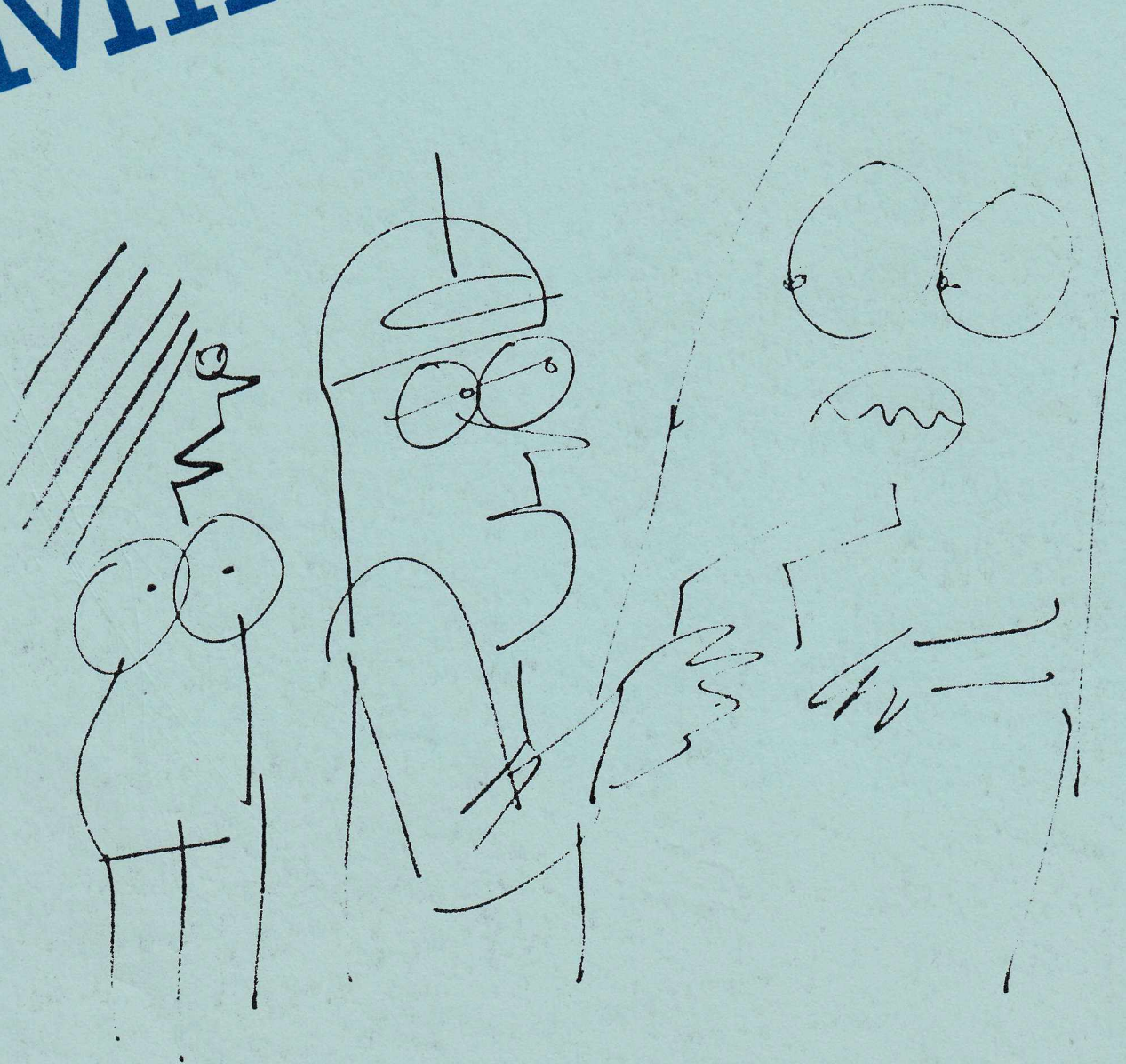
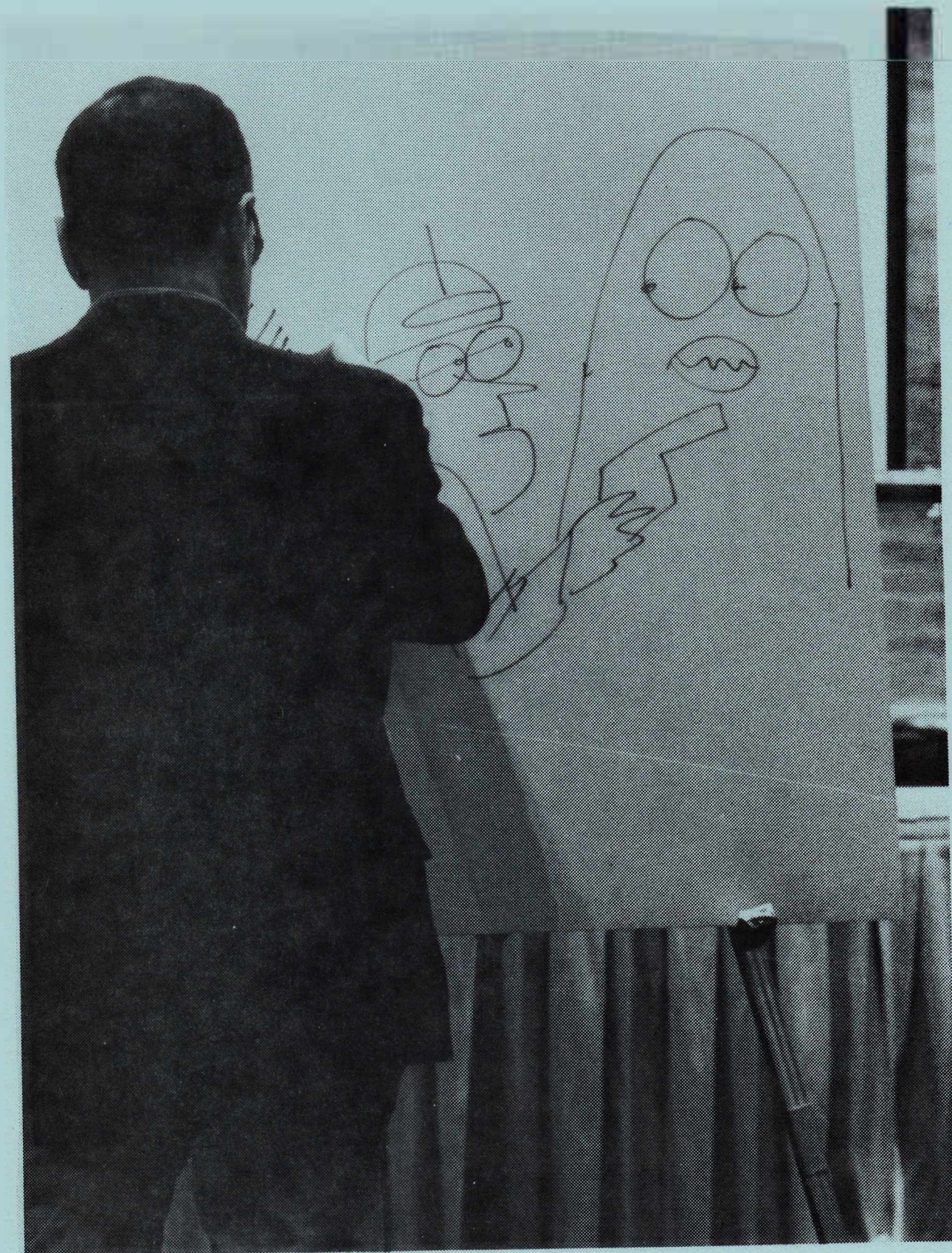


Mimosa



4



Ron Goulart draws *Mimosa* 3.5 Second Cover

Mimosa #4, from Dick and Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37416 U.S.A.

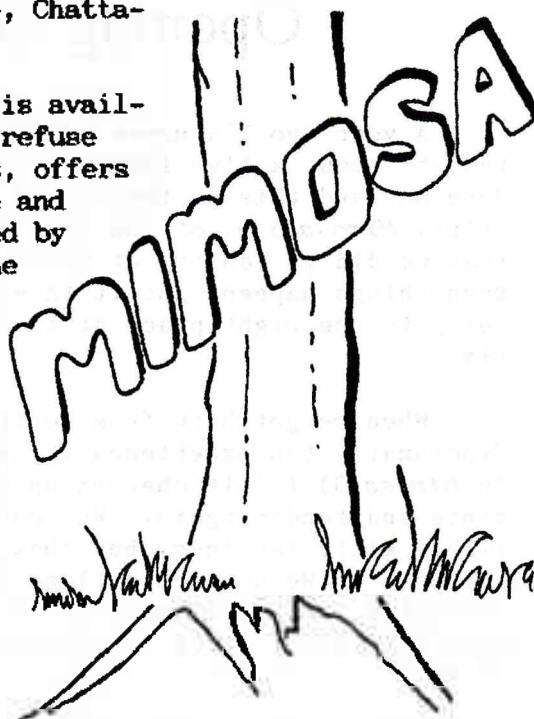
This issue of *Mimosa* was published on April 1988 and is available via U.S. Mail free for the asking (but we won't refuse \$1.50 to help send it your way). Letters of comments, offers of artwork, fanzines in trade, etc., are also welcome and will keep you on our mailing list. Opinions expressed by contributors are their own. If you're reading someone else's copy and are wondering why we didn't send one to you, maybe it's because we don't have your current address...

☐ <== If this box is checked, please let us know if you want to receive the next issue.

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Opening Comments: "Totally Live"

Nicki Lynch

A year ago I'd never heard of or thought about a live fanzine. Now we've done one and this is the edited transcript, *Mimosa 3.5*, of the live fanzine that we did in January at Chattacon 13. Such things happen, but it takes work and being in the right place at the right time.

When we got back from Corflu 4 in Cincinnati, (an experience I talked about in *Mimosa 3*) I felt charged up about fanzines and fandom again. We don't do stylishly elite fanzines, but that wasn't the point. We do an ole timey type fanzine that takes fan observations and put them into print; it's fun and worth doing.

Since we had been asked to do the programming for the local SF con, Chattacon, we were in the position to do a live fanzine. We had the time and the place and we would have a number of talented regional fans there. With all that going for us, it might sound easy, but there were problems to solve and decisions to make.

For example, Dick and I each had our own ideas on what the Live Fanzine event would be. My idea was to make it a Happening or performance piece, if you were there you saw it -- no other records of the event. Totally live. Dick, on the other hand, wanted to tape it, edit it and distribute it to fans who were interested in seeing it. Also, he wanted to ultimately do the zine that you hold in your hand. I guess you know whose idea won.

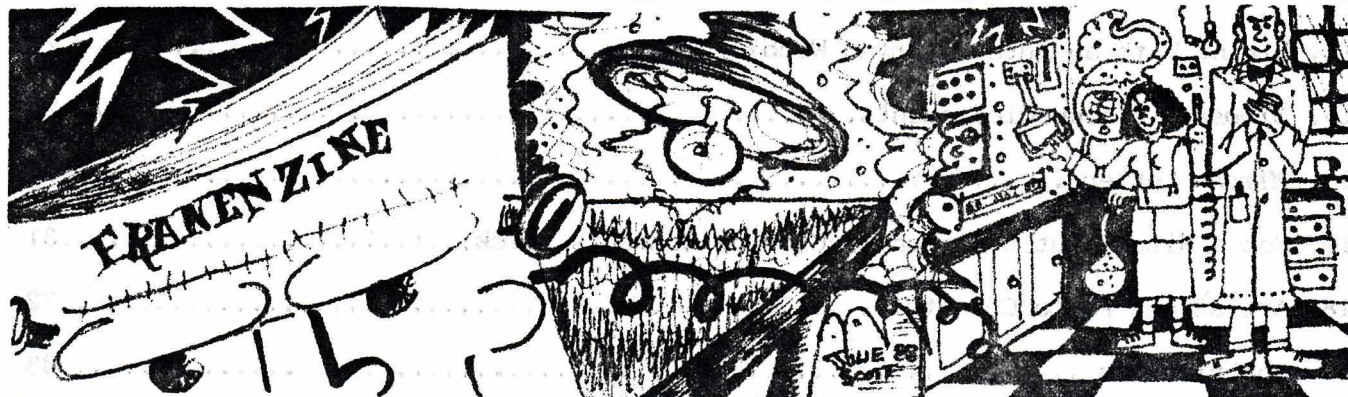
I didn't mind as long as I didn't have to line up the equipment. The next problem was lining up the people and their articles. The fear is to have either too many articles (you can't save them for the next ish) or too few (you don't have enough to pub). The South is not known as a hotbed of fan publishing or fan writers, so we went to our friends who wrote or published. And they came thru beautifully.

