



Mélange no 6

I have since proven my mastery of the machine and my infinite knowledge of the art of mimeography (or Rex-Rotarying, anyway). A few months ago I offered to do some mimeoing for Al Lewis, who agreed to be relieved of this task.

It's the simplest thing in the world, I told Al as I fitted the stencil on the machine and proofed a copy on the backing sheet. I jacked up the paper tray, set the counter, pushed in the paper feed button, and poked the motor button. Several blank sheets of paper issued into the receiving tray. Al looked quietly amazed.

I stopped the machine and tore the backing sheet off the stencil. Works better this way, I said to Al.

Al Lewis has a positively nasty snicker.

-oOo-

TURNABOUT IS.... [Written 17 Sep 62 for publication at this latter date.]

You may remember that in Mélange #2 (or 3?) I rambled on about telephone fandom and its merry intimates...Owen Hannifen...Ed Cox...Elmer Perdue... me! And how it had got very drunk out that New Years, and I'd placed a transatlantic call to Walt Willis?

This afternoon, Walt Willis phoned me.

From Steve and Virginia Schultheis' place in Santa Barbara. It seems that WAW had been trying all afternoon to get Forry Ackerman on the phone so that he could tell Forry when and where to meet him and Madelaine. And, of course, Forry never answers his phone these days.

Walt and I made idle chatter for a few moments, but I'm afraid that I may have sounded as if I wanted to get the conversation over with and so Walt hung up. The worst part about it is that I actually did want to pull away from the phone.

Not that talking to Walter A Willis is passé or anything...far from it! I'd have loved to have talked longer on the Schultheis' phone bill. But, unfortunately, Walt caught me with an egg on the fire...and the stove too far away from the phone to manage turning the fire out.

I've been known to enjoy a hot egg sandwich for lunch now and again. With mayonaise, German mustard, lettuce, a bit of pickle (Kosher dill) and a trace of cheese...all on a fair-sized chunk of shepherd bread. But it isn't generally known that I'll put such a simple pleasure ahead of fan-nish pursuits. As a matter of fact, it wasn't true in this case, and if I hadn't been afraid of dropping either the putter or the phone as I struggled toward the burner rheostat, a small pleasure might have grown into a very memorable one.

The sandwich was pretty good, even if it was a bit singed.

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Forry wasn't home that afternoon, and I talked to Walt Daugherty for a while. Daugherty was finishing up his work in rebuilding the shelves in the Ackerman Garage, and giving Forry one-third more room in the process...anyone care to see a completed Daugherty project? We got onto the subject of Forry not answering his phone. This is such a common thing, that I hadn't even tried to phone the Ackermansion, but had merely climbed into the VW and driven to his place from Long Beach with the Willis' ETA.

Walt had rebuilt Forry's den while he was at the Worldcon, and since the phone was handy, Daugherty would answer it: What's Jim Harmon's address, a caller would ask. Say, there's a monster picture showing in Pismo Beach

At Chez Trimble.

F I R B L I

ACT, FIRBLI #1 [& only] is being produced by John & Bjo Trimble - 5734 Parapet St,
Long Beach 8, California, USofA - for postmailing [to FAPA 101] with Mélange #6.
It is in reality, a test-sheet with the purpose in view of seeing if this type-

tonite, Forry, stars Prentiss Lugosi and Bessie Hate...Can you give me Bruce Yerke's address, Forry?...What's Analog's address in New York, Forry?...I just that I'd call you and see how the convention came off, Forry.... And Walt says that goes on all day.

Forry has been able to train himself to continue typing even while the blasted phone rings away at his elbow, Walt continued, and he's getting quite good at ignoring the kids who constantly show up: I just shot him with my plonker, Mr Ackerman...Hey, could Lon Chaney make a face like this?...and Forry continues to type.

Such are the perils of being "Mr Sci-Fi" and producing the top monster mag, I guess. But Forry's worth the trouble of going over the the mansion when you've got some information to give or get...and for just being able to wander about the Ackermansion to see what wonderful, wacky, wild thing Forry's added since last visit.

Walt and I agreed; it's great having a real, live eccentric for a friend.

-oOo-

I LOVE A MYSTERY...BUT....

The other day (the 15th of October, to be exact) I received a picture postcard in the mail. It had been mailed at eleven p.m. on the 13th, was addressed to "John Griffin" at our Parapet Street address, and read: "Hi John - Just got into town for a few days, like to see you before I leave again. Give me a call at 938-1673. - Regards Bill."

The phone number is that of an answering service for a good dozen hotels here in LA, in San Diego and in San Francisco. So I left my name and number with them in case anyone should call to see if either a John Griffin or a John Griffin Trimble had called. No one I have showed the card to (Ron Ellik, Al Lewis, Bruce Pelz, Walter Breen...) has been able to identify the handwriting at all, let alone as belonging to one of the several "Bills" in fandom.

Anyone have any clues? We all mildly curious about this.

-oOo-

A FEW CORRECTIONS

The immediately preceding issue of this matchless publication was begun in time to have been included in the eventually monster 100th mailing of this valiant organization. However, due to one thing and another (like some hospitalization, etc.), we didn't get it in the mailing. So I typed a mailing wrapper back page, intending to postmail the zine. Then Ron Ellik suggested we wait for a week and let him include the LArean with Mélange. And we agreed.

Ron is the very heart and soul of procrastination at times...and this was one of those times. Hence, you'll find that Mélange #5(?) included in the 101th mailing, even if it does say that it's post-mailed to the 100th FAPA Mailing.

Flipping through an extra copy (back when we had some) of that zine, I noticed some discontinuity in Bjo's MCs. Sure enough, I ran a page of them reversed. Three stencils got mixed up, rather, so that one page is simply reversed, but the preceding page's contents should follow the reversed page in reading order.

This time we're going to lick that problem by the simple expedient of numbering the pages before we run off the magazine. That way, even if I should reverse a page, just follow the page numbers.

Yellow Cab ... The ONLY Way to Fly!

elmer perdue

Wunnerful Yellow Cab -- The only way to fly.

no, that is not a misprint, meyer. So happens the vice president of yellow cab is named George N. Wunner.

So after fifteen years of employment by the City of Los Angeles, I am eligible for three weeks vacation per year. Three weeks are fifteen calendar days, Saturday, Sunday, and holidays excluded. Holidays falling on Sunday mean the following Monday is a holiday; those that occur on Saturday are lost. Admission Day, September 9, is a California State holiday. Therefore, the first two weeks of September are quite desirable for optimum vacation contra minimum chargeable vacation time.

Well, there was a convention held in Chicago this year. And I pulled my seniority and got the two weeks beginning the day before Labor Day, with the full and sincere intention of going to Chicago. And then chickened out. After all, this is 1962, and this is my year to get out of debt.

Wunnerful Yellow Cab -- The Only way to travel.

So I decided to go to Palo Alto instead. I called my informant -- a young lady named Virginia Mill -- and was advised that there was going to be a rump convention somewhere. "However," said Mrs. Mill, "if there's one in the area, I know not I kid thee not. But something's happening up at Eddie Clinton's in the South Bay area.

I called Ed and he verified that there was to be a nonvention and that I would be welcome. Edward Dale Hart, however, was horrified when I told him my plan to go by Southern Pacific Coast Daylight. "Watcha gonna do withcha car?" poetically spake he. "Gonna parka sonnabitch atcha Glendale station" "Don't leave th' sonnabitch atcha Glendale station, some mutha gonna stealer. Taka friggin' cab." Ah, sweet poesy quotha.

