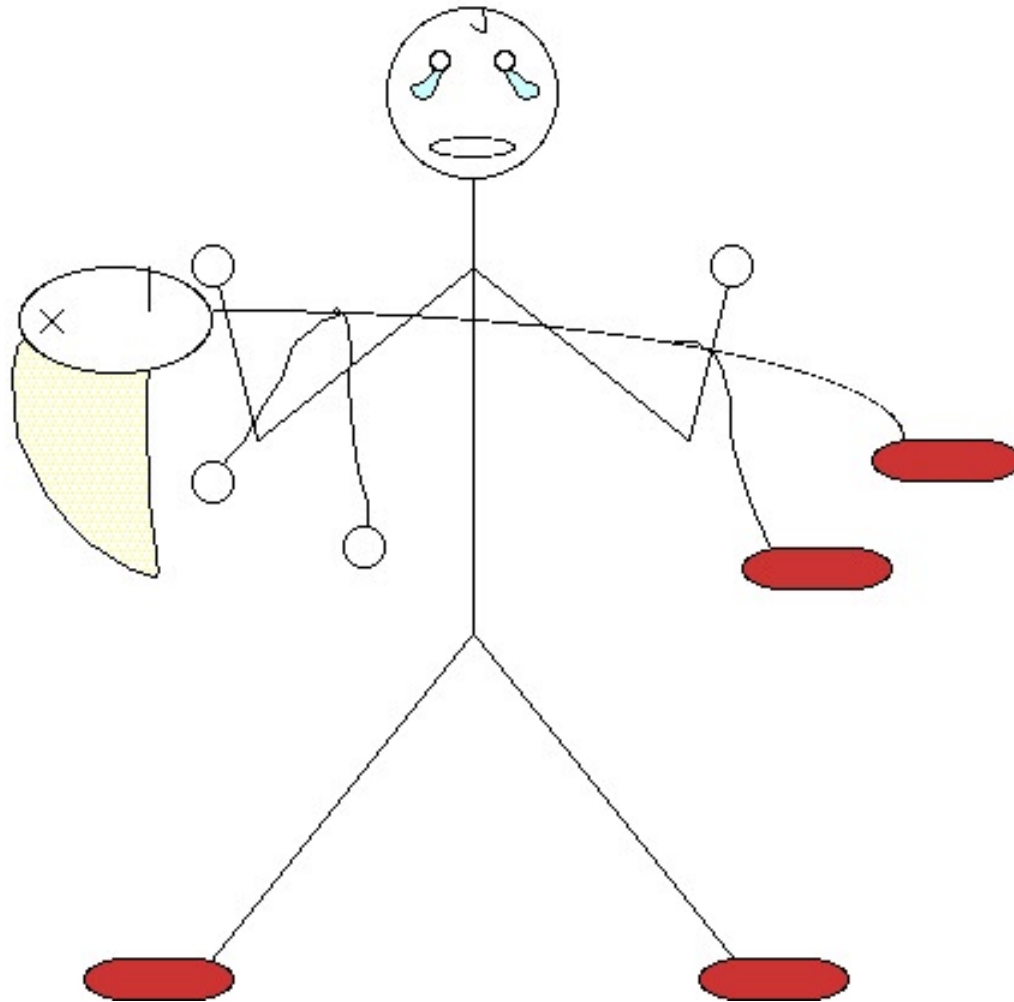


FANDOM ON INFINITE EARTHS: THE FINAL CHAPTER

THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 186



GARCIA@COMPUTERHISTORY.ORG

It's a tough time of year. Late October is a wonderful time, it features my birthday for example, but it's also the busiest time of year at work, it's usually when things start to go wrong in various areas, Cinequest shorts viewing gets serious and by that time Evelyn has really had enough of school and it gets hard to get her to do her homework. All at the stuff happening at once, along with Halloween and this year the SteamPunk convention. It's all so much! I usually end up getting a cold too, which this year struck a little earlier, but not as bad as 2006, which was awful.

This is the last issue of Fandom on Infinite Earths. The first Giant Meaningless Cross-Over is complete and the final installment is at the end of this issue. There's art all over it too from folks like Dann Lopez, Mo Starkey, Bryan Little, Me (I did the really cheap cover!), Espana and various Rot-slets (more on that later)

And there are more writers than recent issues have had. Warren Buff has a piece on the Ralieggh bid that I'm a part of (look for us at LosCon!) and there's Taral with a look at the MUCK! There's also gonna be LoCs from folks and I've got a very important, once

every four years thing that I'm doing for the first time in the Drink Tank. Let's just say that it's time for a serious reexamination of who I am and what I love.

And last week, I forgot to put The Dork Knight in the issue. I was working on my Mac, so I didn't have them with me and so, I forgot. I offer my humblest apologies and am running it on this page, in the front. While I love the tradition of having a back-pager (and when Steve Green returns to my pages, he'll be returning there along with Dork Knight), I think sometimes, I'm gonna move it up.

Tales of the DORK KNIGHT



© 2004 by Dann Lopez

www.dork-knight.com

The Founding of the Raleigh NASFiC Bid
by Warren Buff

I suppose I ought to get this whole story in one place, and this seems like the right opportunity for it. There were two events which led me to having the itch to bid. The first was reading the 1997 *Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook*. The second was a conversation at RavenCon in 2007. Seeing the grand history of Southern Fandom, and its decline on the national stage in the last decade, I started to wonder when the next bid for a Worldcon might come out of the South, and how to get behind it. Sure, there were rumors of Texas in 2013, but no web presence, and just a single name to go by. And Texas had hosted the *last* Southern Worldcon¹, so what was the deal with the rest of the region?

The conversation at Ravencon was something else. I was in the consuite with Wombat, the Fan Guest of Honor, and Mike Pederson, the chair of the convention, and Wombat was regaling us with tales of Worldcons past. I forget which of us spoke first, but the dialogue was all Mike and me, and the startled look was Wombat. “Y’know, I’d like to run a Worldcon someday.” “Yeah, so would I.” Cue the startled look and raised eyebrows.

But that sort of wishing alone doesn’t create a bid. And certainly not a NASFiC bid. That started later, at Trinoc*coN in 2007. At the Research Triangle Science Fiction Society’s 10th anniversary party, I asked Judy Bemis, “So, with the Worldcon looking like it’s going to Australia in 2010, what would the prospects for a Southern NASFiC look like?” Her answer was tentative, but positive.

So at Deep South Con, I tried again, with a larger audience. Maybe a half-dozen Southern conrunning veterans were sitting around talking (which was the only thing to do at that DSC), and so I asked, “Does anyone think the South could pull off a credible NASFiC bid for 2010, now that it’s pretty clear no one’s opposing Australia?” There were plenty of nods and affirmative mutterings, but two voices emerged to encourage and support this endeavor: Dan Caldwell and Gary Robe. They gave me a list of things we’d need to do, like figure out who would run this thing. I suggested Mike, as he was someone with a good track record with RavenCon, and who had actually been to a Worldcon before. There were various musings about who would organize a group to back the bid, and whether or not SECFI was still around



to use², and who could chair the bid to demonstrate our credibility without being a political nightmare.

So, with a list of what I needed to accomplish, I headed back to Raleigh and started contacting folks. First Mike, then the locals of Charlotte, the Greensboro Triad, and the Triangle. Mike and I discussed various locations, and decided that Raleigh would be our best bet. We started talking to other Southern conrunners we’d worked with before. And this started looking credible.

