

The CHATTAHOOCHEE, OKEFENOKEE,
& OGEECHEE OCCASIONAL GAZETTE

combined with

THE WASSAW & OSSABAW
BACKWATER JOURNAL

combined with

FIENDETTA

combined with

HEX

combined with

STEAM

combined with

UGH!

combined with

ZIZ.

Published by H. Ken & Pamela Bulmer, Lee Hoffman, Jesse Floyd, and Charles Wells at
405 East 62 Street, Savannah, Ga, as a oneshot for the seventy-third FAPA mailing &
the sixth OMPA mailing, and for friends. Done on the occasion of the Bulmers' visit
to Savannah. This special merged edition is produced by FAIR Steam, Inclemented, and
printed on the Zara Press.

This is NOT a Hoffmag.

leeh

HOW TO PUBLISH A ONE-SHOT

This is a one-shot session. The time is 3 something PM and the place is Charles Wells' place, his deep dark fan-den under a large flat rock in back of his house. Jesse Floyd is curled up in one corner with Pam Bulmer while Ken Blumer sits staring evilly at a typewriter which is staring evilly back. Charles Wells, Himself, is trying his best to crowd in between Jesse and Ken, which I am serconly writing something for this fabulous oneshot.

This is supposed to be a fabulous Insurgent-type one-shot session, but somebody tell me how you can have a fabulous Insurgent-type One Shot session on tea!

Charles has been making tea, except he was slowed up considerably by the fact that he had the fire under the wrong pot.

What we need at this fabulous type one-shot session is a fabulous Burbee or something. (Blog?)

Somewhere in this wide world, to shange the subject, there should exist a copy of

GALAXY

from April 1954 with Dam oops, demon knight's story "special delivery" in it twice. I know, I have the one that doesn't have any.

Pam Bulmer offered to collaborate with me on this item, to make it witty and brilliant and deathless, but after reading what I've written so far, she went off to make tea instead.

I think I will too.....

LeeH:

goof humored and condescending BNF

seems to me, sitting here in the calm of a Savannah afternoon, that there must after all have been a great meaning to Science Fiction Fandom. Not just the ordinary, mundane, 'have a good time' meaning. Not just the sf is escapism meaning. Not even, spare the phrase, the 'sf has a message' meaning. There is, it seems to me, trying to think coherently after two months of frantic wandering and holing up, something about fandom that lifts it out of the here-and-now, the mundane, the ordinary - even out of the exceptional, by the standards of the world's exceptional.

New York by night, a howling brilliant wilderness. The ant heaps of industry in New Jersey. The miraculous pasting of parkways and roadways against the sky, where they swoop over and below and through each other like the threads in the clashing lives they carry. Television and radio masts, spearing into the sky, each one, like trees of an unnatural metropolitan life, trying to choke the others and rear itself and its message alone. The inevitable doorsteps, with their inevitable freight of apathetic humanity. The crap games. Foker with greasy cards and nimble, brown fingers that alone carry any semblance of beauty in a world of sordid pride. Kids playing ball on a Police Athletic League lot - a gap-toothed playground in a row of tenements - and instead of receiving the impact of New York you think at once, poignantly, of a bomb-site in London. Skyscrapers - how small! Until you walk past a doorway, and look up, and see the whole mass falling upon you.

Rockefeller Plaza. A second island sprouting from the rock of Manhattan Island. Does anyone ever think of a cosmic pair of pliers, ready to twist, to break, and to yank? The deserted El. The East Side. Now so respectable and sedate - but that's because you see it from a speeding car. Wait until the lights go up on the Broadway of the 90's. And Broadway? Times Square - and, idiotically, you think 'It's not a square!' And, somehow, Trafalgar Square seems more grand, and fine - and tragically foreign in that moment of self-revelation.

