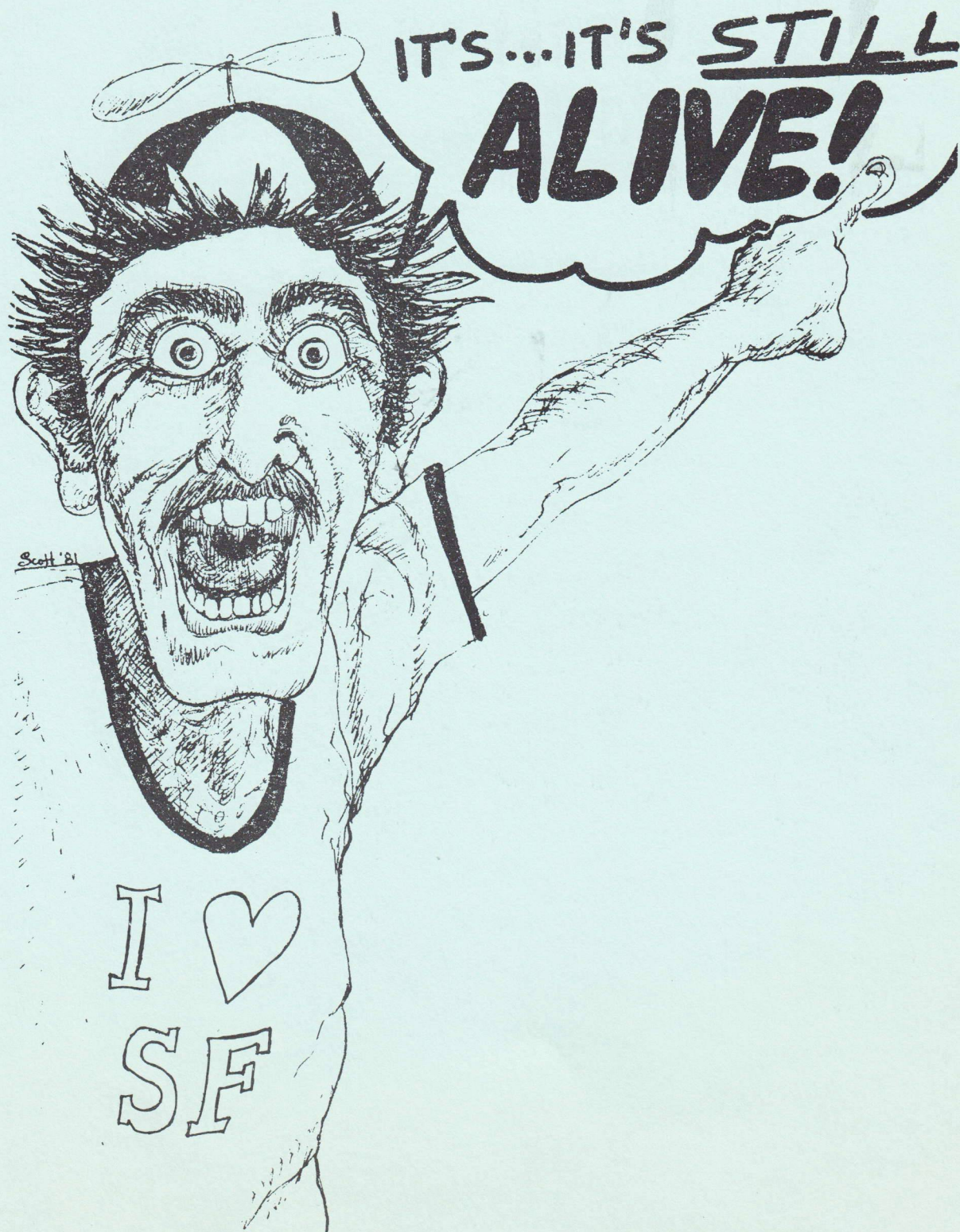


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MIMOSA

Dick and Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Ln.
Chattanooga, Tennessee 37416, USA.



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Mimosa #2, published January 1987, is intended for *ahem* Mature Audiences. Available via. U.S. Mail free for the asking, although we will not refuse \$1.00 to help send it your way. Letters of Comment or The Usual are also welcome, and will guarantee you a copy of the third issue (which we assure you, will appear). Opinions expressed by contributors are their own. Hello again, and Long Time - No See.



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The Passage of Time

Editorial by Nicki Lynch

Believe it or not, this is the second *MIMOSA*. The first *MIMOSA* came out five years ago. Some of you reading this may not have been in fandom then, but most of you reading this were when we put out the first issue. Since then you've been asking us to put out more issues. This is it and it's for you.

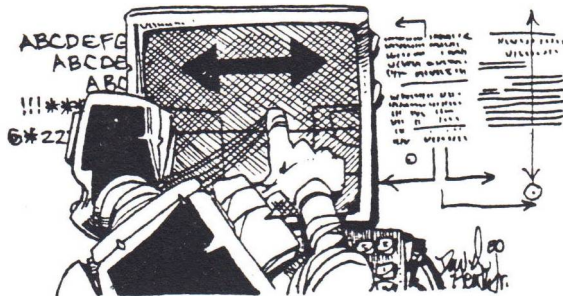
Five years doesn't really seem like a long time. But in 1982, Reagan had been President for only one year and his Teflon was still intact. The idea of Yuppies was just coming along, music videos were unknown, and earth stations weren't yet popular. The space program had yet to suffer a major setback and we had seen only two space shuttle lift-offs.

1982 was also the year the WorldCon was in Chicago and the BIG WorldCon era had begun. Science fiction conventions in general have changed since then. The con where fans sat around and talked has been pretty much replaced by the disco con suite and multi-tracked programming with wall-to-wall pros (at least the ones in the South have gone in that direction).

Five years has also brought us changes, as well. We're both a little older; Dick's a little balder and my hair is a little shorter. When we first put out *MIMOSA*, we had a tabby point Siamese cat. Since then, he died of feline leukemia and we acquired another Siamese cat, who is quite fannish. She's done some printing with the computer (by accident) and appeared with me in a newspaper article about fannish activities.

In five years, we've lost touch with old friends through inactivity and moving. Our inactivity, not theirs. Their moving, not ours. We've also found new friends and renewed old friendships.

MIMOSA is like an old friend rediscovered. Through it, we're communicating with our old friends and making new ones. This time we don't plan to make you wait another five years for the next *MIMOSA*. We plan to visit you a lot more often in the future.



The Bad Old Days of Science Fiction

by Bob Tucker

To begin, I will make you a solemn promise. I will not make jokes about rubber chicken or Peking Duck. Please note -- I said that slowly and didn't twist my tongue over the words. I'm nobody's fool -- I rejected Bob Bloch's advice. He said to rush through the sentence and be surprised at what comes out. He said that no one would see my flush of embarrassment because my face is booze-red all the time.

I usually reject advice from other writers because I'm a suspicious man. I'm not really sure I want the reputation of being fandom's foremost wit. Some skeptics, some of you, will think only half as much of me.

I've been a fan since 1931. I still read and enjoy science fiction, fantasy fiction and some weird fiction. Some of the books and stories I've read recently have been pretty weird. I read a vampire story last winter that offered a really novel explanation as to how and why those critters get that way. It seems that this particular vampire suffered a wretched childhood. He was deprived, he was warped from the beginning. He had been born with his teeth and his mother refused to nurse him.

Many people have asked me: "What was it like in the good old days of science fiction?" Or, the next question: "If you've been in fandom for fifty years, just when were the good old days of fandom?" My answer always shocks them. There were no good old days .. there were only the bad old days.

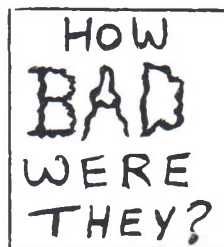


I'm prepared to cite several horrible examples to prove my point.

I didn't invent the fanzine. Fanzines existed for two or three years before I discovered fandom -- but it is quite likely that I am responsible for inventing the crudzine. A fanzine so bad that it has no redeeming social value whatever -- a fanzine so bad that you wish the stencils had been mangled by the cat, before you applied the ink. A fanzine so bad that you wish -- well, if wishes were horses, there would be a brisk trade in shovels.

I published two issues of my very first fanzine in 1932, and they were so cruddy that other editors were still talking about how rotten they were three years later. Some years ago I attended an auction and watched a single copy of a Ray Bradbury fanzine sell for \$100. That sale gave me pause for thought. First, I felt smug and pleased that I had purchased my copy for ten or fifteen cents when it was first published -- and next, I was thankful it wasn't my fanzine on the auction block. I couldn't possibly face you now, if any one of you were foolish enough to spend \$100 on my crudzine. Also, I wouldn't live very long after you found out that what you got for your money.

Remember now -- the bad old days....



Conventions weren't like this. Nothing like this. No fancy motels, no wide open hospitality suites, no bathtubs brimming with beer, no membership fees, no fifty or seventy-five dollar ripoff to walk in the door at WorldCon. There were no membership fees at all in the beginning. Oh, those were the bad old days.

I saw my first convention in Philadelphia in 1939, and was entranced. It cost me nothing to get in, and I was royally entertained by a couple of characters who wanted to start a fistfight.

The first so-called "World's Fair Convention" had been held in New York City that same summer, and now, in November, a bunch of gung-ho 101 percent true fans from the Chicago area - myself included - journeyed to Philadelphia and volunteered to sponsor the second "World Convention" in Chicago in 1940. We were idiots, of course. But we were enthusiastic idiots.

On a November day in 1939 about 50 or 60 fans met in a cheesy hall above a saloon and discussed a little science fiction, and a lot of fan politics. It was the heated political discussions that raised tempers to the boiling point, and resulted in one angry fan from the back row charging down the aisle -- rolling up his sleeves as he came -- very much intent on changing the shape of the nose of another angry fan in the front row.

Wow, but that was exciting! I decided I liked conventions.

In the bad old days it wasn't necessary to make known your intentions several years in advance. It wasn't necessary to bid for a WorldCon two years before the fact. It wasn't necessary to wait your turn in the rotation pattern. You simply stood up somewhere, on some convention floor, and made your pitch. We four idiots from the Chicago area stood up, made our pitch, promised the biggest and the best and the most glorious WorldCon ever, and asked for a vote of confidence.

We got it. It was as easy as that. Now, aren't you glad you weren't a fan in those bad old days?

"How BAD Were They?"

Hotel prices were so bad that we prepared a hotel guide for fans coming to Chicago, to prepare them for the worst. These are excerpts from our guide:

"Hotel Chicagoan. Chicon Headquarters. The convention hall is on the second floor. Rates at this hotel begin at \$2.50 per day and climb steeply upward."

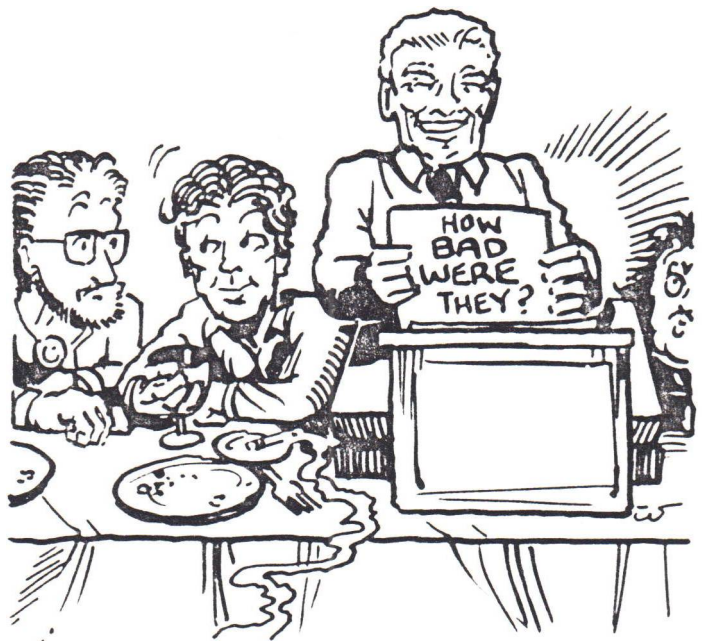
"Hotel Brevoort. Close to Chicon Headquarters. Rates at \$1.50 per day and up."

"Hotel Fort Dearborn. Only a few blocks away. Rates from \$2, and up."

"YMCA, at Eight and Wabash. Rates begin at 75 cents for teenagers, and \$1 for adults. The ideal hotel for the fan."

Remember, there were no admission fees to that first Chicago WorldCon. You didn't have to pay \$15 or \$20 to vote for the city of your choice, you didn't have to pay another fee to attend, and you weren't scalped if you simply walked in the door on opening day. One hundred twenty-eight people attended that first Chicon, and most of them paid nothing at all.

The convention met its expenses by an auction, by selling books and magazines and fanzine and artwork -- great heaps of artwork donated by the magazines. And here is yet another example of the really bad old days of fandom.



These are sample prices paid the black and which interior illustration:

Works by Virgil Finlay : prices from 40 cents up to \$1.45.

Works by Hannes Bok: prices from 50 cents up to \$1.05.

Works by Edd Cartier: price from 5 cents up to \$1.20.

Most of the black and white illustrations sold for 25 or 35 cents each. They were donated by John W. Campbell, and were from ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and UNKNOWN WORLDS. That \$1.45 for the Finlay interior was the highest price paid for a black and white.

And now, the cover paintings -- both front and back cover paintings. The lowest price was 5 cents, paid for a back cover from AMAZING STORIES. The highest price was \$5.10, for a front cover from AMAZING STORIES. Many many covers sold for prices between 50 cents and \$1. A beautiful Finlay cover went for \$3.40. Frank R. Paul was the favorite of that day, and his covers sold at truly astonishing prices ranging from \$2 to \$4.

We sold Buck Rogers original comic strips at 15 cents each, and movie posters at 25 cents each. We met our expenses and ended up with a profit of \$70. The total convention expense was \$134.21. The total income was \$205.18. We spent our seventy dollar profit on riotous living. Now do you begin to realize how utterly bad those old days were?



