



MELANGE #5

A.D.
A.J.G.

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We started househunting in Long Beach. The boys (Ernie Wheatley and Jack Harness) understood, and made plans to move. We all lost money, for our last month's rent, which was to be September, was not returned; the boys never said a word about it. They found apartments in LA, while we still tried to locate something within our price range that was nice, in Long Beach. We were getting desperate; Mom had taken a leave of absence from her job because of "fatigue", and the specialist had suggested that we have any close relatives come visit very SOON.

John's family, mostly of his father's side for Mom has only one sister, is a close-knit group residing in the sprawling Long Beach and coastal town areas. They are friendly, warm, and entirely willing to let you be as odd as you wish, as long as it does not interfere with any of them. They think that an artist is a swinging new idea in the family and actually encourage me (a real novelty!) They all love Mom and kept her under constant watch while we were in LA, we found later. She was more a sister than an "in-law". They don't exactly have a "spy" system, for they are quite open about passing any info around; but you really do have to remember to put a DNQ on anything you don't want to reach the

aunts. Actually, they are also quite good at keeping secrets; but they are wonderfully interested in people! Aunt Vi, being a legal secretary, helped very much in getting all the legal things straightened out, later.

Mom's other child, Joyce, left her family of four kids in Montana to fly out here for month almost, and visit. Mom was still able to move about, and did joy herself during this time. Aunt Lora came up from Texas before Joyce went home, so it was a fine family reunion, at least.

About this time, we heard that a cousin was being transferred to Washington DC, and was considering renting his house. It was Vi's son, so we went over to see the house and talk to them. We were almost ready to give up and settle for an apartment or something, anywhere where we could settle Mom and keep an eye on her. The houses we saw that were big enuf for us were expensive, and the little houses were nothing...

Bob's house had three bedrooms (the master bedroom with two double wardrobes and separate linen closet), two baths, living room, kitchen with serving (or breakfast) bar, "family room", four telephones, carport, and a garage which could only be used for storage because building the family room onto the house had blocked the garage from any car use. It will eventually be converted into studio and dressing rooms. The back yard is thoroely taken up with cement patio and a 16 X 32' swimming pool, with heater. I flipped over the house, and John flipped over the price, and we took it with small glad cried of happiness and gratitude.

Mom had always loved Bob's house, and it was mainly on her account that we got it at all, for the Timboes have always loved Mom. For awhile Mom would sit at the pool edge with the kitten in her lap, soaking up sun, and watching us swim. She was getting weaker before our eyes, and having Joyce and Lora there was a godsend, for they kept the house running smoothly while we tried to move.

And, of course, fandom made its presence felt. Juanita took over problems, Bernie Zuber handled the Westercon art show, the local fans helped us move. I wonder if we shall ever be able to fully repay the kindness and wonderful help we got from these people; they did it for Mom, too, for she had been a steady supply of delicious cookies for the past two years, and many local fans had come to know and love her.

Not all was quite roses with fans, however, as we soon found. At a time when fandom was the least thing on our minds, a few fine folk saw this as a good opportunity to "get" the Trimbles; and some rather interesting lies began circulating about how we were persecuting some poor, sick, lost fan, etc. At any other time, it would have been ignored or someone would have lost a few teeth, or any one of the standard ways of taking care of liars which are available to civilized people. But coming at this time, I sort of flipped m. lid. It came right at a point where I could not let any feelings show at home, for fear I would crack up and Mom would see me. It was a hard go, for I'm very emotional about Mom.

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looked closer at fandom, we realized that many people who had not made a big issue of being friends were, in fact, quite staunch in thinking that the Trimblies were at least worth knowing. It couldn't have come at a better time.

By now were mostly moved, and I was trying to reconcile myself to the loss of the roses in exchange for a pool (and just as the most lovely of creamy roses opened -- one I had planted!--with faint plush pink tips to the petals....) and Mom was in great pain. Cancer, they say, is not painful. Perhaps "they" are right; the actual center of the disease is probably not painful unless it is in the bone. But the outlying area of live tissue and nerves are being damaged, too, and that process, folks, is painful as hell! She developed an arthritic condition across the back and down the left side which was in constant throbbing pain, and nearly drove us all crazy with fear and worry. Pills did not seem to help.

One thing which made it harder is that all during this time, Mom did not know that she was dying. She had never asked, and the specialist did not tell her; he told us. She knew that it was fairly hopeless, but would not talk about it. Thus no one else could talk, and this put us all on the obligation of "acting"; a trick which is never easy with someone you love dearly. It was an extra strain, but John never showed any sign that it bothered him, except that he was less energetic than usual.

Our mail was stacked on a table, and left there. Little of it was answered at all, and fanzines are still there, stapled shut. We'll get to it all, some day; and we apologize in advance to everyone who is now waiting and will be waiting....please wait.

Mom was the best mother-in-law possible, for she was "mother" to me, too; I could take problems concerning her son to her, and get a fair and reasonable discussion into the heart of the matter, just as if John were the in-law, not me. In the three years I knew her, she was a guide and mainstay -- for the first time in a frenetic, harried, undisciplined life -- who became very important to me. I loved her for the peace of mind and understanding she gave me. And I'm terribly lonesome, now.

About here, I wondered if I should give up Project Art Show. If fans were so willing to believe the worst of us, without even asking us about the stories, maybe there was such a strong personality defect in me that it would be best for everyone if I turned the show over to someone else.

I wrote to a couple of fans whose fairness and judgement I trusted and asked them what they thot. They did understand my point -- as I had known they would -- and did not take it as me running off in a snit about some little problem. It was something to consider; would Project Art Show progress better with or without Bjo? They said to stick around (but secretly I'll always sort of wonder if they were also worried about who could be suckered into taking this mess over!) and see what happened at a later date. They suggested that if the important people--the artists--found Bjo unworthy, they would probably take some sort of steps, so why not wait and see if they would? With some misgivings, I agreed. I also got the greatest dressing-down and building-up I've ever gotten, which is re-read often now to reassure me that Someone Out There likes me; some day perhaps I can tell you all who is really responsible for my not chucking the whole mess of fandom, and for continuing with PAS.

Mom was spending most of her time in bed, and not responding for more than a few minutes at a time. The doctor suggested moving her to

the hospital, which we then did. It was better than having to move Lora to the hospital! She had done all the lifting of Mom when John wasn't home, for I tried once and no one trusted me to try again.

