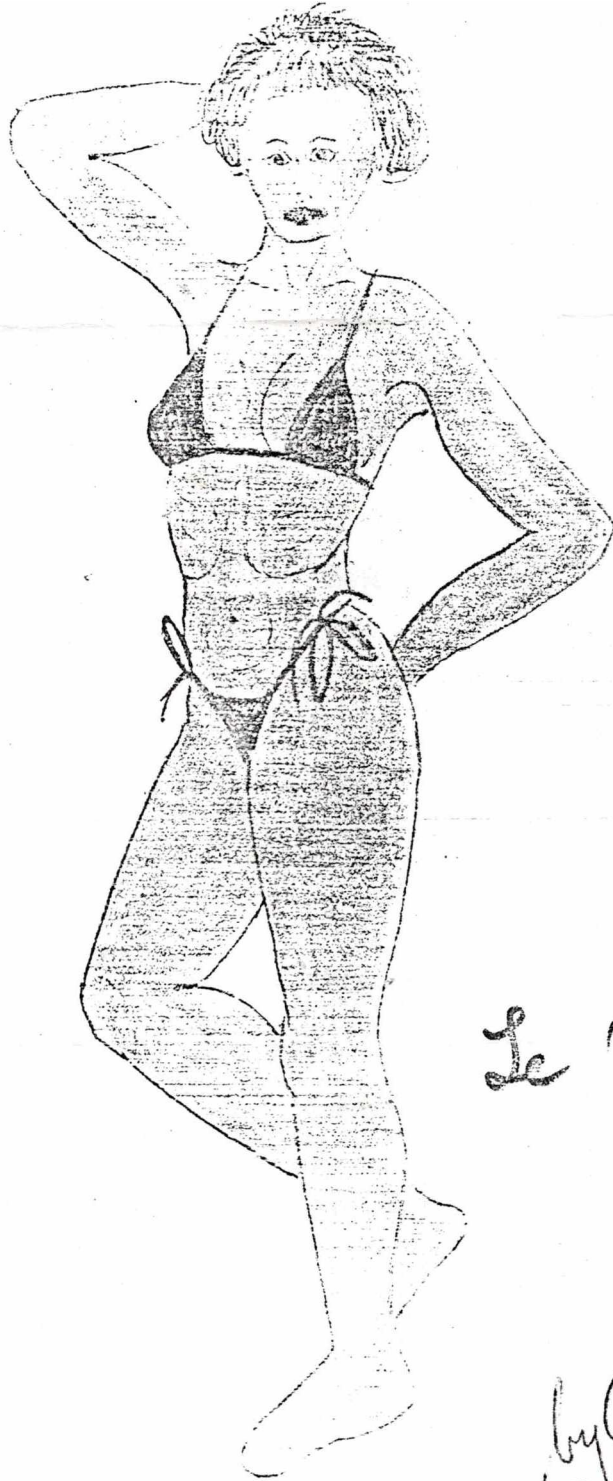


COGNATE



Le Bikini

by Adrian

AUGUST, 1987

Adrian's of Northridge

1982 Swimwear
collection.

Contents: 1 Med. Black
Je Bikini

1 any size
An Natural

Designed by Adrian Kerzog

Since I've been mostly delinquent re: artwork in
GOGNATE and the cover page of a very indie indeed birthday
greeting created by Adrian Kerzog (a "ke") for a "she" [Gene
Schneider] AND since this was the only page possibly to be
accepted by U.S. Postal Service, Adrian gave me
permission to use same.

COGNATE from Rosemary Hickey with Kaypro 2x, Brougham daisy wheel/Dynax DX-15, Word Star and The Word for a spelling checker for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association's Two Hundredth mailing. POB 944, Bakersfield, CA 93302-0944. Flattery can reach me at 805/ 398-6211, or at 5051 Ming Avenue #29, Bakersfield, CA 93309.

HICKERY CHIPS

I initiated a CP/M group in order to ensure a monthly computer-focused conversation. I also tried to create an sf group here in Bakersfield to enjoy the kind of conversations guaranteed at the sf meetings in Chicago and points east and west. I named it the Chicago Science Fiction League of Bakersfield (personal joke) . Four responses: 1. One person called to ask if this was the start of a "Chicago" group. 2. Joel Sherman came to the first meeting to explain he's moved into the pro-writing discipline and has time for only the small group he belongs to now. 3. A mother asked if her 9 and 10 year old could join. 4. one other phone call inquiry, I informed the mother of my willingness to help her form a Children's SF League. She has not yet contacted me. Further meeting reservations at the library are cancelled.

