

CHATTANOOCHEE,
OKEFINOCHEE,
&
OGE ECH EE
OCCASIONAL
GAZETTE



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CHOOOG

Thus commenceth CHOOOG, The Chattahoochee, Okefinokee and Ogeechee Occasional Gazette, a fanzine for FAPs, fops, and swamp folk. It is being done this size for the soul reason that for some weeks now I have wanted to publish a mag this size. In my opinion there is no better reason to do anything than that you want to do it. As the name implies, this mag will come out occasionally. This occasion is the 57th FAPA mailing. The reason? None in particular. The contents? Whatever should occur to me. This issue, at least, is a personalized journal, a series of loosely connected thoughts typed as they occur.

But first off, there is something to be cleared up, namely my attitude toward mailing comments. I fully realize that I don't always make clear what I am trying to say. And I fear that I slipped up in SF FY. My intent was that a mag consisting solely of ratings (not "comments") of other FAPA zines is little better than a mag of material reprinted from the publisher's subzine. I am not at all opposed to either the practice of rating FAPAmags or reprinting from subzines. But I do not feel that merely rating zines or reprinting is ethically fulfilling the activity requirements. Actually I suppose there is no great amount of this being done, only a small amount of it, just as only a few persons who are members of both FAPA and SAPS distribute the same mag in both organizations.

As to mailing comments, I would like to indulge in a few now myself. I shall endeavor to commence them on the top of the next page rather than down here.

AL LA BABOOM: So Max is indulging in this hideous habit of one zine for FAPA and SAPS. As I said, I don't approve of this practice. Seems to me akin to cheating. I made that comment once before and in a letter someone replied that some members are too busy to do separate zines. Seems as tho' if a person were too busy to meet the requirements of an organization, he wouldn't join. Of course if a person came up to a deadline and had to put the same zine in both to maintain membership once or twice in five or six years, it could be overlooked. But to make a regular habit of it still seems like cheating to me.

I note, Max, that you suggest SAPS who want to do a "little slumming" hang around and read the FAPA mailing comments. I always heard it was the other way around. FAPA was supposedly the elite and SAPA the screwballs. But perhaps I am behind the times. Wonder why FAPA has apparently lost some of its prestige...?

.Nothing I feel inclined to comment on in your comments on FAPA mailing 55

FANTASIA (post mailed) The reprints from the Nolacon bulletins and TNFF were discouraging. I could have lived without seeing it all again at this late date.

GEM TONES: The cartoons in this mag are very cute and the pic of Mr and Mrs is muchly appreciated. What did it cost for these prints? I'd like to run photos occasionally but can't find anyone in Sav. who'll make prints cheap enough.

The Case For Intolerance is a bit of fancy word-play but isn't the problem one of understanding and recognizing propaganda and being able to think intelligently, rather than one of clutching a witty motto and clinging to it through right and wrong? I am against "racial and religious tolerance" myself. I don't think the attitude of "tolerating" is the one we should strive for. Rather an attitude of understanding wherein we do not "permit something not wholly approved of" but instead give the persons who differ from us genetically or in their beliefs our approval. Would that leave me being "intolerant of tolerance"? I would advise Mr Hensley that it isn't the words that count but the use of them and the use of one's own good sense and reasoning power.

SPEARHEAD received and acknowledged.

SLOTHFUL THING: This idea of a new editor added each mailing intrigues me. Probably you suggested it in fun, but I'd like to see you actually do it...just to see what ST would look like when edited by all 65 EAPans. To Don Day; if Vernon started on the stencil around line 10 or so and finished up around line 64 couldn't you just raise the image on the paper? Most machines that I've dealt with have some means of making this adjustment. If yours doesn't, I'm sure glad I don't have to fight with it. My machine now is a Speed-O-Print, and the location of the image on the paper depends on where you put the paper on the feed tray. If you want to lower the image you shove the stack of paper closer to the drum. To raise, you pull it back away from the drum. The AEDick 90 I used to use had fancier methods. There is a lot more to be said for this mag, but I shan't be the one to say it.

((Pause to note that nothing can get more mixed up than a box full of apazines that are pawed through frequently and filed carelessly.))

TALISMAN: noted but unread. This one I'm saving for a rainy day.

