

PowWow #19

PowWow #19 is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Apr. 30 1995. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Nineteen, and we're frisky as a bunch of high school grads. And why not, since we've come thru a graduation of sorts, and now are Experienced Corfluvians. Which brings me to the topic of the month, which could be summed up by saying Wow We Did Great, and Wasn't It Fun At

Corfluv Vegas

There was one moment, one particular second in time, when I knew Corflu had begun. I was sitting in the circle on Thursday evening. Most of the fans had already been ferried back to the hotel, but the room had a comfortable number of well-known faces. The third turkey had been peeled down to its white bones, and most everyone had ta tripped-out, stuffed full look . I rescued The Box from the garage, and filled up my tribal pipe--the 3-footer that's easy to pass in a crowd. And as I leaned back in my chair, I knew the rest of the con would be All Right.

A Touch Of Taste

"Oh, noooo," I wailed to Arnie about ten minutes after we reached the hotel. "I forgot the whipped cream." And by the time I remembered again, it was far too late to dash for home.

A hotel guard noticed my distress, as I pounded at the locked doors of the gift shop. Just as I was about to hurl a chair through the window, he came to see what I was doing..

As I hung like a bat on the security screen of the closed store, I sobbed "I'm in terrible trouble," tossing my pretty curls and batting my eyelashes. "I forgot my husband's travel bag, and I just have to get some stuff for him before he finds out."

"Oh, you poor dear," he thought, as he knocked me off the airvent I

was trying to pry open. "What a meanie he must be," he thought. But what he actually said was, "The shop in the other tower is open 24 hours."

I ran through the back alleys of Jackie Gaughan's Plaza like a NY marathoner sails past the White Castle stand in Brooklyn. I grabbed my prey, tossed a wad of bills at the clerk, and ran gracefully as a Indian Maiden back to where the opening festivities were about to begin.

And that, Dear Arnie, is why the whipped creme pie had a distinct taste of lemon lime shaving soap.

This Is For AndyH:

As we unfurled the banner, it was clear that it was upside down. We wrestled with the unwieldy strip of paper (so carefully prepared by Ken Forman) and stumbled over each other's feet as we struggled to get the banner up- right. We crashed together, all we Vegrants, in an ungraceful heap, still twisting and turning the stream of paper , trying to get the message erect.

John, Tom, Ken and Ben leaned forward to grasp the front end, to steady the flag. Limber and quick, Aileen jumped on the backs of the Nine Lines Each boys, steadying herself on John and Tom.

Marcy sprang forward, and balanced against Ken and Ben, but they still couldn't get the banner secured...one edge fell over, obscuring the greeting.

Then, just as (in an act of savage and bestial brutality) Peggy slammed the pie into Arnie's face, Belle leaped gracefully to the top and grasped the still untattered banner, straightening it for all to see the message "Welcome to Corflu Vegas."

(You say you don't remember the pyramid? You didn't see it just that way? You musta blinked.)

"I really am stuffed," said the trufan as she teetered down the corridor.

"They put out way too much food," complained her companion, as they walked into the consuite.

"Hi, Aileen," they chorused. "Where's the pizza?"

An Overhead Conversation

"We had tickets to Weeser, " boasted the femme, waving archly toward the stereo, "but we gave them away. " She sighed sadly. "Then the people we gave them to didn't even go."

"Oh, that's too bad; they're really great," commiserated the second fan woman. "By the way, who is this playing now?"

"Uuuuhhh.... Weeser."

"Oh, I don't think so."

A laconic Lunney stood nearby. He questioned the first femme:

"So, who do you think this is?"

"Well, I thought it was Weeser. Who do you think it is?"

Frank: "It's Weeser."

They Know His Name

I walked up to him cautiously, this Ghod-Man who could strike me with a lightning bolt anytime he wished.

"Please don't be angry," I whimpered, as I prostrated myself before him. I held up a drawing pad, without lifting my eyes. Perhaps he would accept the tribute.

"Angry? Why on Earth would I be angry?" smiled the genial giant among men, whom Hooper has designated the Las Vegas Tribal Ghod.