At the 2007 Con*Stellation in Huntsville, the first meeting that really resembled a committee sat down to talk over barbecue. Dan and I were joined by Fred Grimm (who had been a vocal supporter back at the DSC), Debra Hussey (another of the DSC

gang), and Chris Hensley (better known as Glug, who sort of watched in horror as he realized I was getting myself into something else he'd be dragged along for). This meeting saw the birth of the Yahoo Group (at first an internal planning list) and the first talks about advertising. We had an idea (soon dropped) of running handbill flyers with an outline of the South with a big question mark in the middle, with the slogan, "The South will bid again in 2010. Where?" Mike, from his



somewhat more detached perspective, pointed out that as much as that would resonate with Southerners, it would be more than a little off-putting on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line. It would be Glug who would eventually come up with the idea of using Sir Walter Raleigh as a mascot.

As things progressed, we knew we'd have to make ourselves known at Smofcon in Boston. I'd made contact with a few of that crowd for advice already, but this would be the big unveiling. I started talking us up, brought barbecue (which inspired a semi-program item), and made a lot of good connections. And then it was time for the Fannish Inquisition. I watched in horror as other cons and bids were faced down with the waffle/thumbs-up pickets, and realized that this could be our fate, too. I was relieved to find that my information from the CVB was the right kind of information, and that I didn't get a single barrage of waffles. The worst response I drew was a disapproving mumble when I mentioned the 800-pound gorilla in Atlanta. This was where it became apparent to me that I was going to be looked at as the leader of the bid – I might have roped Mike in, but the smofs were looking at me, and started posting references to me as the bid's leader online.

And it was at Smofcon that I learned just how many bids had been

foiled by Montreal's victory in the 2009 Worldcon race. Toronto, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington had all, to some varying degree (and mostly in outlying areas), considered bidding for the NASFiC, and all of them were suddenly in the exclusion zone. Had Kansas City won the 2009 Worldcon, I doubt Raleigh would be a viable force in the NASFiC race, let alone the sole contender.

Also to my surprise, I found a reference in *SF/SF* to a San Francisco bid, but it explicitly mentioned hearing more after Smofcon. As there had been no noise from that direction, I assumed that this would be the last I'd hear of it. After all, Bayrea fandom is a force to be reckoned with.

2008 started with a flurry of conventions for me. At Chattacon, we ran a table in support of the bid (giving away a lot of keychain can openers and pens from the Convention and Visitors Bureau). At ConCave, we ran a room party with a bathtub full of good bheer, and probably the most voters per capita of any event at the con. And then at Deep South Con (at my home convention, Stellarcon), we had a meeting of the bid. This was probably the largest in-person meeting the bid has had yet, and we chose our leadership by an unconventional method: everybody point at the guy you want in charge of this mess. Mike tried to argue that more fingers were

pointing at me, I said I reckoned the numbers were about the same. We agreed to be co-chairs. Our next party would come at Ravencon, on my birthday, with Mike Pederson's bar³ at my disposal.

And then, it was back to NC for ConCarolinas. We were again finding more support, and this time, we attracted all the partying types at the con. Mike and I bartended, we had an opening towards the pool, and the party got wild. Hard drinking, filking, random debauchery, and folks jumping in the pool led to us being shut down at around three in the morning. But we were *the* party.

Next came LibertyCon. We had a party suite, though it was somewhat removed from the main block of parties. Tim Miller made it up, and he and Dan and Glug and I threw a decent party on Saturday night. Dan helped us to perfect a snack menu for the more sedate, political room parties. Most of the smoffish types stopped by, and we spread the word a little further. The last stop before the bid would become official was Trinoc*coN, in our own back yard. It was another debauch, and we got the word to a lot of our locals this way.

Finally, it was time for Denvention. I made my way to the Worldcon with a suitcase full of barbecue and flyers, and a whole lot of excitement. I'd

received an email from Dina Krause expressing interest in the bid, and when I finally got to meet her, she and her daughter, Sydnie, jumped on board. Dan made it to the convention, too, much to my relief, and we met up with Tim Miller and Tony Ruggiero in town. Bill Lawhorn had agreed to let us share his party suite, and thanks to some room shuffling, Dan and I had wound up with a room in the thick of it – on the party floor! We were squeezed between Xerps and Reno, and had the best stumble-home distance possible.

I recruited Chris Garcia to be our man on the West Coast, and set about the business of talking us up to loads of fen I'd never met before, and listening to advice from a great many of them. I hit all of the other bid parties to get a feel for how they ran, and made arrangements with Bill to ride along on his shopping trip on Thursday. Little did I know, but this was the time for the Fannish Inquisition, and almost as soon as I was back on site, folks were asking me why I'd missed it. It turned out that no one else really needed to talk about when it would be because most of them were on the program somewhere or another, and it was noted as a courtesy on their schedules. Next time, I'm offering to be on program. I waited for the announcement of Australia's win, which came at the Business Meeting,

and then made my presentation to the assembly. From that point on, we manned a table, and threw a party that afternoon and evening (shutting down at midnight so that Bill and Sarah could get some much-needed rest). The bid was in full swing.

And so, as should be my custom, I remind you to join Anticipation and vote for Raleigh for the 2010 NASFiC.

(Footnotes)

¹ Well, that depends on whether or not you count Baltimore. The *SFCH* doesn't, and it was the first and last word on Southern Fandom to me at the time. These days, I lean towards an inclusive definition of the region, encapsulating everything that either the SFC or the SFRG would consider Southern.

² South-Eastern Convention Fandom, Inc. still exists as the organization which sponsors ConCarolinas, but is kind of happy with what they're doing in Charlotte.

³ If you haven't been to one of his room parties, I'll just say that we were under-stocked. We had only around ten gallons of liquor, most of it hard stuff.





SOMEWHERE ON FURRYMUCK

Taral Wayne

I wrote the above on the spur of the moment, when a friend complained to me that a mutual acquaintance's role-playing on FurryMuck follows a repetitive script. I wondered what such a script would be like, but rather than just wait for an answer, I let my imagination go to work. The thing is, the result rather has the ring of truth. – TW

Somewhere on the muck, Twinkievixen has connected

Arsenio Pages “Hello!”

“Hello. My name is Twinkievixen! What’s yours?”

“Arsenio.” *(Sound of sinister organ chords.)*

“What do you like to do Arsenio?”

“Oh, nothing much. Would you like to tie me up?”

“Um... not really. I was thinking maybe you’d like to dance? Or have a picnic?”

“That sounds swell, but maybe later. Right now could you stick your tongue in my mouth?”

“Ug. I mean, that seems too familiar

for just meeting someone. Is this what other people do on the muck?”

“Oh, I’m new to all this, like you. I wouldn’t know. I just thought you might like to tell me about all your personal kinks? I’m very understanding.”

“Really? Well.... I don’t really have any kinks, I don’t think. Um, I like to be on top.”

“Yes? And do you moan? Do you use

any sex toys? Do you tie your partner down?”*

“Actually, I don’t like the way this conversation is going. Maybe I should try another part of the muck.”

“Oh no, it’s all like this. You might as well stay with someone you know and trust. Now why don’t I take you from behind...” “

Somewhere on the muck, Twinkievixen has disconnected.



Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers

Let us start with Randy Byers, who sent a very nice note on issue 185.

Chris,

I'd love to sing the praises of Arnie Katz's bizarre Arkadelphicon dream, but we don't have internet access on Satawal, so I was unable to download Drink Tank 185. Still, congrats to John Thiel on a well-deserved dream Hugo.

All the best,

Clawed D. Money

Indeed! You can't go wrong being one of the causes of Fandom's downfall, can you? I thought it was a fun piece, much better than the one I spent weeks writing to 10 times the length!

Thanks for writing in. We don't hear from you nearly enough!

And now, Eric Mayer on issue 184!

Chris,

Well I just found this. I started writing you a loc on Drink Tank, went off to visit my brother for a few days, and just now discovered I neither finished nor sent the loc!