UNASKED OPINION: Pleasant egoboo for almost all concerned. Ghu, GMC, is ghod. He is the Ghreat Phurple Dheity created in 1935 by then-BNFs like Wollheim (who gets the credit). Latter day fans are given to the worship of such trespassers as foofoo (the black), Roscoe (god of SIPS), and beer (See Lee Jacobs for further on this phase). Bheer is said by many to be a minor diety in the Ghughuistic religion. Ghughuism suffered a great blow in a way when the NYCommies lost out in actifandom, and the publication of OOTMA is said to have been proof of His weakness, but we Who Know realize that this was merely a period of trials to test the faith of the true Ghughuist. Now dawns a new day with the almighty Ghughu stronger in himself and his followers than ever. More information on the early days of Ghughu may be found in the Fancyclopedia under Ghughuism and Purple.

SF REPORT CARD: noted.

CAMPAIGN FLYER: ditto

"It Is Written..." Noted and enjoyed.

IRUSABEN: This, too, noted.

GIBLEPHAIS: I collect fanzines, Bill. I also compose on the stencil. I was very much interested in your comments on Contour but am unable to add to them. I can't discern whether you approve, disapprove, or are neutral about the changes in fandom. I'm glad you enjoyed LL#1. I am intrigued by the fan attitude toward comic books. More people should try reading some of them someday to see just what they are criticizing. Most of 'em are just what you think they are, but some are quite educational. I read a couple of "Crime Prevention" ones that should be very interesting to the continually cash-short fan. Walt Disney and Loony Tunny (sp?) are fun to read while relaxing in the tub on a particularly hot day when you don't feel like the mental exertion necessary to other literary forms. Most of 'em aren't worth buying, but if they're lying around, read 'em. You never know what you'll learn in 'em.

LAZILLE#2: My wirecorder is now working again. Anyone wishing to wirerespond, send ahead a wire. I'll reply as fast as possible.

GIMINI: I don't sing in a choir but I do like folk-music, particularly the ballads that have their beginnings in the dark past of old England, and such. Have you heard the RCA album by Susan Reed? How come you subtitle The Poet Tree "other peoples poetry..." and then run your own stuff in it? Y'know, Marion, I just wonder if the postmaster who considered "A Womb With A View" in Waste-basket #1 unmailable might not take just as dim a view of your kits on companionate marriage and natural childbirth as you take of Laney's comments...

HORIZONS: If you are intrigued by "true-to-life fictitious stories" you should read the comic book which bills its stf as "true-to-life": hadn't noticed your reference to PLUTO and colorful mimeoed mags until rereading your comments just now. I am waiting to see who "recognizes" the cover on SF FY. PLUTO may have been the most colorful fnz, but diablerie was in the running too. Lots in Horizons worthy of comment by a more adept commenter than I.

FANTASY JACKASS: "This journal is not published by him." Perhaps I should go into details on why fans who don't stop over and visit fans in Savannah are liable to get a single-whammy and what the results of such a whammy are, but surely, Mr T, you have figured that out for yourself by now.

THE BIG O: Not you: too? SAPS #16 & FAPA #56...

GEMINI, Jr.: I would suppose that Con's poem was intended to set a mood rather than tell a story. Translating such a bit into a story is like explaining that a lot of blobs of color on a canvas is actually a painting of the artist's grandmother sailing a toy boat in a mud-puddle. Maybe not. The praying mantis, by the way, can probably weep as well as pray...and the first person who says that's praying mantis earns himself a nature note on odd common names given to insects and things. The mantis does prey but it's odd posture won't get the title "praying mantis" too.

WOMEN AND ROSES: Noted.

CHECK INDEX: ditto

Which leaves me WILD HAIR: This I have commented on in SF FY.

And the postmailed FAs with Our Problem and Laney's intreguing solution. By the way, is this man Francis T. Laney or F. Tower Laney or one on special occasions and the other for day to day affairs?

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And now a few chosen words on criticism. I fully realize that if only the perfect criticised FAPA would be in a dilemma. And it has been said that a person should "practice what he preaches" and "not criticise in others faults which he himself possesses". I say, "Nuts". Altho I may be unable to write as well as another I may be able to see flaws in his writing and criticise them. So why shouldn't I? Better to say "don't condemn someone for faults which you, yourself, pesess." I have done this...condemned others for faults which I, too, possess. Haven't you at times?

so better yet perhaps, "Criticise, but remember we're all human and subject to human flaws and weaknesses."

