

t h e l e a t h e r n o m n i b u s

Welcome to MELANGE. The cover on this issue is a Gestafax of a paste-up by Don Simpson, Resident Artist. Gestafax, for any of you who are unfamiliar with the process, is a method (similar to Stonofax) of electronically burn-finely detailed subject matter into a latex-ish surface. I'm not aware of whatever basic differences there may be between Gestafax and Stonofax, except, of course, that the Gestafax process utilizes an electronic stencil that will fit the standard Gestotner. We've used this before on SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and will do so again for the HolidayAnnish.

When running the Gestafax, things go muchly better if you've got one of those little porous backing sheets the Gestotner people sell to put under the stencil. This keeps the ink from coming thru too thickly and sticking (Hi, Phyllis) or smearing during the run. We didn't have one of those sheets, so we used a black tissue-like carbon from some yellow (for art-work tracing) Gestoncils we had. Worked like a charm.

Photos and such don't come out as well by Gestafax as with the Multilith process, but, as you can see from our cover, I think, it does well on small print, detail work, newspaper photos, and like that.

Other artwork in thish by Bjo, Johnny Burbdo, and Wm Rotslor.

-oOo-

Bighod, what a close shave! You know, after we filed for office, I got to thinking; hell; I might have to work or something. But when the mailing came, I relaxed...like, it was a cunch. But how can I count on you to save me next time, Bill?

Congrats to all you folks who'll be slaving away for us common types over the coming year.

Now as to the matter of the waiting list...Bill, I sure hope you're going to require an overy mailing acknowledge-ment to the FA. Like, with postcards costing the same postage as the FA, all it requires is enough interest to make the effort. And it induces that spirit of competition so necessary to maintaining a healthy waiting list... not merely a long one.

--oOo--

I got to thinking, as I was stencilling "Twice Under Heavily", about that nut I work with, name of Cox. I'm not sure what got me on that track....

But suddenly I thought; maybe I should do a column or department, and call it "Life With EdCo". Except, of course, that I'd rather not have the implications that Burboo's thinking of implied, like.

But, Ed is a vastly interesting, amusing, and furstrating person. Working in the same office with Ed Cox is somotimos amusing, somotimos frustrating, but seldom dull,

This is MELANGE Number 1, November, 1960, entered in the 93rd mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. MELANGE is edited and published by Bjo and John Trimble, who recently joined the FanHillMob in moving into a monstrous old house located at 2790 West 8th Street, in smoggy old Los Angeles. LA, as anyone outside San Francisco will tell you, is located in beautiful California, USA, by the shore of the vast, blue Pacific Ocean. And we're in postal zone 5, you letter-writers.

A number of copies of this fanzine will be sent to non-FAPAns, but there are no extra copies available, so please do not review it. A letter of comment is the only sure way (aside from joining FAPA) of getting the second issue.

-----A Mathom House Publication

and never mundane.

He comes in in the morning, saying, "I saw the strangest little green lump across the street...must've fallen out of somebody's pocket." (And I reply some inanities about a "white elephant".) When the coffee wagon arrives a half hour later, neatly staving off Ed's imminent starvation, EdCo takes on new attributes. He is neat and precise (except when he tries drinking his coffee by osmosis and has to go home to change suits) as he puts his milk in the center of the blotter used to sop up the "sweat" and melting ice, and lays his abomination of a roll within a four inch radius.

I remember the morning the box of tissues we usually keep on the desks was empty. Ed waved his hands around helplessly, and finally wiped his fingers on his sock. Looking up at me and grinning, roddishly, he muttered, "Napkin...".

The girls in the office like Ed, even if he does kid them a lot. Of course, about half the time they don't know that he's kidding. But that's okay, Ed is never sure when they're kidding, either. No one's killed anyone yet, so I guess we're doing okay.

Ed has a strange penchant for putting things in my desk. It started when I was freshly hired, and was learning the rope ropes. He'd come across something he had no more use for, and I'd soon find it on, in, or a part of my desk. These grow from old price-lists and memoranda, to circulars and magazines, and has developed into catalogues, paper cuttings, and like that.

So one day I began a campaign of retaliation, and Ed came back into the office to find his briefcase, order books, price sheets, and some catalogues that had mysteriously found their way to my desk, plus some miscellaneous items in the various drawers of his desk. And stacked on his desk, etc. The effect was ruined, to some extent, as he walked in while I was trying vainly to stuff his telephone in a pliofilm bag and into a drawer, too.

So, since then, we've tried to out-do one another in this sort of thing... you'd be surprized what a fertile pair of fannish minds can conjure up in such inane veins, too.

