

Westercon 44 ANZAPA One-shot

First published in ANZAPA, August 1991. Produced by Jean Weber, 7 Nicoll Avenue, Ryde, NSW 2112, Australia, phone 61-2-809-4610.

Friday, 5 July, 1991, 10 pm, Gage Residences, North Tower 10th floor, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. This is **Jean Weber** introducing the ANZAPA one-shot. Participants should include the following ANZAPA members present at Westercon 44: **Janice Murray, Lyn McConchie, Jeanne Mealy, Weller**, and myself, plus other people as they come by.

This is **Janice**. The Gage Towers is a wonderful dormitory. On each floor there are four sets of six bedrooms set in a circle around a common living room and bathroom. Chris (Bates) and I are sharing one bedroom, Jean has one, Lyn has one, Jeanne and John (Stanley -- whom I have finally met!) have one, too. My friends from Toronto are in the other two; Alan Rosenthal and Catherine Crockett. I was glad to hear that Jeanne and John were going in on it because I'm not accustomed to being the token American -- I'd better get used to it.

[Janice has put a sign on the door to the quad:]

Contents

Janice Murray

Chris Bates

Lyn McConchie

Jean Weber

Alan Rosenthal

Catherine Crockett

Jeanne Mealy

John Stanley

Some contents may have settled during shipment.

But don't bet on it!

(Janice again) As I write this we are in the common room. Chris, Alan, Art Widner and a few Seattle bookselling friends of Chris are on the balcony -- the smoking section. They are drinking single-malt scotch and discussing I don't know what. My dear friend Kris Demien is sitting next to me (saying me next, me next!) and Jean is explaining the laptop to Kris' gentleman friend from Wuppertal, Germany, Hans Classen. Chris is relating a conversation with two Swedish fanzine fen who bought an elementary school and are converting it into a house. (One of the Swedish fans is named Kaj Harju.)

I was getting concerned that my expectations for this convention were unrealistic. I was wrong!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Art Widner here. The view, as Janice said, is ultimately gorgeous. It's 10,41 pm and there's still considerable light in the sky. Across the sound, we can see the lights of North Vancouver, gleaming like a million jewels. To the west is still a faint rosy glow of sunset with Venus at full brilliance just above. Barely visible near the horizon is faint Jupiter, falling rapidly behind as the Earth speeds ahead in its journey around the sun. Mars, part of a rare 200 year conjunction two weeks ago, is now so faint we cant find it. A beautiful scene, good friends, sparkling fannish conversation. What more could one ask--the best of all possible worlds.

Kris Demien typing at you now. Margaret Organ-Keane, a Seattle artist fan with work on display at the Westercon Art Show, just walked in saying, "This is the best party," and she's right. I've been to all the bid parties tonight including the one with the Henry Weinhard's yummy native beer, and the chocolate fondue party. This one has neither of those, but it does have the best conversations and the highest concentration of fanzine fans. Not a coincidence. Right now Chris Bates, Janice's hubby and book aficionado extraordinaire, is talking about chocolate candy and such and I can hardly type for drooling. An even bigger treat, though, is meeting Jean Weber for the first time and having the privilege of writing with this august body of fannish folk. Greeting to y'all.

[Advertisement on]

Amy Thomson here from Seattle, inviting interested women to join BWA, the "B" Women's Apa. BWA is an international women's apa with a roster of 25. Currently, half the women are from the US, and half the women are from places like Finland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Germany, England, and Israel. Minimum activity for international members is a contribution every three issues; for US members, it's once every two issues. For more information, or a spec copy write me at: Amy Thomson 4014 Latona Ave. N.E. Seattle, WA 98105 USA

[Advertisement off]

Chris Bates speaking, now. I heard a rumour that there were actually two conventions going on around around us. For me, it's irrelevant because there are too many old friends like Art; too many new friends like Elisif -- just too many plain old interesting people to talk to for me to worry about the inept, disorganized con committee or whatever they produce. For me this is what I suffer the rest of reality for. Sorry you weren't here this time but there is always the next time.