I felt pretty useless, which is a terrible feeling, about everything, for I couldn't pick up anything heavy, or even be much comfort to John. It seems that I needed more comforting than he did; we were both on as much aspirin and vitamin C as we could safely take, to ward off colds and the constant headaches which were plaguing the both of us.

Life, of course, has a habit of going on, and sweeping you along with it. We had people over to use the pool, and when I felt myself getting snappish, I'd go upstairs and rest a bit. Relatives called, and flowers were sent to the hospital; red ones, Mom's favorite color. The bills had to be paid, so John went to work every day, and gallons of coffee were consumed, and dozens of inquiring telephone calls were answered, and money (good lord, what a grand family!) came in "in case" she needed something "extra".....

The hospital was giving her intravenous feeding, and lots of pain-killer, but nothing else. The doctor (not the pussy-footer; we left him long ago, when the pain drove Mom to a specialist) said that they would do no more unless we wanted to insist upon it. We did not. An operation could have saved her...for maybe two more weeks. So everyone waited.

I mused about how like were the ceremonies of wedding, birthing, and dying; the waiting, the nerves, the relatives, the social obligations which must be met, the legal obligations, the picking up afterward, the let-down of nerves, the wondering-what-to-do-now of much later...and the call came very early July 11. John, Lora and I went to the hospital. She had not responded all night, and was sinking visibly. The aunts appeared, and took turns standing by us and taking us down for coffee.

At about 10:30 a.m., a nurse tried to shift her position and that slight movement snuffed the tiny flame. The waiting was done; no one cried.

Here was where I began to appreciate the attitude of the family. They were very willing to be as warm as I needed or wanted. No more, no less. I must have appeared strange to them, for I cannot believe in an after-life, while all of them are church-goers by nature, I think. I did not want to "view" her in the damned "slumber room" at the mortuary, and told them so. No pressure was applied, and understanding was expressed when I would not attend a family supper so as to avoid any talk about how "natural" she looked and that sort of horror. No one in the family has mentioned anything about it to me since (word has been thoughtfully spread) and I am secure in knowing that unless I bring it up, no one ever shall.

Last week, while attending a social church supper on behalf of Aunt Ann, a woman turned to me -- a total stranger who had just been introduced to me -- and said, in the friendliest of tones, "I didn't think they fixed your mother's hair right, at the mortuary, did you?" I think I managed to keep from saying anything; I left the table and ignored the woman the rest of the time. What dinner conversation!

But the hardest part then to come were the folks who called, not knowing what to say, BUT spending 20 minutes trying to, anyway! Until now, I have had little use for those silver-and-lilly sympathy cards, but they are most certainly preferable to personal contact at this time! Then, of course, we were obliged to answer the cards, thanking people

for their expressions of sympathy. It was very nerve-wracking, for some reason. It got to Lora, too, so I know it wasn't just my nerves, but we never did figure out why writing out these notes really bugged us so.

I hit another impasse with the family about the funeral, and still wonder if some of them will ever forgive us (John insisted totally independent of me) for having a closed casket at the funeral. That, and the flowers were a problem that I was in no mood to be diplomatic about, and John did a bit of smoothing ruffled feathers later. Mom did not want any flowers, but instead wished donations to the Cancer Fund. We both agreed heartily -- for one reason, we felt that cancer research had made these last two years possible, and there was a mighty big debt to pay off-- and fancy, expensive floral sprays, turning to garbage out in some plot of grass while all that money could have been doing constructive work had always been a galling thot to Mom, and to us.

The family hit upon a fine arrangement. A few small, but pretty sprays to comfort them, and an equal or larger donation to the Cancer Fund to comfort us. Everyone called a draw, and things settled down.

When they asked if they could do it, I thot the ladies were out of their collective bonnets. I did not know how wonderfully handy it would be to have lots of people around us, and a luncheon all ready for us on July 13. They came over to the house while we were blocking traffic in a fat limosine, and had a supper set out for us when we came back from the cemetary. Life demands food, and the living made fine work of the lunch, after the first bit of standing around mournfully. We would not have fixed anything for ourselves, and without the ladies society from Mom's church, who had done all this in love for her, we would probably have sat around all evening staring at each other. We were quite grateful, later, when we thot it all over.

Then we answered phone calls, letters, sent checks to the church fund or the Cancer Fund, and generally picked up the pieces. During the past two weeks, I have been packing Mom's clothing and some of her things for relatives who can use them, and sending out things to folk who will enjoy them and take care of them. It is difficult to sort thru a lifetime of lovingly treasured momentoes and not become very depressed.

Most of it now is over. We were not left with bills, for Mom saw to it that she had enuf insurance to cover everything and leave her kids with a bit extra. Our extra will assure us of a nest egg to build on for the 1/2 year that John will have to quit work to "sutdent" teach.

The move down here was too late, and now the big house often seems heavy and futile and I have to go out for a walk. Fans and their silly little lies to build themselves up do not interest me. Fanzines and the wonders of "communicating" with fans who prate about love, for instance, but spend their time being snotty and hurtful and feeling powerful for it; the fan who wages a war against fuggheadism, and sets himself as the judge of that; the "friend" who turns on his closest buddy because one target is as good as another; the guy who has discovered that the quickest way to the limelight is to tear down someone who is already in the light; the poor soul who builds up a fine case of being persecuted by persecuting the subject picked out to be the "bully" of the act.....no, they aren't sick minds; I'm not going to pull a Laney on anyone. But they are people who can well live out their lives without me; and me without them. It is late, people; there are so many beautiful things and folk to meet and know and love to waste my time on hateful folk. Some of those

beautiful folk exist in fandom; I won't go into naming them just now, or this will get much more involved than it already is! You know who they are; not just the fans who rest on past laurels, or who publish the fan-zine of the hour -- anyone who wishes to can become that kind of BNF with no real effort -- but the fan who listens, who is there, who knows and understands, and who helps you grow, as you must in turn help him grow; not a "fan" at all, in the sense we use it today, but a human being who is interested in being your friend, and in your being a friend. There is an amazing number of these beautiful folk in fandom. I sincerely hope that you know at least one, and that he/she trusts your maturity enuf to want to know you. That is the best wish I could give to any of you. Some of you reading this are the very people I'm discussing; I think you know.

On to more pleasant subjects of fandom, now that you know what has been going on with the Trimbles lately. The typer, which is a huge tricky beast bearing no resemblance except the name to my lovely portable, is John's new toy. It has a wild keyboard, with a few special keys added or replacing others which are not used very often. I'm not only unused to it, but it has been weeks since I've done any serious typing, so you will have to struggle thru all this as best you can; and I do apologize!

