

## What Might Have Been

by Ken Forman

"JoHn, do you want to go for a ride?" I queried.

"Where to, and will we get back in time for the Opening Ceremonies?" he asked. "We're supposed to start Corflu with NLE Live."

"Sure," I assured, "We're only going to drop off the rental van I used for the Red Rock trip, pick up *my* car, and pick up my suit for Ben's wedding. The Ceremonies start in two and a half hours. We should be back in plenty of time.

Of course, I hadn't considered Friday late afternoon traffic in Las Vegas, the fact that we were Downtown and that the car rental place was at the airport (two of the busiest places on a late Friday afternoon), or that the Fremont Street Experience had half of the downtown streets closed.

We took off in the rented Areostar and were immediately embroiled in a downtown full of eager weekend gamblers trying to get to their destinations. My optimism never lessened, though, as I fought our way to the freeway.

We discussed the optimal route and order of events for our trip.

"Let's go to my house first," I offered. "That way, we can use the freeway almost all the way. The rental place is (sort of) on the way back to the hotel."

We pulled up in front of my house, only to discover that I didn't have a house key.

"Where's your house key?" JoHn asked.

"With my car at the rental place," I explained.

"Maybe there's an open window or something," JoHn helpfully suggested.

There wasn't.

"Maybe you can break a window or a door you can jimmy," JoHn offered, less helpfully.

After removing most of my screens and determining that there was no practical way of gaining entrance, we hung our figurative tails in defeat and headed off to the car rental place.

Returning the van seemed to be as difficult as getting into my house. The clerk exhibited the same effectiveness as pouring molasses in January so our delay increased.

When we finally returned to the convention (only 90 minutes late, (right on time if you go by KST (Ken Standard Time))), JoHn was sure that Arnie was going to kill us.

"He's going to kill us," he said.

"No he's not, we can run faster than Arnie," I replied.

Fortunately for us, Arnie, and the rest of Corflu, Tom Springer and Ben Wilson did an impromptu intro. Arnie got the whole thing under way. And the rest of the weekend was a smashing success.

For those of you don't have the benefit of living in an alternate universe, (one where I'm never late, Arnie has perfect vision and fanzine fans receive government grants for artistic expression), here is the script of:

## Nine Lines Each Live

**Ben:**

Okay guys, what are we going to do tonight?

**Tom:**

I don't know, what do you want to do?

**Ken:**

Let's do *something*.

**JoHn:**

Well...We could do a Nine Lines Each

**Tom:**

What do you want to write about?

**Ben:** (cheerfully)

I've got it, . . . Corflu!

**Ken:**

But what about Corflu?

**JoHn:**

How about "Our expectations of Corflu"?

**Ken:** Okay...

First of all, I'm looking forward to the Hospitality Room. I just know Aileen has lots of Good Cheer in store for all of us.

I'm also looking forward to the future. Twenty years from now I see myself sitting in a Jacuzzi with some of the people here and a good helping of neos, reminiscing about Corflu Vegas. About how I met all those fans. How I had a beer with Burbee. Ate shrimp with Hooper.

Say, speaking of Andy, what was that he wrote in Apparatchik 30, he called us "flounders?" I may get baked now and then, but I don't feel like a flat fish.

**Tom:** A flounder, and this coming from a Shrimp-boy! Jesus, we even end up talking about this guy during the Opening Celebration of Corflu... But I think after Corflu, well, I think there'll be some other stories to tell. And remember, if someone asks if you want a fanzine, just say, "of course!" See you at the room parties.

**Ben:** Room parties, yea that's one of my expectations of my first Corflu. Small smoky discussions. And then there's Cathi, my soon-to-be-wife, both good things and both will be part of the rest of my life.

And just because we may get fried doesn't make us fish. So back to the sea, Shrimp-Boy.

**JoHn:** Perhaps Andy meant "founders"? And did you know the 'H' in GHOD stands for "Hooper". This is a little drab, compared to all the other entertainment going on this weekend. Come on, guys, can't we do a little song and dance?

Perhaps a short musical about the life and times of Ted White. Maybe Arnie can reprise his role as a young neo under Ted's tutelage. Tom can play Dan Steffan, and Ken can be the recipient of Ted's first fanzine review, because he can cry really convincingly.

*APA-tizer 13 is from the sick and twisted mind of  
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