They were so bad that they ended up in a revolt. Fans, like peasants, will accept only so much before they rise up in fiery wrath and smite the oppressors. Fans, like peasants, have always been revolting. I'm proud to say that I was one of the ringleaders of the revolt.

By the time the second Chicon WorldCon arrived in 1952, prices were skyrocketing. It was truly amazing to return to Chicago a second time and discover the new cost of hotel rooms! Remember those prices I quoted from our hotel guide? Remember the rooms for \$1, for \$2, and for \$2.50? Those same rooms, and others like them, were now costing six and eight dollars a day! It was outrageous.

We decided to do something about the wild inflation. I decided to do something about those horrific prices. I launched a campaign to build Tucker hotel. The Tucker Hotel was to be a convention hotel -- it was open only to the fans and the pros -- no airline pilots need apply. The Tucker Hotel was to be moved from city to city, wherever fans gathered for joyous weekends like this one.

The campaign to build the hotel succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. Bob Shaw and Walt Willis drew up the blueprints for the hotel, and I circulated those prints throughout all fandom. Eager fans began sending me bricks through the mail. I hadn't anticipated that but I accepted the bricks and stored them in my garage against the day we could begin building.

Eventually, we did just that. Eventually, I had enough bricks and the Tucker Hotel was completed. It was a glorious day. An announcement concerning the opening of the hotel was published last November in Lee Hoffman's fanzine, SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY. ((Editor's note: November 1981 issue, from "The Tucker Hotel, Part 2" by Bob Tucker))

"Since about 1950 we have been tediously gathering bricks for the project, ably assisted by hundreds of fans who contributed to the mail carrier's load and now, at last, the magnificent edifice is up and waiting to house the unwashed hoards of fandom. We had enough bricks to erect a beautiful ten-story hotel which includes 300 sleeping rooms (each of which will expand for parties), 5 function rooms, 2 fan history rooms, 2 restaurants, an indoor pool and a sauna. We lack only wheels to move the hotel from city to city."

"Reservations at the hotel will be restricted to true fans, to favorite hucksters, to starving artists, and to those pros who promise not to make speeches on the premises. Airline pilots will not be admitted to the Tucker Hotel."



"All hotel employees from the doorman, to the maids, to the cooks and waitresses will be given free memberships in the convention and will be invited to participate in the room parties. This thoughtful gesture will ensure either their whole-hearted service, or no service at all, depending on their heads the next morning."

"A modest fee of three dollars per day will be charged. This fee is for space only, not the number of people occupying a room. If more than 10 people are occupying a room, the management will insist that the bathroom have at least two bars of soap and two toothbrushes."

"The restaurant and coffee shop will be kept open on a 24-hour basis, and no meal except that of sirloin steak will cost more than \$1. For those few discriminating fans who eat sirloin steak the price will be \$1.25. Breakfast will be served until 5 PM each afternoon. Waitresses will not accept tips larger than 10 cents."

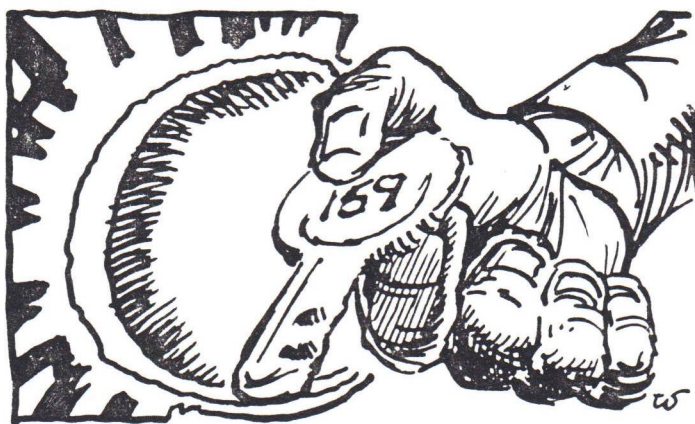
"Now, the elevators. The Tucker Hotel has a bank of 7 large machines. One elevator will be set aside for pot smokers

wanting to get high quickly. Five other elevators will run continuously, and will be programmed to forcibly eject small children who punch all the buttons. The seventh and last elevator will be taken out of service without warning, at random hours of the day and night, so that veteran fans with a fondness for the good old days will have something to bitch about."

"The barroom will be called 'Gordy's Grog Shop'. The Grog Shop will sell drinks at half-price during the happy hour, and that happy hour will extend from noon each day until sunrise the following morning. All the convention guests of honor, the toastmaster, and the con chairman will be served free drinks. Always remember: a drunken con chairman is a happy con chairman."

"All this -- this great, glorious ultimate convention hotel can be open for business as soon as we find the wheels to move it from city to city. Save your old roller skates."

And now, in conclusion, I'm going to show you some of the equipment we have gathered for the hotel -- equipment that couldn't be pictured in a fanzine article. Always keep in mind that the Tucker Hotel is a high class joint.



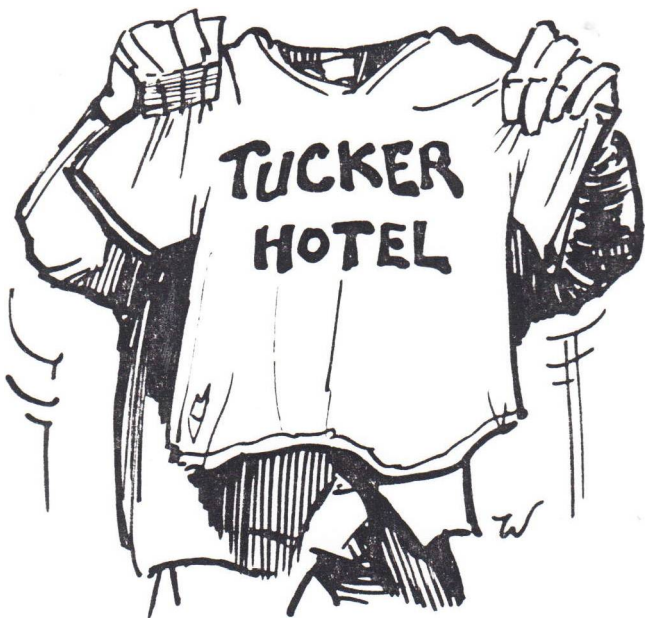
(1) Every room will have a key. This key. The number on this key is 159 but pay no attention to that -- this key will open EVERY door in the hotel, including the door to Gordy's Grog Shop.

(2) Every room will have a candle, and a packet of matches. Keep in mind that, as we move the hotel from city to city each weekend, we may not always have

time to hook up the electricity before moving on again. This candle will also be handy if you find yourself in a smoke-filled room where Big Name Fans are smoffing.



(3) Every room will have a bar of soap, like this one. Hotels all across the country are donating equipment to us, and the Mayo Hotel in Tulsa donated this bar of soap.



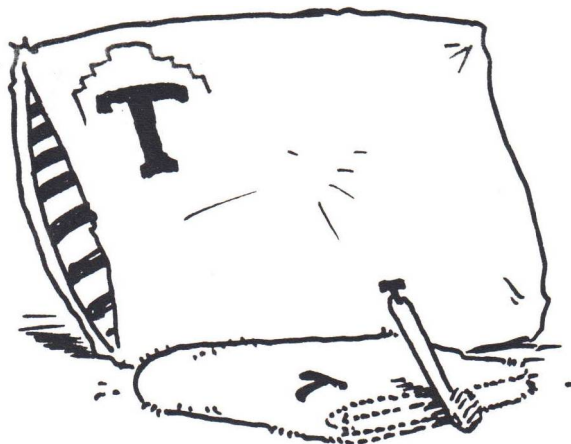
(4) Every room will be equipped with T-shirts, because fans like to wear esoteric T-shirts when they attend room parties.

(5) Every room will have a cigar box filled with rubber bands. Once upon a time, in a city far, far away, I woke up in a strange woman's bedroom -- no, that's poor grammar. She wasn't all that strange. I woke up in a new bedroom, and found a jar of rubber bands on the bedside table. I was entranced; I was surprised. I asked my hostess why they were there. She told me. I was absolutely DELIGHTED

at the novel idea. Therefore, every room in the Tucker Hotel will be supplied with rubber bands. I can't afford all the glass jars, but I have lots of cigar boxes.

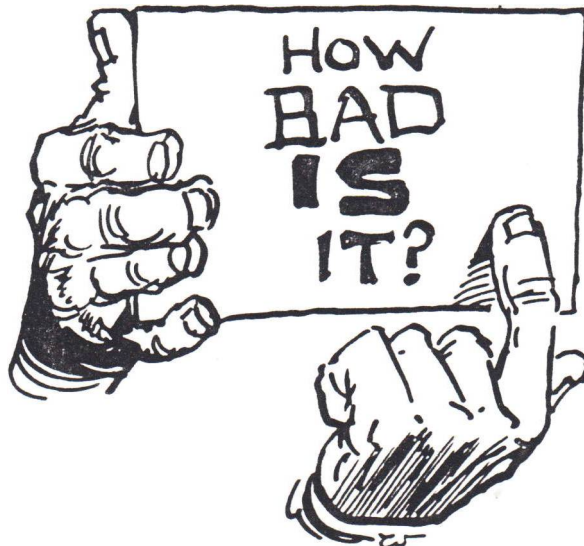
(6) When you check into your room at the Tucker Hotel, and if you are female, you will find one of my calling cards on your pillow. I've just had another thousand printed.

(7) And there WILL be a clean pillowcase on your pillow. This one...



(8) When you stroll into the bathroom to wash -- IF you wash -- you will find a personalized towel...and a washcloth...and a toothbrush. Each item has the hotel name on it. Please don't take these items with you when you check out -- the next guest will need them.

But now, in closing, I'm sorry to say that I have one bit of bad news.





When Tucker Hotel was finished, the workman discovered they have one brick left over. This one. They -- and I -- have made a careful search of the building but we can't find the hole where this brick rightfully belongs. Somewhere in the glorious Tucker Hotel there is a serious cavity.

Therefore, a word of caution. As you go about the convention and as you speed from one room party to the next, PLEASE don't lean against the walls, PLEASE don't stomp on the floors, and PLEASE don't get high and kick the ceilings.

This brick represents a new beginning. It is the start of yet another fan hotel.

And this time this convention's chairman will build it!

Troll Bridges in America

by George "Lan" Laskowski

It started with the tiny wet footprints on my windshield.

I was very carefully watching out for artesianians near the Olympia Beer brewing plant when I crossed over a bridge on the freeway and suddenly noticed that there were these tiny wet footprints on the window. That was rather odd, since it wasn't raining and there were no puddles anywhere in sight. I briefly entertained the thought that they might be artesian footprints, but another look at the rapidly evaporating impressions on the dusty windshield made me realize that they were too small for artesianians. That's when it struck me that they could have been made by an ouse.

To digress but a moment: have you ever thought about the fact that there seems to be a noticeable lack of "little people" in American culture? Any that do appear have their basis in European culture, brought over to America by the Pilgrims and other settlers. Even the Amerindians do not seem to have the equivalent of Leprechauns and the like. I was unable to find any such creature in all my research, till I happened upon those tiny wet footprints on the windshield of my car. Yes, I thought to myself, there IS an ouse.

The 'ouse' is the American equivalent of the European troll. It lives around or under bridges and is seldom if ever seen, in spite of the large numbers that tend to

congregate near such bridges. They are gentle creatures and never harm anyone. They like games, and their most favorite one is to run across the road while cars are whizzing by without getting hit. Since their body is composed of mostly water and is easily replenished, no real harm comes to them or any car that might strike them. In the summer, there is no problem on the bridges, since the water residue evaporates quickly. Only in winter does it pose a problem. With droves of them being struck, the water quickly freezes on the bridges, especially in northern climes. In places where it would be extremely treacherous there are signs posted, warning drivers to be careful.

Oh, yes; the plural of ouse is "ice", so "Watch out for ice on bridge!"



The Great Hearts Shootout

by Lon Atkins

Every world of special skill has its crowd of hustlers -- people whose understanding and execution of the skill places them on a level so far from mere mortal performance that the gap cannot be grasped easily. The popular press tries; it calls these experts 'superstars' and lines the cage of every canary in America with unbounded superlatives or snide cynicism, depending on the last time at bat.

The experts themselves are a clan. They talk little of the incredible skills, preferring friendly but derogatory banter when questioned about their peers. This is called the "Set Up" and has been fashionable with experts for uncountable centuries.

The Playing Public, a segment dear to the hearts of those experts, has somewhat harsher words for the experts. At the end of an evening's play, as they extract dollars from their wallets, members of the Playing Public look those experts in the eye, hand them cash, and summon up the essence of graceful defeat. "Asshole," says the Playing Public. But they pay.

Among the experts there is a tacit recognition of who is IN The Group and Who Isn't. That clan, that tightly knot band of high-tension performers, will admit to its inner circle only those who have performed with worthy results under curse of fire. Standards exist to be maintained. If there is a tougher shell to crack than the barrier hustlers exhibit to pigeons, demonstrate it.

Likewise, the hustlers take care of their own. Any band of honest outlaws will defend its own kind to the death. With hustlers this is even more so, for reputation is amighty sword and all fear its loss.

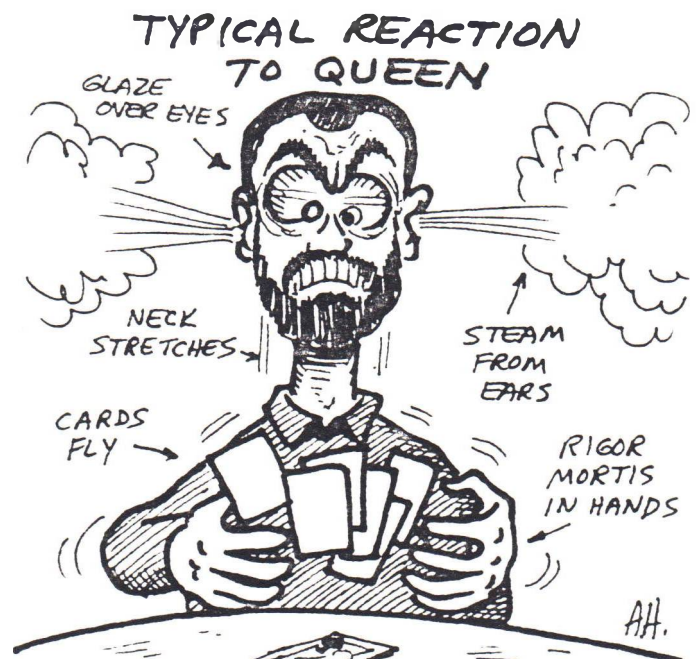
When a hustler 'dies' it is of grave concern to the Community. Shock and disbelief run rampant. So would it have been with me, had I not been involved in the terrible events themselves, when I read the following requiem in the Hearts Hustler's Gazette...

