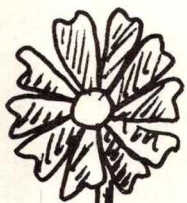
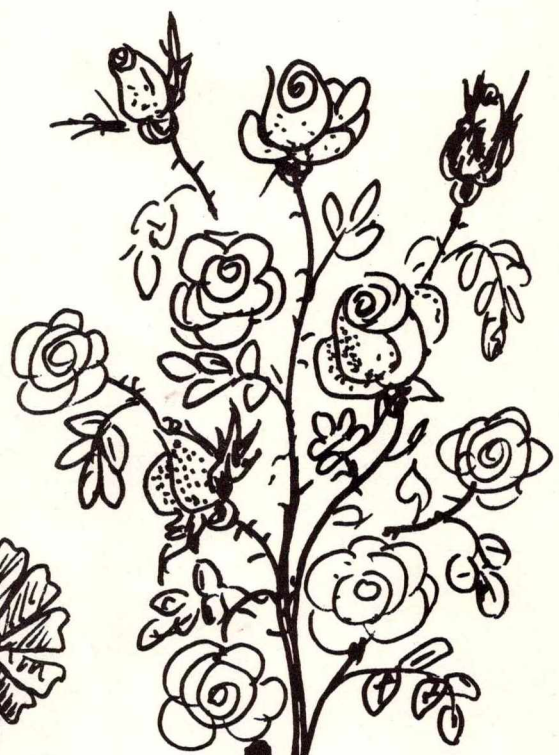


COGNATE



Louis

6

2

Handwritten text in a large, stylized script, possibly a signature or a title, written in brown ink. The text is slanted and occupies the upper half of the page.

Handwritten text in a smaller, cursive script, written in brown ink. It appears to be a list or a series of notes, located in the lower-left quadrant of the page.

Handwritten text in a smaller, cursive script, written in brown ink. It appears to be a list or a series of notes, located in the lower-right quadrant of the page.

COGNATE 20 from Rosemary B. Hickey, 3321 Avenue N, Plano, Tx 75074
Typed by Rosemary, collated by Rosemary, and possibly inclusion of material from someone other than Rosemary. For FAPA # which ever mailing this gets into.

One rehearsed plan which did not occur was to start off with COGNATE 20 The Cleaning Off The Desk Edition. Consider that a subtitle, yes? All the hours spent at the counters and in the little restaurants of fishing barges has resulted in an accumulation of notes which must be transcribed (and maybe rephrased and/or edited) but at least I've been thinking of you in FAPA and have been writing to you for months. However, until these witty, perceptive comments get into a Cognate, you'll never know how much I care.

This typewriter may not get repaired until another research or teaching assistantship comes through. Shades of all the stories of shadow people and slanty dimensional worlds... my left eye picks up a black wiggle, a smear of black shapes as the carbon ribbon passes on down along the non-functioning pickup wheel, collects into coils and curls which unsnarl themselves when the weight of the tape provides the appropriate "stimulus." This distraction is my Out for any pedest rian paragraphs which may occur.

For those of you who understand how much direct communication can mean and have written to you, my humble gratitude for being recognized. But ordinarily, your letters are cherished and not shared. I'm not about to edit - or select a sentence or paragraph because your whole letter is too important to me. However, Louie Szathmary has a tendency to doddle on his LOC's and, for instance, ---



Women's liberation!?!?

Louis Szathmary

Several of you have filled pages about your desk and how high the letters and fanzines were piled and two paragraphs on whether or not you felt guilty about not responding. Well - my desk is piled higher than yours! In fact, the papers, notepads, fanzines, boxes, mailing bags are piled so high, the height was reduced by two paperslides. One section slithered off the south edge of the table to an area which is attainable only on hands and knees. The batch that slid to the east was kinder... I will bend down, later, and add those sheets to whatever is wherever.

#1 reminder of my brilliant foresight and strength of character... the Hostel Guide And Handbook 1974/75. Since my sons and I were going on an extended travel and visit tour through several states, the AYH suggestion was sensible. So my check went in and the information was back just before we left. Four weeks later, my sad recollection was that we never went to where AYH was. And the hostels sound so interesting! The book goes in a file drawer until AYH can come up with hostels in Texas, Oklahoma or the western edge of Arkansas.

#2 An envelope from Mae Strelkov. I wonder where her last letter is? The envelope was correctly left on the table to remind me to write to her at the Discon only no-one seems to mention which hotel??

#3 at the barge at Denison Dam. (Editing my own copy is an easy, masochistic joy.)

