

# MIMOSA



Alan Hutchinson 7-31-88







from Dick and Nicki Lynch, who are as of this writing still at 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37416 U.S.A.

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## Life at Two Miles an Hour

Opening Comments by Dick Lynch

Every so often in one's job there are times where nothing much is happening, and you've got a few minutes or even hours to contemplate the True Meaning of Life or somesuch, while you're waiting for the phone to ring, the boss to come calling, or indeed, inspiration to strike.

My position as R&D Projects Engineer in energy research for the Tennessee Valley Authority had moments like that, and more often than you might think. Somebody, Werner von Braun maybe, once said, "Research is what I'm doing when I don't know what I'm doing." And that's right. In any research program, energy R&D especially, progress often comes in fits and spurts. Either you're up to your elbows in things to attend to, or you're trying to find something useful to do that'll justify your continued employment.

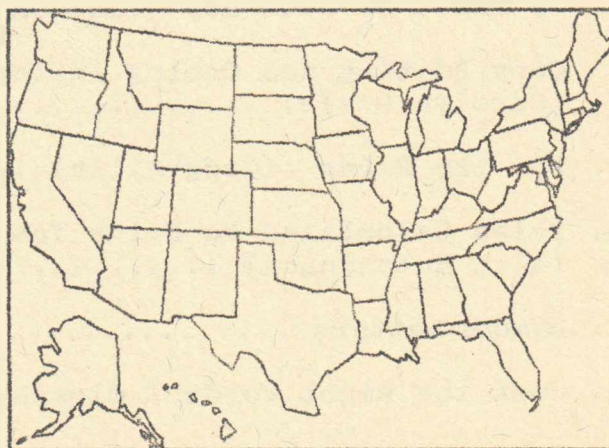
It was during one of those lulls a while back, in the engineering equivalent of Free Association, that I came up with one of those useless statistics that are still fun to contemplate. Consider -- in the time I've been alive, I've been fortunate enough to be able to do some traveling. Although I've still never been to Europe or Australia, I have visited many parts of the States, and seen many interesting sights. Those miles add up. And when I combined them with a reasonable estimate of distances I've covered in everyday driving and walking, I was surprised to find out that I've been the equivalent of the distance to the moon and back a couple of times. But I've also been on the face of the earth for a while, now. And when I divided the number of miles I estimated I've travelled by the number of hours I've been alive, I found that I've been living my entire life at an average speed of about two miles per hour.

And now, I expect I'll be very slightly increasing that average in the next month or so. Nothing lasts forever, especially employment; there's a new chairman at TVA, and he's instituted draconian cost cutting measures throughout the agency to avoid rate increases otherwise required by runaway costs incurred by the nuclear power program. And so, to

eliminate some \$300 million from next year's budget, some seven thousand five hundred jobs were sacrificed. The R&D division where I work was hardest hit of all (in times like this, research invariably takes the brunt of reductions in force); 80 percent of the division was cut, and my position was one of them.

So what does this mean for Nicki and me, and for *Mimosa*? It's too early yet to say where we'll wind up, but it's fairly certain that we'll be leaving Chattanooga. I fully expect to continue working in fossil energy research, so this temporary setback could be a career advancement opportunity in disguise. Certainly, Nicki's career chances cannot be hurt by a move from here (read her article in this issue). As for *Mimosa*, the next issue might not be until early next year. We'll send a CoA announcement to everybody in our address database, and other fanzines will undoubtedly carry the CoA as well. Please, do not hold back your Letter of Comment on this issue because of our possible move; the Post Office will forward our mail (you might want to include the phrase "Address Correction Requested" on fanzines sent to us, though).

Meanwhile, there are lots of things to do in the next few weeks, as you might suspect; completing this fanzine is just one of them. Life continues, even at two miles per hour, and you've got to keep moving or it'll pass you by. This looks like an opportune place as any to end this essay, so we'll see you again next year, with (I hope) better news to tell...





(( MidWestCon in Cincinnati is rapidly becoming one of our favorite conventions. Besides the relaxed atmosphere (there's no programming to distract anybody), it's a true fannish nexus -- a place where fans from all geographical regions and all eras convene. And it's been the genesis of more than one article for Mimesa. The fol-

lowing, for example, was distilled from the audio recording of a fannish Saturday night bull session at MidWestCon 39 this past June. Here, NOLAcon Fan Guest of Honor Roger Sims was verbally dissected by First Fandom members Howard Devore, Lynn Hickman, and Ray Beam, and we finally get to learn... ))

## The Awful Truth About Roger Sims

### The "Teddy Bear" Incident (San Francisco Worldcon, 1954)

Lynn: Let me tell you how Roger got the nickname "Teddy Bear". He was putting the moves on this good looking gal...

Howard: The lovely Irene Barron.

Roger: I called her V.R. -- Voluptuous Redhead. Largest hips in fandom. Smallest waist.

Lynn: Roger was sort of putting the moves on her, and I guess her boy friend came over, the way I heard it, and said to her, "Is this fellow bothering you?" And she said, "Roger? He's just a little Teddy Bear!"

Roger: But who was her boy friend?

Howard: I don't know who it was at the time, but she married Tom Scortia.

Roger: But it wasn't Tom Scortia at the time, it was some guy in the Air Force. (ed. note: purportedly, it was Art Rapp.)

Howard: I'm surprised he didn't drop you out of an airplane!

### The Border City Con (Detroit, 1954)

Howard: Roger finally got a chance to make a fool of himself in 1954. Tell us how that started, Roger.

Roger: What did I do in 1954?

Ray: The Border City Con!

Roger: Oh, God! Do you really want to hear about that? Well, Mr. George Young allowed as how we ought to put on a little Border City convention that everybody in Canada and the United States, and every country east, west, north, and south would absolutely have to come to.

Howard: They were going to have top-name

writers as guest of honor. I don't remember, but I assume they must have contacted some of them.

Roger: Not very many.

Howard: Well, it didn't matter because everybody they contacted refused, and they couldn't get a guest of honor. The convention was over the Fourth of July weekend; it must have been about the middle of June when the last writer turned them down. George and Roger were out to my place and they were beginning to wonder: well, where could they find a writer? I said, the only chance you've got is to get the local writer, Tom Sherrard; he was the only writer in the Detroit area at that time.

Ray: They knew he was local because they recognized the bars in his stories.

Howard: I'd been going to the same bars as Tom did when he wrote the stories. But in any case, I knew Tom, and I had his home address. So they talked Tom into coming down and giving the Guest of Honor speech. As it turned out, Tom started out with a serious speech, and the audience was completely cold. They couldn't have cared less about whatever it was he was talking about. So shortly into his speech, he switched subjects onto something entirely new that would amuse the audience, and I don't think anyone in the audience ever realized they'd gotten parts of two different speeches. In any case, you had other problems with the convention, Roger. Do you recall any of them?

Lynn: There was the picnic.

Roger: It was off in the boonies someplace.

Howard: They wanted to do something unusual. So they had decided to have a pic-

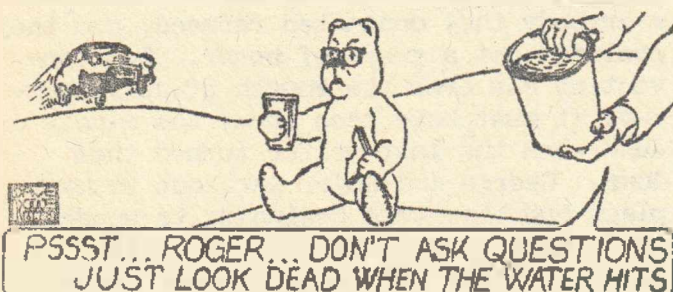
nic out on Belle Isle, a local resort park only 10 minutes or so from downtown.

Roger: Couldn't have been more than 15 minutes from the hotel.

Howard: Anyway, they started their picnic. Now tell them about Harlan.

Ray: Well, Harlan wanted to go home before anyone else did, so he called back to the Detroit Hotel to get hold of George, but they said you could only get hold of Mr. Young if it was an emergency. So Harlan said, "It is an emergency; Roger Sims has drowned!"

Howard: Harlan wanted a ride real bad!



Ray: Pretty soon George showed up at Belle Isle, and he was just as white as a ghost! He was horrified! But then here comes Roger walking out, and immediately George knew who to blame! He went for Harlan...

Howard: He may have been a little mad because Roger *hadn't* drowned. Anyway, by the time the convention opened, they were already beginning to realize they were going to be vastly short of the money they needed. Roger was driving a '48 Plymouth, and he didn't know if he could sell his car for enough money to pay the bill. The one thing he did know was that George didn't have any money or anything to sell for money.

Roger: We had a small auction. If it hadn't been for a set of *Astoundings* that appeared out of Howard's attic, we would have been in the hole.

Lynn: As it was, only Howard was in the hole...

Life With Harlan Ellison (New York City, ca. 1957)

Lynn: Tell us about sharing an apartment with Harlan.

Roger: It was an interesting three months of my life. Harlan was continually broke. I had some money that I had saved up, and I would lend it to him. He would get a check and pay me back, and then two days later he would be broke again. We went back and forth like this for the whole three months. Anyway, he had sold a story to W. W. Scott, who was editor of a SF magazine; Scott was going to send him a check and it would arrive Monday. This was Friday. Well, that would take too long; Harlan had to have the money now, so we went down to Scott's office. While we were waiting for the check, Scott said to Harlan, "Why don't you write me a story while you're waiting?" So Harlan sat down and wrote a story, Scott read it and said, "OK, type it up nicely for me and I'll buy it." And he gave Harlan his check, which was for \$208. On the way home, we stopped and bought a statue, a book, and a chair. He sent money to his mother, and we took a cab home. We arrived there with seven dollars and fifty cents left.

Lynn: This explains why Harlan was broke for several years.

The Cross Country Trip to Worldcon and Back (Detroit to San Francisco, 1954)

Lynn: What about your trip to the 1954 San Francisco Worldcon?

Roger: There were five of us on that trip: John Magnus, Bob Briggs, George Young, Harlan, and myself. We were driving a brand new Pontiac, a drive-away we were delivering to San Francisco for somebody who'd bought it. And a number of things happened on that trip. Somewhere in Ohio, we stopped in the middle of the night to change drivers. John Magnus lost his wallet. He was the only person outside of Bob Briggs who had any money at all.

Howard: Tell them how much money you had, Roger.

Roger: Well, we didn't have much money, but we did have a box of magazines in the trunk that we were going to sell and pay our way.



Howard: And you were only going to be gone two weeks.

Roger: I sold my stamp collection for maybe ten dollars. I got a paycheck from the Navy for \$45 for being on drill for two weeks with the Navy. And I don't think Harlan had any money at all.

Howard: He had some pre-dated checks. His mother had given him a check for every three days, and dated them hoping he wouldn't find a way to cash them ahead. But he did!

Roger: Anyway, we stopped, and we switched drivers, and the wallet disappeared with at least two-thirds of the total amount of money. Except for Bob Briggs, who never let go a nickel to help us.

Howard: He was the only one in the crowd that had any sense!

Roger: We went to sleep someplace in some farmer's back yard, woke up in the morning and tried to drive back, looking for the wallet. We must have spent three hours trying to find that dumb wallet before we gave up. Finally, George said, "Well, did you find anything?" And Harlan said, "No, but it wasn't a total waste; a snake bit John."

Howard: Magnus wanted to turn around and go home. He had sense!

Roger: But we weren't about to do that. Not too much happened after that until we got to Wyoming. Then we had a fight in the restaurant over the food; over who was going to eat what; who was going to eat the lumpy mashed potatoes. This was a common occurrence with Harlan when going to dinner -- who was going to eat what he considered the bad food and 'why couldn't I have your good food.'

Ray: What about the ticket you almost got?

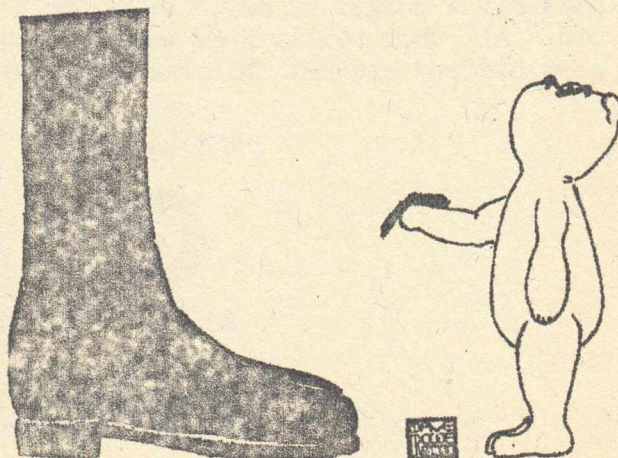
Roger: Oh, that. Harlan was driving, and we were in California. I was sitting next to Harlan, and George was sitting on the outside. Harlan passed a group of cars on a two-lane bridge, crossing the double white line. He knew he was wrong. On the other side of the bridge, there was a cop waiting for somebody to do something dumb like that. He pulled out behind us. Har-

lan passed another group of cars; it was us, a group of cars, and the sheriff's patrol car. Then Harlan says to me, "I don't have a drivers license. Change seats with me." And we changed seats at 55 miles per hour. I still don't know how we did it. Maybe George helped.



Howard: George would have had his foot on the gas pedal!

Roger: Well, I pulled over, and the cop pulled over behind me. As I'm getting out of the car, Harlan says, "Yellow lines! Michigan has yellow lines; remember that! Yellow lines!" So I walked back, and he's got his book out. He's writing; he's not playing games. In order to stop him from writing I took my wallet out, and I shoved my license in his face so he can't write. At this point he makes a mistake; he says, "Mr. Fairfield", that's the name of my street. Being an honest person, I point out to him that's not my name, my name is Roger Sims. And he says, "Well, Mr. Sims, you weren't exercising due care and caution." So I said, "I was confused by the color of the lines. We have yellow lines in Michigan. I didn't really know what the white lines were for." And he let me off.



Howard: When they got to San Francisco, Bob Briggs split the moment they got there. He didn't want anything more to do with any of them.

Roger: We reached the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco on a Wednesday. We got a room for the four of us; two people had registered. In order to save money, we took the mattress off the bed. Two people slept on the mattress on the floor and two on the box springs on the bed. On Sunday morning, we forgot to put the chain on the door, and didn't put the mattress back on the box springs before the maid came into the room. She immediately sized up the situation correctly, and we got summoned to the front desk; they wanted extra money for the nights we had been there. So we paid the bill and we moved. I don't know how many people we attracted but two people again registered, and this time we had seven people. One of the people who did not register was Harlan, and of course Harlan made a long distance call and had them page him in the room. Monday morning we moved again...

Howard: By request, of course.