I hate it when that happens. Except for visiting brothers. That's good.

I gotta be fair. That typo in my

loc John Purcell mentions -- "Holy shit I know hot to spell mucuous" was entirely my fault (I checked my sent mail box out of curiosity.) You see, I wasn't kidding. I copied the loc over from my word processor into Thunderbird which has the spellchecker on to underline my mistakes and when I saw mucuous wasn't underlined I inserted the comment. Of course I didn't proofread the comment and "hot" was spelled right! John doesn't have to feel bad about criticising my spelling. (Hey...that "s" is from my English wife. You marry someone from the UK you get to use British spellings!) I am a terrible speller and a worse proofreader. I'm not at all offended. If I were offended I would remind him of how his Twins ended their season, because that would be a nasty, spiteful thing to do in retaliation, but of course I wouldn't.

I'm a fien spellr. Alwas haz bin.

Interesting information about the Eaton collection. I don't want to go into detail again about how I ditched my fanzine collection. I regret I didn't at least offer it to anyone who'd take it. It's probably a good idea for there to be a collecton that will accept current fanzines as they are published. Today wouldn't such a collection think about digitizing also? Of course fans can digitize their zines themselves and put them up on eFanzines. I wonder if Bill

is some day going to look into finding others to mirror the site to insure its continued preservation? It would be a shame for the collection to be lost because Bill was no longer able to keep it going or else...well...I don't want to mention the Victor Gonzalez scenario. Trufen hooked me into this weird, insubstantial eFandom thing. Not that I am criticizing Victor. I left fandom proper long ago myself. I think we need to respect participant's right to leave. Fandom shouldn't be a job and, IMHO isn't a life either. Although I wish David Burton would come back.

Me too. I miss Dave. And Victor. And...

Anyway, don't be burning yourself out. Best,
Eric

Burning out takes far more effort than just doing a half-assed job at everything you try!





It's the year of the Summer Olympics, the Presidential Election and therefore, the year I reexamine my top ten albums of all-time. I started the tradition while in High School in 1992 (The top was Public Enemy's Fear of a Black Planet, with Fleetwood Mac's Rumours, The Beatles Sgt. Pepper and White Album and Michael Jackson's Thriller up there, along with Weird Al's In 3D and Even Worse) and then happened again in 1996, while I was in College (Frank Black's Teenager of the Year was on the top, and Gangster Fun's Time Flies When It's Gangster Fun were up there) and then the 2000 edition was strange (Frank Black was still on top, but there was a lot of change and there were absolutely no rap albums on the list)

So, I started thinking about my Top Ten a few weeks ago and I've come up with a list. First, let us look at the previous list: 10) Weird Al's In 3D, 9) Alanis Morrisette's Jagged Little Pill, 8) Michael Jackson's Thriller, 7) Beastie Boys' Paul's Boutique, 6) Fishbone's first album, 5) Miles Davis Kind of Blue, 4) The Beatles Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, 3) Tori Amos' Little Earthquakes, 2) Fleetwood Mac's Rumours, 1) Guns 'n Roses Appetite

for Destruction.

You'll notice that list is an interesting combination of styles (Jazz, Adult Contemp, Pop) and it's certainly the type of list that a 29 year old hipster would make. This one is very different, with a lot of albums from older lists making their return.

10) Fishbone's First album- It's a great album that introduced Ska to Funk to Thrash. From Party at Ground Zero to Lyin' Ass Bitch (with the classic ending 'You lying piece of sack of shit slut trash can scumus dirtbag bi-i-i-itch!') and generally being one of the best party albums ever.

9) Paul Simon's Graceland- this one would have been on the 1988 list, and was on the 1996 list. A great album, one of the 3 best of the 1980s. Maybe it's my final acceptance that I'm in my 30s, or maybe it's that I really appreciate Diamonds on the Soles of My Shoes. It's a great album for roadtrips.

8) Miles Davis Kind of Blue- the greatest Jazz album ever. Coltrane, Davis, Adderly, it's just the greatest combination ever. I'm always happy

to hear it again, and while most folks point to it as a major turning point in the history of Jazz, it's even more listenable now than before. One of two albums that've been on every list I've ever made.

7) Walk Hard: The Soundtrack- Brilliant comedy. It perfectly lampoons everything from The Beatles to The Beach Boys to Roy Orbison to Buddy Holly to Johnny Cash. It's so pitch perfect that you won't notice that it's a movie star in John C. Reilly that's singing. The two greatest songs, Guilty as Charged and Walk Hard are both great songs even if you take them as serious songs!

6) Alanis Morrisette's Jagged Little Pill. The soundtrack for pissed off women. It's an album that's both forceful and colorful. We really appreciated that it was a massively important album in the acceptance of Alternative to the Adult Contemporary crowd, but not nearly how important it would be to the people who it inspired, from Fiona Apple to Regina Spectre.

5) Frank Black's Teenager of the Year- One of the best Alternative Albums

ever. The former Pixies frontman goes solo with an album that featured a slight country twang while also pitching us Pop-flavoured College rock that could define the years from 1992-1995. From *The Vanishing Spies* to *Calistan* to *Headache*, it's an amazing album.

4) Digital Underground's *Sex Packets*- What? How could this be up there? Well, let me break it down like this. If you listen to hip-hop today, it's all either incredibly serious, or incredibly silly. The most powerful stuff is when they combine the two, and *Sex Packets* takes serious stands but also gives us songs like *The Humpy Dance*. *Sex Packets* is probably the most intelligent song you'll find.

3) Tori Amos' *Little Earthquakes*- No question that Tori Amos is a chick singer who does everything that Alanis gets credit for, but she always flew at a different height and she's never had the mainstream success that Alanis had. Songs like *Little Earthquakes*, *Me & A Gun*, *China* and *Leather* are all impossibly dense, funny and angry songs that manage to move and entertain. It's a great album.

2) Guns 'n Roses *Appetite for Destruction*- Wow, the other album that's always been on my top ten. The reason? It's the great metal album

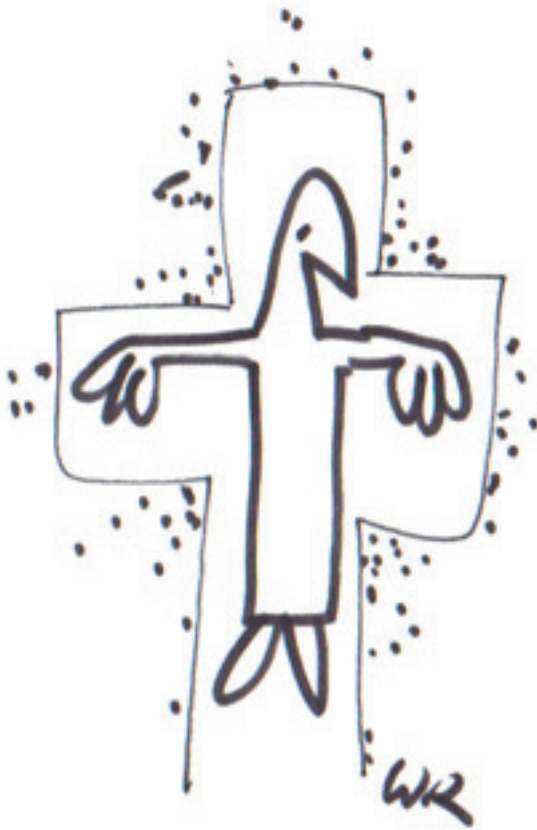
ever made. It was an incredible salvo in the more general acceptance of metal that came in the late 1980s. *Paradise City* happened to be one of the greatest songs ever, but *Welcome to the Jungle* is an amazing piece of music. The guitar intro basically called everyone from the pirapet of rock that this was the next big thing. Sadly, they self-destructed within five years, but it was a good run and they belong in the Hall of Fame. They're also featured in this month's issue of *Playboy*, a publication I usually read simply for the annual baseball, hockey and football predictions.

1) Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*- On all but the 1996 list, *Rumours* makes its first appearance on top, again possibly as a sign that I've accepted that I'm in my 30s now. While it doesn't have *Rhiannon*, my favourite song ever, it does have *Go Your Own Way*, *Dream*, *You Make Loving Fun*, *Don't Stop* and *Gypsy*. The entire album is listenable to the max and I can't think of a better album story, as it's the one that captures the best of each performer, even as it was created at the worst possible time when you consider the personal lives of each member.



You may have noticed that the art selection of late has been very repetitive, and this article is especially so since all the art is Rotsler stuff I've used over and over again. Why? Because when you do a weekly, if you don't keep mining for art, eventually, you run out. I've met that point and now I'm going to take a little time to rebuild my arsenal. I'll be doing NaNoW-riMo and slowing to one or two issues for November. It's what usually happens.

So here we go, the last 1/2 of the Saturday CorFlu and all of Sunday. It's the way we're going to end this marry-go-round with a long, slow burn!



We were all polishing off whatever we'd got when we noticed folks streaming back into the Ballroom. The various folks who were doing zines were mingling about and handing out there stuff. I made my way down and found myself with an arm-full of them. I got a new Littlebrook from Jerry Kaufman, The Knarly Knews from Henry Welch, Semi-Fannish Annish, which had finally hit the streets from Andy Trembley, and most importantly, CorFluvia, a zine that a bunch of folks had created over the evening in one of the smoking lounges. I wish I had stopped by and been able to be a part of it. I squiggled over to the Reg desk and dropped off my stack. I hadn't noticed that Dr. Noe was there, working with Linda. He's a good guy and he was wearing an Agent Smith outfit, which is his classic which he dusted off when they released The Matrix 4 last summer. It's a good look for him.

We all filed in and I noticed that one pile of the Drink Tanks that I'd put down had nearly disappeared and that another was coming much closer to the table. I was pleased, and slightly amused. I worked my way around to see Jean Martin passing out the printed issues of SF/SF and smiling and laughing. She's a ray of sunshine and we wouldn't have been working on 7 years of SF/SF without her dedication. It also helped that we'd put out one of better pieces I'd ever written about Norwescon and the ways in which we dealt with a malfunctioning fire alarm by starting an impromptu jam session in the lobby after the

first full hour of it continually going off.

The folks were assembling on the dais. The tables had been brought up and the stuff had been set up. There was a wide variety of fun stuff, including something under a large red sheet. I'd never seen it, I had no clue what it was. I'd put Christian in charge of the auction stuff since I knew that I'd be too busy running around, and somehow this hadn't managed to make my eyesight. I was curious, and was about to make my way to the stage when Randy Byers stopped me.

"Hey, Chris. How you been?" Randy asked.

We chatted for a few minutes, just as the auction was about to start. Christian, Peter Weston, Guy Lillian, James Bacon, Mike Scott and Marty Cantor were all up on the dais, and they started to work their way through the various items. The first one was a doozy: an original Enchanted Duplicator. I had managed to get a copy for the TAFF Auction. The bidding was going nuts, as we'd started at ten bucks and they'd managed to get up to seventy-five bucks with three different parties bidding. It was finally Ben Yalow who had managed to win the bid. That was followed by a few other zines and then a t-shirt or two. The thing under the sheet hadn't come up yet.

One of the things I'd been anxious to see on the block was the complete run of Claims Department. Marty stood up holding a couple of sample issues of CD to show around. I'd only done about 40 of them, mostly for FAPA, and many of them

completely unnumbered without any sort of idea when they'd been published. I'd managed to find every issue on my old work machine and a few that I'd done at various lounges over the years. There was even one that I'd never printed and sent anywhere. it was jsut sitting on my machine, waiting a full three years for me to do something with it.

"So, what am I bid for the complete run of Claims Department, the FAPA zine of our Chairman, Mr. Christopher J. Garcia?" Marty called out.

Crickets. Absolute crickets.

"The note says it's a one-of-a-kind with one issue that's never been published. There are 42 issues of Claims Department gathered into one special lot." Marty said.

"Five dollars." called out Earl Kemp, obviously trying to make me feel like someone actually cared about those crap zines."

"Seven dollars" called out Bob Hole.

"Eight." said James Bacon.

"Ten." called out Randy Byers.

"Ten dollars from Randy." said Marty.

"Twelve." said Jennifer The Younger, the daughter of Jennifer Eddy, a friend of mine from High School.

There was an extended silence.

"Twelve going once." Called Marty.

"Twelve going twice..."

"Fifty dollars for Chris!" yelled out Jo Rhett. It was the classic BASFA maneuver.

"Going, going gone!" yelled Marty. Jo had managed to save me from

the humiliation of going for less than a quarter an issue and had also managed to dump them off on me. I had to thank him, but I also decided to give them to Jennifer, which was fun since she's always seemed to enjoy my zines.

More zines and a few other strange things went. Janice auctioned off fun Australian candy and a few fun Australian Rules Football pieces. These I scooped up



for myself. It cost me about thirty bucks, but I got 'em. An official St. Kilda Jumper was mine!

Christian hadn't auctioned anything all day. He'd been on the dais the whole time but hadn't auctioned anything. While Peter and Guy were both really entertaining, I was wondering why Christian hadn't stepped up. And now he walked over in front of the Red sheeted item.

"And now," Christian said, "one of

the coolest austings that you could ever be an auction block! Ladies and gentlemen, behold...Frankenzine!"

He pulled the sheet off and it was a 6 foot Frankenstein statue made entirely out of zines. When I looked more closely, it looked even more familiar.

"Several of us decided that the Drink Tank had put out enough issues that it had destroyed it's maker, and so we built the monster using nothing but issues of The Drink Tank!" Christain said. Every photographer, both official and unofficial, came down to get a photo. It really was incredible. "We've also arranged for shipping and crating of the beast to wherever the winner of the auction lives, including Australia, Canada or Europe."

This was awesome.

"One dollar!" I yelled.

"Five dolalrs!" screamed someone with a heavy accent in the back.

"Twenty five." said Alex Lux, who was sitting in the front row.

"Thirty!" came back Mr. James Bacon.

"We don't have space for that." Simone said.

"Yeah, but we can find places for it to show up, can't we?" James answered.

The bidding went on until the numbers had three digits. I was most impressed with that. It was an impressive piece and it looked very cool. In the end, it would go to Geri Sullivan. I wasn't sure what she'd be doing with it, but I knew it would be seen somewhere. The rest of the auction was

really good and in the end DUFF raised almost 600 bucks, TAFF nearly 800, and CorFlu almost 400. There hadn't been much for the CorFlu since we had managed to get so much donated and the number of attendees had managed to give us an unexpected boost.

"Alright, everyone! We've got a special deal. I've asked three prominent Fan Artists, Taral Wayne, Steve Stiles and Frank Wu to do a special series for the next panel. So, if I can get the participants onstage, we can begin." I said into the mic.

Three old overhead projectors were brought in and focused on the three back screens.

Steve, Taral and Frank all came up to the stage. I had chosen these three to start since they were all very different artists and I thought that they'd be fun for the project. Steve and Taral looked fresh and ready and Frank had been napping, so I knew he was ready. One went to each of the projectors as Linda, Leigh Ann and Jason all clipped down the first transparencies.

