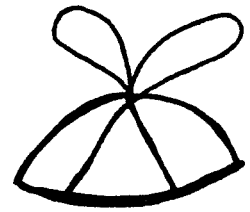


PowWow #16



PowWow #16 is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, February 4, 1995. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Sixteen, and I've never missed an issue! (That's an official Brag.) I'm especially excited about the topic for this month, since it's one of my very most favorite subjects, and a chance to talk about ***Fandom***

How The Spirit of Fandom Touched Me

I have few regrets about fandom. I regret my gafiation; I regret a bitter fan feud; and I regret that I don't have time to complete every fannish project I'd like to do.

But my biggest regret about fandom is that I didn't find it sooner. And, it wasn't for lack of hunting.

I got wind of fandom in 1952-53. Carol Ann Fisher, my classmate and friend, had a weird older brother named Duggie. Once when I was visiting her house, Duggie told me about his fanzine. I wrote poetry back then (an affliction that lasted for years), and he asked me to let him see some with an eye to publishing it in ODD.

But I was 13, and though I thought many times about his offer to publish my poetry, it just never happened. I quit hanging around with Carol; he gafiated about that time, and even though the idea of fandom was planted in my mind, I heard nothing about it again until 1956, when I was 17.

Seventeen, and fresh from highschool, and that's when I ran into Duggie again. This time the relationship took. We were married that summer.

In the months to come, I met Max Keasler and Bob Jacobs and Jackie Dean Clark. I read all of their zines, plus others that Duggie had in his collection. There were, in addition to the Poplar Bluff crew's zines, others from the 40's and early to mid-

50's. So I read **Fan Variety**, **Oops!a**, **Slant**, and (the most important one of all, to me) **Quandry**.

I liked it all quite a bit. I loved the cross-talk between fanzines. It didn't take much reading for me to realize there was a real society of literati here. I'd read remarks by Shelby Vick in one zine, a reply from Lee Hoffman in another, letters from Walt Willis in a third. Bob Tucker was there, too, spreading wit all around, often as not with Bloch responding to every quip with one of his own. This was great stuff.

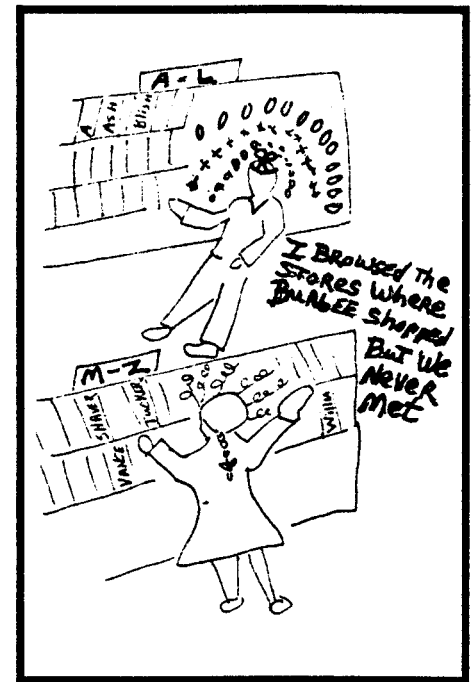
I was intrigued. It was, in fact, beyond mere intrigue, and I developed a passion to be part of this crew.

But Duggie was gafia, and even Max Keasler had dropped out by this time. I'd make wistful remarks about "joining fandom", and Dug would shrug me off with "maybe someday".

This unrequited love affair with fandom went on for years. It wasn't that I thought about it every minute. But it was always there. I'd get out the zines, and read Lee's stuff, and dream that I could be like her. I longed to be part of that easy chatter, and to publish my own clever banter. I read some articles by Burbee; one described a bookstore that I had often visited, though I never met him or anyone else there.

I had another especially close call in LA's Pickwick

Books. The proprietor noted my choices over several visits, and said, "I know some other people who like that stuff." You're probably thinking: someone from Lasfs, right? No such luck: Turned out to be Betty McCann,



a woman who'd read your past lives for \$35.

One bright day (I'm sure the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the daffodils must have been in bloom) Duggie and I were touring the St. Louis bookstores. I was pouring over the s.f. books, when I noticed a well-dressed middle-aged gentleman browsing the same section. I went to Duggie and pointed him out: "Do you think he might know where fandom is?" I asked. "I

don't know," Dug said. "Why don't you ask him."