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It's a beauty, but then, Olympia typers should be; all spring steel. The typeface is Senatorial elite, 11 points. It is hunter green and rests on a typing table bought with 2 green stamp books, which has two little indentations in the crossbar about mid-way down (leg support for the table, I guess) which hold typer erasers and corflu nicely.

Mom had a whole big collection of green stamp and blue chip stamp books, so we've picked up a few household items like lamps with them. Also a barbeque pit. This puts us really in the suburban bourgeoisie, I guess, but as a veteran camper, I really enjoy cooking outdoors. And as a reasonably good cook, I seldom face John with "burnt offerings", so the pit will come to real use. It's amazing how good a simple chuck steak can taste when it's been cooked right over a charcoal grill.

Anyone need a six-or-possibly-seven-toed kitten? Our kitten-factory is about ready to litter again. And she does it in such grand style! We still have the seven-toed one (originally called Steecil, but now just "Feet") from her first litter, and the first papa, Corflu. This will be Gypsy's last little contribution to the population explosion, however, so anyone who'd like a multiple-toed cat from us should speak up now! Spindrift disappeared three days after we moved in, but since he seemed to enjoy the house, we suspect that it was a tangle with traffic that did him in. We were too busy with Mom to mourn for Spin, until too late. Now he is just a warm, gray-and-silver part of memory, and a little ache.

Sewing is a new and active interest, thanks to Miri Knight, who supplied the sewing machine. I made a lumpy terry-cloth robe for John, a set of playclothes for myself, and am now starting on a wardrobe for school. It is an absorbing thing to do with your hands and keeps stray thots in line, while actually accomplishing something constructive, too. The robe, by the way, was not designed to be lumpy; it just turned out.

So, down to business. The decision to combine PAS-tell and Silmé into one frequent publication came after quite a bit of discussion with Juanita, Al Lewis, Ron Elik, John, and others whose judgement I trust. The reasoning behind all this is that the general idea of PAS-tell is to give out immediate info; the goal of Silmé was artistic info. I threw in an article on matting in the last PAS-tell, and got quite a response, of which some of it was; why do you need a Silmé if you're going to put these articles in both kinds of publications? Also, it is very hard to work at long distances (to which each convention committee may add a hearty "amen"!) and sending info to Juanita seemed very involved. She has her own fanac to do, plus many domestic activities, plus teaching; it didn't seem fair to also dump a regular magazine on her. About here, someone asked if I was publishing to get news and info across to people or trying for a Hugo; I thot it over. Of course, I had been so involved in the publishing a fanzine part, it had become a reflex to think of layout and covers and such. What we really needed was a method of good communication; fast, often, and full of info, and hang how it looked!

If anyone wants a "pretty" art magazine, they can publish it themselves. John is willing to help me with this one, and not grouse if the house isn't clean or dinner ready on publishing day, and I can get it out more often. If we have information or an article on art techniques, we'll print it. If not, we'll settle for the news and info we do have and let it go; one PAS-tell may be 20 pages and the next one only 4 pages, but it will get out. I'm learning not to let life and/or fandom throw me a curve, and (hopefully) things should settle down now to that brand of frantic gallop that we call "normal". I'll get Ron to adjust the subs we already have in, and figure out how all this should come out so that us Trimbles don't go broke trying to keep Project Art Show in communication with its artists! Maybe we'll have some figures by the time I get to the end of this issue; if so, they'll be printed.

I'd like to apologize to the photographers among-st us for not including the Photo Salon rules in the last issue. They are in this one, and should be sent to every photographer in fandom, if possible. YOU can help here; send me the names and addresses of everyone you can think of who takes photos of any kind. Don't think for me; don't guess that I surely must know of good ol' whatziname who always carries a camera to every convention; I probably never noticed, and very likely do not have a name or address for him, anyway. Even the pro writers should be in on this, if they are interested. Why not?

The report of the Westercon show should be in soon, if not in this issue, then in the next. We broke some kind of barrier by having Fritz Leiber in the show, which was sort of great, and his work will go on to Chicago for PAS. This might encourage the other artists in the pro ranks, at least I hope so.

There is an informative article by Ted White in this issue, you'll notice. I don't know how he will feel about having a carefully written article in an "unpretty" zine, but I think the info will still be well imparted to those who are interested, no matter the presentation.

There seemed to be a better reading of the news, when broken into two headlined columns; at least the response was better than before, and no one complained of the style. I'm trying it again this time, and will adopt it for presenting news thereafter if everyone likes it.

After asking repeatedly for news and articles, with little or no

success, I do sort of give up. If you have anything to say, say it; I'll likely give it room in PAS-tell. I still would like articles on art techniques, local markets and art schools, and other points of info for fan artists. Send 'em in, please! Meanwhile, thanks to Steve Stiles and Ted White who have sent articles, and to the others who sent in questions to be answered; I'm trying to get a large art catalog from New York, for price comparisons before we launch that idea.

A passing thought for those who like good wines, send for the price list of the Mayacamas Vineyards, Lokoya Road, Napa, California. They feature the finest domestic chardonnay it is possible to buy, plus some rosé, and own the franchise on a good Spanish brown sherry. They have a limited supply of wine each year, but their prices are reasonable.

A while ago, I asked several people if they would hold some of the Art Show records for me, just in case. I really apologize for not then notifying everyone that we have an archivist. Or two. After my appeal, Ron Ellik developed an interest in the welfare of the show, and began to put all records in order. I now send copies of all info to Ron, Rick and Juanita. This should, I think, handle things. Thanks to the rest of you.

Maybe I should put out a whole "thank you" zine for everyone who has been so nice to me in the past years...it would be a very big zine! There wouldn't really be enough room to thank people like Rick for the encouragement he has given, or the love. I'm sitting in a room full of books, knowing that easily 2/3 of this library is gifts from various people. While we keep house with as fine a set of wedding gifts as any gal ever got from a fine set of relatives-in-law! We are very wealthy, come to think of it.

Why do I ramble on like this? Because I think you are interested, I guess. Some of you ask me how we are doing, so I tell you. If this bores you, don't bother to read it; that should be a satisfactory arrangement, right? I won't tell you that our cats drink out of the pool with all that chlorine and acid, and you don't tell me how little Jeremiah learned to pick his nose last week, and we are both happy, Meanwhile, I am very interested in people (even little Jeremiah) and want to know all about you.