"Now, this challenge is called Two Minute Warning! We will get a word, phrase or something from y'all and then these three will have Two Minutes to create a drawing around it." I said. Folks seemed interested. "After that, we will remove them and then the next three, Dan Steffan, Jason Schachat and Mike McLaughlin, will take up the pens and create for another thing for two minutes. Craig Smith, Mo Starkey and Dann Lopez will go next. Then

the final three, Harry Bell, Alan White and Espana Sheriff will take up the challenge. After that, the transparencies will be displayed on the white board over there, and beneath each will be a donation box. The piece that garners the most change will let the Artist who drew it choose what charity gets the money from all the jars!"

This seemed to get some approval, and I thought that it was a fun way to raise even more money for TAFF, DUFF, CorFlu, GUFF or whatever. I was glad that I thought of it, because when I then stole it to use with other cons, I could take full credit.

"And while we have the artists drawing, we will be listening to the wild jazz stylings of Veronica Lake and Palmer."

My buddies came up and set themselves up. A clarinet, a small drum set and a bass were all set up and the mics were all readied in less than a minute. No sound check, just set 'em up and let 'em go. As soon as the techies were out, the band started playing. It was a wild Jazzy number that reminded me of the French fun stuff of the 1950s. I was most pleased. I gave them a signal to stop since I had to set up the plan.

"So, what's the first set going to be done around?" I called to the audience.

A sea of suggestions, with one hitting harder than the rest.

"Abject failure!" it called. I

didn't know the voice.

"OK, abject failuire. 3-2-1-GO!" I said, and the guys started drawing. It was interesting to see the ways these guys oboerated. The music started back up too, equally peppy and fun. I watched Stiles the closest because I'd seen Frank do it before, and I wanted to be surprised from what Taral was doing. It's always good to be shocked. The audience was certainly reacting to everything that was going on. Steve did this great drawing of a guy trying to juggle three chainsaws while walking a tightrope. It was funny. When time was called, Frank had a dino-pal who had just been asked to dance by Mike Tyson, who had recently lost on Dancing with the Stars.



Taral did a lovely piece of art with Saara and an attempt to drive a car. It was very cute. The audience gave them all a standing ovation.

The second set came up and their phrase was "Don't Open That Door!". I thought it was a good idea. Dan, Mike and Jason all got up and after a couple of minutes setting it all up, Veronica Lake & Palmer started working with a piece from Miles Davis' Bitches Brew and the guys started their drawings. Mike's was obviously an EC Comics reference, as you could see a gnarled hand reaching out from behind the door. Dan did an amazing thing where there were a bunch of freaks looking at a door, waiting for someone to open it. Jason got a huge laugh when he had drawn a door and then waited until there were only a few seconds when he finally wrote "Open Door to see Chris Garcia Naked" on a sign next to it. Cheap, but brilliant.

The next set was a great artistic matter. The subject was 'Funky' and Dann did a Superhero dance party. I thought it was great. He made the most of every second. Craig did this head and shoulders of an afro-bedecked guy saying "Where's Cor-Flu? I wanna get FUNKY!" and then there was Mo who did too kids dancing with a third laughing because the pool underneath them was opening up. It was a fun piece.

I loved the last set. It was all based around the phrase 'Going to The Dogs'. Alan did a picture of a guy diving into a pool of dogs, which I thought was a lot

of fun. Harry did a very cool sign which pointed to the dogs and a car driving in the direction it pointed in. Finally, Espana won the 'Let's Mock Chris' contest with me walking towards a band of dogs wearing steaks as shoulder pads. It was impressive that she did it in less than 2 minutes.

Linda posted the last of them and I announced the rules again. People made their way to the boards and started looking over the pictures. They were all great, and there was a large crowd gathered around the first and third team boards. Folks were dropping change and even twenties. It was going to be a good give to whatever charity the winning artist decided to give to. I was so happy as I left the room to walk back to my room where I'd be changing since I was about to introduce a night of entertainment. I headed up and ran into Linda.

"Chris, are you aware that they're



closing the Quiet bar tonight?" Linda told me.

I'd talked to them about this, and they said that all the food and drink would be open the entire weekend. Linda looked very annoyed and when I walked over, I saw that they were breaking things down. I headed over to the office and found that Samantha was there, waiting for me.

"Hi, Chris. I bet you're here to talk about the bar." Samantha said. "We didn't realise we were going to need to close down for the night."

"OK, but we need to have somewhere that we can offer to our members." I said.

"We've not got any bartenders for the night," Samantha said. "so I'm not sure what we can do."

"Can we get the bottles and a rolling bar, pay for what we use and staff it with our own people?" Linda said. I was worried about this, but Linda seemed very interested.

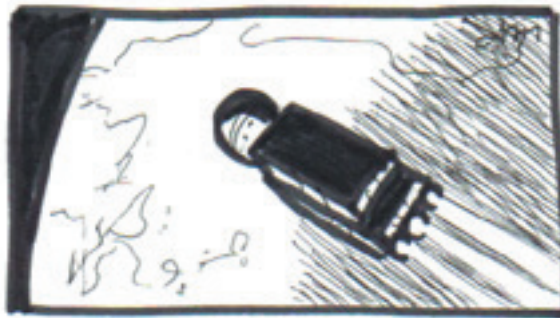
"I guess." Samantha said.

We talked about how we'd do it and we got two of the rolling bars, one of which we posted in the Programming space and another in the lobby. I got back to the room and discovered that there were hundreds of dollars in the donation boxes of each of the art pieces. I was worried about them walking off, so I asked Linda if she would bring me my clothes and then we could have something delivered to us in the programming space. She didn't want hotel food, and I thought of something smart.

"Let's send out teams to grab stuff and bring it back." I said, seeing a few local folks who were standing around. "Hey, any of you want Chinese, Japanese or Thai?" I asked.

Folks gathered around. I sent young Jennifer off to get menus from the Front Desk, which they quietly kept and I discovered one con long ago. We found about 50 people who wanted to get in on ordering from 5 different places, and we sent out teams to fetch them. The rest of us who were in on it were hanging around chatting for a while, until James Bacon, bless him, made a suggestion.

"We should do a food zine!" He said. There was a general sense of agreement and I ordered Jason to run up-stairs with the cart to get one of the printers we'd set up. We were going to record the effects of the dinners and try and get it out before the next programme, which was going to be a big entertainment thing. We got all the laptops that we could and ended up with a team of 30 or so ready to work. The food started to arrive about 20 minutes later and we started eating, and writing. And a few minutes later, another team came and we wrote and I started laying it out. I was getting an USB stick every minute or so and laying it out furiously. James was on-line getting images and putting them on sticks for me to use. I was actually being fed bits as I was working so I didn't have to stop. After all have teams got back with food, everyone was stuffed and I was actually nearly caught up with all the stuff that'd



been thrown at me during the period. It was incredible. We PDFed the thing and started printing. Luckily, Jason had grabbed the one with the automatic stapler, so that was saving a ton of time. I walked around and starting battling clean-up, picking at the left-overs of the various dishes that folks had brought in. Linda had staked a claim on a Thai dish and I managed to get a couple of bites. She was very smart to have chosen the Angry Prawns from Krung Thai. It was magical.

The printing went pretty fast, and we only had to change the toner once. That meant I had to send Jason out to get it from the upper floors. It was good that he came. I was going to have to send him a cookie bouquet as a Thank You.

After we ate, Jo set up his computer with the sound system and we had some lovely Depeche Mode playing. It was interesting to see how the crowd reacted. We had folks as varied as Earl Kemp and Mike Glyer to Miko and Kat Dillman, who had given her perky fun self over to doing art all weekend. A few of us started dancing. Not me, so I guess I shouldn't have said

us, because Linda, Jason and I were busy trying to figure out who had won the right to name the charity. It was close, with Steve Stiles, Espana and Mo. Linda and I counted those three twice each, getting different answers each time. We had Jason, who had long experience working like that, did the final count, agreed with one of mine and one of Linda's and we set our decision on him. Good dude!