Wunnerful Yellow Cab -- the ONLY way to fly.

So the Coast Daylight leaves the Glendale station at 8:35 AM (daylight time) and arrives at Palo Alto about 4:30 PM. I placed a reservation, and put in a time order with Yellow Cab for 7:45 AM, and went to sleep happy in the knowledge that I would be at the nonvention the following evening.

(A time order is one that is placed in advance, whereby Yellow and the customer enter into a verbal contract -- the customer to be at a particular place at a particular time, and Yellow to furnish a cab at that place and time.)

At 9:00 I woke up. No Yellow; no chance of getting to the convention. I called up Yellow Cab and gave them hell. God damn it, I said, the last such convention I went to there was this babe in the bar the last morning of the convention and she was crying her eyes out and I asked

MAILING SORT OF COMMENTS

by John & Bjo (aka Hither & Yon)

Well, here we go again. Last time, I (Bjo stencilling) tried to make some sort of comment on EVERY zine, but this time we're not going to try it. If we've something to say, we'll say it; one of us or both. John's comments will be prefaced with his initials in parentheses, and likewise with me.

COCKATRICE #1 [Redd Boggs] (JT:) Welcome to Cheese Merchantsville, Redd, and I hope you won't be too busy on the sex novel to drop by again. Strange, but most LAFAPAns are cheese fans.....?

(Bjo:) Well, this is probably the most expensive fanzine ever published, not counting lawsuitable ones. It has cost us, to date, well over \$200.00, and the final tabulations are not yet in. I was wandering thru the 100th mlg, looking for my name, of course, when I read Bogg's zine. It gave me hiccups, which is a standard old problem of mine when upset or hungry. I wasn't very hungry; but I got pretty hungry during the rest of the ordeal.

Along with the hiccups came a formidable amount of stomach acid, which inflamed the esophagus beautifully. But I didn't know it. All I knew then was that hot coffee tasted like oil, and it burned like crazy. And I wanted to burn or hide Cockatrice. What upset me most of all was that it would hurt John some more; and I figured that FAPAns had done about all they could to do just that, and was getting sort of tired of the game of "Let's Jump Trimble" when people got bored with poker. Actually, John took it lots better than I did. He shrugged and said that if the rest of FAPA actually supported Boggs and said we should resign, then we probably would. But not until then, and we'd wait until we heard from someone else on this.

Everything I ate hurt, and it was getting worse. We'd planned a sort of house swarming while it was still warm enuf to swim (Mom had wanted one, too, and no one was scandalized that we held a party so soon), and by the time I was thordly ill, it was too late to call off the party. I sipped cold tea, got hungrier, and ran a fever.

The day after the party, Blake Maxam was going to take us to see the Japanese puppets, the Bunraku Theatre. But I was too weak to move, and in so much pain I couldn't see. John took me to Long Beach Memorial Hospital, where they gave me a shot of morphine and a sleeping drug.

Two days and \$85.00 worth of X-rays later, I was home again, facing the fact that I couldn't go to the convention. I was as disappointed that we wouldn't see the Heinlein s on the way as anything else, and dropped them a note, telling of the illness. Back came a gorgeous bouquet of exotic green spider chysanthemums, and a note of condolences (wowie!).

It was only later that others indicated their disgust at being called so mindless that I was supposed to even do the "not-thinking" for everyone. It did not indicate that Boggs thot much of anyone's intelligence out here.

Meanwhile, I was fussing about the art show and all, and the doctor finally decided that it would do me more good to go to Chicon than stay home and fuss about it! So while John, Jock Root, Ernie Wheatley and Al Lewis drove to Chi, I rested and took a tourist flight later. The doctor was right; it did me more good to reach Chicon and talk to FAPAns than

any medicine could have managed! I was tired when we got home again, but at least not so despondent as I was when I wrote the Bjottings section of the last Melange, nor as when I'd read Cockatrice. (Melange was already on stencil except for the last page when the mailing got here, but it took us all this time to get it run off and ready. Mundania calls, too, with a strident voice, at times!) Aside from not getting any strength back, I am fine, and have a reasonably cheerful outlook on life.

Only one thing mars my enjoyment of fandom, now; the possibility of the flare-up happening again. It was a one-in-a-thousand accident that it happened; too much trouble and upset at once, with Cockatrice topping it off nicely. But now that it has happened, it can happen any time I get shook, as easy as getting hiccups. Goodie. So if anyone has murder in mind, all you have to do is send something upsetting. Of course, it's only fair to say, then, that my doctor is highly suspicious of this "fandom" to begin with. I was foolish to try to explain, but....

I went to the convention fairly well cured of the problem, however, except for the 10 pounds I'd lost in that week or so. Why is it so hard to gain weight when you want to? Nothing fits me any more! Except leotards.

Oh, well, then Redd Boggs turned up on our doorstep, introducing himself as if he expected me to paste him one in the eye. First thing, he's too tall for that, and besides, we'd long ago decided that there was little to be done about it. We can't go around carrying a grudge about this, tho, for it would take up too much time. So we invited him in and served him dinner, and talked. I think still that he is much too much worried about "FAPA's good name" (whatever that means) and not at all worried about, perhaps, our "good name", or even his.

Redd, I hope you keep your word, and there is a petition for the reinstatement of Ed Martin in this mailing. I really want to see this whole thing settled, and if you think this is the only way to do it, then I am at least agreeable to seeing that you get your chance to run that petition!

Bob Pavlat and a few others were very convincing in suggesting that I not go off from FAPA in a huff (with wire wheels), but Cockatrice did the real job of convincing me not to resign from FAPA, but to stick around and see how the show goes. So it served at least one useful purpose.

MAINE*IAC [Ed Cox] ^(Bjp) Shoot your dittographer. Since you and Anne managed to produce Kevin while everyone was too busy to throw a baby shower, we're planning a "coming out" party for the first of the year, after the operations are mostly finished and he's ready to face fans. Come to think of it, should we spring something like that on a little kid?

ICE AGE [Shaws] (JT:) I guess I'm an old stick in the mud, Larry, but I don't care for the idea of increasing the membership by even one person per mailing. In fact, the thing is too blamed big now! And waiting list be damned; if we're going to let that pressure us into things, why not go unlimited (300 plus memberships, etc) like the mundane APAs, and forget about pubbing requirements and the like.

Noreen, what did you think of the lilac-colored covers on Patten's "Dry Martooni"? Jack Harness has utilized the more pastel shades of Tru-Ray 18# mimeo paper available here for some grandly colorful zines. But when he gets carried away with it....!

[Ice Age, continued]

[Ice Age] Shea isn't serious about the references to fandom in "The Intelligent Laymans Guide to Revolution", is he? Mighod, if this wasn't tongue in cheek.....

(Bjo) I liked "Inside Story". It would be fun to say, plonkingly, after that comment, "too bad we've decided to blackball AJ, anyway" but FAPAnS are too touchy about such things! Oh, well, I am assured, after Chicon, that a few people still have a sense of humor.

A pinkish lavender color will make an older face look ruddy or too made-up with rouge, even if it isn't. But grayed tones of blue-violets are very charming on older people, I think. On the color question, it cannot be stated that anyone is thus-and-so, in a psychological sense, until it is ascertained whether these are colors he would (a) wear, (b) live with, or in, (c) use as accent points. One person may have three whole different color schemes for this set of lists.