This section of the "editorial" (??) for PAS-tell and Silmé will go thru FAPA as a sort of Bjottings, and possibly to others as well. I am not up to retyping all this so-called "news" again. FAPAns may skip all reference to the art show, it matters not at all to me. I am much more involved in this silly project than I ever expected to be in anything but my marriage to John. I have spent so much time on the art show that it is now almost second nature to reflex "art show" when something fannish comes up. It is doing others some good, too, I believe, or the whole thing would not be worthwhile; it would be senseless to make such a public thing of a private, selfish project of any kind.

A new artist to the fold, Esther Hauser, evaluates her work--and all other good art, at the same time--in this way: "I will venture to give a rating based on past experience, this piece of work is 'good'. One that I can say I am satisfied that it stands as a fine picture durable for 40 years and will give a good measure of enjoyment to its owner for many years." A good work of art is an investment; sometimes it is also a bargain, but price should really be the second factor. The first should be the consideration of living with and enjoying the painting. Project Art Show fills a need for the non-artists, too.

See you in Chi, with luck; everyone drive carefully!

Yeah, I am busy. But it seemed that as long as I'd started something with the trophy business, I ought to finish it. Habit of mine, finishing things up nice and tidy; often when they've been started by someone else. So, here, in glorious black and white (or possibly fibretone) is...are...

M A I L I N G C O M M E N T S (wowie!) by Bjo

Fantasy Amateur will have no more covers on it after the 100th mailing one unless someone else does them. Too much bother.

Ambivalent

Amoeba (Harness) You should have told people that the reason for the Oz interest at the auction was that Forry had just decided to add the Oz books to his collection. We were floored to find that he did not already have them. After that, everything at the auction was announced as an Oz collector's item of some sort. Thanks for the backing on the pitch; I didn't really think it would work, but would never have been satisfied until I tried, anyway.

An idea: why don't you get together with all the FAPAns who do favor a trophy, and.....naw, I guess that wouldn't work, either.

Received

May 12, 1962 (Jacobs) You are some kind of nut. Don't you think the poor ol' Sec-Treas folk have had enuf troubles lately without your help? What with the unusual circumstances of the last few mailings and every-one splitting up and no one on the waiting lust (was that a typo?) getting moved up, and mix-ups there and...and;...we've already had LOUD claims from one w-ler that us dirty Sec-Treas folk are really manipulating all the other 60-odd fans just to keep that one out of Our Fair Organization. Sheesh. Then you get cute. Okay. I hope you get yours, some day, Lee Jacobs; like getting elected Vice Pres or Sec-Treas yourself! I'll vote for you, buddy, boy!

Elmurmurings, etc. Elmer, you are fabulous. I love you.

Self-Preservation (Hoffman) For some reason, I crack up over this cover. Maybe I am some kind of nut, but it strikes me as funny. Then, I love a cartoon of a little boy in a tree, talking to a giraffe; and saying, "You're standing on my father's foot!" Oh, well.

While I do not care for gold plated rocketships and naked women for an award, I rather feel that some sort of recognition for artists is a very worthwhile thing. Giving out an award for egoboo and one for achievement is two different things. Of course, the latter is also a bit of egoboo, too; but that artist has also done something to win an award of some kind, while the fan may have like, published a zine, for which he has already gotten all sorts of egoboo. Well. It is all very well to have people of taste recognize that your art is good, but if they do not tell you so, what good is it to you that they recognize it?

In all, I am arguing the point here of your disagreeing with giving awards at all; not with your point that FAPA should not give one.

I doubt that there is any danger at the moment of the art show becoming anything remotely close to making a large tin god of ART or of being its prophet in any way. The show is to forward the careers of the fan artist, just as any art show is; but it is also for the viewing and buying pleasure (and if you don't enjoy buying good art; how else to

show the artist that your good taste has recognized his work; unless you at least give him something--an award?) and the fun of seeing what your fellow fans can do; the art show is for you, too. If it does not pleasure you, then half of its purpose has failed. We are aiming for you, and all other egocentric individuals; quite a lot of talented egocentric individuals have gotten together to put on this show for you. So I ask; what do you get out of it? For that matter, what do we get out of it? (I shouldn't have asked that!)

I don't think you are being "sour grapes", tho; I don't know what kind of artist you are, but I liked the cartoons you used to do very much. So the opinions of someone whose work I like make sense, even if they are no longer doing artwork of any kind; you have the feeling still. But I suspect you've seen too many New York art shows, for you sound very bitter about "art" and shows.

Wraith Okay, just for you, Wrai, no more vocers (or even covers) on the OO.
(Well, I'm really flirting with you; the no-cover bit is for me, too!)
Fanzine for

Jim Caughran Art Wilson wrote us a nice letter, thanking us for running this zine off for him. It was really fun. The cover was the most fun, for we tried the yellow flower on several colors of paper first, and decided on the light tan. I was pleased that it was so effective, for the original illo was in black, with red flower, on dark blue paper, which I did not care for at all.

Antaios (Speer) You might be interested to know that "The Lopers", by George Barr, was sold recently to Liby Vintus. It has a good home.

We have been seriously considering carrying the Musquite Kid (after repairing the sound strip) around with us, and a projector, so we can show this sterling film to the out-of-the-way fans like Coswal and Lemans and Calkins. Sort of a "...just happen to have it here..."

Rules for

Story Contest Art, if there was any way to keep myself completely anon., I might enter the contest. But I'm sort of touchy about my serious writing. I chicken out on things like this!

Day*Star (Bradley) Thankee, ma'm, for the staunch support. I hope you are not too disappointed about the outcome. I appreciate having the backing; not many are willing to go into something like this with me (or anyone else, for that matter). I'm not bitter, or even really unhappy (except for the snotty attitudes, which were expected; but hardly necessary; I asked a question, the answer could have been a simple "no"). Let's not look back, but simply go forward, okay?

This was brought on by your wonderful essay on draft dodging. Two fans who are not passive people can accomplish quite a lot, you know.

Fantasy Ambler Miz' Bradley, you said a mouthful. The Navy has a new word for it: FUBB. Fouled Up Beyond Belief. I'm just waiting for a couple of fans I could mention (not Hepsibah Hackelberry) take an office. Oh, boy! (evial chuckle here) This will be the last time the Trimbles ever take office of any kind in FAPA; that'S a promise! That, I'm bitter about; the art show trophy, no.

