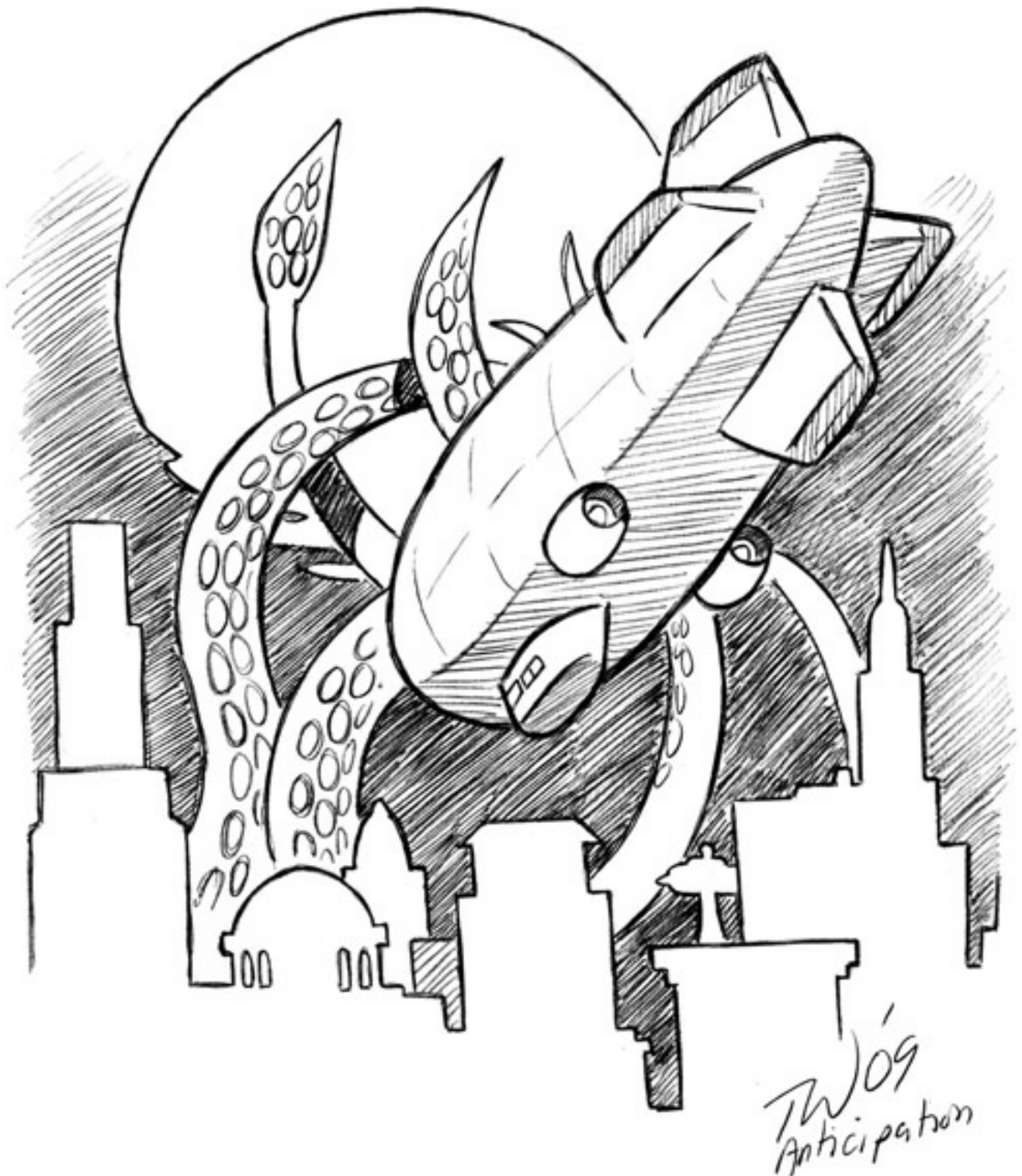


# “Go Drop Dead”

An Anticipation Fanzine in an Hour...kinda.