If there ever was an attempt to remove Jane from the waiting list, it did not start in California. Frankly, the attempt was to discredit some others, and this was the easiest method to try; an accusation of blackballing is a hard one to deny or prove or do much with, you know. A great deal was said about fans, Jane among them, at Seacon, by people who have now changed their minds and decided that these fans are, like, okay. I'm glad to see this.

If you like clothes, do you enjoy costumes? Some women do, or like clothes which have a "costume" flair (such as the scottish skirt, worn with tartan-like stole, or toreador pants worn with bolero jacket...). I enjoy that type.

BULL MOOSE [Wm Morse] (JT:) You publish this on a flat-bed mimeo? My copy looks as tho it had been produced on a darkly-inked litho; highly readable all the way thru.

Your comments re your 16 h.p. Austin brings to mind the old Cadillac Lee Jacobs had for a while. It was a 1940 Caddie limosine, with a glass between driver and passengers, a bonnet that took both arms to raise, and...running boards! It was about the last US model car to have them. Lee was kinda enthusiastic about that. In fact, now that he's kind of in the market for a new imported car, I keep slipping subliminal adverts about VWs to him..."VWs have running boards"... Of course, I'm not sure you approve of Volkswagens.

I like these ventures into English history you've been conducting. The Arthurian installment's my favorite so far, and I hope there's more to come.

(Bjo:) I watched the Telestar programs, and was quite thrilled to be in on part of "history in the making", if only as an observer. But, of course, the stupid television set would decide to go out, just as the Spanish riding school of Vienna brought the horses on! I did see them, in a rebroadcast. I wondered why, when they showed Big Ben at only two minutes to the hour, they didn't talk or show something else for that time, and let us hear Big Ben chime the hour, "live", as it were. I would have liked that.

MOONSHINE [Sneary, Woolston, Moffatt] (JT:) What a keen cover on this fine anniversary issue! I like this reminiscing, Len, but I wish you'd taken more time and space and gone deeper into the various personalities. Hey, how about reprinting that story of Tackett's in a future Moonshine?

Roy's "Escape From Yuma" took me back to the six or so months I spent on temporary duty with the Air Rescue detachment at Kunsan, Korea. The library there had about the same amount of life he recounts, but it was warm, well-lighted (which our quonset

(Moonshine, cont...)

]Moonshine[wasn't) and quiet...and only ten or twelve bounds from our back door. I spent many a happy hour in that library.

I'm sure happy that you decided to publish you "Old Fan's Guide", Rick, this is too good to keep to yourself!

(Bjo:) Oop, sorry about misspelling the title! But maybe I'll leave it; it sounds like a flourescent cow, or something.

Okay, WHAT IS IT, then? a not-cat? Len, what is it about Al-types? They all seem to fall asleep easily, and at the oddest moments, and in the most unusual places. Al Lewis can fall asleep at a fan party, right in the middle of the floor (tho some sort of self-preservation instinct makes him put his head under the davenport, or under a coffee table, or in some other reasonably safe place), and snore loudly for the rest of the evening unless someone moves him. When awakened at the end of the party, he will blink owlshly at departing guests until prodded to a standing position. Where upon, he will amble toward the door, and disappear, unless someone stops him. While he is on the floor (or under the table, or behind the door, or wherever he's selected for naptime), all the noise, stepping on his hands and body, and filk singing we can manage won't disturb him. Talk about the sleep of the innocent!

I wish you'd do such nice little character-studies for Shaggy, of local LASFSians! Or maybe that's too dangerous to consider, right now!

BUSBYZINES [FM & E Busby] (Bjo:) I'm sorry I was so short last time; I was feeling upset and grouchy, but I did want you all to know that I was thinking about you, and the dogs, of course. Terra Cotta is not really a "greyed" color; there are "browned" colors, too, and this may explain why you like this shade, but not most greyed tones.

Buz, Jack gave the story as well as he saw it; and I sometimes wish he were not such a help! If you'll read John's bit, again, and think about waht Jack said, you'll see that Jack was being truthful and honest and stupid. When the decision had been made that Martin's stuff was not going to make it, the question was, what exactly are the grounds? In other words, we were, yes, "racking our brains, etc..." But it takes on a better light, if you know the whole story and not the half-assed way Jack tells it, doesn't it?

NULL*F [White] (JT:) Your comments about running off that coin newsletter 5700 copies worth brings back memories. Once a few of us let ourselves get talked into running a two-page something or other of 3000 copies on our hand-cranked Gestetner 120! Never again!

Walter, you've got the wrong idea about the long wait to get into FAPA; the current mythos has it that the old and tired are the brilliant deadwood and give FAPA its fine, savory flavor. Of course, unless your o&tbd all have to have their 8 pages in on different deadlines, things could get pretty dull for the rest of the year. (Bjo:) I dunno about that; how about the fillip of ginger and other flavors added thru-out the year by active blood?

(Bjo:) Walt, you've been reading the entire facts, again; you'll never make it in FAPA that way! Can't you develop some prejudices, or at least look for some soecial nits to pick? Since you are the only w-ler that I kshw of who even might have been in danger of blackball, no one else has any complaints, no matter how persecuted they may feel, psychologically. And I believe that reason has prevailed concerning you. Contrary to popular rumor, we did not start a blackball against you, nor did we ever do anything but discuss it; ... and we did that with you. That should settle the blackball rumors.

DIFFERENT [Moskowitz] (JT:) It's nice to see someone publishing transcripts of convention panels, Sam. Admittedly, this was done largely to prove a point, and you have succeeded to some extent. However, it should be pointed out that FANAC has never been strictly a newszine; under Ellik & Carr, it was billed as a news and chatterzine, and it was freely admitted that they reported gossip, etc, along with the straight news. With Walter's non-existent schedule, the zine is now a personal commentary on the fan scene. I suppose that some fans regard it as a newszine in the strictest sense, but they are wrong and this should be pointed out to them.

LIGHTHOUSE [Carr/Graham] (JT:) So ol' Metzger has finally been drafted. Knowing George, I think he'll survive the rigors of forced marches, chain-gangs, and the other li'l goodies the Army must put draftees thru, according to most fannish reactions.

Peter, why don't you read the FA one of these mailings. I think you'll find from the latest one (Mlg 100) that the most Bjo or I've had to do with the FA is the cover and my report; I mimeoed the zine for mlg's #97 and 98, but from then on it was up to whoever wasn't playing poker at the time, I understand.

Ted, I just do not believe in Marland Frenzel, and I won't accept any long distance collect calls from him, either.

Deindorfer, when he's not playing the iconoclastic bit to the hilt, is a funny man. Let's have more of this sort of thing.

(Bjo:) Wonder why George didn't send his "baby" to the art show? We really needed five feet of sheet metal; the art show room was 14 X 22 feet. Boy. Gee, Petie knows allkindsa long words, don't he? But do you know their meaning? If you're worried about "bureaucracies", why didn't you vote? I'm interested. Why ask Art Wilson to give you info on Bangkok, when you could find that out, presuming you knew where to look, in any old National Geographic? Seeing as how you are obviously dying to show off your knowledge, why not list all of the political factions and intergroups in the US, and tell their significance? Why go all the way to Bangkok? You, sir, have a hell of a lot of nerve, to call anyone else a pompous ass!