Dave Locke(1945-1980):

Yes, fellow hustlers,

there can be no doubt but that "Devil Dave" is dead. Long the terror of New York and California Hearts tables, Dave met his demise over the table, as all true Hearts Hustlers most fervently fear. Inside reports have it that at the end he Reinhardt'd twice running, then retreated into a corner with a bottle of Anchor Steam Beer in a brown bag. During his best years Dave was a big money winner on the West Coast, frequently finishing second to Lon Atkins Himself. Dave's cool, his wit, and his talent for second-dealing earned him a niche in the hearts of all Heart Hustlers. Many is the amateur who recalls that affectionate wit in "Devil Dave's" voice as he snapped out: "Pay up, twit!" But even the Great fall. And "Devil Dave" has departed out world. Weep with me for this Subtle Sharke...

A tear formed in the corner of my right eye as I remembered the poignant details of that fatal Petards meeting Locke cohosted on March 29, 1980. It had all begun innocently enough. Drunk to the gills before arriving, I displayed a discouraging lack of judgement with my rapid solicitation of a Hearts game.



I should have recognized the menace when Locke smiled with terrible anticipation and introduced Terry "Trapper" Ridgeway, an offhand acquaintance who merely happened to play Hearts. At the mention of Hearts Terry began to salivate. Even as the drool ran down his rugged all-American chin I accepted the task of locating a ~~sucker~~ fourth for the encounter.

The signs were foreboding, but I went dutifully to the kitchen (where all Petards meetings take place) and came upon the corpus of Mike "Highflyer" Glycer. Mike had shown some promise at an earlier game, but had lost in the end. I felt no risk in asking this gentleman to join our fray. Indeed, I felt that the coin of the realm he would contribute was most welcome.

Cohost Dave Hulan was cooperative. Despite owning no card table, he was ingenious enough to locate a pressboard sheet about eight feet square. Resting upon a laundry hamper and the knees of the players it served well enough as a battlefield. Of course, we couldn't move once the contraption was in place, but no one expected to be leaving the game for a while anyhow.

Things began rather unexpectedly: "Trapper" Ridgeway shot the moon on the opening hand. I stared in shock as he collected the cards, squared them on his palm, then with a deft motion ran them down to the crook of his elbow and back several times.

Terry caught my stare. "Just warming up," he said. "Learned this exercise in Vegas."

Locke didn't seem bothered; he'd seen it before. I glanced at "Highflyer" Glycer and he glanced at me. We raised our eyebrows. This was, it appeared, to be a contest of SKILL. I began to flex my fingers, summoning back those forgotten manipulative skills. I noticed that "Highflyer" didn't bother. He just smiled sublimely.

After a few more hands the proper patterns seemed to be asserting themselves: Terry the Trapper had been boosted up with healthy measure despite a second moonshot; Highflyer Glycer was high indeed -- about

twenty-odd points higher than the rest of us; and I was low man, with Locke hanging close. Just as I was relaxing, all Hell broke loose.

In the horrible moments that followed, the Trapper shot twice more. But worse yet, Glycer lassoed the moon THREE times. Locke and I were hurled aloft. When the game ended with Locke being pushed over the 100 mark, I was close behind.

Our second game led to relative restoration of order. I won handily, but not by enough of a margin to quite overtake Highflyer. Poor Locke, however, had come in high man again. "Devil Dave" was beginning to flake around the edges. Oh, there was good-humored jollity as the debts were paid out. Laughter and wit. But my practiced eye could see the telling signs of stress -- after all, I was an expert too, and knew the terrible demands of Reputation. When Locke spread mustard on a napkin, wrapped it around a candle, and ate the whole thing without a blink I knew his mind was dwelling on the loss. I hoped it would have no long-term effects.

To tell the truth, Dave's last-place finish went almost unnoticed in the professional world because of me. It was the first time I'd failed to finish Big Winner in a money Hearts session in almost twenty years. The speculation as to whether Atkins was losing his touch or not eclipsed poor Locke's disgrace. Not that he didn't get in a few digs, but it was nowhere near as bad as it could have been.

The pain was still too much. Dave got busy organizing another session. On the following Saturday, April 5th, a return match was arranged. I agreed without much hesitation; it sounded like more easy money. "Trapper" Ridgeway signed up quickly, too. Terry thought he had us figured out now and would be shooting the moon at will. I didn't disagree; it's good to leave the opposition with some delusions.

The key figure was Mike. I've not inquired as to what wiles Dave used to lure him down from Sylmar to Torrance, but they worked. On Friday I got a call from Locke: "Same four." He sounded pleased!

So was I. While I'd coasted rather smoothly across the jibes of my fellow Hearts hustlers (none of them really wanted to face me in a no-holds-barred high stakes game), the minor irritation of finishing second to Highflyer was telling. Hell, he wasn't even nationally ranked!

Locke, Glycer, and I met shortly before five o'clock. With Dave's son Brian in tow we went out to a nearby Italian restaurant, where I had Chicken Florentine of remarkable succinctness, Mike had baked Lasagna, Brian has a Sicilian Pepperroni Pizza, and Dave consumed six pounds of Noodles. During the meal we didn't speak of the impending game -- bad form. Instead we chatted about how many women wore panties to bed and whether any good science fiction was being written these days.

Terry was late, arriving about 7:14:05. We abandoned our hotly-contested bout of Crazy Eights and arranged the table for the Real Thing. The moment of truth was at hand. In the background I heard the brassy sound of Herb Alpert and the scratching of Ernest Hemingway's pen. Four bulls pawed (hoofed?) the earth and snorted steam at each other. We all knew what it meant: fame or ignomy, not to mention untold riches. Locke announced the stakes. "Penny a point, pay everybody," he said.

The game started cautiously, with passing hedged with low hearts. Terry the Trapper loosened first, unabashedly starting his quest for the moon. Devil Dave played with his normal confidence, hanging low on most hands and pushing play toward smoking the Queen when he had marginal holdings. Highflyer Glycer watched his score rise ominously before trying a few moonshots. They failed, and Mike was our first Reinhardt.

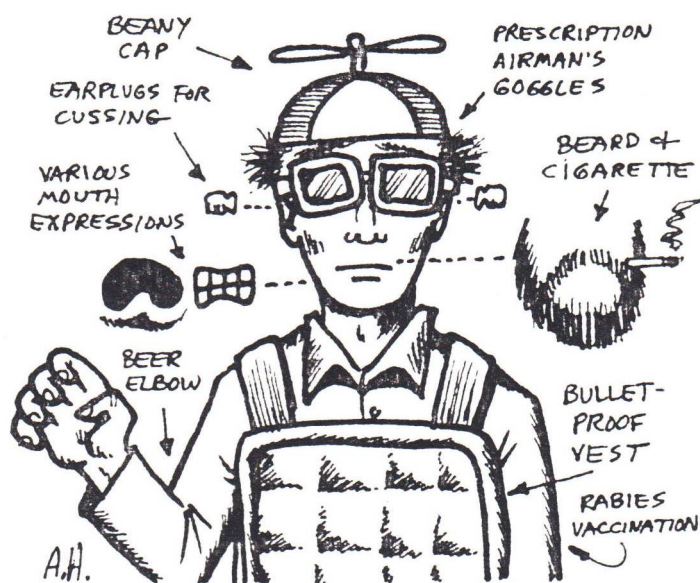
I played with my usual superb skill and finished clear low man. On the last both Terry and Mike were pushed over one hundred. During the exchange of time-honored witticisms we alternated seats. Locke had insisted on changing decks (from Poker to Bridge). As the first hand of the second game was dealt he remarked as to how the cards would bring him luck.

And so they did, but all bad. Locke had settled into a pattern: he would bluff a moon shot only to watch hearts get split. Then he would eat the Bitch. It's fair to say that he avoided a bunch of hearts -- Terry gathered in those. But Dave's score was soaring, and so was his temperature.

To cool himself Dave called for more Anchor Steam Beer. He was high man for the second game. And for the third. Play had settled into a rut. Dave was desperately scrambling for moonshot opportunities. The Trapper and Highflyer did that naturally, so the game degenerated into a perfect textbook example of Reinhardt's Theorem.

I hung onto my lead and watched Glycer get closer as Terry and Dave receded into the distance. The pressure was telling on the players. Dead silence filled the room during the hands, interrupted only by the slap of cards on the tabletop and the munch of Glycer eating smoked almonds. Locke was smoking more than usual (i.e., more than a pack an hour). Terry was eating the ice cubes in his drink.

OPTIONAL HEARTS EQUIPMENT



In the fourth game Devil Dave Reinhardt twice. This part of the article is true. He did not retreat into the corner with a bottle of Anchor Steam Beer in a brown paper bag, however. He merely flexed his arms and called for

another brew. As he poured it, watching the foam rise high in his mug, he said: "I'll build up a head of Steam here."

The fact that this execrable joke was repeated eight more times in the few short hours that remained of the evening revealed much.

Mercifully, the final game arrived. By then the players were so besotted with the idea of moonshot that they could no longer defend themselves. Glycer was trying a shot, clearly. So were Locke and Ridgeway. When I grabbed the lead and rolled off two high tricks, neither Terry nor Dave thought to throw a heart -- they tossed low cards in the side suits. So

Highflyer shot. I cried.

That moment of reckoning. The final score, was me the Big Winner. My mantle was resumed, my Kingdom intact. But Dave, poor Dave, was high man.

He took it well enough, visibly. With his own calculator he computed the settlements. His eye was clear enough when he shook my hand at the door and made a single statment. With sincerity and dignity he looked me full in the eye and said, "Nobody but a pure bastard would publish an account of this disaster."

"Yes," I said without expression. "You are absolutely right."

□□□□□

EDITORIAL ANNOTATIONS:

HEARTS: Readers unfamiliar with the fannish game of Hearts are encouraged to consult HOYLE'S RULES OF GAMES or some similar reference. The object of the game is to avoid taking "points", i.e., hearts and the Queen of Spades; low score wins.

PETARDS: A Los Angeles area fan organization, hosted each month by a different member.

THE QUEEN (a.k.a. THE BITCH): The Queen of Spades, equivalent in point count to all 13 hearts (each heart is worth one point). This is one card you definitely don't want to take. Unless, of course, you're attempting a moonshot.

SMOKE THE BITCH: To lead spades at all opportunities in an attempt to force out the Queen. Often creates ire in other players, especially the Queenholder.

EAT THE BITCH: One result of SMOKING THE BITCH, where the Queenholder ends up with it at the end of the hand. Ouch!

SHOOT THE MOON: An alternate strategy, where the player attempts to take all hearts plus the Queen of Spades. Successful moonshots are worth +26 to each of the other players' scores and +0 to the moonshooter's score. Successful moonshots are worth gloating over.

REINHARDT: A failed moonshot, where a player takes only 25 of the 26 points of the hand. Disasterous to the attempter's score. Named after Southern fan Hank Reinhardt who (as legend has it) unintentionally perfected the technique.

REINHARDT'S THEOREM: The editors are unfamiliar with this concept. It probably goes like this: 'A player who frequently attempts to take all the points will usually only very nearly succeed.'

DAVE LOCKE: Despite this article, is alive and well and in good humor and still playing Hearts, now in the Cincinnati area.



Besides being chairman and vice-chairman of NOLAcon II, the 1988 WorldCon, John and Justin also create and present radio plays like the following every Sunday night on radio station WWOZ in New Orleans. This play, however, is something special and was written especially for

MIMOSA. It describes what really, truly happened after New Orleans won the 1988 WorldCon, no matter what Guy Lillian would have you believe! (Like any radio play, the reader is encouraged to supply his/her own mental images and sound effects.)

□□□□□

It Was a Dull and Stormy Night (or) How Guy's Goat Was Got

A Play in One Act

by Justin Winston and John Guidry

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Liz Schwarzin, Official Teller
Jeff Copeland, Official Teller
John Guidry, NOLAcon Representative
Justin Winston, NOLAcon Representative
Representatives from Cincinnati, St.
Louis, and "Bermuda Triangle" bids
Guy H. Lillian III, NOLAcon committee
member and general gadfly
Cliff Amos, NOLAcon supporter
Mike Sinclair, NOLAcon committee member
Charlie Duval, NOLAcon supporter
Jim Gilpatrick, Confederation concom
member and NOLAcon supporter

SCENE 1: Chablis Room of Atlanta Marriott Marquis. Ballots for the 1988 WorldCon site selection have just been counted. New Orleans has just won by a majority of seven votes on the first ballot. Outside it is raining. In the room are JOHN, JUSTIN, LIZ, the two Boat Bid Representatives, Cincinnati Representatives, St. Louis Representatives, and two gofers. Representatives from Boston are also in the room, but they are in one corner counting their own ballots even though they are running unopposed for 1989.

JOHN (looking out of a window): I can't imagine a worse place to be right now.

JUSTIN: I can.

JOHN (realization dawning): So can I.

BOTH: We could be with Guy!

LIZ: How would being with Guy be worse than being here?

JOHN: Well, earlier today I was with Guy and we were about to go into the Dealers Room and Ken Keller comes up to us and I ask him how is the Boat Bid doing. Ken tells me that last night they got about \$600 worth of memberships and that would help pay off some of their debts. Ken then told us, "I sure hope you enjoy putting on a WorldCon." So after a few minutes, Guy and I go down to the Dealers Room and go our separate ways. About five minutes later, Mike Resnick comes up to me and wants to know just what is the matter with Guy. "Why?", I say. He then says that Guy had just told him that the Boat had signed up 600 people. So, of course I told Mike what Ken Keller had really said. So, to be honest, I'm just glad that Guy isn't here because I just know he's driving somebody nuts.

