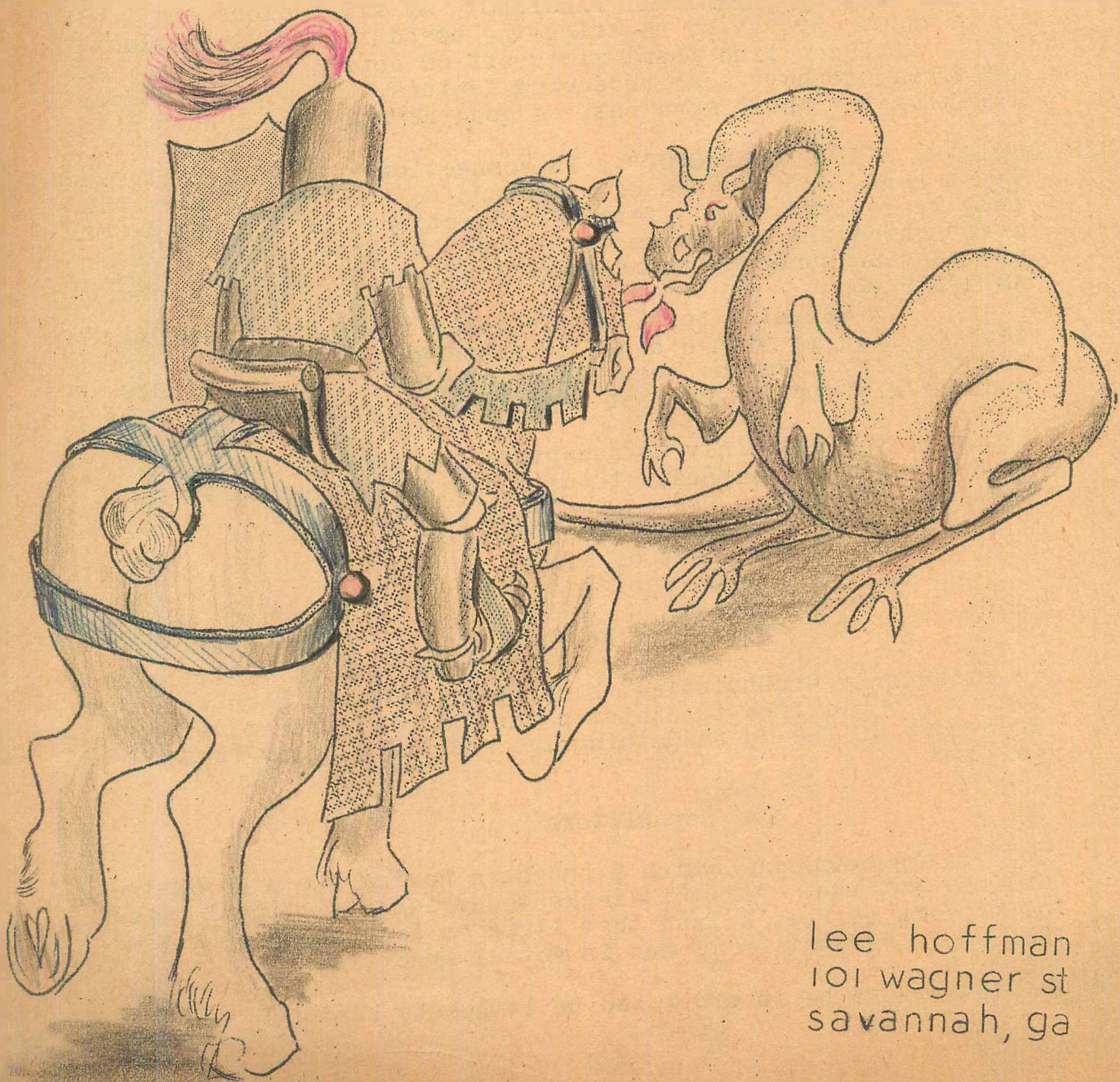


The Chattahoochee,
Okfenokee, & Ogeechee
Occasional Gazette



lee hoffman
101 wagner st
savannah, ga

covers
hand-typed
by the author

October 15, 1955

JOHN BROWN'S BODY LIES AMOULDERING IN THE GRAVE

THE WORLD IS FULL OF UNFINISHED FANZINES: My files alone are loaded with them. By way of clearing the board for future action, I will (if I can find them) mimeo off 68 copies of whatever stencils seem to have some redeeming feature. This rather than chucking the whole mess out. A good reason why, I know not.