Terry, the quotes from Burbee were, in almost every case, repeated to me three or four times during an evening, to make sure I got it right. Burbee read most of them before I'd go home, to make certain that the epigrams were solid Burbee. I don't know why, then, you consider them weak; perhaps they simply are too short to be really outstanding Burbee; a line or two hardly gives a whole personality, I admit. But they were lines too good to simply throw away, and they were drawn from complete notes, not skimpy. I think you don't tell the truth always, Terry; you told me you knew nothing about local (LA) gossip, and here you come up with a threatened lawsuit I never heard about! Let's see; I know of several lawsuits pending or just threatened, but none of them for that amount. One threatened suit between me and a not-quite-fringe fan was for \$50,000, because I don't believe in playing for small stakes. Besides that one, there is one pending for over that amount between a fringe-fan-writer and an editor of raunch magazines, one between the same writer and a non-fan for property damage for less than \$25,000, and two accident lawsuits including fans or people who come to meetings or not-quite LASFSians. But there is no threatened lawsuit for \$25,000 in LA fandom that I know about; of course, lots goes on that I don't know about, too....who did you have in mind? My threatened suit was over a year ago, and of course, was not carried thru, tho I was fully prepared to do it. Oh, and there was the blackmail bit, but it was only for \$2500, and between a would-be-writer and a small movie company (no, not Unicorn Productions!). \$2500! How chintzy can one get?

APOCRYPHA [Janke] (JT:) Your sarcasm is usually pretty funny in a worldly-wise sort of way, but it didn't quite swing with me, this time. I beg off having run "a lampoon-satire thing purporting to give us a look into the mind of some sort of horrible caricature of someone we were presumably to assume was a typical Republican" thru FAPA. Politics is one subject that should be discussed with one's spouse (and Bjo and I have reached agreement on most issues) and be left alone otherwise. For that reason I don't include such things in my fanzines, and it tends to bore me in other people's fanzines -- probably a big reason why I don't get Warhoon anymore.

Lessee, some sort of comment about how I liked your mailing comments so much would seem to be in order here, wouldn't it?

(Bjo:) I have found that discussing politics with people who vote is quite like discussing religion; if they've made up their mind, it's useless to even try to carry a conversation about it. People who don't vote do not have any opinions about politics which are worth anything to listen to. At.

What about mailing comments that are talking on about a seemingly interesting subject, but nothing of lasting importance? I just like talking, and often have the feeling of being at a large party, when making comments in an Apa. However, I also have the reaction that I'm interrupting someone else's conversation if I speak up about anything which catches my interest, but is mentioned in another MC but the one directed to me. Does anyone else have this feeling? It always seems as if the people have the right to say to me, "who asked you?" I dunno. I really like the idea of an Apa, in the true sense of the word, but publishing things of amateur interest to me is probably of very little interest to anyone else in FAPA. Also, publishing very special of very "arty" bits of work, which I would love to do, gets very little attention from fans, for some reason. While I don't usually make "I have nothing to comment" type MCs, I often acknowledge a zine I liked or at least read with a sentence, or two; such as:

REVEOLTING DEVELOPMENT/DIE SCHMETTERLING [Schultz] (Bjo:) Dick, study anatomy.

PHANTASY PRESS [McPhail] (Bjo:) Did Mary Rogers do more of the fashions of the future? I have a collection of this type of artwork, and would be interested in seeing more; if you'll send the set, I'll pay postage both ways on it. Rick Sneary has done some good designs of future dress, perhaps he'll let me put some of them on stencil.

KARUNA [Gallion] (Bjo:) Yes, I know you are Mrs. William B. Ellern, now, but I'm going by the FA to avoid confusion, okay? I've never seen Rotsler drunk, but he must have been when he drew that cover; it looks less like a WR cartoon than Nancy Rapp's drawings!

If you are really collecting blackballs, it must be pretty dull; and an extremely small collection.

Is this "grasshopper pie" (ugh, what a name!) the floofy pie that Ernie likes so well? I remember that you made one superb pie which he really flipped over, but I thot it was more chocolate-y than this...

PHLOTSAM [Economou] (JT:) Thanks for the kind words, but let's hope that we don't get into another comedy of errors like that one, huh?

"MS Found in a Glacier" is pretty shaggy-type humor, but it's still funny, anyway. Howard and Dean are normally less than rotund, but I wondered why Jim Broderick looked so wan at Chi; those Shaggoths will do it!

[Phlotsam, cont.]

[Economou] (JT:) I understand -- admittedly from government publications and history classes -- that TVA pays its own way, makes enuf to pay most salaries which are in existence because of it, and possibly a little extra with which to initiate more improvements. Thus only the original investment came out of the taxpayer's pockets. I'm not justifying TVA, just mentioning what I have good reason to believe is true.

I was glad to renew acquaintance with you at Chicon, and equally as happy to meet Arthur; you two seem to be a perfect compliment to each other. Hope you talk him into going to the Discon, too. Or maybe you'll come out here to visit and investigate his brother's lush motel/restaurant set-up. Our number is HA 1-1186, in case you make it.

(Bjo:) Hey, and soon, too! Our hectic weeks of missing letters and such reminds me of the fake greeting card proposed by someone..."This card is to thank you for the card you sent thanking me for the card I send to thank you for the card you sent....NOW let's drop the whole damned thing!" There may be a market for that kind of thing, after all!

I never wore any purple colors, however muted, when a redhead, because I had been convinced that it would look terrible. "What?" the answer usually went, tactfully, "with your hair, and all those rusty freckles?" The "your hair" was always said so that it sounded sort of maybe like my hair was maybe really bad, too. As if it was steel wool, or possibly soap-box (Tide) orange, which it wasn't. I feel sad about missing such a delightful color, too, for all these years. My guess is that both green and brown make your skin look harsh; you have the coloring for strong, bright colors, but not for yellowed ones. Also, it is possible that you got an aversion to green in the same way I did for pink and baby blue. When I was a kid, almost all of my dresses were hand-me-downs, from a blondish cousin who wore pinks alla time! Nothing fit, and momma was too busy making a living tailoring to keep me in fancy dresses for just school, so....And with powder blue, it was an opposite; my mother had a great idea of fairness to all when buying gifts. She'd buy two of something, identical, except that one would be pink and the other blue, and my little sister would get first choice. She'd choose blue, of course. So I learned not to care for blue. And this is why I say that it is difficult to play parlour psychologist with colors; you have to know too much history of each person to actually say anything worthwhile to the individual. Otherwise, the statements have to necessarily be sweeping and general.

THE AMBIVALENT AMOEBIA [Harness] (Bjo:) Rotsler should do more writing!!!

FIFTY*FIFTY[Martinez/Parker] (JT:) I like this repro you get, with the odd paper and pastel print. I think it would be worthwhile to reprint the first FAPA mailing; to let us neos see what the thing looked like, if for nothing else.

Your trip sounded like it was fun, Sam. Not fannish or anything, just plain ol' fun. I envy you for it.

(Bjo:) Well, Ron & Terry contributed to the Burbee legend, as have other fans, and we just added our bit. The response was really great, and I sent the egoboo-in-letters on to Burbee. But now it's someone else's turn to continue in this vein, don't you think? We wouldn't want to be selfish.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST [Evans] This is something we're going to take out of the mailing to reside with Fancy 2, A Sense Of FAPA, and such. It's something to be read at leisure...which isn't the present, unfortunately.

OBLIQUE [Gould/Ellick] (JT:) How time has passed. The last article in this magazine, coupled with the reprint in the May Serenade, brings home just how big a gap Vernon McCain's death left.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC [Rich Brown](JT:) Roscoe! How I hate elite type when done on ditto! That's what used to make me feel reluctant to read Celephais, even if I knew the content would be highly interesting.