S F

N Y C



Harlem. Quite normally, you eat at an Indian Restaurant - and laugh when real sari-clad Indians walk in and the waiter doesn't understand them. And a Red Indian face on the subway - the subway! - sitting beside a face that drooped its heavy eyes from the Inca carvings lost in the jungles. All the nationalities you see. The United Nations building - A glass tile on edge, with diamond-hard personalities scratching their pathetic marks upon it. A maelstrom of characters, New York spreads tentacles that grip and bind and cling with a strength you thought impossible. Perhaps its the fans you meet. Perhaps they, really, are the heart of New York. All you know, when you can think, is that Fandom does have a meaning even if you can't quite put it into words that mean anything. 3 ∞

Announcement

In view of the meritorious service suchlike:

1. Buying Jesse Floyd, SC, a drink;
2. Accepting Money from Charles Wells, SC.;
- and 3. Receiving a Letter from Lee Hoffman, SC;

all in one week, and considering the fact that he has walked under the eyes of Ghod (om mane padme om), we the under-signed members of Savannah Fandom do here and thereby make one

churchy harris (la femmes)

an

HONORARY SWAMP CRITTER

in one and the same manner as Ghod (om mane padme om), Lee Jacobs (DPF), and other critters, and is allowable to converse on equal terms with these critters.

Signed:

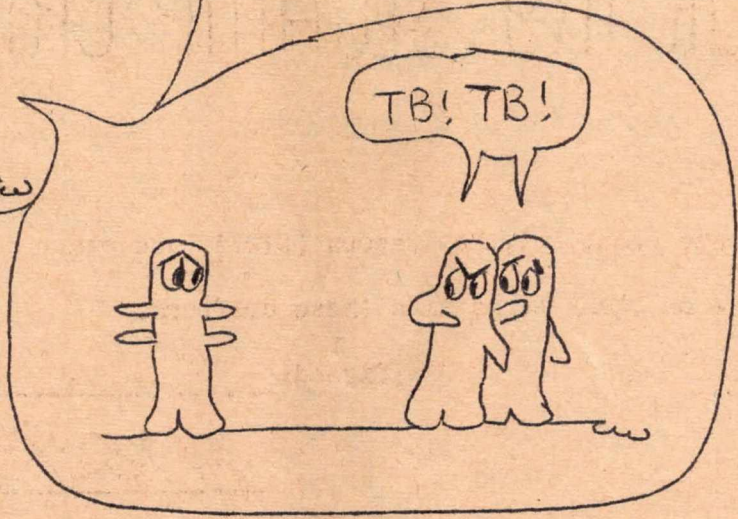
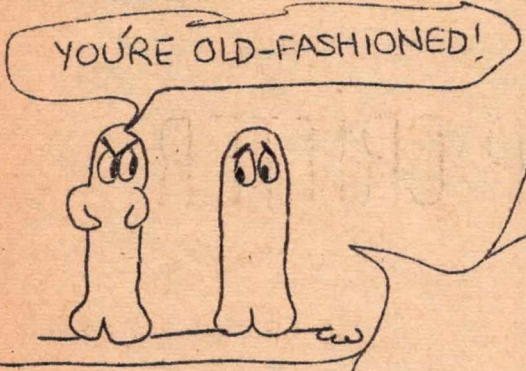
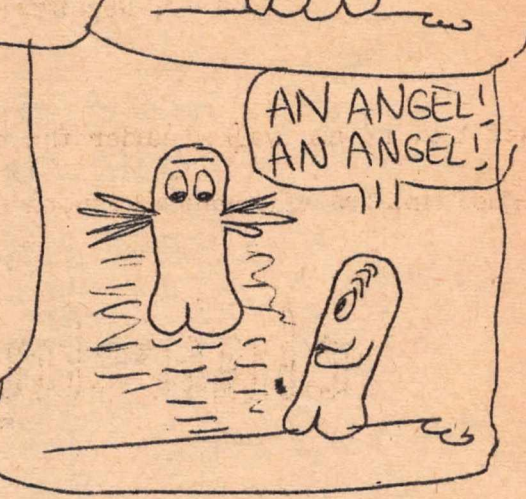
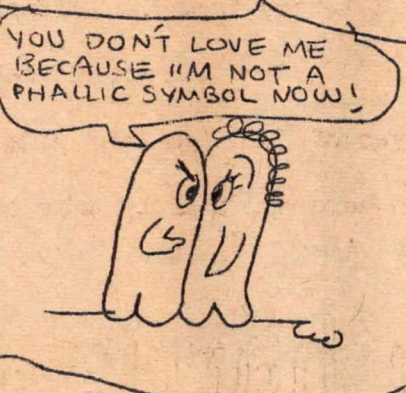
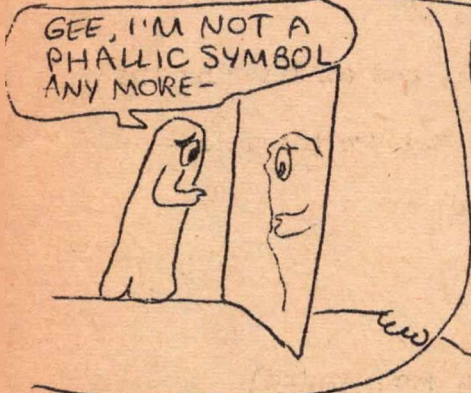
Conrad Culver

