

PowWow #18

PowWow #18 is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Apr. 1, 1995. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Eighteen, and only 4 more days until Corflu Vegas. What a rush! I can hardly wait! But, today my attention is turned to the topic of the month, one near and dear to my heart, namely
Sleaze & Trash

Reveling in it

I'd judge I'm the most qualified to talk on today's topic of all the Vegants. I've lived in Hollywood, New York and Las Vegas: that should get me an automatic ticket into the slease-of-the-month club.

I hail from the southern corner of Missouri, where the phrase white trash is not unknown. And I've even lived with transported Georgia Crackers in Cajun Louisiana, which is about as deep in sleazy bayou mud as you can get.

Guess I've always had an affinity for trash: show me a red dress or a grey one, and I'll pick the one with the flounces and fake jewel buckle.

My friend Diane once said to me, "The reason I love Vegas is cause I can always wear jeans." I laughed and said, "and the reason I love it is cause I can always wear rhinestones and silk."

I confess: I once lived in a two room trailer in a backstreet trailer park. I once played games on Times Square. I've bought many garments from Fredericks. I've dragged my feathers into the Hollywood Cafeteria, in front of the freaks and has-beens and wanna-bees that inhabit such eateries.

Sometimes trash and sleaze can be beautifully combined, like the florist in the Times Square subway station who'll not only gild the lily with fake gold spray, but for a buck extra, sprinkle it

with artificial jewel dust. Is that not perfection?

Trash and sleaze is such a matter of individual taste that it's almost always politically incorrect to dub it that. But we all know what it is, don't we?

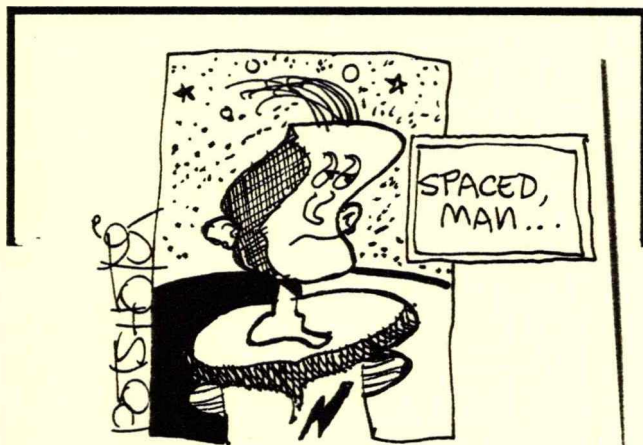
My mother had a war against trash and sleaze that exceeded even her war against cobwebs. She'd sooner broom down a corner than eat, and she'd rather broom down a stack of 'trashy literature' than breathe. My oldest brother was an avid reader, and he'd hide his collection in a bottom drawer, under the shirts and socks. But she'd ferret them out and toss them on the trash fire. Ed'd never say a word to her, just grimly start his collection over, even with the futile certainty that she'd strike again. Sic transit Mickey Spillane.

Mother had an infallible method for recognizing trash: if it was a paperback, it was No Good. But it's amazing what would pass muster if it was nicely bound.

I once worked with a cub reporter, fresh out of school, bright eyed and bushy tailed. She looked forward to her first Consumer Electronic Show in Vegas...well, the way I'm looking forward to Corflu. She planned her wardrobe like a highschool

senior plots out graduation week. And, for the most important night, she bought a beautiful fluffy confection of a minidress.

The night of the big parties, she groomed to the tee, put on her finest, looked in the mirror ...



then burst into tears. "It's too short; it looks so different here than in the showroom; I look like a Times Square hooker."

Alas, she did... but a damned cute one, no matter how short the dress was. "I can give you instant respectability," I promised the crying girl. "Put on your press badge, and no one will think a thing about it."

Sleaze and trash are only a trifling squiggle away from respectability; usually it depends on just which way the watcher wants to see it.

No one who has stood in a grocery store line and idly browsed the super market tabloids is wholly pure. And aren't you glad.