What you are reading is the months late edition of The Fanzine Cover In An Hour zine that we did at Anticipation in Montreal. I had suggested that we have a panel where a bunch of Fan Artists get together and make a cover for a fanzine. While there, I passed around my two computers and had people create various articles. It was sort of a Fanzine in an Hour, only there were a couple of catches. A couple of the artists wanted to polish off the pieces they'd done, which I totally understand, and after I ended up getting them, found myself with one or two different difficulties that prevented me from getting it finished. Luckily, I managed to get it done this weekend and I'm totally happy with what we've got for you, our loyal readers, whether you're seeing this on eFanzines or in the printed versions that will be floating around.

The theme for the art, which I got from the audience was...tentacles and airships! It did my heart good, being such a fan of both Cthuhlu and Steampunk. I asked folks for a suggestion for a title, particularly bothering Marc, who told me to 'Go Drop Dead'. That is how titles are made!

The issue also has some great stuff. There's an article from a first time WorldCon attendee from Isreal, if I remember correctly, and I've also got a piece from a pal of mine by the name of Jim Terman. There's also a piece that the submittee failed to either sign or inform me of their name and scampered out of the room before I even got a good look at him. It's generally not a good way to get your moment of Fannish Fame!

So, here's some fun stuff and I'm glad I've got such great art and writing. I'll be sending this to as many of those who asked for it at the panel and a few others who said they were interested. I'm hoping to get this out at AussieCon as well, because hey, it's a WorldCon production so it'd be nice to pass it along!

So, let us begin and have a good time with the writing to remind us of Anticipation, the Montreal WorldCon where I had an absolute blast and where so many of my friends enjoyed such a good time!

~ Chris Garcia

J. Random Editor.

Art Credits- Cover by Taral Wayne, Anticipation Fan Guest of Honor, Page 3 by Marc Shirmeister, Page 4 Frank Wu, Page 5 by Steve Stiles, Page 6 by Alan White (not at WorldCon, but I like it!), Page 8 by Marc Shirmeister.

## First Timer

I've never been to a WorldCon! It kind of feels like I'm the only newbie around, but I'll bet there are more like me out there, hiding in the woodwork. So this is kind of for you guys, the newbies who are trying desperately to understand what WorldCon is about.

My WorldCon experience started pretty well. On the first day, I blithely went off in search of breakfast, leisurely assuming that I'll have time to check out the program before anything interesting will start. On the way, I took a peek at my friend's program. He had been around for days before the con, helping people out in the eternal quest for the promised free T-shirt all volunteers aspire to accomplish. There followed a brief period in which a coffee and a pastry were consumed in record time. The highlight marker was pulled out, and I realized that perhaps I should quickly find a mad scientist who can clone me so that I could attend all the incredibly awesome stuff, which were unfortunately plentiful. Tip: Check the program before hand. Make a plan, and uh, leave a few minutes free for meaningless things such as food and sleep.

Breathlessly, I flew through events and had the luxury of making a fool out of myself at an improv session, showing my newbie "wow!" face at various costuming events and timidly attempting not to sound too much like a cat that's been electrocuted at filk events. I ate suspicious things, spoke about meaningful things with a Klingon, ogled random costumed people and various merchandise that I can't afford in the dealers room, and had a blast in general!

SecondTip: Don't be afraid to speak up in panels. You can later talk to the panelists about how they didn't really answer your question in the short time they had and they'll agree! Meaningful conversation and awesomeness connection may follow!