Ed takes notes when I do something with a possible double meaning, if taken out of context. And he continually threatens to write defamatory articles for PHLOTSAM similar to the one in a recent MAINE-IAC. It's disconcerting to say or do something bold, fannish, &/or off-trail, and ock over to find a leering countenance humped over a notebook, scrawling notes.

When Cox is engaged in the "Trimble Chronicles" like that, he assumes a pose seldom seen by mortal men. His whole head lights up with a ruddy flush, and his mouth half-forms a slack-lipped, mindless grin, and he snickers all the while deep in his throat. It's frightening.

When Ed Cox does something, it's done thoroughly. Of course, it may take him forever to do it, but.... As just the other day, when I took an order over the phone, hung up, and turned to write it up on a warehouse order. Ed had the whole order book. So I did a few other little things that needed doing. And Ed was still on the same order in the book. I went outside to collect some samples, wrap them, and label the package, and wandered in to find Ed still writing that order. I sat down and we yakked for a spell. Noticing that I was just idling around, Ed muttered..."I'll be done here shortly...after all, I've only been writing this order for half an hour."

Mumble, mutter, snort. Ah yes, Office Life With EdCo is an interesting, amusing, and sometimes frustrating thing. And if we don't drive

Schermerhorn Bros. Co., Ltd., brothers, and son out of business, why....

-oOo-

It has been rumored around LAFandom that Ernie Wheatley, boy food disposal, will eat anything. This is not true. I found something that Ernie will not eat.

Unfortunately, it was so horrid a substance that he and I have agreed not to mention it ever again.

Ernie frustrates the hell out of most people. Six foot, 130 lb., Ern can eat most anything, most any time, and come out of it 6', 130 lbs.

He further frustrates by putting the capor on conversations. We'll have a real wild one going, and Ern will come up with The Stopper. We'll all cease talking, and there'll be a long, pregnant silence. Ernie will grin sheepishly, and gradually a new conversation will form, Phoenix-like from the deceased.

Ernie Wheatley's occupation is an unusual one, too...but here, I'll let him tell about it....

Look around you. How many people are enjoying themselves? Notice how all the fun seems to have gone out of everything? Agree that something's got to be done? Great, 'cause I've come to a conclusion. I know what's wrong; there's a distinct lack, in our modern world of good, quality belly-button lint.

Now, most fans have a larger amount of belly-button lint than most people. And this explains why fans enjoy themselves so much. But, even in fandom, the belly-button lint shortage is getting critical.

So at great personal sacrifice, of my time, and my personal fortune, I have developed a new process for the refining of belly-button lint. I am in the process of gaining a patent on my new invention; "Hi-Fi, Drip-Dry Belly-Button Lint." Hi-Fi, Drip-Dry Belly-Button Lint is not like ordinary belly-button lint; it doesn't get soggy when you take a shower, go swimming, or...well, it doesn't get soggy. Therefore, you can enjoy all your fun activities even more than now. The future of Hi-Fi, Drip-Dry Belly-Button Lint is unlimited. Gee, think of all the fun in store.

But, I'm not satisfied. No, I think Hi-Fi, Drip-Dry Belly-Button Lint can be made better. And with the new process I'm working on.... But this noble crusade is too much for me to carry alone. I must have help. All you Belly-Button Lint lovers out there...let's all pitch in with our nickles and dimes, and push Hi-Fi, Drip-Dry Belly-Button Lint over the top. Aw, c'mon.

-----ernie wheatley (with a bit of
re-writing and editing by
the uss jt.)-----

-oOo-

And that completes "the leathern omnibus" for this issue. Bjo will close the zine with her "Amblesnide", so the best is yet to come.

Mailing comments may come along next issue, but since neither of us are sold on the idea that they're necessary in an APAzine, they won't be paramount.

-----uss jt-----

Following, here below, are two items that rightfully belong with OLE CHAVELA! Dean's story came too late to be included, and the item from the other party couldn't come earlier. Actually, we're not sure if it's right for us to publish this "Egoboo from Isabel"-- but, seeing as how it does show up one of Isabel's non-culinary talents so well, and.... Well, we feel that it should be seen by you budding Chavela-fans.

-oOo-

June, 1960

Whittier, California

It isn't often that nice things are written about you while you're still alive, but this has happened to me. I still don't believe it, so I look at my very own fanzine every once in a while, and there it is -- it hasn't evaporated or melted away; it's only slightly worn from too much reading, and just a bit soiled from Kris Neville's beer. But it's copy number one, inscribed and dedicated to me, and I wouldn't trade it for a whole collection of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Besides, what would I do with a whole collection like that? I have the man who made them famous, the very one I threw the short ribs at and I dare say there isn't another living soul who can throw a platter of burned short ribs at Burbee and get away with it. I'm not even sure I could get away with it now -- he'd probably throw them right back at me. Besides, it's considered smart today to cook meat that way. People are always bragging about the wonderful flavor of that barbecued steak that's black on the outside and bloody and cold in the middle. There I was, 19 years ago, barbecuing ribs in the approved way for the year 1960.