Poor Phil Harrell...wot a sad home life. Makes me think of something Fred Patten said one day at Mathom House, "I like being around LASFS and you folks," he said, "You leave my personality alone."

(Bjo:) Rich, did you know that cats like the smell of coffee, but none that I ever knew actually liked coffee unless liberally decaffeinated with sugar and cream. But most cats want to investigate each new cup of coffee, and they seem to enjoy the scent.

My little brother once ate some flowers because they smelled good; is this a common kid trick?

Now, look, let's get one thing straight; if you're going to start listing everybody's enemies.....

Orange, green, pink, blue and purple shirt with black trousers. I don't think you've got any psychological problem there, Rich (tho your bunkmate may develop some), but I do think you're color-blind, at least! Advocates of all-black (I was referring to the joke, when I said "basic black", of course) are usually pretty immature. Black seems very worldly, and quite evil and so, of course, fun to wear around. This means, in very particular the girls who wear solid, uninterrupted black (leotards, skirt, blouse, sweater, hairband, and shoes, no jewelry), who are sort of rejecting worldliness, and the gals who wear black dresses much too old for them, but of very sophisticated cut, who are trying to appear "grown up" and wicked, and all that. The same really goes for males who wear black; they fall pretty generally into two classifications (not including the obvious one of the Hollywood fairies, with their all-black, extravagantly tailored costumes) of the Marlon Brando bit, with motorcycle attitudes, and the "lurking menace" routine, which must have black, of course. The latter type act includes the Hamlet bit, the Dishonest John act, and the Eviol and Sophisticated Lucifer sort of thing.

Before the females who have and enjoy their basic black cocktail gowns, and "little dresses" hit me, I'll point out that most of wearing black gracefully is the appropriateness of the time, weather, occasion and company. Right? I enjoy black, too.

HELEN'S FANTASIA [Wesson] (JT:) So that's what you look like...MY!

Now that you're back in the States, we're going to miss these delightful insights into Japan you've been contributing. That remark about the Washington Heights women is too good! Har-de-harr! Brings back memories to me, too.

(Bjo:) Lovely dresses, and lovely woman, so I don't mind John girl-watching in FAPA, too! With your figure, Helen, you can make so many beautiful gowns from the fabulous materials of Japan; and from what you say, you're really taking advantage of it all. I envy you to opportunity to obtain these materials, for -- as you will quickly find out -- here we get only the "brocades" of fugitive dyes, and gaudy cottons, and pretty nothing sort of textiles, compared to what I've seen brought over by private parties. Of course, in Little Tokyo, one can find obi material at \$4.95 a yard (and what can I do with a yard of it, even if I could afford it?) and assorted silks (but again, I suspect the dyes in most) which range, according to what the tourist will pay. I don't know where the Japanese

[Wesson] ladies get their material, but perhaps they don't really use as much Japanese textiles as they do ordinary Sears cottons, I dunno.

Would you please bring some of your wardrobe (even if it's not what you'd really wear) to the Discon, so I could see it? I'll pay the extra baggage on it! Especially do I wish to see the gold obi dress, with olive jacket!

Actually, I've been luckier than most women (the stay-at-homes, anyway), for once an Indian "pen pal" sent four yards of "sari-silk", with real gold, in trade for some nylon material. (We stopped writing, for she was a teacher, when India took up with Russia, as she was getting pressure and I didn't wish to cause her trouble.) Then Jim Caughran had his folks send me a cotton-and-gold sari (the whole thing, this time!) from Pakistan. The India silk was made into a simple dress, but I've never cut up the sari, tho I really would like to wear it out, because I have no design as yet.

VANDY [Coulsons] (JT) Hello back at you. I'm very happy to have been able to get reacquainted with you folks at Chicon, even if I didn't see you as long as I would have liked. Next year, now....

(Bjo:) Yeah, we always say that; and it's the same thing at every con; we meet someone and say, "hey, like, let's get together soon and have a drink, and..." and we run off to our respective appointments or obligations...oh well! It is fun to at least see and greet people again after so long.

ICONOCLASTIC QUARTERLY [Alan Lewis] (JT:) I can't say that I feel this has lived up to its title, but perhaps that's why I like it. As a matter of fact, it's one of the best things in the mailing, but I didn't seem to come up with any hooks.

(Bjo:) Elmer Perdue was just griping about people's -- mostly John's -- habit of saying "as a matter of fact..." when it is actually a "matter of opinion"; he claims that facts are not all that common, and I agree.

But, as a matter of fact, that editorial was great; Like. Well, I dunno, now... just how do people who live in penthouses act? I know one churl who wouldn't even shout "Shazam!" for a little freckled kid, to make her happy. Of course, it's hard to believe in a Billy Batson with a moustache.

PERSIAN SLIPPER [Dave McDaniel]...(JT:)..I'll play your little game! I agree with you, 744 Dave, about films and books. I usually try to read the book first and then see the film, and I seldom read a book just because it's going to be made into a film. Even more seldom do I seek out a book because I enjoyed the film. In cases like EXODUS or THE YOUNG LIONS, I've been very glad that I read the book...and I'll probably feel the same about HAWAII, which is being filmed now. (I understand that racial Hawaiians are quite bitter about Michner's treatment of them in the book, and I can see why.)

Why not skip the Coventry bit? At least in FAPA.

(Bjo:) If we ever get poor ol' Unicorn Productions off the ground again, there are so many other movies in project that this one will likely never be filmed. Still, I find it embarrassing to be tossed into FAPA in this role, without warning. My comments anent Coventry are elsewhere in this zine. Mainly, I wonder at the interest of fans who have a great antipathy toward your fantasy world, in seeing a movie about it, however fun.

This mornning (31-Oct) a large ad showed in the LA Times for "Surftide 77", with the full-length version of "My Little Chickadee". It would be worth sitting thru 77 for WC Fields! 77 is the "naked lady" movie I wardrobeed on; I'm writing a report of this, but still don't know where I'll publish it.

ALIF[KAnderson] (JT:) This is ALIF, color it enjoyable.

(Bjo:) I suggested to John that we might swipe that idea for a cover: This is John Trimble, color him amiable. This is Bjo Trimble, color her touchy. This is a spade, color it the way Bjo calls 'em; a g-d shovel! But then, I'm not touchy about everything; just about a few minor details.

Like, I wouldn't get my feelings hurt if you didn't want to tell me how you fixed those Japanese black beans (it has been over two years since I tasted them at your place), but I certainly would like the recipe. Maybe you have more than one recipe; this was the one with lots of bacon in it (and I'd like the rest of the recipes, too; I'm greedy! I also have a sack of black beans, waiting to be cooked!)

Your Westercon report was fun, and it's the first time I found out what happened there!

THE INSURGENT MANNER [Andersons/Knights/Clintons/Demmon] (Trimbles) WOWEE!

A LETTER FROM JEAN LINARD (Bjo:) Thank you, Jean, for the kind words about my tracing of your cartoons.