"IN MEMORIAM: SPIRIT OF FOOFoo": In connection with a project presently at hand, and because of my return to the fold, I have not only reacquired my old fanzine collection plus the updating items which Charles Wells has added, but have been browsing and reading numerous items therefrom, one of them FULL-LENGTH ARTICLES #3.

Speer's work, particularly these fanaccountings, tend to fill me with a sense of nostalgia for a period I never was part of. For me there is a fascination in the FANCYC such as Miniver Cheevy must have found in "Ivanhoe".

In this sense of trying vainly to recapture the essence and the glory of Early Fandom, in dedication to all the fan vehicles that have gone before:

- the Panzerkampfwagen
- Empress of FooFoo
- Skylark of Foo
- Stfnash
- Spirit of FooFoo

and the other vehicles (particularly GhuGhuistic) which Speer and/or I have failed to list, I would like to christen the Official Operative Means of Transport of The HoffmaNothing Inc and the Quandry Press as follows:

The Hop Bitters

This title being one which I had been saving for a fanzine and may yet use. While it lacks the science-fictional aspect of Skylark of Foo, I feel that it is as fannish as Spirit of FooFoo in derivation if not in actual practice.

A DESCRIPTION might be in order, so be it hereby known that the

#2

vehicle hereafter designated as Hops Bitters, or Old Hoppy, is a '51 Plymouth station wagon (6 cyl.) gray in color, and wearing a chromium horse in place of the customary Plymouth ship, having blue seat covers, a dearth of panel light switch knobs, a radio, a heater, genuine black sidewall tires (5), and a small indentation in the chrome trim on one side. It is a splendid vehicle, having served lo these many months with only two flat tires and two internal problems, the solving of which cost less that \$7.00 combined.

AS CREDENTIALS for fanacceptance, Hoppy offers that it has carried such fans as Pam & Ken Bulmer, Jesse Floyd, Charles Wells, and yed on various pursuits, fannish and non-fannish, including on a jaunt that was climaxed by a one-shot session. It offers also that it carried the Bulmers, Wells and Hoffman, into the depths of Georgia, from Savannah to the Okefenokee Swamp and back, without complaint. It offers that at this present time it contains, among such equipment as an Army bridle (date unknown) one half-gallon container (almost full) of pure swamp water (for emergency use only). It offers that it is the instrument by which Hoffman carried the fanzine collection (seven cartons full) from 405 to 101, the instrument by which large quantities of mimeograf materials have been transported, and whereby the The Thing Upstairs moved Downstairs, and then to The Store, will return to 101 and be deposited once again Upstairs.

SPEAKING OF UPSTAIRS, there is a cyclic quality to everything, me-thinks. To my fancareer at least. I began my fancareer in the attic for that was where the typewriter was. There, with the FANCYC on my knee and a copy of Amazing clutched in my grimy little hand and ppen to The Club House, I became an actifan. There I cut my first stencils to publish my first fa-a-zine.

Underwood I (the typewriter) eventually moved downstairs, where he dewlt until I folded Q, at which time he returned to the attic. The Thing Upstairs (known also as Speedoprint model L) had also moved Downstairs, and was later shuffled to the back room at the store, where it did a few mundane tasks before being reconverted for 44/40.

The moving finger writ, and having writ moved on, but came back to write again, and now I find that I have re entered the attic, cranked up Underwood I, and have begun cutting stencils for the first issue of my new fa-a-zine. Also with the FANCYC on my knees.

#3

Oh, you faneds,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm coming back to fandom,
With the FANCYC on my knee.

IT OCCURS TO ME that I have goofed. I should have done several things prior to returning to fandom. For one thing I should not have used the Remington in FAPA, thereby retaining for myself a new and different type-face. Another, I should have acquired a different mail receiving address (simple enough, use my brother's new house, a street number hithertofore unknown to fandom). With a little studious effort, and a different brand of paper, I could have been someone else entirely, rather than me.

John A. Bristolboard for instance.

BEING A FA-A-A-N, I am (naturally) a collector of fanzines. I am interested in buying fanzines: by the pound or by the quantity, assorted, unassorted, or what have you? Any period, tho those prior to 1950 are preferred. My address is:

Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner St.
Savannah, Ga.

... i ...