Burned meat was fashionable in 500 BC, and Charles Lamb was inspired to write a story because he smelled burning pork. This I know because it was required reading some years ago when I was in high school. This dissertation of Lamb's should be required reading for all bridegrooms so that instead of insulting their bride's cooking ability, they could sit down and write a story. Are you there, John Trimble?

Until last Saturday, I liked Bjo tremendously -- she was my friend -- someone I could trust -- her integrity was as solid as the famous Rock. But now my faith is shattered -- she not only fibbed to me; she got my recipes from me on various false pretexts -- she promised to come to Burbee's birthday party...on time. And what was she doing?

Bullying and coercing those nice fellows from FanHill into publishing a fanzine for me. She wasn't satisfied with one color even. No! not Bjo -- she had to have three colors, and lots of illustrations. To top it all off, she badgered and threatened all kinds of people into writing nice things about me; even my bashful, procrastinating husband. If you've ever tried to get him to write an article, then you may have some idea of her drive and persuasion. With Bjo at the helm, no one is safe. Let this be a warning; don't trust her -- she may publish a fanzine for you, too. If she wants a recipe, beware. And if she's late to your party, you can be sure she's up to some mischief...and such are her powers of persuasion that she'll involve all your friends.

For 19-plus years, I've stayed away from fanzines, I was able to say quite truthfully that I've never read one from cover to cover. And now in one fell swoop my record is shattered -- I've read a fanzine from cover to cover, not once, or twice, but a dozen times, and I'll be doing it again. I can't keep my hands off it; my daydreaming is being affected, and I'm even writing this! Bjo, aren't you ashamed? Look what you've done to me. I'm waiting for the ((then)) next FAPA Mailing as eagerly as the rest of you, because my fanzine will be there.

I bet I'll even make chili beans for your wedding ((and she did!)), and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if you wanted huevos rancheros for your wedding breakfast ((and we did...but....)). Down with champagne and wedding cake -- Vive home brew and chili beans!

thank you, Chavela

The Adventure of the Highbury Plot

Arranged from the notes of John H. Watson, MD;
Late Indian Army.

"There are strange sights these days in Highbury, Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, as our hansom made its way through the shaded streets of that pleasant London suburb on an afternoon in early 1897. "That was an ominous incident, indeed."

"The tall, plump gentleman giving candy to the children?" I replied, "I thought it most kindly Holmes."

"In another, perhaps," said my friend, dryly, "but that man is the notorious scavenger 'Thin Ernest' Grainley. He has not considered his hunger abated in the four years that he has been under my eye. Twice he has been had up by the police for stealing crumbs from the pigeons in Victoria Park. No, the sight is a queer one, and frightening. I fear for the residents of these pleasant lanes."

"But surely, Holmes, one isolated incident...."

"Not so isolated, Watson, when considered with certain other incidents. The nefarious Elizabeth Jo, the known master-mind of a band of fraudulent sidewalk artists, including the odious Looming Bill..."

"Fraudulent sidewalk artists?" I said, "Holmes, I don't understand."

"They use a vile device, Watson, consisting of perforated patterns on sheets of card-- But as I was saying; Elizabeth Jo last week volunteered to teach children's art classes at the Victoria and Albert Museum. And she seems to have no ulterior motive. The eccentric bibliomaniac Robert Bruce Pooles, within a week of his release from Bedlam; having been confined by his family for observation following his submission to Kittridges of King's Cross of a number of Salvation Army tracts to be bound in full morocco; donated his entire library to the British Meuseum. Roaring John Trammel of Trammel and Coxcomb, Hawser Merchants, donated £ 4,000 to the Home for Aged Seafarers. It was Trammel, you will remember, Watson, who defrauded the Admiralty of an enormous sum by aranging to be noted in the Maritime Lists as one of Her Majesty's Dæadnaughts. Aloysius, the infamous Public School tutor, has left the Senior Educational to roam about in Highbury. Harness Jack, the Livery-evangelist, has vanished from the Strand. And W. Ellvase, the mad inventor, and Daniel McStone, the boy wonder of Southwark...."

"But, Holmes, if they have done no harm..."