Roger: ...and this time only one person registered for Monday night, and this time we had 13 in a single room. We had bodies all over the floor.

Howard: During all this time they were working up a Worldcon bid. Detroit was bidding against Cleveland that year, and I was later told by the Cleveland people that when they went out there, they felt that they were wasting their time. The Cleveland club probably had 35 members and possibly a budget of maybe \$200 for the bid. All they really knew was that they were bidding against this huge, highly

organized club in Detroit, which actually consisted of only seven or eight people, none of whom had any money. Detroit probably didn't spend a nickel on the bid because they didn't even have enough money to eat on. Roger and George were trying to sell my magazines in the huckster room. And every time they accumulated three or four dollars they went out and had a meal; if they didn't sell any magazines they didn't have any meals.

Lynn: How did you get back? Hitchhike with a bundle of magazines?

Howard: The other three did essentially that.

Roger: They looked in the paper, and found some guy driving back who needed help with the driving.

Howard: And George helped him. The owner of the car got to pay both of George's speeding tickets. By the time they had reached Toledo, this guy was very happy to get rid of them. He simply dumped them out on the expressway, said good-bye, and drove away from them. The three of them hitchhiked thirty or forty miles from Toledo up towards Detroit, where Magnus had left his car. Somewhere near seven or eight o'clock that morning I got a phone call; they had hitchhiked with these heavy boxes of magazines as far as they could, and would I please come and get them.

Roger: I was in the Naval Reserve at the time, so I got to fly to Detroit free instead of hitchhiking.

Howard: When they took Roger to the airport in San Francisco to catch his plane home, George asked, "Have you got any money left, Roger?" And Roger said, "Yes. Here's your dollar, George."





{{ A short geography lesson: find a road atlas of the United States, turn to Tennessee, then trace a line with your finger due southwest from Nashville. After the equivalent of fifty or so miles, you've found Lewis County, site of The Farm which was (and still is) one of the most successful commune settlements in the country. The Farm has connections to the science fiction

world; reportedly, Spider Robinson was there for a short time, and former fanzine editor Bill Meyers (who once lived in Chattanooga) was a founding member. The following article about The Farm was written by another former resident who is perhaps better known in the fanzine community as publisher of Trap Door, which was nominated for a Hugo in 1987. }}

## Alabama Run

Robert Lichtman

After the obligatory stop at Tony Kidd's for Dr. Peppers and a big bag of "hot" potato chips, my driver and I headed south on Highway 43 towards the Alabama line. We were in a big bobtail truck and our cargo was ten empty 55-gallon drums. This was all part of my job in those days: Robert Lichtman, Store Man; I bought all the groceries and much else for The Farm. These drums had been purchased at the second-hand barrel yard on Second Avenue in downtown Nashville. They were all "food grade" barrels, and some of them had previously held the remains of Eskimo Pie topping. When those barrels had first arrived on The Farm they had been scraped clean of all their tasty residue by people on the scene at the time. Many a chocolate cake or batch of brownies owed its vital ingredient's origins to these drums of chocolate manna. Small kids would climb inside the drums when no one was watching and spend hours eating clean every available surface. Later, a Guilt Trip was launched to make all those individuals, young and old alike, Feel Bad. Chocolate, went the rap, was Bad For You; it caused zits and "made you speedy." Carob became the official substitute for many years, though many tins of Hershey's cocoa continued to be smuggled into the community.

We were taking these barrels to Sheffield, Alabama, to get them filled with table syrup. Our order called for five drums each of Pride of Dixie White and Pride of Dixie Brown corn syrup. This was late summer of 1972, and the community was halfway along the path to all-out white sugar use. Corn table syrup (this

of the Karo type, to name a national brand) was that halfway point between guilt and acceptance of that '60s bugaboo, white sugar. It was a hell of a lot easier to sweeten anything with syrup than with sorghum molasses, the sweetener of choice in the earliest days of The Farm (along with honey, which was discontinued due to something "spiritual teacher" Stephen Gaskin said about exploitation of bees; when bees became an endangered species a few years later, he recanted). But it took a lot of it to make anything very sweet. That was the era of sticky, soggy cakes and crystalline cookies.

It was a hot and sunny day. The corn was as high as the proverbial elephant's eye and sorghum crops were doing their best to look lush and near ready for harvest. About five miles down toward



Lawrenceburg my friend Will, who was driving, got out a couple of mushroom caps about the size of half-dollars; he offered me one and began nibbling on the other. By the time we hit the Alabama line, past many more miles of those increasingly fecund fields, we went sailing across the border in more ways than one. George Wallace smiled at us from the welcoming billboard at the state line, encouraging us to stay a while.

After cruising through the boring town of Florence, home of such traditional southern sights as the Roy Rogers Roast Beef Sandwich franchise and the bring-your-own-meat barbecue place, we stopped at a little creekside park on the Jackson Highway near the north end of Sheffield, just a few blocks from the famous 2400 Jackson Highway recording studio of '70s rock and roll fame. It had become a very hot day; the sky was a deep southern blue with nary a cloud to be seen. We had brought brown bag lunches (soybean sandwiches on whole wheat bread with sprouts) but first we stopped in at the little corner grocery across the street from the park to get more cold drinks. Now that we'd stopped driving, the mushrooms were roaring like a freight train to their peak; everything seemed more than sufficiently surreal.

Eating took a long time with a lot of conversation, and a lot of looking at the beautiful surroundings of the park. We were practically in the middle of the "Quad Cities" (besides Florence and Sheffield there is Muscle Shoals and Tusculumbia) but we might have been in the farthest reaches of the woods away from civilization. All this and Sundrop Golden Cola right across the street! What a joy to be able (while very stoned) to sink one's hands into frigid waters to requisition the bottle fresh out of an old ice water cooler in a primitive country store.

We polished off our lunch with another item from the store, my favorite piece of southern junk food: the pecan pie. These items which came in their own three-inch diameter pie tins took us straight to our nouveau southern roots, far away from our humble origins as beatniks/hippies in San Francisco in the '60s.

More than Sundrop or its arch-rival, Kick, more than fried pies, more than chocolate soda, these little pecan pies epitomized the Southern Culinary Experience (since we were vegetarians, the joys of items like "country ham" and "red eye gravy" were off-limits). Even the plentiful sacks of day-old doughnuts from the donut store in Columbia, Tennessee (that were the staple of Farm in-town-for-money carpentry crews a few years later) never replaced the simple joys of a store-bought little tiny pecan pie, y'all.

Much time had passed. We drove on soberly to the syrup factory, which was situated in an enormous old brick warehouse, very gone to seed, on a railroad spur in an industrial section of town. And yet, it was just blocks from the park paradise we'd just left.

The corn syrup arrived here in tanker cars from Iowa or maybe Nebraska; it's pumped off the siding into several large holding tanks. From there it's eventually pumped into the mixing area, where it's blended with either white or brown sugar, plus maybe honey (old crystallized five-gallon tins of honey they have to cut open with metal shears), maple (plastic gallon jugs of Mapleine), or sorghum (also crystallized in five-gallon cans). There were rooms full of 50 and 100 pound sacks of white and brown sugar, which arrive by the truckload, bought from jobbers further south. Another room holds their supply of honey, maple, and sorghum; other areas are festooned with pallets holding cases of empty jars. Stacks of printed labels sit near the bottling line, to be applied during the process. Elsewhere, finished inventory awaits pick-up by various wholesalers and delivery by their own fleet of three old trucks similar to the one in which we've arrived.

The proprietor, a fat elderly Alabaman, his stout son and their "colored help" all pitched in together to expedite the filling of our barrels. First they were washed once again, using their equipment (better than our own), and then, still hot from the steaming water, they got wheeled on a dolly over to the edge of the filling machine, where a makeshift diverter from the filler swivelled out



over the drums. While we watched, rich table syrup oozed endlessly into the waiting containers. One at a time they were filled and winched back up to our truck.

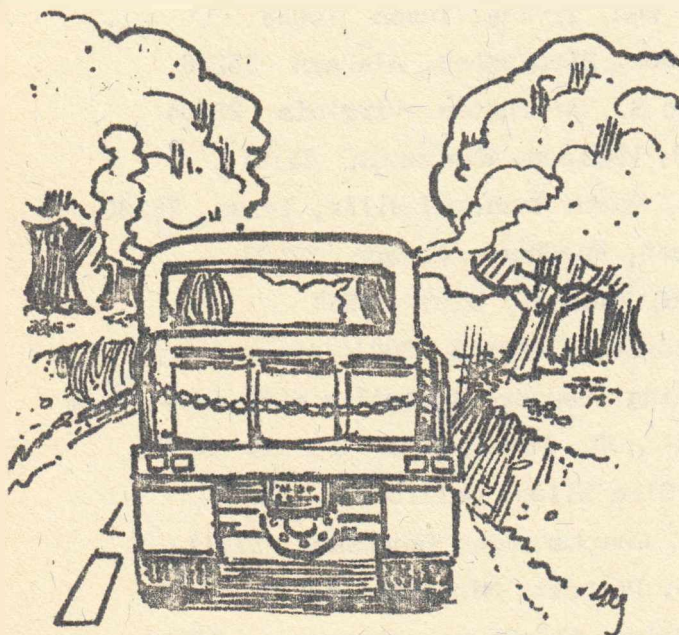
While this was happening, we engaged in a curious ritual with the owner's son. As had happened on numerous prior occasions, he led us to a dusty corner of the plant where "returns" were stored. These were cases of syrup in which one or more containers had broken, depositing syrup all over other bottles. The labels become discolored when cleaned and for some reason they preferred not to relabel, so they gave us some of these "seconds" to take back. These included exotic flavors of table syrup such as "honey", "maple", and "sorghum", which were much prized by those back on The Farm who were chosen (by Will and me) to receive a bottle of this bounty. The syrup factory owners had begun this curious ritual the very first time I went to see them to set up our account. (I "discovered" them as a source by looking in the sweetener sections of several local grocery stores when the go-ahead came that it would be okay to abandon sorghum.)

The purchase complete, the special gift of returns carefully loaded, the requisite half-hour or so of hanging out

with the owners and their help behind us (if we didn't steer the conversation heavily at these times, it would always turn eventually to something like duck hunting, moonshining, or old racist tales), we headed back out toward the Tennessee line. As we crossed the border again, my driver friend whipped out a joint. It was a perfect way to end an unusual day.

The following morning came the exciting adventure of unloading these 10 barrels, each now weighing around 450 pounds, from five feet up in the back of a truck with only some long, heavy beams and a lot of people power to perform this challenging task. In those early days, the cry "Monkeys!" would go out when muscle was needed for things like pushing trucks out of the mud and lifting heavy objects. The community agreement was so tight then that everyone within earshot who could be interrupted would stop and pitch in. The Farm's roads were terrible in the early years; sections could be traversed only by the most experienced daredevil drivers and then only in certain vehicles. The old mail truck in which I came to The Farm was, in later years, much prized as one that could make it through almost anything.

The real bottom line here is that this is the sort of stuff I would try to do for "work" while I lived on The Farm. I was never one of those people, of whom there were many in the earlier years, who just wanted to "stay in the woods". I counted it a good era during my stay if I could get into these positions rather than having to go do field work, cut firewood with chain saws, or bang nails building other people's houses and apartment complexes off The Farm (I did all of these things and more at one time or another). In the early days of The Farm especially, I was one of the few who would condescend to go out and take care of the community's business. At that point in time, I was regarded by many as some sort of karmic thunder hero for my ready willingness to go out and shop for the community (most people just wanted to stay on the land; how boring, I thought). I considered it an opportunity to spend some time between and after business of the day browsing in



the precious few bookstores in Nashville, perchance to find the latest Philip K. Dick novel or short story collection to buy and take home.

Sometimes I'd get to travel to even more exotic towns, and if I saw a used book store I'd check it out if I had time. My precious copy of *Our Friends From Frolix 8* is from The Book Rack, a tiny hole in the wall in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Later, it was the *Howard the Duck* comics I would have laid away for my irregular visits to The Great Escape, a comics and comix emporium in Nashville near Vanderbilt University -- down the street from the Sunshine Grocery, where the only copies of *Coevolution Quarterly* available in Nashville could be acquired. Sunshine was a hippie-style "natural foods" emporium that even into the early

'80s (when I last saw it) still retained much of its original '60s flavor.

Later, of course, others caught on and I had to compete more for these jobs. But yes, I see I'm rambling! So I'm going to declare this a good spot at which to temporarily close the flood gates of this narrative; I hope no one minds if they re-open from time to time when I'm in the mood. It seems somehow appropriate for this to be appearing in a fanzine from Tennessee; this is sort of a painless way of gathering notes for an eventual book. Even in the above there are paths unexplored in order to stick to the main points. Once I get going, it's so easy to ramble on. Like, hey, remind me sometime to tell you about what happened when Certain People went to see *Star Wars*...

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(( In keeping with our interest in fannish legends and fan history, First Fandom member Dal Coger gives us a look at one of the most ~~disreputable~~ infamous fans of the

'40s. Please note that unlike the very mysterious Vernon J. Schryver mentioned in *Mimosa 3*, we are not requesting the current whereabouts of Mr. Degler. ))

## The Degler Legend

Dal Coger

In the autumn of 1942 I attended my first science fiction convention at the Otsego Hotel in Jackson, Michigan. Michicon II had about 30 fans in attendance, and boasted such luminaries as Edward Elmer ("Doc") Smith, B. E. Evans, Oliver Saari (an engineer who wrote a few SF stories), and a 16-year-old Frank Robinson. Also in attendance was Claude Degler, an Indiana fan who was soon being referred to in fandom as "Clod."

Claude might have been cast as Ichabod Crane, but only in a silent movie because of his nasal Hoosier accent. He was unkempt in appearance, unwashed, and (as I found later) travelled by hitchhiking. His great dream was to unite all of fandom into a single organization which he had named "The Cosmic Circle." Why this was needed was never clear, since fandom already had, and was supporting the NSF (National Fantasy Fan Federation). In pursuit of his dream Claude travelled across the country, incidentally enjoying the hospitality of fans, all and sundry, and somehow finding the resources to produce fanzines of various titles, but all promoting cosmic consciousness.

Bob Tucker, in *Le Zombie* (November, 1943) wrote a piece, "Take to the Woods, Men. Degler's Coming!" An excerpt: "Cosmic Circle Claude they calls him -- the wandering willy from some place in Indiana. He's covered most of the 48 states in the last several months, plus parts of Canada and it is rumored Mexico. He has visited (ouch) and sponged upon hundreds of fans from Quebec to Live Oak, from Rockland to Los Angeles. He is busily engaged in organizing an international fan club: The Cosmic Circle. Even if he has to borrow without permission a half dozen well-known fan names to lend 'prestige' to the club."