WHICH REMINDS ME: One of the minor courtesies that many fans ignore, with occasional loss to themselves, is that of placing their addresses conspicuously (or at least somewhere) in their letters. I for one, and I suspect there are many others like me, find it difficult to keep track of fan addresses. If I receive a letter from a fan, chances are that (barring it being pure drivel) I will eventually get around to answering it.

But when that time finally comes, often as not, I can't find the fan's address at hand, and it isn't on the letter, so I chuck the whole business, not because I don't want to answer it, but because of technical difficulties.

A NEW PROJECT FOR THE NZF OCCURS TO ME: A bureau for the forwarding of letters to fans and also to pros, so that young fans and old ones who want to write someone but know not that person's address, are not hindered in their desire.

4

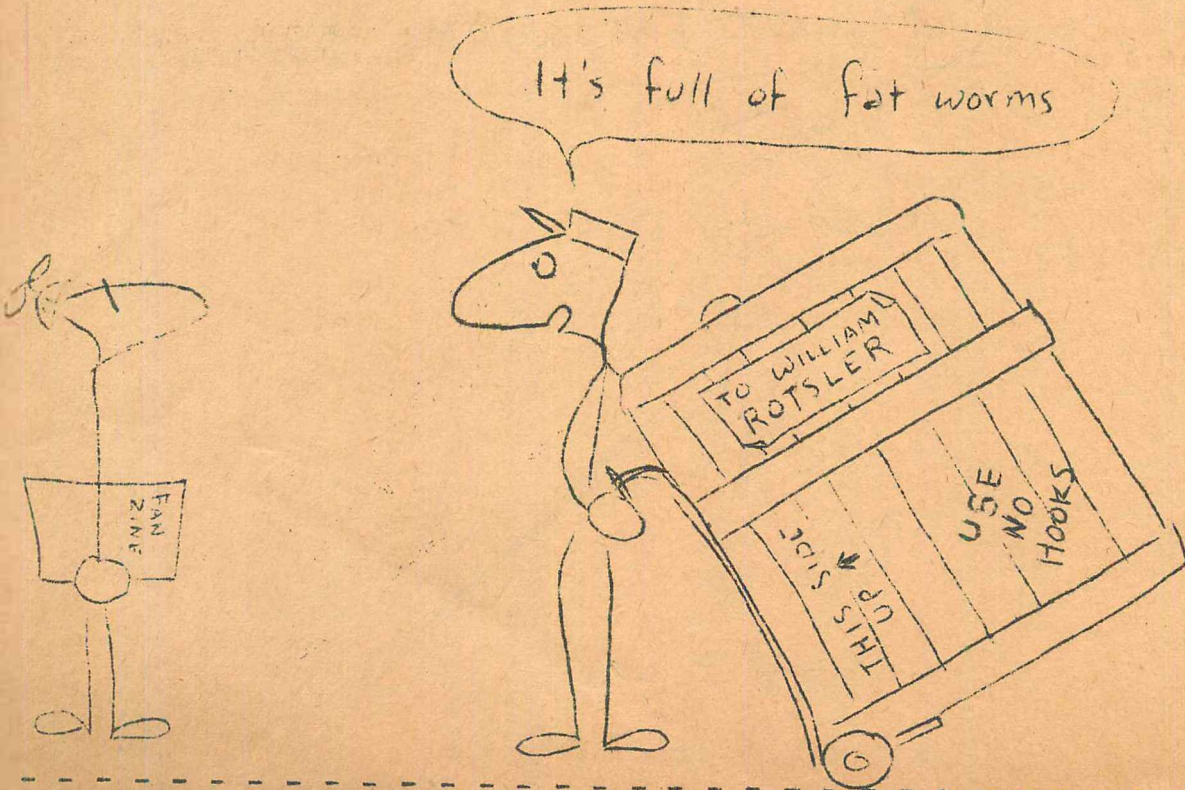
A VERBOSE CHARACTER LIKE ME seems to get carried away with this fanzine writing business at times. Like now. I sat down here to type one stencil, because and on account of I was n't gonna have an item in the November mailing and I wanted to say so. Or something.

I HAVE GOT TO GO down the street sometime today and buy a bottle of carbon tet, a toothbrush and a tin of machine oil, if I expect to fa-a-an tomorrow. Want to mimeo this and send it off to the o-e in time for the deadline.