"Watson, there has been an attendant invasion from the North. First the Lancaster Cove; then Titania Adresdatter, the Pearly Queen; then Ronald the Eel, of Northumberland; and others, many others."

"The Eel, Holmes? How do you know he is in London?"

"The landlord of the Leather Omnibus, on Highbury Park, has begun to stock a vile brew of roots and herbs."

"Good Lord, Holmes!"

"London is alive with them, Watson! All radiating a sinister aura of well being. I fear the distribution of some insidious drug. This is at least a three-pipe problem, and I may have recourse to...."

"Holmes, I had your solemn promise...."

"I was about to say recourse to the spirit case, Watson. But what have we here? As I breathe, Stout William Dunhaven, the book-maker. Yet another bird in the nest."



As he spoke, the large figure on the kerb turned and, as if recognizing the occupants of our cab, moved off down a side street as rapidly as his bulk would allow. A scrap of paper fluttered to the pavement. Stopping the cab, Holmes retrieved the fragment. He studied it a long time, then handed it to me. "Considering your long association with the art of detection, Watson, what do you make of this?"

I examined the slip scrupulously. "...Isabel B..." I replied, "a skip, I should say, Holmes."

"I should rather say not," Holmes retorted. "Were your olfactory organs not so dulled by your infernal tobacco, Doctor, you would detect the odours of garlic and red pepper, with a background of leguminous nature." He chuckled. "The solution may yet be, shall we say, alimentary."

When we reached Baker Street, Holmes disappeared into his bedroom, to emerge in the garb of an itinerant slater. He carried a tin dinnerpail, in which he meticulously placed two dry crusts of bread and withered sausage. Thus laden, he departed. It was three hours before his return.

"Holmes," I cried, "You are injured! There is blood on the corner of your mouth!"

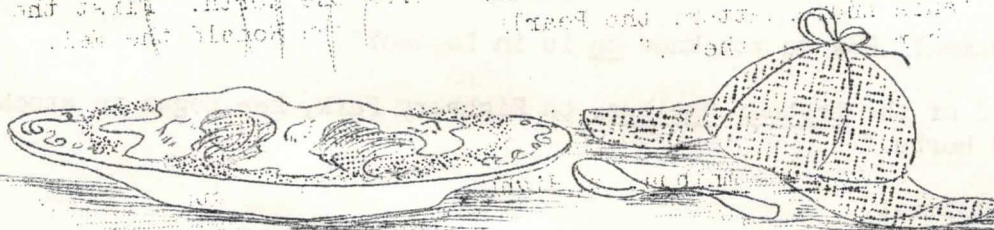
"Not blood, Watson," he laughed, "indeed, not blood." He took a container from the dinnerpail and fetched a spoon from the sideboard. "Try this, my friend, and a glass of beer. It is more appropriate than the wines of our bearded friend. But taste warily, it is inclined to be hot."

-oOo-

"I can't believe it, Holmes," I said at the breakfast table next morning, "this good woman feeds this throng of wandering mendicants, and endures their eccentricities? It is truly remarkable."

"There are human factors that cannot be explained," said my friend. "But the air of London is sweeter for her presence. ---But here is Mrs. Hudson with the huevos rancheros. She, too, is a good woman, and knows that it is never too late to learn."

-----dean w dickensheet; is,bsi-----



C O L U M N

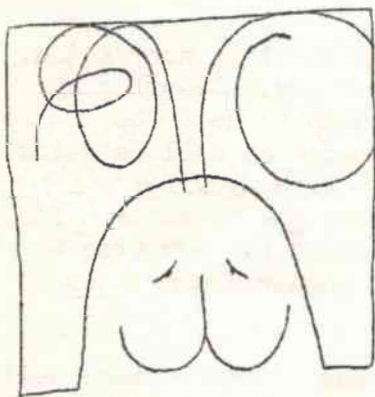
by

Ruth
Berman

Egad, a column all my own! I must confess to a great deal of curiosity as to what Bjo and John will call it. Will I like the name they choose? Will they be like Bruce Pelz and change the column's name each issue? Will they be like Bruce Pelz and put esotericisms in the name? Or will they have poor memories and simply forget to title the column?

Of course, even with good memories they may forget. A good memory generally manages to humiliate its owner. I have a memory which is quite good (Bjo pleased me immensely one day by accusing me of having an idetic one.) Therefore, I tend not to make notes of things, trusting to my bright little recall to bring them to my attention at the proper times. This works nicely on tests, except when I am tired, at which times it goes haywire; but where nice, ordinary facts of everyday living (such as the deadline Bjo gave me for this column) are concerned, I inevitably load too many of them on it. So my memory shoves them way down where they can't be got at till too late. Treacherous things, good memories. They behave angelically till you trust them, and then they become as evial and unreliable as apa waiting-listers. Fuggheaded beasts!