My second meeting with Claude was at

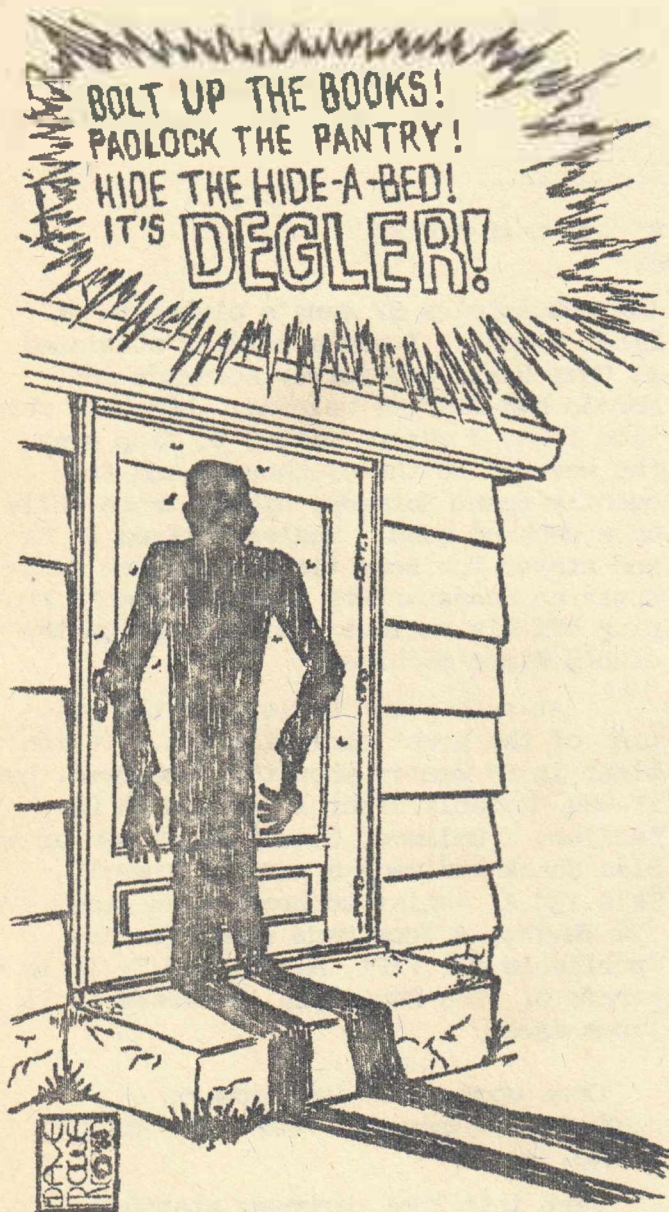
the Los Angeles SF gang's clubhouse on Bixel Street. I was a soldier stationed at Camp Haan, and Forrey Ackerman and Morojo had made me welcome. Like all service fans, I was permitted to flop over the weekend in the clubhouse, and frequently spent Saturday nights there while on a weekend pass. Degler arrived in LA and stayed for some time, using the clubhouse as headquarters and, I suspect, running off his various publications on the club's mimeo machine.

At some point Degler was the "victim" of the great exclusion act. It isn't clear in my memory when this occurred, but it was probably after I saw him in LA. Earlier, I believe, Claude had shown up at Slan Shack and made a pest of himself. This led Al Ashley to produce an item, *The Stefan*, a four page mimeo fanzine, "published for FAPA, March 1943." It is a parody of "The Raven" in 18 verses of 11 lines each.

"Once upon a midnight dreary,  
while I slumbered, weak and weary;  
etc.

"Deep into that darkness staring,  
I stood rigid, glaring, swearing,  
Hoping I'd succeed in scaring  
That which lurked outside my door.  
But my caller gave a token  
That his courage was unbroken,  
And the words that then were spoken,  
Made a shutter-rattling roar;  
Waking half the town, he shouted,  
'It's just me, Al, Claude Deg-lore!'  
Merely this -- no need for more."  
etc.

"And the Stefan, never flitting,  
Still is draped there, unsubmitting;  
etc.  
Won't some sympathetic being  
Come assist me with this chore...  
Scrape this damn thing off my floor?"



The next time Degler showed up at the Ashley place he was simply told to get lost. He had made of himself, Abby Lou Ashley told me while I was home on leave, an absolute nuisance, consuming vast amounts of food, which was not that easy to procure since there was food rationing. I suspect Claude simply tanked up where there was a chance. He was as thin as a rail.

Degler did not take his "exclusion" kindly, likening it to the great exclusion act at WorldCon 1939 in New York when Moskowitz and company excluded Wollheim and the Futurians. Some fans supported him. Most who had encountered him did not.

In LA, Claude had taken to referring to himself in some of his writings as "Don Rogers." Mel Brown, a Los Angeleno fan, promptly nicknamed him "Two Buck Rogers." This was a reference to the going price of a hooker, allegedly, and was probably unfair to Claude. I doubt he had time for sex.

Claude's publication for FAPA, *The Cosmic Circle Commentator*, led to a number of burlesques in one of the FAPA mailings of that winter of 1943-44. (I left California for military reasons in April or May 1944 and essentially left fandom that fall, only returning in the early 1970s.) Claude committed such howlers as describing one fan as "stolid and imaginative," and listing his membership in the Cosmic Circle as "under a thousand."

By March, 1944, Claude was back in Indiana (Newcastle, I seem to recall) and a new flood of material was coming out, some of it referring to "Don Rogers." Also at that time there was a number of suspiciously similar publications, but with improved spelling, written by "Frankfort Nelson Stein," commonly Frank N. Stein.

We left fandom about the same time, apparently. Mine was involuntary, because I went overseas in the U.S. Army and didn't return for five years. I have often wondered about Claude/Don/Frankfort since then. Several years ago a fan (*ed. note: Bob Tucker, actually*) reported seeing him outside a convention somewhere in the midwest.

The fact is I sort of liked Claude. He had a dream and sacrificed everything for it. Certainly, he could have bathed more often. And used a change of clothes. His writing was crude, but in that as in much else he might have benefitted by more generous treatment from the fan community. Fans in their adolescence are frequently ugly ducklings, introverted, poorly socialized, and lacking in social graces, even though Claude was not an adolescent, being at least in his twenties.

Fandom would be a poorer place without such characters.



(( And now a cautionary tale for anyone who's even thought of a career in sales. Whether you plan to work as a highly paid sales engineer or as the lowliest supermarket check-out, at times, you have to deal with people so obnoxious that even Will Rogers would be hard pressed to say something nice about them; people so stupid,

you have to wonder how they managed to live to adulthood. On the other hand, working sales can be at least as rewarding as cleaning latrines, and you don't even have to join the military! So, for the future salespeople of the world, this article is for you. ))

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## Coffee, Tea and Me

Nicki Lynch

I never wanted to work in retail. When I went for a degree in computer science, I had visions of working in an office, at a terminal, discussing accounting programs and such with peers. Then I looked over the job market in Chattanooga and discovered after almost three years of filling out applications, handing out resumes, talking to "head hunters" and going to interviews that there were no entry level computer jobs to be had in Chattanooga. Not unless you knew someone I didn't know.

So when the new two story shopping mall opened in town, for fun, I dropped by and left my resume off with any store that would take it. Only one called back; a coffee and tea shop.

I was interviewed by the owner and asked to start work that day. I begged off, knowing that I didn't have the type of shoes necessary to stand around all day in, and I wasn't really sure what I was getting into. I've now been working there for six months and even survived a Christmas at the mall, a not-to-be-believed situation unless you've been in retail.

This coffee store is part of a chain that specializes in gourmet coffees and teas, as well as various appliances to go with them. The main sellers are coffee beans by the pound and half-pound, and loose and bagged teas. The biggest part of my job, apart from the constant cleaning (as grinding coffee is very dusty) is handling customers.

Chattanooga is not a major city, even though the city council and major employers would like to think that it is. For the most part, the people who shop in

Chattanooga are mostly rural people to whom traffic lights and a middle turning lane are curiosities that they don't quite understand. For something as exotic as a coffee shop, many are overwhelmed.

For the first few months, we had to explain what we sold to almost everyone who came in the door, although we had many who stuck their heads in and pulled them out again, unable to cope with the wonder of it all. The best example of that were two old ladies who stuck their heads in, exclaimed, "My goodness, look at all those raisins!", and ducked out again. It was also amazing how many people thought it was a candy store, with bins of small chocolate candies.

For those who knew what a coffee shop was, we had to explain to them that we were not the same coffee shop which had been in another mall in town, and had closed about a year earlier. I was amazed how many people felt we needed to know that there had been another coffee shop in town.

Then there was the small group who knew about coffee shops and were coffee snobs. The coffee snobs were usually Yuppie types who would point out the espresso coffee beans to their open-mouthed friends, exclaim how nice it was to get Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee locally, and then ask for a cappuccino, telling us how they last had one in Italy.

Heard on a daily basis in the store is someone saying, "It smells so wonderful in here! You must love working here!" All you can do is to smile and say yes. Actually, I no longer smell the coffee, and my co-workers say the same thing.

After the second day, I could no longer smell the coffee brewing. I can smell it when I open the bins, and I do smell it when I'm pouring the coffee, but that's about it. Even when I've been off for a few days, I still can't smell the coffee the way I used to.

The first few months were the hardest in dealing with the public. Face it, when you're in sales, you can't tell a customer what a stupid question they've just asked. Well, you can, but you won't be in sales long. The best you can do is to give a direct answer and let them make up their so-called minds. For example:

One question we got about once a day for the first three months was: "Is this the coffee you grind for instant?" Rather than say, "Only if they've repealed the laws of Physics," I would usually answer, "No. You have to brew the coffee after you grind it up. Instant coffee is not ground-up beans." Fortunately, I haven't heard that question for quite a while.

Another question is: "I don't like coffee myself, but I want to buy some for a friend. What do you think he (or she) will like?" The temptation is to tell them, "How the hell do I know? I'm not a mind reader!", but usually just ask the friend's preference, which they don't know. Since they don't like coffee themselves and refuse to sample what we're brewing, I'm stuck with describing each coffee, or picking out two or three of the best sellers and recommending them. Usually this is enough to make a sale.

We brew three coffees each day, a regular, a flavor, and a decaf which can be either a flavor or a regular coffee. This may not seem like a big choice, but to some people this is a major decision in their life, and they will agonize over it the way some people will consider buying a house, starting a business, or getting married. I suppose it is a shock, since the other coffee place in town only served one kind of coffee per day.

When a person comes up to the window, they usually lean over the counter, look at the three or four coffee pots with coffee in them and say, "What coffee are you brewing (or 'serving', or 'boiling')

today?" Then we hit them with The Choice. "It's on the top line of the menu," I say. They look, and then ask if these are the coffees we are brewing today, and if they are available.

For the most part, they don't want to read a menu, opting to having the choices and prices recited to them, despite having a clearly marked sign. Considering how many people that are served each day, I'd have no voice left if I did that! Besides, we do have a sign! But most people will still ask what each coffee is. The owner also points out the sign and even had one person tell her, "You mean I've got to READ?"



While most people have gotten used to us and make their choice without fuss, we still get the occasional customer who lives in terror that we serve wildly exotic drinks and that their 64 cents will have been spent badly. I remember one lady who was almost literally dragged up by her friends, while I was waiting on a customer. She was protesting that she didn't want anything too strange and looked over at what I was doing.

She watched me pour the contents of one cup into another and exclaimed, "See, that turned from white to brown. I'll bet that was something strange!"

The lady next to her turned and said, "She's making hot chocolate for me."

That shut up the first lady until the lady with the hot chocolate left. I



think she was a little disappointed that she only got coffee in the end.

Another time, a guy brought up his protesting girlfriend for some coffee. She didn't want the regular coffee of the day, which happened to be Hawaiian Kona (an excellent coffee, by the way), and asked if we had some "regular" coffee. (For some reason, people seem to think we have several exotic coffees brewing as well as a pot of Maxwell House somewhere.) So the guy turned to me, winked, and said, "Give me a cup of the Kona and give her some regular coffee." So I went over to the coffee maker and poured two cups of Kona and brought them over, giving him his Kona and her the "regular coffee". He paid and they both went away happy.

The hardest question to answer, after pointing out the three coffees of the day is when the person asks, "Which is best?" I have no idea what that question means, and usually just repeat what each coffee is. The second question is, "Is it strong?" An equally meaningless question, but it's one that most people ask, terrified that they will get a strong cup of coffee. How we're supposed to know if they will think it is strong is beyond me. One day, about an hour apart, one person protested that the regular coffee was too strong and a second person said the same coffee was too weak. We have a lot of people who ask if the coffee is a dark roast. We never serve a dark roast, but the same people will ask, over and over. One lady has to see the beans before she contemplates buying a cup, in case we are trying to get away with serving her a dark roasted bean coffee.

There is also another problem with having such an exotic place as a coffee store; people want to try this thing they've heard about, Espresso. Since we give samples of the brewed coffee, many people ask for a sample of the espresso or cappuccino, which we can't do. The problem is that some people really don't know what they are ordering, and are disappointed when they get it. To that end, the manager wants us to ask people, tactfully, if they know what they are ordering. Many don't.

For some reason, these people with a

yen to explore show up at the busiest time. I had a couple show up just as a rush started and they wanted cappuccinos. OK. As I was making them, the guy asked what I was doing, and when would I get their order. So I told him that I was making the cappuccinos that they wanted, didn't they? Well, yes, but he didn't know I had to make them up. I finally got them made and rung up, so the guy turns cute. When asked for payment, to which he seemed surprised at the amount (considering the price is clearly marked on the menu they spent ten minutes studying), he asked if we took charge cards. With the people seething behind him, I told him through my clenched teeth, yes, we did, but not at the take-out window. He tried to make light of it and then slowly took out his wallet and all but counted out the amount in change while making bad jokes all the while. He finally left, much to everyone's relief. I have no idea if they liked what they got.



Working with the public is no picnic, but every now and then there is that one customer who is literate and knows what they want and have their money out, ready to pay. Or the customer who tells everyone in earshot how wonderful the coffee is and how he/she comes in every day to get it. Or the customer who looks forward to seeing YOU, because you make hot chocolate or cappuccino "just the way I like it."



(( In the 15 years we've lived in Chattanooga, we've unfortunately found too many reasons to be down on the city -- there's a lot of unrealized potential here, but the local power brokers seem to be content in keeping the area clinging to its historical past instead of seeking employers for the quality graduates the two local colleges are turning out. But just when you're feeling lousiest and ready to totally give up hope

on the area, something pleasant and totally unexpected happens -- last December we discovered that Dr. Sharon Farber, M.D. (and SFWA member) had moved here. Now, neurology and writing seem like mutually exclusive occupations due to time demands. We still don't know when she finds time to write, but we're glad she was able to find some time in her 20 hour days to write about her first 36 hour day... ))



# My First 36 Hour Day

Sharon  
Farber

three equally accented syllables, not "Luh-fett" as it is in Chattanooga). As we drove past a row of what looked like abandoned slums, in what may be most charitably described as a blighted neighborhood, smoke began to pour from a window.