(Actually, I think I've convinced Chris to come with me if, er, when I win DUFF next time around.) This is **Janice**. I was startled to discover upon entering the convention complex that I have been scheduled to appear on two panels. The first person I encountered at the con was Andi Shechter, who said 'Janice! You and I are on a panel tomorrow!' Well, number one, no one ever asked either she or I whether we wanted to be on panels; number two, there must be a better way to find out than reading it in the program book and number three; I've never been on a panel before. So on Friday (earlier today) I appeared on a panel on fanzines and one on apas. At first I was trepidacious about the fanzine panel because I was expected to sit between Jerry Kaufman and Mike Glycer and sound like an expert. Well. The room had a huge round table -- we weren't up on high. We panelists introduced ourselves and then the person sitting next to Mike introduced himself, and so on it went around the room. As the hour went on it was apparent we were doing one of those Preaching to the Choir panels. This was not quite what I expected. The second panel consisted of five past-and-future Seattleites discussing the difference between fanzines, apas and computer bulletin boards. This was essentially the public airing of a conversation that has been going on intermittantly at conventions for ten years.

Hey mate, this is **Tami**. So party down dudettes and dudes. Can't wait...fill in the blank. We're having a great Westercon, wish you were here. Just say yo!

Jean Weber here. Who was that masked woman? (I'm told she is a Seattle fan, which is why she wandered in to our room.) Cliff Wind and Marilyn Holt also just walked in, but Cliff refuses to contribute. You can write and tell him what you think about that!

Saturday, 6 July 1991. Lyn McConchie here, New Zealand fan and having a great time in Canada at this con! I won't list all the people I've met or we'd all be here for years, but I did achieve my great ambition and met MZB, C.J. Cherryh and a few other writers whom I've read for a long time and always hoped to see one day. I had several panels (only a new experience here but fun anyhow) and spent a fair amount of time in the VIP hospitality suite listening to writers and overseas fen. The gossip has been very interesting. After I leave the con I travel back to Seattle and then across the States to New Jersey and on to England. If I never get the chance of another trip like this -- well, I'll have had the time of my life and enjoyed just about every minute. Signing off now, bed calls and I intend to answer before I fall asleep on my feet.

10:25 P.M. July 7, 1991 Exceedingly Weller here, not long off the phone with the Mounties. About 1 P.M. today I went to my rental car for the first time since I parked it at 3 P.M. July 3 in the lot outside the Gage Residences and found it had a hubcap missing. The crack Gage reception staffers did not know who I should report this to, so I had to check at the desk at intervals until I could mesh with him. We meshed after the masquerade. The sound quality on the phone line to the R.C.M.P. was below awful and I had to get a passer-by to relay the conversation between the Mountie person and myself. I should get a message with the report number tomorrow. As an auto insurance claims person I know I will be asked if I made a report of the theft. Work intrudes.

I arrived in Seattle 11:40 P.M. July 2 and was in my hotel room in Kent at 1:30 A.M. Next morning I drove North and picked up my native guide/passenger. We made a token pilgrimage/detour/backtrack to the TWIN PEAKS towns. We both really wanted to go to Roslyn, Washington -- home of the NORTHERN EXPOSURE filming. (Jeanne Mealy got to do that, grump, grump.) Because two of my four quaddies did not arrive with me, they were assigned elsewhere. (Despite calling them "quaddies", there are six rooms per quad.)

I am the only female in the quad and feel strange, and feel stranger about feeling strange. I've spent many a con rooming, even sharing bed with males I've just met that con, but they are at least friends of friends. Here they are all strangers, only con badges can recommend them. Two are young enough to be my children. I don't feel threatened, just different. I am still not sure why. It's good for me though. I would not normally have reason or chance to talk to and interact with two of the 'types' of fens in the quad -- teenaged male semi-punk looking gamers, and just general area early 20's male fen. I know enough people here that new acquaintances would all be by introduction or activity.