There is one story, in particular, which I should like to re-read very much, but my memory will not tell me where to find it. Perhaps one of you can help me. I have put this question into print before, but it was to a small group, and none of them knew the answer. About four years ago, I came across a very beautiful story, probably in anthology. The story told how something went wrong with a man's spaceship, and he had to land on an unknown planet. Every day the sunlight on the planet had a different color, as if colored filters were being put on the sun each day (the August, 1954, MoF&SF cover by Mel Hunter called "Exploring a Green Star System" looks as if it had been done especially for this story). At night the man heard the sounds of people, and each night the sounds came closer. Then he was rescued. His rescuers gave him a colorless, disillusioning explanation of all the wonders he saw. A few hours later he took one of the rescuers lifeboats, and headed back to the planet. He would rather be lost on the planet of marvels than be safe, with prosaic facts which explain away all the wonder. Does anyone know the name, author, or whereabouts of this story?



WR

Some months back, KUOM, our University station here in Minneapolis, announced that listeners should "be sure to listen to-morrow when the featured work of Music in the Morning will be 'Miracle in the Gorbals'." I was not able to listen the next morning, so I've no idea how good the piece is, when it was written, or who composed it. But I am left with the freakish desire to know what in the world "gorbals" may be. According Webster's Unabridged, a gorb is a variant of gorb, and a gorb is an unfledged bird. Only-- "Miracle in the Unfledged Birds"? No, I prefer my own interpretation. Somehow, gorbals sounds to me like a singular noun, rather than a plural of gorb (you know, as in the word "mews"). Furthermore, it sounds to me like a synonym for "garrick". You recall James Thurber's bone-chilling little rib-tickler, "The Black Magic of Barney Haller"? Haller was a workman who announced to Thurber one day that "now we go up in the garrick and become warbs". This, if true, would undoubtedly mean that "Miracle in the Gorbals" was written to celebrate the day when Haller finally found someone who would go up in the garrick with him and become warbs. This should ease Mr Thurber, as the matter seems to have been preying on his mind... if true.

-----ruth berman-----

TWICE

UNDER

HEAVILY

a
sort of
perambulating column by &
about
E. Mitchem Cox



The sort of sub-title to this one might well be Dancing, Drinking and Food because that's mainly what we're going to talk about this trip. So let's get on with it. Strangely enuf, the first item is entitled:

DRINKING, I number among my many and multifarious hobbies one entitled Drinking, and & DANCING like quite a number of them, it sort of suffers from lack of attention, as does small-bore target shooting, stamp-collecting, coin-collecting and hydro-plane racing. But, unlike some of those mentioned, drinking I can do something about now and then.

It so happens that a friend of mine sort of makes it his full-time hobby, at least on weekends commencing Friday as soon as he cashes his check. And it takes place in a bar located at an address that makes me feel quite at home. Like, it's at 984 So. Western Avenue, within crawling distance of here. His girl works there so he sort of inhabits the place.

So I go up there one Friday night to have a beer of two. It is around six in the evening and the place is like empty. So we sit there and he introduces me to his girl and I notice (and she later admitted) that she takes an immediate disliking to me. I guess I look sort of out of place in there, business suit, horn-rim glasses and sober--you know. So we sit there and talk and drink for a while and soon they are going to her place for dinner. They intraduce me to this guy they know real well (they know all the regulars in that joint real well) and then take off for dinner. I'd been invited but since I was drinking supper that night, I politely declined. So this guy and me, we talk about nothing in particular for a while.

Coming back from making room for more beer, I notice that my stool is surrounded. Like, this guy and two women have come in and they know this other guy. Resuming my place on the stool, I find this guy and the two women with him next to me. The women are a nice looking brunette and a blonde who is slightly loaded as well as stacked. After introductions this new guy asks me "Would you like to dance with my wife?" I guess she's the blonde. I said that while I wouldn't mind, I dunno how to dance. I'm always thinking of the woman, because like I tread. The blonde wanted the brunette to teach her how to Charleston--the brunette really knew how (and I wondered where her husband was) and the blonde sort of went through the motions.

Then somebody got the brilliant idea that I ought to learn how to Charleston. Hell, I could hardly stand up let alone learn how to dance. So we got out there and the brunette very patiently tried to show me how to do the Charleston. She had lots of patience. The most fun was when she held my hand to keep me from zooming off onto up-plotted tangents. So we gave up after a while even though they all swore that I did real well. I think they really thought so. But I desperately sought and attained the security of my barstool, and planned on getting down to the serious business of drinking the three bottles of beer in front of me (the brunette kept setting them up). Then some idiot played the music over again.