I'll never know why Jim Hall caught my attention. Certainly there was nothing remarkable in his behavior or

all the other science fiction readers Dave and his dad knew. There was Harold Steele and his son Jack: both avid readers and anxious to be part of a club. There was Rich Wannan, and

Paul Gilster, and one or two others. And there was Hank Luttrell.

That was the founding day of St. Louis' science fiction club, OSFA (the

well, and only wrote poetry. I was the typical half-invisible hippie chick standing beside her more outgoing spouse. It's never been clear in my mind whether Ted actually remembers me from that convention, or only my shadow.

But, in a way, meeting Ted marks the true end of my long search. After all those years, I was finally in contact with current, national, active, fanzine fandom.

I like almost everything about fanzine fandom. I like the smell of the paper and ink, the sound of the mimeo. Before they were done automatically, I loved to type mailing labels; I'd linger over every name and think of who they were, and what they'd done. It was a sort of visit with friends.

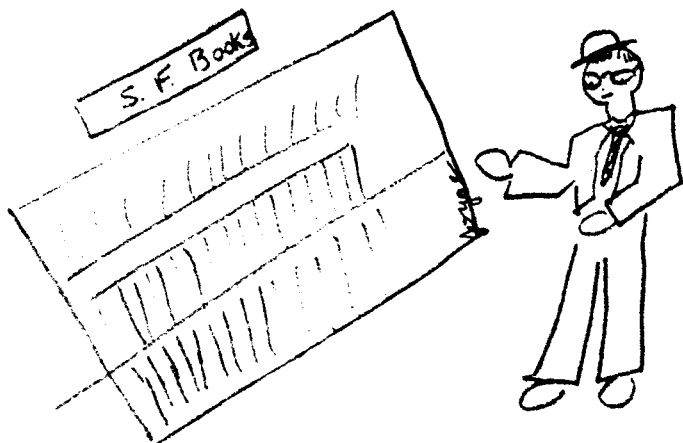
I like the relationship I have with the page of paper (and even better the relationship with a screen of wordprocessing.) I like the freedom...

Creating a fanzine is such a flurry of unfetteredness. I can throw away the shields of professionalism, and just spew my personal feelings all over the place.

But, the thing that overshadows all the joys of self-publishing, is the community. I have never lost that fine feeling I had when I read Hoffman and Vick, Tucker and Bloch, Burbee and Laney, Willis and Shaw.

And their fannish beanies are as beautiful as diamonds to me.

Dave shouted
His PLAN
"Well I will
TEd White"
From atop
the table...



Jim Hall -
Something made me
think he knew fandom...

attire. I guess it must have been his Sensitive Fannish Face.

But when I asked, Jim actually told me, "No" and my heart sunk for the thousandth time. Then he said the words that shaped the rest of my adult life: "But my son does."

Were there chorus of angelic hosts? Did flashes of light cascade before my eyes like a psychedelic fountain? Did trumpets sound, drums bang madly,? Were there Bird-like choruses of twittering tones?

Oh, yeah. Looking back on it, I'm certain there was all that and more.

(Actually, the Spirit of Trufandom descended from the sky and laid the tip of her wand on my forehead, and said, 'Thou Art Fan: Go Thou and Pub Thy Ish.' Believe it. I didn't really notice her at that time, but in time's mirror I see the reflection of that event.)

Jim Hall passed our name and number to Dave Hall. Dave called and invited us to his house on a not too distant Sunday afternoon. When we got there, we learned that they had called

Ozark Science Fiction Association).

Dave had fanzines... apazines from various Southern fans. I wrote to every address and gradually a few began to arrive. And I wrote letters of comment to every one of them that came.

Almost from the first meeting, the OSFAns wanted to give a convention. "Let's ask Ted White," said Dave Hall. I think he jumped atop the coffee table in his parent's home, so great was his excitement at what he had just proposed. "I read in a fanzine that he's been traveling around the country, promoting a worldcon bid."

Ted was the GoH at Ozarkon 1 in 1966, and the first active fanzine fan I ever actually met, outside of our local circle.

At this point in my life I seldom spoke to anyone I didn't know