My friend continued to the end of the block. "There's the hospital," she said, with a bored wave of her hand. "There's the neuro wing; there's where you can park so your battery won't get stolen." She swung a u-turn and headed back to the freeway.

As we again passed the derelict building, flames were leaping out the window, and we could hear sirens. I wasn't quite sure what it meant, but it seemed to be an omen of some kind...

The next morning I showed up bright and early, wearing a brand new short white coat, and carrying a black bag full of undented medical instruments. I had just spent two years cramming my mind with all manner of important and trivial facts, with no way yet of deciding which was which. I knew anatomy, pharmacology, biochemistry, and pathology. I had not the foggiest notion how to draw blood, start an IV, write a prescription, diagnose an illness, convince a nurse that I was only a subtotal idiot, or discern if a patient was just trying to get drugs.

In effect, I'd been dropped into combat without basic training...

The neurology/neurosurgery intensive care unit was located in the most ancient part of the hospital. It was considered an ICU because it had on-duty nurses, a couple of heart monitors, the capacity to handle respirators, and a window air conditioner. It was laughably primitive, but

After learning that I would begin my third year of medical school on the neurology rotation at City Hospital, I thought it prudent to learn the actual location of that hospital. Thus, the day before the semester began, a very good friend (who was to commit suicide only two years later) volunteered to drive me down there.

We exited the freeway and started down Lafayette (which is pronounced with



had this virtue: by starting my clinical training at City, I developed such low standards that every hospital I've been in since has seemed like Paradise.

The team was already rounding when I and the other third-year presented ourselves. We were one student short, and the residents immediately began to squabble over us. In a hospital where there was one transporter, no dispatch, few nurses, and few orderlies, medical students were prized possessions.

The resident with first dibs chose the other student. Here it was, my first day on the wards, and I already felt like I was back in grammar school, being picked last for kickball. I realize now that it was nothing personal; he was a big mean-looking guy, which meant it was safe to send him out at night to bring back food. My team had to make do with munchies from the machines, when those were working or when we could find enough change. (I later had some consolation when an intern nicknamed my fellow student The Robot, and told me that I was more fun.)

The important stuff over, we turned our attention to the patients. Three of the six in the ICU beds were occupied by gunshot wounds -- two victims of a local drug war and a young man who had been inefficient in his suicide attempt (it took him almost a day to die). We looked at his CAT scan, with its linear track of bone and metal fragments through a brain destroyed by the shock wave of the bullet.

"Like jello, you know?" said the chief resident. I did not know that he had only one month to go in his training, and felt like anyone about to get sprung after eight years in prison. I thought he was the fount of all wisdom, and a man to be scrupulously emulated. (One of the drug war veterans was contemplating singing to the police, and the chief was convinced that the local hoodlums were planning to spray the ICU with bullets. He used to duck every time the door opened.)

The chief looked at the CAT scan, he looked at the interns and residents (who were also marking time, pending promotion into higher planes of existence), then

turned his attention upon the lowly students.

"See the exit? By the time you finish this rotation, you should be able to tell the difference between a 22 and a 38 by the entrance wound."

The Robot and I exchanged slightly worried looks.

The chief then proceeded to dig into his pocket and pull out some bullets.

"Now, this is a 22," he began with enthusiasm. "Low velocity, low impact. If you really want to cause some damage, you need something steel-jacketed, like this. And here's a 38 with a dum-dum carved on the head so it'll explode..."

Fifteen minutes into my first day as a student doctor, I was beginning to realize that things were not quite as I'd expected.

After rounds, two things happened. The air conditioner in the doctors' conference room broke (never to be repaired), and I was assigned to follow a patient who lived in a car, drank a lot, and had the rigid form of Parkinson's Disease. As he was not yet frozen solid, I was unable to deduce that he had any trouble moving.

My patient's main complaints that day were that his gums were bleeding, and his teeth falling out. I immediately ran to my supervisor with the conclusion, "He's got scurvy."

The resident sighed, "Ask him how often he brushed his teeth."

I dutifully went back and relayed the question.

"Once a month," my patient replied.

With the bad luck that would plague me throughout my career, I was chosen to take call that first night. I later learned to always carry a toothbrush and scrubs and, when at City, my own soap and hand towel as well. And plenty of deodorant. The women's bathroom had no door, the shower had no curtain, and there was probably no water anyway. What with no showers, no air-conditioning, and ninety-plus weather, I actually found myself grateful for my dust allergy.

That night we saw what I later realized was the usual boring assortment of head trauma and alcohol withdrawal seizures.

The formal medical history and physical, as taught to second year medical students, includes an in-depth study of the current illness, a thorough listing of all previous medical or surgical problems of the patient and all his relatives, and then something called the Review of Systems, in which the eager student lists every possible symptom the patient could ever possibly experience, just to be sure nothing's missed. (For instance, here are some questions that we were told we must ask every single patient, on this randomly chosen subject: How often do your bowels move? Do you strain? Does it hurt? Can you control your bowels? Is the stool hard, soft, liquid, pellets, formed? Is your stool dark and tarry, bloody, or light tan? Does it float, or stick to the toilet?)

My first complete patient work-up had taken six hours, and I felt highly skillful to have pared it down to only two hours. I wondered how I'd ever manage to work up more than one patient in a day. Thus, I was pleased to finally be able to see how a real live doctor on the front-lines did a history.

"How much do you drink?" my resident asked, writing while he spoke. "When'd you stop? Why? You take any medicine? Any medicines make you sick?" The History of Present Illness and Past Medical History over, he went to the Review of Systems.

"Hey!" he shouted, grabbing the patient by the lapels and shaking him back awake. "Your heart OK? How 'bout your lungs?" (I will skip the next morning, when I was given ten minutes warning that I had to present this patient to the professor. It was not the most humiliating experience of my entire life, but it seemed so at the time.)

I spent the rest of the night watching my resident work. As I didn't know anything, the only way I could help was by taking samples to the lab. He showed me

how to fill out the forms. If you didn't fill them out just right (including signing them in triplicate and stamping in two separate places), the lab techs would throw away your samples. An abandoned dumb-waiter shaft in the lab was later discovered to be full of old tubes of blood.

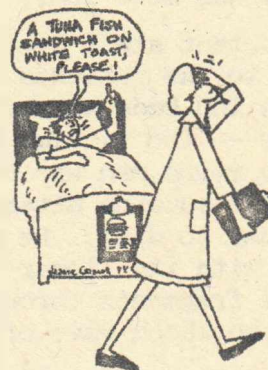
Every time I walked past the gunshot victim in ICU bed three, he would say, "Waitress, I want a tunafish sandwich."

Still being new and idealistic, I understood my responsibility was to go to the bedside and try to orient the patient. "You're not in a restaurant, sir. You're in the neurology/neurosurgery intensive care unit of St. Louis City Hospital Number One, and I'm a medical student."

"I want a tunafish sandwich!"

After a few days, I hit upon the most practical response.

"I'm sorry, sir, this is not my table."



Either I looked like hell, or the chief felt sorry for me, but he sent me home after only 32 hours. I managed to find my Dodge Turkey where I had left it. The car next to mine had the hood open; the battery had been stolen.

I felt it was an omen of some kind, but wasn't quite sure what it meant...

NEXT: I get yelled at for finding a dead body.



*(( Although we've been in Tennessee for about 15 years, now, we are not (as many of you are aware) native to the South; we're both from northern New York State. People in other parts of the U.S. often ask us if there was culture shock after*

*we moved here. And how! After 15 years we're still not sure we're over it! But just to show we weren't alone in perceiving a change in culture in our move, here's a few remarks from someone else who's made the move to this region. ))*

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## Copy Editing and Coping in the Wilds of Columbus (Georgia, that is)

Carolyn Doyle

It's not a bad drive down South from St. Louis. Some parts, especially the area around Chattanooga, are beautiful. The roads are four-lane most of the way, and the highway signs even warn you which exits harbor which fast food joints.

I was driving to Columbus, Georgia, from St. Louis on a rainy March day. Behind me, David stayed, to join me later after watching the movers load our collection of mismatched furniture and too many books into the truck. I was leaving my first real newspaper job behind -- a job where I'd gone from being a reporter to a copy editor, where in the space of 2-1/2 years I had become one of the newspaper's old-timers, one of those people who teach the new ones how to use the computer system. My last night there, I'd worked a full shift, had my last take-away dinner from Lee Wah's Chinese Food, and drank my last coconut-rum-and 7-Up I've ever had, sitting with about a dozen of my colleagues at Good Times bar.

Behind me, all that. Ahead... a better-paying job -- and the prospect of having to get a hotel room, find an apartment, get the utilities started, hunt for a decent grocery store, a new doctor...

Was I apprehensive? You bet.

In fact, if I'd known what kind of motel I was going to be staying at once I reached my destination, I might have just kept on the road...

I'd spent most of the previous day driving, and headed into town the second day still feeling pretty tired. It was pouring down rain when I reached the city, and I stopped at the first hotel I saw downtown, figuring it would be a good location for apartment hunting -- in the

center of town, I'd be close to things, and it would be easier for people to know where I was when they gave me directions.

That night I watched some TV before going to bed. As I flipped through the channels, I noticed this motel offered The Playboy Channel. Later that night, I found out why. The place I'd picked was where all the women (and boys) who "work" downtown take their clients. There was a lot of traffic in and out of some of those rooms, and some mildly interesting noises...

Welcome to Columbus.

I ran into the language barrier the next day, looking for apartments. The woman on the phone was trying to give me directions. "You jus go down Wynnton and it's rawt acrawst from the Crown station."

"The what?"

"The Cra-a-a-wne station," she said.

I drove down Wynnton Road, looking for a Crane station, whatever that was. I'd driven several miles before realizing I'd overshot. Turning back, I finally found the place -- across from the Crown gas station.

Later I found an apartment (the one right across from the Cra-a-a-wne station, in fact). I started my job at the newspaper. One day a woman was trying to dictate an obituary to me over the phone. I'd never taken one over the phone since I'd moved to Columbus, but I'd been reading and editing them for a few months and the obit clerk was nowhere in sight...

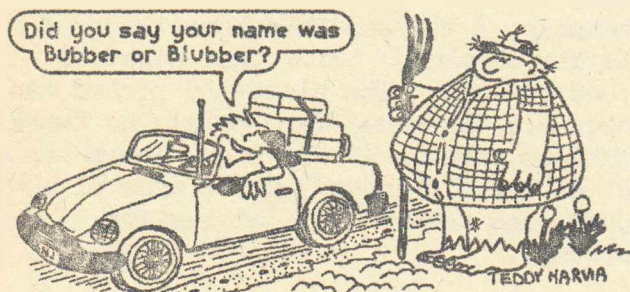
"Name?"

"Mizruz Anna Lee Stewart."

"Anna Lee two words? Stewart S-T-E-W-A-R-T? OK, first name Misruz, M-I-S-R-U-Z --"

"No it's Anna." (Misruz = Mrs.)

Give me some credit for that last one. At least I'd been in the South long enough that the idea of a name like Misruz didn't phase me. Not after men named Marion and LaVon (not to mention men with nicknames like Nookie, Bubba, Bubber, Shug, and Skin -- and a couple of those are politicians). Then there was the couple named Jimmie and Earthlene Johnson -- Jimmie was the woman and Earthlene was the man.



Of course, today's Southerners are just carrying on a tradition of unusual names (unusual to my Midwest ears, anyway). Hatchechubbee, Chattahoochee, Anna-weekee, Muscogee are all Indian names of rivers and places that still survive.

In the South you see headache powders as frequently as aspirin, grits come in assorted flavors, you get RC Cola instead of Pepsi, moon pies instead of Twinkies, and Krystal burgers instead of White Castles. Come Thanksgiving, almost every shopping cart sports a bundle of turnip greens or collards as big as a possum next to the turkey -- but I could only find one store in town that sold orange-cranberry relish. And if you want a good deli-style sandwich, you'd better make it yourself.

You can tell something about the foods that shape the South (or at least the Southerners) just by looking at how much space grocery stores devote to different items. Some stores have nearly half an aisle devoted to flour (perhaps ten different brands, each with its dif-

ferent varieties and sizes -- the big 10 or 20 pound bag may have a free washcloth sewn on the outside). Then there's bread-ing and crackermeal and different kinds of cornmeal and biscuit and corn muffin mixes and batters.

There's a lot of space for tea, too, but it's mostly plain, whether loose, bagged or instant. Iced tea, not Coke or even RC, is what every good Southerner drinks, nay, drowns in. When you go to a restaurant and ask for tea, that's what you get -- I guess only us damnyankees drink the stuff hot.

You won't find frozen ravioli (I've tried -- used to use it all the time in St. Louis to make fried ravioli), or frozen chicken cordon bleu. And the only Jonathan apples I tasted this year were some I imported from exotic Indianapolis, my hometown.

But there are consolations to living down here, I suppose. The best barbecue I've ever tasted is made in the South -- specifically, here in Columbus (but that's another story in itself). And there are other compensations: magnolia trees, hummingbirds, dogwoods, rafting down the Chattahoochee, those little lizards that change color... In the spring (which comes early down here), azaleas bloom everywhere, and it looks just like paradise.

And there's the weather. I'm writing this on March 21, the second day of spring. The sun is beating down and I'm sitting by the pool in my shorts and my tube top. A few feet away, a couple of women are already in their bikinis, getting a head start on their summer tans. In my native Midwest, there may be snow on the ground. I'll trade the risk of frostbite for the risk of sunburn any day.

I don't suppose I'll stay in Columbus forever -- and unless my next move is back to the Midwest, it's possible the next place I live could have just as many strange things that I'll have to contend with. But I haven't been there yet, so I don't know. In the meantime, perhaps the best thing I can say about the South overall is that I don't think it's as bad as living on another planet -- but then, I haven't been there yet, either.



(( Speaking of Southern fans, here's an article from a fanwriter from the deep, deep, DEEP South! Seriously, we've been corresponding with Greg for about a year

now; the following is a condensation of an article that will appear in his fanzine Secant later this year. ))

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## For the Birds

Greg Hills

Heaven may be found twenty-five kilometres north of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

The YHA (Youth Hostels Association) hostel of 'Bensuta Lodge', at Towlers Bay on Pittwater is probably my single most preferred spot on the continent of Australia. Set high on a tree-clad hillside, in a human enclave in Kuring-gai Chase National Park, it has the air of being isolated on an island far from 'civilisation'. But draw a quarter circle on a map, radius fifty kilometres and with the outer arc curving from south to west, and three million people live within the area of that wedge.

