

# PowWow#37

**PowWow #37** is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Nov. 2 1996. Thanks to Arnie, for the ornerous chores. November's first weekend might present a grim forecast of the coming season were it not that it also signals the beginning of The Holidays. Thus it is, with visions of sugar plums in my mind, I leap into the future, with the sure and certain knowledge that Winter is but the Vehicle of Coming Treats. So to our topic:

## Vehicles

"Life is just the vehicle by which we get from birth to death."  
--ibid

I was always fond of ibid; he was my favorite poet until I was 14 or 15 and switched my loyalty to anon.

Still, he was inconsistent. Consistency is the vehicle by which we get from slush to ice cream.

It begins to sound like a Morality Essay in three by four inch paperbooks, the kind you look at while waiting for the grocery clerk to tally your order. One thought on every page, 24 pages, that'll be a dollar; thank you ma'am.

Not that I'm not fond of those mini-masterpieces. How else could you learn if prayer heals, and two thousand names for your baby, and how to find harmony through herbology.

I have never been sure in my mind whether these tiny tempters are designed for the near illiterate who never reads a thing except large-type easy-word books next to the checkout counter. Or in fact are they designed for the voracious who can't stand to be without reading matter stuck to their nose every moment of the day; the JoHn Hardin's among us.

Whichever, they are the vehicles of speculation, and rather speculative philosophy.

Philosophy is the vehicle by which we get from confusion to

serenity. Another flea in your ear from ibid.

Actually, in my experience, I note that philosophy is often the vehicle by which one moves from innocence to dread. An innocent babe who dies, we are assured by philosophy, flies straight to the throne of God. Once exposed to any philosophy whatsoever, the dying child is consigned to purgatory unless spared by intervention.

It follows, therefore, to be careful with whom you discuss philosophy.

Ah, but The Holidays are coming, and who can get too concerned with Philosophy at this time. Surely Philosophy is something weighed in with the Thanksgiving Turkey, wrapped in cedar boughs, and Old Lang Syne'd to death on New Years Eve.

The Meaning of Life might be dictated by the flashing of the silicon lights on The Tree, but if we have enough bonbons, we won't translate the message.

So I'll line up my Vehicle Collection on the mantle again, all pointed on the Glory Road facing toward The Brightness, tiny carriers of the History of Man. For don't we judge ourselves by Where We've Been and How Far We've Come?

If our cart sticks in the mud, or the axle breaks on the jalopy, or the wings break off the plane, did we not at least attempt the trip?

But Good Intentions are the Vehicles that get us from blameless to condemned. 'Meaning to do well, I faltered,' says the sinner, ruined by

inability to stick to his plan. If he'd had no such good intent, he'd not be guilty of failure.

Yet, do we not all begin our journies with best intent? This being our common starting ground, it stands to reason it has no bearing on whether the race is won or lost or how we play the game.

"I didn't mean for this to happen," wails the unfortunate miscreant at the spectacle of his own failure. Does it matter?

If an egg is broken by one who hurls it in a fit of pique, or by one who is merely clumsy, it's still the same old broken egg.

TAFF is the vehicle by which fans cross the Atlantic, and trust is the vehicle on which rides the fund administrator.

If the trust sinks beneath the waves, and the fund goes down with the administrator, fandom still exists and so does the Atlantic.

It seems likely, as we look into our own hearts, that Abbie had the best of intentions, once. Yet inability to stick with them, if such it was, brought disaster.

It only remains, when trust goes and the cash goes and the ice cream melts and philosophy fails to provide answers, to clean up the broken egg and swear to keep it on a safer shelf next time.

It may be worth noting that TAFF itself is not broken, and Spring will follow Winter.