CELEPHAIS [Evans] (JT:) Your remarks on air travel remind me of a recent account we had of a trip at government expense. The house we're in now is owned by a cousin who lives in DC, and he flies back here every so often on company/government business. Normally they don't take first class flights, but last trip all the tourist seats were taken, so the airlines gave him first class. No sooner were the wheels up than a stewardess came around with a tray of drinks. He took a scotch-and-something, and shortly had it refreshed, to his surprise. Then there was a before-dinner drink, and dinner with drinks, and after-dinner drinks. Since he was used to sleeping on these x-country flights, he turned down the latter drinks. He'd just dropped off to sleep when the fasten seat belt warning came on, as they were over the Mojave Desert, and in position for let-down at LAX. As he said, "If I'd been on a prop-job, I'd have arrived roaring drunk!" He had a pleasant buzz on when they landed, anyway. And some of the passengers had really been having fun....

I like the idea of circulating the egoboo poll in the February mailing, and I hope Gregg will continue the policy. Aside from increasing the bulk of the May FA (wot with the constitution being in it, too), I can't see what the fuss is about. Strikes me that this is another example of what Rick Sneary and I were talking about 'tother day: everyone's taking FAPA too damned seriously anymore. The members allatime worrying about "FAPA's Good Name" and covers on the FA and other such world shaking thing, and no one doing anything but nit-pick. (Strange how the effect is of all of FAPA -- or any other group --doing this; when actually it's only because the rest of the gang doesn't or won't say anything). Rick proposed having the Sec-Treas lose the records again, and when half the members suddenly disappeared from human ken, FAPA would be back to normal functioning within one mailing, and the whole mess would be a dimly-remembered event within a year.

They put quad headlights on the Rolls this year, along with streamlining the styling a bit, increasing the horsepower, etc. The radiator is still there, but wot the 'ell...quad headlights on a Rolls-Royce!

(Bjo:) I like just talking, whether in person or on paper, tho I've been accused of talking too much about just me (but that's the subject I know best) and my doings. That is one reason I don't do much article writing, for it would actually be only my experiences; and I don't write as well as others, who make themselves interesting. I just ramble, and yak.

ANKUS [Pelz] (JT:) I understand that "God Save The Queen" did not follow our national anthem at the Guthrie performance. I was glad that it was played at the D'Oyle Carte performance. Both anthems were played at the Hollywood Bowl presentation of the Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders and Royal Scots Greys pipe and brass marching band in Sept. Tho I was amused to hear a fairly carrying voice in back of us singing "God Bless America" with enthusiasm. There were hundreds of others to make up for him, however.

VINEGAR WORM [Leman] (Bjo:) Is Poultrice Danby any relation to Dorcas Bagby?

DRY MARTOONI [Patten] (Bjo;) I think I should comment to you in the Shapa section, but little matter, as I am not one for formalities, as long as the job gets done. This simple business of color is getting out of hand! I may have to write a whole series on it (and if that threat doesn't shut everyone up, I don't know what will!). Yes, I'm sure you are a cool-eyed person, Fred; you have the easy, thotful, and calm exterior of such types. I suspect that you dislike greyed tones. I was under the influence of Kley when I drew that cover, obviously.

GRUE [Grennell] (JT:) Even hastily done, the old DAG shows thru, and even if confined to an uncomfortable 8 pages.

Strange, but I don't remember Maple Ave being so small, altho that line .." a ventèd cul-de-sac"...is too good to miss.

We'd like to see more DAG in the mailings, but if we have to settle for 8 pages a year, there's no other 8 pages we'd be more willing to have.

(Bjo:) Check! Well, if you're not a rabid Holmes fan, would you perchance be interested in something else (as the bishop said to the actress)? Lee Jacobs gave us a fantalus (it was a modern one, nowever) and we have used it regularly, ever since.

Many SF fans are Sherlockians, as I am sure Bruce will quickly tell you. I am a "Trained Cormorant", as are Bruce and Ted. Fritz Leiber is the one and only "Hound", and several w-lers belong to local Baker Street Irregular groups all over the US.

The "design" by Kool is the technique used to make the illo of Holmes actually look like an photo of the time; this is a not-unusual, but intricate method used in commercial art for the effects it can give to certain ads, etc. It takes a strong knowledge of photography, and a good, observing eye to do it, too. I think he was getting due artist's credit, without giving the game away, don't you?

HORIZONS [warner] (JT:) I'm sorry I neglected to publish w-1 drops until the last mailing, but I think you'll find -- if you'll compare rosters over the past year -- that we've lost only about 5 or 6 w-lers in a years time. And one of them, Berry, was not interested, but let himself get talked into getting on the w-1 in the enthusiasm of the Detention. Both Evans and I have been more than willing to take anyone's word for fact if they insisted they'd acknowledged.

Los Angeles has "walk" and "don't walk" on most downtown signals, and many of them have li'l buttons the people can push. We call them "pedestrian pacifiers", because they don't seem to do much else.

Long Beach has a number of three-cycle corners (also known as the pedestrian scramble-system) where the walkers are allowed to cross the intersection diagonally. They've used this system for some ten of eleven years now, and it seems to work.

[Warner] (JT, still:) I hope that you make it to the Discon, for I want to personally take you on a tour of the art show. I think you'll find much there that will be superior to most contemporary pro stf art, and much of lasting value.

Hoog! So you're a Detroit Iron fan. Oh, well, everyone to his own; cats with power goodies, fins and the like really get me, and I've driven them, so I know from actual experience. I'll stick with the VW, thanx!

(Bjo:) I don't think I could list all the junkie I carry in my purse! In almost every case, I have at least one good mineral specimen (Gregg Calkins gave me a fine little pyrite, which went when my purse was stolen) and one sea-polished piece of jade. Now I am carrying a smaller purse, but the last large one I had (when it was fashionable for females to look as if they were running away from home or something) also contained a miniature Go set; table and all. How's that for being one up, in some way or other?

The trophies for this year were small, tidy, and cost \$7.00 for the whole thing, even lettering (in actuality, the lettering cost more than the trophy did!), so I think, unless someone seriously objects to the little awards, that we are within reason, and yet have something nice to present. I hope so, anyway; I was going grey trying to please everyone on this!

I have a lovely old book, Ordway's Opera Book, which gives a two or three page (small print) synopsis of the story, and lists the cast and voices, and is full of wonderful old photos of the greats in Opera. Copyright 1917. Tosca is my favorite story, but I enjoy the music from La Traviata most of all, I think. The book lists 117 operas, their authors, who wrote the music, and when the first performance was, and where. I read it like a Gourmet Magazine; for fun, interest, and the knowledge. But, since I am no "expert" on operas, I don't speak up much about this interest. I've long ago learned that if you don't know more than the rest of fandom about a subject, you're in for it if you casually mention an interest in it! But I thot you'd be interested in the book. It was discarded from LA library.

LE MOINDRE [Raeburn] (Bjo:) All of LA fandom does not use the script typer, it's Jack Harness' fault. Actually, most of us tried it out when he first got it, but dropped the use of it when we couldn't read our own stuff! Aside from that point, I enjoyed reading you.

SELF*PRESERVATION [Hoffman] (JT:) I am very glad to see all this false information about the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Co and HoffmaNothing, Inc being cleared up. Leave us have our mythos straight. Besides, perhaps the Bulmer Aqueous Vapour Corporation is planning some sort of action. More!

(Bjo:) I, too, am an enthusiast of ordering all sorts of goodies (most especially if it is some new food to us) and everyone getting at least a taste of everyone else's order. This works well in Japanese places, too, unless you have Ron Ellick with you. He orders pork noodles, which are almost impossible to transfer from his bowl to any other dish; but he tries!

CHURN [Rapps] (JT:) Understand that after the trip to Italy, this should about wind up your tour of service, Art. Why not plan on settling near Albuquerque, then? With Tackett and Speer, you'd be adding to a growing fan-center.