The bar was set up and David was put in charge of making drinks. After about five minutes, there was a huge line, so Evil Kevin and Tadao started mixing too. I knew that Linda was downstairs, though she'd be tagged out by Leigh Ann and Marcus Lang. John Hertz took over pouring wine in the main function hall, and I was offering 1 dollar whiskey sipping, straight from the bottle. It was wrong, but no one complained. It was a pricey deal, since each bottle was 50 dollars or so from the hotel, but we were making enough to cover everything. We were cleaned out of the first delivery within half-an-hour, and then the hotel dropped more off. Apparently, they did another later. We were a thirsty bunch.

Folks started to show up and we moved all the money to our vault, aka the little zipper bags that we threw into plastic flip-top carton that I stashed under the stage. I spent a few minutes chatting with Ted White and R. Twidner. I'd stayed with Art at a CorFlu and I hadn't seen him in ages. I was constantly looking around the room, searching for the first set of guests and it ended up that I couldn't find Mike. I

politely excluded myself from the conversation and found Graham Charnock.

"Graham, would you mind switching and performing first, since my other guys aren't here yet?"

"Sure, Chris," Graham said, "So long as you supply me with 6 green M+Ms and a comely lass of virtue true."

"I'll work on it," I said "but you might have to bend on the 'Virtue True' part."

I went up to the tech folks and told them that we were switching things up. Miles wasn't happy.

"We got nothing set up," he said.

"Just put a mic out and maybe a couple of lights from up-top."

He humphed and headed off to make it happen. Folks were still coming in and he simply walked up and climbed

the truss to hang a light. More and more folks were streaming in, filling up the place much more than it had been during the day. The pile of Drink Tanks were shrinking as well. So were many of the other zines on the freebie table. James, Max and Randy Byers were all handing out the Food Zine, called Gunga Din-Din. John Purcell was reading and laughed heartily, I think at the great article from Fred Mouton talking about the craptastic nature of the Chinese we ordered. It was a funny, funny piece.

Miles was taking his time and I was working the room. The folks from the Eaton were there and I had to stop and talk with them. The Germans who were brought in by Alex Bochanek were congregating around, talking with Diana Sherman and Colin Hinz. I think they were talking about Orson Scott Card or something. Lloyd and Yvonne had front row seats and we chatted about that for a moment. Kevin and Cheryl Morgan were there and handed me their special zine, Emerald Mewsings, which was dedicated to some really funny, and seriously biting, FAAn Fiction. I was glad to get it, though there weren't enough issues around for everyone who wanted one and I ended up giving my copy to the Eaton. I silently called up to Miles and he nodded. I nodded over to Graham and he nodded back and started up to the stage. I looked over and Ken hit the lights, so it was black in the room, save for some of the laptops glowing up at their users.

Miles had started the light, so there

was a single light shining down on the chair that was set up in the centre. There was not another light in the room that was of major impact. Graham walked into the spotlight and sat down without a word and just started to play.

It was amazing.

He did a series of songs, some of them about the Astral League and a few other songs, including a new version of the classic CorFlu favourite Just Make It Up, which came from a call out I made at the 2007 CorFlu in Austin, TX. It was amazing, funny, brilliant and just flat amazing. There was no inter-song discussion, just one song to another. When he was finished, after about 45 minutes, Graham just got up and walked out of the spotlight and the place went nuts. It was brilliantly accidental and I was so very happy with how great it went. The Standing O lasted nearly ten minutes. I took the stage and the lights came up. I noticed that ML Heath was there with all the stuff.

"OK, thanks Graham!" I said. "That was a fantastic piece. I now have to announce the winner of the Art For Charity contest. The winner, with 217 dollars and seventeen cent, 12 cents more than Frank Wu...Steve Stiles!"

The place exploded with applause

"So, Steve, what's the charity of your choice?" I asked

"How about TAFF!" he said.

"Alright, that means that TAFF will be getting the 1430 dollars and 19 cents... more or less!" I said, which was also met



with great applause.

"And now," I announced, "my good friend Mike Heath and John Shirley!"

No one seemed to expect this, and part of that wasn't being fully forthcoming with my programming list. This was the

exact opposite of the Graham performance, but the crowd seemed to enjoy it. There was a full projection show with Mike and John doing stuff they'd recorded ages ago. I'd asked if they'd do it right when I was certain that we'd be doing the CorFlu. This was the way I worked: entertainment first, everything else second. I'd gotten an earfull about that from Arnie and others over the last 24 hours.

The light show was very fun, at times very funny, at times very serious, and at the end, the crowd was very appreciative. Mike looked very pleased and we all gave them a great round of applause. The effect of the multi-media show maybe didn't hit as much as the personal experience of Graham's performance, but it was strong. Brad Balfour, who had come to hang with folks he had worked with during his time with Heavy Metal, was very glad we included it and was raving about it the rest of the weekend.

After that, we took a brief break to set-up the stage for the Grand Finale of the night. Diana, Tall Kevin, Leigh Ann, John Hertz, John Purcell, Mark Plummer and Frank Wu all

came up to the stage, setting up behind a table. On the floor, off to the side, was Veronica Lake & Palmer along with Linda, Miko and Evil Kevin. I sat down next to Lloyd and leaned over.

"If this works, I never have to worry

about doing half-time for a Masquerade again." I whispered.

The lights went down and there were small spots on each of them at first. Then they went out, except for John's, which remained on.

"Welcome to our programme tonight. We'll be hearing the music of The Awesome American Band playing the works of Cole Porter!"

And the Band started playing and the lights on the band and Evil Kevin came up and they started doing some Cole Porter for a moment, until there was an interrupt sound and John Hertz's light came back up.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I've just been handed this note from our news desk."

Yes, that's right: I had written a knock off of The War of the Worlds with John playing the Orson Welles role. The story was slightly different, though the first twenty minutes or so were almost exactly the same. The musical work was handled by Linda and Kevin with VL&P. It came out really well. We did ever-longer increasing break-ins for news from Grover's Mill where the flying saucers were seen. Eventually, they emerged from the landed UFOs.

"And they're emerging from the ships," John said, "they're emerging and they're...they're fans! They're carrying fanzines and throwing them at people!"



And from there, it got weirder. I'd written it with Kevin and Frank and it was actually getting to the audience! I was shocked at how some of the folks who were being gently lampooned in it were laughing harder than the rest. Ted, Arnie and Peter were all portrayed and given fun little vignettes. Mark was brilliant doing his roles as pretty much all the Brits. It was a funny thing, running almost an hour and getting cheap laughs by having Frank playing me. We even had the break where they explained that this was a dramatic presentation. We finished very similarly to the original and we were lead out with Veronica Lake & Palmer playing Bi Mir Bist Du Schoen, with Linda and Kevin doing a fun duet. It got a great reaction, probably more for the voice acting that was so good than for the script, but it didn't matter; I was gonna take what I could get.

I told folks about the bars and mentioned that everything was ready on the party floor and there was a lot of stuff ready to make people smile. We headed out and that was that for Saturday's official programme. The flow of people out of the hall led to a flood of folks meeting in the ConSuite. Walking by, I could see a couple of dozen folks standing and reading the scrolling version of Tobes' TAFF Ting.

Getting to the party floor, I could see that there was a bottle neck forming because many of the parties hadn't opened yet. There was the SF/SF party that Jean had been setting up. The Klingons were open, and Poncho's Cross-Time Cantina



hadn't opened yet. I hadn't seen Johanna much, I knew she'd shown up, but I hadn't seen her in ages. Radar was around, and she's always a bunch of fun. The other ConSuites weren't quite open either. The smoking ConSuite, the one with the exterior deck area that we closed off and made sure that we put suction ashtrays on the tables. That was already starting to fill up with Arnie, Ted White, Earl Kemp, Dan

Steffan, Ed Stokke and a bunch of others gathering. The place was very jumping and by the time I had poked my head in, the other ConSuites were open and they'd started giving people food, drinks and fun. Samantha came up and asked if I wanted to have them go out and get more booze.