I came to Pittwater as a refugee from Sydney. I had arrived in Australia just three days before and had found it impossible to organise myself in the bustle of Sydney. I had previously spent fourteen months managing a YHA hostel in New Zealand. Te Aroha, located on a hillside, backing on forest, and with perhaps fifteen thousand people within a twenty-five kilometre radius, had coaxed me out of love with the big city. Sydney was too much. Pittwater was just enough.

I arrived on a Monday, after the weekend rush had returned to Sydney. Where twenty people had jostled, I and four others sprawled. Our conversations were backed and supported by the sough of wind, the rush of trees, and the cries of birds. At intervals there might be a human shout or the distant putter of an outboard boat, but mostly there was just nature.

Edwin was a Scotsman of middle years, and half-aware that he was growing old. We got on well enough; but then, since we shared a dormitory, we had to.

He was full of opinions and willing to share them. I agreed with few of them.

Susan, Sarah, and Anna — it is hard to think of the three individually, as it was rare to find one alone -- were English, from London. Susan was the easy-going one, open and disarming but feeling, somehow, artificial. Sarah was cynical and often sarcastic, but she held the group together and was always the first to help someone else. Anna was dark where the others were blond, legacy of her half-Indian parents, and her reserve was fierce, but she was naturally friendly and was certainly the most intelligent of the three.

We were all seasoned hostellers, well-versed in the traditions of that curious fandom-like subculture. Yes, *fandom*-like. Hostellers have clubs, with clubzines. There is an etiquette and a language unique to the hostels. There are no fanzines, travellers not being given to publishing, but the void is filled by the hostel visitors books. (These are not the limp "name, address, three-word-comment" that you may have visualized. The hostel visitor's book is a repository of the thoughts, deeds, and findings of generations of hostellers. Some entries are, indeed, a mere scrawled line, but others can take up pages of tiny writing.) And the whole thing is somewhat reminiscent of a convention, spread out temporally and spatially, with programming events and room parties running simultaneously at many different places.

I spent four nights at Pittwater, and came away with memories that seem more like four months. The problem I face in this article is not finding something to talk about, but deciding what *not* to talk

about. If I started to cover everything, I could fill this fanzine from end to end and have material left for the next issue. So, narrow; narrow... ah, there's an image: black wings beating along a green backdrop, and a voice: "Bandits at nine o'clock..."

III

A wing of magpies came in on a strafing run. "Here the come again," said Anna. The currawong, dropping a raucous cry, took to its tree. The lorikeets, being more interested in pecking indiscriminately at seed and each other, paid no attention; they knew the magpies would not dare bother them.

Edwin, Anna, and I were relaxed in a row on the on the wooden bench, backs against table and feet propped against veranda railing. I had just been watching a curl of smoke rise above the hillside across the bay. I had also been thinking what a contrast there was between the three sets of legs I could see: the knobby, the chubby, and the shapely (this last thinking I kept quiet about).

"Poor little bugger," said Edwin of the currawong.

We watched it jitter from branch to branch of its sanctuary, white-rimmed mad eye watching the magpies descend voraciously upon the seed-pile that the lorikeets had somehow overlooked.

"Throw the poor beast some seed," said Anna, compassion in her voice.

I tossed a handful of seed in the general direction of the tree. The currawong eyed it greedily but remained in the branches. If it dropped to pick seeds from the ground, the magpies would chase it back into the tree. It had learned.

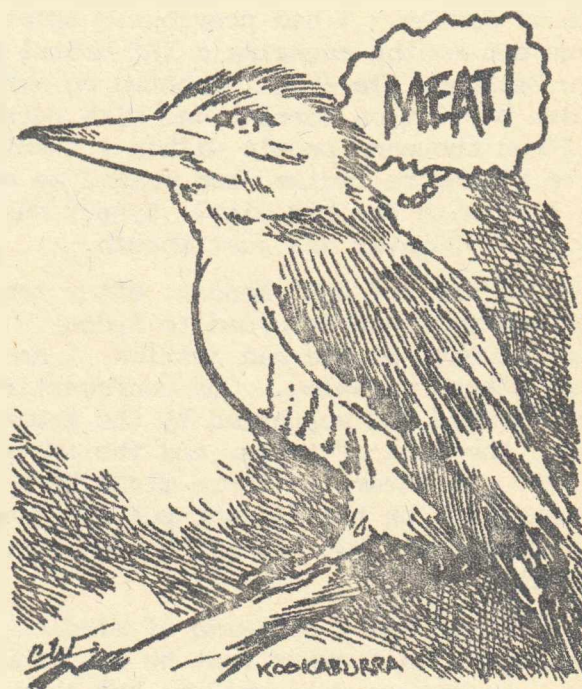
Suddenly magpies and lorikeets alike deserted the piles, scattering away into the trees. "Oh, see, it's a kookaburra," said Anna, and she was right. It landed on the railing a couple of yards from us and turned an expectant eye our way. Behind it, the currawong fluttered from its tree and began hastily -- and not without

many a fearful glance -- picking seed out of the grass.

III

The currawong is a large black bird, something like a slim raven. The only touch of colour about it is the circle of white around the pupil of its eyes. The bird is ubiquitous to Australia, and has a fondness in the cities for squatting atop a telephone pole and caw-ing at intervals. It is a born coward, despite its size, and is often 'beat up on' by magpies, which are smaller but more vicious.

The lorikeets mentioned above are Australia's famous rainbow Lorikeets -- the technicolour parrot. Electric blue heads, brilliant green backs, scarlet-and-canary chests, and more blue on the bellies. Red beaks, red eyes, and grey legs complete the body. Clownish ragamuffin antics do not stop the observer noticing the respect with which they are treated by the apparently more formidable magpie. The beak is very strong. Do I need to explain magpies? Black and white cousins to rooks and crows.





And my favourite Australian bird, the kookaburra, is the largest member of the kingfisher family. The Australian version is often better known as the 'laughing' kookaburra, and I doubt I need to explain why. The kookaburras at Pittwater are very tame; they will not climb onto your hand, but they will feed from your fingers. Scorning seed, they prefer food containing meat. Their skill at removing food from between fingers without touching the fingers is impressive. You approach, morsel dangling between thumb and forefinger. The kookaburra watches you until you are within reach then orients on the food like a gun settling on a target. A blur, a slight tug, and the morsel has been transferred to the kookaburra's beak. It bangs it on the railing (just to make quite sure it's dead), tosses back its head, and swallows.

###

Pittwater boasts of more than birds. Wallabies and the occasional wombat wander across the lawn beside the currawong's tree. A goanna lives in the rocks in back of the hostel (if only you knew how close I came to titling this article 'Goanna Round Out Back' -- you were saved only because Pittwater, being *this* side of the Blue Mountains, doesn't qualify as being in the Outback). And by night, opossums wander down from the trees to seek out food scraps on the veranda and open doors into the kitchen. The Australian opossum (no relation to North America's 'possum') is a pest in New Zealand, where it was introduced many years ago because of its fine coat-usable fur. To drive down a road in New Zealand is to pass a succession of very dead pedestrian opossums (losers in the game of road crossing). Many people make a living hunting the nuisances in New Zealand. Meanwhile, here in Australia where they're native, they are protected zealously. When I moved over here and first learned this, it made for a mild case of culture shock.

###

Sarah and Susan came out of their dormitory and joined us on the veranda. A wallaby came by, cropping the lawn and

pausing periodically to scratch its flanks furiously. Wallabies look like small kangaroos, and what this inspired we five watchers to say of A. A. Milne's mother and baby characters is best left in the place where it was said. Sarah had always felt that Kanga and Baby Roo were somewhat idealised, and had never been convinced by the scene in which Kanga attempted to bathe Piglet. "True," I said, "but Kanga knew Piglet wasn't Roo, so it could all have been a big act." This was mullied over in silence before the subject suffered a sea-change. I can't understand why; it made perfect sense to me.

The wallaby scratched itself out of sight, and Edwin followed, muttering about finding the hostel's rowboat and going for a paddle round the headland -- did anyone want to come along? (No volunteers.) He vanished down the track and the Trio blurred into action: through their dormitory and out the other door, towels in hand. Down onto the lawn and strip to catch the sun.



And, as three examples of Young English Womanhood lie topless on the grass, scratching at the first bite of the fleas left behind by the wallaby, watched by a nervous currawong from its tree, I'll take the opportunity to show you the way out of this brief tale. S'long...



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TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU TO



NO. 8  
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{{ And now, just in time for NOLAcon is a look back at 1986's Atlanta Worldcon. In the first issue of *Mimosa* back in 1981 we featured an example of that great Southern Fandom tradition, the Hoax Convention Report. Here's another example. The following originally appeared in the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFFA) about

two years ago; nearly all the fans mentioned by name are current or former SFFA members. The author's name should be recognizable to anyone who's seen any of our first three issues, but most fans are unaware he's a good fan writer as well as artist. And, a word of warning: at least some of what follows actually happened! }}

## Tales Calculated to Drive You to AWC (Atlanta World Con)

Alan Hutchinson

It was a dark and stormy night... Well, it wasn't stormy, but it was dark and it was night. Two out of three ain't bad. The guy I had hired to impersonate Gary Brown was due to arrive at my house in St. Petersburg at about 1 AM early, early Friday, but instead showed up around 11 PM Thursday. "Gary" had attended a meeting of the Fantasy Lacrosse League in Clearwater earlier that evening and was all tired out from a rough day of lacrossing. He said that they had difficulty finding enough Indians to play, but they made do with Cubans and Haitians. We loaded our stuff into the ol' Camaro, kissed our loved ones good-bye (I kissed my wife Rose and daughter Valerie, "Gary" kissed the cat and dog), and took off for Atlanta. We had decided to drive at night so that we could both get some sleep. Unfortunately, we both wanted to sleep at the same time. It was a lucky thing that my car has an automatic pilot, so I set the controls for "Atlanta World Con" and dozed off. It was several hours later that MOTHER woke us from our suspended animation... it seems her transceivers had picked up a signal from a nearby town that seemed to indicate signs of life, and under the provisions of the contract, we had to stop and check it out or else forfeit all shares. I didn't like the idea since somewhere before I seemed to recall something like this happening to someone else. We pulled off the interstate and saw the sign that read "LV-426 ... Population *500,000,000,000,000* 1 ... Welcome!" We drove slowly through the deserted hamlet but saw no signs of movement. "Gary" said he was hungry and suggested we stop for a midnight snack. He said he really had a

taste for eggs, so we found an all-night diner that served breakfast, but when we saw the size of their eggs, we figured we couldn't afford it and drove back to the interstate and went back to sleep.

The first hint I got that we were in Georgia was when I awoke with an icicle hanging from my nose. I couldn't remember having put it there myself, so figured it must have formed spontaneously. I had forgotten once we left Florida, we were "up Nawth." We stopped the car so I could put the snow chains on (the first time, I might add, that my car has Chained Up), and drove on into Atlanta.



We arrived at our friend Richard Davidson's apartment on Penn Avenue about 8:15 AM. We knew it was his because it had a sign out front that read "Okeefeno-kee Glee and Perloo Society Welcomes North Florida Fandom." Rick lowered the drawbridge and we entered. We were hardly prepared for the sight that was to greet us. I harkened back to the time I visited

Alcatraz Prison, with the rows of barred cells and uniformed guards. Well, Rick's apartment was nothing like that. It was more like an ancient Celtic castle, with suits of rusted armor, dungeons, skulls, a black cat, cases of Alka-Celtzer, piles of comic books, a typewriter, and an army cot. Yep, just like an ancient Celtic castle.

We ate some breakfast and walked the six or eight blocks to the con hotel where we met George H. Wells in the lobby. When he spotted us, he was so anxious to run over and tell me how great I am that he tripped and fell into a fountain. Luckily, Gary C. Tesser was there to pull him out, so we met Hank Davis and went up to the New Orleans bid suite. It was there that Gary Tesser and I got into a long discussion about what was wrong and right with our employer, the U.S. Postal Service, these days. "Gary Brown" was naturally so interested in this dialogue that we actually had to tie him to the chair so that no one could pick him up bodily and take him away.

Afterwards, we went back down to the lobby and found a contingent of SFPAns. I already knew Stven Carlberg, JoAnn Montalbano, and Ward Batty, and the fourth member present was introduced to me as Jim Cornona Cobb. I don't know why the others all laughed at that, unless it was the surprising juxtaposition of the English Anglo-Saxon first and last names with the obviously Hispanic middle name. After that came the one and only bit of programming that I attended at the WorldCon (except the costume show). Guy Lillian was hosting a panel on "The History of Fat in Science Fiction Fandom" and it gave us a great opportunity to catch up on the sleep we'd lost the night before.

It got to be dinner time, and someone suggested the Vietnamese restaurant in the hotel. Unfortunately, they only had mats that seated two and there was 41 of us. But with a little arm twisting and a few broken bones, JoAnn managed to get us accommodations. After dinner, "Gary" and I went to the dealers room. I didn't bring a lot of money with me, but I didn't want him to know that since comics fans have a free-spending reputation. I didn't

really want to buy anything, but when "Gary" asked if I was looking for anything in particular, I picked the thing there was little likelihood in finding: an 18-inch tall plastic model of The Alien. I figured no one would have that, so I casually mumbled, "Yeah, if someone had an 18-inch plastic model of the Alien, I'd buy that." So the first thing "Gary" finds is guess what? A 4-1/2 inch styrofoam model of Gigantis the Fire Monster. But the second thing was an 18-inch tall plastic model of the Alien, and he says, "Hah ha, now you have to buy it," which really put me on the spot since the dealer wanted only \$3,000 for it. Now, I really wanted that Alien, but not \$3,000 worth since I only had \$40 and a Marta token, so I hemmed and hawed around, and said, "I have to go to the bathroom," and managed to get out of it for now.

By that time, it was getting late and since we had no desire to walk through dis-year neighborhood at dis-year time of night, we called a taxi that took us the six blocks to Rick's place by way of Marietta.

#### SATURDAY

"Gary" and I rose bright and early the next day and ate some Quacker cereal. Rick would have offered us some Pac-Man cereal, but it had already eaten itself. Then we set off to the Hilton (or was it the Marquis?). There we met a few people we knew, like Ned Brooks, Cliff Biggers, and Ned Brooks. Rick wanted to tour the dealers room so I loaned him my badge, since I didn't need no stinking badge, and "Gary" and I went to lunch in a nearby McDonalds. Actually, "nearby" is a relative term but since I had no relatives in Atlanta, we forgot about it. The McDonalds was only two blocks from the hotel, but it took us four hours to find it, which is why we started early. "Gary" insisted on plain hamburgers, so by the time he was served, I was finished eating. When he got his order, however, he opened the burger to find that they had indeed put McDonalds Stuff on it, so he had to go back up to the counter and get a new batch, which took another half hour. While I was waiting for him, a drunk staggered over to the table and says,



"Would you like to buy a fine hand-made leather belt for \$7?" So I bit him.