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It is a hot dull Sunday afternoon in Savannah and this is the last stencil I have on hand. There is a very slim chance that I'll find another one around somewhere, tho. I hope so. There are two partly ruined ones which I may be able to patch together into one useable one. A bit of plain and fancy mathematical juggling with the cost of postage on Q#15, legal length paper for this, and my present finances will determine the length of this mag. I need another quire to start work on Q#16 but may not have enough cash for a whole quire left after other necessary purchases, in which case the next page will be the last one.

Actually there's no need for more pages as far as requirements go. Merely the inexplicable urge to write and publish. This strange phenomenon occurs usually after perusing an abundance of ERPazines. It usually lasts until I have finished mimeoing the results. Then it flees leaving the hollow shell of a neofan...a burnt out husk...a very small and frightened fan.

This is the first time I've attempted any size other than 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 and on perusing the stencils I find that I don't seem to have much of a margin on the sides. This is due to inexperience with this size and not any deliberate attempt to crowd, as you'll not by the top and bottom margins. Sorry.

Well, my attempts to balance my budget failed but my attempts to patch together some old stencils succeeded so there will be a couple more pages, tho two of them will probably have distinct lines down them where I pieced them.

Just solved another of the multitude of problems that I have discovered since undertaking a mag of this size...have found that my brother has a paper-cutter...thank Ghu.

This business of conceiving and producing a fmz in a day or so is fascinating. When more than one person is involved the result.

seems to be , in most cases, a fabulous one-shot. In a one-fan town tho the result can be a bad case of gafia. Not in this case tho, I hope.

This is one of the patched up stencils. That fact is probably obvious.

When I was en route to New Orleans for The Convention I dropped WAW a note from Montgomery, Alabama, where I changed trains. Walt, being all the way over in Ireland, probably can't do me ~~any~~ worse than call me dirty names, so I am going to print part of his reply:

Gosh, what are you doing in Alabama? I don't want to worry you, but are you sure you're on the right train? Besides how did Alabama get in there anyway? I don't see any justification for it at all. I don't know much about US geography, but I do know that both Savannah and New Orleans are somewhere down there in the bottom righthand corner only an inch or so apart. With such a convenient arrangement I see no reason for Alabama to come butting in and spoiling everything. In fact I'm beginning to take a poor view of Alabama altogether. Sinister sort of place. Did you notice you are always hearing about midnight choochos leaving for Alabam. BUT YOU NEVER HEAR OF ANY OF THEM COMING BACK! Vestigia nulli retrosum or something--no footprints coming out. Of course I'm willing to admit that my knowledge of the US is not very extensive--in fact it could be written down on this form. There are 48 states plus Washington DC. There may be a Washington AC too but I never heard of it. On the top righthand corner is the state of Rhode Island, a foul sort of place. At the other end is California and at the bottom are various Mexicos in various age groups. But the bottom right hand corner baffles me. I don't ever like to talk about Texas for instance because I have sort of a neurotic bloc about it--one of those things that are always happening in ASF when you feed electronic brains contradictory data. 1. The West is where people shoot sheriffs and punch cattle. 2. Nowhere do they do this more assiduously than in Texas. 3. Texas is in the South East.

Another quote from the same letter is this sample dialogue from a proposed "broadcast from a STFCon"

Announcer: Mr. Rotsler, have you anything to say?

Mr. Rotsler, Mr Rotsler, Mr Rotsler!!

Rotsler:Eh?

Announcer: I see you were sketching; I'm sure you will agree it
Would only be fair to let us all see it?

(Rotsler holds up the sketch. Russell Watkins faints and is carried
out.)

Announcer (Faintly): The subject we've just had under discussion
Was whether a new means of reproduction
Is what fandom needs. Why, don't you agree?

Rotsler: Why, what's wrong with sex? I really don't see.

Unfortunately that's all there is of it, tho there will be some more
of the program in Q#16.

I am thinking of, and planning to, keep up a checklist of fanzines
and fanpublications in 1952. I probably won't list FAPA and SAPS or
other APazines. I don't know. But I would like to know about fanpubs
in 1952. I'll trade my subzine for them if possible. If not, I'd
like to know about them anyway. So any FAPAs who decide to indulge
in a bit of non-FAPA pubbing are asked to please let me know about
it.

Reminiscence: It was Tuesday and the convention was over. Many of
the friends I'd made were gone. Goodbyes were an optimistic "See
y'next year". The convention hall was empty.

Shelvy and I went up to say goodbye to Tuck, supposing it would be
our last chance to see him this year. Small talk. Then MariBeth, Bob
and I had breakfast together in the St Charles Dining Room, where Bob
oogled Bea Mahaffey. After that final goodbyes.