So it turned out we had just enough to fill the two hours allotted for the live fanzine.

The last problem was The Weather. All the people to give articles lived out of town and, in the South in the winter, people are reluctant to travel if the weather is bad. But we were fortunate that the major storm of the season (the *only* storm of the season) struck the Southeast the weekend *before* Chattacon.

So the Live Fanzine went without a hitch (none worth mentioning) and was very well received. It has been mentioned in fanzine reviews of Chattacon and we've been asked about doing a Live Fanzine for the next Chattacon and at the NOLA WorldCon.

I have no idea if we'll do a live fanzine again in the future, but the fanzine you hold in your hand, the transcript of *Mimosa 3.5*, will give you some idea of how much fun we had and why it was so well received. If we ever do another Live Fanzine, I hope you'll be there to see it.



Colophon / Intro of Maurine Dorris

Nicki Lynch

Dick and I get a lot of fanzines each year and the one thing that separates the more established fan from the up-and-coming fan is the colophon. Or the lack of one.

I'm not sure what's happening to the egos of fans. It used to be that fans, especially print fans, had egos the size of Winnebagos. Where this really showed was in their colophons. However, in this past year, we've received several fanzines that only had a return address on the envelope. Often, there was no colophon, and when there was, it consisted of a name listed as "the editor".

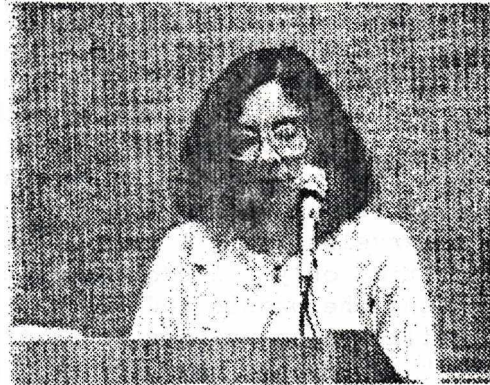
We've also received fanzines that *revelled* in the colophon. Some fan writers use the colophon to set up a joke about the zine title. Others write a little story that ends with their name and address. Still others have a plain colophon that simply states information.

I suppose I should explain what a colophon is. A colophon is a short piece written by the fan doing the zine which gives the title, the frequency of distribution, what it costs (money or The Usual), and the fan's name and address so anyone getting the zine knows who it was from. In newspaper terms, a colophon tells who, what, where, when and even how. But this Time Honored Tradition of Fandom seems to be fading.

The Usual, for those unfamiliar with the term, means the FanEd will send you a copy of his/her zine in exchange for a

letter of comment on the zine, art work for the zine, or an article or story for the zine.

So in the Time Honored Tradition of Fandom, here is our colophon:



Nicki

This is **Mimosa 3.5** edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch of 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37416. This edition is being recorded live at Chattacon 13 on January 16, 1988 and will be distributed as a fanzine and as an edited video tape. The fanzine will be available for The Usual.

The first article is by **Maurine Dorris**, a long-time Nashville fan who is also this Chattacon's Fan Guest of Honor. Maurine is known for her work on Nashville's Kubla Khan, her marvelous costumes at masquerades and last year she chaired the World Fantasy Convention. She's here to talk about neos.

Of Neos and Neo Hunting

Maurine Dorris

My first convention was Kubla Khan in 1979. Before then I, like most readers of science fiction and fantasy, had no idea there was such a thing as science fiction conventions. Any mention of conventions I had ever seen seemed to me to be for writers and artists only. So

after hearing a radio commercial for the local con and being assured over a phone by chairman Ken Moore that my money would be gladly taken and that I could meet and mingle with people whose work I had only read, I was *thrilled*. That Friday after work I arrived at the hotel in a dress

and high heels with makeup, hoping to make a good impression on all these brilliant people and perhaps actually get to *talk* to one of them in person.

Well, you all know the shock that I received. People in blue jeans and T-shirts with weird sayings... Hall costumes... Everyone seemed to know everyone else, and they talked another language. It seemed that I was the only one who didn't *know* anyone. So I walked around and tried to blend into the wallpaper. I found the con suite -- I had no idea you could just go and get something to drink and sit and listen to people talk. And the Art Show -- it took my breath away, but I had no idea you could *buy* this marvelous art; I thought it was for exhibition only. I *did* know that you could attend the panels and I did. It was a thrill seeing writers and artists whose work I had only seen and read for years sitting right there in front of me.

I tell you all of this to set the stage for the reason for this talk -- Neos. At that Kubla Khan I met Martha Beck, or rather she met me -- I surely *never* would have approached her. She started to talk to me and found out that I was a Neo. Well, she took me under her wing; she started to fill me in. She took me to parties that night. She introduced me to Theodore Sturgeon and Lady Jane -- I was so scared I don't think I said two words to them. She introduced me to a *lot* of people that weekend and gave me a valuable piece of advice: "Tell everyone you are a Neo." All I had to do the rest of the weekend when I didn't understand something was say that Magic Phrase. Suddenly, people would go out of their way to talk to me and explain what I didn't understand -- it was *wonderful*. I tried so hard not to be a bother and hang around Martha all the time; I just *knew* she had important things to do. But just when I was feeling lost and alone, she would appear, spend some time with me, introduce me to someone who would look after me for a while, and disappear to do her own thing again.

My next convention was North American in Louisville that same year, where I knew a total of three people well enough

to say, "Hi. Want to go to lunch with me?" That's *three* people out of *three thousand*, and one of them was Martha. I used the magic words: "I'm a Neo," and I made quite a few friends by the end of the convention. It was enough for me to get totally hooked on fandom.



Maurine Dorris

So since then I try at every convention to find one neo and take her under my wing, and make her feel welcome; I would like to see everyone do this same thing. Now, you must look hard if you're going to be a Neo Hunter; they blend into the wallpaper. But they are easy to spot if you know what to look for. The best way is to look for what I call the Stars in the Eyes, where everything they see is wonderful and marvelous. They will attend all the panels, and at the art show will just stand and stare at a painting. They will buy things in the huckster room that everyone else has bought years ago and be *thrilled* with the purchase. Neos also seem to hang around the outskirts of a group of fans who have a writer or artist in their midst. I try to spot one outside such a group, then mosey over and check to see if they are a neo and really *would* give their right arm to meet that writer or artist. And then lead her over and introduce her. Talk about an all-time high -- to give someone her heart's desire. And it really isn't all that much trouble.

If you want to be a Neo Hunter, you must realize that this is a very important thing we do, and you must assume the



responsibility that runs with it. How a Neo feels about fandom in years to come depends on you and how seriously you take your duties as his or her first friend in fandom. You should check out the new crop of neos on Friday -- Opening Ceremonies is a good place to start. When you

decide on your neo, move in and start being friendly. Explain about room parties -- both open and closed door, the con suite, art shows, panels, video room, huckster room, the masquerade, and hall costumes. Find out what they are interested in, and be sure to introduce your neo to people you know who have the same interests. And make sure your friends know this person is Your Neo so that they will be extra nice. You don't have to spend a lot of time with her, but you *do* have to talk to her a couple of times a day and invite her to sit in your group with you. And very important -- smile at her in the halls when you see her.

In short, Neos are very delicate and should be handled with a lot of TLC. But if you will just take the time and trouble, you will find a lot of really neat people that you would have missed otherwise, and they will always think that you're the most marvelous person they have ever met.

So take a Neo to lunch!

Intro of Jack Chalker (Dick)

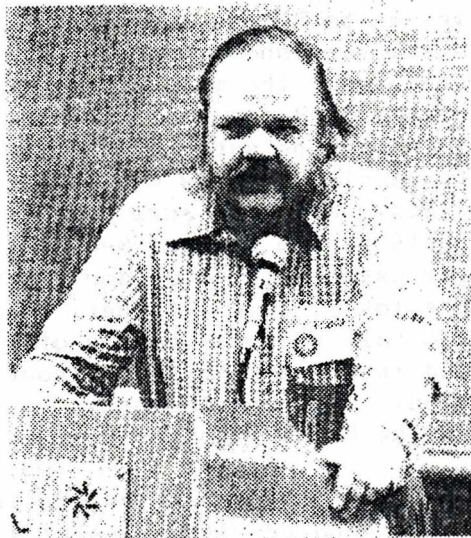
I was going to start the introduction of the next speaker by asking you to remember back to last year's Chattacon, but realizing that trufans are hard party-ers, I wonder how many of you even remember last night! Anyway, last year's Chattacon was the last convention for Dr. Charles L. Barrett. Those of you who attended hopefully got to meet him. Doc Barrett was one of First Fandom's best

known and best loved members. Among his fan accomplishments was co-founding Midwestcon, almost 40 years ago now. And he remained a practicing physician into his late '70s; he once even wrote me a prescription for a hair-restoring drug! Here to say more about Doc Barrett is Chattacon's Fantasy Guest of Honor, Jack Chalker...

A Remembrance of Doc Barrett Jack Chalker

The best thing I can do is to say that Doc Barrett was one of our *premiere* characters; he was a character in every sense of the word, and all of them good. He was one of those people who was a great collector, immensely knowledgeable in the field. He was also the kind of guy who'd been around for years and

years, but would sit there and talk to someone he didn't know for hours and hours. On almost *anything*. Eventually he'd get around to diagnosing everything that was wrong with you, and then he would proceed to tell you what you needed to get yourself right again.



Jack Chalker

Doc Barrett was the soul of a thing I call Bent Midwestern Fandom, which I use to describe certain areas and certain types of people. Midwestcon is a very good example of that. It, probably more than anything else, exemplifies Doc Barrett's ideas -- he was one of the foun-

ders of it -- back before he was even in Cincinnati. He spent much of his life in a fruitless mission to get his philosophy carried over to the rest of the conventions. Doc believed that parties and meeting people were *all* the things worth mentioning and which could only be done properly only if you eliminated all the extraneous and meaningless things such as programming, guests of honor, art shows... this kind of thing -- he was willing to allow huckster rooms because he was a collector -- and just have continuous parties. In many cases, unless he was asked to be on something he decided that he would treat every convention he went to, including World Conventions, as if there were nothing but continuous parties, and all that other stuff going on was extraneous and for weird people.

He was just an absolutely marvelous personality, a good friend of mine. He was a man whose influence on the spirit of fannish science fiction would go I would say throughout at least four generations.

I loved the man and I miss him a lot.

Intro of Ron Goulart and Rebecca Lee (Nicki)

I've been reading Ron Goulart's books for several years, so I was pleased when he accepted the invitation to be this Chattanooga's Guest of Honor. I've

had fun talking with him at this convention, as I'm sure many of you have. Here to do a short interview with **Ron Goulart** is **Rebecca Lee** from Knoxville.

A Conversation with Ron Goulart Rebecca Lee and Ron Goulart

Ron: I hear they're looking for some people to take over the CBS Morning News program. This is the audition...

Rebecca: As someone who's published one short story and one novella in the past three years, I was amazed when I was told that you once had published 14 books in one year.

Ron: That was when I was in my '40s...

Rebecca: How did you *do* that?

Ron: Well, there's this friend of mine that's a cartoonist, and people ask him the Universal Question -- where do you get your inspiration; where do you get your ideas? And he has a drawer -- well he had a drawer before his wife threw him out of the house -- anyway, he had a drawer in his desk. He would open it and point at it; it was full of bills... So when you're a freelance writer and some



Ron Goulart & Rebecca Lee

body calls you up and asks if you want to do 14 books... No, wait, this was 12 books in a series and they had to come out every month -- it was a thing called *The Avenger* for Warner Books. So I did those and in my spare time I wrote science fiction novels. Actually, this always amazes people: you get the idea that if you write 14 books a year, you're a hack or something. I figure if you write 10 pages a day, you can write a book in, uh, three weeks, right? Sure. So it's no problem: you can do, how many can you do? Fourteen a year, that's what it comes out to.

Rebecca: OK, so I just write 10 pages a day.

Ron: That's all you've got to do.