Back at the dealers room, "Gary" and I noticed a girl pushing a baby carriage. That in itself would not have struck us as unusual, but this girl had... uh... she had... her... that is... on, forget it. I tried to take my mind off it by going back



over to the dealer with the Alien model, but he refused to lower his price. So I spent the next couple of hours collecting business cards from all the tables.

There was a sign in the Hilton (or was it the Marquis?) lobby announcing a SFPA party in the Chattacon suite, so Gary, Rick, and I went over to see what mischief we could get into. There appeared to be a good time going on... some drinking, practical jokes, cat juggling, and a surprise that almost backfired on me. I was shocked to see that The Mysterious Waitlister (the real Gary Brown) was there, dressed up in a mask so that his true identity could not be discovered. Fortunately, TMW likes a hoax as much as the next waitlister, so he didn't blow the cover of the fake "Gary Brown". Other people at the SFPA party were Cliff and Susan Biggers, Tom Campbell, Stven, JoAnn, Guy Lillian, Hank Davis, Gary Tesser, George Wells, Madonna, Prince Andrew and Fergie, Shelly Long, Ruth Judkowitz, and Dick Smothers. It was during a fast game of Trivial Pursuit, in which I had a run of 241

correct answers in succession, that JoAnn uttered her soon-to-be-famous line, "You're like a turtle -- you



"GARY" SNIFFS NITRIC ACID

never forget!" Everyone laughed, and Guy jumped to correct her: "No, no... 'If you put an elephant on its back, it can't turn over by itself.'" JoAnn replied, "Oh, yeah... I keep getting those mixed up." It was at this party that "Gary" tried his first "hit" of nitric acid. Couldn't see it myself, as the results seemed to be so obvious. Oh, well.

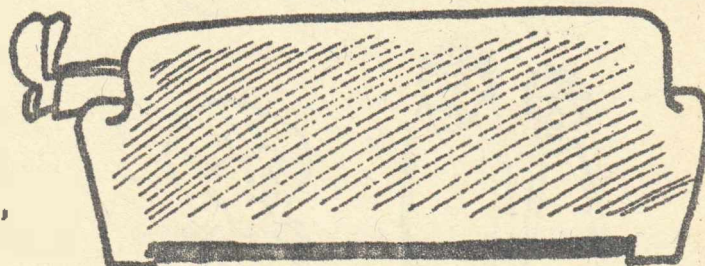
Later, John Guidry showed up with Faruk von Turk and Annie Hebert-von Turk. The mystic Son of the Beach told the amazing tale of how his mother once tried to assassinate him by pouring Clorox in the

toilet and not telling him. As he stood there, uh, relieving himself, great clouds of chlorine gas began to rise from the potty as the water itself began to churn and boil. Empirical proof of the natural reaction of the meeting of base and acid, resulting in the formation of assault.

After dinner, we decided to take in the Masquerade. This has always been a lot of fun for Tom Campbell and I... it's been a tradition for us to sit and make fun of the contestants for many many many years, since 1982. After that many years, it gets hard to remember the contestants, though, so we have to attend a new masquerade every so often. This one was just in time. They had a guy dressed as Christopher Lee dressed as Dracula who told some really awful vampire jokes, but who otherwise was just terrible. We had a lot of laughs at this guy's expense (and wait 'til he sees the bill we ran up). I didn't know any of the contestants personally, but we were all surprised to hear the announcement that SFPA's own Lon Atkins had choreographed a "Chess" presentation. What surprised us is that no one in the Chess presentation moved a muscle the whole time. Anyway, our favorite entry came out next: a little black kid with hair like Don King, dressed in ancient Japanese martial arts clothing, jumping and kicking and screaming out kung fu warrior's epithets -- "Oh-TAY! Oh-TAY!!!" The announcer concluded the bit with the endorsement, "His valiant courage and prodigious fighting skills will assure Samurai Buckwheat forever a place among the whiteys." We were all impressed. In fact, "Gary Brown" was so impressed that sometime during the proceedings, he managed to slip out of the room unnoticed. Which led to... The Quest! We had a job and we knew what it was, but we didn't let that stop us...

Tom Campbell, Hank Davis, Gary Tesser and I set out on our journey, traveling from room party to room party in the Marquis (or was it the Hilton?) to find the elusive "Gary Brown". We went from the Holland in '90 party to the Minneapolis in '73 party to the Two Eggs FL in '99 party. We would have gone to the Bermuda Triangle party but it had disappeared.

YOW! AM I  
HAVING FUN YET?



### GARY TESSER AT THE CON

When last seen on radar, it was in the vicinity of the 12th floor of the Hilton (or was it the Marquis?) and then it vanished. So we spent the next few hours lounging around the 10th floor of the M (or was it the H?) gawking, ogling, and rubbernecking at the many young nubile girls in scanty clothing. I enquired as to the exchange rate and was informed at the desk that it was 2 gawks per ogle and 6 ogles to the rubberneck. This surprised me -- the gawk must have been devalued since my last convention. Tom said, "What is it that makes such young and gorgeous girls show so much of their naked flesh to so many strangers?" I added, "And can we bottle it?"

Next on the agenda was the annual paper helicopter drop, which Tom and I started this year. Tom said, "Hey, have you ever made paper helicopters?" to which I answered, "Huh?" He demonstrated the technique he learned in the Orient (it was either that or the Power to Cloud Men's Minds, so Tom picked making paper helicopters) and we went up to the 41st floor of the Marquis (or was it the Hilton?). There are 47 floors in the hotel, but the top six are occupied by the Fantastic Four, so the 41st was as high as we could go. The paper helicopters turned out to be the hit of the evening, and all sorts of research was conducted. Longest descent time was 1 minute 25 seconds by a paper helicopter. Longest overall descent time was 2 minutes 15 seconds by a ~~paper~~ strip of paper 4-inches long by 1/2-inch wide. But that's pretty much



like comparing apples and oranges, since the helicopters made virtually vertical descents and the strip of paper zigzagged crazily. The apples and oranges dropped straight down in 6 seconds.

After we were thrown out of the hotel, Hank, Gary, Tom and I strolled around downtown Atlanta, still searching for the elusive "Gary Brown," still with no success. Maybe if we had been calling out "Gar-r-ry" instead of "Chlo-o-ee!" he might have answered. Seeing as how it was night time, we figured it would be easy to find him since his evil brains glow in the dark. But there wasn't a glow in sight, so we went to a nearby Burger Fink so Tom could perform the entire Monty Python cheese shop routine when he ordered his Whopper. By the time he finished, it was 4:30 AM so we gave up and went home.

#### SUNDAY

The next morning, "Gary" explained that he had left the masquerade for a few minutes to go to the bathroom and was kidnapped by Arab terrorists, who finally let him go when he started to talk about football.

Rick, "Gary" and I decided it was time to hit the dealers room again, so we went back to the hotel and browsed around. I again tried to talk the guy with the Alien model into lowering his price, but he was stubborn and refused. Later, as I was passing a comic dealer's table, I heard the dealer say to another guy, "It's a Marvel, so I have to sell it." I was amazed and amused. I know, thanks to Ward Batty and Charlie Williams's "Trufan Adventures" strip that Marvel Zombies existed; these are fans who buy only Marvel comics and all Marvel comics, even stuff they hate, simply because they are Marvels. This was the first evidence I had ever seen that there are also Marvel Zombie Dealers. Fortunately, someone called the Anti-Lunatic Squad and he was taken away.

Rick had to work, so he left shortly after which left "Gary" and me to wander around until we chanced upon Ruth Judkowitz and JoAnn Montalbano. They were rolling drunks in the lobby, but since they had tired of that, we all went to break-



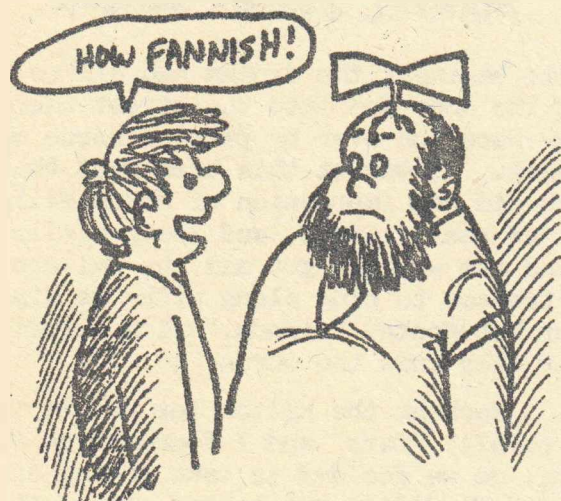
#### MARVEL ZOMBIE DEALER

fast; besides, the drunks had all rolled out the door and into the street where they were run over by passing horse carriages. It was at this breakfast that Ruth did her impression of Mitch Miller. It was really great, and I especially liked the way she got all the waiters and waitresses to sing along with "Be Kind to Your Web-Footed Friends." I'm surprised that they knew the words.

Back at the Hilton (or was it the Marquis?), "Gary" and I found Steven Carlberg, so we decided to take in the art show. We didn't get to see all of it because it was closing, but I did manage to pick up quite a few business cards. (Personally, if you've seen one guy named Art, you've seen 'em all.)

Back in the lobby, JoAnn and the gang were practicing their elevator-stuffing because they knew Thanksgiving was coming up and it's very important to have good elevator stuffing with giblets and gravy. One of the elevators, we were told, had slipped 11 floors the night before. That in itself was not too scary, except that it was on the 10th floor at the time. We were also told that JoAnn had had a run-in with the head chef, who wanted elevator potatoes instead of elevator stuffing. If you ask me, given a choice between potatoes and stuffing, I'll take rice every time.

Anyway, in an effort to take her mind off such confrontations, I took JoAnn up to the 41st floor for a couple of quick paper helicopters. I was certain that she couldn't get hooked on only one or two, but I was wrong. Within 10 minutes, JoAnn had dropped 70-80 paper helicopters on the lobby. Some fans who were Vietnam veterans even ducked for cover when she yelled, "Incoming!" Some were not quick enough, and paper helicopters bored into their heads before they could get away. JoAnn had just released another volley of aircraft when we were accosted by a school-marm in a long gingham dress who shook her finger at us and said, "Is this your first science fiction con?" I thought the lack of moose antlers, chain mail, ray guns, and stainless steel bras would have been a dead giveaway.



By then it was getting late, so we all retired to our respective domiciles.

#### MONDAY

Monday morning we were feeling a lot more refreshed than we had the previous few days... we had gotten three hours sleep that night. "Gary" and I took off for the hotel at about 9 AM and skipped breakfast. Instead, we ate lunch. Anyway, we met Tom Stern (former fellow CAPA-alpha member) and had some pizza in the Peachtree Mall. "Gary" was still lugging around his 45-pound package of SFPazines. At least, he thought it was his SFPazines; as part of the hoax, I had wrapped up 45 pounds of newspaper, tied it with string, and put Stven's address on it. "Gary" was getting tired of this pulp paper albatross (a Guy Lillian metaphor if ever I've heard

one) and kept trying to foist it off on Stven, but Stven was too smart for him and declined.

After breakfast/lunch, "Gary", Mr. Stern and I took another tour of the dealers room. Tom wasn't interested in purchasing anything; he was there for the girls. I never saw anyone do a better job of getting semi-clad women to pose for pictures, at least not in public and for free. At one point, Tom almost broke his neck climbing over some tables when we told him there was a girl in the next aisle with her nipples out.

It was at this time that I finally decided that I must have that 18-inch high plastic model of the Alien, by hook or by crook; money was no object and art was king. So I went up to the dealer and said, "I'll give you one trillion dollars and six kitchen sinks for the Alien!" He leaped to his feet, shook my hand, and said, "Sold! To the little duck with many sinks and the big bankroll!" So, while "Gary" was forced to carry around 45 pounds of newspaper, I had to carry around an 18-inch high plastic model of the Alien and an empty wallet. But at least I got rid of those sinks.

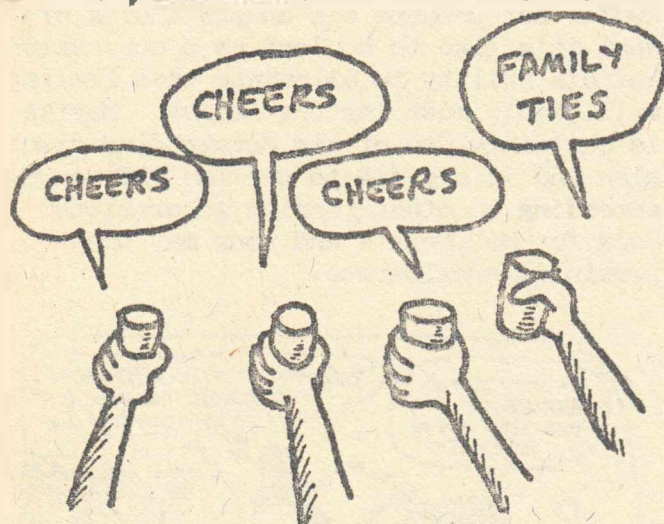
We left the dealers room at that time and wandered around the lobby looking for SFPA members, and found the weirdo contingent of Davis, Wells, and Tesser. We knew it was them because their evil brains glowed in the dark. Tesser was entertaining the group with his stories of Mr. Clear and the Sharpened Penis Indian Tribe, which I questioned because where would the Indians get a sidewalk to sharpen those penises on, anyway? Later on, a big group of us that included Stven, "Gary", JoAnn, Tom and Sioux Campbell, and Richard Davidson all went out to dinner at an Italian place called Ivan's. I don't recall what everyone ordered, but I think "Gary" had the eggplant ziti. The idle banter came fast and furious throughout the dinner. Some of the more memorable lines I have forgotten so I'll just have to make some up. I think Tom was discussing a newspaper story he'd read about some Iranians who had entered a wheelchair race and won it; when they found out they won, they jumped out of the chairs and danced with joy, which prompted Tom to



say, "Those cheating ragheads make me puke!" Or maybe he didn't.

There was a heated argument raging at one point between myself and Stven as to the exact location of the remains of the Ultrasaurus, the largest dinosaur ever to walk the earth. Stven maintained that the bones had been found in Wyoming, while I was just as certain they had been found in a canole in East Astoria, Long Island. Later, JoAnn ordered a canole and gave half to Stven. You can imagine Stven's surprise and embarrassment when he went to eat his portion and bit down into... yep, you guessed it! An 18-inch tall plastic model of the Alien. How it got into his pajamas, I'll never know.