I think it was me.

The blonde, who wanted to dance, came over and literally dragged me off the stool and proclaimed that since I had danced with her (the brunette), I had to dance with her now. Which sort of worried me since she'd been giving me that long, hot stare ever since they came in. So I broke off my conversation with her husband and went out to the struggle-arena with her.

She could hardly stand up. We sort of went through the motions but she hugged me so tightly I could hardly move. Every once in a while she'd almost fall down and I'd have to grab her so she wouldn't; she in turn clamped onto me in such a manner that I would have been embarrassed had I not been an improper Bostonian.

I wager that what few people in the bar who saw us would never guess that we were doing the Charleston.

If I hadn't been almost as loaded as she, I'd have guessed then that she was thinking of other things than doing the Charleston. She kept mumbling into my ear that she liked "it slow and easy", and like that. Then she nearly fell again and I grabbed her. She leaned heavily against me, gripping me like a boa-constrictor, pressing her thighs firmly against mine just as if there wasn't anybody else in the place.

I worriedly looked, as unobtrusively as possible, to see what her husband was doing.

Christ, he was coming over to us!

He comes up, places my drink on a nearby table, saying, "Here, you probably need this", and returns to his stool. I untangle long enough to take a quick slug, and then we're wrassling again. She moans some more about how she lokes it slow and easy, entreatingly like, and after an eternity, the music stops. Man, like I just like privacy for this sort of thing! So we go back to our stools and she's curching my hand in an iron-grip until I finally help her to the stool and stumble to mine. So that ended the evening of my learning how to Charleston. Later they left and the blonde, in a heart-wrenching, hand-crushing farewell, says that she hopes to see me around. The guy behind the bar, observant character that he is, gives me the pertinent info as to where I can always find her, which winds up coverage of How I Almost Learned to Do The Charleston.

FOOD I have found, after a sustaining investigation into the matter lasting approximately DEPT my lifetime, that food is sort of essential to well-being and all that sort of rot.

Like, you can't do without it. Inasmuch as us bachelors fight the battle alone, I find that it is my sole responsibility to myself to see to it that I eat something during the time in between when I drink supper. Lee Jacobs (this'll cost you a dime LJ) and I drank breakfast at the Commodore Hotel one morning during a Westercon thereby starting a revolting legend that one might still find in nooks and crannies of LA fandom now and then.

But what I'm getting at is the time, recently, when I wanted something to eat for supper and didn't want to spend much time with it. That was the night I heated a can of ravioli and made cocoa. I remember that I found that I'd left left the spoon in the little pan with the cocoa in it and stopped stirring the ravioli so to rescue the spoon before it got too damned hot. Too late and I burned my fingers rescuing it. Next time, I think, I'll use the holder, then found that I'd left a spoon in the ravioli while getting the other spoon out of the cocoa. I grabbed it, burning myself again, but one of these days I'll learn.



Oh, it was the pea soup I was going to talk about. I was going to mention how I used brown sugar in the cocoa, but.... Anyway, there is this here instant Lipton's tea soup which you have in a little packet. I find that merely dumping the powdery contents into a pan of water, like they say to results in little balls and lumps of the stuff which take ages, and are harder than hell, to mash and mix up with the rest. So after I dump just a little this time, I figure that I'll beat the game. I get one of those Skippy Peanut Butter jars, and put some water in it. By Yuggoth, I am going to make a slathery mess out of this which will mix up better than just dumping the powder in the water, I am, I think at myself.