Today is a typical mean "Chicago" day without the rain or snow. The barge is squealing and creaking - the sounds an old sailing ship must have made during a storm on the ocean. There's a heater here in the little restaurant and I've taken the closest table to spread out my paper, letters and fanzines to be LOC'd. The barge is tilting and shaking in different directions at once. Never before have I ever seen a floor wave and heave and at different times than does the wall opposite me. The one next to the table has its own tempo. The fishermen are slowly leaving. The owner looks a little queasy, too, but not Morris. Oh, no. Not David nor our neighbor's son Sammy. A short distraction while I listen to some new grunts coming from the barge. Something must be rubbing on something else somewhere. The grunting is interspersed with a squealing, crackling and a chittering.

The boys are ready to eat... and chicken is on. Poor Morris! He truly believes the next nudge on his bait will be the biggest catch of all. I told him the fish were were too seasick to bite but he won't believe me. (We ate dinner and then went home, anyway.)

The beginning of this story is that Morris, David and Sammy WORKED to have enough money for all their fishing needs on this trip. But first they tried the free way - at a point of land below the dam. I was smart and stayed in the car. The sky was grey with touches of dirty cobalt blue where the clouds were thickest. Cloud edges were frazzled from the winds up there. Browns and yellows on the rocky slope seemed washed with umber. They were there but lifeless. The tall dead weeds bent to the wind. The swaying never stopped. The water let in from the dam was roughed by the wind before the current could get it moving.

4 pm: The boys finally got cold enough to bundle their gear and themselves into the car to go to the barge on the other side of the dam. The prettiest spot can seem miserable when the sky is grey, the air cold and the climate generally miserable. Only that I was left free to write - the whole chilly, windy day, THAT was a bright mark for me. The boys never caught any fish. I said they were too seasick. But they swore they had had a wonderful time. So did I. #

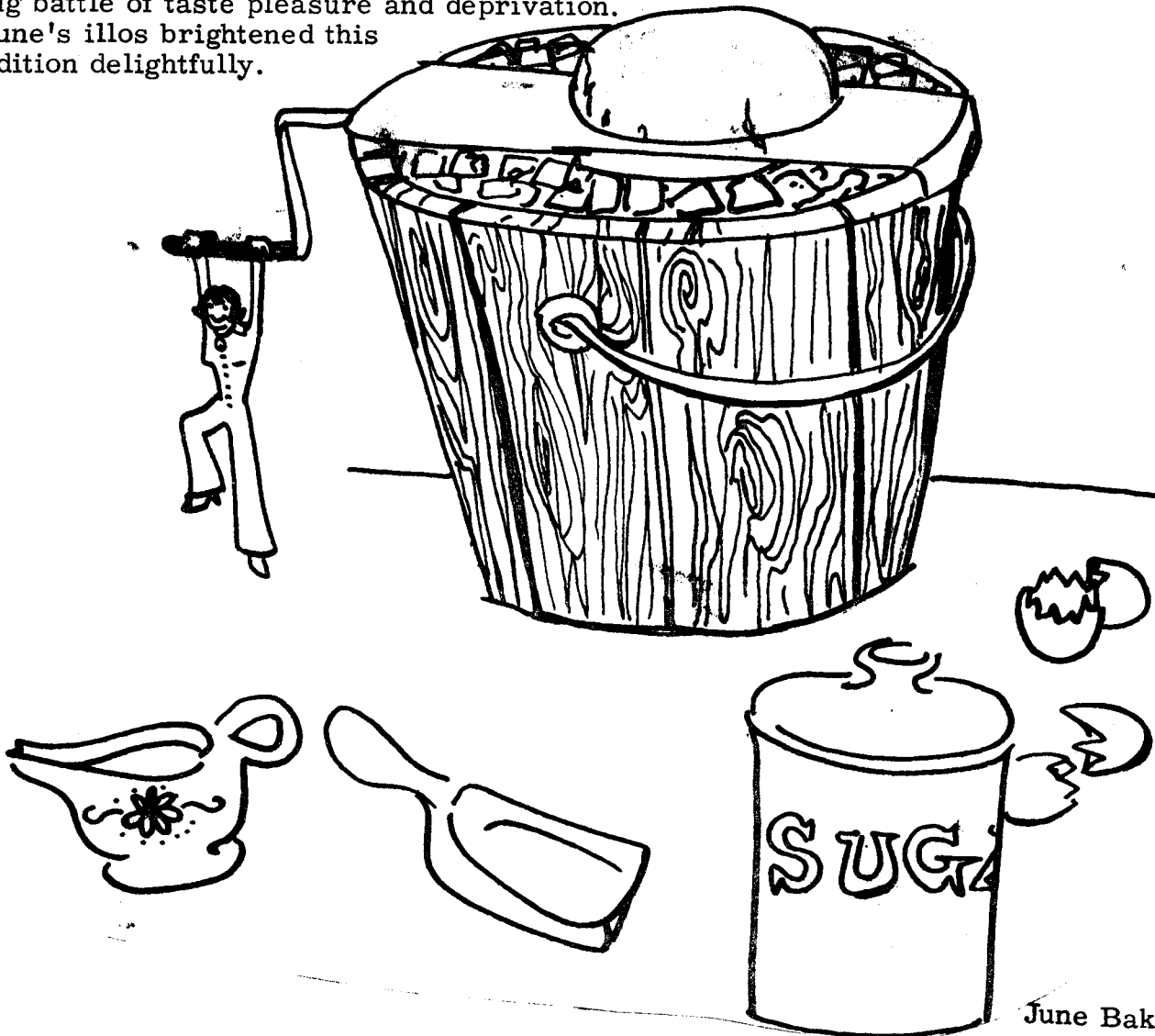
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Some of the conreports were so tantalizing . . . and some of the sf club meetings reports just hurt me so, nostalgically, that I went and had myself included in Mensa. The "Salons" are every bit as much fun as we used to have when the old Chicago Science Fiction League was operating. After last Sunday, I really don't miss you all as much - nor am I as jealous of your productivity. First Salon, talked with the host, James Fredd, and three days later he mailed me a story for Cognate! Second Salon, I have two or three offers of poetry (the BYOB business rather clouds my recall) and possibly even an assist on the offset printing side of publishing. In fact, I may end up being Copy Editor, Editor and Publisher and spend more of time typing other people's contributions than my own. . . (don't really think my ego is that elastic, but - let's see)