"...such as L. Sprague (WHERTH) de Camp..." --Earl Singleton

IT IS NOT our custom to use the enclosed interlineation of the above type, but since we are dabbling in Exsperimentation of Third Fandomood, we decided to use it. WHERTH is translated at the bottom of the article from which the line is excerpted as:

"WHERTH: Will he ever replace the horse?" --Earl Singleton

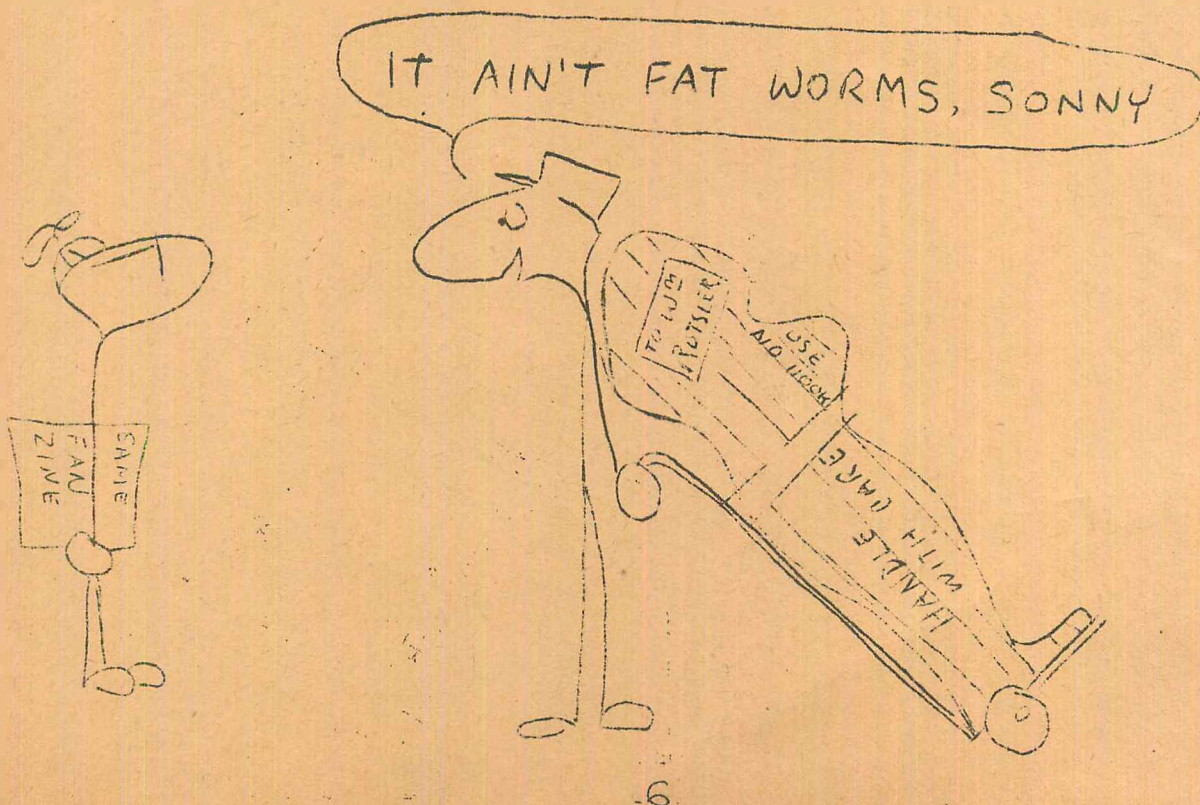


" Hook worms? "

"UNITE OR FIE!" Whatever became of the N3F anyway? I hear that it is gutted with dissention and on the verge of disbanding. Despite the many brickbats I have flung at the dear old N3F during my day, I think the basic idea has some sound aspects. There is a need for an organization, if for no other purpose, then to represent fandom to the General Public when the occasion occurs. Or maybe there isn't really a need. Maybe it would merely be a convenience. But I for one would hate to see the tottering old giant fall. Perhaps if people like me would help instead of standing around chunking suppositively witty stones, it would survive.

