

SE RCON-NAVIGATION

I looked it up you know. Summertime, in my American College Dictionary. It's no big thing, they gave it two lines. "The season of summer," and "daylight savings time". Both of these definitions have done little to fuel my muse today, though I know I'm in trouble when I begin looking to a Random House dictionary for inspiration. Perhaps I need help. John has always been good for some fuzzy ideas, or at least a good buzz, perhaps I'll give him a try. Hmm, yes, that sounds like a good idea.

Ahem (sip, cough, sputter), aah now that feels better.

My first inclination was to rail against the heat that permeates the environs of our little electric hell we call home, Las Vegas. I had written about the oppressive ovens we call our cars in early August and how they die not entirely unexpectedly in parking lots and at stoplights. I wrote about dying cars, dying dogs, dying people and basically turned out a negative and fairly unamusing piece (much like this one), and decided I could do better (sip, sip).

John's whispering in my mind to move on so I'll make this short. Summertime in Las Vegas is hot. It's fucking hot. That pretty much sums it up. Again, fucking hot.

Now then (sip, sigh, sip again), I also came up with a plausible and realistic solution to Las Vegas in summertime. I'll keep this short too. Get rid of June, July, and August. Go with a nine month year with only three seasons and no one hundred and twenty degree weather. Move Vegas to San Diego or some other pleasant coastal city. Declare

open season on lawyers, politicians, and the homeless. Not very PC (that homeless bit) I know, but John has a tendency to bring out the nasty side in me.

Okay, give the homeless the singular right to guide all hunting parties that are after these big game beasts, you know, give them an opportunity to earn a living. There, that's not so nasty after all.

Other than the exciting prospect of watching my tape collection melt on the drive to work, and that there are no school zones for three months, summertime in Las Vegas moves me more and more to consider relocation. That won't be necessary though if we adopt my suggested solution discussed in the previous paragraph. Go ahead, laugh, they laughed at Einstien. At least that's what everyone says. I've never met anyone who actually laughed at the man, or even knew someone who did, but John's not a stickler for details, and right now I'm heavily influenced in so much as what John wants to say. But than again, I would be insane to leave the best fandom around, which isn't to say I'm not a little off balance already, but why declare my mental instability with an act of certain fanac suicide. Call me drunk, not stupid. Unless you're doing it behind my back.

(sip, sip, sputter) If we had a Corflu or a Silvercon in these three melting months there would be something to recommend a happy line or three about summertime. Oh sure, there's our annual suicide attempt by canoe on the Colorado River, the Lake Party, Vegrant meetings, and other festivities that John and I look forward to, but like sex these are transitory

pleasures that might come off and might not. Whose to say what kind of day you're going to have. Of course, (sip) with enough alcohol and drugs fun can be had just about anywhere. It's all a matter of individual aspirations. That's what John tells me.

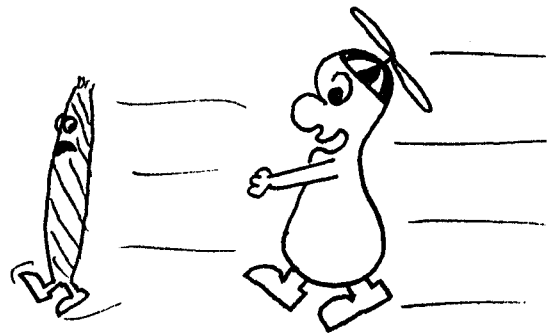
Strangely enough though, summertime has been my season for fanac, **Sercon-navigation, Brodie**, and **NLE**. It's to be expected though after discovering fandom, Silvercon, 1812, and the joy of pubbing an ish. I'm actually looking forward to my movie role as Dan Stephan though we're still in negotiations as to what I'm going to have to pay to play the part.

Oddly enough though, (seeing as how it's summer now, I can say it happened this summer, which gives me reason enough to tell you what I'm about to tell you because it is germane to our current topic if you have directions and know when to inhale), I've been tagged with the nickname "Mr. Enthusiasm", which I'm not quite sure applies to me, unless we're being sarcastic. And none of my friends ever use sarcasm to make a point. Riiigght...

(sig, gulp, swallow) Summertime in Las Vegas, well, as far as my new friends, fandom, the Vagrants, fanac, and byghod, anything fannish goes, is not so bad. There's nothing like getting sercon on a Saturday afternoon and listening to the fannish wisdom of my elders, not to mention having more than a few good laughs. Summer, fall, winter, and spring really have nothing to do with it, they're just labels that pass us by when were not paying attention. Knock it off John, we're not supposed to get serious here, it's supposed to be fun (swallow, gulp, burp).

All these suppositions, they're wearing me down.

So, when looked at in fannish perspective (gulp, swallow), or my current (burp), perspective, summertime isn't so bad after all. I mean, hey, you never need a lighter, just wave what you want to smoke in the direction of the sun and *flash* you're set to go. Got the munchies? If you can't find somewhere to eat you're doing something wrong. And now that the CSFL has been duly re-established and as our minutes read, is of course a success, one is left to wonder why anyone would want to live anywhere else but here, even in the summertime. Besides, we're going to be rich! Ha, ha, ha! Come on John, knock it off.



The Last Box

Sercon-navigation is brought to you by Tom Springer, who resides at: 3073 Conquista Ct. Las Vegas, NV 89121.

I'd like to thank the John Daniels for helping me with this ish, he's always there when I need him.
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