LIZ: But Guy is here.

JOHN: But Guy doesn't know where the ballots are being counted.

LIZ: Yes, he does, and he's camped out on the sofa just outside that door, right now!

JOHN: Well, I guess Guy does know where we're counting the ballots.

[JEFF COPELAND enters.]

JEFF: Did you know Guy Lillian is camped out on the sofa outside?

LIZ, JOHN, JUSTIN: We know.

JEFF: Oh, well, anyway, here's the official election results. A copy for everybody. Here, here, here.

[He passes out paper.]

CINCINNATI COMMITTEE MEMBER: Well, congratulations. We've got to get the results up to our people.

JOHN: No, congratulations to you.

JUSTIN: Just our luck.

JOHN: I think everybody knows who the real winners are.

LIZ: How're you going to break the news to Guy?

JOHN: You mean we can tell people who won?

LIZ: Well, not officially. Now, how're you going to break the news to Guy?

JUSTIN: Wait a second, I think I see an opportunity here.

[JOHN & JUSTIN confer, then come out of conference.]

JOHN: OK, everybody when we leave the room, nobody say a word. I'll go first.

Scene 2: Outside the Chablis Room. GUY LILLIAN is curled up on a big sofa trying to look calm and indifferent.

[Door bursts open.]

JOHN: SHIT!

[GUY bolts upright]

JOHN: FUCK! SON-OF-A-BITCH!

[JOHN storms off trying not to laugh, while GUY watches incredulously. Others come out of the room. JUSTIN is last in line and looks very dejected.]

GUY (to JUSTIN): What happened?! I've never seen John so upset.

JUSTIN: He's got a good reason to be.

GUY (in horror): What happened!?

JUSTIN: I can't talk about it right now.

[The group stops. GUY and JUSTIN catch up. JOHN is down the hall a good bit ahead of the group. He is pounding on the wall. GUY thinks JOHN is almost in tears. JUSTIN knows JOHN is laughing.]

LIZ (to GUY and JUSTIN): Well, look at it this way; when you bid in the year 2000, my daughter Allie can be your harlequin.

JUSTIN: That's a great consolation.

ST. LOUIS COMMITTEE MEMBER: Well, listen, we have some champagne up in our room, let's go use it.

OTHER COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Good, let's go.

[Exit everybody except JUSTIN and GUY. JOHN is a little distance ahead. They slowly mount stairs to elevator.]

GUY: Justin, you've got to tell me what happened!

JUSTIN: Well, there weren't quite as many votes cast as we had thought, annnnd...

GUY: And...?!

JUSTIN: And, well, some of the votes were disqualified for various reasons. And most of the disqualifications were votes for New Orleans.

GUY: How close was it?

JUSTIN: Seven votes, Guy. Just seven votes.

[GUY buries his head in his hands.]

JOHN (very angry): All I can say is it's gonna be one hell of a business meeting!

[The three reach the elevator and enter. It starts to go up.]

JUSTIN: Well, John, you want to just ride the elevator for a while?

JOHN: No, we have to tell them.

[The elevator stops at the NOLAcon floor. The three get out and proceed to the NOLAcon suite.]

Scene 3: The NOLAcon suite. It is divided into two rooms, one large party room and a smaller sitting room. The three enter the sitting room. CLIFF AMOS is in charge of the suite and is in the sitting room along with MIKE SINCLAIR, JIM GILPATRICK, CHARLIE DUVAL. JOHN enters first looking very grim. JUSTIN and GUY follow. CLIFF sees JOHN.

CLIFF (seeing something is wrong): John, you want me to clear the room?

JOHN: Clear the room!

CLIFF: OK, you freeloaders, outside. Now!

GILPATRICK (as he leaves to the party room): What? What's wrong! They should have won. They did everything right! What's wrong!?

CLIFF: Outside!

[CLIFF shuts the door.]

SINCLAIR: Executive session! Into the bathroom.

[CLIFF, SINCLAIR, JOHN and JUSTIN enter the bathroom. GUY tries to follow.]

SINCLAIR: This is none of the damn business, Lillian!

[GUY is pushed out of the bathroom doorway.]

[Inside bathroom. General yelling and screaming.]

SINCLAIR (yelling): Guidry, how the hell did you blow this one!

[JUSTIN is showing the voting totals to the others.]

JOHN (also yelling): That's just the votes. We can't fight the totals.

SINCLAIR (still yelling): You idiot! Do you realize what you've done!

CLIFF: OK, let's go break the news.

[Outside the bathroom. GUY is on his hands and knees trying to listen through the door. Door opens.]

SINCLAIR: Get out of the damn way, Guy.

GUY (almost in tears): You've got to tell me what happened!

SINCLAIR: Well, Guy, there's bad news and worse news. The bad news is that our best just wasn't good enough. And the worse news is... we have to put on a DAMN WORLD CON!

[GUY at first is on the verge of total collapse, then realizes he has been put on and that New Orleans has won the election. He begins to jump up and down, bouncing higher and higher, off the beds, walls and ceiling, gets more and more excited and finally explodes.]

□□□□□

EDITORIAL AFTERMATH:

JOHN and JUSTIN assure us that things are considerably calmer now in New Orleans, and that hard work is underway to plan and bring off the '88 WorldCon. CLIFF AMOS was recently elected President of the Southern Fandom Confederation.

Despite the finale described above, GUY is alive, well, and still possessing his innards in New Orleans, where he's not only in charge of the NOLAcon publications division, but is also studying law at Loyola University there.

Meanwhile, NOLAcon II will be September 1-5, 1988 in the Crescent City. See you there.



In July, Nicki and I had a very enjoyable time as Fan Guests of Honor at one of our favorite conventions, Louisville's Rivercon. Although many of fandom's faces have changed, we were reminded of another convention in Louisville some seven years

earlier, North American '79. One of the newer faces who joined fandom back then was Knoxville's well known fan artist, Charlie Williams. Here is a reprint of Charlie's North American '79 report

-- DL

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North American in Words and Pictures

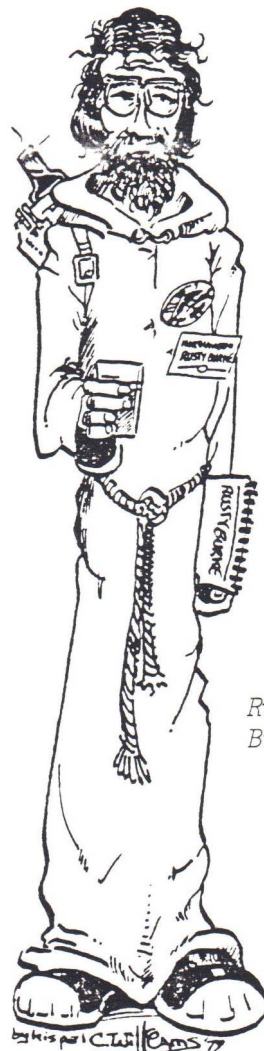
by Charlie Williams

We all have our first con. Not unlike one's initiation to sex, a convention has its starry-eyed expectations, the quickening of the pulse, its surprises. Throughout, a sense of euphoria is balanced by a sense of clandestine. Rusty Burke and I are neo-fans. He's a social worker and I'm a commercial artist. Not long ago we opened a unique window onto fandom with our East Tennessee Comic Company, and since have been to a number of convention as hucksters. I've been in print often and regularly in the meantime as cartoonist and storyteller. We conformed the necessity of attending North American as regular participants, and as artists.

Yes, sheer greed was as important as the prospect of good times, but if I've any real role to SF in any generic sense, it's as an illustrator whose craft is slowly coming of age. I loaded up 48 pieces, half of which were previously published, and drove with my pal Rusty to Louisville over the 5-day Labor Day holiday. Russ took a score of his own drawings and was committed to providing logos (with me) for Dick'n'Nicki Lynch's North American NEBULA daily newszine.

The drive was uneventful. I regretted leaving my beautiful wife behind, but she works for a living and speaks less fannish than I do; right now she'll read LeGuin and Niven and "Master Kung Fu" comics, but only when she's not reading Gide. Anyway, we checked into the Louisville Hyatt Regency Thursday afternoon at three. Blithely we walked down a nifty mall to the riverside Galt House.

I was pooped after driving all

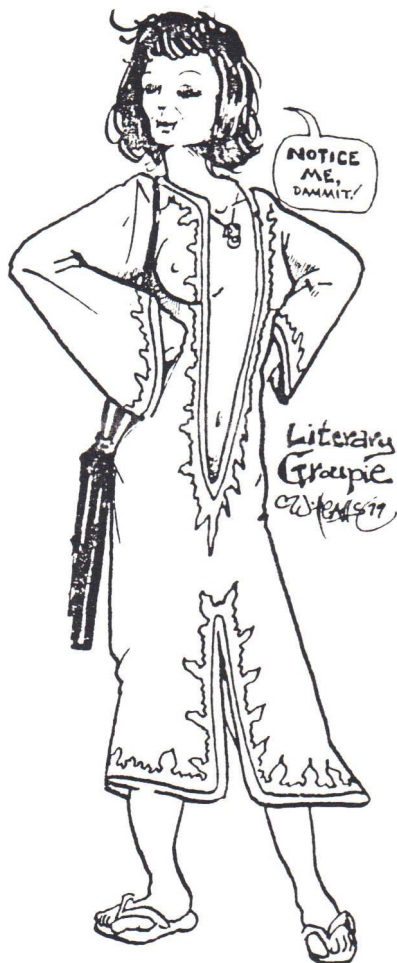


Rusty
Burke

morning, but that adrenal expectation was still keeping me high. We arrived at the nucleus of a swarm of people and there met my pal Nicki Lynch, who helped us check in.

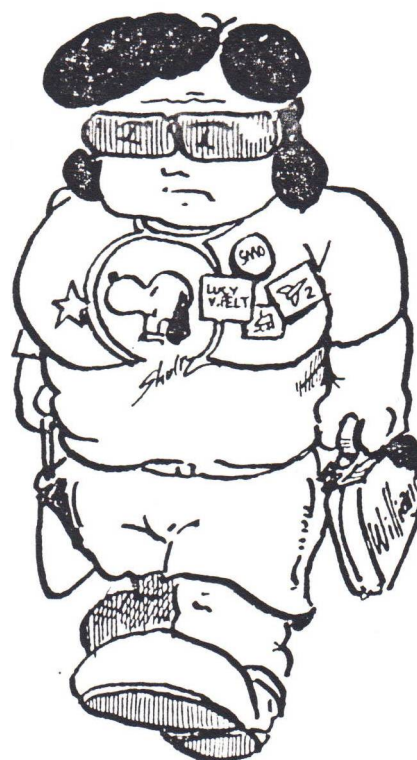
I felt very clean-cut, as I looked around. Folks who in real life might've been and done anything were already sporting maniacal costumes, not all of them designed for any masquerade. In fact, the largest collection of physical

and emotional aberrants I'd ever seen ebbed and eddied around me. The weekend would certainly be interesting.



My old friends were hard to find (i.e., more than an hour to find), like Deb and Roger Johnson, Ken Scott, and Dick Lynch (more later), but Rus and I soon

were palsy-walsy with other artists and fen of like mind, such as Wade Gilbreath and Cliff Biggers and their lovely wives, George Laskowski, Cliff Amos, Irvin Koch, Meade Frierson, Andy Andruschak, Howard DeVore and Frank Love. With these and dozens more, Rusty and I became involved in more craziness than one can normally fit into a five-day weekend.



HOPES NO ONE RECOGNIZES HER.



NAC was like being in THE TWILIGHT ZONE for a week-the best example of its other-worldiness occurred while between the parking garage sub-level and the lobby "mundanes" of two wildly different ethnic backgrounds shared car number two with Rusty and I, and with two "bizarres". The hybrid mutate caught between three thugs and a couple in formal dress was too abashed to explain that a convention was in progress in the hotel. I pointed to our convention badges, although by doing that I identified myself as "one of them"

I can tell it better in pictures-----.



Remember the swimming pool window?
Nothing swam by higher than a "7".

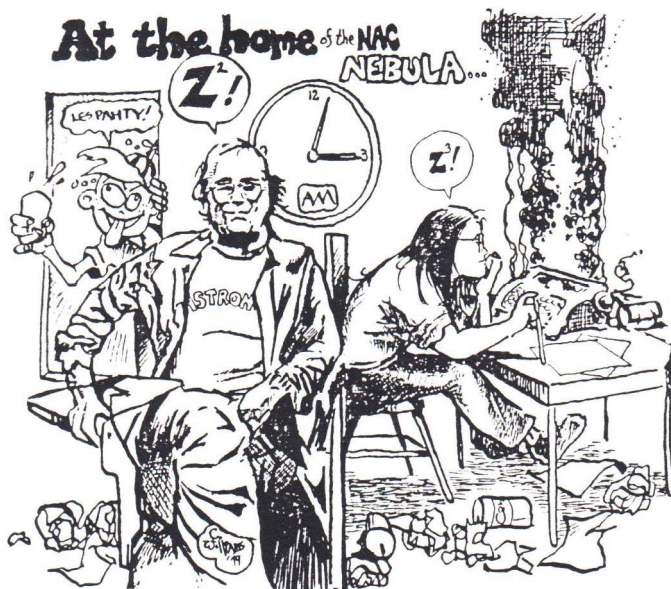
Remember the costumes.....



Or the lack of same?



Remember the convention's animal mascot, the Pegasus, and how the damn thing turned up EVERYWHERE?



Remember the NEBULA newsroom, its orderly chaos?



Remember the PARTIES?



Those juveniles in the corridors
singing 'til 3 ayem?

