

All right, folks, let's get this oolichan on the runway...

Good evening, Anzapa. This is WARM CHAMPAGNE # 4, produced and directed for the 52nd mailing of An-bloody-zapa by the Token Canadian, Susan Wood, c/o Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5.

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Since the airline agent said I couldn't get to Kansas City directly from here, I chose an interesting indirect route-- via Regina, Saskatchewan; Saskatoon; Ottawa; and Toronto.

That's what I did on my summer "vacation." Saw Eli Cohen, and lots of wheat fields, and the Millers' farm, and my Mummy, and my kid brother, and my kid brother's cute mostly-Samoyed (the other parts are Malamute, which means Hendrix works out to something like one-quarter wolf)-- said critter is a large white furry beast with a fetish for licking toes, a beast bigger than me who thinks he's a lap-puppy. To escape from the dog, I went off into the hinterland to see Richard Labonté's farm near Kalabogie (no, I know you don't know where that is, but I thought I'd throw in an exotic name; think of it as Ontario's answer to Grong Grong), where I caught a cold in an exotic northern spring-fed lake. I carried this cold across the border (which is probably illegal), to Kansas City, where the worldcon was, er, highlighted by my attempt to run the Women-and-SF Panel whilst running a fever and suffering from laryngitis.

I also missed the Hugo award ceremony. Hugo Banquet nights are always weird. Each year, it's been Weird in a different way (none as purely awful as the Torcon one, though, Bruce); I can't wait to see what happens in Adelaide in '83. (Can I convert my Sydneycove supporting membership?) Of course, there's no reason to attend the awards banquet, since, according to various superfen like Linda Bushyager, I have no place on the Hugo ballot anyway... In a burst of more-gafia-than-thou perversity, on the first two weeks of my trip back east I wrote 2 book reviews and two fan columns (one for KRATOPHANY, which appeared the next week, and one for Terry Carr's INNUENDO, which should appear in time for Adelaide in '83), and helped to write a one-shot, to celebrate the fact that Norm and Gina Clarke had dropped out of FAPA after 20 years. Maybe that was why I caught the cold, which is still with me; I was weakened by all that hyperfanac. (I also wrote one-and-a-half Scholarly Papers, one of which I will present at a Real Academic Literature Conference next weekend, in far-off exotic Bellingham, Washington. Oh, wow. This is part of my campaign to become a Famous Literary Critic, so that the Canada Council, or someone, will send me off to Australia to write a book on The Land in Canadian and Australian Lit. (It sounds as interesting as some of the things Bangsund has been editing...))

If you want to hear All About Worldcon, however, ask Christine. If you want to hear All About Travelling Cross-Country, ask John Berry, who's provided you with 8 pages of travels, or talk to Carey Handfield, who, if he survives several thousand miles of wrong-side-of-the-road driving, will doubtless have tales to tell. Me, I'm just proving how gafiated I am by contributing a token two pages to Anzapa, mostly because I want to shame ye Official Bloody Editor into contributing. He's lolling in my livingroom, reading the Simpson-Sears Christmas Catalogue, and digesting barbecued duck, after a merry day of being rained upon and dodging Canada Geese in Stanley Park. Write, Handfield, write!

Just to show off, I will use my Courier Italic element. Unfortunately, I have a French-Canadian keyboard machine, but this style only comes in an English element. As a result, until I remember the variations, I have to punctuate by guesswork, or stick to periods and commas. Well, that's what my English 100 class does... except for one student who discovered the elipse, and uses... it...once...every...sentence.

Wood's Cliché: Worldcons are for meeting people- worldcons ARE people.

Wood's Axiom: There is never enough time to talk to anyone at Worldcon.

Obviously, the smart fan has the worldcon come to her. My worldcon began on August 16, about half an hour before I was due to leave for the airport, and Regina. "Allo? Susan?" said a Strine voice on the phone. "Eric!?" I commented, calmly. "Eric, sweetie, I'm leaving town in about half an hour." And I gave him directions for getting to Seattle, tried vainly to ring up John to warn him, and left town, hoping vaguely to actually see Eric at Jan's party. (As it turned out, I saw precious little of Jan's party. I made the mistake of eating in the hotel dining room; the, er, food, combined with the cold, made me quite ill, and I retired to collapse for an hour. Christine reported similar problems. Parenthetically, I might remark that in KC, home of the steak, I had two of the most disappointing steaks ever carved off a tired old cow. Even the Vancouver Westercon's University-dorm food will HAVE to be better than downtown KC's offerings.)

I got home at midnight (2 am KC time) Sept 6, having had no sleep the night before. I walked into school at 8 the next morning, to discover a Crisis in the Canadian Lit. registration procedures which occupied all my time for the next week. That same night, Cathryn and David Miller called to say they'd be driving in the next evening. Instead of going to bed, I tidied the house. The next several days, I enjoyed having visitors, looking at mountains, cooking exotic feasts, and so on. The Millers left, my cold stayed, I swept the floor, and Christine arrived. Christine and I also looked at mountains, etc. Christine went to Seattle, I got my classes semi-organized, Christine came back, and John and Carey arrove. My cold proved faithful. English 100 wrote their second set of essays. And etc.

Last night, I decided I was being a lousy hostess. I left John reading ORSINIAN TABLES, the new non-sf Le Guin collection, and Carey doing something-or-other (but NOT typing Anzapa stencils), took my cold by its clammy paw, and went to sleep for 14 hours. This morning, I bounced up bright and late, made sunflowerseed-wholewheat muffins, and led the faithful off for some typical Vancouver Experiences: rain, tea (coffee, pastry) at the Mozart Tearoom on Robson St., the Courthouse Fountain-- and the lovely sight of the clouds blowing in ragged veils up off the mountains. As the sun came out, and glistened off the trees and ferns, we walked through Stanley Park, nervously dodging the militant masses of migrating Canada geese, and apologizing to the squirrels since we had nothing to feed to them. The mountains up Howe Sound emerged, row on row, and the surf pounded on the seawall. We devoured fern shoots and salmon and barbecued duck and bannock and B.C. cider at the Muck-a-Muck, the Pacific Coast Indian restaurant, and then watched the sun set over English Bay.

I'll let Carey and Christine tell you about all the marvellous Canadian sights I, their Friendly Native Guide, have provided: the coast mountains up Howe Sound, a sight of lovely downtown Squamish, the naked three-storey lady in our poshest department store, the CBC concert with Vancouver's finest talent, the Humphrey and the Dumptrucks concert (I told them they had a downunder fan, Paul), the Earle Birney poetry reading, the play set in Saskatoon, the fog creeping in... However, before Robin Johnson makes me a tour guide, I'm retiring to prepare classes and mark essays. Off to 1984; see you in mailing #53! *Take it away, Carey.....*