

PowWow #28

PowWow #28 is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Feb. 3, 1996. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Twenty-Eight, and we're gathered here for the purpose of vilifying...err, that's vivifying the ancient traditions that bind society together. No, I'm not talking about structured government, formal education, devinely inspired religion, or any other the other mainstays of conversation. I'm not even proposing that we discuss that endless topic of fury, TAFF. I'm not even going to talk (much) about Andy Hooper or Buck Coulson. Instead, our topic of the month:

Sex, Love & Romance

Romancing The Diamond

"Victor says we're being too self-referential again," I announced to the air, while browsing through APAK.

"Hmmm?" said Arnie, as he looked up from his copy of *The Baseball Abstract*.

"He says Las Vegas fans are too self-involved." I marveled at this for a bit, as I considered what other fan group we should be more involved with.

"Oh, he just wants us to mention him more in *Wild Heirs*." Sometimes my spouse is a font of wisdom.

"He's also worried about us becoming too involved in SNAFFU."

Arnie laid down his book at that suggestion. "Why on earth would that bother him?" His curiosity seemed sincere.

"He's afraid that we'll get caught up in a round of clubac, and stop doing any fan pubbing."

Even as I said the word, I could see what Victor meant. I've seen it before. Formerly happy fanzine editors, caught up in the maelstrom of local club politics, driven to turning out flyers instead of fanzines, constitutions instead of comedy. Consider

Richard Brandt. Ground down by the heel of formal fandom, and reduced to discussions of Robert's Rules and convention budgets.

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much about that." Arnie dismissed the subject with a wave, and settled back to the *Abstract*. His baseball cap slipped down over one eye and gave him a debonair look. I noticed he was having trouble turning the pages with his catcher's mitt, so reached over and flipped one for him.

"He's afraid we'll fall behind in our fanac, and stop publishing *Wild Heirs* on time." Even as I said it, I knew he had us there. We skipped an issue during the Christmas Holidays, while we were all partying it up. Perhaps that was a sign our energies were flagging.

Arnie stopped in mid-swing and leaned on the bat. "What is 'on time' in a fanzine with no schedule?"

"Oh, you know what he means." I felt Arnie was just taunting me.

"Sure. I know. But he's wrong." Arnie's jaunty air surprised me. I would have thought he'd show more distress at Victor's accusation.

"Do you think there's any danger that attending the club meetings and getting involved in the science fictional discussions could lure us away from trufandom?" I shivered; a cold chill ran down my backbone. I believe it was the hand of Laney, reaching from the grave to warn me.

As Arnie practiced making obscene gestures with his right hand, while waving the mitt in his left, I pondered the problem. It's true. We have a young fandom here in Vegas. Pure. Unsullied by worldly fannish events. Perhaps easy to corrupt.

Perhaps Ben Wilson would become so caught up in discussing the impact of Edgar Rice Burroughs on the genre, that he'd quit wearing his Corflu t-shirt day and night. He hasn't taken it off since April; after the con, he decided it was his favorite garment, and threw away all his other clothes.

Maybe JoHn would stop reading every fanzine that drifts into his eyesight. "Not a bad thing," I thought. "He's got four-eye-tracks all over our collection."

Probably Ken will give up being cheerful, helpful and

quoting the wisdom from Howard Devore's Grandfather Tales after each FAPA mailing arrives. He'll probably give up collating and stapling. He'll probably even give up flirting with all the girls, and devote his full attention to making SNAFFU the kind of serious and constructive science fiction group it should be.

Tom Springer will probably quit carrying every fanzine he owns with him every place he goes, and instead he'll carry the SNAFFU speaking stick, prepared to bop anyone who speaks out of turn.

Yep. I could see what Victor meant. We had a real dangerous situation here.

"I guess he's afraid we'll all stop hanging out and getting sercon and being good buddies." As I said it, the prospect loomed ahead of me like a black hole in space. Tears oozed out of my eyes and trickled down my Sensitive Fannish Face.

"We'll all be so caught up in club activities, we won't care for each other any more."

As Arnie sprinted from second to third, he shouted to me, "But that's nonsense. We always hang out. We're always happy to see our good buddies." As he raced for Home Plate, the words blew toward me in the wind of his passing. "Victor probably doesn't realize how often we all see each other."

Therefore, I dedicate this article to Victor and Andy, whose great concern for our fannish well-being can be seen as a warm blanket of fan love.

I would like to reassure them both that clubac won't tear us apart.

But I don't like to leave

them with nothing to think about. I feel it is Las Vegas fandom's duty to provide food for thought. (It's their diet of shrimp and other fishy substances that does it, you know. People who eat Real Meat Hotdogs don't suffer with all these concerns.)

"How do you think he'll take it," I asked Arnie, "when he learns that we've started a baseball league?"