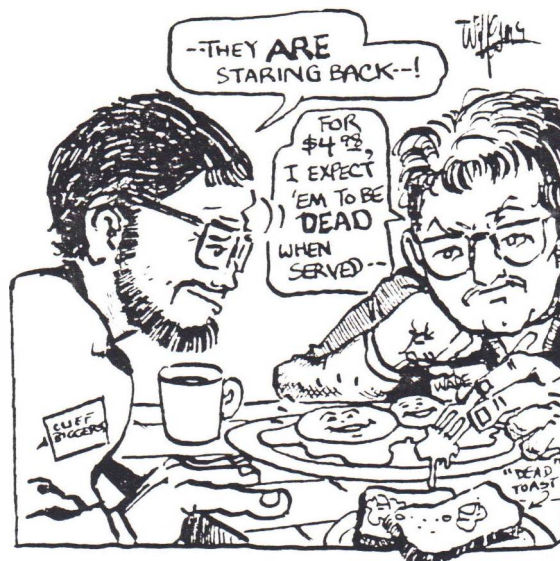
Remember looking for and at the pros?



The panels?

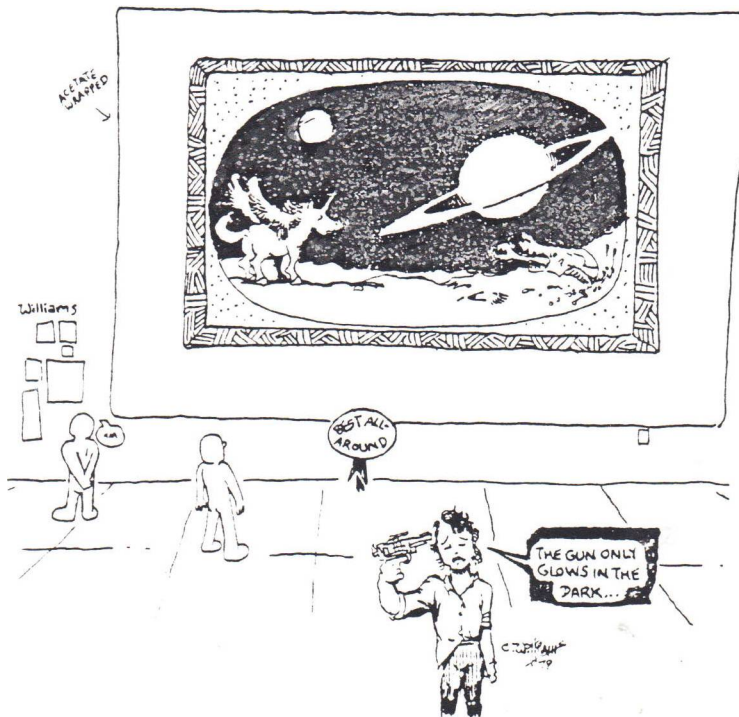
The elevators?

Remember con breakfasts?



Remember seeing a cadre of Viper
pilots sauntering into Burger Queen in
full battle dress in downtown Louisville
at noon?

Remember the little girl with seemingly inexhaustible funds who made Steven Johnson and Robin Wood the "hits" of the art show?



Remember the art show?



The slickness of the stuff that WON was amazing, and "slick" has a pejorative nature to it, too, you know. I learned a lot of technical things by observation alone, and made more money than I expected, and got more job offers than I've got time for, and I'm flattered. Somehow, though, the auctioneers at NAC had little but sarcasm for the artistic merits of each piece; the artist's NAME

and the realism of each piece was somehow more important. I found Jack Chalker very amusing and engaging though, and his enthusiasm made up for a lack of real COMMENTARY at the auction; I also found certain themes worked into a redundant lather of Saturns, unicorns, dragons, and sloe-eyed wenches.

The art show had provided me quite an education in terms of what SELLS. I can be self-indulgent in my covers and filler art, but conventions call for DISCIPLINE.



Only on paper...! The festivities themselves are an occasion for escaping the confining effects of life outside our generic club. Expect to see Russ and I at any con in the future I can drive to (blame THAT on acrophobia), sketchbooks and Old Charter in our unsteady hands.



And finally, at the risk of offending people with explicit language and a controversial topic, we offer the following essay.

If you're easily offended, we suggest that you skip over it. But this wouldn't be MIMOSA without at least one possibly controversial article. - DL

□□□□□

Porno Wars

by Joe Celko

There might be younger fans among you who do not remember those thrilling days of the 1960's and 1970's when the Supreme Court liberalized the obscenity laws. Let me take you back to a bookstore long ago and far away for Tales of the Porno Wars (the reader should hum something from Wagner at this point).

Our Cast of Characters feature mainly myself and Glen Brock, with an array of REALLY strange and scary people in supporting roles.

Glen Brock was an active Atlanta fan at the time. He was responsible for getting the size of the DeepSouthCon to over 100 attendees. Brock has been in the book trade since he was about 14 years old. He began working for C. E. Cantrell, of Cantrell's Used Books, when he was in high school. Brock's goal in life was to own a book store. Brock and I are longtime friends, and were college roommates.

Our first bit player in the drama was a short older man named Johnny Lowe. Johnny had spend a little time in the Big House on Boulevard (the Atlanta Federal Prison) back about the time of the Korean War. As a retirement program, he decided to open a little used bookstore.

His approach was fairly direct. He went to the University Women's Book Fair and bought up enough books to fill the nearest available store front he could rent. He also thought that it might be a good thing to have someone to run it, so he found Brock and approached him with an employment offer.

Brock was interested, but part of the arrangement bothered him a bit. As an extra customer service, Johnny wanted to

keep certain sheets of paper under the counter with the names of sporting teams on them. That way sports-minded individuals could keep track of how well their teams were doing. If they guessed right, they might even get a little cash prize.

Brock then approached me and asked if I would be partners in the store so that he could buy out Johnny. Johnny was quite willing to sell, since the store was turning out to be more work then he had originally thought it would be. So I got \$3,000 out of my credit union and we went off to the bookstore business with Brock's brains and my cash.

We were grossly undercapitalized in both areas.

Glen was a great hustler at the time, but he did not have much bookkeeping or financial planning background. I did not know just what would be required in the way of cash to keep the thing afloat.

I am going to leave out a lot of really good stories to get to the Porno War stories. With a little trick I stole from LucasFilms, we now jump into Chapter Five.

At this point, the original store in Buckhead is gone and we now have West End News on Gordon Street, a newsstand with a strong adult section in the back. A sad fact of the bookstore business is that the markup stinks. The system is made up of many levels of distributors, each taking a percentage of the cover price, until the final retailer is not left much.

Furthermore, the better the item moves the less the retailers share. For example, a newspaper has only a one or two cent profit on it because a newsstand must have newspapers. Likewise, Playboy, Newsweek and other established magazines might offer ten cents per dollar profit as

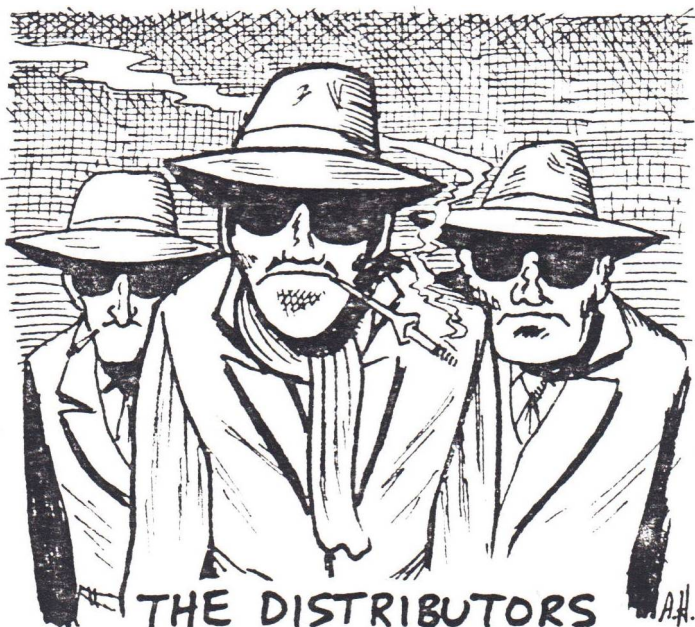
opposed to the normal twenty cents per dollar. (Normal retail markup is about forty percent for other stores.)

Porno is different. It has markups that are hundreds of percent of the cost. It can sit on the shelf for years and not lose its value. Ever try to sell yesterday's newspaper or last month's Newsweek? Ergo, we sold fuck books. We pioneered the used adult book section and the ten percent discount to policemen in uniform. I always wanted to hang a sign over the used adult section reading "Pork Pounding Porno at Penny Pinching Prices", but Brock felt this was a little too tacky. No accounting for taste, I guess.

SUPPLIERS

Suppliers were interesting people. We had a "Mr. Frank" in Detroit who sent us a box of magazines and books via UPS. We had not placed an order with him, so it was a little bit of a surprise. We got a phone call the next day. Mr. Frank thought we might like to see what he had for sale so he took it on himself to send us a sample. If we like it, we keep it and pay him; if we didn't like it, we send it back. That was the beginning of a nice little business arrangement.

He would keep us posted on any store bombings in Detroit, Chicago or the Jersey strip. It was nice to know when things were getting hot, so that we could place orders with all parties that were shooting at each other. It paid to be on the "good customer" lists.



We ran a few short little errands for Mr. Frank now and again when he needed legs in Atlanta that did not belong to porno king Mike Thevis. One time he had an order from some guy who claimed that he had the largest porno store in Atlanta, but this name was not Mike Thevis. We went downtown to see just what his operation looked like.

He did not lie, exactly, but just forgot an adjective or two: gay rough trade. We counted the number of spaces in his display furniture (this is called "counting pockets" in the trade). We did this standing back to back for safety. Mr. Frank was very happy about the report; he was able to make changes in the order based on that data. "Ya don't think da they'll go for a hun'ed copies of 'Pussy Fuckers Pictorial', do ya?", as he put it. "Nope, but you ought to be able to unload all of your copies of 'Love is never having to take your wristwatch off' without any problems."

Mr Frank changed his operation from Detroit to Los Angeles in one day. His warehouse burned down. One day after the move.

Another supplier who was a voice on the phone was a lady named "Dee". We always made the checks out to assorted beauty supply houses. Either she had a beauty shop as a front or she was really ugly. She supplied us with Mexican and Arabic stuff. Her motto was "Everybody likes dogs and children", which gives you enough of the flavor without going into details.

Yes, some of the stuff was illegal back then, too. We had a strange system of police protection. We gave a ten percent discount to police in uniform and loaned stag films to their bachelor parties at no charge. We always knew when there was going to be a crackdown.

The most interesting character in the trade was an older fellow named Joe Stone. He had been around for years and years, but had never wanted to have a big flashy empire like Mike Thevis. He had distribution rights for Beeline and some other porno publishers, wholesaled a lot of dream books and had a little newsstand downtown. He also made phone calls to

friends in New Jersey if he liked you. Or if he didn't like you.

Brock and Sam went down to pick up a load of dream books from Papa Joe one day. Joe was quite worked up, and the story came out that some guy had come into the store and grabbed a bunch of racing forms. Joe tried to catch him. Joe had a bad heart, which eventually killed him, so the guy was able to outrun him. When Brock and Sam got to the store, Joe was giving it to the beat cop for not doing anything. The cop put down the magazine he was reading and took off on a three wheeled Harley to look for the guy.

As soon as he was gone, Joe announced in a loud clear voice that he would pay \$1,000 to have the son of a bitch back right now. Two very large, very ugly, very hungry looking black guys stopped reading the karate magazines and asked for a description of the guy. Then they left. As they hit the door, Joe called to Abe to pull ten one hundred dollar bills from the safe.

While Brock and Sam are packing up the order, the phone rings. Joe answers it. His part of the conversation went about like this: "Yeah, I know who you are.", "You wanta pay for them or bring back on Monday?", "Yeah, yeah, I know. Just stay off the streets until Monday."

Brock and I tried never to bounce checks on Joe. The "service charge" was too high.

CUSTOMERS

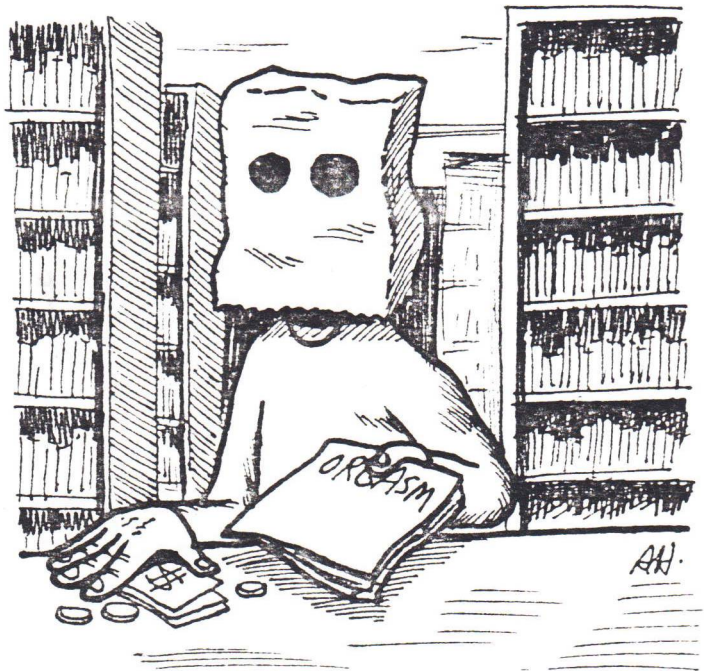
If the suppliers were interesting people, then the customers would have to be described as weird. You had people who just wanted to see dirty books for the first time in their lives. These were my favorites. It was almost always a boy and his girlfriend. The guy would guard the door and the girl would go in. Oh sin! Oh moral decay!

I would always think, "Oh, what the hell, why not open up one of the books, lady?"

Businessmen in their forties would made a ritual out of their purchases. They would slip it onto the counter top,

looking both ways to be sure that the coast was clear.

We would look both ways and slip it into a brown paper bag, take the money, and finally mutter 'thanks' in a low voice. This made me feel like a stupid jerk, but it is part of the ritual. If you stopped to have a polite conversation, you would have lost a sale.



There was a fad in the trade at the time to use public domain titles or titles parodies on fuck books. You would see things like "A Tail of Two Cities" or "Oliver Twisted" on the books. There was also a fad of using clippings from old steel plate and wooden engravings for covers. I placed five copies of "Little Women" in the adult section because they had a cover that looked like the art style being used by one of the porno houses. My error.