### ALAN, BEING A WISE-ASS AGAIN



JoAnn was in fine form at this get-together. Her lips had to be hosed down several times to prevent overheating. (Just kidding!). Actually, Stven suggested that everyone have a section in their con reports titled "Jokes We Would Have Told if JoAnn Had Stopped Talking," so here's mine: If Buckwheat had joined the Black Muslims, what would his name be?

Give up? 'Kareem Awheat'. Get it? Ha! I love that one!

It was at that point that JoAnn asked if anyone else noticed how much canoles taste like 18-inch tall plastic models of the Alien at the back of the mouth. We all had to admit we didn't, so she suggested a taste test. We went outside and grabbed the first transient that we could find, and since he hadn't had a bite in three days we gave him a dollar. And also made him taste the canole and the 18-inch tall plastic model of the Alien. He rolled them over on his tongue a few times, sipped some wine in between, and proudly proclaimed that the canole tasted like Ultrasaurus and the 18-inch tall plastic model of the Alien tasted like an Indian with a sharpened penis. That was good enough for us, so we doused him with lighter fluid and set him on fire. We knew we couldn't be convicted because we all watch too much television. And with that, we headed back to the Marquis (or was it the Waldorf?).

Back at Stven and JoAnn's room, there were some more games, more cat-juggling, more smurfing, more listening to Frank Sinatra records, and we each took turns sharpening copies of "Gary's" SFPA-zine so that they came to a point like popsicle sticks. "Gary" got real excited when he saw that, so we figured it best to get him home right away. As we zipped along Peachtree Street in Rick's car, "Gary" and I asked if he knew of a place where we could crash that night. Rick replied, "That intersection looks good," and ran the red light. Fortunately, the drivers in Atlanta had gotten used to Rick's driving and managed to evade us.

After a few hours sleep, "Gary" and I left for home, where we arrived 8-1/2 hours later. It was a fun con.

### EDITORIAL AFTERMATH

It's been two years, now, since Confederation. As of this writing, STVEN CARLBERG is still SFPA official editor, but GARY TESSER has pulled another of his disappearing acts and was dropped from membership (he recently rejoined the waitlist, where he promises us RSN a True History of "Chain Up"). THE MYSTERIOUS WAITLISTER

has finally been invited to SFPA membership, but RUTH JUDKOWITZ and (the real) GARY BLOOM are still climbing their way up the waitlist.

Meanwhile, back in Atlanta, we hear that the Marquis (or was it the Hilton?) has now finally returned to normal...

## Mimosa Letters

(( Our fourth issue again brought in lots of mail. Starting off, here are some comments on Maurine Dorris's article on Neos, which seemed to generate the most interest from readers... ))

Marc Ortlieb, P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill,  
Victoria 3131 AUSTRALIA

Thanks for the live fanzine. It was an absolute delight to read, even if it did reinforce my sense of morality - I refer to your introduction to Maurine Dorris. You speak of her as a "long-time Nashville fan" and, in her piece, she describes her first convention in 1979. I've never thought of myself as a long-time fan, yet I published my first zine in 1975. (Then I look at the latest *YHOS* from Art Widner, and feel much better.)

I'm afraid that Maurine's piece ("Of Neos and Neo Hunting") set off a whole string of vivid mental images in my mind - of dirty old fans in overcoats, approaching starry-eyed neos and saying, "Hello, little neo. Would you like to see my fanzine collection?"

My own experience was rather different. I went to my first convention with a friend - some neos travel in pairs - and we enjoyed the con (the first AUSSIECON) without really making many personal fannish contacts. We didn't even discover room parties. I came away with a couple of John Bangsund fanzines from a freebie table and was hooked on the spot. By my second convention, a small relaxacon in Adelaide four months later, I'd already published two fanzines and had joined ANZAPA. My friend, though hovering on the edge of fandom, wasn't smitten in the same way.

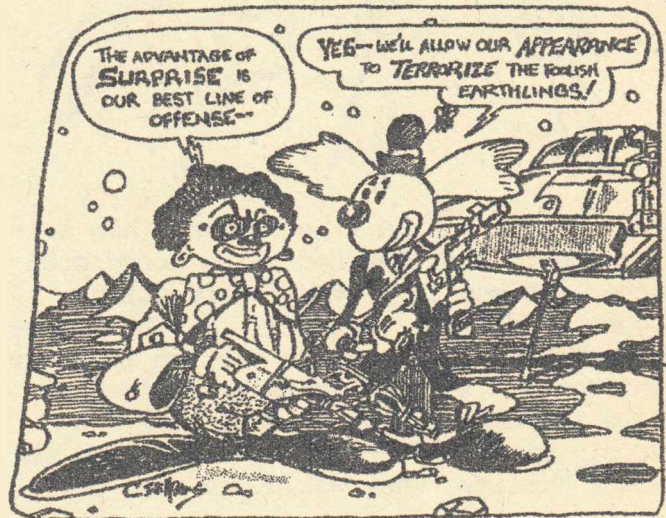
Thus I tend to have a more traditional Darwinist approach to neos - I figure that fannish apathy to them is a useful way of weeding out those less fit.

(( We tend to agree with you that neos either find their way into fandom and become fans or they don't. In recent times at Southern cons, we've noticed that small groups of young people will go from con to con, not as fans, but to be with the friends they came with. They aren't fans in that

they don't know our traditions and don't interact with us. They buy in the huckster room and roam the halls. They have their own closed parties and occasionally come to ours. It's rare that we find a neo who is very interested in fandom. ))

Mike Glicksohn, 508 Windermere Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6 CANADA

I'm pretty sure Martha Beck learned to look out for lost neos at conventions from Walt Liebscher, a legendary old-time fan who made a habit of doing so for forty years. Fan historians will know Walt left his mark on other ways as well (*Chanticleer*, "The Rooster Who Wore Red Pants" and, probably most famous of all "Rosebud!") but perhaps his understanding of what it's like to be lost at a convention and his ability to alleviate that feeling will be his most lasting legacy. Martha is certainly one of his outstanding disciples and it's great to see the influence spreading to other fannish generations. Good for Ms. Dorris and long may she remain so considerate.

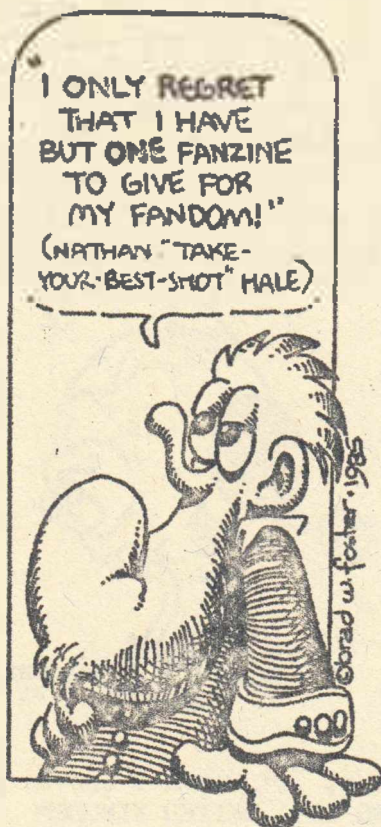


H. R. Bond, 6 Elizabeth Avenue, Bagshot,  
Surrey GU19 5NX UNITED KINGDOM

Maurine Dorris's article should prod the conscious of established fans everywhere. If everyone did take her advice to heart, you can imagine what fandom would be like in the year 2000. Trouble is, it might be stratified, with little groups of



people who were taken under Avedon Carol's wing studiously feuding with students of Greg Pickersgill, and understudies of D West lying in little drunken heaps all over the con. And think of what would happen if enough neos were indoctrinated by Michael Ashley... um, maybe this adopt-a-neo scheme isn't such a whizzy idea after all.



Dave Gorecki, 9129 W. 167th St., Orland Hills, IL 60477

Maurine Dorris' account of her first convention ties in so closely with my own that I wonder how universal it is. After reading SF for a dozen years, I found a flyer advertising a Chicago Convention called WINDYCON III in an SF book at a paperback store. After being dismayed at obviously having missed two conventions already, I decided to take the plunge and see what fans were like in the flesh.

It was my fortune that George Price (one of the founders of Advent Press) saw me doing the wall-blending act, and very graciously introduced me to a number of pros & well known fans. Throughout the convention whenever he'd see me he'd point

out people & perform introductions, and treat a neo with kindness I've remembered for over fifteen years. I don't know if I would have found my way into fandom myself; I suspect so. But now at cons I always remember myself in '73 when I see that diffidence reflected in someone who's obviously at his or her first con and try to carry on the tradition, whether it's an introduction to someone or just a moment of friendly conversation.

Also at that first convention, I attended a panel called THE NEOFAN'S INTRODUCTION TO SF FANDOM. Someone sat down to me and asked the title of the panel. After I told him, he said, "This sounds like something I could really benefit from." The name on his badge was Tucker.

He looked like promising material. Anyone know whatever happened to him?

(( Speaking of Bob Tucker, his retelling of his first meeting with Lee Hoffman, as expected, was well received. There was one letter in particular about the piece we were happy to receive, and here's a portion of it... ))

Lee Hoffman, 401 Sunrise Trail N.W., Port Charlotte, FL 33952

Re Mimosa 4, for the record the other fan with Shelby Vick and me at Tucker's door was Paul Cox. I expect Tucker thought of the name Oliver because Paul was associated with J.T. Oliver, who claimed to be Tucker's Number One fan at the time. I think they both lived in Columbus, GA, but only Paul made it to the con.

(( Thanks for setting things straight. Bob has often said he doesn't let facts stand in the way of a good story, but that omission was obviously a memory slip. Still not too bad, though, for something that happened 37 years ago. They say that memory is the first thing to go, so that must mean that you and Bob are good for another century or so, at least! ))

Greg Hills, GPO Box 972-G, Melbourne, Victoria 3001 AUSTRALIA

Boo, hiss! I'm gonna submit your name to the SMOF Board of Censure. Last

issue you talked about an Irish fan named Walt Lewis; this time, you have Bob Tucker talking about a fanzine named 'Quandary'! You fakefans...you...you... chindribblers! What have you got against Sixth Fandom?

(( OK, what's a 'chindribbler'? You're right, of course; it's 'Quandry', and apologies to Lee (again, several people caught us on this one). In defense, though, we think this was caused by one of the insidious features of the microcomputer age -- you live by the spelling checker; you die by the spelling checker. Now then, speaking of "Walt Lewis"... ))

Walt Willis, 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Northern Ireland BT21 OPD

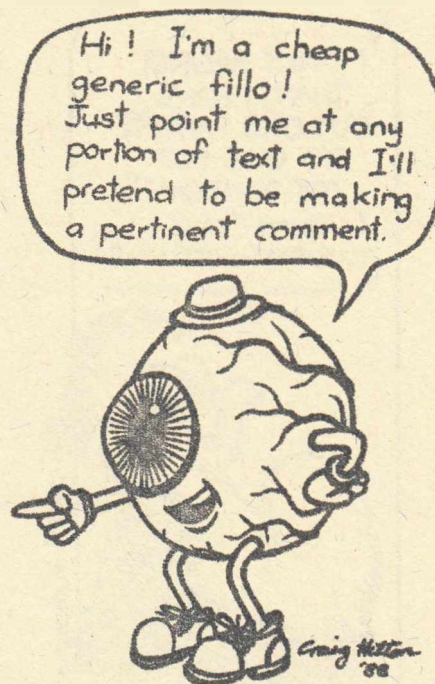
I was tremendously impressed by the dramatically unexpected appearance of Julius Schwartz in your pages, in a metaphorical pillar of fire, and I liked his story ("The Amazing Flying Wollheims"). I have been wondering what on earth I myself could have produced by way of anecdote from fandom's history, and his mention of the Wollheims reminded me that when Don and Elsie moved to their current address in Clyde Street, New York, Forrey Ackerman headed the CoA note in his fanzine with WHEN WOLLS CLYDE. The last time I met Don and Elsie, at Leeds in 1986, I thanked them on behalf of fandom for steadfastly preserving this joke by not moving for the past 30 years. What an example they set to all these people who keep flitting about the country like the proverbial elephant in the rhubarb tree, to the despair of conscientious faneds. The worst of all my time was a fan called Ed Noble, and I cannot remember whether it was Dean Grennell or Bob Shaw who called him The Roamingest Noble of Them All.

I also liked very much Pat Molloy's account of how he became involved in convention running. It was all strange and fascinating to me: I've never got involved in any kind of convention running myself, believing the Irish Sea was put there for some good purpose.

Thomas D. Sadler, 422 W. Maple Avenue, Adrian, MI 49221

I very much enjoyed reading the various reminiscences of oldtimers in

fandom and frequently regret that I missed out on all that by not trying to become involved in fandom twenty or twenty-five years earlier. But that's neither here nor there. The really important thing is, there are still plenty of oldtimers around, and good fanzines, too. Reading about the different people in *Mimosa* makes me long to meet them.



Rob Hansen, 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB UNITED KINGDOM

I don't share your opinion, as expressed in the *Mimosa* #4 lettercol, that fandom is still young enough that it's still possible to document stories and anecdotes from the earlier years of fandom. Those around at the beginning, the 1930's, are already dying off in increasing numbers. If you don't start digging for what you're interested in now then you won't get another chance. When Vin Clarke and I were researching them we had one old 30s fan die while a letter from us was on its way to him with questions about those days. One more avenue closed, one less in the diminishing number that can still be explored.

