/SF and it was great to



meet her.

Thanks to everyone who made the Fanzine Lounge a place where I could wonder in and have a nice little chat. Especially big thanks to Milt Stevens for putting it all together and being a superstar.

Thanks to fandom for being so completely accepting of me this weekend. I know I'm a pain in the ass and a shameless self-promoter, and even though much of that is an act because people tend to think that I'm a shameless self-promoter so when I play into it, it works as a bit, I understand that can get annoying. Folks seemed to enjoy having me around though, which was nice and I was never at a loss for someone to talk to. I love that. I know that was what my Dad loved most about cons too. Like father like son...

Thanks to the Montreal bid committee for making me want to be a part of a bid enough to actually become a friend of the bid. I'm pulling for 'em!

Thanks to fanzine fandom. There were a few folks who gave me zines that I'd never heard of and who weren't plugged in with the folks who often get called the Fanzine Fandom. One of them even put out a zine in the fanzine lounge, though she didn't stick around. It's a good zine too. I'll do a full write-up of it on my LiveJournal.

Thanks to David Brin for holding back a little on the Cool New Technology panel.

Thanks to everyone who nominated The Drink Tank for Best Fanzine. I was really touched. Same goes for everyone who voted for me as Best Fan Writer. I tied with Joe Major and Lloyd Penney. Great company to be in.

Thanks to the Llamatron 2112: the greatest costume EVER!!!

Thanks to Frank Wu for so much. He's been one of the rocks of The Drink Tank and a great guy. I'm so happy he won the Hugo.

Thanks to the adorable little fan from Melbourne who was giving out adorable little koala bears to everyone who came to the Australia in 2010 party. She was a nice girl and we had a fine long chat and I'm so sorry I can't remember her name.

Thanks to Max for having the perfect reaction to a completely unwarranted hug from a near-total stranger when I met her at the TAFF party.

Thanks to Dick Eney and Jack Speer and T Trend and Murray Moore and all the others for being there so I could finally put names to email addresses.

And overall, just plain old thanks to those who put it all together. Christian McGuire and Ed Green are the only two folks I know from the committee and I told them both that I thought they'd done a great job. I could never (and will never!) chair a big con and never ever a WorldCon.



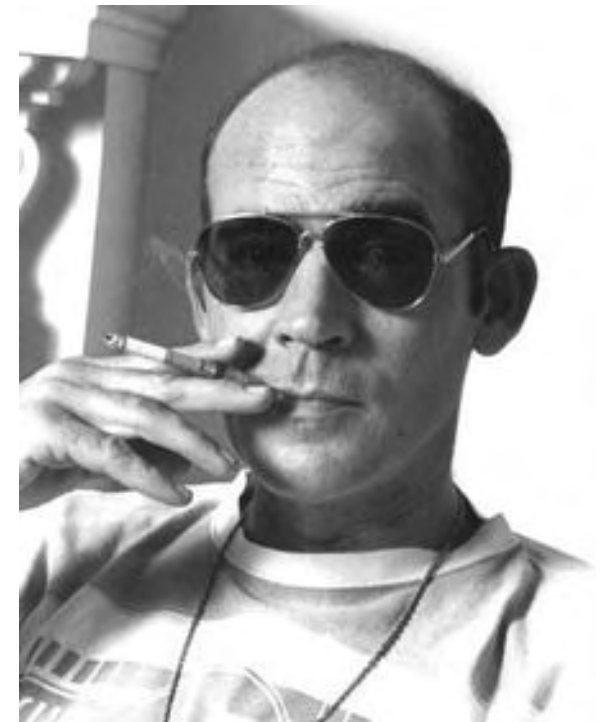
### ***Too Many Words***

"Chris for TAFF? Ooh, I like the sound of that!" Janice Gelb

"I'm going to vote for you, Chris." R Twidner (and that one hit me hard)

"Fuck you, that's Phil Foglio!" Lawrence Schoen.

"It was a high water mark for American fandom. The wolves had yet to run through the forest, eating every exposed peasant child it encountered" Jason Schachat and Chris Garcia in the voice of Hunter S. Thompson.



"I'm not running for TAFF." Chris Barkley seeing my sign.

“What exactly is a Fanzinista?” Randy Byers

“It’s the militant wing of the Fan Writers of America.” Chris Garcia

“Looks like Guy flashed a few people on the way to the auction.” Chris Garcia after noticing that Guy had put on several sets of beads while auctioning.

“Art for TAFF!” Michael Siladi every time I ran into him.



“I did a fanzine back in the day. Then I discovered masturbation.” I can not for the life of me remember his name.

“It’s called the Anticipator.” Rene Walling after they invented the Spruce Beer and Whiskey concoction at the Montreal in 2009 party.

“How many issues of the Drink Tank did

you publish during the panel?” Lloyd Penney while we were doing the Blog & eFanzines panel.

“My fanwriting is all Chris’ fault” Andy Trembley.

“I have to say, you’re probably the cutest TAFF candidate in ages.”

“Are you kidding? Have you seen Randy Byers? He’s breathtaking!”- Me and the girl Lisa Something-or-other as we were in the elevator.

“I’d bid a Vegas WorldCon...wait (looks around the room), good, no one who could call me on it was in earshot.” Chris Garcia

“What’s TAFF?” Too many people to mention.

“I won TAFF in the seventies and you seem the right type for it.” Rusty Hevelin

“\*something that sounded like it might be some variant of English\*” James Bacon



OK, so how did this all affect the future of The Drink Tank? In a lot of ways. I’ll be doing it as frequently as I can with respect to finishing my issues of PrintZine and such. I’ve had my fannish batteries recharged (as Lloyd Penney said his had been too) and I’ve got enough energy to do a lot of these things for a while. We’ll see what that leads to. I know that I’ll be doing Harlan Stories after years of threatening to do it and that’ll be the most entertaining thing I’ve tried to date.

I’ll be trying to get more regular writers, starting with Jason Schachat and others who I met at con. Expect to be flooded with various new folks in my various new zines. I’ll be instituting a few other small changes as well, mostly brought about by looking at old zines. The writing in The Drink Tank will remain as personal as ever, since that’s what I most love about it, and even though folks said that there were things about the Drink Tank that made it hard to read sometimes (content-wise), I’m always going to put things forward as I have because The Drink Tank is as much me as I could imagine a fanzine being it’s editor.

And so, another WorldCon has come and gone. There’ll be a lot more coverage over teh next couple of issues. I’ll have an article in SF/SF that really is the nuts and bolts without the foofiness. There’s a lot of writing I’ve yet to do on the matter, and a lot of people that will be providing me with various coverages pertaining to the con. I’m excited as it was one of those events that I’m not likely to forget in a long, long time.

Long live LACon IV!