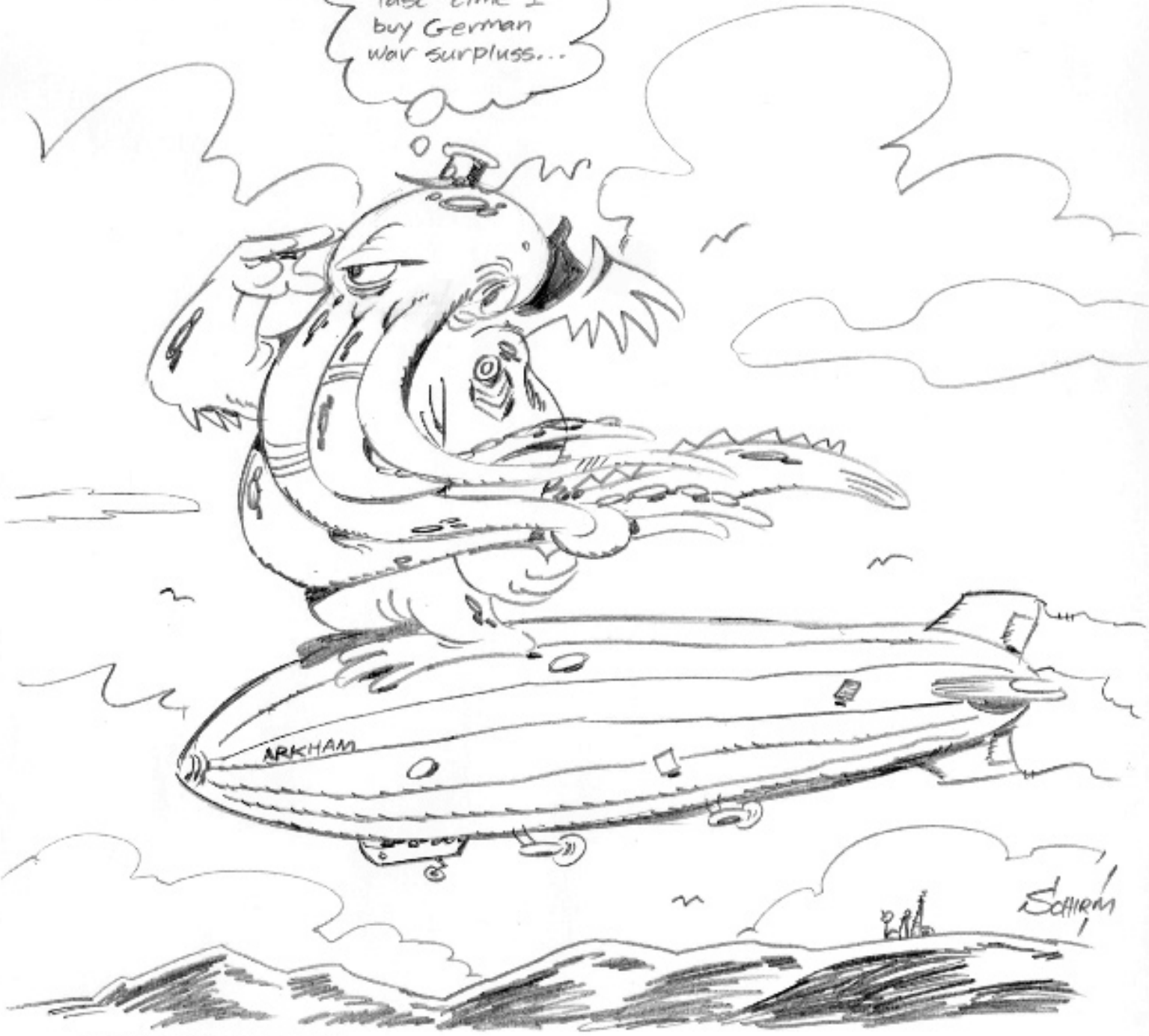
Before the con is done I hope to: crash a public party (everyone's invited, but I'll still crash it!), find George R. R. Martin and worship him relentlessly (I already checked Neil Gaiman off the list of people to worship relentlessly) and to meet lots of more cool people!

All of this goes to show that, even as a hopelessly shameless n00b, you can indeed have fun at WorldCon! And you know what? It's still ongoing! There are 3 whole more days of pure, undiluted AWESOME to enjoy. I'm told this year's WorldCon is actually pretty small, and if it is, all that means is that the big ones are even better! Go to WorldCon, join the nerdfest, and have a blast!

**-Michelle Talmor, WorldCon Anticipation '09.**

SO, WHO SAYS  
C'THULU CAN'T  
FLY?