After one Creative Writing course, the advice to get a Sears catalog to guide my character descriptions and Bon Bova's Notes to guide me, only a crippling depression still inhibits any writing. Every homely task seems to take a very long time compounded by association of thoughts, memories or fantasy correspondence that never reaches the green of my Kaypro glass. Call it meditation or whatever, there are many starts in my day but few completions.

A very old piece of sheet music evoked images of the gun show in Peoria, the lady who sold me the music and the drive back to Chicago along the river road in heavy ground fog and the other time when we came upon the "Cantaloupe Center of America", ate ripe off the vine cantaloupe, and loaded my VW three-dimensionally with tthe melons. The car reeked of cantaloupe for months afterward.

More imagery from the music; my mother at the piano accompanying her rendition of The Glowworm. Her love of folk music was a positive influence on me all my life. From many sources but especially her remembrances, comes this Mother's Day tribute to a little girl who was lucky enough to live when musicians and performers frequented the sidewalks of Chicago.

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"Saray! Are you dressed and ready to come with us to

market?"

Saray busy practicing her gestures in the hallway mirror tossed off a hasty, obedient "Yes, momma" but didn't stop her miming.

"Saray! Come away from that mirror! Nice little girls don't make faces like that! Shame on you! You never saw your brothers and sisters do anything like that, did you? "

Absorbed in her replications of the street performers, Saray was deaf to the admonishments of the good-hearted, hard working woman of the early 1900's . Saray's goal was to do just as the entertainers did. Since singing out loud was sure to invite a scolding or worse, she learned to mouth the words, to sing in her head.

With repeated warnings to Saray to stay close, those who were due to work in the market were ready to leave. Saray's excited hopping was interrupted to straighten her her pinafore, clean and perfectly placed on her go-to-market pink dress. Full sleeves caught at the wrist with a bow hid her skinny arms. Her total posture indicated her particular pride in the scalloped collar. Big sister Anne checked the curls that escaped the strictures of the braids. Saray's 1 round face and big brown eyes beamed with anticipated joy. Her small, slight body so jumped with joy her dress shimmered.

Youngest of eleven children, Saray had older brothers and sisters already working or in school. The days were long for Saray. Her pre-school and kindergarten was the area of the famous intersection of Halsted and Roosevelt Road where those who needed something would find someone to sell it to them. Hundreds of carts, wagons, and tables lined the curbs on both sides of the street. There were stores, too, facing the sidewalks and thousands of shoppers made for profit for the sellers.

Once the parents were at the market, selling took precedence over tight supervision which freed Saray to respond to the lure of the music in the air. (Actually, they knew where to find her.) With Saray's sharp hearing, she could home in on the musicians quickly. This small-boned tiny five year old little girl slipped away to find the music. Sara learned how to protect the hem of her long dress from the feet of the big people. Forests of trousered legs in her way were just something to get through in order to get closer to the music, the singing and dancing. She wiggled through the crowds of shoppers to get right in front of the street musicians.

At corners there was just enough more space lon the sidewalk for itinerant musicians to set themselves on chairs, unpack bass fiddles, saxophones, clarinets, violins and play

dixieland style. Whether or not he was really a member of the group, there would be at least one get in front of the group to sing and and dance. The moving throngs stopped for the entertainment, threw a few coins, and after a short rest, would perform again.

The saxophone man and the clarinetist were taking turns tootling the melody and Sara's brown eyes were round with excitement. Her dark brown hair waved in rhythm with the big bass fiddle's beat. Her floor-length dress hid her jigging feet as her body responded to the music. She sang along and danced along as the dancer went through his soft shoe number. She felt as though she were right there with the musicians enjoying the empathetic response of the audience...right along with the performer. She was in her own kind of heaven.

Saray was born to emigrant parents whose sole concern was that of survival. Musicians/theatre people were not of their world and therefore frowned upon. Saray's affinity for music was doomed to remain publicly unrecognized but she wasn't aware of that.

She was sure that as long as she felt so good, so alive while responding to the music, that she just couldn't be doing anything wrong. She watched to see where her favorites usually played and haunted their performances until she had all the old songs and routines down pat.

Sara's rehearsal "room" was the hallway in front of the mirror on the closet door. Sara danced and sang - a joyful private entertainment.

One day, her father saw her and growled "Stop that! You don't do that especially not on the Sabbath!!" His disapproval mixed with her guilt feelings of enjoying being audience as well as performer warped her love affair with music. She never again soloed in public. Saray promised herself that when she would grow up, not only would she sing and play the piano every day of the week but her children would be encouraged to sing for people and no one would say "Don't."

