

Vegas.

5/6/2010

Not only Vegas, but APP¹ in Vegas at the under-renovation Tropicana. Oddly a very just setting for a conference of professionals who are in the process of insulating their profession. Or so someone thinks.

This really is a study in the conforming of non-conformists. And it's an industry with many many layers. My friend "T" who is in the business with the intent of helping people achieve their decorative and cosmetic goals (she actually owns both a piercing shop and a tattoo shop.) is freaked out by conversations where the occupation takes the turn toward the more perverse. I pointed out at breakfast that the lines between pleasure, pain and professionalism are fuzzy and gray at their clearest.

Add the collection of heavily tattooed, heavily pierced industry professionals the overall insanity that is Las Vegas; 90° weather, and me staying at the closest KOA Kampground (behind Circus Circus); still slightly mobility challenged.

Vegas has a bus that runs up and down the strip stopping at each major block to service the casinos. The Deuce. They're double-deckers, which is cool and fun; but they are running on Las Vegas Blvd. add construction to the already taxi-crazed congestion; and the three mile trip can take over an hour. Which is what Google tells me I could walk it in; were walking three miles in this heat an option...

People watching has always been one of my favorite sports, and this week is some of the best people watching available on the planet.

Chanterelle on the other hand is hating this. Cooped up in the rig with the noisy air conditioner running non-stop; and then only a small patch of sand to run around on; shared with dogs. Which means we have to wait until there are no dogs before she can take her turn in the pet area. But, the sand she loves, the opportunity to roll around in sand; that's what makes for a happy cat. She then gets to exploring, and sadly, there are a few points in the enclosing fence that are wide enough to allow a small cat to pass. Then it's a matter of me jumping the fence to catch her and return her to the rig.

Last night we tried this, but moments after she set foot in the space, a lady with two leashed dogs started to approach from the distance. I noticed this because Chanterelle froze, staring off into the distance; when I followed her gaze, I saw the three of them, about 50 yards off. I grabbed her and returned her to her imprisonment.

Although I've camped us at this location explicitly to be connected to the power mains such that I can run the air for her throughout the day; she's hanging out in the cab where the temperature still soars. Sleeping in the heat seems to suit her just fine. I stopped in mid-day today (change hats, pickup the laptop and camera) sat and worked on a client website issue for about an hour; and the only sign of the cat was her mewling at me when I stuck my head past the curtain in to the cab.

Tonight, she'll be all over me again to be getting out to cat about for a while. Tomorrow she'll get some loose time in Morongo when we stop over at John's place on our way to Palm Springs.

And, the number of people looking to get my attention once I return to Encinitas mounts as each day passes.

1 Association of Piercing Professionals.