Tomorrow I move on to Vancouver Island and part 4 of sight seeing (part 2 being Thursday's boat ride/steam train trip to Squamish and part 3 today's excursion to Maple Ridge, an area East of Vancouver city which has at least 4 parks and a ferry.) Monday I'll head back to Seattle by way of a fannish dinner in Everett, Washington. Tuesday will be taken up by the flight home, and Wednesday, I'll be back at that most unpleasant place called work (more on that in BURRY MY SOUL AT EXIT 63.) On 'night before last day of con,' I rate this one very good on programming and parties. Weller

This is Janet Wilson, passing by and stopping to say hello to everyone, assuming, that is, that I can figure out how this little machine works. This is a wonderful convention and I have met all sorts of pleasant people, many of whom have no doubt preceded me in this document. Others are probably waiting for their turn, so I'll stop and let them get on with it. Take care, eh?

Fran Skene here. Hi folks, I'm sure I know some of you (I haven't seen the membership list). Lots has happened since 1985. Let's see... Two years ago I had a break-up that just about killed me (it's good I've offspring -- their importance to me kept me going). At work insult was added to injury when I got an out-of-rotation performance evaluation which said, in effect, 'You're behaving like a depressed person. Now, stop it or we'll demote you.' Well, two psychiatrists later and after joining Adult Children of Alcoholics, things are settling down, personally and at work. I've another SO (for the last year) that I'll probably say bye-bye to before the end of the year (I won't bore you with the reasons) but I feel O.K. about that -- because it's -- ta da -- my decision. Right now I'm working on not beating on myself for my continuing attraction to Certain Types of people. At least I'm learning a lot.

One positive result is my current interest in writing *for money*. I'm a member of a writing group and have two stories out (they've come back once each and are out again -- definitely I'm at a beginning stage). It helps to be looking for alternate ways of keeping shelter over my head.

What I've heard so far about you folks is that there are a lot more fannish babies nowadays. Congrats to all of you! If anyone wants my address it's currently 6-3957 Bond St., Burnaby B.C. CANADA V5H 1E7. Take care, everyone. Fran

Hi. This is Jeanne Mealy. Having a wonderful time, glad lots of you are here and wish all of you could be!

This is the tail end of a trip that began in Minneapolis back on June 28 or so... getting bumped from our standby flight of 3:30 p.m. to the 11:00 p.m. flight. Oooogh, that's laate. (I decided to let that typo stand. It's rather laaate right now...) We had to stop in Las Vegas for about an hour, then went on to Portland (it was touch and go at 2 a.m., but we did get seats). Arrived about 4 a.m. Ooogh. I'll fast-forward through the weekend: we DID get some much-needed sleep, my brother DID get married, and we continued on for some enjoyable sightseeing in the area.

Then we had a nice trip via Amtrak to Seattle where we stayed with Jerry Kaufmann and Suzle Tompkins, did more sightseeing, THEN drove the rental car up to Vancouver for you-know-what. Saw friends, stayed in a quad with the other fine people you've heard from already, did some sightseeing, and kept wondering just where the cloning booth and time machine were... It was great to see Janice Murray and Jean Weber and Alan and Catherine (etc., etc.) again, meet Lyn McConchie and a few other folks for the first time. Staying in the quad turned out well -- and the view -- my ghod! Mountains, the bay (?), boats of various type all combined to create an awesome yet peaceful picture...

Im going to miss all of this, and all of you... until the next convention. See you at Chicon/Minicon/Windycon/Orlando/San Francisco and perhaps even other places? Jeanne Mealy

Jean Weber again, wrapping this up. Several people that I'd hoped would contribute to this (Alan Rosenthal and Catherine Crockett, for example) didn't get a chance. Jeanne and Janice took some photos of the ANZAPA contingent, which I hope they will include in their own zines.