Your comments on the N3F hit a true note; I've been watching this process you described, the recent efforts of a number of actifen for the Neff (a term I hate). Al Lewis has been sweating cofflu for the N3F, and it's shown results. With him, Ron Ellick,

[Rapps] Don Franson, and other locals have been instrumental in turning out the "Fandbooks", and helping the Holland goal toward completion; when the NSF will be a real service organization.

(Bjo:) Nancy, your cover was wonderful! It looks like my postman, and when he delivered Eney's monsterzine, he looked even more like that! I am interested in your thots; even more on the motherhood bit than I ever thought I would be (I have been griping lately because of the extra amount of how-cute-junior-is writing in fandom now, but I see that I am going to be a minority on this!) Who knows? Maybe when John gets his teaching credential, we may even join the ranks. But don't bet on it! I really do like children; it's babies I don't care for much. Maybe because I don't know much about them, but I also doubt my ability to raise a child to be the kind of adjusted individual and good citizen he should be.

WRAITH [Ballard] (JT:) It's now the 20th of October, Wrai, is that enuf before the deadline of the 101st mlg to read Wraith? Do you use a twine baler, or wire? And why? This interests me, because I sell Plymouth Baler and Binder twine, and most farmers in SoCal and Ariz use wire. And I've never been able to get a good reason for this.

Most of my family is from North Dakota, and I've got a couple of aunts who put out a Norwegian spread (they're Timboes) around Christmas. I used to like to taste the various foods, but could never stand that fish-whatever, tho; it slithers!

(Bjo:) Names are always a problem, but one nice bit about "Bjo" is that people seldom forget it. Cyril Ritchard remembered it after a year's time. But then in my family we didn't have involved Scandinavian names to keep track of; it was long Southern names with strange spellings (due, mostly, to hearing a "fancy" name, and having to guess at the spelling, and with a near-illiterate people, this can have some great results). Such as Aunt Lu Cilla, cousin Ray Vernel (a girl), and my favorite cousin, dear Tennessee Oklahoma Wall (also a girl). Tennessee claimed that she never married because she never found a boy who could hold her hand, gaze into her eyes, and murmur "...Tennessee Oklahoma, honey..." without cracking up.

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT! [haLevy/, Donaho/Rogers/Stark] LA ONCE MORE IN '64!!!!

ASTRA'S TOWER [MZBradley] (JT:) This is pretty good, but the characters seem a bit too paper; they aren't very real. Of course, this is pretty short for any of that sort to show. And I'm not sure that heroic fantasy characters are supposed to be human...

(Bjo:) Is there more to the story? I think "Zancadulla" gave it away!

DAY*STAR [MZB] (JT:) By Sauron! Please don't have Kerry do any more illos from Tolien's books! This travesty of Pippin, Merry and Treebeard is almost more than one can take. Or at least have her go back and read the Ring trilogy before she does any more such cartoons.

(Bjo:) Marion, your list of colors almost coincides with my own, which has me wondering...I think we are two different types, but I would like to see how we'd match on other details like textures, tastes, and music. I don't think that color tells everything about a personality, myself, but it can show a lot. But it's the trickiest type of psychological assesment because of the reasons I listed for Noreen. Also, it is difficult to get at the reasons why people like colors and why they think they like 'em. I'm afraid I agree with John on Kerry's illo.

A SENSE OF FAPA [Eney] (JT:) Harry's introduction is a fine bit of summing up, and I wish everyone would take it to heart. The comments of yours introducing ASI bother me, Dick. You say that three requests for info from LA brought no results, but I seem to remember a special issue of "Stupefying Stories" devoted to the fact that you had received response from LA. True, the initial request got no results, and these only came to you after the first draft of the LA articles were read at a LASFS meeting. But this is because Ackerman is the only one around who was active that wasn't an insurgent...and Forry's interests have changed so that the intervening years are no longer a subject of interest to him. The rest of us couldn't send you information; we didn't have any, really. Rick was able to give you info on the period from '48 to '58, right? But there was no one in LA with an objective viewpoint on Laney, and the fans Laney tore apart aren't active any more. Oh, we see Daughtery from time to time, but Evans is long dead, and where are the others? Alva Rogers has turned up since Fancy 2 was pubbed, and he has come thru with some objective observations on ASI and Laney.

Nonetheless, you give the impression that silence about club scisms still reigns in LA. And as Bob Lichtman recently observed, "Everyone's too disinterested to insurgé". There are always some disagreements and fights in the LArea -- there are in any sizeable group -- but since it doesn't concern general fandom, what's the use of dragging it into general fannish ken? If this is "Forsterism", I guess we're guilty.

(Bjo:) Perhaps I don't have such a "sense of FAPA" as others, for I thot some of the stuff was pretty unnecessary to reprint. The bit about Elmer, for instance, may strike some fans as screámingly funny, but I have always thot it an exceptionally vicious and cruel bit of writing. Surely, there were other fan writings which could have contributed just as valuable a "sense of FAPA" to this collection?

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST [Evans] (JT:) This is an item that I'm going to take out of the mailing to reside with Fancy 2, A Sense of FAPA, and such. And I'm also afraid that it's something to be read at leisure...which isn't the present.

ELECTION RESULTS [McPhail] (JT:) I'm puzzled about this, Dan'l; you say that all of the California votes arrived in one envelope. I find this hard to believe, because I know I mailed my vote along with only Karen Anderson's in one envelope from the Chicon (with a note to you, which you acknowledged in this same publication, remember?). And Jim Caughran voted before leaving Berkeley (450 miles from LA), and both Elmer Perdue and Burbee voted separately, as anyone at the FAPAcon could attest. Pelz did get Califans to vote, and collected as many votes as possible at the FAPAcon and the Chicon. But according to my count, you got at least four envelopes of Calif votes, possibly five, if Rotsler sent a separate vote. Let's not credit California FAPAdom with more solid-fronterty than it already has, huh?

SSSAND HERE IS THE ONE &SSSSHADOW FAPASSSSSHADOW FAPASSSSSHADOW FAPASSSSSHADOWSSS

SERENADE [Bergeron] (Bjo:) I dropped Silmé, as a magazine venture first, and reverted to the simpler PAS-tell, as a combination newszine, lettercol, article-and-info sheet because of time factor. I still like the name Silmé, tho I have had to resort to the accent mark, and did not drop the name because people can't read. It became too difficult to keep up the pretty format I wanted for a "fancy" magazine. PAS-tell does not look like much, but it serves the basic purpose of serving the artists, I hope. I'll know in another year, perhaps. I hope I will, anyway.

A RUBBER MEATBALL [Stiles] (Bjo:) Speaking of PAS-tell, I'm going to use your article, but first need to publish the "basic" one on just what ditto is; some artists don't know. I also want to run a page or two of ditto'd work, to show what it looks like...so I sort of need some good artwork....already on master, even.....maybe..?

Now, look, your snide comments have got to stop; IT'S NOT TRUE ABOUT JANE! She and Tar were married! Ask any Burroughs Bibliophile (except me) and they can even cite chapter and verse about it. Mercy, it's little rumors like this that get out of hand, and the next thing you know, people will be saying we ought to blackball poor ol' Tar just because he wasn't married! Actually, while Tarzan and Jane made things legal, I have my suspicions about why he went loping back to Opar every so often; he never came home with any of that ol' buried treasure, you'll notice, but that high priestess chick was always waiting when he and that lion arrived at the front door...