But we sold all five copies, and only had one guy complain. Either the other four were too embarrassed to return their purchase, or maybe they got off on it.

One regular customer we had bought S&M books only. He never much talked. He was just strange. We watched him closely in the shop -- not because we thought he was a shoplifter, but because we were afraid he might eat the other customers. All of the fingers on his left had were cut off even. I don't know how. I never asked.

We had peepshows in the back room. A peepshow is what people used to watch before there were video games. You have a movie loop that plays five minutes sections. Each section costs a quarter and the whole loop takes two dollars to see.

Brock used to review the peepshows and place a three by five card on the machines with a "TV Guide" capsule summary. They said thing like "Two guys, one girl, one dog".

He labelled one of them as "S&M". The Strange One decided to view it. He came back to the front and spoke for the first time: "I want my money back. Sign say 'S&M', but he only beat two times. Then they hug and kiss. Want my money back." The money was cheerfully refunded. Well, if we were not cheerful, at least we smiled alot.

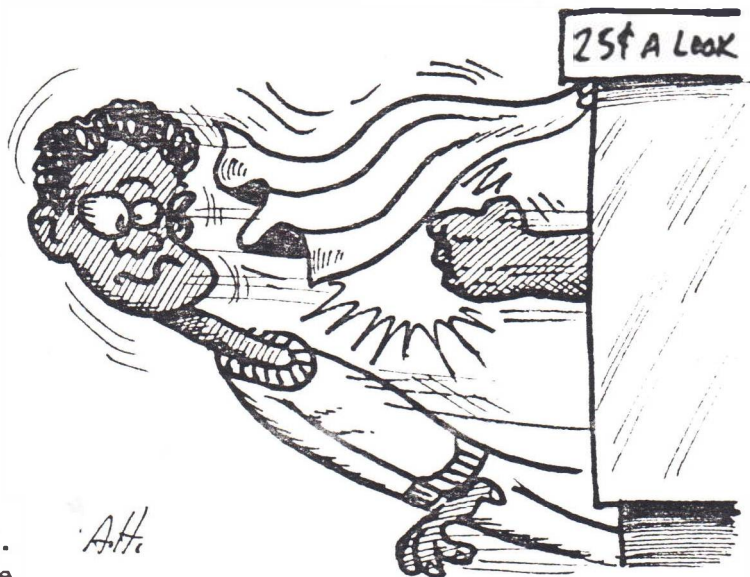
The peepshows were a good source of income, but they made for some troubles, too. One day on the way back thru the peepshows to the john, Brock noticed that there were too many legs in the booth. He got on the can when he finally realized that some hooker was giving her John a blow job while he watched a fuck flick. And we wern't even getting a percentage of the take! But by the time Brock got his pants back up, they were gone.

Another time, on a Friday, a black hardhat came into the store, bought a Coke and candy, and then went back to the peepshows. He just wanted a chance to relax a little before starting the weekend.

Two young black punks came in and saw him watching his peepshow. They immediately headed over and started in with the "Hey, Soul Brother, let us see, too!" jive. He was nice about it, and told them to just go away and leave him be. They did some more jive and one of them tried to push his way into the booth.

The first one came out of the back room without touching the ground and landed on the comic book spindle rack. The second slid out flat on his back. The guy got more distance with the second kid, but both throws were pretty impressive.

The store bought him an extra and paid for a few free loops on the peepshow.



People has asked if I ever shot anyone at the stores. The answer is probably yes, but I am not sure. I fired a round at someone on top of the roof, and found blood up there the next day. But he could have cut himself running away. Guns are not for killing people; they are for directing traffic. Both Brock and myself have had situations where we were bargaining with another person. The terms were "if you will take your hand out of the cash register and you ass out of this store, then I'll take my gun out of your mouth". The first time, it scares the hell out of you, but after a few confrontations you get very calm about it.

I learned a lot from the bookstore days. A lot of practical knowledge about the business that my MBA program is not going to teach me. And a lot about people that only hard knocks can teach. The most important thing, however, was the importance of paying debts so that your marker would be good. I would dearly love to throw some people I know now into my old environment to watch their fingers disappear in the closing of a desk drawer. I still have all of mine.

Mimosa Letters

((* Please note that MIMOSA #1 came out in 1982, before the current Space Shuttle disaster, the popularity of Hawaiian shirts, and "Miami Vice". It's interesting to see how the LoCs to MIMOSA #1 read after four years, especially those commenting on the U.S. space program. To all those of you who asked if the house pictured on the cover was our place, would that it were! We live in an ordinary Ranch style house with nary a mimosa tree on the block. - NL *))

((* Also, addresses listed are in many cases four years old. We've updated them wherever possible, but I'd expect that many of the addresses listed are obsolete. - DL *))

Martyn Taylor, 5 Kimpton Rd., Camberwell, London, SE5 7EA England

It is always a pleasure to see a zine that has been produced with such care and attention. Over here we seem less concerned with the reproductive quality (Something to do with bromide in the drinking water.. Or was it lead in petrol? Floaters in beer? Something like that, anyway) than with the honourable exception of his highness John Harvey. ((* ??? - DL *)) Malcolm Edwards has something to say on the topic in a recent issue of PONG ((* I guess it has been a while since the last MIMOSA! - DL *)). The heavy weight paper you use must have something to do with it too.

As for actual content, lets look at the artwork first. They make the zine look good, but the Charlie Williams art is the pick of the bunch, most particularly his large works (although I didn't find his Stones drawing too impressive).

Jack Chalker made some valid points concerning motivation, although I would argue that, while his analysis of the space adventure was socially acute, he is economically naive. What we are seeing today is a realignment of the economic order to compensate for our past blind profligacy with resources. His

illustration of the reasons for the moon program are also an illustration of that. Similar remarks apply to Harry Andruschak's piece, although he too referred to profligacy with resources. Not every problem can be solved by flinging money at it (on that, and NOTHING else, I agree with Ronnie Raygun and Attila the Hen). The prime resource of the human species is our intelligence. It's a pity we won't often engage our brains before going into action.

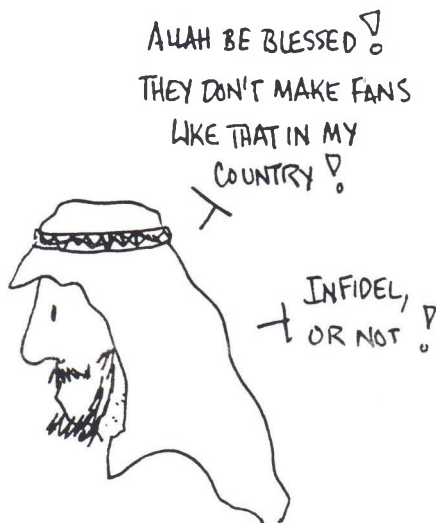
I found Dennis D's piece fun, but don't they sell editorial blue pencils over there? One could have been wielded to good effect there.

As for Guy Lillian, his story of a Stones gig was interesting, although not too much like my experience of that vastly over-rated band. When I saw them they couldn't keep time, the spotlight went on Richards when anyone could see it was Mick Taylor playing the solo, and they played one lousy hour after keeping us all waiting. I'd seen Led Zepplin just the Saturday before, and they came on smack on time and played until they had the power turned off on them at midnight (it being Sunday by then and there being some peculiar Lord's Day Observance laws round here). It's like Ian Anderson says, "too old to rock, too young to die."

As for the rest, nicely done but I don't expect to remember them tomorrow. One thing, surely Harry Andruschak doesn't SERIOUSLY expect us to believe that he believes real life has followed a plot laid down by Lester del Rey? Space has been hanging around a few billion years for us to get round to taking a good look. It will wait while we get our act rehearsed down here and ensure that the many lunatics we have placed in positions of authority do not get their chance to make the earth safe for society as they see it by turning this green and fertile planet into a glass topped radioactive wasteheap. Harry was just too hopeless for my liking.

((* They do sell blue pencils here, but the store was out of them the day we were editing that piece. Seriously, we try to

keep submissions as close to the original as we can; we prefer to edit only for grammar or spelling whenever possible. Thanks for the interesting letter. - NL
*)



Kim Huett, P.O. Box 649, Woden, ACT, 2606, Australia

To tell you the truth, I didn't know that fanzines like this existed anywhere but in faneds dreams. I'm not use to a fanzine so full of fannish material that isn't mainly reviews or locs. Even Marc Ortlieb's Q36 which is I think is the best Australian fanzine at the moment doesn't have anywhere near as much good original fannish writing once you take away the lettercol. Now I have had a taste of what can be had in other countries I am going to redouble my efforts to get onto some U.S. and U.K. mailing lists.

Nice cover. When I first saw it my first thought was "what the hell has that got to do with SF" but as I looked more carefully I picked up the little details which all made sense. That and the back cover is the best artwork in MIMOSA, I think. The interior artwork seems to suffer from poorer reproduction though many of the more humorous drawings are quite enjoyable.

Right on Nicki!! Your editorial ((* "Why I Don't Write Fiction" - NL*)) sums up my feeling about writing fiction exactly. For me, the letter is the form of writing that I am trying to perfect. I

also try to write the sort of fannish material that is in MIMOSA but it will be a while I think before anything positive comes of that.

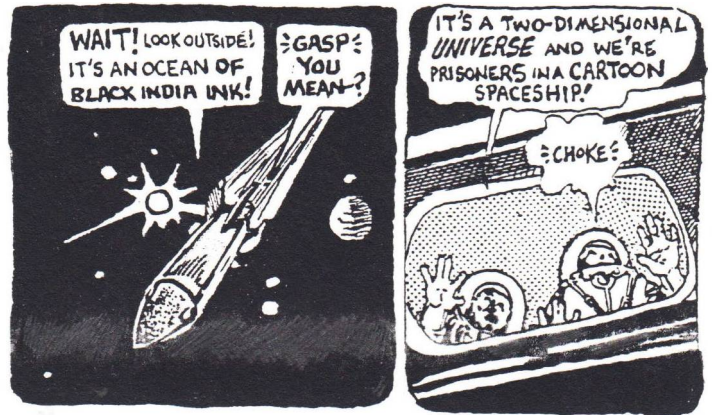
Jack Chalker's Chattoon Guest of Honor speech was fascinating in the way it got down to the basic reason why the US isn't going into space. The way Jack put it, it's amazing that NASA got as far as it did. There is no denying that NASA did manage to accomplish a lot and did it faster than many people expected. However it seems to me that many minorities are allowed to have whatever they want solely because they scream loud enough. Add a vocal minority supporting space to government inertia and the space program would probably survive till such time as the general public wakes up. Not anywhere near as strong as it should be but a lot better of than it is going to be now. A very likely solution to the problem was pointed out not long ago in Analog, which if had been put into practice at the time of the first moon landing would have probably changed subsequent events radically. The suggestion being that when the first manned lunar landing was made, the U.S. should have claimed the Moon for itself. The idea being that the masses would have been behind any measures to protect the property of the U.S. Maybe it would not have been successful due to Vietnam, but it certainly is an interesting idea.

To tell you the truth I have never read a hoax report of a con in my life though already more than a few normal ones have passed before my eyes. Now that I have read "Hawaiian Shirts?!" the thought keeps recurring to me that a lot more conreports could do with a little hoaxing. Actually it sounded rather like my first con. I certainly felt the same side effects even though I wasn't using drugs. But back to the report, which I admit made me have doubts about getting to know Southern fandom (I mean if you all turned out to be like that!!!). Not a lot said about the program though Dennis D has more reason than most not to have either attended or remembered such things. I wouldn't mind seeing a slightly straighter conreport in future issues just so I can compare the average US con with the local ones.

((* Rest assured, Kim, that not all Southern cons are like the one described. We're a pretty nice bunch once you get to know us. Times have changed, though. A recent problem has been with kids and other non-responsible people carrying naked weapons around at conventions, something I wish could be stopped. - NL. *))

anyway. I admire his imagination, in that case.

((* I'm sure Dennis embellished the events described, but imagined them? Oh, Never! Would you believe, almost never? - NL *))



Maia Cowan, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013

My enthusiasm for *MIMOSA* was immediately won by Nicki's editorial. When I started in fandom, I somehow convinced myself that I wanted to write fiction; but after a few halfhearted endeavors I decided that (a) I wasn't very good at putting the words together, (b) I didn't have the self-discipline to persevere, or (c) I wasn't likely to come up with a sufficiently original idea anyway, so that (d) I may as well waste my time on things I enjoyed doing more than revising first drafts. I seem to do a bit better with fannish nonfiction (particularly letters), but my philosophy remains 'if it isn't fun and I don't HAVE to, I ain't gonna.'

Jim Woosley, 1500 Sparkman Drive, Apt. 40E, Huntsville, AL 35805

I have to say that I was very impressed by *MIMOSA*. Of course, any zine with artists like Charlie, Julia and Rusty in its "stable" is off to a good start, and the Williams art in this zine is among the best I have ever seen (is that a Blush I hear in Knoxville?). Do the people in Corbin's piece look familiar? ((* That's what we were wondering. - DL *))

I can so appreciate Jack Chalker's speech/essay, although I've found that almost everyone I talk to is excited about the space shuttle and considered it well worth the cost. Perhaps the problem is not that we can't sell the space program to The People, but rather that we can't convince our alleged representatives in government that the People do want it.

Guy Lillian's article is a marvelous piece of prose. I have no use for rock concerts, and even less use for the Rolling Stones, but I still enjoyed the skill with which he described his experience (even while wondering why any intelligent human being would put himself through such suffering and inconvenience for anything).

I haven't quite decided what to think about "Hawaiian Shirts?!?". Seems to me that it's all invented, since if the author's state was as described, he wouldn't be likely to remember any of it

Nicki, your editorial hits close to home. One thing that brought me into fan writing was the desire to "polish" my style into something suitable to pro fiction. The desire to write professionally is not equivalent to the ability to write professionally, a lesson some fan (and pro!) writers need to learn. However, the key remains: writing. The desire to write may well be one of the major divisions between fan and mundane; the desire to communicate freely ideas and opinions is something most fans, and all too few people outside fandom have.