(( You'll notice in this ish, as we always try to do, we have some fan history from the people who made it. Maybe we have more of First Fandom alive here in the



States then you do in England, but we agree with you that it is very sad when we lose a fan who was part of fannish history, as was Doc Barrett. ))

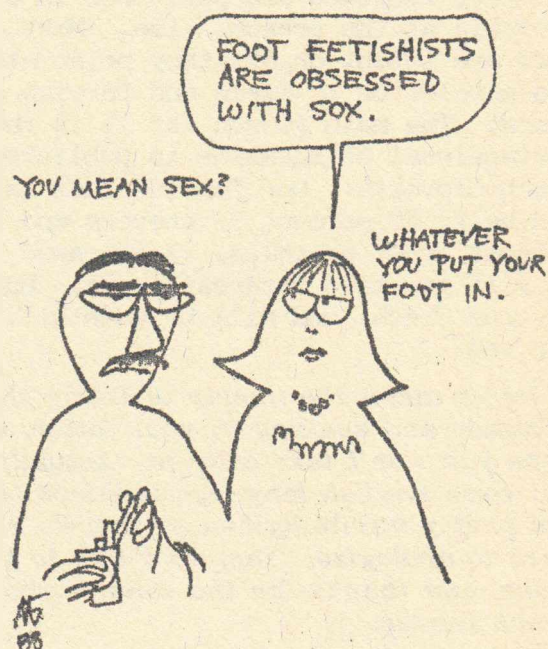
Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

One recent addition to the fan history shelf is *The Story So Far*, Rob Hansen's "A Brief History of British Fandom" from its start to the present. This is the only source for a summary of what happened over there during the past quarter-century. It doesn't devote much space to the earliest years of British fan history, but Rob is making amends by amplifying that booklet with a series of mimeographed publications entitled *Then*, the first of which contains many previously unknown facts about early British fandom. It's doubtful if anyone will ever ~~add to this history~~ have the time and resources to write all-encompassing histories of fandom again, so the best we can hope for are publications on specific aspects of fan history like Rob's and the history of Canadian fandom that is now in preparation. Several years ago, Fred Patten was working on a history of worldcons, and I have hopes that may still appear. We need histories of fandom in each of the major cities of the United States, a history of apas, and many other specialized works. Of course, there is always the problem of how to keep such basic reference material constantly available to newcomers in fandom. I understand *The Immortal Storm* is selling for quite high prices in second-hand form and you must be either very lucky or very rich to obtain a copy of the original first edition of the *Fancylopedia* which contains some materials not duplicated in its second version.

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

Charlotte Proctor hit a responsive chord with her article ("Restaurants at a Slightly Greater Distance from the End of the Universe"). At our last local con, we decided to take the GoH to Juarez for Sunday dinner. This wound up as an excursion into the Juarez red-light district. GoH had to be forcibly restrained from leaning out the window and yelling, "Hey,

chickie chickie," and other antics the likely outcome of which he aptly summed up with, "You'll read all about it in *Locust*." We ended up in a show bar where he insisted on sending a drink over to one of the working girls -- who came over and attached herself to me all evening. Fortunately, we were all able to keep a straight face when we crossed the frontier and the customs guard asked, "Bring anything back with you?"



Lloyd Penney, 412-22 Riverwood Parkway,  
Toronto, Ontario M8Y 4R1 CANADA

Re "Star Trek 101": I admit to enjoying *ST:TNG*, even though half the actors were stolen from soap operas. I have to wonder about Trek fans -- are they looking towards a utopian future, or a nostalgic past when it comes to *Trek*? Do they like the rosy picture it presents, or do they just get off on '60s television?

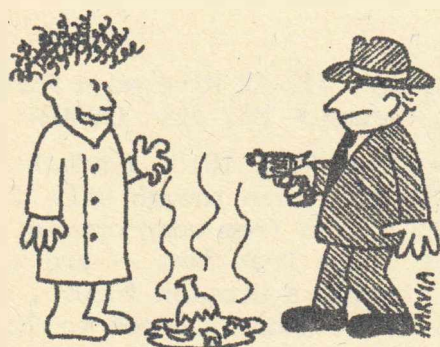
Ladislav Peska, Na Dolikach 503, Slany,  
274 01 CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Fanzine *Mimosa* was a very pleasant surprise for me. I read your fanzine with great interest, and I liked it very much. The article by Nicki Lynch ("Like a Car", in *Mimosa* 3)) about problems in American fandom and about Corflu IV interested me the most of all. I am interested in fan-

zines, and it isn't by chance that our club (SFK Slany) has organized the 3rd "Seminar about fanzines" this September. The fanzine seminar isn't really a con, it is three days discussion about various questions considered with Czechoslovak fanzines.

Fanzines in Czechoslovakia are very much different from American fanzines. At least I think so, because I only know *Anvil* and *Mimosa* from American fanzines. About 30 fanzines are published in Czechoslovakia at the present time. Most of them are intent on SF; they print stories and novelettes by Czech and foreign authors. The main reason for it is that no professional SF magazine is published in Czechoslovakia. Our fanzine *Slan* is half and half: 50 percent SF stories and 50 percent other articles. I can send you a copy if you take interest in it. But it is true Czech, and will be unintelligible for you.

*(( We've taken the liberty of fixing the grammar and spelling in your letter, so we hope you won't take offense. Actually, we get some English language fanzines that are pretty unintelligible, so there's no need to apologize. Yes, we'd like to get an issue, and thanks for the window onto Czech fandom. ))*



Me a mad scientist?  
Nonsense! I may be a little  
piqued, but I'm not mad.

*(( Another article that drew lots of comments was Anthony Scott King's "At-Home Pet Neutering" guide. As we expected, readers either loved it or reviled it, with no middle ground. Here are some typical comments: ))*

Marc Ortlieb, P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill,  
Victoria 3131 AUSTRALIA

Anthony Scott King is yet further proof that Americans are basically whimpy. As any Aussie bushie will tell you, the only instruments necessary for castrating (let's have fewer euphemisms, huh?) animals are a good pair of incisors. Quick bite through the scrotum, fish the balls out, throw them to the dog, and then a slap of tar over the wound...

*(( After reading your description, we've come to the conclusion that you're right; Americans are basically whimpy. ))*

Martyn Taylor, 14 Natal Road, Cambridge,  
UNITED KINGDOM

I couldn't bring myself to like Anthony Scott King and his guide. There's enough of that crap going on for real out there among the sickies to laugh when it is brought into our charmed circle. No doubt it came over better live than on the page.

Dorothy Tompkins, 8600-88 Olde Colony  
Trail, Knoxville, TN 37923

There was one article I didn't like -- "At Home Pet Neutering" by Anthony Scott King. I realize that it was all meant to be just in fun, but the animal lover in me cringed at the black humor he presented. It went several steps too far for my taste.

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

I disagree with the neutering information given. I always use a .30-06 loaded with tracer ammo, myself. This allows you to skip the anesthetic, since you can stay far enough away from the animal to avoid being bitten, and the flame from the tracer does the cauterizing for you. A .38 Special with tracer ammo will also work if you're a good enough shot, but the ammo for it is harder to find; you can get .30-06 tracers at most gun shows and now and then at flea markets. (You want gross, I'll give you gross.)

By the way, I disagree with Carolyn



Doyle's letter ((about the incursion of media fans into SF fandom)); the media fans do read. And they put out fanzines, and actually sell them at cons, which is more than most fanzine fans do anymore. Media fans have these fanzines 200 pages thick that they call novels, and others only 60 pages thick that tell you everything you ever wanted to know about Star Trek uniforms, and stuff like that. And they sell! Ever try to get people to buy a stf fanzine at a convention?

(( What you say about media fans, we've noticed, too. One reason we enjoyed Corflu so much was because there were so many fanzines available. We've noticed that at Worldcons, there are usually several tables of media fanzines for sale in the hucksters room, but the only SF fanzines for sale are in the fanzine room, which few people seem to know about. Some faneds use cons for distributing fanzines, but it's rare to see sample SF fanzines on a freebie table. However, we have seen media fanzines on freebie tables on many occasions.))

Mark Manning, 1400 East Mercer #19, Seattle, WA 98112

To start the LoC, I've got to admit that *Mimosa* is one of my favorite current genzines. For a while, I've enjoyed reading *Holier Than Thou*, *Mainstream*, and *Outworlds* most. Now I'm adding your zine to my fannish pantheon.

*Mimosa* #4 was a different kind of zine, rather like its obvious model, the *Outworlds* that Bill Bowers did after Corflu 4, but populated with much shorter pieces. I figure the difference was that Bill's live zine was Corflu 4, while your live zine was more sort of a tolerated part of Chattacon, the lot stuffed into two hours.

(( You're right. Corflu 4 was much smaller than Chattacon 13, but *Outworlds* 50 had a larger attendance than *Mimosa* 3.5. What you read in *Mimosa* #4 was edited down from a two hour live fanzine we had at Chattacon, so you didn't get to read all the pieces we actually had. We guess people liked it because we keep getting asked if we plan to do another one at Chattacon 14, but we have no plans for that. ))

Milt Stevens, 7234 Capps Avenue, Reseda, CA 91335

Living fanzines do have some advantages over the other well-known form of real-time fanzine communication, the one-shot. In living fanzines, the participants appear to be sober. This is probably the direct result of the necessity of standing up while you are participating. This apparent sobriety reduces the physical risks of living fanzine production. With a one-shot, you always have the chance of catching your nose in the typewriter platen. If the typewriter is electric, this can result in dire consequences.

David Palter, 137 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 3B4 CANADA

Thanks for *Mimosa* #4. It was a bit shocking for me to discover that once again I had failed to make it into print. Although I pour forth my eloquent and inventive commentary, with my customary and much practiced skill, my comments on issues 1-3 remain (apparently) unworthy of publication. Will I do better with #4? God, *Mimosa* is a tough nut to crack!

(( As you can see, you finally rang the bell this time out. So what do we look for in a LoC? Well, we'd much rather receive a short note that comments on only one or two of the previous issue's articles in a profound, witty or otherwise interesting way than get a more lengthy letter that attempts to say something about each and every article. We generally excerpt most letters printed here anyhow, so please, Loccers, we're not an apa; just give us one or two good, well thought-out paragraphs we can use. ))

We also heard from: Harry Andruschak, C.S.F. Baden, Mervyn Barrett, Sally Beasley, Martha Beck, Lloyd Biggle, jr., Sheryl Birkhead, Pamela Boal, David Bratman, "Gary Brown", Stven Carlberg, Avedon Carol, Carolyn Doyle, Brad Foster, David Haugh, Craig Hilton, Lucy Huntzinger, Don Lee, jr., Krsto Manzuranic, Jeanne Mealy, Pat Mueller, Janice Murray, Rick Norwood, John Purcell, Warren Saloman, Leland Sapiro, Rickey Sheppard, David Singer, Garth Spencer, Erwin Strauss, Taral, David Thayer, Roger Weddall, George Wells, and Donald Wileman.

## Just the Right Words

Closing Comments by Nicki Lynch

It always seems to me that the hardest part of a zine is how to conclude it. I mean, do you just have a blank page after the lettercol? Or end with a controversial article? Do you have closing remarks? Do you save that page for artists credits? This is an important decision!

Dick and I like to do little editorials and we switch off each time as to who will be doing the opening and who will do the closing. This time I, Nicki, am doing the end and I'm looking for just the right words. I want it to be just right.

You see, we probably will be moving in the next few months and this may be the last *Mimosa* we do here in Chattanooga and in the south.

Our whole fannish career has been in the South, even though we are both from Northern New York. We discovered SF conventions and fan publishing here and I guess our style is connected with being

in the South. While we are not Southerners, we do consider ourselves Southern SF fans.

When we first moved here, we expected it to be temporary. That was fifteen years ago. While it wasn't permanent, it also wasn't as temporary as we thought. We've made a lot of friends here, gotten use to the life style, and have a circuit of cons we attend each year. Now all that will change.

But what won't change is our publishing. We will continue to keep publishing *Mimosa*, although it may not be as regular as we'd like it to be. We'll also keep up with our apas and other writing commitments. I want to thank all those who enjoy *Mimosa* and let you know we'll keep on pubbing even with the move. We just may be a little harder to find.

Well, it seems I found a few words to put this zine to bed after all.

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### Artist Credits

Alan Hutchinson - Front & Back Covers; pages 26, 27, 29 (all), 30, 31, 32, 33, 41

Brad Foster - page 35

Wade Gilbreath - pages 9, 11

Alexis Gilliland - page 37

Jeanne Gomoll - pages 18, 20

Teddy Harvia - pages 3, 22, 38

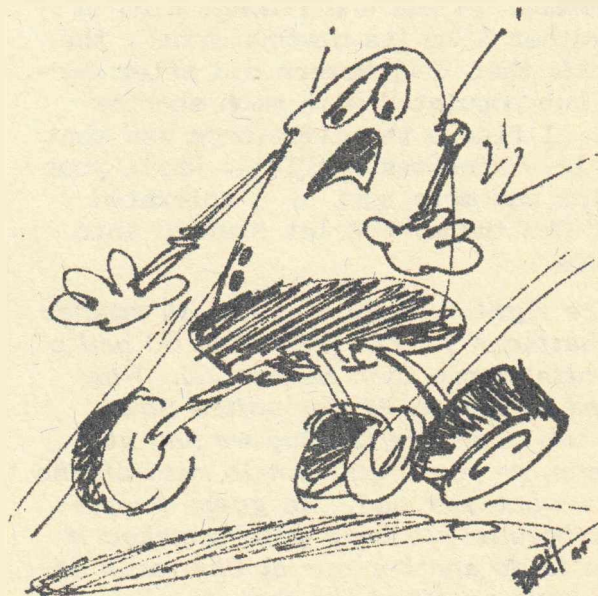
David Haugh - page 40

Craig Hilton - page 36

David Rowe - pages 6, 7 (all), 8, 14

Julia Scott - pages 16, 17

Charlie Williams - pages 24, 25, 34





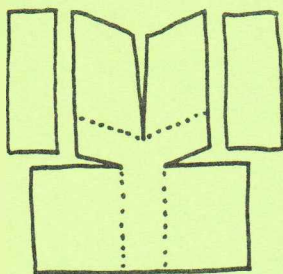


Fig. M

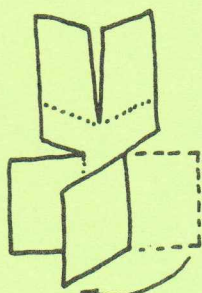


Fig. I

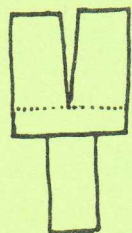


Fig. C

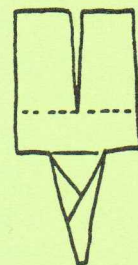


Fig. K

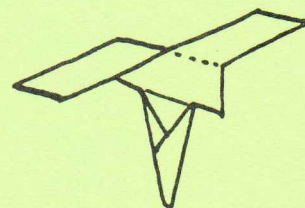


Fig. E

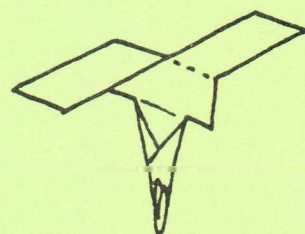


Fig. Y

# PAPER HELICOPTER

Fig. 1 - Cut along heavy dotted lines. Discard excess side panels.

Fig. 2 - Fold bottom panel on light dotted line.

Fig. 3 - Fold other bottom panel on other light dotted line back the other way, along with the previous bottom panel and all other portions of bottom panels thereof.

Fig. 4 - Fold bottom portion at angles so that it comes to a point. Cr, you may want to twist it to a point if you have had practice in that area such as Japanese oragami or rolling joints.

Fig. 5 - Fold wings over.

Fig. 6 - Add paperclip for ballast if available.

Fig. 7 - (not shown) Throw off 41st floor balcony of Hilton (or was it Marquis?)