"They know your name," I blurted out. "We paid for the plates, but they have written you into their books."

I gulped. It was hard to admit the rest. "They know the words science fiction, and they know the word fandom, and now they know Rotsler."

A fearful light sprang from his eyes. The mighty gaze circled the room, as if hunting for the ones who dared speak his name.

"What the hell are you talking about, Joyce?" A chuckle rose in his throat. The Great One was feeling merciful.

Pressing my face into the parquet floor (while noticing a little lemon wax wouldn't go amiss), I intoned the words that I knew might make the Vegas Totem blow up. Although it would be interesting, I preferred it happen elsewhere.

"They won't let Silvercon come back to Jackie Gaughan's...none of the casinos will let any science fiction group have space. And when they learned Corflu was connected, they warned us..."

Linda Hartman, Hotel Stooze, had quivered all over when she told me, her voice shocked: "He even drew on my [...a gasp...] my sugarbowls, this...this...this Rotsler!"

"Will you please spare us, thou Ghodlike and Noble Talisman? Will you please refrain from

drawing on their china?"

The best sport in fandom laughed deep from inside, as a big smile crossed his face. "Of course! No problem! You don't want me to do it; of course I won't!"

And at the banquet, when I carried him a big stack of paper plates and bowls, he laughed out loud to see them, took out his pen, and created a historic paper blitz of Rotsler banquet art.

About Those Typoes

It seemed like a good time for me to make a Walkaround the con areas, to be certain I wasn't needed. Of course I wasn't. It was Saturday night, the party was going smoothly, and Aileen was wowing them with the laden boards.

Bravely masking my sincere and deep disappointment at not being needed to do consuite kitchen duties, I sat down with a group of ladies in the nonsmoking parlor.

"There *were* a lot of typoes," said one of them whom I'll leave nameless. (I really should make notes, you know.) Maybe it was Vicki. Maybe it was Alyson L Abramowitz.

I sighed. She had me there. And, there was nothing to do but Own Up. "Yeah...I guess there were plenty..."

Before I could get any deeper into the mea culpaes, Su Williams jumped to my rescue. "It's computer errors, you know." Her voice oozed reason. "If you are working on a computer with memory problems...anything could happen!"

Her voice lit a fire in my brain; she was onto something! "Yes," I agreed, and leaped to the center of the coffeetable, knocking to one side the plentiful snackery. "Low memory can make letters drop out...or introduce other, wrong letters." I took a deep breath, as I tried to determine just how much I could wring out of it. As I waved the banner I always carry with me, **Don't Blame Me**, I cried out with

enthusiasm: "A low-memored computer can make your excellent prose turn slipshot; it can make your accurate accounting come up short; it can cause your cosmic logic to fail."

The ladies looked vaguely troubled, but I didn't let them stop me. Su was chanting, "Go, Joyce, Go" as I outlined my plan.

"I see it clearly. This will be my new religion. I will go forth and preach it to all fandom."

As I floated above the gathering and out of the door, set to save fandom with My Message, I heard one of them ask, "She *is* joking, isn't she?"

A Cloud Of Fans

The *and smokin'* suite was full. The circle heaved and twisted as some came and others went, but the hardware kept going round and round.

At one point I counted five glowing firebowls passing from hand to hand. My own Plumbers Pipe, Ted's Covered Copper, John's Fool, The Jeweled Bowl, and Ben's Cloud. Each contained its own spicy mixture, as fandom welded with the Spirit of Corflu Vegas.

The doors opened and shut, and the group ebbed and flowed. The laughing voices from the other rooms punctuated every entrance. Someone opened the outer door, and a cleansing wind swept our fumes into the night.

And thus did Corflu end...the crowd thinned, and the hazy cloud of fandom swept into fan history. But to me, they are still here, all of them somehow gone yet left behind here in Las Vegas. They're seated with the Vegrants, gathered in the Big Circle, just waiting for a Pepsi, for someone to light the pipe, for someone to pass the platter, for someone to tell the tales.

This particular fine moment may never come again...but there will be another Circle, and another, and another.

(Joyce)