This is th'  
last time I  
buy German  
war surplus...



## Why do Old Science Fiction Writers Hate the Future They've Lived to See?

By Jim Terman

A few months ago John Scalzi put a post on his blog ridiculing Analog, Asimov's and Fantasy and Science Fiction, the three major science fiction magazines, for not allowing electronic submissions. In fact, to submit a story to these three magazines not only must you print it out on to flat sheets of processed pulp harvested from dead tree, but you must format it in a fixed width font so that you carefully simulate the process of having typed it out on a typewriter.

Because if you can't be bothered to write a story about the future using a technology that became obsolete over twenty years ago, you can at least pretend that you have.

This reverence for technology past is not just limited to science fiction editors, but writers as well. Ray Bradbury has famously declared the internet to be a "scam". All right, you might say, Bradbury was never the nuts and bolts writers from the golden age of science fiction. Fahrenheit 451 had a definite anti-technology as well as Orwellian theme to it. Harlan Ellison is outspoken in his opposition to the internet

which only exists to allow people to steal his work. Of course, he also wrote a famous story about people trapped in a mainframe called "I have no mouth, but I must scream."

But Jerry Pournelle, who wrote a computer column in the 1980s(!), hates the internet, too. Just about every science fiction writer older than 70 seems to hate modern computer technology. Shouldn't people who have spent their entire lives dreaming about the future be the first to embrace it when it actually shows up?

I think the problem is that this is not the future that they signed up for when they were in their twenties. They wanted the future of space stations, regular flights to the moon, moving sidewalks and robot butlers. Instead they got a future of file sharing, Facebook and blogs.

No wonder they're so bitter and disappointed. The future arrived and now they want a refund.

*the editor will note that if the embrace of Fred Pohl on the internet were any closer, it would violate decency laws.*