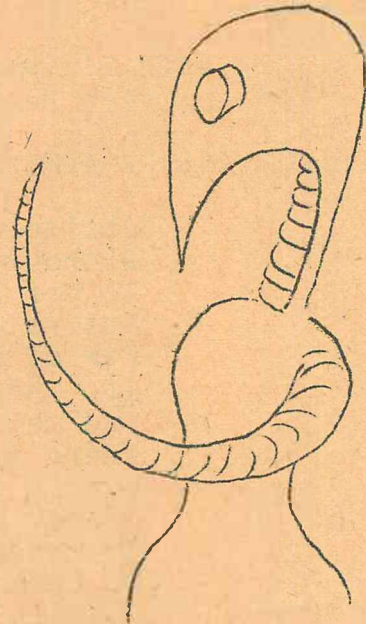
Perhaps some of these organization mad people who want to ruin the semi-anarchy of FAPA with a rock-bound, hide-bound set of rules and regulations, could hop to and red-feather the N3F over the rough spots. Surely there are enough fans with that old American Legion spirit to do the job!

"Three cheers and a tiger for old Nassau!"



#6

I HAVE GOT A FEELING that these #1160
ABDick stencils are scroungy. I
haven't of this typing run off any
yet, but from the look of them
when I hold 'em up to the light,
they are not so good. I
will try to get decent
impressions from them, but
if this is illegible,
please bear with us.



I AM MORTALLY AFERD that all those
stencils I have cut for my
fa-a-enzine, are going to
turn out to be clinkers too.

RESPONSE TO 44/40 has been great,
thank you. I appreciate it.
I'm sorry to have come out with it at such an awkward time,
but it was too late for the last mailing and foosh if I
wanted to wait until this one to put it in.

I ENCOUNTERED AN ODD ATTITUDE OR SOMETHING in Cleveland. I went
to the Clevention loaded with cash in both large and small
bills and jingle pieces. I was ready and willing, nay,
eager! to subscribe to fa-a-enzines, and to purchase a few
wares from the hucksters.

I managed through great diligence
and perseverance to subscribe to two fanzines and two pro-
zines.

I wanted to order a book from Marty Greenberg. I had
to follow him all the way across the Manger, from the first
floor to the mezzanine to give him my money. I drifted up
to the Fantasy Press display several times, and finally had
to stand in line to buy some books from Lloyd Eshbach.

had no books for sale, or if he did, they were hidden under
the stack of diapers and I didn't hear about it. Tucker

weren't like that in my day.

Conventions

AND I STILL WANT TO SUBSCRIBE to some fa-a-enzines.

"Dear Mr Degler: I have a cosmic mind. Now what do I do?"

#7

HA! AT THE RATE I'M going I'll have filled my activity requirements for the year here.

TO PHRASE AND PARAPHRASE FANCY:

"Obliterine, obliterine
Without you where would we have been?
To err is human, and slannish too
But we can correct our mistakes with u
Few of man's blessings are less unmixed" ---jfs
If, when once the error's fixed,
The meld is good, the fresh cut clean,
Where typer slices obliterine.
But if the stencil's not willin',
There, my friends, a dastardly villain,
The stencil made
Of unsatisfactory grade
Material, which breaks through
Both stencil surface and fiber too,
With centers from their letters falling
PPresents an aspect most appalling,
And obliterine to the cushion sheet dried,
Many a faned's patience has tried.
This obliterine I know is sound,
On many other stencils I've found
It satisfactory, healing well,
Leaving no scar where twice the key fell.
But this patticular grade stencil I think
Must stink.

THE ABOVE WITH SINCERE APOLOGIES TO Jack Speer.
And insincere apologies to Robert Bloch.
And no apologies at all to ABDick.

PERHAPS I AM PREJUDICED, I certainly wouldn't have said a thing like this during my first fan era, but I feel like since this is Science fiction fandom and the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and all that, maybe I ought to say something about science-fiction.

As a matter of fact I actually feel like saying something about science-fiction. If it doesn't seem completely out of order, I am going to review a book.

"POINT OF ORDER!"

BOOKS

I HAVE READ---

TIME BOMB. Wilson Tucker, Rinehart, 1955:

A suspenseful science-fiction mystery, about as mysterious a piece as I've read in a long time and muchly recommended. This is no space opera but a near-future detective story with a detective who is doubly confounded by a time-bomb in the most complicated sense of the word.

I cannot but wonder whether the introduction of Gilbert Nash & Co. might be somewhat confusing to anyone who is not familiar with TIME MASTERS. Nonetheless it is pleasant to meet old friends like the Nashes, and learn more of their long lives. I for one, hope to encounter them again.