W'BASKET [Demmon] (Bjo:) You are a terrible man, and I think stories where the poor little Elf dies are terrible, and most especially (or should that be Most Especially?) right after he's had a big accrn breakfast, which sounds almost as terrible as sugar-coated cereal!

Jerry, where do you hide the four children during visits; are they turned into bookends or something? If so, they certainly are well-behaved and sweet, because John keeps knocking bookends off shelves in fan houses. Did you ever record the carrousel (we of the Los Angeles branch of the Carrousel Lovers of America, or whatever, prefer the old spelling. Mainly because it gets us into some good arguements with people who are very strong believers in Modern Spelling and things like that, and Brightens our lives considerably, and I have to quit now, because this is Catching!)

.....THE END, AS IT WERE, OF MAILING COMMENTS.....

BOIL OUT, a publication aptly called a "spleen-zine" by Alva Rogers, was recently sent out by one Liby Vintus Jarvis. The gimmick of using our names instead of her own little-known one to pull this trick did not work; astute fans saw thru the whole mess. The stated reason for this publication was to tell the world about Bjo. But the obvious intent for this smear was to call attention -- and therefore questions -- to intimate details concerning others. We don't know what the Ellerns or the Burbees did to cause Miss Jarvis to call her wrath down on their heads in this manner, but our sympathy is with them in this embarrassing situation.

-----John & Bjo Trimble-----

LOOK! What's that coming over the hill? Is it the calvalry to the rescue? No. It's only the

Graustark Stage

with Bjo at the reins!

FANTASY WORLDS TWO FOR A NICKEL...Everyone should have one to fill natural wastes of time such as long trips, bouts with flu, dull lectures and parties. Many good people of intelligence and maturity -- in and out of fandom -- have one or more fantasy worlds at their fingertips. There is one not-quite fan who has an entire universe of several galaxies of worlds, but he is unwilling to do more than speak of this hobby to close friends.

Rick Sneary has a fantasy world based loosely on a Mercurian world not really in our time dimension, I suspect. We have had fun sharing details of our worlds, building empires, and talking of what-might-have-been if either of us really could build a world. Rick particularly likes to construct castles, as do I. His running knowledge of weaponry comes in handy, too.

A favorite fantasy world of Don Simpson's is a carefully mapped one which shows several millinia of continental drift on the planet's surface; perfectly done, geologically. He has done much multi-color cartography of his worlds, cities, buildings, etc. Plus many file folders of the history of the various cultures, and personal biographies of many of the rulers and leading families on the planet. All of this is the careful workmanship of Don and one Bill Wilder, over a period of several years. Done for the fun of it, during lulls in their real life.

Paul Stanbery had a fantasy world, once upon a time. But he told his friends about it, and let them participate in playing the game of Coventry. The game got away from him, and will never be the same, again. This is very likely why most of us are pretty cautious about letting our secret worlds be known to others. Unfortunately for the future of Coventry, it was not as original a design as most fantasy worlds; places and ideas were borrowed from SF and fantasy stories, and people's personalities were taken from real life. This made Coventry difficult to explain easily to adults, tho it made the game no less fun for those who liked this sort of thing.

Insatiable curiosity is a fannish characteristic -- another is nosiness. They aren't the same, but they get confused sometimes. When somebody acts esoteric, somebody else is going to get curious -- or maybe even nosy, leading to loud criticism of the game even tho the critic isn't interested in joining in. There has been lots of static from fans who should be, perhaps, ignoring the game; nobody has to read stories about Coventry, and nobody has to butt into another's private world. People who waste their own time worrying about Coventrians wasting their time might think about that.

Local fans did butt in, however, when they found that their personalities had been incorporated into Coventry -- they felt they had a right to demand some control, at any rate. Somewhere along here, I found that Barana, Queen of Trantor, was the Bjo personality; at this time I was trying to establish a better friendship with Bruce Pelz and Dave McDaniel, so I went along with the game. It was mildly interesting to evolve costumes, and build castles on Barana's domain. After awhile, tho, the real world's problems became too pressing, so I withdrew, and let Coventry spin away without me; with few regrets on either side. John ignored the whole thing successfully.

The trouble with fantasy worlds is that some immature types cannot tell the difference between reality and fantasy; they haven't the ability to distinguish between shadows and solidity, and this is dangerous, of course. Bruce and Dave have been pulling legs about Coventry being a real world to them, but there's only one participant who really claims to have met a character from Coventry on the street in the form of a complete stranger. And this highly imaginative player was not the ARBM crew. When you take it that seriously, the game gets out of hand. Of course, the same has been said for fandom and science fiction as escape hobbies, too!

Now that Eney has revealed his fantasy world to SAPS, I wonder if Don Simpson wasn't correct in his suggestion to start a "World-A-Month-From-All-Over" club. Who will be next to add his world to the galaxy of fandom's fantasy worlds? Come, Watson, the Game is afoot!

NEVER SAY DIE! Say damn! [old family motto] When I spoke of reading upsetting things (mailing comments: Redd Boggs) and reacting to them, I was quite serious. This problem is solved by my not reading things I am sure will upset me. Not that we can always avoid unpleasant things, so the next best idea is to keep busy. Lately I've been helping Lloyd House at CalTech decorate for the big Interhouse Dance. In doing creative artwork, I get quite a lot of frustrated energy out of my system. And, with 75 young men to admire me, who needs anything more? (I did feel rather like a first grade teacher, handing out little paper cups of poster paint, last weekend, tho!)

Another way to avoid getting too upset about things is to speak up about them. You'll notice this attitude in this issue of Melange, if you read any of the mc's; I am calling quite a few spades exactly what they are, instead of quietly letting something bug me. This is the most interesting part of the Doctor's prescription for getting over this problem; SPEAK UP: don't let bits of life get me down, or stew away where it won't do any good! And stop letting others stomp around; stomp back. I don't know if this will make my writings any more commentable (unless it's "I hate your guts, Bjo") but at least I don't go to the hospital because of it; I speak back....ladylike, of course!

TOLLIVER TALKS TO MARINER II and I heard it! Steve doesn't have much sense of wonder, I guess. When he phoned the other day, I could hear a clicking in the background and asked what it was. "Oh, that's Mariner" he said casually. Then, at my request, he held the phone against the telemeter so I could hear better. Wowee! Later, at Forry's birthday party, I told others about this, (name-dropping is fun!) and a few impressed fans wanted to know Steve's phone number so they could hear Mariner, too! Maybe we could make some sort of business of this..... oh, well. Ron called Steve this week, and was told, "I can't talk now, John Glenn is here." Ron then called me (they can do this; us taxpayers are paying for the calls) to say that Tolliver was the biggest name-dropper he'd ever met! Now Steve is beginning to get the idea that we all would like to be as much a part of making history as he is, right now!

OLÉ CHAVELA RIDES AGAIN! In this week's SatEvePost (a leftOver sub from Mom), there was an article on Texas chili, which was remarkably incomplete. While it supposedly told how to make good chili, it did not tell anything about which of the dozen or so chili peppers to use! Foo, we did a better job than that -- and for free -- on Olé Chavela! If we had any more copies of that sterling zine around, we'd send one to the author of the article, to show him how good directions for chili ought to be written. I often think that we should have made a half-page book of Olé Chavela so it would fit on shelves in kitchens easier; perhaps the projected reprint will be that handier size. If you are interested in a reprint, tell Don Fitch, who has the stencils.

!!\$Send\$\$!