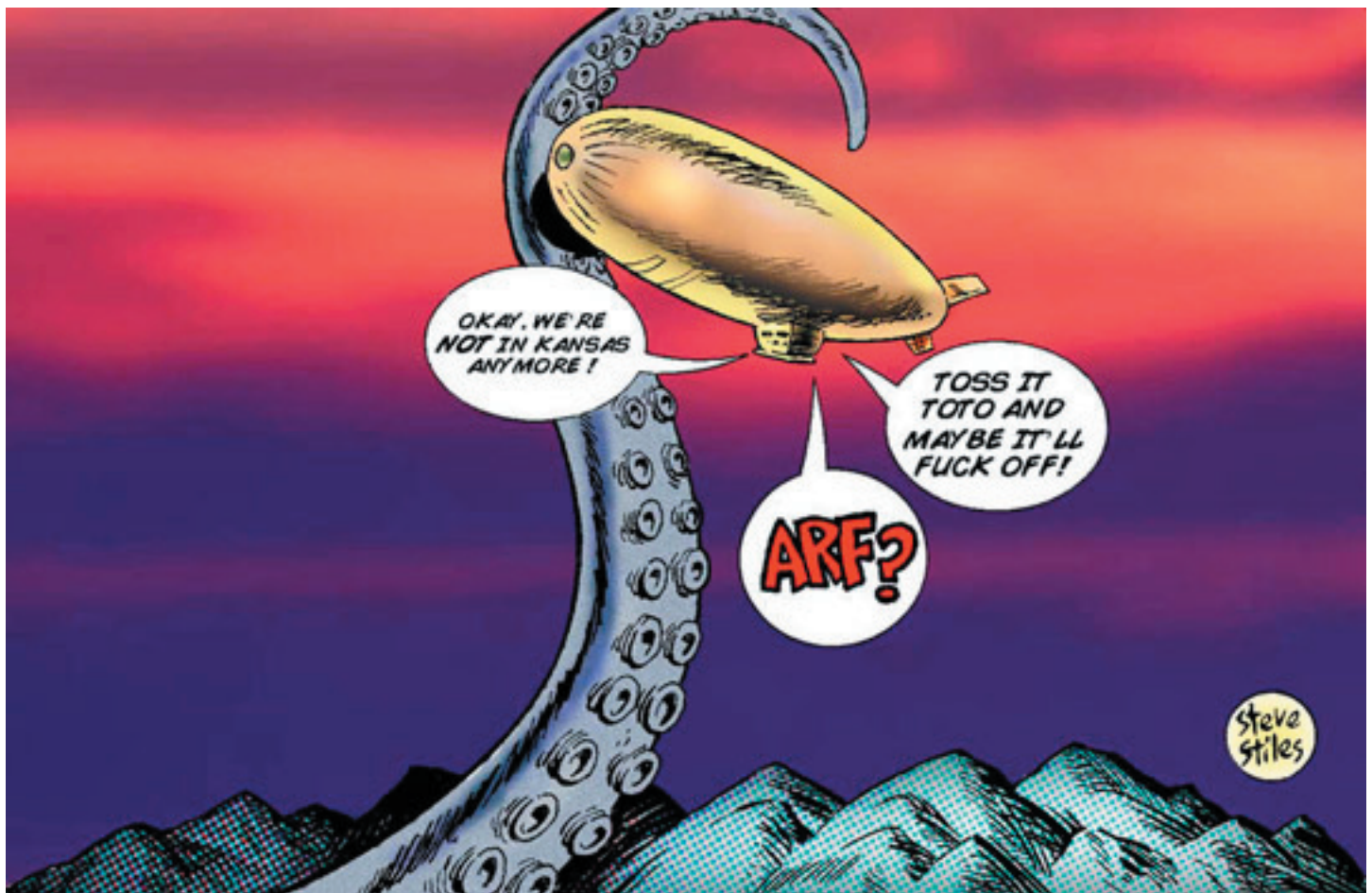


## Elayne Stiles

I sit here, highly amused by the notion that I will actually get published in one of Chris Garcia's zines before my husband does, when he's the one who allegedly writes for a living. Considering how frantically Chris flogs all of his friends for articles, I should be far less surprised by this, truth be told.

Frank Wu is doing the two things he does best - namely, art and bullshit. Meanwhile, Sherm is down at the other end of the dais, commenting on Steve Stiles, "He can draw anything but a steady paycheck." This is precisely the sort of absurdity I expected from a panel Chris moderated...which is why I'm here.

The convenience store on the lower level of the Palais is out of Diet Coke in anything larger than 12oz. cans. This is a tragedy of epic proportions. (I originally wrote that as "travesty" - maybe I should have left it that way.)



## **Terror on the Twenty-Eighth Floor by Someone Who Forgot to Put Their Name Down!**

Looking for a party to attend, I slowly made my way through the lines to the elevator banks, from where I was whisked to the twenty eighth floor of the Delta Hotel. Little did I know what awaited me there...

Stepping out in to the crowd, I began to realize that I could not move. The fanzine lounge had been replaced by a tea ceremony, populated, or so it seemed, by people with the so-called "Innsmouth Look". I was wondering how they had all arrived there, given the crowds, until I saw the zeppelin parked outside the shattered glass of the second story window, wires snaking like tentacles across the floor, twitching fitfully from time to time.

After a period of time had passed, I found myself back in the hallway, unable to move. I fled for the stairway, breathing a sigh of relief as the door slammed behind me. Unfortunately, the door could not be opened from the Other Side! Upon reaching the ground floor, I pushed the door open, but had to flee when the sirens sounded. And I am still here, locked in that stairway, trying to leave the Escher-like environs before the end of the millennium. Which way is up? Which way it is down? Is it still 1932? Chris, are you there?