####

Instead of a proper Credits Listing, the cover is through the courtesy of the Internationally Famous Gourmet Chef (home base, The Bakery, Chicago, Il.). He likes to doddle AND duplicated the cover for me, too. A very ~~nice~~ fascinating person. He's nice, yes, but much more than that! Interior art is uncritically included because the originals were sent to me. Some by Gloria Ptacek Andersson and one by June Baker. The latter sketch was taken from the cookbook I edited a couple of years ago for the Richardson Unitarian Church. Food and cooking has a particular fascination for me. To mix and match my herbs and spices is a special delight - for me - and that is why my weight will forever be an unending battle of taste pleasure and deprivation.

June's illos brightened this edition delightfully.



THOUGHTS on a

FISHING BARGE

Mae Strelkov

September 21, 1974

(First day of Fall in the USA -
First day of SPRING for us
in South America.)

Texas is supposedly a rather hot, dry place, but ever since I came here to stay with Rosemary Hickey, it has been overcast, thundery and rainy, and very benign... softly misty and LOVELY... And now the two of us (with Morris, her eldest, fishing here) are on a covered, huge fishing barge on the artificial lake called Lavon*. A brisk, cool wind is whipping up the waves so we toss about as on a ship at sea. At times I step out of this Quonset-like floating shelter into the cool strong wind that has made the lake seem a miniature sea, and I stroll up and down the floating boardwalk "bridge" leading back to shore... walking with my "sea-legs" as a captain on his bridge might pace when at sea.

This is a tremendous adventure and Rosemary knows how to live; she convinces me of this since she chose to bring me here... the very "right place" to me. Just as another "exactly right place" to be, in my view, was the ferry on which I took rides with the Gillilands as my hosts. We were travelling between the Sandy Islands of the Outer Banks of North Carolina (Nag's Head, Cape Hatteras, Roanoke, Ocracoke, etc.) where the gulls fly and the dolphins leap, and the Atlantic's great breakers come crashing in, endlessly.

The freedom of watery surfaces was and remains for mankind, forever a wonderful thing. We will never outgrow our inborn need for this element; but now we have another: Sky! Both the AIR, and above and beyond our atmosphere, SPACE... the whole COSMOS, stretching out for us invitingly.

Never was the gift of life more precious and I realize it the more intensely, each new day as I go on. Particularly has this awareness been intensified for me, now, by the thrill of "DISCOVERING AMERICA" (i. e., the USA, as South Americans wish us to put it, as they're "Americans" too!)