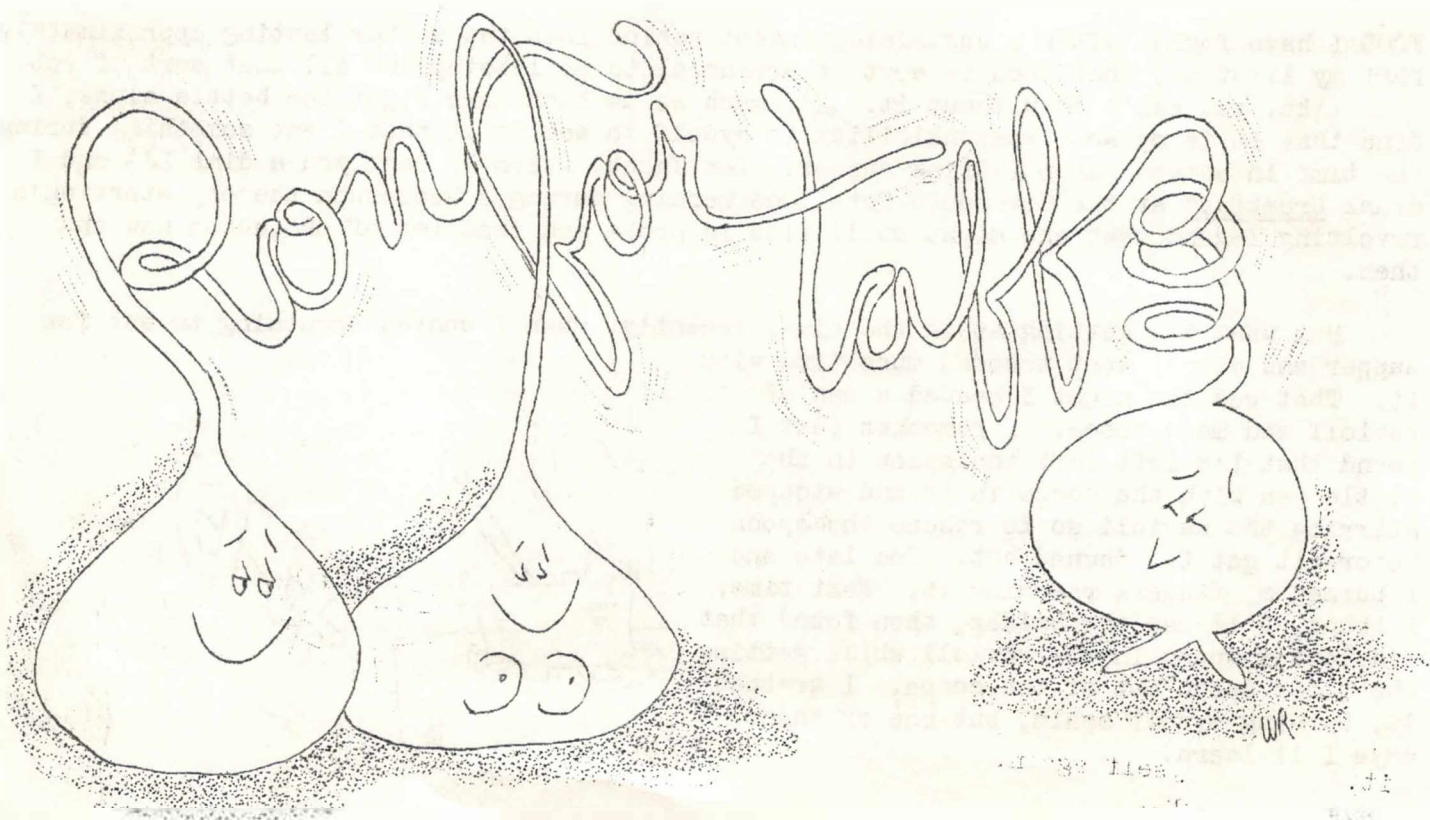
So I dump the contents of the packet into the jar and start to mix it. Suddenly I notice that the damn jar is plumb full of the soup and what water I had in there was merely sopped up. So I put some more in, noticing also that there was damn little room left for more. It didn't take long before the jar was chock full of a semi-wet mass that reminded me very much of cement.

It was a long, tedious procedure before I finally spooned enuf of the mass out into the pot and added more water, and still more, to the jar to finally make a syrupy mess which, finally, mixed into the water and made soup. Haaa, I thought, at least it mixed faster and smoother than the other way and next time I'll use the empty strawberry preserve jar which has nearly double the capacity. So it went along all right, I thought, as the soup cooked, boiled, etc. Then, as I was pouring some out of the pot into a dish, these little things, lumps, I guess, went plop-pa-plop! into the dish with the rest.

Utter defeat! Isn't there any way to overcome the lumping of powdered stuff such as instant soups, cocoa, and so on?

At this rate, all I forsee is a black future full of lumps.

-----ed cox-----



Amblesnido, for you unfortunates who have never seen a Norris cartoon, is one of the little hamlets located in British Columbia somewhere between Victoria and Mid-Victoria. The trains usually fail to stop there, which results in nasty letters being written; the ferry has been converted into a floating tea shoppe; the police is too busy giving parking tickets to stop crime, and the Amblesnido & Tiddlocovo Sticky Wicket Club worries about Vancouver Island's uncertain weather. In other words, people; the kind who live all around us, the ones who live in New York, Los Angeles, Possum Trot, Fond du Lac, Buffalo Crotch, Hagerstown or Friar's Grumbling. I like the name, the cartoonist, and the Vancouver Sun for starting the whole thing. I also like Wally Weber, who sent us as a monthaversary gift all seven of the fabulous Norris cartoon books. Amblesnido onward!