Ankus (Pelz) A comment on Silverlock, which was brought to mind by someone's zine, somewhere in the dim, dark past of the last month (or was that a century?). They asked the purpose of Myer's writing the book at all, or at least made some guess that it was not just to get people to read all the reference books. We have it straight from John Myers Myers that that is exactly the purpose of the book, aside from the obvious purpose of entertainment. He was, as it were, "gilding the philosophic pill" and introducing good literature thru the agency of a rollicking, interesting story. That is why some of the allusions are so obvious; to egg you on to recognize that the whole book is nothing but references to other books. It was not so much to introduce "classic" literature, which any standard English class can do, but to broaden the field of good books; a more catholic interest than the people who selected our "classics", perhaps. That is Commonwealth.

hence, the name; little or no allusion to any other commonwealth.
Alif (Anderson) Karen, I was so disappointed in Summer's stupid "hippo-giraffe"; here I've been drawing hippogriffs all my life, and I would have loved to illo that story! I did like the story; it had all the feeling of riding a horse, really flying with a live beastie and loving it. It made me wish to ride a sleek, fat horse bareback again, thru fields of deep swishing grass, and over creeks and under stinging trees.

Public egoboo, I hope: Thank you so much for helping out with the fashion show that Ellie Turner and Adrienne Martine put on at Westercon XV. They have no fanzine to make a public thank-you. I'm saying it for me, too; you did a lovely job on your costume (but then, you always do, and each costume seems better than the last, like the French fairy tales of the enchanted gowns) and we did appreciate your patience and time. I had nothing to do with this show, aside from designing costumes, and some bit of last minute help, but as a Westercon committee member, I also thank you for helping make the show a nice one for the conference, too!

Null-F (White) Sorry about a "scrappy" Silmé, but I'm running a magazine for info and news, not a pretty thing for possible Hugo consideration. I'm afraid that PAS-tell (which has by now assimilated Silmé) will look even more scrappy than most fanzines. It will be readable, will contain info, and will fulfill its purpose; I have no time to make more of it.

Thank you for the simple "no" on the sales pitch. Aside from the asides, which seem to be aimed at someone else (if they were aimed at me, they missed the mark; I don't get them), I respect your attitude.

Vandy (Coulsons) Hey, don't laugh, but will you get me a sample of that lavender mimeo paper? My mother belongs to several orchid societies, and wants a pretty "orchid" paper to run things off on, like meeting notices, and such. Seems orchid raisers don't give much thought to what the outside world thinks of colors; the men don't feel that it damages their masculinity at all to be associated with lavender, especially when said color has cost them five years and \$400.00 to obtain. Anyway, since I do up her notices, I'd like to compare the color with Gestetner's, and Tru-Ray. I'd try to remember to say this in a letter, but then I don't have Vandy around and....

Would it retrieve my "image" any if I said I liked plinking? Maybe not.

Juanita, I have had all kinds of trouble knitting, which is why I don't. When the USO was asking for squares to make up afghans (the blankets, not the dogs) for Our Boys, my teacher taught us all how to knit. Then, while all the other little girls knitted squares, I knitted parallelograms. Then, in the high school craze of knitting sox, I started one; and continued it until I ran out of yarn, because I had never learned to knit off the needles. It would have made a nice sock for a one-footed giant, maybe.

F A P A utographs...ah, yes! The subversive, mysterious "paper" that was circulated at the Trimbles' house, and which everyone was asked to sign.....

Fantasia (Wesson) When we visited Arizona last October, Montezuma's Castle was one spot we saw. In the museum, there were large medallions of shell with very tiny randomly placed pieces of turquoise pasted on, to fill the whole shell. They were strongly like the Aztec mask on your cover, in detail.

The figures of the Oriental Zodiac sound delightful, and I wish that sort of thing (plus the stamps; I love the tiger!) was available here, instead of the standard Japanese goodie type of thing like shells which open in water and don't have roses in them but ratty old tissue carnation things.

I do love shopping in Little Tokyo, in downtown LA, but often there are things which simply are not imported here which I would like to obtain. Some papers, for instance, such as "tea chest" silvers and golds (which, if they are available, are small, bad quality, and very expensive; I don't mind the expense, if I get the quality.) and dolls such as the figures you mention are not sold over here, or at least in LA.

Masque Rotsler, for some reason the one coverline gets me: THEY'RE ALL CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH--PINK BROCADE. I like it, but why? You're cute (and fuzzy-faced) when you're being our feindly (no, friendly) neighborhood psychiatrist; it is often a good idea to let yourself go on the depression bit....feels so good to bounce back and love people again! I like Masque, and you, and wish you'd publish more often.

Poo (Andy Young) Please, I'm not at all scientific minded, which is why we have never really met at cons, but I do want to know about that rabbit; was it taking notes? Rabbits are not usually all that tame to take to leash.

I enjoy reading your zines, but find little to comment on, since I don't feel I know enuf of your subject to discuss anything of interest to you.

Target: FAPA (Eney) You are a difficult person to understand, Dick, and I'm doing my best, because I like you very much. If I knew more of what the real quarrel between you and others was, it might help. Then again, I dunno. These remarks also include Sick, Sick, Sick; yours and White's.

Moonshade (Sneary & Moffatt) I'd like to "rase" my voice in protest against the injustice of being blamed for something we did not do, did not plan to do, or even could do (unless, as the accusations imply, the accusers are a bunch of witless dolts who could be taken over so easily...then all the fun would be gone out of it, anyway, huh?). Actually, the suggestion that there was enuf of us to wipe out the wait-list, for instance, was brought up AS A JOKE, and bandied about for some time. It was taken by a more sercon type and repeated, evidently, along with other gmisinformation about FAPA doings. But then, you know that there are always jealous folk who dislike seeing a group of fans together in any kind of camaraderie ; it brings out the very worst suspicions in their minds that Something Must Be Wrong. Mark it down to immaturity, that's all you can do.

Lighthouse (Graham/Carr,T) You have some rather strange prejudices, Peter, but you misunderstood me in Silme. You needn't have been so horrified, hon; I said "speleological", not "scatalogical". Do you know the difference?

Busbyzines and how are Nobby and Lisa, anyway?

Descant (Clarkes) I enjoy reading most of your zine, most of the time (which is going to turn out to be one of those Baggins sentences, if I don't stop). That was supposed to be a compliment, but I'll give up trying to explain. I have never seen Ben Casey on TV, but at least I am With The Times, which is more than I can say for Some People I Know (I can make remarks; my post on the waiting list is already into FAPA!).