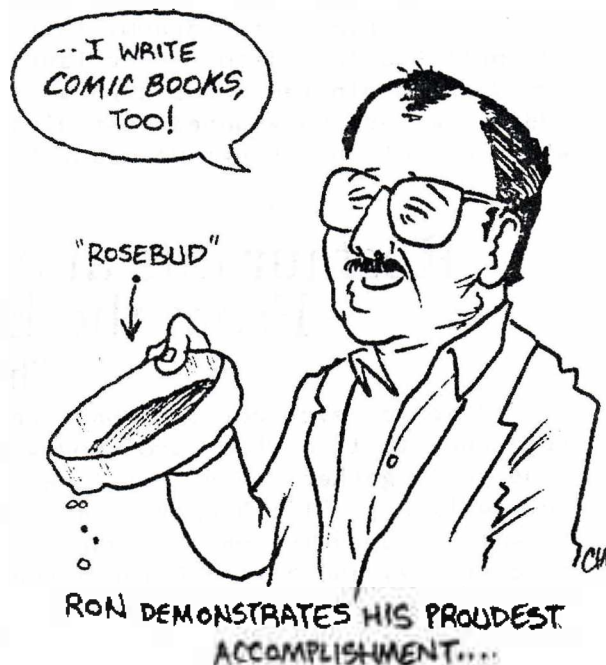
Rebecca: And you've had some books come out recently?

Ron: The latest thing that I'm doing, er, that I did... You see, when you're a writer, you're "doing" and you "did"; you live in several time zones -- what you're writing now, what's out now, and what you're going to be hopefully doing. I have a series of books about a character who changes shape; he used to be in the Chamaeleon Corps. He quit that; he wanted to go into the ceramics business. Which is my secret ambition, actually. When I was in grammar school, I made an ashtray, and I thought that was the best thing I ever did. It looked like what a dog would leave behind... And my father smoked cigars, so I gave it to him; that was the only time I ever had any rapport

with him... That's kind of my Rosebud; I guess when I die I'll say "Ashtray"...

Anyway, Ben Jolson quit the Chamaeleon Corps and became a private detective against his will. These are sort of inter-planetary, intergalactic space opera detective stories. I'm always writing these genres that nobody wants. Like: "intergalactic detective stories; you all want those, don't you?" Another one I did for Avon that

just came out called *The Curse of the Obelisk* is a Victorian, horror, fantasy, humor detective story. When the editor saw it he said, "Not another one of those!"



So that's the series of detective novels I'm doing; the books are coming out every two years, but I don't know if that's a series or a glacier... It's moving very slowly. The three books about the Chamaeleon Corps are titled, if I can remember them in my enfeebled state, *Daredevils Ltd.*, *Starpirate's Brain*, and the new one that just came out is called *Everybody Comes to Cosmo's*. Those of you who are movie buffs know that the original title of *Casablanca* was *Everybody Comes to Rick's*. This was going to start off to be a kind of parody of that. I did colorize it like they did

with *Casablanca*... But that's as far as I got.

I'm also doing a book for St. Martins called *The Great Comic Book Artists* Number 2. Or, make that *The Great Comic Book Artists II*, like in *Rocky II* or *Rambo II*. This will not do as well as *Rambo* but it's got the same numeral... And I've got a book coming out, I think this year, called *The Dime Detectives* which will be a history of the pulp detectives from Sam Spade through, er, through Sam Spade; it's a very short

book... And on top of that, I'm doing a mystery novel for Walker, which involves comics conventions in the Deep South.

Rebecca: I think we're in trouble, folks...

Ron: No, it's not here; it's the warm part of the South, in Florida. And something else, I think. Oh, I'm also working on a suicide note, but I haven't got any ideas... I couldn't think of a good reason for killing myself, so I think I'm just going to go on...

Intro of Charlotte Proctor (Dick)

The next speaker, besides being one of my best friends in fandom, is an accomplished fan editor. Her fanzine *Anvil* was nominated for a Hugo award in 1986. We were on a panel last night where one of the things we meant to talk

about but we never did get around to talking about was how unplanned misadventures sometimes result in interesting fanzine articles. Here she is again...
Charlotte Proctor...

Restaurants at a Slightly Greater Distance From the End of the Universe Charlotte Proctor

Have you ever noticed, Maurine made reference to it a while ago, how whenever fans get together, sooner or later one of them will say, "I'm hungry. Let's go out to eat." Depending on the venue, the time of day, and how much money you have in your wallet, you'll either eat at McDonald's or Steak and Ale, or even eat Chinese, or Italian, or Indian. Fans will eat anything, anytime, anywhere.

As a consequence of all this eating around together, there are a goodly number of fannish stories with a table setting... setting. I particularly remember restaurant stories from Bob Shaw's first visit to Birmingham in 1981. Wade Gilbreath, Penny Frierson and I took Bob to a theme restaurant called Baby Doe's Matchless Mine. So intent were we on getting there, we had forgotten to tell him about the artfully run-down, abandoned-looking exterior. Our path went by a rusty mine car to a weather-boarded building, and a door that seemed



Charlotte Proctor

to promise cobwebs and dampness within.

Bob was understandably apprehensive.

Pretending -- or perhaps not pretending --
 - shock and dismay, he asked fearfully,
 "Where are you taking me?"

"Come on, Bob, we're going to this
 fancy restaurant!"

B'HAMACON COMMITTEE TAKES BOB SHAW TO LUNCH

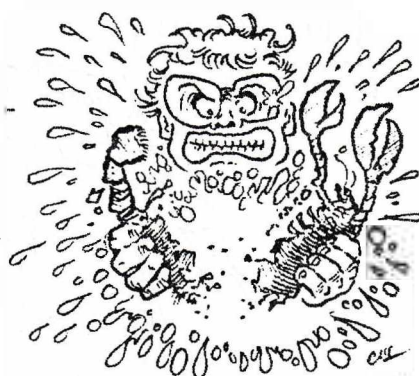


"But, Bob, theme restaurants
 are the big thing around here!"

Later in that same visit, on the
 first day of the three-day-long dead dog
 party, we went to a seafood restaurant
 called The Hungry Fisherman. This food
 run was Australian fan Marc Ortlieb's
 first exposure to Birmingham fandom.
 More on him later. The Hungry Fisherman
 was a huge place, and except for our
 party of fans the place was totally
 deserted except for a bunch of juvenile
 waiters. And so we thought that we'd
 have efficient service, but the waiter
 assigned to our table was more interested
 in shooting the breeze with his idle
 peers than with taking care of business.
 The service was terrible. It did, how-
 ever, allow Wade to leave the tip he had
 always wanted to: "Rockaway in the
 Fifth".

"Rockaway
 in the
 fifth."

The high
 point of the
 outing proved
 to be Bob's at-
 tack on the
 lobster. Af-
 ter using the
 implement pro-
 vided without
 success, Bob
 finally took
 lobster in

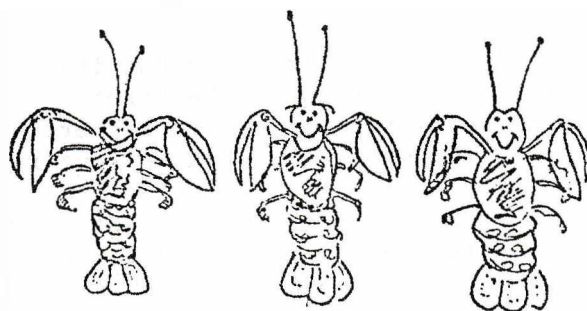


hand. His frus-
 tration was ap-
 parent as he gave the crustacean a mighty
 twist. Lobster liquid filled the air.
 Bob viewed the remains with a writer's
 curiosity, but when he looked inside the
 lobster's carapace, he turned slightly
 green and quickly covered it with his
 napkin.

"What is it?" asked Wade.

"Best not to talk about it," Bob
 said solemnly.

By this time all the lobster-eaters
 had given up and were dancing their
 lobsters back and forth across the table.
 This turned into a duel with claws madly
 clicking against one another and further
 deteriorated into using the claws like
 puppets and talking lobsterese.



ALRIGHT, Boys, LET'S ALL DO THE
 B'HAMACON SHUFFLE..

The dinner was finally over; the
 Hungry Fisherman said good-bye. He was
 glad to see us go. Back at the aforemen-
 tioned three-day-long dead dog party,
 Marc Ortlieb whipped out a bit of
 doggerel in honor of the B'hamacon com-
 mittee; I dedicate it to con committees
 everywhere.



BoSh

A DeepSouthCon in Birmingham was held in eighty-one, with guests Bob Shaw and Reinhardt to bedazzle everyone...

With Southern style and Irish wit and drinking feats immense, and tales of well-placed cream pies and of similar events.

The players there were gathered for the Tournament of Hearts; and several won and several lost, and one or two played cards.

Full many were the drunken rites that stretched into the night. The committee toiled and laboured till the whole thing turned out right.

So here's to all that gallant crew; we raise our drink-filled fists to drink to con committees, those most famed of masochists.

All this talk of the 1931 B'hamacon has made me nostalgic... Here's a piece Bob wrote himself, telling how he came to be there at all:

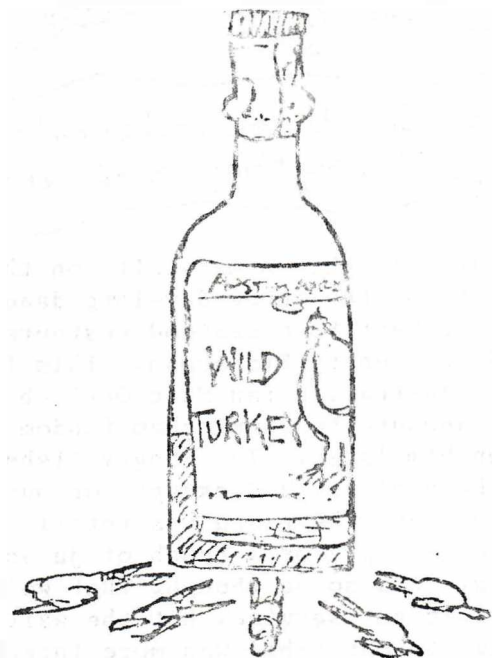
Bob says, "There I was, sitting at home in the English Lake District, sipping a half-pint whiskey malt, enjoying the sunshine and idly turning over in my

mind the idea that I should begin to think about making a few notes for my talk at the DeepSouthCon. Hardly had I reached the bottom of my fourth glass when the telephone rang. Doing my best to sound reasonably sober, I picked up the instrument and found that I was speaking to an editor in Copenhagen for whom I do some comic strip work. We chatted for a minute, then he said, 'By the way, when are you going to the States?'

"Not till the 26th," I replied.

"Oh," he said, 'you mean tomorrow.'

"No," I said, 'the day after tomorrow.'



B'HAMACon II DEAD DOG
PARTY

"I was so convinced that he was wrong that I gave him a big argument, when my eye fell on the calendar -- some day I'll have to get that eye glued in properly -- and it dawned on me that he was right!

"That gave me some thirty minutes to pack up my case, wrap up my daily affairs, and catch a train to London. I managed to make it, but only just, and

when I got to Birmingham I found I had left behind all kinds of necessities such as clean clothes, money, and my watch. That is the reason," says Bob. "I did not present my usual self at the DSC -- a cross between Beau Brummell and Prince Charles -- but it is a measure of the goodness of the Birmingham fans' hearts



YEA, THAT FOREIGN
COH WAS GREAT,
BUT HIS HANDS
SMELLED LIKE CAPT.
AHAB'S SOCKS...

that they pretended not to notice anything amiss."

Well, time prohibits my telling you what happened to the computerized cash register when Cliff Biggers presented the punch-card check with fork holes in it... Or the time when eating out with fans I excused myself to go to the rest room, and got lost... In the basement... Of an Indian restaurant... In Sydney, Australia...

Oh! Here's a fortune cookie; let's see what it says...

'I'm hungry! Let's go out to eat!'

((Ed. Note: Charlotte provides the following acknowledgement: portions of this article were also written by Wade Gilbreath, Marc Ortlieb, and Bob Shaw.))

Intro of Ron Lee and Jim Brooks (Nicki)

I've known Ron Lee and Jim Brooks ever since there was an SF club in Knoxville. They've been active in fandom for several years, and have been in numerous

masquerades together with Jim going on stage to perform material that Ron has written. Now they're both on stage here for us. **Ron Lee and Jim Brooks...**

Star Trek 101 Ron Lee and Jim Brooks



Ron Lee

Ron: Good afternoon, and welcome to Star Trek 101. Today's lecture is going to address the enigma that is James T. Kirk. For 20 years now, we've heard this man

talk on and on, and on and on, but what has he ever really said? Today, to find out, I'm going to translate many of the comments that you've heard him make in the past.