Amblesnido

Bjo

Nothing of earth-shaking note has happened lately. I've had my hair cut, which bothered me somewhat for several days; both before and after the job was done. It became increasingly obvious that my hair had changed color since the accident; it is darker and less red-hued now. The life seemed gone from it, and the weight was contributing to headaches, so on the advice of the doctor, I had it cut. He suggested that I could start right away letting it grow, again, and I am doing so; right now I look sort of shorn and shaggy (free adv.) even tho it was cut by an expert. It will be long time before it gets to my waist, again.....

Our big, old house is sort of interesting. It has all kinds of room, which is what we needed more than anything, even privacy. We found ourselves in a circle; the business needed room but we couldn't afford more room until the business got bigger which it couldn't do until....well.

So, we found a huge old house which used to be a rooming house, and asked the others if they'd be interested in sharing it. Not only will 2790 W. 8th become a real fan center; but a more diverse assortment of people could hardly be found.

There is Don Simpson, who is quiet and sort of moody-looking (we find that this is because he has werewolf eyebrows that give him a scowl even when he's happy) and very talented in art. Pondonome Literary Supplement is the name of his "fanzine", but don't send for it because there is only one copy of each issue. It looks like the cover of this fanzine, and is handed around at LASFS whenever he finds the time to produce one; Pondonome meaning nothing at all as a word. It is a word generated from statistical tables of English-language letter frequencies and sounds as if it ought to be a word. The cover was made up for us on request, and took many hours of searching magazines, papers, and brochures for the items pasted up for stencil; a real labor of love. Don is curious, willing to go along with interesting ideas, and an admitted mind-loach; he contributes nothing to a conversation but an attentive attitude, usually. We are starting something now in Shangri-L'Affaires to display a special talent of Don's; where he will detail an amazingly complete fantasy world of his design that has excited the curiosity of Ed Hamilton, Leigh Brackett and Fritz Leiber.

And Ernie

Wheatley, boy Gestetner operator, will live in the house, too; all hungry of him. You'll meet Ernie soon, for he's moving up fast in the wl. He likes plaid shirts of the fancy type, smokes continuously (but the fire department doesn't think he's much of a hazard) and loves cream pie. He also likes vodka drinks, musical shows, and cats. Ernie is Typo's human (tho Typo really runs his half of Fan Hill).



Bruce Polz is another writer, who does not need any introduction to fandom. His library of bound fanzines, his avid interest in folk songs and parodies of same, and his liking for esoteric subjects is well known. When he gets into FAPA, he will be the most active in this area, which is much more active than I know until I asked. He now belongs to every apa except FAPA. Inclined to be a bit too sarcastic and sharp-tongued in an apazine, he is basically a likable guy.

Ingrid Fritzsche (yes, I spelled it right) is German, a reader of science fiction, and an asset to pubbing sessions because she willingly cleans up after untidy fans. Her indignant "what do you think who you are?" to a smart-aleck fan has become a catch phrase around here. Pretty, almost embarrassingly frank, and independent; Ingrid is fast becoming a good friend. She became my "cousin" for the benefit of the new landlord because it would be too involved to explain this whole set-up to mundane people.

Then there's John and Bjo; two of the craziest...

The business mentioned before is an attempt to get a little idea going of making up personalized ceramics. We buy the ceramics, already glazed, and overglaze (commonly called "china painting" by hobbyists) the ware with cartoons and name and so forth. The

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basic idea of overglazing is to paint the design on the glaze with a silicone, ground fine, and fire the ware in a kiln just to the point of softening the glaze enough to absorb the colors. Then the kiln is cut off, cooled down, and the cup, tile, or whatever is ready to give to someone. I'm not very scientific, so I'd have to look up the temperature to which the kiln is usually fired; all I know is that it's pyrometric cone equivalent 18, usually. Gold and platinum (the real metals, in a resinous liquid) is fired at cone 17, and so are the colors for glassware. We have two working kilns, the biggest one being 13 X 13 X 15 inside and 20 X 20 X 30" outside, both of them electric. The other two need re-wiring and now fire bricks. Right now, there is a catalog of goodies being designed and we will be more than happy to send copies to folks.

The new business has already been introduced to fandom, or at least to PITTCON attendees, for the large white mugs were used as prizes (with appropriate designs) for the costume cabaret. Because of the success of my green unicorn costume design, I brought one of my own cups home, again!

Now, haven't you had enough ramblings for this time around? I have an art show magazine to publish, too, so I'll quit yakking here. ONWARD!

---Bjo---