

# PowWow #7

**PowWow #7** is written and edited by Joyce Worley Katz, for the monthly assembly of Apa V, May 7, 1994. Thanks to Arnie for help with the desktopping and doing the copying. This is Lucky Mailing Number Seven, when the Topic of the month, just for the record, is Silvercon Memories.

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright; nothing could dampen my high spirits. The roses were in bloom, the house was (reasonably) tidy, and in no time I had the two turkeys in the oven, one for our party, and the second for the consuite. Arnie, John and Ross took care of business while I did some last minute shopping. By noon, everyone powered down to go into party mode.

When Arnie and I go to conventions, he takes copious notes. In case of Silvercon 3, he started several days in advance of the actual event, and had already filled dozens of pages in his Byzantine scrawl before the first guest arrived. I myself do not take notes. It's too bad, or I could carefully sequence the arrival of the fans. I know that Art Widner was among the early arrivals, even though we hadn't expected him til late. He helped us finish getting ready, and as people began to drift in, a fine conversational group formed in the living room, spread through the house, and nestled on the slopes of the back yard, in and around the pool.

We were mixing it up pretty good in the kitchen as well, and thanks to all the good fellowship and competent help, we got

dinner on the table around six.

All afternoon, fans shuttled back and forth between the airport, the hotel and our house, gathering guests for ghu. At some point, while John and Arnie were returning from the airport run to pick up Len Bailes and rich brown, my car got crumpled by a passing drunk on the freeway, but the damage was slight, and no one was hurt. At this late date, although culpability has been admitted, the car has been Looked At, and his insurance company has agreed to pay, it's still crumpled. The check, the Coronet Ins. Co. tells me, Is In The Mail.

I never really got the feeling that the house was overfull, but the food vanished, and others

I wandered into the consuite to see what was going on. Raven and Ron were holding court with a small group, and we fell into conversation. "And, how long have you been in fandom?" I asked the charming senior and his lady sitting to my left. They both smiled and nayed me, saying they were only here for their son, though they'd attended several such events as they accompanied him to conventions. "Sounds to me like you both are fans, no matter what you say: you attend conventions, and you hang out in con suites talking to fans." A little prodding, and the lady warmed to her audience. She recounted a long-standing affection for science fiction, and told us about writing a story when she was in the third grade. "I wrote about a group of aliens living on Jupiter, kept warm under the blanket of gas." Unfortunately, her creative career was nipped in the bud when the teacher reprimanded and ridiculed her in front of her class.

estimated we had over 80 fans. Quite a few of the Vegans swam, but not many of the Outsiders. Ted White, at one point, said he had known we had the pool, but it was so early in April, he'd never considered the possibility. Next

We marched down the long hall, Andy Hooper leading, Arnie and John Berry to his left and right, and the rest of the fanzine fans clustered in their mighty wake. Toward us marched a medieval army, captained by their Big Man. As the two groups neared each other, the armored knight sized us up, and knew his troop was both outmanned and underpowered. He announced his title and station to Andy and paid him the courtesy. Ghu smiled.

time, I'll try to let them know-- and have more spare swimsuits to accommodate visitors.

Friday morning we packed up the goodies, headed for the airport to pick up Bill Rotsler, and managed to get checked in shortly after 1 p.m. Registration was already underway; I could see through the open doorway that the hucksters were arriving and setting up their wares, and Karl was getting ready for the beginning of the gaming weekend. The fanzine lounge looked lovely, with the zines on display and for giveaway down one side of the

room, and two or three round tables for conversation. There was even a water setup. Nice going.

The hospitality suite was similarly well decked. The party and the con were ready to begin.