Then I went with Lee Jacobs to see Es & Les Cole who were preparing
for the long trip back by way of some of the Southwest's finest
gambling resorts. We sat around and watched them pack. There was a
bit of a skirmish between Lee and Es for a zap gun; I think Lee won.
The green hats of the Little Men were given to the maids except for
one which Rog Sims wore most of the day. Last goodbyes to the Coles
and Lee, and then a bit of just wandering around.

Checked out of the hotel and took my bags to the station. Sent two
by baggage. Checked the one I'd bought in N.O. Then walked back to
the hotel with Ken Beale, who'd come along for the ride. On the walk
back we discussed fandom and I managed to make hazy my ideas and

opinions.

Returning to the hotel I met Es, Les and Lee getting into the car just as Lee Bishop, Ed Walthers, and another fellow named Lee came up, so we all told each other goodbye. After the twentieth or so, "Good bye, Lee" somebody piped up "Goodbye, Les" and the O company pulled out midst hysterical laughter.

Later the Detroit gang and several others, all of whom were leaving on the same bus, decided to set out and look for a ring Rog Sims wanted to buy as a souvenir. I joined them, and we wandered around the French quarter for a while. On Royal Street, I believe, we saw the fabulous Bus Named Desire and ran into Tucker returning from a steamboat ride on the Mississippi. "How was the trip?" we asked. "I don't know," he replied, "I was down in the bar the whole damn time." So we bade him a final goodbye and strolled on down the street.

The time came for the Detroiters and their companions to leave for the bus station, so I said goodbye to them and returned to the St Charles lobby to wait out most of the hour and a half til my train left.

Bob Johnson and a couple of others were there, waiting for their departure time, so we sat down together and talked.

I had picked up a dead flashbulb and was holding it in my hands when it snapped and I cut my two right hand typing fingers. The blood was gushing out and dripping all over the rug, which (fortunately) was red anyway.. The vampire to whom I'd been talking, Nick Falasca, loaned me a handkerchief and I wrapped up the wounds. Bob Johnson opened his eyes and we continued our chat.

Shortly who should stroll in but...you guessed it...Tucker. He greeted us with a cheerful bit to the effect of Ain't you ever leaving? And we bade him a final goodbye.

Time to leave for the train station came so I wished the best to the fans I'd been chatting with, promised Nick I'd return his handkerchief, and made my way to the airlock. As I approached it I turned for one last fannish glance at the interior of the St Charles. There, in the bar, I saw Tucker. I waved a last goodbye to him and the Nolacon, and as he waved back I pushed open the inner door and made my way out into the hot, teeming

mundane world that exists outside of our microcosmos.

I walked to the train station, unchecked my bag and dug into it for package of Band-aids. After wrapping my injured fingers securely in J&J's best, I tucked away the bloody handkerchief where suspicious characters wouldn't notice it and sat down to wait for the train.

Nothing much happened on the train from N.O. to Montgomery, Alabama. It being a day coach, I was lucky that no one had the seat next to me. I slept sprawled awkwardly across it and awoke just outside of Montgomery, tired and aching.

There was a two hour wait in Alabama so I had coffee in the station and bought OW and Suspense. I read Bloch's story, JoKe's bit and a couple of others.

Somehow I managed to get on the right train back to Savannah. It was an ancient job with reversible seats, so I turned the one in front to face me and put my feet up on it. I slept a while longer.

When I woke up I decided to try reading on the train. I'd been assured by all that this would make me very sick, so I started off cautiously with the short short in Suspense. No dire results, so I read some more. Convinced that I could read without getting sick, I pulled out the copy of TO KEEP OR KILL I'd gotten in N.C. and read it.

The conductor came thru and advised me that he would have a box lunch waiting for me at one of the stations if I wanted it. "How much?" "\$1.25." "Okay." Apparently I was the only one in the car to get a lunch because they only brought in the one. When I opened it and my fellow commuters became aware of a plateful of golden fried chicken and mashed potatoes plus other foodstuffs and a small bottle of milk there were several inquiries, but it was too late. We'd pulled out of the station already.

But the time we arrived in Savannah...a bit after nine that evening I was hungry again. I took a cab and came straight home...to discover that my folks were out and the house locked. And, of course, I hadn't taken my keys to New Orleans. So I sat down on the back step and waited...reminiscing over the days behind and the wonderful thing that is a Science-Fiction Convention...