You could have seen that grown-up Saray dancing a waltzing skip through the dining room and living room, singing "Around the corner and under a tree, a handsome major made love to me." She did it. She did.#

BAG LADY

She had just pulled a newspaper from the trash barrel and with her two bags, one on either side, she sat down on the park bench while the cool breeze and warm sun made a rest period that much more enjoyable.

She must have been tall when she was younger. (Her feet were square on the ground and her knees were higher than the seat. She walked with a shuffle which may have been from shoes too big or feet that hurt. Her shoes were men's jogging shoes which she was wearing reversed of left and right to establish a more even wear on the heel. The ragged shoes had been discarded in some bin. She wore a thick coat brown in most areas, brownish-grey where the threads had worn. Although the weather was warm, her body seemed abnormally bulbous. Of course! Wearing clothes as layers is much easier than carrying them separately.

Her round, wrinkled face presented a stoic facade to the world. It was framed by straggles of hair fringing the knitted cap which she pulled down to her ears. Her pale blue eyes looked without recognition at the passersby, nor was there the slightest glint of invitation to speak to her. Her head was tilted a bit down as though she found it easier that way to watch where she was walking and do her thinking at the same time. Her shoulders were rounded the way, a sometimes postural acquisition of very tall people. Her hands pushed at grocery cart which apparently contained the rest of her personal possessions.

She separated herself from her environment and the people in it. She never looked at those she passed by nor did she give any indication of what was happening around her. She frequently felt invisible. During her walks, she thought of her son who had never learned to care for her, to cherish his mother. Her husband showed his indifference turned hate with his abusive language. She was a failure as a mother, as a wife.

She tried to work years ago while she still had money to make herself presentable, and young-looking enough to be hired. The calendar beat her almost every time. As soon as she had to put down her BA year of graduation, she knew the application was doomed. Maybe there was something about her manner that put them off, too. Her survival now is a result of what she can accomplish for herself with little dependence on anyone else. And she likes it that way.

By now, she is sure the the responsibilities of taking care of herself are all she wants. Medicare takes care of her

She's alone and lonely and comfortable that way. Places to sleep are easy to find. The benches in the park and at some bus stops provide resting places. She doesn't bother anybody, and nobody bothers her. She spends most days looking through dumpsters and trash bins for items she can use or sell. Occasionally a restaurant chef will provide left-overs or she rummages for discards. The restaurants with the best reputation don't always have the best leftovers. She gets along. The most work she's ever done was to collect and cash in on aluminum cans to buy some wine.#

POSTSCRIPT:

Rewriting/editing/etc. is a chancy procedure since I currently doubt my decisions. If any of you care to give constructive suggestions on my two sketches, I promise to learn from them. As the influence of my state of joblessness and the dark blanket of depression is reduced, the least signal of the "rebirth" will be a upsurge of letter writing and then possibly story-writing. But that fantasy is as ephemeral as other daydreams.

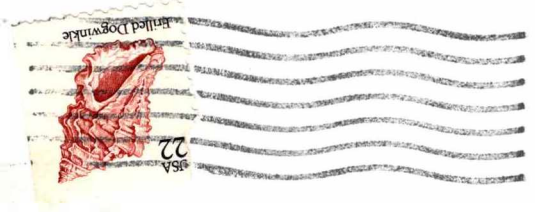
Rather than talking - or writing - my current "productive" practice is an attempt to read every book in the LARGE PRINT section of the public library. Building up my own library will begin when someone is ready to utilize my brains and experience (a job). The stupidest thing in my behavioral repertoire to date was beginning Colleen McCullough's **"The Creed of the Third Millenium"** late in the evening. I couldn't let go of her story even though my eyes were frequently seeing double. The sky was quite light before the last page. The character development was subtle and good. The trend towards the tragic ending was not apparent to me but then, my eyes and brain were very tired the last couple of hours. Finishing that book is possibly the dumbest compulsion I've ever succumbed to since rereading is on my list of things to do another time.

LOC's? I'm not connecting with much now and looking for hooks is not as much fun as reading for the flavor of the person. The mailings are of a pile and rather than hurt someone's feelings by responding out of time, in sheer funk, there will be no LOCs.

Thank you to those who did find something of interest in my fanzines. My very best wishes for you for the coming holidays and as especially good year to come.

*Yours,
4 Rosemary for Remembrance*

Richard Benson
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