Jim (as Kirk): I'm the Captain; I'm in command! I'm responsible for the lives of four hundred and thirty crewmen!

Ron: Translation-- I take the responsibility, but not blame. People who are responsible don't get court-martialed; people who are to blame, do.

Jim (as Kirk): Our heading... Out there; that-a-way!

Ron: Mr. Sulu, did I ever tell you about failing my navigation exams?

Jim (as Kirk): Could this creature be...
an *intelligent* life form?

Ron: I just drank the ambassador from
where?



Jim (as Kirk): Mr. Spock, perhaps with
your Vulcan mind meld you can get the
information that I... *need* from her.

Ron: So, Spock; am I going to be *lucky*
tonight?

Jim (as Kirk): No, I... must leave. For
a Captain's one true love *is*... his ship.

Ron: Hey, baby; ever kiss the star of a
ship Captain?

Jim (as Kirk): *Dammit*, Bones; I need *an-*
swers!

Ron: Find another drug! The penicillin
didn't work!

Jim (as Kirk): Phasers on *stun!*

Ron: Remember the damn Prime Directive!

Jim (as Kirk): Phasers on *kill!*

Ron: Wups! They've got weapons, too!
The Prime Directive doesn't work today!

Jim (as Kirk): It was the best of times;
it was... the worst of times.

Ron: I get to direct the next damn mo-
vie, and Nimoy is too fucking busy.

Jim (as Kirk): Alright, squid! Drop the
piece and *freeze!* You criminal worms
make me want to...

Ron: Uh, uh... Wrong show...

Jim (as Kirk): Peace and love and tran-
quility and... Sp-o-o-o-ck...

Ron: ...Nobody understands this except
Gene Roddenberry... Well, I'm afraid
that's *all* the time we have, but if
you'll join us here next week we'll have
one of the advanced level courses on *Star*
Trek - The Next Generation. Our subject
will be "Wesley Crusher: Threat or
Menace?"



Jim Brooks

Intro of Bob Tucker

(Nicki)

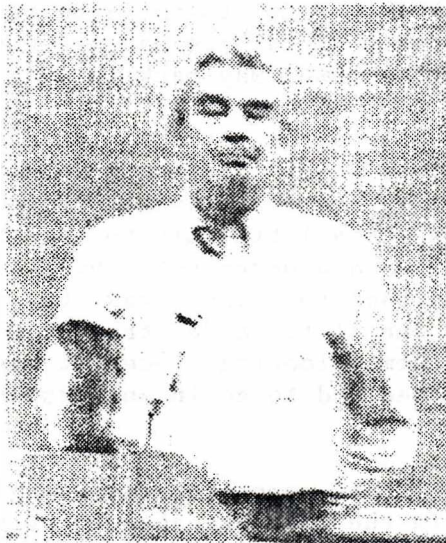
Everyone seems to have his or her own favorite Bob Tucker story. My favorite is the one he likes to tell about staying at our house some years ago. I was up early one morning after Chattanooga was over and Bob was sleeping in our spare bedroom. Since I had an apartment deadline, I was mimeoing my zine, trying to make as little noise as possible. Now if you know anything about mimeos, this is next to impossible; they have a very distinctive "clunk-a-chunk, clunk-a-

chunk" sound which is real loud. So I was working away, when a smiling Bob bounced out the bedroom with his robe and slippers and announced, "Good morning!" Bob then looked fondly at the mimeo, and said that familiar sound had awakened him and he *knew* he was in a fan's house. I'm not sure that a mimeo is Bob's *favorite* sound to wake up to, but I'm sure it's high on his list. Here with the next article is **Wilson Bob Tucker**...

Conventioneering on a Budget

Bob Tucker

Eventually in your fanzine you're going to get to the point where the previous speaker, the previous writer, has finished his article and you've got half a page of blank paper left. You never go to press with a blank half page. My part is the filler you put on the bottom half page...



Bob Tucker

And it has to do with a fan named Lee Hoffman, a fanzine named *Quandary*, and the first New Orleans WorldCon, in 1951. Lee Hoffman began publishing *Quandary* in about 1950; I was one of the people who contributed to the magazine. As Labor Day 1951 came closer Lee wrote me and asked if I was going to the con; I

said, yes, I expected to. Lee said he'd like to go, too, but he was, like most fans, broke. So I told Lee how to go to a convention on a minimum expense.

Lee said he already had a train ticket; trains still ran in that day between Savannah and New Orleans. I'd told him what to do in advance in letters I had written -- hang around with other fans and look hungry; somebody will take you to dinner and feed you. Since he didn't have a place to sleep, I'd explained what crash space was; you could always crash in another fan's room. If they had a big bed, you could get the other pillow. Or sleep on the floor. Come on, Lee! We'll take care of you!

I checked into the hotel in New Orleans, I believe it was the St. Charles, and went upstairs -- I'd been driving all day -- peeled off my clothes, took a shower, and shaved. I was shaving when there came a knock at the door. When I got out of the shower I hadn't bothered to put anything on; I'd just wrapped a towel around my waist. So I went to the door, and opened it; three people stood there -- two guys and a woman.

I knew one of the guys; he was wearing a shirt that said "I am Shelby Vick"... And on the back it said "You just met Shelby Vick"... They came into

the room. "Hi, Shelby!"; Shelby and I shook hands. There was another chap there -- forgive me, I can't remember his name: I'm going to call him Oliver. So they came in, and I'm standing there in just a towel feeling vaguely not at ease because this smiling woman is standing there looking at me.

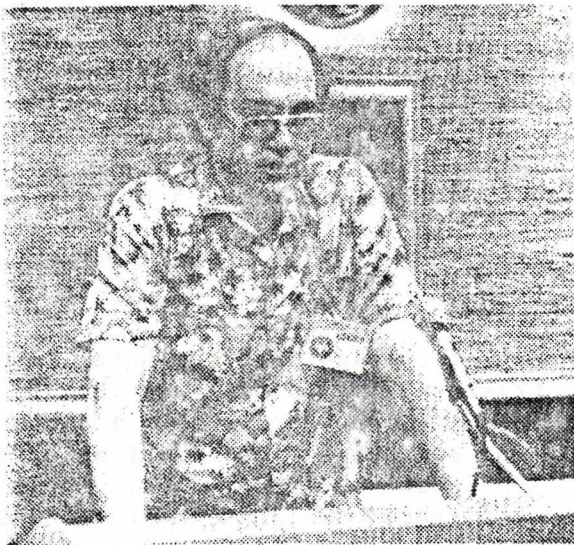
Then Shelby said, "I want you to meet Lee Hoffman." So I turned to Oliver and said, "Hi, Lee!" And Oliver said, "Uh, uh! Her..."

I had told this woman how to crash and sleep in other people's beds for free and all these other things, and now I discovered she's a woman. I stood there for a moment, and I realized I was making a fool of myself.

So I picked up the towel... went back in the bathroom and slammed shut the door. Lee has been my friend ever since!



1973 Remembered / Intro of Julius Schwartz Dick Lynch



Dick

Welcome back to the second hour of *Mimosa 3.5*, being done live here at Chattanooga 13. I don't know what the official attendance here is yet, but last year it was well over a thousand and I'm pretty sure it's that way again. I've lived in Chattanooga for over 14 years, now, and have seen and done a lot of things since I moved here from upstate

New York. But I think maybe my most memorable night here was my very first night in town, way back in 1973.

I remember the experience pretty well. I'd just gotten in from the North Country, and I decided to cruise around in my car a little bit to see what was going on and maybe get a beer before going back to where I was staying. Going down one little side street I found a nice homey looking place: it was a bar. So I decided to go in and just have One Beer.

I knew something was wrong when I got in the door, because the first thing I saw was that everybody was wearing cowboy hats, bib overalls, and cowboy boots. Worse, they were all bigger than I was, and much heavier. But, what the heck; I was already in there and was going to mind my own business, have one drink and go right on back out the door. What could happen, right?

Anyway, no sooner had I just gotten

the beer in hand when just like in the saloons from the old cowboy movies, the door *swings* open and in comes this huge, *huge* person. He was walking about a thirty degree tilt, *obviously* intoxicated, and the first thing he says after he takes a look around the bar is, "Ah do declare ah'm a gone-tuh whup averbody in-a-here."

And he was looking right at me when he said it.

I was about ready to do a full gainer right over the bar about then. But then this guy standing next to me -- he hadn't said a single word the entire time I'd been in there -- picks up his drink and like John Wayne, gulps it down and *slams* the empty down all in one motion. Then he turns around and says, "Wal, ah'm a in hurry, so whyn't ya start with me first."

At that point I remember looking up at this guy and thinking, "Bless you!" So anyway, they went at it right then and

there, and I did a quick sidestep maneuver, right out the door. As I got in my car and drove away, I could hear the police sirens approaching, and the only thing I could think of was, "Well, Dick, welcome to Tennessee."

The next speaker is truly one of fandom's legends. Back in the '30s he co-edited one of the first science fiction fanzines, and was one of the organizers of the very first WorldCon. Not to rest on laurels, he was also one of the first literary agents to specialize in science fiction and fantasy, and is credited with selling Ray Bradbury's first seventy professional stories. In the '40s, he joined the editorial staff of DC Comics, where he's worked for some 44 years, now. Many of you know him better as Superman's True alter ego, and a little later he'll present a slide show titled "Fifty Years of Superman". Julius Schwartz...

The Amazing Flying Wollheims

Julius Schwartz

I have a lot of anecdotes to tell; I decided to tell this particular one mainly because it deals with Donald A. Wollheim, who is going to be the Guest of Honor at this year's World Science Fiction Convention in New Orleans.

There's a convention called PulpCon, a small convention for people who are interested in pulp magazines. And it's run by Rusty Hevelin, also a well known fan; he made me Guest of Honor in 1985, and I enjoyed myself so much I said I would go to the next year's convention. So in 1986 I called up Rusty and said, "Yes, I'm coming out to Dayton for PulpCon again. Who's going to be your Guest of Honor?" And he said, "Donald A. Wollheim." I said, "Great!" I've known Donald Wollheim since 1933, and we get along pretty well.

Rusty agreed to meet me at the airport, and asked what plane was I

coming in on. I said, "One-thirty on Piedmont," and Rusty said, "Wollheim is coming in on the same plane." So I said, "That's great, but *don't* tell Wollheim I'm going to be there."

So I get to the airport early, sit down, and hold the New York *Times* in front of my face. Soon enough, here comes Donald Wollheim, who's not in the best of physical health and walking slowly, followed even more slowly by his wife Elsie. So as Donald passes by me I say, "Hi, Donald!"

He hears my voice, walks over and peeks behind the *Times* and says, "Hello, Julie; how are you? What are you doing here?" So I told him, "I'm going to PulpCon in Dayton," and he says "Well so am I. That's great! Let's sit down and talk." We had about half an hour before the plane would leave.



Julius Schwartz

So I sat down facing Donald and Elsie sat right behind Donald. We kept

talking for fifteen or twenty minutes, telling real great old anecdotes. Finally, after about twenty minutes Elsie said, "Stop! I can't stand this!" And she pointed her finger right at me and said, "This is all very interesting, but who are you?"

And I said, "Elsie! What is the matter with you? Don't you remember 33 years ago? In 1953 at the World Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia? I was getting into an elevator with my wife; you and Donald were there and I introduced my wife to you and Donald and Donald introduced you to me and my wife. That was *only* 33 years ago! How come you don't remember?"

And she shrugged her shoulders and said, "I just forgot..."

Intro of Pat Molloy (Nicki)

Our next article is by a Kentucky fan who now resides in Huntsville, Alabama. Despite the move, Pat Molloy is still the Official Editor of KAPA, the

Kentucky Amateur Press Association. Every time I see Pat he's had another adventure. Here he is to tell us about one of them. **Pat Molloy...**

Gopher Broke Pat Molloy

Hello, my name is Patrick Molloy, and I'd like to tell you about my addiction. I hope that by doing so I can help some young, naive fan from going down the same path I did.