Just last week, a helpful husband of mine suggested that I take some pills I'm supposed to take. This was by way of a kindly reminder, because I do forget to take them; but it was also a method of getting me to shut up for a while. I said, "Ha, look who's acting like Ben Casey, already" and John said, "Who is Ben Casey, another nut trying to take over Algeria?"

Badli (Hevelin) Thank you for the finest refusal to Sales Pitch I have had; you at least were a gentleman about it, and mature in your reaction.

In moving, having been to over seven first grades, and in one summer living in 19 different houses, I am rather resigned to never having a settled place. It was like this all my life; the one move a year which occurs now is sheer trifles compared to previous times. The Navy, when I was inducted, wanted all of my addresses back to my birth....we gave up on 22 in a row, and started skipping around a bit. Most addresses were southern California.

Light (Croutch) What kind of file have you used for shading plates? I've used emery board, but a metal file seems a bit rough.

The Lark

Is Dead Danner, don't go! What will we do without you? Think of it, 65 wistful pairs of eyes, looking for Lark in each mailing....and nothing there.

Celephais (Evans) Actually, Matham House was two houses moved onto the lot about 25 years ago, and it may be California Spanish, for all I know. Someone once commented that it was a lovely "Dutch Colonial", whatever that is. The place we're in now is Southern California Tract, but has the saving graces of having been remodelled rather well. Unfortunately, it is a true California Turquoise on the outside (two stories, yet), which is a sort of swimming pool green-blue. The inside has lots of white and walnut wood.

It was fun having you visit, Bill, and we were really glad you had time to do so. Consider yourself very welcome to drop by anytime at all.

Have Andy Main tell you about track walking in subways when you see him, or maybe we can get him to write about it; pretty fascinating, even if idiotic.

RAMbling Fap (Calikins) Still having trouble with these typers, you can see. Al Lewis has a new Olympia, too. This is his typeface; plain old elite.

Hey, where are you? We're all ready to film the life story of Ron Ellick, with YOU (selected from literally ***millions*** of handsome young men) and your leading lady is getting impatient and the whole camera crew is losing money daily in poker with the director....oh, I tell you, friend, it is a mess! Of course, we can't use Ron for his own life story; isn't done, in Hollywood, you know. He said something about being perfectly happy to sit on the sidelines, watching you gun down Ernie Wheatley.

Thanx for the art show support; it were a good try, gang!

But did you buy the crescent wrench? I get these feelings about art paper.

Cambridge Scene (Jean Young) I wish I knew you better. Your artwork is always enjoyable (perhaps one of the reasons I have been so sad that you took no interest in the art show) and we share an interest in rocks. Maybe it is because I say just "rocks" that you don't think I'm serious in my collecting. I don't have much, but the few Indian artifacts, really good mineral specimens and fossils I do have are good for their type. Most of them I collected myself, except for the finest fossils, which were a gift from Cal Tech people. I've lost my finest trilobite, which makes me quite sad, as it was a special sort of gift and also very beautiful.

I have never seen a fossil turned even partly into any kind of formation besides "rock" with a bit of crystal, perhaps; the pyrite must be beautiful. Usually, the crystals fill up little spots and holes in the critter, but sometimes it is a covering, too. You know.

We went hunting on Mulholland Drive, where they were making a new freeway cut. Our "tools" were strong-bladed jack knives and kitchen spatula, for the rock was sandstone and shale and already broken up. Someone found a perfect little frog, pressed neatly into a brown shadow on the tan rock surface. We found leaves and part of a tiny fish, but could not find his head, ah well. Unfortunately, this stuff crumbles easily, and begins to fall apart just sitting on a shelf. Is there anything to do about it?

Margaret Duce sent me some gem and mineral specimens from Australia, which I have not had a chance to really study, but they are good.

Since John and Phil Farmer share an avid interest in anthropology, we went shard-hunting on our trip to Arizona. Phil knew of a fine old Indian site which had not been picked over (mainly because there are so many sites within easy walking distance of the colleges, nobody bothers to really work to get to one!) and we wandered around it with his daughter Kris. John and Phil were too interested in tracing out the floor plans of the houses to watch for snakes, and I was picking up pottery shards, trying to see if any of them would fit together, so it was up to Kris to see that we didn't get bitten. She didn't want to carry us back down that hill, over the cliff, and thru the ravine to the car, so she gave "yeeks" now and then to keep our attention. Well, I ramble too much.

Tidmouse (Silverberg) Whoowf, what a house! Just the kind of place to sort of spread out and relax; I would love to see it.

I'd like to apologize, in a left-handed sort of way, for accusing you of taking me in on a story about antelope popovers. That was Les Cole, at the Solacon banquet, and you were sitting next to them; but I remembered you clearer than Les, I guess. Anyway, you don't get a full apology, because you admitted the story, and that's even more sneaky. How can I ever admit that I got gim-treed?

Horizons (Warner) If people didn't enter the art show because they worried over any unfair advantage in having better materials or more training, we wouldn't have a show. If you have something to enter in the photo salon, please do? I didn't mean for the information to be mis-, I was trying to show that since I knew nothing whatsoever about photography, Someone had to come up with the info for me, too. I think

Poor Richard's Almanac (Brown) A good sketch of you on the bacover, but much too old and sad looking; are you really that bitter, rich brown? I like Don Marquis, too, but somehow the idea of reliving someone else's life is very uncomfortable to contemplate; rather like wearing cast-off clothing that you're not sure has been laundered.

Perhaps I'm in too much of a "it is growing too late" mood; I feel the need, somehow, to tell all the people I know and like just how much they mean to me. It is pure reaction, I know, and yet when I think of all the people to whom I have never actually said "I love you", it makes me sort of desperate and lonely and wondering if they'll ever know! In a microcosm seemingly devoted to distrust and seeing how much and how often fans can hurt the next fellow, I have felt lost and bewildered. Every motive of mine has been misjudged by those who insist upon treating them as they would their own motives; and judging by what their own reaction would be. So now I'm afraid to say "love"; I know how it will be treated by those who call me friend and lie about me to credulous listeners. I know how it would be laughed at by those who write lengthily about L*O*V*E and still carry viciousness and uncharitable thots. I know why you're leaving, rich brown.

Null-F. (again?) This is #29, which ought to explain things. What do you mean "a bit sneaky and underhanded forging signatures"...it's darned sneaky. Any more questions, Ted? Well, then, on to Walter Breen.