"Really? we drank y'all dry?" I said.

"You drank us and the back-up for the Shriners on Tuesday!" She said. I said that we'd be fine with what we'd got.

I smiled and wandered into the ConSuite on the Poolside. Linda was there, looking kinda beat.

"You tired, darlin'?" I asked.

"Yes." she said, smiling in that way she does that makes me squishy.

"Well then, let's go to bed."

And we did, ending the big day.

Sunday- Gypsy

I dreamt of Stevie Nicks. It wasn't as strange as you think. It happens all the time. She was spinning. Linda woke me up, saying 'Chris, you're singing in your sleep again.'

At least I think that's what she said. I've never been good at remembering my dreams, nor the words of those who try and communicate with the sleeping me. I guess that's why I've never been very good with astral projection. I woke up then, realising that it was only about 8, and got myself up and dressed while Linda snoozed. This was rare. There were 4 messages on my cell phone, which I checked

while Linda was in the shower. The first was from Christian McGuire at about 3 am.

"Chris, we're here in the ConSuite with Earl, Ted, Milt, Deb Geisler and Dave Clarke, and we've decided we want you to join the Old Pharts and start a WorldCon bid. So..."

I didn't keep that message. The next one was from Christian at 4am.

"Chris, we're here wondering where you've scurried off to. I've put money on you and Linda heading off for some pri-



vate time and we've..."

I clicked that one down too.

The third was from Leigh Ann at 4:30. I checked it and over the phone came Christian's voice again.

"I've borrowed Leigh Ann's phone and I'm guessing that you're either sleeping or..."

That one was gone too.

The last one was from Samantha.

"Chris, we're going to have to make some slight changes to the menu for the banquet. I'll be on my phone all morning," she said. The call was from 7:45. I'm guessing that was what woke up Linda so that she could catch me singing.

I got dressed fast, barely making it out the door just as Linda was getting out of the shower. No note this time. This was a mild panic.

I made it down to the Programming room, which had been turned into the banquet area. I had made a couple of weird choices. I had thought about assigning seats, but I figured giving folks every chance of mingling was a good idea. I had given the Banquet Captain a picture for each table which were famous fans who had passed away. There were names like Art Saha, Harry Warner, Jack Speer, Bill Donaho, ATom, Bill Rotsler and so on. It was a good thing, especially if we had done assigned seating. As it was, it simply gave a special shout-out to those who came before us.

The place looked great, as every seat had the special thing I'd put together: The

Drink Tank issue 500: a new zine which looked more like the first tissue than any of the 499 that came after it. It had an article that I'd been holding on to from Bruce Gillespie and one from James Bacon. The art was all from Frank Wu, who has always been the greatest supporter for The Drink Tank, and it ended with the announcement: The Drink Tank would be on hiatus until my newest zine: Sumptuous Intelligence, made it to issue 100. That would be a couple of years. and I fully knew that I'd probably get bored, breakdown and do another Drink Tank sometime before then, but who knew what'd happen. One was on each chair, waiting for the readers.

Samantha hurried over.

"We've had a serious problem.": She said. "We don't have any champagne for Mimosas."

"That's not good." I said. "There's nowhere open this time of day either, is there?"

"Not that I can think of."

"We don't need it. I'm sure there'll be enough folks with flasks to make a good number."

Samantha was very kind, walked off and set more in motion. There were two buffet islands out in the foyer. The first was a traditional breakfast station, which cost an arm and a leg, but we had the money to do it and it bought us a lot of good will that allowed us to do even more. The other island featured the -unch portion of the brunch. There was chicken, roast beef, rice, lamb (which was a hard get), a

sandwich area and ham with a carver. It was a nice deal. Spending the money on all of that (which partly came from the fact that I'd managed to get a half-million bucks from sponsorship groups. Well, I didn't get it, but it was a lucky chance that Craig Newmark, who I hadn't run into yet, Sergei Brin, who when we managed to get him out to Silicon, said that he had always wanted to get into fandom, and Jamie from Mythbusters all agreed to donate when I sent Alex to ask them. It was a lucky get. I had put together a really good team that could talk their way into anything from anyone they asked. I'm never going to let these folks go!

And buying all of that allowed us to have the Dim Sum carts. We had 12 of them that'd be delivering more than 35 options. It worked, though. It was all a lot of fun to make these different groups work together, It was quite a ballet.

The thing didn't start until 10am, but there were already people milling about. I hadn't had much of a chance to chat with Ben Yalow and Evelyn Leeper. It was good to see these folks who I don't think regularly make it to CorFlu. Who knows why, but they're wonderful people. I saw that a few folks were busying playing Fluxx in the TechnoConSuite, where someone I didn't recognise was conked out across the couch. I should have expected that.

I asked to be dealt in. It was Bill Howard, Espana, Tadao and Bryan Little all playing. I guess the reason I didn't

recognise the guy sleeping on the couch: it was Mette without the mohawk standing up. That's usually how I recognise her. We played a couple of games, including one where I was specifically trying to get Tadao to win and managed it on a play that lasted almost five minutes. I got up and there were tons or folks all around. Since the stations were almost entirely set-up, folks were eating. I didn't think that it was a bad thing, though it'd be nice for everyone to eat together. A few tables were filling up but a lot of folks were noticeably absent, including my SF/SF crew. I figure they must have been partying pretty hard. I knew that Christian was either sleeping or dead.

Linda came down and we grabbed a seat at the table with James and Simone, John Coxon, who I was shocked to see had made it, Stef, Mike Glycer, Alex Lux and Espana and Tadao, who both looked a little worse for wear. The table was packed, and people came by. There were greeters, in this case Tracy Benton, Bill Bodden, Barbara Johnson-Haddad and Trey. It was a good thing to have all these people agreeing to help out. It was one of the good things about having everyone show. They greeted folks, telling them that they

could sit anywhere and that there were carts that'd be coming around and food out in the foyer. They were very peppy for pre-10am Fanzine Fans!

By 10:15, everyone was around and getting food. The smart thing about having had the buffet islands around early was that we'd lessen the lines. Yeah, things for kinda crowded with 650 folks choking the



allyou-can-eat stations, but there were folks who were sitting and letting the carts come to them. I gorged on potstickers, sesame red bean paste balls and shu mei. It was delicious and everyone at the table was having exceptionally good conversation. Ed Green was right across the aisle and we spent a fair amount of time chatting. I like that Ed guy. He's become the King of the Background Player, as he's been an extra in the last two Best Picture Oscar winner and has even had lines in a couple of wonderful television shows.

I got up and readied for the hard part: the FAAn Awards. I'd managed to convince Andy manage the awards and there was a printer on stage, connected to the machine that compiled the results in 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Linda and Andy came up with me, but as I climbed the stage, I could see Samantha waving me over most completely. I wasn't sure what to do, but then Andy said "I'll take care of it." and I headed off to the back of the room.

I made my way as Andy did his intro. We'd had a presentation done, so anyone could start it. I headed across to Samantha, but folks kept stopping me along the way. I had folks asking this or that, and I finally got there just before the introduction of Best New Fan.

"Yeah, I need you to sign a couple of things. I'm sorry I should have gotten them to you earlier, but can you come down and sign them so I can head off and get some sleep?" she said.