Jack's GoH speech/article is just as striking now as it was when he gave it at Chattacon 6. Just as essential. Just as ignored. Why, pray tell, will (self-admittedly) rational, informed FANS waste hours, days, years arguing WorldCon politics which make little difference except within a small subgroup of fans, and which will make no difference at all

in four or five years when they could and should be putting at least part of that energy into trying to encourage the government, private industry, their non-fannish peers, ANYBODY to support a rational sociology, political science, and economics; to actually study biology in the search for a rational sociology, political science and economics; to preserve the earth and the species which live upon it, and to carry that preservation to living species across the solar system, galaxy, universe. It is certainly easier for the fan to do the things for which he denigrates "mundanes". Is it not also hypocritical? Let us work for the cake, and let our fanac be its icing.

((*Good hearing from you, Jim. And congratulations on getting your doctorate! - NL *))



Jean Weber, P.O. Box 42, Lynham, ACT 2602 Australia

I have been reading a lot of fanzines, and am impressed at the layout and use of color in so many American zines, your included. Australian zines tend to be much more crowded, possibly because we're super conscious of the cost of posting things overseas and try to cram as much into as few pages as possible. So it's a real joy to read a zine with plenty of white space.

As for content -- well, I was impressed with Jack Chalker's speech. Too true, unfortunately. I do think, though, that there's a further way to get non-military participation in space. If/when some commercial firm thinks it can make a lot of money off something, then we'll see some action. Personally I'm not sure that will necessarily be much of an improvement on the military.

Guy Lillian III's piece on the Stones

concert ((* "Saint Mick" - NL *)) was well written but left me distressed by the emotional energy so many people exert on personality cults. I had much the same reaction to Dennis D's 'con report' on Chattacon 6; even if the events were a figment of D's imagination, I am neither impressed nor amused by the sort of people who think getting drunk, drugged, and sleepless is Lots of Fun, especially if they are wandering about the highways in a motor vehicle. I have no objection to drink or drugs, as such (as I indulge in them myself), but the virtual worship of the states of non-control resultant is to me very negative. Thus I did not enjoy that 'con report' at all.

Even though my reaction seems mostly negative, I did enjoy the zine overall and hope you'll keep me on your mailing list. You did have a nice mix of things, and after all one can't please everybody.

Eve Ackerman, 2220 NW 14 Ave, Gainesville, FL 32605

Thanks for sending me *MIMOSA*. The Williams art was a special treat, as always, and I was urged to write a LoC, something I seldom do.

"Why I Don't..." write on to you, Nicki! I'm tired of people asking me how come I don't write SF, especially since writing is my profession. Frankly, I'm scared to write fiction. As a journalist I find it intimidating to make things up after all those years of researching the facts. Also, I've seen so much shit come down the pike the past ten years, I'd hate to add to the flow just to try and cross that fine line from Fan to Pro.

I feel compelled to remark on the ~~paria~~ Chattacon 6 report by Dennis D. He says "...we meet Celko, with his fiancée, a beautiful rabbit..." Hey guys, I knew Celko was kinky, but a rabbit for ghod's sake? Isn't that going a bit far? Hooray for the Hawaiian shirts Brigade! They'll never escape alive!

((* After reading Joe's article in this zine, you may not think it was so far out for Joe to be escorting a rabbit! - NL *))

M. Ruth Minyard, c/o Chimneyville F&SF Society, 1410 McDowell Road, Jackson, MS 39204

I received *MIMOSA* and enjoyed it. Most of it, anyway. I'm glad to see you two are indeed still pubbing. ((* After the 4 year layoff, so are we. - DL *))

My one sour note is Dennis D's article. Not to my taste. I'm not saying you shouldn't have published it, mind you; I'm sure some fen quite enjoyed it. But I've never cared for his style of writing.

Nicki's editorial hit a chord; I once sat in the audience of a panel on zine editing, at which David Gerrold was presiding, and took umbrage with him over his contempt for zine writing. I pointed out that not everyone wants to make fortunes writing; for him to say "don't write for zines, publish professionally" was absurd. There just isn't much pro market for that kind of writing which fills most zines, and not everyone wants to write for the market. Zines, and zines which are primarily non-fiction, fill a real place in the scheme of things.

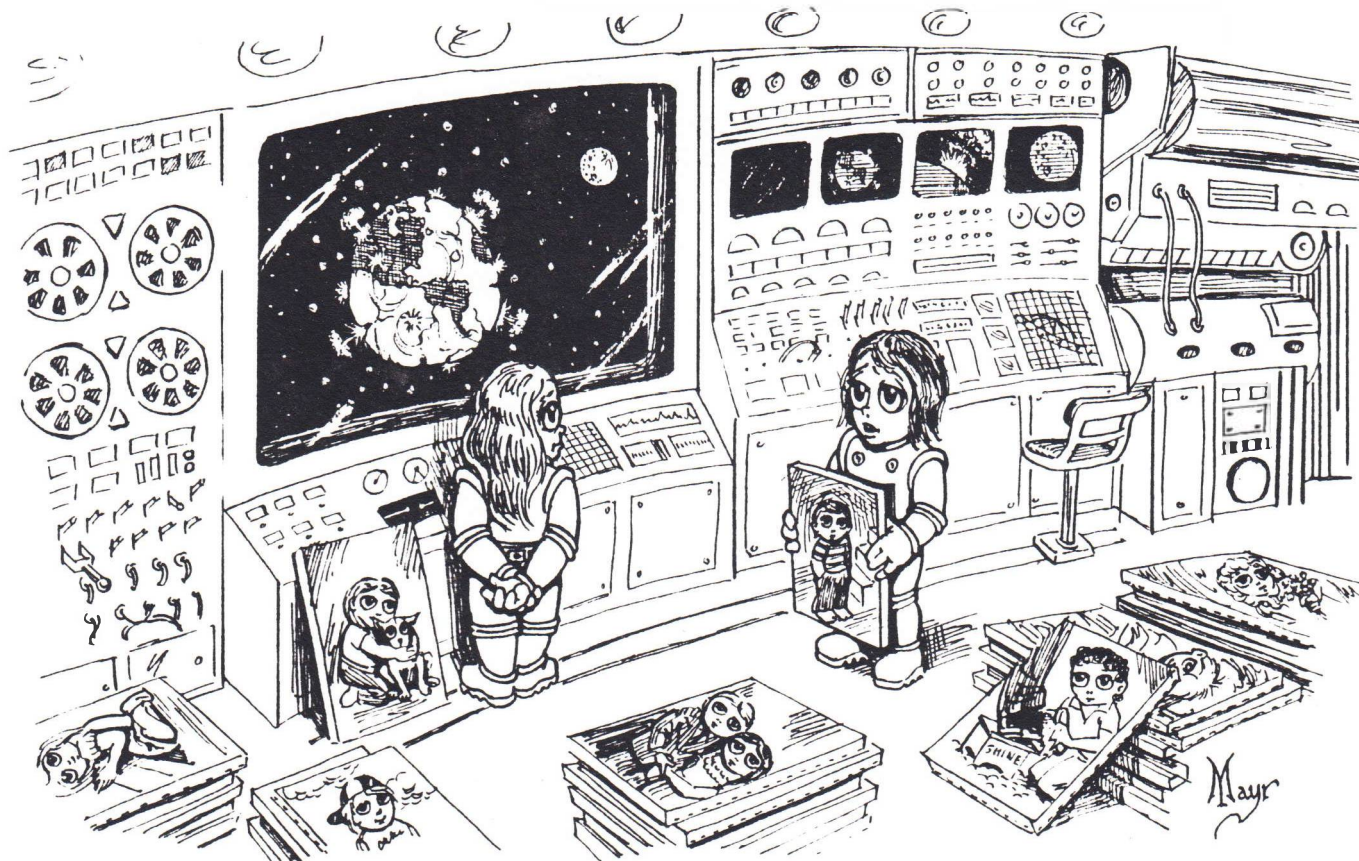
Jack Chalker's speech raised some very interesting points! I've been hearing a lot of these things said lately; the question is, do nonfans -- the people we have to convince -- ever hear them? The zines, and the SF mags, and the panelists at cons, are all saying a lot about space. But can we get it on prime-time TV, where the average folks will see and hear about it? And will we convince them? Chalker is right, the solution isn't obvious or easy.

MIMOSA #1 is a fine start on your genzine career. I hope #2 will shape up a little sooner.

((* Oh, well. Things were going along too fast on other levels for *MIMOSA* to come out before it did. Hope you like this one as much! - NL *))

Buck Coulson, 2677 W 500 N, Hartford City, IN 47348

Very nice cover and artwork generally. Williams of course is best; some of his art I don't particularly like,



"WELL.....AT LEAST WE WERE ABLE TO SAVE MUCH OF THE WORK OF THEIR GREATEST ARTIST."

but it's all very well done.

Of course, after you say you're a textile artist, people don't ask what you paint; obviously you paint textiles. Even I have seen ads for "hand-painted fabrics". (You don't think that's what they believed? You want to bet?)

Puns ((* the reader should refer to Ralph Roberts' "In Defense of the Horrid Pun" in MIMOSA #1 - DL *)); if I went in for such things I'd say something like mimosa is better than your mosa, but I never do things like that.

I just about fully agree with Chalker on space, though he does overlook the military aspects (so does Reagan, unfortunately). Sure, we're likely to see a Russian space station before we have one ((* How right you were. - DL *)) - but it will be a Russian military station. They do have the advantage that their military doesn't have to convince their common man that space is necessary, but our generals aren't going to let them have that much of a lead in anything if they can help it. They may not be able to help it; if Congress cuts back the military budget the generals will give up space before they will tanks. Actually, I'm more pessimistic than Jack; I don't think the Russian effort will lead to anything permanent, either. If the Japanese don't manage it, I doubt if anyone will. They're the ones who can see the commercial advantages; we don't seem able to.

((* Good hearing from you. Have you changed your feeling about space in the past few years? I wonder if the nation has as a whole. NL*))

E. G. Glaser, 1536 S. Orange Grove Ave., #3, Los Angeles, CA 90019

Interesting cover. I have seen some of Charlie's artwork before, and find it very pleasing to the eye.

Dick's article ((* "Getting There is Half the Fun" - NL *)) reminded me of a local fan by the name of Frank Gasperik, who on the way to a Westercon received a non-fatal gunshot wound in the leg. Word

traveled back to the LASFS that Frank (who never goes anywhere without a gun) had shot himself in the foot. As they say, an interesting story will guarantee you a page when the definitive history of fandom is written.

Lee Pelton, c/o Minn-Stf, P.O. Box 8297, Lake Street Station, Minneapolis, MN 55406

MIMOSA, as a word, has a memory-jogging effect. MIMOSA (the flower), according to Sax Rohmer in the Fu Manchu stories, gives off a particularly cloying and heavy smell that permeates any lair belonging to the fiendish Doctor. I'm not implying that your fanzine is similar, but just letting you know what the word has meant to me.

The Chalker speech was very interesting. He made a strong point on the second-class status social sciences have in comparison to hard science. I think the partial cause of this is that a majority of people have very narrow points of view on how to treat those who "aren't like we are" and their minds shut off once they've decided whatever the appropriate measures are. A sterling example of what I call the Lemmings' Rush in support of non-think. It is true, unfortunately, that many of the 'techies' I know have an astonishing lack of social awareness, and quite often are loners because they haven't got the barest rudiments of basic human interaction down. I have also found that those who won't talk to these are given the blame for our social failure's problem. *sigh* I honest-to-God have met people (fans, even!) who won't believe anything unless you can 'prove' it scientifically.

I hadn't run into Dennis D's writing before but had heard some legendary stories about the man, and I must say that he can write an interesting trip/con report. Mind you, I find that a rare thing. Most reports are extensive, inclusive, and ultimately, boring. D's, however, is a fine piece. I in particular was buoyed by his character sketches of fen he meets along the way, not the least of whom was Bill Bowles. Charlie

Williams' artwork was perfectly suited for the article. You have a tiger in Mr. Williams that I suggest you never lose. If his renditions of D are accurate, he has a striking resemblance to a local fan, Garth Danielson. I'm sorry to say this is no compliment. I am wondering, though, who is Fabulo Frenzinii? He has an amusing Fellini persona, but is he a figment of D's, or another fan-in-guise like Faruk von Turk? Or is he a combination of Celko and Guidry? One wonders...

((* Fabulo was (and probably still is) a real person. He was probably better known for exploits like those described in "Hawaiian Shirts?!" than for the artistic ability that brought him into fandom in the first place. He did a lot of airbrush artwork and glass engraving, but eventually dropped out of fandom when most of Knoxville fandom lost interest or moved to other parts of the country. - NL *))

Al Sirois, 72 Huinger St., New Haven, CT
06511

General impressions physical:
Clearly, you've put past production experiences to good use. To my not-too-experienced eye, all the pages seem to have been electrostencilled. Is this the case? The layout and art complement each other. MIMOSA is a good package, in my opinion.

Which more or less leads me into a discussion of the content of MIMOSA. Again, music looms large in the editorial interest, judging by article subject matter and the closing editorial, "Les Brers in A Minor" (a worthy song, and one which I often had the opportunity to accompany on drums, in my salad days). Now, me, I used to like the Stones, and I admit that a couple of songs off their album TATTOO YOU have a lot of the old bounce. But the last Stones album I bought was STICKY FINGERS. ((* For us it was EXILE ON MAIN STREET - DL *)) So, I found the concert article by Guy Lillian uninteresting. The mystique of this band puzzles me...I mean, a good band is a good band and good rock is good rock, but the Stones aren't as consistent or as inter-

esting as they once were, musically. Their image bullshit is just that -- bullshit. Big tongues, and the like -- pubescent fantasy-material. Just like the term "bubblegum", alluding to oral pleasures. Could the Stones simply be somewhat sophisticated "bubblegum"? Perhaps.

The reprint of the Chalker speech was thought-provoking. I believe that he did a good job in laying out some realities for us to look at. I don't necessarily see any reason to agree with his conclusion that the U.S. would lose an attempt to "surpass" other nations' space program of the future. In the long run, as loss is as good as a win...as long as someone is out there. The future has a way of changing the present..and the past.