St Ken Bulmer

Lee Hoffman

Charles Wells

THE FOOFES GET ARMS



Who pulled Zug's plug?

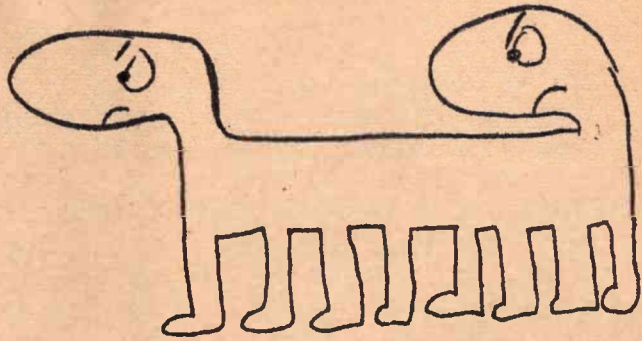
reflections from
a gold sty

Varicus people with various quirks
(including jerks)
Have sundry and curious modes of reaction
To highly emotional abreaction;
Some are sadistic,
(or atavistic)
While others are partial to treatment quite painful,
Which strikes me as being most frightf'ly ungainful.

And further I feel what a terrible farce is
Certain procedures of mental catharsis
Known as "snogging".

I much prefer flogging
To snogging.

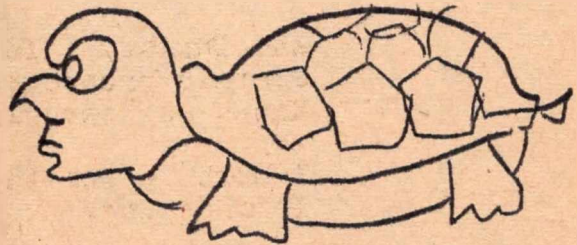
--Jesse Floyd



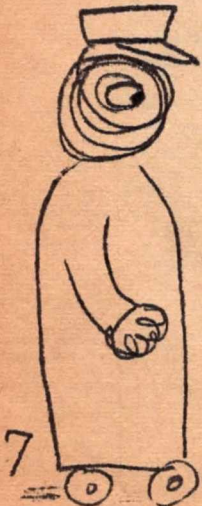
Manlan done it, I'll bet!



OF COURSE
I CAME
BY TRAIN



Fandom is a great big Jukes family.



JUST MUSING

YUJAD 9374
Pamela Bulmer.

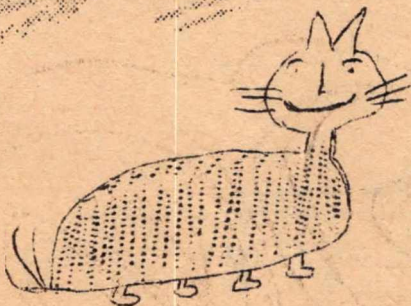
Do something, they say, do something - anything - write your impressions or somethin. They want me to write my impressions and all I can think about is people and cars and places - lots of people and lots of cars and lots of places. Nothing is real, nothing is stationary and we are just transient beings in suspended animation.

