

# PowWow #29

**PowWow #29** is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, Mar. 2, 1996. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Twenty-Nine, and we've all survived the Vegas Winter. Well, it might not have taken as much effort to hang in there as it does in Missouri or New York, for example. But The Blizzard of '96 will no doubt remain in our memories for many years; it might not be much, but it's all we've got. As flowers peep through the snow banks, we prepare our topic

## Writes of Spring

I'm certain that, in the months to come, many articles will be written about the Great Las Vegas Blizzard and the terrible shared miseries of the Vegrants. Who can ever forget our plight, stranded and freezing by the roadside, laboriously digging a path by hand through the frozen tundra. Who can forget the emergency leantos we constructed in haste to give us even this mean shelter through the night. How can we pass the stew made from our shoes, after our pets had already vanished and the cows disappeared into the snow. It's too bad about the unnamed neo; perhaps he would have been a great addition to our little band, if he had lasted.

...or was that the Donner Party I'm remembering?

Perhaps our suffering wasn't quite that grave, but I did see one poor little daffodil, head bowed over from the weight of a skiff of ice on its petals. That's almost the same thing, isn't it?

Actually, I guess February of '96 will live forever in fan history, or at least until the end of this article, as the month of the Great Takeover.

It was a bloody fight, I'll tell you that. Ken wrest the implement of power out of the fists of departing President Peggy in an unopposed election that belies the fannish struggle

it culminated. What struggle? you may well ask, since there was no outward evidence of battlescars on either side. - Well, there could have been a struggle. It might have been a bloody battle. Ken would have grabbed the SNAFFU Gavel to beat down all fannish opposition, if just there'd been some.

But abiding all club rules, the presidency passed pleasantly from one to another. I believe Peggy even smiled and congratulated him; there may have been hugs. Yet that doesn't make much of a story, so we'll just have to create one.

Riding like a dog on Ken's coattails, I found myself bounced into High Places, quite without any effort of my own. This is, I hasten to attest, the most painless way of all to prosper. Thanks to Ken's Overwhelmingly Unanimous Victory, I now possess The Power. It's true; I yield the Iron Fist over the program. So far, I've taken care not to brutalize any club member. But that's just for now; my Apotheosis lies ahead, and any meeting now, you will see my fangs and horns.

My largest duty, thus far in this new regime, has been to keynote each discussion topic. This has placed me in the unusual position of writing at least one, and probably two articles of a sercon nature for each issue of **SitNorm**.

As I prepare these brief reports, I find I have a contrary reaction building up inside. For every serious and historical, and maybe even truthful, line that I write, there is a great need for me to balance it off with banter, myth and lies. It's only right that I warn fandom of this. As the year goes by, increasingly fantastic stories are likely to roll off my pen; I will become less and less trustworthy in my reports. But it's not my fault, and I am not to be blamed, no matter the deed, for surely it's a natural reaction to this sercon state.

How many historians, I wonder, have been affected in this way. As they write the history of Rome, for example, they're forced to create stupid prophecies about the Ides of March. While they describe the death of Mr. Lincoln in the East, they have to balance it off with reports of Indian Uprisings in the West. Examining the Kennedy Assassination, they have to produce equal copy about Conspiracy. Remembering Viet Nam, they are forced to talk about Dominoes.

A look at history, armed with this analytical tool, may expose other pairings. Thus will future fans have to look at my writings of 1996, to find a balance between paragraphs about Science Fiction, and blatant lies like this one.