I am slightly inclined to disagree with Mister Tucker as to the ending of his book. Personally I would have chosen to follow Lt Danforth on the final episode of the adventure, right up to the blast. The closing scene seems a bit superfluous, although sentimental and a tie-in with the presence of these characters earlier in the book. Rather than ending in the possible blaze of glory, the book sort of peters out.

The book is recommended for science-fiction fans capable of following the intricacies of ~~detective~~ detective work, and to detective story fans who are up to comprehending the complexities of time travel.

"Let's hold the annual convention in Havanna next year."

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE: Evans -

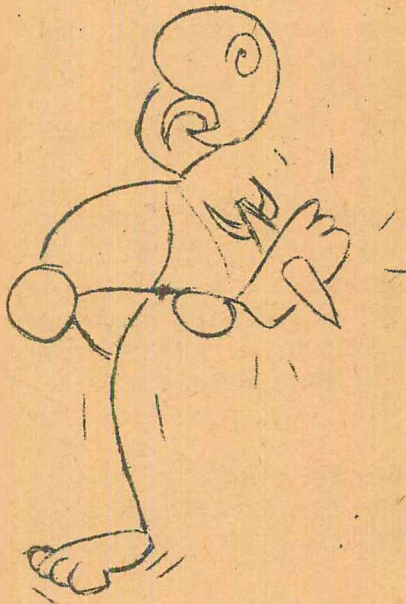
I brought this home from the library and read it. This is the second time I've read this book, and I highly recommend it to anyone interested in using one's head for some thing more than a hetrack, which is why they are getting free review space. Mr Evans writes a ludid, clever and often documented arguement for clear thinking. Occasionally he steps into his own pitfalls, failing to document a statement given to us for fact, or using what the semanticists call "loaded words" to prejudice us in his favor, but far be it from me to hold that against him. It is a good books and will convince almost any skeptic that he was right all along. In connection with this review, I may later in this ish quote an item from Mr Evans.

#9

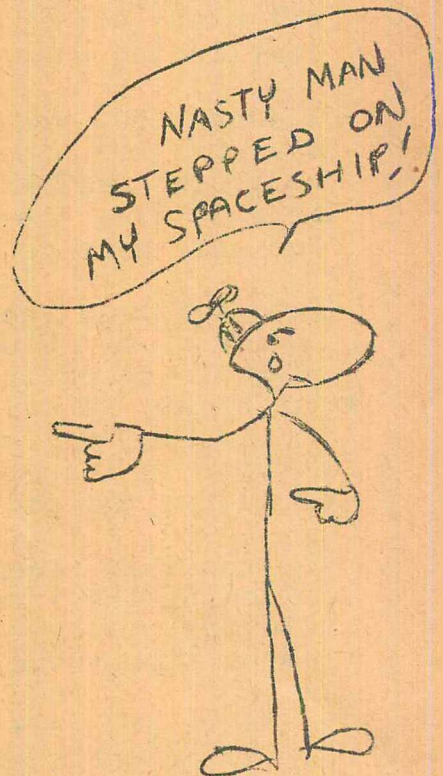
SPEAKING OF SCIENCE FICTION, I've been trying to buy a copy of INFINITY #1. I haven't been able to find it on the stands here in Savannah, or in Washington, D.C. Have you seen it on the stands where ever you are?

There is one mag which is inevitably on every stand that I check, name of IMAGINATION. This is in its own way significant.

"Sir! I deny your implications."



I
hate
ABDick
#1160
stencils
but
I
like
ABDick
#1260
stencils..



You're peculiar but not queer.

BROWSING THE FANZINE collection I note a number of very nice and ambitious pieces of color work. All considered, I may not do anything spectacular in the line of mimeography in SFFY #2. Be too hard to top what is being done already.

The good old days when a lithoed cover, or a piece of two-color mimeography was an extraordinary thing, are gone. Even such fields as multicolor printing, entirely lithoed mags, etc. have been worked. Are there no new worlds left for the fanzine publisher to conquer?

The Best Butter Dept:

Well, I finally found those stencils that I misplaced while producing 44/40, so here they are, along with some other stuff for the Nov mailing. This is getting to be SOP, but with the advent of fmz more organized in their format, like for instance the world famous SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, I hope to decrease the number of left out, left over, and left behind items.

SF-FY is scheduled for the November 1956 mailing. Material submitted for that mag should be sent to me sometime around May, June, July and August, 1956. Keep it in mynd.