My fleeting thoughts fly on and there's no time to stop and catch them - catch them, wrap them up neatly in little parcels and file them away in their little cubby hole and stand back and say "This is what I think".

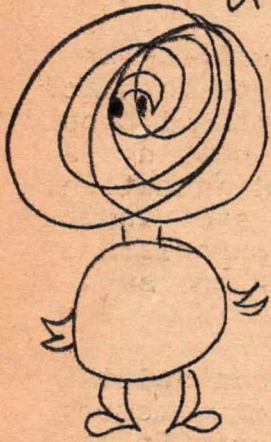
But the people are permanent, they exist and are real and I can stop and catch a little of each one and fold it into my memory because there is a basic similarity manifesting subtle hues in each new personality. It isn't just fandon - it maybe has something to do with the gregarious nature of mankind, perhaps it has something to do with a mutual feeling that we are passing this way once with a purpose and shall pass this way again.

There is a feeling that every tiny thing is important, like the way the trees grow, the way the birds sing, the way the roads sweep and curve. The things that are the same and the things that are so different. We feel removed but at the same time caught up in something awe-inspiring, perhaps because situations and places to everyone else seem to be so mundane but to us they are exciting and strange but they are still the same places and situations.

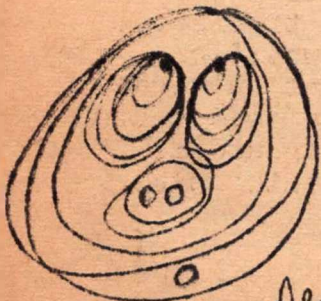
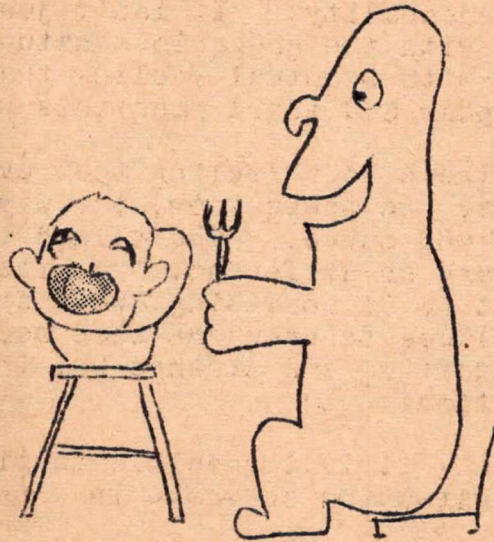
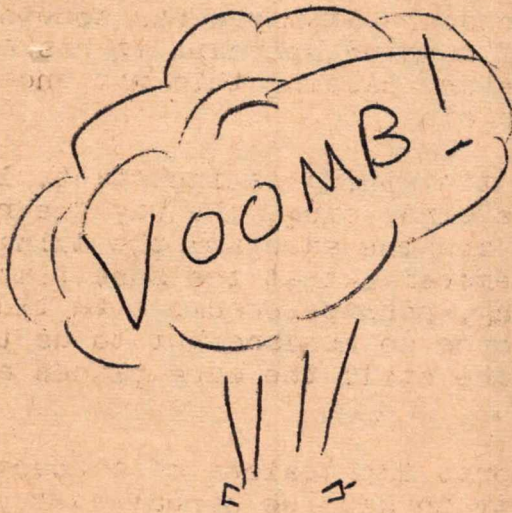
No - it is impossible to give ones impressions of a country or a situation so vaste in unreality to us. We cannot just yet stand off and appraise our feelings because we are feeling too much in too short a time. We are living a dream which is life and to bring it down to materialistic terms of words whilst it is in the present would seem to put it into the past and to us at the moment time seems timeless. So that is why I can say nothing at the moment but that life is good, people are good and we are happy and those around us seem to be happy and nothing else matters.