I nodded and we headed off to the

office to sign the papers. I could tell that she was tired, having been dealing with all of our stuff for the 96 or so hours. We headed down and there was paperwork all over the place, and it was obvious that we were not the only group that was driving her crazy, and she took a few minutes trying to find all of the pieces. She gathered up all 15 pieces and I took to signing them. She sat down and her head was lolling before I'd finished signing all of them. I ran back up stairs and saw the very end, with the winner, whoever they were, heading back to their seats. Andy had done it all through an anonymous server thing and the output



was automatic, so I never got to see who won until days later when I was awake enough to look over the list that ended up on my lap while I was conked out in the TechnoConSuite.

Ted White came up and took the podium.

"It is now traditional that we consider the matter of the Past President of the Fan Writers of America. I'm open to taking nominations." Ted said.

Linda rose to her feet.

"I'd like to nominate Mr. James Bacon." Linda said.

"Second!" came from several parts of the room.

Peter Weston came to his feet.

"I'd like to nominate Harry Bell!"

Again, a chorus of 'Seconds!'

That was that, and it ended up with Harry Bell getting his due, which was perfect as he's been due and he's a genius.

We all sat around and chatted more until it was time for Mike Glycer to make his Guest of Honor speech, which he got up to deliver with James Bacon. I had noticed that he was wearing a suit, as was Stef and Coxon. Stef and Coxon were also wearing sunglasses obviously bought from the Hotel mini-mart. I knew what was coming, but I wasn't prepared for it. John led the way, while Mike and James walked side-by-side and Stef took up the back, looking all over the place as they made their way up the dais. Coxon and Stef each took a side, occasionally speaking into their sleeves, while Mike took a step back and



James took the podium.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Glyer will be making a statement, and we ask that you please refrain from asking questions." James said, sounding official, "Following the statement will be a period for photos. And now, Mr. Mike Glyer."

There was a loud bit of laughter and then louder applause. Mike walked forward, giving some very presidential hand gestures as he stepped up.

"My fellow Fanzinamericans, we have gathered here today to get through this thing called CorFlu."

I couldn't believe it! It was nearly exactly what I would have said. It was as if I had written this speech in the past, then flashed it forward, as if I was writing about the future from the past in a way that I could apply my thoughts to the voice of someone else. It was a little cerebral.

He gave a speech that was too impressive to retell in the voice that I have now when writing as if I'm from the past about something that could never happen in the future where I'm writing for. Again... cerebral.

He talked about the ways of the

FanEd, the traditions we were celebrating here and the fact that he had taken his seat at the Rick Sneary table and told a story of the Sneary. It was a fun one. At a few points, Mike stopped, leaned back and James whispered something into his ear, then whispered something back before continuing to tell his tales. It was Fanzilious!

After fifteen brilliant minutes, Mike said "Ghu bless you and Ghu Bless Fandom!" And there was wild applause and Mike posed for some photos in various official-looking poses. It was hilarious. I was on the floor. If I had written this in the past, I'd totally be laughing while trying to stay awake writing this future article. It would be weird.

I got up on-stage and took the podium.

"OK folks, we've got the buffet and carts for another hour, so eat up and those who had a little more fun last night than they should have can have a chance to come up and get some food. We've arranged for all the rooms to have a 2pm check-out, so don't worry about checking out right away. In addition, if you're going to the San Jose airport, we've got the shuttle leaving every half-hour from noon until 9pm, and a shuttle to SFO every hour on the hour until 10. We'll also be doing a Pub Quiz in here in about half-an-hour, since this isn't a good time for the traditional baseball game of the first couple of dozen years. As of now, let us all enjoy each other's company, eat a lot of food and

just flat out enjoy the hotel."

There was a round of applause and I'd asked Randy Byers and Andy Hooper to put together the quiz, and I was snuggled deep into my seat at Table Rick Sneary. Mike came back and I shook his hand.

"It's like you read my mind, Mike!" I said.

"I thought that it would go well with the up-coming election." he said.

He was right, and Stef and John, in Secret Service get-ups, made for good guards.

About twenty minutes later, Randy came around and handed out the pages for the Pub Quiz. We had a pretty good team, as Stef, Tadao and Espana had gotten up to get a nap before the final night of partying, and we had Ed Green, Mike Heath and Sandra Bond, who I hadn't seen all weekend. That made us an unstoppable force! I was slightly concerned about Table Terry Carr which had John Hertz, Andy Trembly, Evil Kevin, Tall Kevin, Cheryl Morgan, Janice and Chip Morningstar, and Dave Clark.

We played four rounds of Fanzish Pub Quiz. It was a lot harder than I thought, but having Sandra put us at a certain advantage. Then again, John Hertz seemed to have been able to tap into the Fan Force and get every answer, as at the end, Table Terry Carr beat us by two points. It was a shocker, but that Hertz fellow keeps a massive second brain under that propeller beanie! Table ATom, featuring Mark Plummer, Claire Brialey, Lillian

Edwards (who I hadn't talked with all con!), Spike, Tom Becker, and various others, had done very well, coming in a very close third.

The food had coome and gone, and there was now general conversation and fun. it was slightly more subdued than expected. Leigh Ann and folks had made it down for meat and fun. I was happy to chat with all the folks who were around. Lillian came over and we talked about the article that she'd long promised me about her TAFF trip, but alas, I would be waiting a little bit longer.

We chatted and c hatted, and I was beat. I walked over to Linda and kissed her on the cheek.

"I'm exhausted." I said.

"Well, you wanna go and get a nap?" Linda said.

"You come with me?" I asked.

"Oh yeah." She said.

And off we went. That was the end of my CorFlu, as we didn't emerge from the room for the rest of the day. I got texts from Christian, Espana and Co. that gave me some hint as I dozed and spent my time in and around bed with Linda.

5pm: Chris- You need to get down here! Ted White, John Hertz and Earl Kemp are playing Magic: The Gathering! Hertz is seriously Manna tapped!

7pm: Chris- OMG! I can't believe it! Christian's officially started a WorldCon bid for the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel in 2020!

11pm: Jesus! Jason just got outdrank by Art Widner!

12:35: Garcia- The Klingon Karaoke is rocking! James Bacon, Steve Silver and Joe Major did Half-Breed and now they're starting Hell's Bells.

1:12am: Chris- You need to come here this instant! A poker tourney has broken out and it's heads-up Kevin Standlee vs. Robert Sabella for the whole thing!

I kinda wish I had been there, but I also knew that nothing was better than snuggling with Linda in bed, recovering before things got awful when tear-down happened tomorrow.



And that, is the end of Fandom on Infinite Earths. I've finally gotten it out of my bones and now, I rest. There's NaNoWriMo, where I'll be writing The Unresearched History of the City of San Francisco. Plus, I'll be preparing for the Steampunk Convention, where I'll be giving a talk on Charles Babbage and his Engine, followed by a panel on Engines of Empire where we'll be talking about the actual technology of the Victorian Age. I plan on talking about Tide Predictors and Weather Indicators (some of the strangest and least-known machines of those times) and other weird technological pieces. It should be some fun stuff.

I'll be writing and working on various things, including the next issue of Journey Planet, and watching shorts for Cinequest. It's gonna be a tough time, I'll probably pull 1/2 my hair out, but mostly, it'll be what I do. I'll have a couple of Drink Tanks out for folks to enjoy/tolerate, but mostly, it'll be life being led. It's what I do.

And let me also say that I'm looking forward to a CorFlu 2009 that's nothing like the Impossible CorFlu I've outlined (and when I double-checked, the timing on the fictional one is all wrong, but you'll let that slide, won't you?). The Progress report is on-line and I highly recommend it.

And that ends another Drink Tank. I wanna thank Espana, Jason, John Purcell, Mo, and everybody else. I'm excited to see what's going on with everything that's happened over the last few months. LosCon's next!!!