

PowWow#36

PowWow #36 is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Oct. 5, 1996. Thanks to Arnie, for the onerous chores. This is the three-dozen publication of APA-V; surely such an auspicious number should be fraught with Significance and Awe. But instead the occasion is secondary to our topic of the month, as anything would be when put up against the truly awesome and significant subject that dominates all our thoughts:

SEX, AGAIN

I've noticed that there is one subject that everyone likes to talk about (oh, yes, they do, even if just in whispers behind gloved hands), but in fact, no one wants to hear. This most popular of topics is, of course, sex. Few things can be as boring as hearing someone else recount their sexual exploits, yet there are few topics as fascinating as our own.

And, what could be more tasteless than saying it again?

Yet here we are, bound and determined to be amusing about that most serious of ridiculous subjects, that subject most seriously ridiculed.

It's like trying to follow Jerry Lee Lewis in concert, or The Who. Once the piano's been burned and the drum kit smashed, what act can take the stage?

There's this saying about how everyone has a sexual thought once every 20 seconds, or something like that. Of course, many people sublimate. That's the sort of thing that could lead you to thinking about food, or music, or the book you're reading way too much. Or player pianos. Maybe that's why Burbee said that ten wasn't too many.

I don't know that I fully agree with the 20 second theory. Perhaps that's an average. It seems to me that when I was a child, I

might have thought of something more often than that (though sometimes I sublimated for prudence and thought about food, or music or the book I was reading. But They assure me that counts.) Certainly I thought about pianos. My family had a player piano. Only one, and eventually the works were removed to provide a better harp resonance, but I still understand what the Burb meant.

Now I hardly ever think of pianos, although I have an excellent keyboard, and a number of other musical instruments. When I moved to New York, that fandom was full of tales of recent days when, under the guidance of long gone and forgotten fringe fan named Hal Hughes, the group would sit around making music with kazoos, flutes, piepans and washboards. I was always sorry I missed that, and always hoped it would spring up again.

But like Sex Again, you can seldom go backward. Virginity lost is gone forever, and so is that great date you used to know, and so are the impromptu skiffle bands of fandoms gone. Now we have skiffle bans.

But if sexual thoughts can be sublimated into food or music or that book, that means that anything we think might be considered as a sexual thought, on some level. Even if you're fixing your eyes on the One True Cross, and fastening your

heart on Divinity, that might just be a sublimated nasty impulse.

It's all in the mind, you know.

I imagine I might have a thought even more often now than when I was a child, busting up the twenty second average. And since I'm thinking more now than when I was younger, and perhaps even more than the average 20-second thinker, that must mean there are people who only have a thought every 30, 40 or even more seconds apart.

What is your mind thinking of when it isn't thinking about sex, or food or music or something else?

It stands to reason, then, that in order to get the average down to once every twenty seconds, there must be lots of folks wondering around without any thought blemishing the surface of their shiny undented brains.

It might, under other circumstances, alarm me to think of the people walking around, driving around, using matches, and running with scissors, without a thought in their head.

But instead of becoming alarmed, I can think, oh there they are again, sort of the NOT SEX AGAIN people, balancing off the world against all the SEX AGAIN people.

It's a wonderful thing, balance.