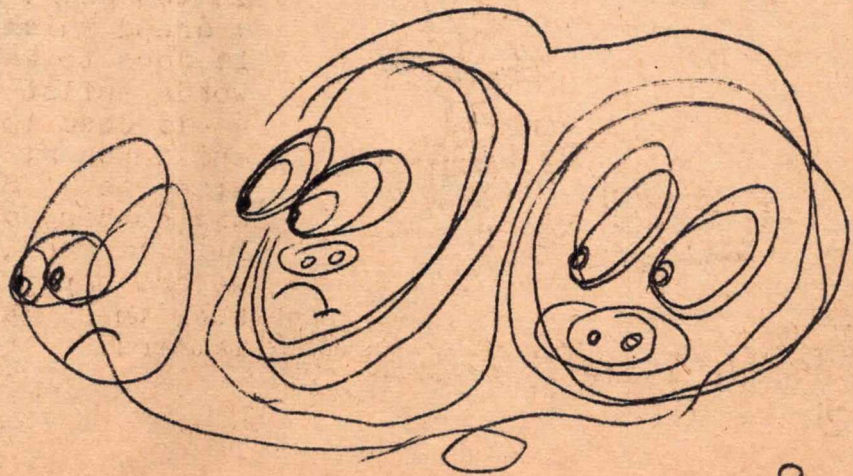
I was captain
of a space
ship



so there I
was



of course de
didn't draw
me



POGO, I PRESUME?

HKB, SC

"And if a snake drops into the boat please remain seated," said our genial guide. We cast apprehensive looks, which we attempted to make casual and unafraid, at the low-lying mat of creepers, spanish moss, evil fronds and grasping branches which passed slowly above our heads.

We were in Okefenokee Swamp. Lee Hoffman, Charless Wells, Pamela and myself. It was hot. The sun was somewhere up there, a thermonuclear explosion remotely off in space; but we were down in a green tunnel bending to clear cruel tree stems, riding upon a water that Homer would have recognised immediately. We were, in a way that maybe was never so true elsewhere, riding on a 'wine dark sea.' Only, Pamela said the water was like strong brewed tea. Lee said it looked like root beer. As our boat, aluminium with fussy and unromantic outboard motor, cleaved the water the colour was deep, dark red; maroon, but clearer, like water that has been steeped in a brew of mahogany chips and dying coloured leaves of autumn, ginger, something like strong brewed tea or root beer. Like coca-cola. And, coca-cola originated in Georgia. Maybe - but that is idle speculation.

Welcoming us to the swamp was a branch growing from the water with, cheerfully perched upon it, a white and bleached skull. A genuine skull, found in the swamp. The guide told us that beyond that point you were all on your own. That was strictly for the tourists, we thought. Sure, you get that cheap and phony adventure all over. But we looked beyond the skull - and we weren't so sure. Later, we found that that was right - past there and you'd never get out unless you were born there. An army man was lost for two weeks - but he got out - he was lucky. Others aren't. A sign told us that, in the direction of the arrow, was South all the way to Florida. If you knew the way, it said. If you could make it. We didn't try.

The boat glided on, silently, the motor shut off. An animal skull leered at us from a tree. The trees grew all around, cleared a trifle to allow the passage of small boats. Their silvery trunks were covered with moss, with trailing vines, with all the leg-breaking appliances of the jungle. Occasional rays of sunshine slanted down, blinding us, bringing a green halo to the rest of the world. Our world. The only world we had ever known, it seemed, for years. The world of the swamp.

Alligators we had seen, lying torpidly on a bank, sliding with a spine-chilling sliver over mud, to take the water with deadly intentness. Snakes - rattlers, cottonmouth moccasins, corals, hideous, beautiful, completely unhumanlike in their sinuous rippling. Turtles, broad, ribbed, funny, bowling along like battleships of the deeps. With beaks that could take off your hand. Black bears, friendly, human, curled up asleep characters. Some fool put his hand into the cage and was ripped up whilst we were there. We saw Pogo. We saw where he lived. We thought of the strip cartoons, and chuckled, and inside ourselves we shivered and prayed. This is no place for a white man. This belongs to Pogo and his kind - it is not for us. And Albert will take just a little more swallowing now, afterwards.

Yes, we went into Okefenokee Swamp. And we had ourselves a whole mess of fun. We wouldn't have missed it. But when we read Pogo again - it won't be the same as it used to be. Not the same at all. ☹