Is there a way to get artists to throw green and blue ball point pens away? It is impossible for them (the artwork, not the artist) to be traced on stencil, and makes for a lot of work. (Don Fitch will now spring up in righteous indignation, because I do sketches in ball point pen, too; okay, so I've stopped since he began muttering about it. I wasn't doing those sketches to send to fanzines, but some of them he wanted for multilith. I've reformed!) Suggest you get TEW to write an article on patching stencils for us, then we'll all know.

There is a fandom of people who fly in planes but do not fly their own small planes. If you are interested, ask someone from Pan Am. As a babysitter, when I lived in Newport Beach, I once cared for Ernest Gann's twins. He is/was a pilot for Pan Am, and they have a sort of fan club (or did in 1953) of people who like to fly. The certificate is quite fancy and full of fun if you dig the language.

Did we ever tell you of the horribly evial plot we'd planned to pull on you, maybe, someday? It would be at a costume ball, you see, so that no one but you and the participants would know that it was not all an act. We figured to dress about six fans in Philistine outfits, with one good-looking girl in scanty costume. They'd track you down, and let the "Delilah" do a beard-shearing job. There was only one or two catches to the idea, howsomever; we couldn't find that many fans who wanted to take on a guy as big as you, or who would want to take a chance on being able to run faster than you afterward.... Maybe it's the beard that makes you look so fierce, I dunno.

Maybe I shouldn't kid you about being shaggy (plug!), just as I maybe shouldn't kid Rich or anyone else. I don't tease people I don't like, tho, which may in itself be a dubious honor.

Boy, am I philosophical today. Maybe I should tell funny stories?

Phantasy Press (McPhail) I can't believe in a pipefitter named Fanzo Biffle Boon, no matter how I try! If he's going to be anything, he really ought to be the monorail track walker for Disneyland or something like that. I collect odd names, too; my best ones being my own girl cousin, Tennessee Oklahoma Wall, and a boy I knew in the Navy, whose name actually was Jesus-y-Maria Ramonas. With the hyphens.

How about sending James Cook's address to me so I can send art show info? Or telling him about us? Also, why not sub your daughter to PAS-tell (now combined with Silmé) and encourage her to enter the art show? I'd love to see more youngsters trying their hand in this!

HooHah! (ron parker) Same bit; may I have the addresses of the artists you have in this zine (esp. ISM, Jim Graham, Goodwin)? Having to track down all the good artists who appear in all the millions of fanzines which appear each month gets to be a big problem. Yet we need them! That is, we need them if they in any way need us; otherwise, it is an unprofitable venture all the way around. Howsomever, I always hope that the artists will give PAS a try first, then decide.

If digging girls is sane, normal and unfannish, we've got the biggest bunch of sane, normal, unfans here in California that I've ever seen. Of course, where the weather makes short shorts and crop tops possible apparel for almost year-round, the girl watching is interesting. With the famous Rotsler cry of "anything two fans do together is fanac!", the boys go tracking girls at the beach, at Disneyland, downtown LA, or in restaurants to introduce them to "fandom" and fanac. Jack Harness has to work hard for his SAGWAL membership, because he is such an obtrusive watcher that the girls not only notice, they crack up.

We've never met the Linards in person (lucky you!) but are very fond of them and quite sad that so much difficulty has invaded their lives. Getting a letter from Jean is a whole new experience.

Secret Mythos (parker, again) So I'll settle for the moral support, which I rather hope takes form in the shape of a small brandy glass at Chi?

Melange (Trimbles) Well, best laid plans, and all that. You know why I'M making mailing comments, anyway; to answer the trophy bits, and let you all know that even if I am bugged at a few fannish types, I am not down on fandom, nor am I gafiating, no matter what you hear.

As long as I'm this far (don't stop me now, man, I've got to where I like it!) I may as well go on to the S H A D O W F A P A M A I L I N G

F a p (Gerber) Well, we've sent zines voluntarily to Shadow FAPA members, and have gotten little response, so we quit. Now we'll send Melange out again, but we'd like to know that it at least got to the fans. Hello, Les, how are you?

Serenade (Bergeron) It's about time someone repeated that Laney was not quite the ghod some fans think he was.

Sinkrec (Chauvenet) Historic Return of Norm Stanley was fun to read.

Sailboats are something I like to watch and wistfully wish I had one and the knowledge to enjoy it properly. My stepfather ownd a 105 ft boat when he was courting mother, but now has a smaller 24' one. He is an accomplished "rag-sailor", but they live 400 miles away!

you are misjudging the photo salon in the same manner that fans first prejudged the art show itself. It'll just be a collection of Faan art, they said, stuff we could find badly mimeographed in any fanzine. The shows proved them very wrong; good art, most of which could not be reproduced in fanzines, made an appearance.

You have seen "fan photos", indiscriminately shown if there was a fan in the picture somewhere. Do you really think that this kind of photo will be entered in the show? I have seen too much good photography from fans (notably Bruce Pelz, Ben Jason and Ed Wyman) to think that all we will get is washed-out faces, black backgrounds, and camera shake. I think you will be surprised by the show at Chicago. But give the other fan credit; he's not after a prize, he's just trying to share an especially exciting experience with everyone else. And if his only snapshot of Heinlein is shaky and blurred, he'll show it, anyway. Now that we've got a place to show good photos, he'll improve.

Take those trophies down to some service organization and donate them to the only people I know of who could use them, if you don't want them around. I know how you feel about throwing out something good, but for which you have no use; that's a matham, friend. But they can take off the golfing figure (these cost only a couple of dollars) and the plate, and have a good base on which to place one of the many awards they will hand out during the year. If the figure is a victory, then they don't have to replace anything but the plate. And there are always heavy donors to these organizations who feel pretty great if the club gives them a gaudy trophy to show for their generosity, or some such. In any case, you see, they can still be useful.

Bats do sit on the floor, on any surface, for that matter, when they are preparing for flight. They can, of course, take off from almost any angle, including the time-honored up-side-down one, but they don't take that position until they are ready to sleep or unless that is the only possible place for a toe-hold. Otherwise, they seem perfectly content to sit on a level surface, and when prodded, even waddle around a bit. They don't like walking, as their wings were not made to be out of the way while walking, but they can and will do it. I had a bat, once, which had a broken jaw. I brought it home from biology class and kept it in a bird cage (our family kept a bird cage around for years, for emergencies like this, but we found that horned toads don't stay in them, and neither do snakes). Mother was a bit upset about my choice of new pets, but she'd just been thru a wounded black-bird, a brace of frogs, and a large wooly creature which may have been a sheep dog but had a sore foot in any case. And lots of cats.