Andruschak gets into some of the same areas as Chalker, but with less incision. He's right, too, but naturally the story isn't as simple as cut-backs. Although there are some cutbacks which are even more alarming, in a way, than the more overt ones like the cancellation of probes. For instance: only about 10% of the Viking data has been analyzed. Yet, funding for the analysis of the data is being chopped. This means that all that information gathered by the Viking program will sit around, waiting to be analyzed. In that unexamined data-pile may lie the answer to the question, "Is there life on Mars?" Think about that for a while, gang. It's all going to sit there: data taken from Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, various moons..the mind boggles. It's going to sit there for lack of money.

((* You have a good eye; we did e-stencil MIMOSA. I'm assuming we'll do the same for this ish. As for the Stones, maybe they've found their common denominator. They've been around so long, their music appeals to nobody in particular any more, yet everyone in general. Maybe Mick is indeed smarter than he looks. - NL*))



Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown, MD 21740

Jack's Chattocon speech contains a lot of statements I'd love to disagree with and can't think of any reason to contradict because they are probably accurate, no matter how much I dislike to encounter them. The only possible way out of the bogged down condition of the space program that I can imagine is a very long shot: cooperation with the USSR and other nations on big new ventures like the L-5 colonies. It sounds like a naive idea. But the important things which should be done in space are enormous from the cost and technology standpoints. If several world powers could cooperate on them, they might be achieved without devastating any single nation's resources and economy. Such cooperation might even serve as a turning point in international relations, a symbol that the time has come to put the one world theory into practice.



Jack Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Building,
University of Sydney, Australia 2006

As a non-American with hopes that humanity will get to space in time to guarantee humanity's survival in a war situation, I am saddened by the determination of American interest in pushing forward into space. Chalker's attitude is quite sensible in this regard. However, he neglects the fact that humanity will get there even if it isn't

American humanity - and that is the important point. In fact, the whole concept of the space competition is ultimately counter-productive.

Andy's instant nostalgia for the good ole days of the space race is a fine counterpoint to Jack Chalker's more thoughtful article. He unknowingly passes over the implications of JFK's finite goal - moon landing - and its importance in dooming space exploration. After all, "we" had achieved what "we" aimed for, now "we" could settle back to terrestrial tasks.

Dennis D's con report is fascinating. Hunter Thompson is alive and well and living in fandom. My trouble seems to be staying too straight at cons - all I ever do is talk, party and program with fairly interesting but not outstanding picturesque fans. Cons are probably more brilliant experiences Dennis's was.

((* Glad you liked it. How about an article on how a non-American sees the race for space? - NL *))

Avedon Carol, 9A Greenleaf Road, East Ham,
London E6 1DX, England

I know this isn't much of a LoC, but I finally got round to reading MIMOSA and, I gotta know -- who is Charlie Williams and where can I get one?

((* Charlie lives in Knoxville and does give illos to faneds. - NL *))





JR "Mad Dog" Madden, P.O. Box 18610-A,
University Station, Baton Rouge, LA 70893

Jeff Duntemann's "The Ill-Fated Biocell" brought back thoughts of my own early efforts in experimental chemistry (pink spots on the ceiling and black spots on the floor) and biology (lots of dead bugs and reptiles). Often, I wonder just how kids are able to survive to adulthood when the probability is that they will blow themselves off the face of the earth with their first chemistry set!

((* I remember my first high school chemistry experiment -- we were demonstrating how aluminum could chemically reduce iron oxide to metallic iron, and nearly had a melt-down of the entire chem lab. From there it was on to practical matters -- how nitric acid could corrode pennies so that they would work like dimes in candy machines. Such was adolescent nerd-dom. - DL *))

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St.,
Indianapolis, IN 46240

Thanks, Nicki, for the kind remarks on my essay in "Lost Dorsai". The critic

gets much less feedback than the fiction writers. Let's see what happens when my own novel, "Dreamrider", comes out from Ace. ((* It got some acclaim, since Sandra was subsequently nominated for the John Campbell award for best new writer. - DL *)) I do stitchery myself (used to display at con art shows), but nobody knows what that means either.

□□□□□

WE ALSO HEARD FROM (in no particular order):

Tony Cannon, Dave Pettus, Craig Parrow, Gerald Boyko, Ray Herz, D. Potter, Ralph Roberts, M. E. Tyrell, Robert Briggs, Adrienne Losin, Barney Neufeld, Adrienne Fein, Garth Spencer, Colin Fine, George Laskowski, Kees van Toorn, Ward Batty, Sandy Roaden Ciccarella, Leslie David, Sheryl Birkhead, Dennis Jarog, Arthur Hlavaty, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Robert Bloch, Dan Steffan, Andy Andruschak, Rich Howell, A. D. Wallace, Mike Rogers, Jeanne Corbin, David Palter, Merlin Odom, Chris Estey, Alan Hutchinson, Gary Deindorfer, Guy Lillian III, and Weiner J. Smith. Thanks to one and all who sent LoCs and/or fanzines. We won't wait so long to publish MIMOSA #3.



Artists Credits

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery - 3 (logo)

David Heath - 4, 33

Hank Heath - 28, 30, 34 (bottom), 35 (top)

Alan Hutchinson - 11, 13, 14, 24, 25, 26

Mark Maxwell - front cover

John Mayer - 31

Julie Scott - 10 (bottom), inside front cover

Charlie Williams - 3 (both), 5, 6, 7, 8 (both), 9 (all), 10 (top), 18, 19 (all), 20 (all), 21 (all), 22 (all), 29, 34 (middle), 35 (bottom), inside back cover, back cover

Contributors' Addresses

Lon Atkins, 1101 Valley Circle, Costa Mesa, California 92627

P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Alabama 36201

Joe Celko, 8833 Sunset Blvd. #304, Los Angeles, California 90069

John Guidry, 1 Finch St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70124

David Heath, 332 33rd St., San Pedro, California 90731

Hank Heath, 5117 NW 5th St., Miami, Florida 33126

Alan Hutchinson, 6640 13th Ave. N, St. Petersburg, Florida 33710

George Laskowski jr., 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013

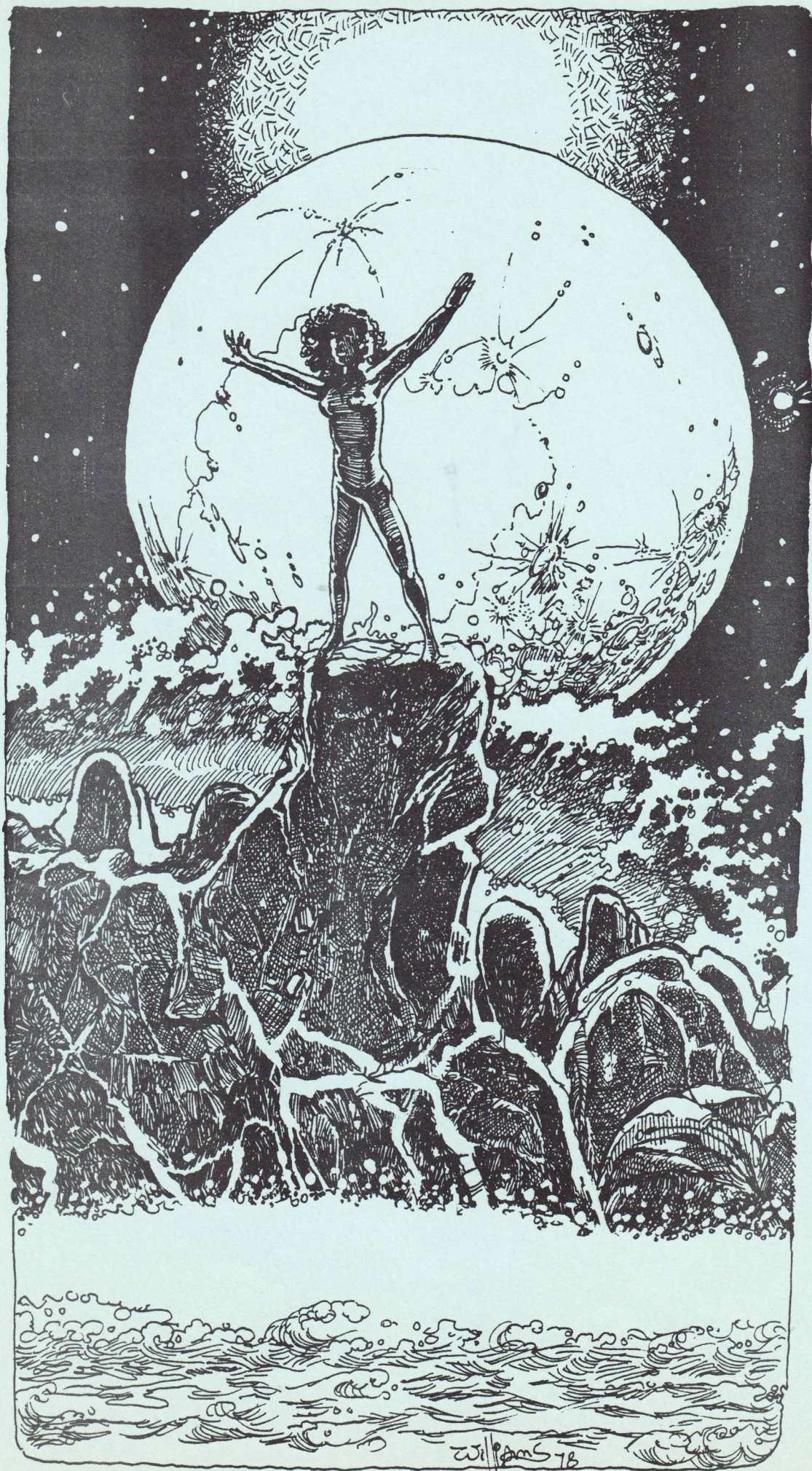
Mark Maxwell, 2220 Highland Ave., Knoxville, Tennessee 37916

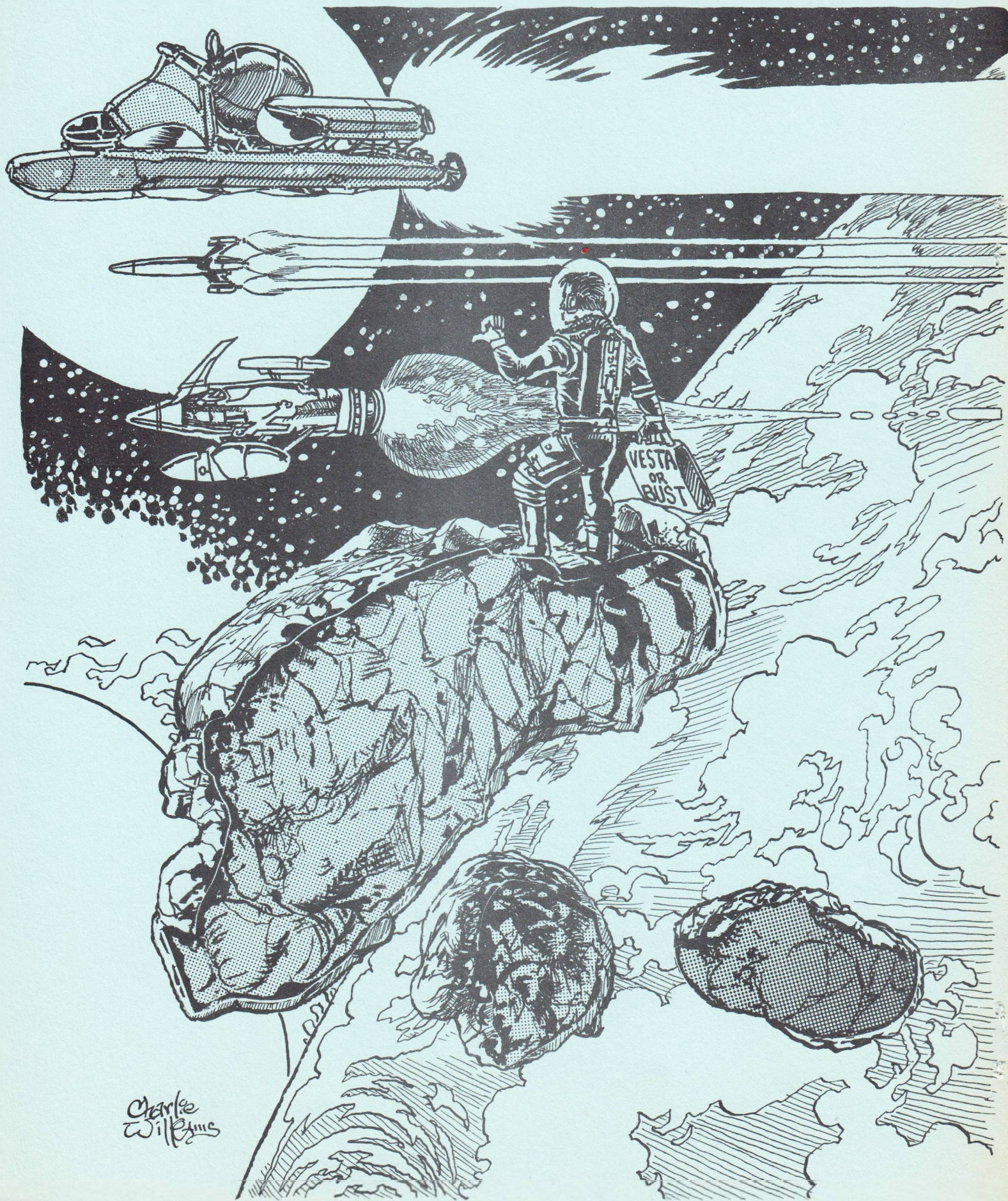
Julia Scott, 108 Woodlawn Drive, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37411

Bob Tucker, 2516/H E. Washington St., Bloomington, Illinois 61701

Charlie Williams, 1200 Woodcrest Drive, Knoxville, Tennessee 37918

Justin Winston, c/o NOLAcon II, P.O. Box 8010, New Orleans, Louisiana 70182





Charles
Williams