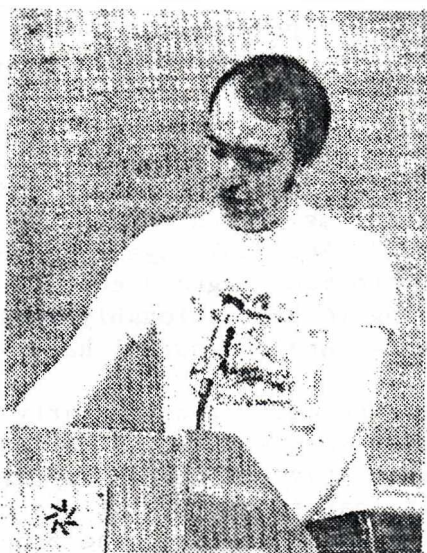
I was just a young and impressionable fan, going to college full time and taking in an occasional weekend SF convention. I was on my fourth convention when someone who had seen me around at other area cons asked me if I wanted to do a little gophering... Why sure, I thought; a little gophering never hurt anyone... Besides, it might be fun!

Well, that was the beginning of my long, downward spiral. I soon began working at almost every con I went to. My name was passed around among the con

chairs and other work pushers of Southern fandom as an easy mark. Soon it went beyond gophering; I just couldn't say no. I started working Registration, Con Suites, Video room, Art Shows -- you name it! I'd try *anything* that was offered me...

I never thought of myself as having a problem; I told myself I could quit anytime that I wanted to... But I liked it too much to quit. I didn't realize I was mainly going to cons just for the work...

It had become the central focus of my fannish life, but it didn't stop there. I soon was into the harder stuff -- I became a Department Head... Hucker Rooms, Operations, Security, Film



Pat Molloy

programs, Green Rooms -- there wasn't a department I didn't think I could run. I *still* couldn't say no! And so finally, my long, downward spiral ended when I hit

bottom -- I became a Con Chairman...

In the course of just a few short years, that seemingly innocent experimentation with gophering had evolved into a work addiction that took me all the way to chairing conventions. But what about now? Well, I'm still an addict; the road to recovery is a long and hard one. But since I discovered the Just Say No program, I once again know what it's like to go to a con for the fun of it and not just for the work. I've been pulled from the very brink of burn-out and gaffiation. I still work an occasional con: like I said, I *am* still an addict. But more and more, I find myself able to Just Say No when asked to work.

So, if there's a lesson that's to be learned from all this, it's that a moderate amount of con work in and of itself may be harmless. But unless you have the willpower to Just Say No, you could end up like me. Think about it...

Intro of Jerry Page (Dick)

Recently, I read somewhere that a person's average life span is now up to 72 years, up something like 100 percent over what the life expectancy was back in the middle ages. Mankind doesn't have the longest life span in the animal kingdom, of course: great land tortoises are reported to live well over a hundred years, for example. Even longer lived, one of the bristlecone pine trees out in the Sierras was calculated to have lived for about 2,000 years, but even this

pales in comparison to the ancient creosote bushes of the Mojave desert, some of which are reportedly over 20,000 years old. And then there's Jerry Page...

Wait a minute, now; the preceding wasn't meant to be a put-down of Jerry; it was meant to *compliment* Jerry on his *fannish longevity*. Jerry was one of the true founders of Southern fandom. Here he is now; Jerry Page...

Hank's Hallowe'en Jerry Page

If he'd been sincere, he would have helped me to the podium...

I was asked to come up here and to speak for the record. I'm used to coming up, sitting down, looking at the audience, and saying the *first stupid thing* I can think of. When I accepted the invitation to come here, I searched my memory

trying to find something significant to warrant this incredibly extraordinary event. Well, I failed...

And, as usual when I have nothing to talk about, I tell a story about Hank Reinhardt... Now, not everybody knows who Hank Reinhardt is. Hank is a person who has been in fandom *much*, much longer

than creosote bushes... He began his fan career by reading issues of *Planet Stories* under the Christmas tree at his home when he was a child. He has since grown up physically, at least...



Jerry Page

I think my all time favorite story about Hank was one that I got from his late wife Janet. So I'm not a witness to this. Which means my version will probably be much better than what actually happened.

Now, Hank Reinhardt is the world's second greatest living *Planet Stories* fan: his enthusiasm and his love for that legendary science fiction magazine is surpassed only by my own. So, a few years ago when Hank was invited to go to a Halloween party being thrown by some mundane friends of his, he decided, what the heck; even if they were mundanes, he would treat them to the most thrilling sight imaginable -- Hank would make himself up as a stirring example of a hero from the cover of the greatest science fiction magazine of all time, *Planet Stories*.

Hank is a weight lifter. Well, the weight he lifts these days is a little more modest than the weight he used to lift. But he was in reasonably good physical condition then. Anyway, Hank finds a pair of tight pants and some armlets; he chooses the best swords from

his collection. So there he is, armed to the teeth, stripped to the waist, and colored green... Then he tells Janet, "We can't be on time here; we'd go in, they'd just see me, and go 'hey, yeah, that's him; OK,' and then some broad would come in in a short skirt and they'd forget about me." And Janet says, "God, I hope so." But Hank says, "No, no; we've got to make a grand entrance. We're going to be fashionably late." And Janet says, "Are you *sure* I have to go?"

The time comes for the party. They drive there, and sit in the car out in the street; they wait, and they wait, and they wait, parked outside at the curb. Finally, Hank judges it's the proper moment, gets out of the car. He flexes his muscles. He throws back the cape, so that every gorgeous inch of his body is visible to those lucky people in that house. Janet runs ahead, so she can in there and out of the way before any embarrassment starts.

Hank strides up to the door and rings the bell; the door is thrown open. He flexes his muscles and the hostess says something polite. He goes in; he stands there, posing for the audience of onlookers. Who, he has forgotten, have been drinking all that time he was sitting out there...



One young lady -- Hank used several words to describe her: one of them was 'lush' -- she turns and she looks at him. Now understand: Hank Reinhardt in his green colored skin, his tight pants, and his weaponry, is standing there -- the perfect embodiment of a Leigh Brackett Martian warrior. And this lady looks him up and down and says, "Ho, ho, ho! It's the Jolly Green Giant!"

Intro of Anthony Scott King (Nicki)

If you've attended Xanadu, Nashville's fall convention, and if you're female, you've probably attended a women-only chocolate party hosted by Anthony

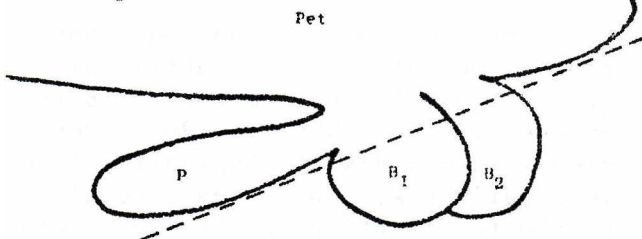
Scott King. When not offering chocolate to women, Scott is a film producer in middle Tennessee. Here with the next article is Anthony Scott King...

At-Home Pet Neutering Anthony Scott King

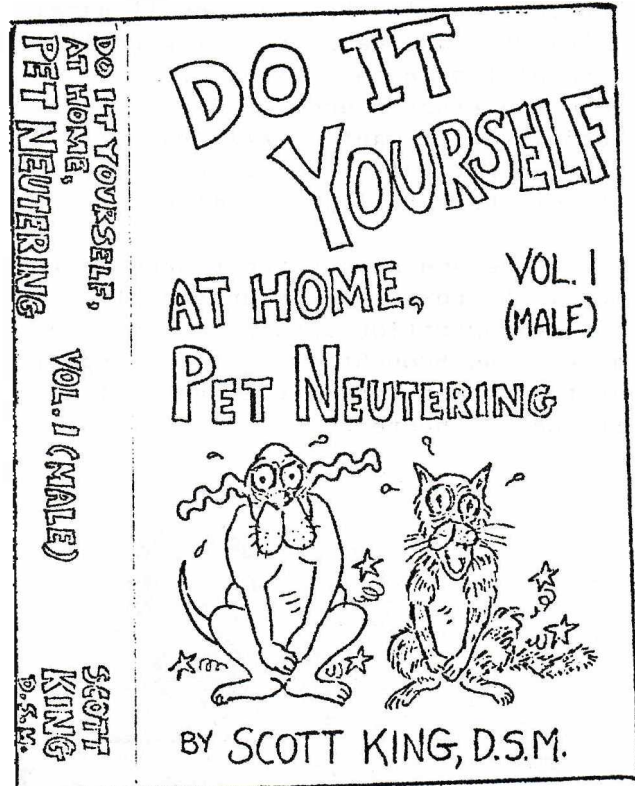
In the spirit of shameless self-promotion, I'd like to ask everyone to buy my new book, titled *Do It Yourself At-Home Pet Neutering, Volume 1 (Male)*. Pet neutering, of course, has become very popular in recent years due to the increase in vet bills, but it also makes a very rewarding hobby. It's greatly enjoyed by recently divorced women, especially those who are into collecting... Please buy and read the whole book before actually neutering your pet, but I'll be glad to give you a general overview of the process here and now.

Of course, any good twenty dollar book should have figures and diagrams, and mine does, too. To explain exactly what we mean by neutering, if you'll look at Figure 1, the process involves cutting along the guide line to sever 'B1' and 'B2' from pet. It's important to remember not to sever 'P' from pet; if one severs 'P' from pet it tends to produce identity problems that may plague your pet for the rest of his life, and you really don't want to do that.

Figure 1



Now, the first step in neutering is to select the proper neutering instrument. Everything described in my book can be done with common items found around the average American household. Once you buy this book, you don't have to



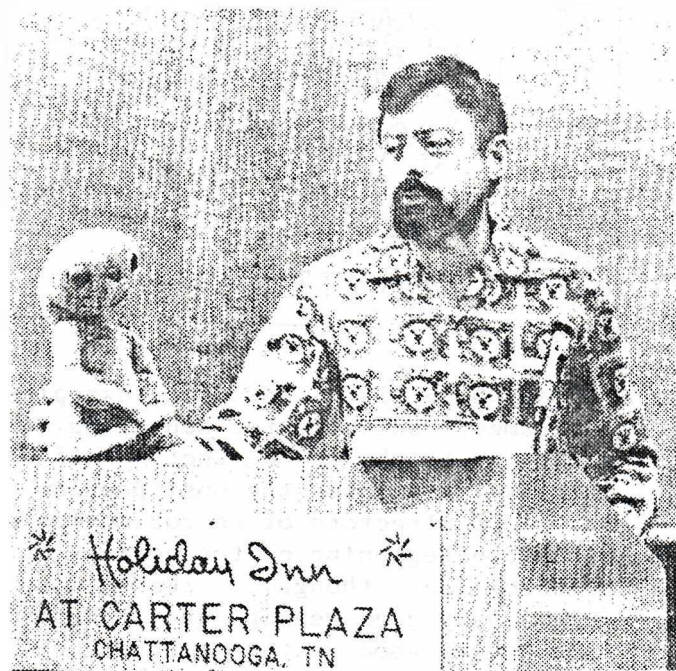
buy anything else. Now, some examples of instruments suitable for neutering. The first one is the French Chef knife. This is, of course, the most popular weapon of directors of horror movies ever since the beginning of the genre. In point of fact, though, it really does not make a very good weapon, and it doesn't make a very good neutering instrument, either. So save your French Chef knife for radishes and carrots, and don't use it on your pet.

Now what is probably the best general all around neutering instrument is the butcher knife. By its very name -- butcher knife -- you *know* it's going to be a good neutering instrument. Just

Imagine Jessica Walters with a butcher knife and you know what Clint Eastwood was thinking; that just screams neutering... You take a good sharp butcher knife and you put it in the hands of any sweet young thing in this audience, and every male present will experience a moment of unease...

So, for general neutering, you can't beat the butcher knife. Now, for special purposes, for Chihuahuas and your smaller Terriers, a paring knife does give you better control. For very small pets; for white mice and hamsters, fingernail clippers will snip them right off... For Doberman Pincers and for German Shepherds, you'll want a *serrated edge*... And for Pit Bulls, you'll need a cold chisel and a ball peen hammer...

Once you select the proper instrument, the next step is anesthesia. Now, for demonstration purposes, I have acquired and brought along a fine specimen of the common terrestrial pet which is frequently neutered...



Anthony Scott King

As you know, the primary reason for neutering these pets is that once neutered they lose their wanderlust, their desire to roam, and they're quite comfortable staying at home. Now, you'll notice that it keeps falling over on its nose. These dolls are *not* anatomically

correct; actually these creatures in their natural state are 48 percent by body weight genitalia... If anatomically correct, it would stand up very well...

But speaking of anesthesia, some people prefer, again, the ball peen hammer. Now, I don't recommend the use of the ball peen hammer for anesthesia. The problem is that some men are very strong; they're into county fairs -- you know, "swing the hammer, ring the bell." One whack and your pet's asleep and he doesn't wake up. Or the ladies who don't have the upper body musculature; they just whack on the pet for hours and it only gives him a headache. So I recommend against using the ball peen hammer.