Do you remember the fanzines of the mid-forties like unto Vampire? We (I and some others) have been reminiscing about these mags. Vamp was my guide for Q. I wonder who was JoKe's inspiration for Vamp?

This one is no longer an owner of horses. Having been forced out of my stabling quarters by the onslaught of civilization, I have found it necessary to place the horses on a farm. I now have only the car and the bicycle, neither of which bites, although the car does buck occasionally.

Depending a good deal on WAW, they may be another Hoffmag for general distribution shortly. Not a subzine though, so if you want on the mailing list, a card or note of some sort is desirable. Hoffmags are usually published in limited editions of 100 copies. This will depend on the size of the mailing list I accumulate. The edition will be rounded off to the nearest ten or twenty or even fifty, depending on the list, so there will not be lots of spare copies around for come-latelies.

No trades. either. If you'll send me a sample of your subzine and I like it I'll subscribe. But that won't get you out of having to acknowledge my mags to stay on my mailing list.

Of course many (but not all) Hoffmags will be distributed through FAPA. And whenever it seems a likely to do so, I'll send the FAPA mags to the waiting listers too.

Enough of this policy statement. It is mainly for the purpose of filling out this stencil anyway, and a cartoon would prob'ly do that better. Only I seem to have done well enough by my lonesome.

"Hah! Who sawed Courtney's boat?"

//

REMTONES: Carr: (GM): Very professional artwork on the cover. I likt. # Came across some miscenaneous last nite and was browsing same, and encountered a number of Chicon (Tasfic) photos, among them a couple of you. Most reminiscent. #How many hands have you got? How many cranks on your mimeo? Re:"I turn the crank with my right hand and hold a gentle tension on the paper with my left...I crank with the left hand and thus can slipsheet twice as fast." # I don't approve of voting new members into FAPA but I fully approve of voting old members out, if it seems desirable. # I agree with you that a benevolent dictatorship is the best form of government when I am the dictator, but I hate to be dictated to, even benevolently. # The mailing comments on the 71st mailing seem to be all in agreement that We All Appreciate Gregg Calkins. Me too. There is a photo of Gregg in that above-mentioned collection, with ShelVick and two sets of eye-glasses that come complete with noses. # Why do you want someone to decide that you are a tender, shrinking violet? # Speaking of batchlors, why is it almost every one pities a spinster and envies a bachlor. Except you, of course. I think Danner makes an excellent bachlor and would not be pleased to hear that he had been trapped. Just think of WMD with his press neatly cleaned and covered with a frilled throw-cloth, his type-fonts consigned to the closet, his lawn mowed and him himself tucked neatly into a chair by the fireplace with pipe (no tobacco, ni ashes on the rug), his slippers over well-darned socks and his old cars in a junk heap somewhere (they cluttered up the garage). Ghod! # Speaking of humanities' love of organization for organization, that is exactly what all this talk of FAPA amemdments smacks of to me. # Sexy, that's what Gentones is now, sexy. I wish Max Keasler could see it today. # Speaking of techniques of

reviewing a mailing, I have read some (not all) of the "read now" heap of fmz ahead of time. The balance of the mailing, I brought to the store, read and wrote as I went along. Which accounts for a lot. I neither "read slowly" nor "digest the statements" in almost anything, so am liable to make irrelavent statements at any and all times. # I thought you, of all people, would offer encouragement rather than discouragement to Wilfred Myers. I am curious as to whether Wilfred intends to renew his membership at the end of this term. There may be more desirable persons than he, but then there are no doubt a lot of persons more desirable than me, and I don't doubt that in a vote, someone would vote against you too. I like to see a diversity of attitudes in FAPA (makes for more interesting arguements) and I'd like to see how Wilfred acimates over a period of time. does Hekto have greater scope for artwork than mimeo? # Regards The Lovers you have an interesting point there. If sexual relationships between different species are immoral, what about such relationships between different races? Between blonds and brunettes? Between cousins and closer kin? (Horses and other stock, you know, are crossed and re-crossed with occasionally but generally are bred to stock of similiar blood lines. All thoroughbreds and part thoroughbreds can trace back to three particuliar studs.)