Mae Strelkov passed my way
Left these words to say
That visiting in this country
Is a delightful way to see
How sf people live and play
From cons to every day.

rbh

*Lake Lavon, near Wylie, Texas.

poetry from Jolly Hargrave

When I think about you
As I have all today

You pass thru my head in a
Peculiar way!

And so comes this poem
Assorted as it may be

To say to you
What you are for me.

The first time I met you
I remember so well

You completely intrigued me
And so

I decided then to keep you for mine, in that way that
People keep others without ownership.

Your vibrance, your variance, your difference
So dear

All I hold as great treasures
For one to be near.

Your "you-ness" to "me-ness"
Oh how can I say

So seldom with people is
That just the way

For them to come on to another.
So - I treasure you - hustle, bustle, and all.

All that you are - mean to me - do for me - and yes,
I for you - good for that, too.

THE VISITOR

James Fredd

The correctly-dressed, blandly smiling man waited until the intense glare of the girl/demon strapped to the bed was on him, and before the girl/demon could launch into a torrent of abuse, the man said, "I think it's only fair to warn you that you may be in a great deal of trouble."

"Hah?", responded the recumbent form. "Who the Blazes are you?"

"I'm Webster," said the man, "from the Bureau."

"What bureau?"

"THE Bureau. Now about your present activities. Do you have any idea at all what this sort of thing could do to our public relations efforts?"

"Well, I . . ."

"I mean, you might have gotten by with something like this in the past, but nowadays just about everyone frowns at minor possession. Just let the word get out that one of our people is co-habiting with a 12-year-old girl, and you can bet your last bucket of coal the newspapers will have a field day with it."

"Do you think this all fun and games? How much time have you spent in the mind of a 12-year-old? Some of the things in here would curl your toenails."

"That's hardly the point. But just flitting off like you did, you seriously jeopardized your seniority, not to mention your security rating."

"What seniority? what security rating? I don't know what in Hades you're talking about!"

"Don't you read the memos that are sent to your office?"

"What office?" came the bewildered wail. "No one told me about any office."

"Wait a second. I've got your dossier here, I'll check to see what office you were assigned. Let's see now, you're in Suite C, corridor 7, sub-base-ment XIII, Administration Building R."

"And where in Hell is that?"

"Do you remember the public beach on the Burning Lake with the statue of the mosquito? That's where Ad Build R is."

"Well, you can take all of that and shove it. I'm not going back to any place that's run by a bunch of mealy-mouthed bureaucrats."



Gloria
ANDERSSON

"Oh, really? If you are not at your desk at nine a. m. sharp tomorrow morning, I will personally see to it that you are busted back to diddling the masochists with a rubber pitchfork, Mr. Know-it-all. And what makes you think you could go anywhere that the Bureau does not at least maintain a branch office?"

"Come off it. You guys can't be everywhere. You couldn't possibly have an office with the cloud-hoppers."

"Oh no? And just who do you think handles admissions up there, not to mention payroll and recruiting. You may not realize it, but the Bureau has long since evolved past the point of being just self-perpetuating. The Bureau is now, and has been for some time, self-propagating. Wherever a memo can take root, a Bureau is sure to grow."

"I-I'm ex-expecting some fr-friends to drop-op by to-tonight, bu-but what t-time did y-you s-say I had t-to be a-at the off-office?"

"Nine. Sharp. And do try to dig up some kind of tie before you show up. We are trying to uplift the image of the place, you know."

Tears welled up in the eyes of the girl/demon as he/she watched Webster disappear into the woodwork from whence he came. "Ah well," breathed the girl/demon, "maybe there's time for one more fling." #

*** **

After all, the request to ask Jim for a story was logical. He's working on a journalism/communications degree at North Texas. He's also a working reporter/photographer for the newspaper in the suburb city of Irving. Jim said "yes" so fast and the story arrived so quickly, he must have written it after everyone went home from the bash in his apartment. His accompanying note said:

^ Here is the story, as promised. If you ever have need of anything similar in the future, you have but to ask, and it shall be done. I am reknowned for my ability to produce copy on short notice, although I usually make no promises about quality or quantity. All it takes is a kind smile and an encouraging word, and I am pounding my typewriter with glee and/or malice depending on what subject matter I have decided to flog into submission."

Jim: My smile is on call - any time. Your encouragement? Well, let's be a bit discreet? So - now - tell me another story? a different kind?

*** **

Gloria sent me a cover which I dutifully had repro'd and now have decided it's an appropriate illo for the story so please accept the inclusion as meant. rh