There's a gun pointed at my head. "Write whatever you want!" the gruff voice barked. Why not? What the hell else was there to do in Kandahar than to write whatever the hell you want. Especially with a gun pointed at your head. So, here I am. I guess it could be worse. I'd been thorough Khartoum, and that was definitely worse. You don't want to know what I had to do to get out of there (it wasn't "write whatever I want"). So, here I am, writing. Who'd have thought there'd be a fanzine in southern Afghanistan? I must say, they're more literate here than in Sudan. The guns are the same, though. Maybe I should ask for some opium to jazz up the creative juices a bit. I'm pretty sure we'd passed a poppy field on the way. Kind of pretty I must say, in that creepy Audrey little house of horrors kind of way. "Are you finished yet?" the gruff voice asked. Finished? In a manner of speaking, yes. I knew my life was over. "Gimme that!" My papers were taken away from me. "Where's the dog?" he asked after several minutes. These Taliban guys read fast. "You can't have a story without a dog!" "As in imperialist dog?" I got a smack on the side of the head for that. "No! A dog!

There is no story without Osama and his dog. Do you understand?" Frankly, I did not, but who am I to argue here? "You need to have a dog in the story," my captor continued, "and something to do with the Powerpuff Girls." "Powerpuff girls!?" This was really getting weird. "Yes, Powerpuff Girls. They are the ultimate revolutionaries." I didn't get that, but again, who am I to argue? Any more of this, and I'd soon be writing my obituary, although it's really never too early to start working on that.



## **Poutines I Have Known and Loved** **by Chris Garcia**

I love Montreal. I have for years. I first walked down the streets ages ago and I can barely remember what I did back in those days. I do, however, remember one thing: I love poutine. The first time you hear about it, about how Quebecois sprinkle fries with cheese curd and then top it off with gravy, you either have to fight back projectile vomit or try to stop drooling in anticipation. I am of that latter crew.

My first time having poutine was at a place called La Belle Province. It was delicious, rich gravy, cheddar cheese, amazing gravy. A life-changer. That visit to Montreal, I ate many, many servings of Poutine. I think I topped out at 8, but it may have been more. The fries were amazing at PatatiPatata, the sauce practically murdered me at Maamm Balduc and the bacon-topped pile at La Banquise was deserving of a sermon. I ate and I ate and I ate poutine in many different formats. They were all at least great, and many moved between wonderful and awe-inspiring.

I earned this belly, I tell ya!

When I returned for Anticipation, I knew I would be eating a lot of poutine, and as soon as we landed and put our bags away in our most-tiny of hotel rooms, we journeyed, looking for Poutine.

And we found it.

Amir was not the kind of place that I'd have expected to find a good poutine, but then again, why not? It was a Middle Eastern-esque place, the same type in the US where you'd find remarkable hamburgers and lunch plates along-side shwarma and kebab. The place had various middle eastern bites, which Linda enjoyed, and three different poutines. I have Poutine ala Poulet, Chicken Poutine.

Wonderful. Linda got a ton of photos of the meal, which was a running theme.

I ate it and the chicken, while slightly dry, was tasty, and the gravy and cheese added a tasty bit of lubrication which made it very edible. I took it down like a lion snagging a gazelle. It was delicious. I had not realised that I hadn't eaten since the plane served us a sun-par snack somewhere over the Midwest. It was delicious.

The next morning we woke up early and worked on getting to see the city before we would be tied down with the convention. We walked up St. Catherine St. and to a Decorative Arts museum, which messed with my head. On the way back, we stopped

by Rueben's, a diner-y place that was known for its smoked meat. Smoked Meat is a lot like pastrami, only better. I love the smokey, peppery flavor and it's tender and amazing. They had a Poutine with Smoked Meat on top.

That sound your hearing is the after-effects of this meal on my arteries.

Despite being 1,000,000,000% of my daily recommended amount of salt, fat, liquid smoke, it was amazing, and ate surprisingly easy. The cheese was good, the fries were OK, but the gravy was delightful. Oh yeah, and the Smoked Meat made it all incredible! I was blown away and happy to have eaten it. I was also shocked that I could walk back to the hotel under my own power.

The final poutine of my Montreal experience was PatatiPatata. It's a tiny little joint which has a few small tables and a tiny little counter. It took a while, we came right in the middle of the lunch rush, but it was worth it. This was the only time I got plain poutine, though I had the meat poutine on an earlier trip out there.

The thing about poutine is that it's the next step. If Americans knew it existed, there's no question that it would sweep the US like Alan Thinke!