Gemtones, (2)

I don't doubt that Rotsler would print an item titled "My Wife was a White Slave Reject". I think he might even be proud of it. # Africa, I think, is a "white man" problem, which the Nergos are trying to solve in a gruesome but efficient way. Mau mau. # Your paragraph concerning HYPHEN and the Britishmags hits the nail right on the head. # How to be like a thunderstorm? Well, the one thing that seems the most like being part of a thunderstorm to me is galloping a good horse through wild High Rock country alone. There something of a similiar feeling to gallop alone across an open field (even if it is just a city park) in the hour after dawn when you and your horse seem to be the only ones alive in the world. To me at least. # I read once that there had been an Athiest Hour on the radio, but public opinion forced it off.

"Who is Wm Rotsler?"

Pause for a Coke---it is 5 PM Saturday August 27, 1955, now. I despair of holding this until November for the mailing so will pre-mail it. But it will not be mailed before the Con, I'm sure. I have the mimeo at the store now and have been running off much of this, but there will be more and more and more, I fear, and I would be far too rushed to get it all done in time to be mailed Wednesday, which day I am leaving for Cleveland where I hope they will be holding a convention of S-F fans. Perhaps there will be appended to these comments, etc, a report on this convention. If so it will be in the usual lucid, clear, intelligent, irrelevant and misleading style of my convention tales. Except that Max Keasler and Walt Willis won't be there, and ShelVv may not be and, gosh, what kind of a convention will it be without these people? What will it be without Max Keasler to quote? Convention-eering was a sheer joy when one could stand around and listen to Max or Walt. Well, we'll see.

Maybe you'll be there...

THE OKLACORN!: Martinez: Sounds like 770.

"Down in the bar!"

-BT

KEEBIRD: Eney: I thought I'd already commented hereon. (Withal.) Most interesting, particularly your discussion of the calendars. Wish I knew more on the subject.

"defy the Deros with DoRo!"
Do you remember DoRo?

This is the bacover of the Chattahoochee, Okefenokee & Ogeechee Occasional Gazette, combined with the Wassaw & Ossabaw Backwater Journal.

This page is cut on Underwood I. The balance of the ish is cut on Underwood II. There is considerable difference in quality.

Our cover symbol thish symbolizes the Miniver Cheevy complex. The title of it is "The Knight and the Derron", and it should be read under red lights to the tender strains of "Way Down Upon The PeeDee River".

The latest MAD has arrived with a diagram of Isaac's Satellite on the cover, and an excellent piece of work at that.

LETS TAKE A POLL DEPT:

Out of sheer curiosity, I wonder how many members of the FAPA are science-fiction fans?

How many are fandom fans?

How many are strictly interested amateur publishers?

I WONDER.

BY THE WAY, Jack Spear; Regards the Proterofannish Period, I would love to see your photograph.

The following space is being filled with what the Westerners among us call "cover lines", these of which are taken from the Nov 1951 CHOOOG, and the esoteric meanings and/or sources of some of which I too have forgotten:

ALSO ANYTHING ALCOHOLIC EXCEPT BEER---IT IS ASTONISHING HOW/
VERY FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT I AM TRYING TO BE FUNNY--BUT //
IT WAS A CLEAN GLASS DOOR--ALL OUTLANDERS ARE GENIUSES, BUT/
THEY COME IN ASSORTED SIZES--AH, SO THAT'S WHY I JOINED FAPA
--GUK,GUK, HE CHUCKLED--MY GOD! ALL THE WAY TO PORTLAND!--//
THIS CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING--HICUPS!--SO I BOUGHT ONE--THE/
FIRST OF THESE WAS A MAN NAMED JOE--I'M BEWITCHED--IT'S UN-/
BELIEVEBLE WHAT THE WRITTEN WORD CAN WROTE--WURF,WURF, WURF/
WURF, and WURF--THE OL' ARK IS A MOVERIN'--BUT I LIKE TO SEE
THE WAY THE LOCAL BOYS PLAY--I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO ///
READ MY OBITUARY--FANS ARE SLANS--ENOUGH OF THIS MAD BABBL-
ING--TUCKER'S PURTY TOO BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE--EXCELSIOR

This issue of CHOOG is being distributed to FAPA and a couple of friends only. Soory, also sorry, that I'm not sending it to the mailing list, but the work heroin doesn't seem to merit envelopes, paper, stamps and addressing enough for circulation outside of the FAPA bourne.

101 Wagner St. Savannah, Ga. A Subsidiary of Proxyboo, Ltd. 9 9 9

A