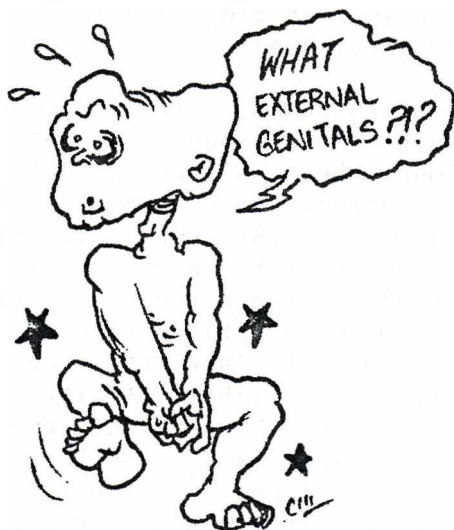
Now, a very, very good means of anesthesia is your home gas oven. You just confine the pet in the gas oven until it is rendered unconscious. Make *sure* that you extinguish the pilot light before you do this! Now, if you'll look again in my book on Table 1, entitled 'Gas Oven Confinement Times for Common Household Pets', you just go down the column until you find the name of your pet; then you go across to the body weight of your pet, and it'll tell you the number of minutes to confine your pet in the gas oven on High, pilot light off, to render it unconscious so you can proceed with neutering.

Be sure to place your pet on a cookie sheet or the bottom of a roasting pan; if you don't their little legs protrude down through the oven rack and they hang there with the rack pressing into their bellies, kicking and whining. It's unnecessarily traumatic for them...

For those of you who don't have gas ranges, one of the best general all around tools for pet neutering is the Bic butane lighter. What you do is you simply take a plastic bag, stick it over your pet's head, and being careful not to strike the flint, press the lever and inject some butane up into the bag. When he stops struggling, give him another thirty seconds and then you can proceed with the neutering.

Once you're through with the neutering, you need to cauterize the wound.

There are several ways you can do that with common instruments at home. One way is to use an ordinary clothing iron; you set it on High, for cotton... Slap it down there and count thousand-one, thousand-two, thousand-three; pull it up and there you are... For another good way we go back to -- you guessed it -- the Bic butane lighter. Just flick your Bic under your pet -- it does an excellent job.



There's another means of wound cauterizing that's not commonly used but which has very definite advantages. And that's the electric range. Simply take a small burner, and turn it up to red hot. Slap your pet down and again count thousand-one, thousand-two, thousand-three. And then pull it up; it does an excellent job of cauterizing the wound. Now, some people don't like this method because it does tend to leave a spiral pattern on the pet's belly. However, in the recent case of the State of Nebraska vs. Horace Gross, the court ruled that no two electric ranges have exactly the same burner pattern. So, you see, if your pet does wander off somewhere and you do have an opportunity to reclaim him at a later date, this will give you an opportunity to prove legally the identity of your pet. That he *is* your possession.

That's just a general overview. Men, neuter your own pets. A *real man* neuters his own pets. And you *don't* want your wife or girlfriend developing a taste for it... Look for my next book, *Do It Yourself At Home Pet Neutering, Volume 2 (Female)*. And, thank you...

Intro of Bryan Webb (Dick)

I have to admit, while being up here I'm beginning to identify a little with Garrison Keillor. I think all I need now is a pair of suspenders. Nicki tells me

I'm already starting to develop the stomach... We're going to close out *Mimosa* 3.5 with the next speaker. Bryan Webb...

Living with a Writer Bryan Webb

When I came into fandom I think I was naive enough to believe that the reason for fandom was the writers. Because, after all, before video tape, before television, before video games, before Dungeons and Dragons, under all were the books, right? Not altogether true! Writers are no longer, I think, the pivotal point at these events. Otherwise, when writers speak, why aren't there thousands of people there?

own, underneath all is the writer. I thought I'd tell you what it is like, a little bit, to live with a writer. They are *not* normal people!

No matter what you think, they do not have the same cycle of time that *real* people do. Nine-to-five is *not* in their vocabulary! They work *late* at night; you can tell they're working by the pale green light that comes out into the hallway from their computer screens. And you hear keys twinkling away madly in

Be that as it may, and to each his

there -- the work is going *well*! But when you tiptoe into the room and look over their shoulder, they're playing Pac Man...



Bryan Webb

By the way, the computer is the greatest 'tool toy' that was ever invented. When not using it as a tool, there are far too many 'toy' things you can do with it. Like graphics... God, to get into graphics: you gotta *do* all that stuff. So this year we produced all our own Christmas cards and meanwhile the book is not getting written...

Writers get paid to... what? -- to Think! They'll do that for *hours* without committing it to physical act. So what do you *do* when you come home at the end of *your* day? Do you say to your writer: "Well, how did the staring out the window go today?" Because that's what they do a lot; they stare out the window. Comes time for supper, and the microwave is the greatest invention in the world: everything you eat has been defrosted...

And they have this love-hate relationship with the mailman. All of them

need their heads shrunk over their relationship with the mailman. He brings them good news; he brings them money; he brings them -- God! -- *rejection*! Who can stand rejection? Because editors have this terrible habit; if they like your stuff they'll call you up in the middle of the night and say, "That was really good! I'm going to pay you X for that." And if it was terrible dreck and they can't stand it, they simply stick it back in your envelope and let the mailman do the dirty deed.

But think about it: they don't work like you or me. They don't get paid by the hour; they don't get paid by the unit of production. They work against... a *Deadline*. Terrible word! It may be what's wrong with the whole profession: they need to change the word 'deadline' to some more acceptable kind of term, like, I thought, 'DBW WBP'. Now you can just trip that lightly off the tongue, right? 'Your DBW WBP is September the first.' Which means, 'the Day Beyond Which We Be Pissed'... You can treat it lightly, and it doesn't have the monstrous overtones like 'Deadline'.

And then there's the house. If your writer is a lady, she doesn't do the housework. Now this distressed me at first, because the dust motes fell and gathered. But after about three months I discovered that they will combine with the dog hair... They're not really going to do you any damage, and like little tumbleweeds they will *roll* up into the corners of a room. Then, about every six months you can have this big project where you take a spring rake and you rake all the house out, and you're good for another six months.

Living with a writer is an adventure; they are *not* normal people!

Mimosa 3.5 Acknowledgements

And that wraps up *Mimosa 3.5*. Besides the transcript of Live Fanzine segments reprinted here, we wish to thank/acknowledge the following people for also contributing to the project: Doug Chaffee and Ron Coulart ("covers");

Davis Pirtle (camera); Ken Scott (camera and post production); Janis Johnson (music playback recorder); and Chattacon 13, for providing the opportunity and partial funding. We couldn't have done it without you!

Mimosa Letters

((A lot of interesting mail came back from our third issue. Starting off, some feedback on Nicki's opening comments on fandom as she first encountered it & how it's/we've changed, and our trip last year to the fanzine fans' convention, Corflu...))

Carolyn Doyle, c/o P.O. Box 711, Columbus, GA 31994

I liked Nicki's opening comments *((“Like a Car”))* about how fandom seemed when it was new to her, and the subsequent changes, and then her sense of renewal. When I look back at the first conventions I attended, I remember that what helped me to break in and talk to people was the fanzines -- finding faces to match the names I'd seen in print. In the past few years, it seems like there are a lot more people at conventions I don't know, partly because I haven't been getting many fmz and partly because there doesn't seem to be as many people at the cons who are interested in SF and fanzines and writing. A lot of them are what I guess you'd call “media fans” -- it isn't the costumes that bother me so much as the fact that many of them don't seem to read much -- they're into movies or gaming or other things that make up little or no part of “my” fandom.

((We didn't start in fandom from fanzines, but did discover them soon afterwards. As for your observation that there doesn't seem to be many convention attendees nowadays that are interested in fanzines and fan writing, we agree; it seems especially true here in the southeastern U.S. And as for the media incursion into conventions, wouldn't it be nice to have more cons for the people who aren't into media fandom?))

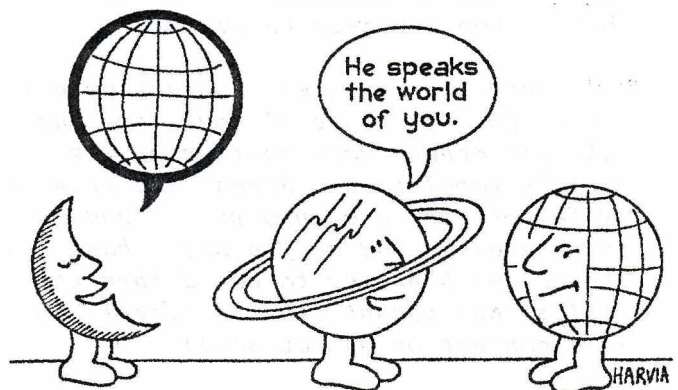
rich brown, 2300 Lee Highway, Apt. B-1, Arlington, VA 22201

I can't help share your enthusiasm for Corflu; I've attended three of the four (and was Chair of Corflu III) and will dearly regret missing #5. My first

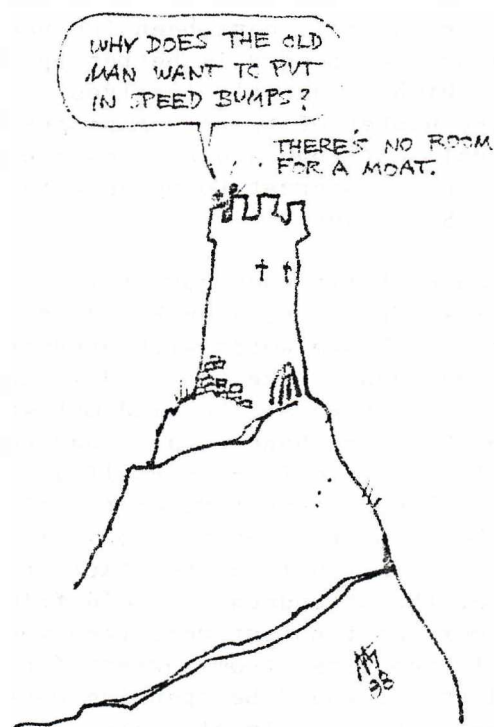
convention was a Worldcon (Solacon in '58) which was small by present standards; although I'd only been active for a bit more than a year in 1958, I recognized the names of every nine out of ten name badges I saw. But over the years the Worldcons, and most of the major regionals as well, have been increasingly guided by the “bigger is better” principle, which frequently involves increasing the number of tracks of programming to appeal to fringe areas which are of little or no interest to me as a fanzine fan and SF reader.

You probably know how it is: In your first few hours at a Worldcon, you meet and exchange words with perhaps 20 or so fans you'd like to sit down and talk with, but go off to find out who else might be on hand -- and then count yourself lucky to find yourself at a party with more than five or ten of them throughout the rest of the con. I was struck, at Corflu I, by the fact that 25 or 30 of the attendees were old friends, while most of the rest were fans whose names I recognized from current fanzines -- and that I would be spending most of my time at the con in pleasant converse with the vast majority of them! This fandom is not missing the common history and comradeship which prevailed at early Worldcons, and gives lie to the supposition that what some of us feel for them is “only nostalgia”.

((We think that's pretty much why Corflu is rapidly becoming the most important convention for fanzine fans. More so than Worldcon, even.))



Also: the problem Arthur Hlavaty brings up in "The Mad Dogs of Memory" -- specifically, the fear of having statements you made in early fanzines quoted back to you many years later -- has a solution. Red Boggs's elegant answer to this was an interlineation: "Red Boggs (1958) is not responsible for what Redd Boggs (1949) said."



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

One advantage to fanzine fandom was what Juanita and I got to know who to talk to and who to avoid before we'd been to very many conventions. Getting to know people by mail is very convenient; if you decide they're nice people, you can find ways of getting together in person, and if you decide they're not, they're too far away to bug you.

((In general, we agree. Unfortunately, fandom has its share of lowlifes, just like any other cross section of the world's population. Seems like relatively few of them are into print fandom, fortunately. And as you say, those that are are much easier to avoid than the typical unpleasant fan who travels to the same convention as you do.))

