

# THE ADVENTURES OF LIZZY MOUNT-ABLE

HALF  
DOM  
HAPPEN-  
G



RE  
G  
G  
R  
F  
R  
O  
K  
G



The AhwahneeCon Committee is lucky enough to have a broad member-support base. We've got computer professionals, computer talented amateurs, computer support people, computer programmers, computer dealers, and computer porn addicts. Yeah, that's most of us, but one of the group is our special Burlesque performer/extreme sports icon Lizzy Mount-Able.

Lizzy was kind enough to go forward and look for some out of the way places for AhwahneeCon and she was good enough to write up her trip and give us a look at what we can expect. He's work is invaluable (meaning more than valuable) and she's got a lot to say about the potential facilities for AhwahneeCon.

### ***The Adventures of Lizzy Mount-Able*** **by**

### ***Lizzy Mount-Able***

When I first heard about the AhwahneeCon bid, it was right after my performance as Miss Nazi Gold in the She-Devils of the SS

portion of the Round-'em-Up Roadgirls show in San Francisco. Chris came up to me and mentioned that he was thinking about a con at Yosemite. Now, I'm used to Chris point-lessly hitting on me with stupid ideas, but this one sounded kinda good. I talked with him about it for an hour and by the time we were done, I was ready to start work to make it happen.

The first thing I wanted to do was to drum up support. I recommended a Burly-Q show called Half Domes in Demi-Bras, but Chris said he'd have to approve of the idea personally. We gave him a private show and he said that it was great, but he'd have to see it again privately a few more times before he could decide. We passed on that idea. Chris, tired of getting the run-around from every location he wanted to hold his con at, asked me to go and find locations that wouldn't be the expected.

I headed up on the first beautiful day of Spring and found that it was the perfect time to do some location scouting. I knew that they'd managed to secure Camp Curry, but that meant that we needed a big location for the Masquerade. I figured that finding a place in the immediate vicinity was the best idea, so I looked around and found nothing. There was a big meadow across the road from the Village, but the NPS would be very unhappy with so many fans tromping across the meadow. I thought that maybe we could close off the road, but that'd be even more trouble. I then remembered Chris Garcia's classic cry of "if it won't fit, try folding it" and I realized that there was another option: up.

I headed up the rocks that are at the base of rear of Camp Curry and I found that there was plenty of room for folks to scramble up and take seats overlooking a large, flat rock. I thought there might be access issues, but I figure if a guy without the use of his legs can climb El Capitan and Half Dome, no one else has any excuse.

I kept climbing and figured that we could put the judges on the higher ledges. That'd give them a great view of the whole show. The echo would be a rough deal, but I've been to cons with worse acoustics...including several that had worse sightlines!

After that, I figured it was time to try out the food. There's nothing better than food from a Concessionaire of the National Park Service. The Curry Co. does a wonderful beef in gravy, a passable chicken in gravy, and for the vegetarians in the audience, green beans in gravy. It's all quite delicious. I had my meat in gravy sitting next to the fireplace. I checked the hours and figured this would be a good place for the after-hours filking. When I left the cacophony of foreign languages and realised that none of it could be heard from beyond the front door, I KNEW it would be the right place for the Filk Room.

Walking around, I was trying to find places for the various programming rooms. I figured we'd have a few of the tent-cabins for paneling rooms, but what about the bigger events. Climbing up the walls wouldn't be smart in the mid-day heat, especially for the boddy type of most fans, so I started a journey around the valley for a place to hold Meet the Guests and so on. While the costs of the Ahwahnee would prove to be a little too much, I figured that there was a good plan to look closer to the Camp and I discovered a huge open space where I could be sure there would be no one late in the evening.

The Merced River.

If we managed to get some sort of shallow-water barge we could line folks up along the banks and that would be more than enough space for such a big event. I rented a raft from the Rental place across the road from Stoneman's Bridge and decided to test my theory. I went out lookin' for an anchor and I finally discovered a rock which I could tie off to to keep the raft in one place.

I decided to test the theory that it would work by putting on my own little show. I tied the raft off and did my strip routine as Irish Republican Amy. Sadly, I knocked the radio into the water 1/2 way through, but none of the Speedo-clad Germans or unaccompanied Teenagers seemed to mind me doing my striptease without Danny Boy blasting.

After park rangers got a little uptight and made me move along (and cover up), I returned the raft and went back to my cabin at Camp Curry. The rooms are comfy and rustic.



I've had worse rooms at Burbank Marriott.

I woke up early to go and see if I could find a good place for gaming. I knew my three limitations: it had to be big enough for 50 people plus, with little wind, and it had to be downwind of the main convention area. I went looking and I discovered Yosemite Chapel. While there's always a wedding going on, I went and talked to the folks in charge and somehow ended up in a Canadian wedding party. I wasn't expecting it, but I had to admit that I'd missed Tim Horton's since I moved back to the states. I felt it was duty to provide a little entertainment but the folks seemed far more interested in arguing hockey. I figured that the best thing was to try and find that gaming location, and quickly realizing that gamers climbing wasn't going to happen, I found the perfect place.

The Ansel Adams Gallery was perfect. Plenty of space, nothing but some photos of stuff that could be seen by just walking outside the door, so no one would miss it. Plus, Degnan's Deli right down the way would supply ample substance.

The next plan was a visit to Half Dome



in search of an appropriate place for Family Friendly Programming. Now, I knew that the best idea was to go someplace where there was good stuff to play with, where it wouldn't get too hot (like Arizona will be no matter where you go) and where there was a good distance from the main floor as not to annoy the various regular attendees. I started going up towards Half Dome.

Now, roughly 1/3 of the way up you can take the Mist Trail, which is aptly-named because of the constant cooling mist from the waterfall. It's a lovely place and what kid wouldn't mind getting all wet as they climb the steps. After that, you come to Emerald Pool. Another great, family friendly place. I'm sure every kid would look forward to playing in the pool...so long as they didn't go over the falls. There's lots of room and no need to worry about noise of hijinks. I marked the place out and started up for Half Dome.

As I was making my way up, I ran into a group of scientists from the Society for the Restoration of Half Dome. They were taking

measurements of the remaining part of the dome to fit it with something that looked like those chicken breast bra inserts they sell on late night TV. They looked tired and I figured I'd raise their spirits with my Madonna of the Rocks striptease. They were suitably impressed.

I headed over to Waterwheel Falls, finding that it would be perfect as an alternate site for the con. I wrote this down and discovered that there was a small colony of beaver building a dam not 1000 feet from the falls. They were so cute! I wrote down this as a possible place for Family friendly as well.

After that, I headed back to Camp Curry, my scouting weekend over. I reported back to Chris via text message, giving him my report on the scouting and he told me that the Sierra Club had managed to get an injunction against AhwahneeCon ever happening in the boundaries of Yosemite National Park. Chris said they weren't defeated because there was still one place they could always count on.

Sadly...he didn't tell me where.