

I can't really recall any overall gestalt from Corflu. I suppose because it was so overwhelming; like a rock concert, when it's over I can never recall which songs they played, but I remember the bitchin' guitar solos, and the onstage antics and the funny looking people, which brings home my point that Science Fiction conventions are like rock concerts, except there's less leather, and more drugs.

I recall making a lot of car trips on Thursday night. I was the designated courier, and ended making four trips back and forth to the hotel. Tiresome, but it was in a good cause and I got to retrieve such fen as Jerry Kaufman, Vijay Bowen and the Illustrious Bill Rotsler. Trekking through the Plaza, looking for Shelby and Suzanne Vick, I ran into Don Fitch. As I reacquainted myself with Don, a fannish looking fellow wandered up with two armloads of baggage and introduced himself as Boyd Raeburn. Everywhere I went after that, I would examine passersby for taletell signs of fannishness. At one point I saw a fellow and immediately thought to myself "That's got to be a fan." Then I realized that I *knew* this person. It was Eric Lindsey, and while he did look very fannish, I can't say that my fan spotting skills were thoroughly tested.

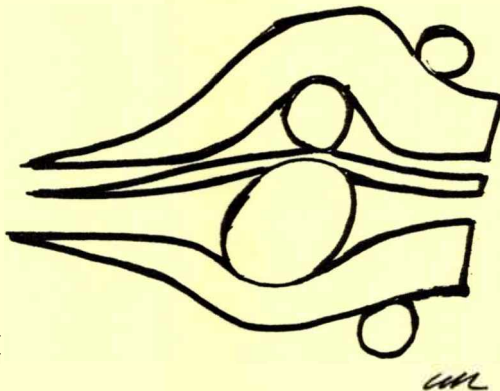
The big party on Thursday was a lot of fun, but the most distinct memory I have is challenging Andy Hooper to a game of Star Control. Arnie had written of Andy's skill at the video space combat game, and I was looking for a worthy challenge. Unfortunately, though Andy was an honorable opponent, he was not worthy. I wiped the spacelanes with his sorry butt, if the truth be known. I'll never forget the handdog look on his face as I ripped the captain's bars from his epaulets. "Gee John, don't you think you're taking this a little too seriously?" was all he could say.

I'm sure Friday morning was a flurry of activity, but I don't recall very much of it. There was much vehicle unloading and carting of stuff up the consuites, but I try to block those painful memories of manual labor out of my mind.

The next event was the wedding. I remember Cathi crying, Ben stammering, and wondering to myself who had written the ceremony. It was over soon enough and the two of them stood there glowing so bright that it was hard to look at them. I've never regretted mine and Karla's impromptu marriage, but I was reminded how nice it would have been to have my friends and family there to cheer us on. I am inclined here to congratulate them again.

Later, much later, Ben and I went on a clandestine

# JoHn re



front yard first. Looking back on it, there were enough roses to cover the entire bed twice, but we tried to select only the roses that were blown and loose., which didn't render enough, so we went to Ben's neighborhood and

rose liberation raid. Ben had the inspired romantic notion to cover his marriage bed at the hotel n rose petals, so armed and sercon, we hit my snuck around and harvested his neighbor's flowers. We were good; we didn't take too many from any one place so as not to leave someone's rose bush denuded.

After bringing the flowers back to the hotel, we broke them down into petals and spread them all over to cover the bed. Only then did we realize that there were ants inter-

mixed in the flowers, so we sifted the petals and found the ants and killed them, saying things like "Die! I sacrifice you in the name of love." We must have got them all; Cathi reported no ant bites afterward, though we did agree that *would* have put an interesting spin on sex.

The next day was Saturday, and the biggest thing that I had to do was be coherent for the Fannish Feud contest against Fabulous Falls Church fandom. As we ascended to the stage, ben whispered to me "you know we're going to get slaughtered." "Yes, I know", I told him, "but is should be fun anyways. In that spirit we went on to defeat Falls church, though I don't believe that it was our native ability that led to their defeat. The turning point came when Ken managed to insert the "things you bring home from a race track" topic without rich brown realizing that Ken was joking. Having successfully tripped up the brightest lights in fandom, we went on to handily demolish the potentially vicious New York team.

I remember putting out a stack of RANTs and being pleased and surprised at how fast they were picked up. I remember sitting in the and smoking suite, frankly telling Victor Gonzalez what was I thought was wrong with his first piece in APAK, as if I had leeway to talk.

A collage of memorable moments is all that I have of Corflu. Being there was so much about *being* there, so much about the experience of the fannish bonding, that a con report feels totally inadequate to the task of relating the experience. I'm glad you were there, so I don't have to.

JoHn re #12: the fanzine for, by, and about JoHn. This is for APA-V lucky number 19. Questions and comments to JoHn 1733 Yellow Rose, Las Vegas, NV. 89108