Avedon Carol, 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB, England

I don't think Southern fandom is alone in not being a place where fanzines are much talked about. These days, even London fandom seems to be operating on the assumption that conventions are what is important, and publishing is a weird thing that those weird old faaaaaaans do. I'm not just talking about "media fans" or "convention fans", either -- I mean even people who have published some pretty good and highly-regarded fanzines in the past are acting like, gee, what could be more boring than fanzines? But then, no one much talks about SF books, either.

You, uh, are going to apologize to poor "Walt Lewis", aren't you? And to the rest of Irish fandom, for implying that they've kept someone even better than Walt Willis a secret for all these years?

((Oops. Dick transcribed the speech, and he says that it's a classic example putting body into action without brain being in gear. ["But it sounded like 'Lewis' on the tape!"] Several people caught us on that one. We do apologize to both Bob and Walt.))

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

Before I discovered fanzines I was just another avid reader of SF. For me, fanzines are fandom -- cons are the icing on the cake. Nicki is right on target with her comments in "Like a Car". Through fanzines, fans in such far away and mundane locales as North Central Florida *((and Chattanooga, Tennessee, too!))* can communicate freely with fans in Holland, Australia, and Van Nuys. It gives you freedom to express yourself and see your comments in print, without spending a fortune. I've used my fanzines and apas to good effect in job interviews showing prospective employers samples of my writing and letting them know that even between jobs I keep my skills honed by writing for publication. I consider my fan writing the truest reflection of

who I am and save copies in a special file so that when my children are grown they can read what I've written and know me in a new light.

This paean to fanzines allows me to segue neatly into the comment that this is the best *Mimosa* yet. I laughed out loud at Meg Stull's "The Untimely Mrs. Jones" and Ron Lee's "The Wrath of Khat". Weinstein, Locke, and Markstein also elicited a few chuckles. And the art was, of course, wonderful.

I eagerly await the next issue.



Richard Brandt, 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912

Bob Shaw's speech ("What I Learned From Watching *Star Trek*") is cute, although I must confess to being familiar with many of the anecdotes already. This was no handicap to my appreciation when I got to hear Bob speak (at last!) in Atlanta -- his talk then ranged over so many topics that he was bound to include some new material, and in any case there was his priceless delivery. Now, I suppose most of your readers will benefit from a fresh introduction to Shaw's wit, not having an autographed copy of *The Eastercon Speeches* on hand... His talk did seem to stray from the announced topic a bit, though, don't you think?

((Actually, Bob never really had an announced topic; when Dick asked him if we could record and transcribe his speech, the only information we got about it was that it would be about 40 minutes long. Afterwards, Nicki came up with the title suggestion; when we asked him if it would be suitable, he answered in his usual understated way, "Yes, I think that would be appropriate."))

Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

I notice that Roger Sims says ((in "Everything You Didn't Know About Second Fandom")) that "numbered fandoms, One to Six, were explained many years ago by Harry Warner, Jr." That didn't sound quite right to me, so I pulled out my copy of Harry's excellent book and looked it up. Sure enough, the TeddyBear's recollection is a little hazy. Harry says that Sam Moskowitz split the history of fandom (up through 1938) into six numbered periods. Jack Speer came along in 1944 and reanalyzed matters in the first *Fancyclopedia*, deciding that there were actually only three numbered fandoms between 1933 and 1944. Later, Warner explains, Jack has to go back and call the period from 1930-33 'eofandom'. From there, the whole theory of numbered fandoms lay mostly dormant until Bob Silverberg's article in *Quandry* in the early '50s wherein he defined a total of six numbered fandoms from 1930 to the time in which he was writing. Since then, many fans have referred to this article and attempted to trace other numbered fandoms up to the time in which they were analyzing trends.

I used to have my own theories about these matters, too, but when I gaffiated in 1971 to go live on The Farm up in Lewis County, Tennessee, I lost track of what was happening along these lines. When I returned in the early '80s, people were kidding around about it. My favorite story is that we're in "Last Fandom", which fits all theories. Actually, I think there've been two numbered fandoms since I came back: one which started around 1980 with the commencement of publication of Ted White and Dan Stef-

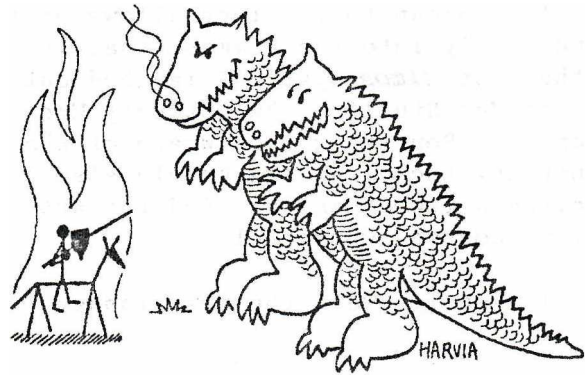
fan's *Pong* and the simultaneous return to fandom of many people long disappeared, all in a very short period of time, which lasted up until 1984 or so and which was dominated by a resurgence of "fannish" type fanzines. That was kind of blown apart by the feuds and bad feelings around Richard Bergeron's sudden apparent devolvment into fuggheadedry. *((We were thankfully, non-combatants in that one.))* Then there's the one we're in now, which could be a "transition" (a term both Speer and Silverberg use to refer to periods between fandoms with discernable loci.)

This sort of leads to Lloyd Penney's comments in the letter column about how there "aren't many sources" to learn about fan history. I beg to differ. *All Our Yesterdays* is still very much in print and available from Advent Publishers, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago, IL 60690. *All Our Yesterdays* covers from the beginnings of fandom and focuses heavily on fandom through the 1940s. Harry's *A Wealth of Fable*, which you refer to, continues where the previous volume leaves off and covers the '50s quite thoroughly. Another useful, although somewhat dated, reference book is the 1979 Mirage Press reprint of the 1959 *Fancyclopedia II* by Richard Eney, an equally invaluable document. *((These latter two books are available from Bob Macle and possible several other convention and mail order booksellers.))*

So there you have it: three books quite thoroughly covering fandom from its beginnings through the end of the '50s, more than half of its total existence, all still in print and readily available. Lloyd and any others in his category should have no more complaints. Instead, they should be digging out their check-books and ordering these reference works posthaste.

((There was still more in Robert's letter about fanhistory references, with mention of Moskowitz's The Immortal Storm, Damon Knight's The Futurians, and Fred Pohl's The Way the Future Was. These books aren't all inclusive, though. One of the reasons we're publishing Mimosa is because there are still quite a lot of poorly documented anecdotes and stories

about the earlier days of fandom out there that should be preserved. And, since fandom is still fairly young, it's still possible.))



I wish I'd said that.

Bill Bowers, 1874 Sunset Ave. #56, Cincinnati, OH 45238-3142

I suppose I should respond to Roger Weddall's letter *((about fanzines and fandom becoming too ingroupish.))*, but, as he said, he and others have "said it all" to me before... and I had, "long ago, settled upon the sort of fanzine (I) wanted to produce..." I've never said that My Way is the Only Way (and I'm glad it isn't), but what it takes to motivate me after all these years is what I do. Still, I've never deliberately tried to exclude any one type of fan, but I suppose it can seem that way. I am glad there are "accessible" fanzines such as yours, so that I can glean your letter-columns / list of contributors for occasional "new blood" though...

((That's one nice thing about fanzines -- there is no one "right" way to do them. We don't think that Outworlds has become too ingroupish, by the way; we've always thought of it as a benchmark of what a good fanzine can be -- if a fanzine can approach the quality of a typical OW, the editor has really done something! You happen to live in a region that is rich with good fanwriters, though; it's hard to see that as a liability, but the fact that you don't have to go far to find publishable material might give the impression that OW is meant for a select audience. It would be nice to have that kind of problem in this part of the world.))

((We also received lots of positive comments about Don Markstein's "Adventures of a Shopping Mall Santa". The most interesting was from Pamela Boal, who offers the following account:))

Pamela J. Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon., OX12 7EW, England

Derek (my beloved partner) has a beautiful white beard and moustache (he'd be the first to admit that hair grows better on his face than on his head); he also happened to have a bright red sweater. While shopping in Boots one dreary autumn day he saw a little boy of about three years old dragging along behind his parents, obviously very fed up with the adult activity of shopping. Derek gave the little boy a smile of sympathetic fellow feeling; he doesn't like shopping when skies are grey and the world is shoulder hunched and head down scurrying against chilly drizzle. There was a display stand between Derek and the little boy, but I suspect that it wouldn't have made much difference even if the child could have seen all of Derek. The little boy's face assumed the wide-eyed look of delighted surprise that can only be seen on the face of a child too young to have learnt social dissembling, he turned and ran after his parents shouting, "Look, look, there's Father Christmas and he has to buy baby's things, too!"

((And finally, some comments on Dick's quest to find the mysterious Vernon J. Schryver.))

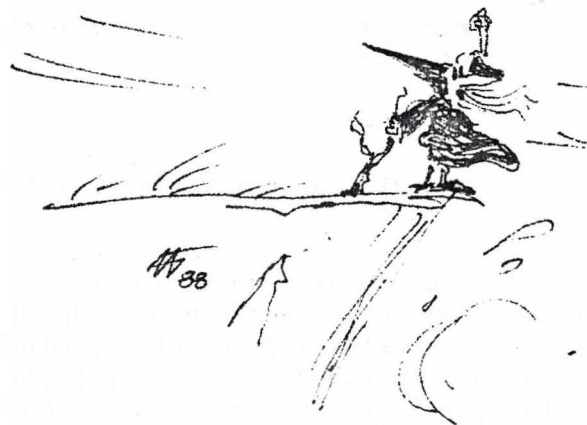
Lloyd Penney, 412-22 Riverwood Parkway, Toronto, Ontario M8Y 4E1, Canada

Concerning the closing comments on Vernon J. Schryver: Now that this article has been published, I wonder if someone has told Mr. Schryver about Bob Shaw signing his name. Don't be surprised, Dick, if you get a call from this Mr. Schryver, asking how much you want for that book.

((Alas, it didn't happen, and Dick is still looking for Vernon J. Schryver.

We've tried to locate him lots of ways -- he's not listed in the Boulder, Colorado telephone directory; resident fans in the area haven't heard of him; nobody on the one computer bulletin board we could find in Boulder had any response to the request for info. The best guess we've come up with about him is that he was an avid SF reader some two decades ago, who never was part of fandom. Perhaps he's no longer living, which would explain why his valuable SF paperback collection is turning up in the second hand book shops. But we still haven't a clue how or why the books are turning up here in Tennessee. We suspect that'll be one of the forever unsolved mysteries of the universe.))

HELL AND DAMNATION!
THE SPIRITS OF THE
VASTY DEEP HAVE
PUT ME ON HOLD!



Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge Street, East Providence, RI 02914

The very mysterious Vernon J. Schryver reminded me of an experience of my own. I have collected science fiction for years, of course, but almost half of the 50,000+ books in our library are from other fields. One of them is mysteries, which both Sheila and I read with some enthusiasm, although not always the same writers.

Well, one of my goals was to collect as many as possible of the early mystery paperbacks, Dell mapbacks, Popular Library, and so on. The works of Leslie Ford, Edward Abbey, Patricia Wentworth, Rufus King, and their contemporaries. I had picked up quite a few of them before I ran into a new second hand bookstore in

Taunton, Massachusetts. They had an entire row of them for sixty cents each, which I scoffed up. But when I got home, I found a secret code of some sort painstakingly inscribed inside each one. But not just a name, no; instead it was a decimal code of some sort, with a whole lot of digits, like "V1345647957.5575CH". And I couldn't for the life of me make out what the pattern might be.

But every time I went into the store, I found a few more, each with its own enigmatic code. The owner bought them in bulk from a distributor, so he had no idea where they came from, either. The most peculiar of all was one that also bore a label, from the library of somebody or other in Anchorage, Alaska.

Book collecting is frequently a very mysterious business.

((It's getting pretty perilous for one's bank account, too.))

Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90046

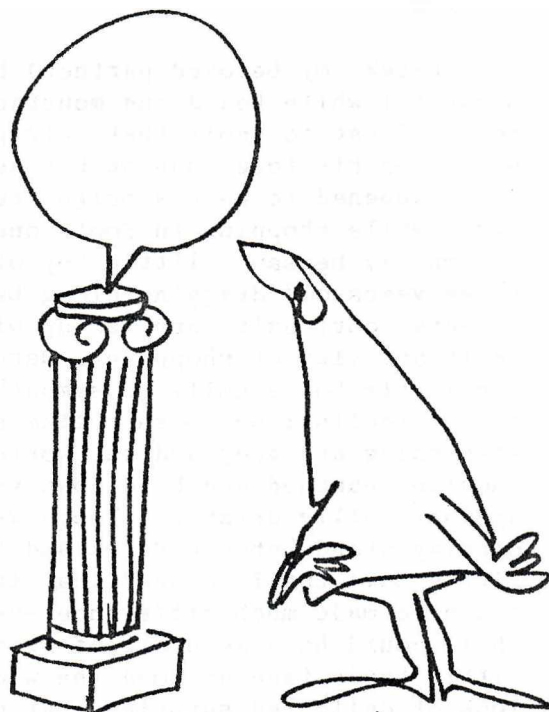
Mimosa comes as a very pleasant surprise, and you've performed a signal service by transcribing Bob Shaw's Rivercon speech. As for Vernon J. Schryver, I thought everybody knew who he was. He's Bob Shaw's only fan!



Where'd I learn to shuffle so well? Why, I was a bureaucrat in Washington for 20 years!

We Also Heard From: Andy Andruschak, John Berry, Sheryl Birkhead, David Bratman, Ruth Brosh, Brian Earl Brown, Dave D'Amassa, Jan Howard Finder, George Flynn, Kathleen Gallagher, Maureen Garrett, Joan Hanke-Woods, Greg Hills, Irvin Koch, Roy

Lavender, Ethyl Lindsey, Adrienne Losin (*get well soon!*), Jody Offutt, John D. Owen, David Palter, Marilyn Pride, Sarah Prince, John Purcell, David Rowe, Michael Sherck, Milt Stevens, Taral, David Thayer, Dorothy Tompkins, Harry Warner, and Toni Weisskopf. Thanks also to everyone who sent a fanzine in trade.



TO GET YOUR OWN COPY OF THE MIMOSA 3.5 VIDEOTAPE:

It's pretty easy, actually. All you videophiles out there can order it from us; copies are \$15 each (VHS only, sorry), of which \$5 will be contributed to fan funds. If you send your own tape, your cost is only \$10, which still includes a \$5 contribution to fan funds. If you already know someone who has a copy, we authorize, even encourage you to duplicate a copy from him or her; it'll get you a copy that much quicker, and save us from having to do it. If you do dupe a copy from someone else, please make a voluntary contribution (\$5 suggested) to TAFF, DUFF, or some other fan fund.

Closing Comments: "Not a Hitch, But a Glitch?"

Dick Lynch

Nicki mentioned earlier that *Mimosa* 3.5, our Live Fanzine, went off without any hitches. Well, I guess that's right; after all, the weather *did* cooperate during the convention weekend by not dropping any more snow (we had a Record snowfall for here just over a week before the con), the chosen meeting room was available and set up correctly at the scheduled time, and the participants for each segment gave their presentations which were duly recorded on videotape. As she said, no hitches. There were some difficulties, though, that somewhat affected the quality of the finished video production. Some of these were caused by inexperience in planning and carrying out the project, as we'd never before attempted anything as ambitious as this. And may never again, for that matter. And other problems... well, I think I can safely say that gremlins aren't on the endangered species list.

So, for anyone who's even considering doing anything similar to this, here is a quick Primer on how NOT to do a Video Fanzine:

1) Assume all of your scheduled participants are polished speakers. I can't think of any fan who's a member of Toastmasters International, and excepting some of the pros who are accustomed to speaking at convention banquets, the fact remains that just about everyone is better off with a prepared text (or at least detailed notes) when making a speech. At least one presentation wound up on the cutting room floor because the speaker got up there without notes and decided to "wing it", and the result just didn't come off very well on videotape. So, the first glitch in our planning was not emphasizing the need to Be Prepared.

2) Pick the largest available room, preferably located right off a main corridor. If I could change any one thing about the production, this would be it. We had somewhat naively assumed, I guess, there would be plenty of fanzine fans at a 1,000+ person convention who would be interested in attending a Live Fanzine,

so we wanted to be able to seat more than the fifty or so people the smaller available meeting rooms could handle. Well, if you hadn't noticed, fandom is changing; I'm beginning to believe fanzine fans should be on the endangered species list! As it turned out, there were only at most about 20 - 25 bodies in the audience (many of these were participants), plus about another 70 people disguised as empty chairs. Worse, the larger room we had chosen was located right next to the con suite area, and passers-by were constantly opening the door to the room and sticking in their heads to see what was going on; finding nothing of interest to them, they would duck back out again, letting the door *bang* shut. That left all kinds of interesting sound effects on the soundtrack, as if the convention was being hit with a mortar barrage. And unfortunately, the nearness to the con suite precluded leaving the door open because of the continuous roar of noise out in the hallway.

3) Assume requested audio/video equipment will actually be available. This was a minor glitch, actually; we had rented two excellent CCD VHS-format camcorders for a very reasonable cost, and they were just great -- not even affected by flash photography in the room. However, we had expected that longer remote microphone cables would be available than what we had to settle for; the result was that we couldn't get the extension mikes from the camcorders all the way to the podium. Now even so, that shouldn't have been a problem because we were going to...

4) Assume that the hotel sound system is functional. In fact, it crapped out about ten minutes before we were scheduled to begin; the microphone on the podium in the videotape and in still photos reprinted here turned out to be, in effect, just a prop. If we had been in the smaller room, we wouldn't have even *needed* a room sound system. As a result, there is variable sound quality in the finished production, depending on who is speaking and what camera is

"live". The sound was so faint in places on the master tapes I'd thought there was no hope for a video production, but it was saved during post production. And speaking of post production, I thought it would be safe to...

5) Assume editing and other post production will be inexpensive and easy to do.

Going into the production, I had no real idea what post production costs might be; I just hoped there would be a way to keep them from getting out-of-hand, and that there would be someplace reasonably inexpensive to get the job done. Turns out there *is* such a place, and it's not far from where we live, but even the least expensive places still charge \$20 - \$25 per hour for studio rental. I had also hoped that it wouldn't take more than about two or three hours studio time per hour of finished production to do.

Again, I admit my inexperience; the final result was closer to 8 : 1, and if the project hadn't been under the direction of someone who knows what he's doing, there's no telling how long post production might have taken.

But anyway, glitches notwithstanding, we *did* get it finished. In case you're wondering: No, we didn't burn ourselves out (or our bank account, either) from *Mimosa* 3.5 / *Mimosa* 4. In fact, we're going to try like hell to get the *fifth* issue out in time for the New Orleans Worldcon -- an almost unheard of four months from now. Don't hold your collected breaths on that one but we still would like your LoCs on this issue by sometime in July, to at least give us a shot at it (Australian readers please take note). So long until then...

Artist and Photo Credits

Artwork: Sheryl Birkhead - 3

Doug Chaffee - back cover

Wade Gilbreath - 11 (bottom left & bottom right); 12 (right); 13

Alexis Gilliland - 26; 27; 29

Ron Goulart - front cover

Teddy Harvia - 25; 26; 30 (left)

Anthony Scott King - 21 (both)

William Rotsler - 30 (right)

Julia Scott - 4

Bob Shaw - 11 (top left); 12 (left)

Charlie Williams - 7; 9; 11 (top right); 14; 16; 20; 23

Photos: Ray Jones - 10; 16

Dick Lynch - all others

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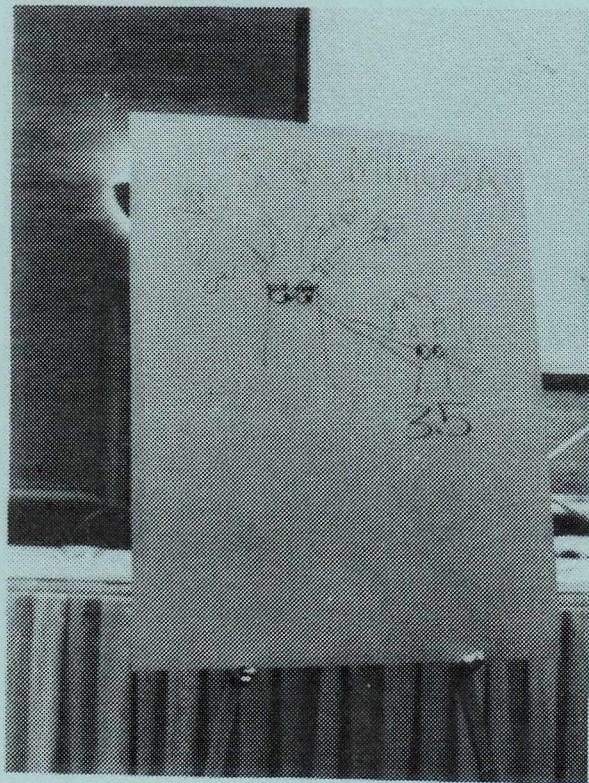
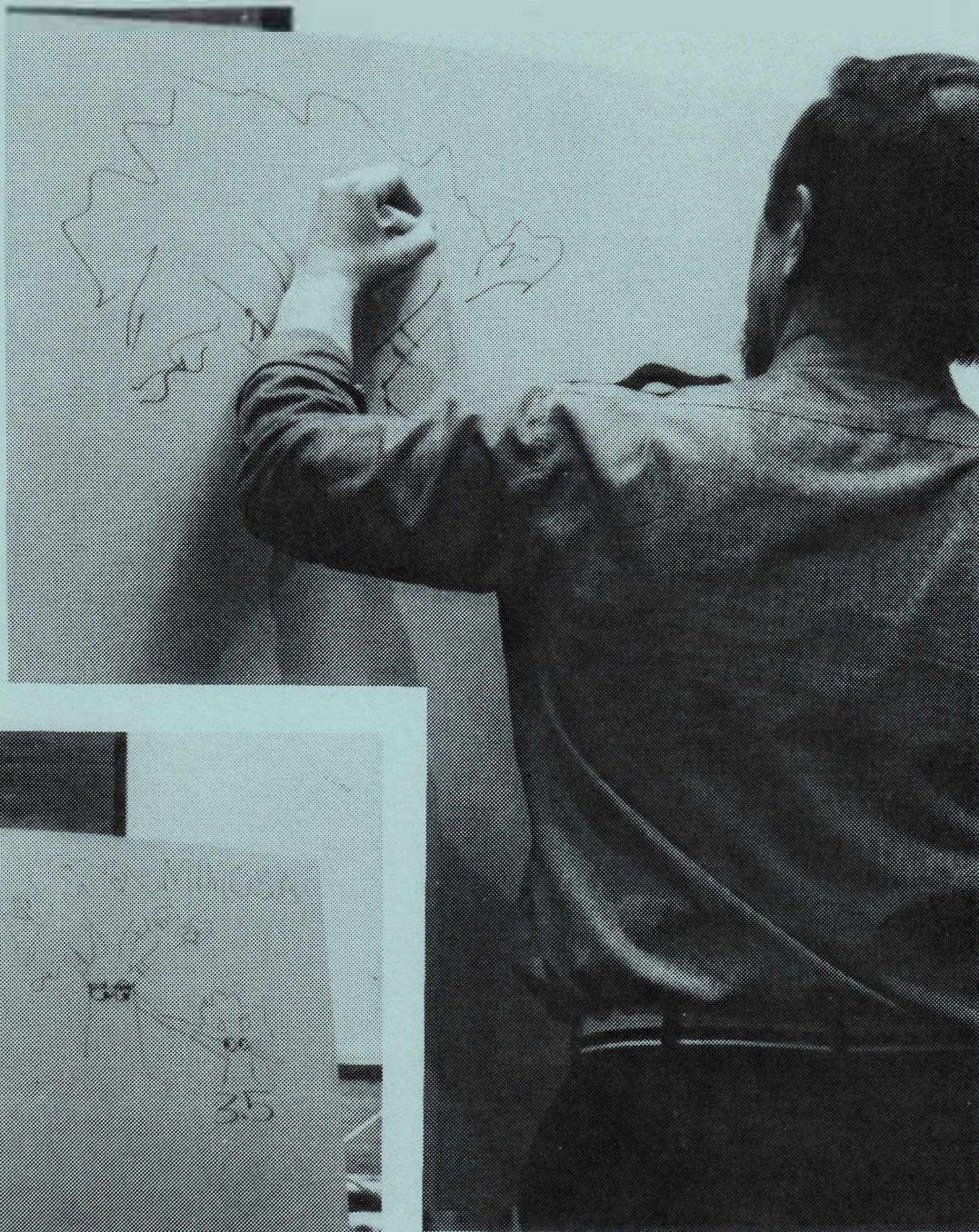
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Doug Chaffee and
Mimosa 3.5 Front Cover