Actually, I knew that you did not mean to be so harsh about the trophy, which is loads more than I can say for some other FAPAns. It seemed like a good idea to make some mailing comments (tho I keep getting woefully off track on every subject under the sun!) because a silence would only look surly or hurt. I don't really know if I'm getting thru to people when I say that neither the refusal nor the churlish attitudes came as a surprise. I had to ask, and was very grateful that some of you gave a quiet answer. That's all. & Thanks.

Le Moindre (Raeburn) Whatever your accent (or inflection) I like to listen, for it's soft and strong and pleasant to the ear. Mike Hinge has a very broad accent and is quite difficult to understand if he's talking fast, as when he gets excited about a new art technique & describes it.

I especially enjoy the sparkling type days when all the little snow birds are out in the bay, and the boats that can venture beyond the jetty are in full sail and the spinnakers are ballooning out. I lived in the Newport Beach/Balboa area for 9 years, and always loved the boats and the sea. My favorite was 113' sloop named the Valor.

Pantopon (Berman) Telling stories to oneself is a favorite pasttime with many fans, it seems. Or telling stories to others. I have in "the works" now a series of involved fantasies which were told to my sister and brother while we worked on the farm. Leah wants them for her little girl, and I shall probably have them ready for Robbie in about two years, which will be just about right.

We had a "library" of imaginary books, filling each room of the house. It worked on some kind of elaborate business where all the yellow books (which were all about mysterious adventures in Africa) were in Randy's bedroom, and all the pink books (concerning princesses who lived in wistful woods) were in Leah's room, and the western type stories were brown-and-white and stored in the living room. I can still remember the wonderful look on a guest's face as Randy (age 5) carefully inspected a library which wasn't there, and selected an imaginary book, read the non-existent title and repeated it to me for the story. The library and the Pegasus tree were the bright spots in our lives during a very trying time.

four pages of something from Ed Meskys Thank you, but the cartoons are also discontinued after the 100th mailing. Mainly, I'm tired, but also the FA will prolly move out of the area, and it really would be too much trouble to send stencils around.

Rubber Meatball (Stiles) That was a great editorial by Adkins; concise, pithy, and straight-forward. But was it a hint for the rest of us?

So draw a cute little dragon, anyway, even if your fanzine is called 'Putty Sandwich' (I know what it's named; but fanzines are not always called what they're named, y'know). I like dragons. I like dragons better than some fans. I like dragons better'n chunklit-covered grab crackers. I also like crazy Steve Stiles cartoons. I dunno....

W'basket ("Biff") Hey, I thot you said that "Windowsill" was your middle name. What kind of game are you playing, anyway?

I read the "Commentary Notes" by Ellen Hamer to Al Lewis, who is also a teacher and has to carry lots of stuff around, and to two other teachers, and they all cracked up. They think Ellen Hamer is wasting her time being a teacher.

Bob, my impression of you is: no matter how high the chandelier was, you'd run into it. And keep in mind that the ouija board you were working on is the Very Same One that has lied to people before; it has an evil sense of humor, and a nasty, dirty mind. It is on this board that Jack Harness contacts a coyote named Squinib.

Gradus Ad Parnassum (Fitch) I enjoy the idea of the "minions of Day" being the evial desperadoes of our little drama; gives the night minions a Day off, as it were. (Are you still speaking to me, now?)

Have we (or not?) settled at least your worries about indiscriminate use of the blackball? Would we could do as well ditto vicious rumors!

This is Melange #5 being hurriedly completed for postmailing to the 100th FAPA Mailing, Summer, 1962. John & Bjo Trimble are the perpetrators, and any commentary should be addressed to them, at 5734 Parapet Street, Long Beach 8, California. All bombs will be dumped in the pool, along with packages that tick, bark, purr or hiss; fair warning!

§ § §

Bjo had her MCs finished up at least a week before the mailing deadline, and her eight pages of "Bjottings" there in the front of the zine were finished before the MCs were, since they were (and did) to go into Silmé, too. But what with one thing and another, we didn't get the zine out in time for the mailing. I didn't get my stuff written (and still haven't; maybe for M#6 for Mlg 101...), and then Bjo was hospitalized for a while with an inflamed esophagus, which almost stopped us from making it to Chicon, and which most assuredly delayed both Melange and Silmé until well past con-time; deadlines, etc.

So I've scrapped my own parts of the magazine (maybe, again, in #6), and we're pushing this through to publication to get it out of our hair so that we can settle down to getting Silmé and PASTell out of the way, I can get the lettercol for SLA # 62 out of the way, and we can get on with the planning of the sixth issue of this mess.

§ § §

Gypsy, our kitten-factory, had her litter; two kittens! Actually, she had five, but three were still-born. Which is another reason why we're going to have her fixed; the mutation has reached the danger point. The two kittens that lived are cuties; both have persian type heads -- fat and round -- and one is black and white, while the other is a brilliant calico (as opposed to momma, who's a pastel calico). The b&w one is male, and judging from the placement of one of the white spots he has, you're not going to be able to miss that fact, either.

Our seven-toed kitten, Steepil (changing slowly to "Feet"), is growing more and more into the Typo mould; he's a jumper, and has ol' Typo's general pleasant disposition and friendliness. He's got Spindrift's talkativeness, tho. And we're willing to bet that when he gets beat up by a neighborhood tom the first time, thus discovering that life is not all catnip and sardines, he'll stomp back a few days or weeks later and show the neighborhood cats who's boss; again, both a Spin and Typo trait.

Unlike poor Corflu, who's afraid of his own shadow, and who gets rather badly stomped to fudge from time to time. Thank heavens he's stopped trying to hide on the roof, at any rate; this being awakened at 3 ayem by the screech and howl of doom on the roof right over your head isn't exactly the greatest thing in the world.

§ § §

There may be MCs by both Bjo and I in M#6...or there may not be; both of us are rather intrigued by various MC things in the 100th Mlg, tho it remains to be seen if we can fit MCing into a tight schedule of work,

school, other mundac, art show work, general fandom and FAPA. Want to place any side bets, anyone?

Lesee, the next mailing in in November, which doesn't leave any holidays 'tween now and then 'cept Hallowe'en, and that's not exactly a bank holiday, either. Full weeks, full weekends, and....

Maybe for the winter mailing, next February? ...But I wouldn't bet on that either.

§ § §

My reading has picked up again, since our move, the Westeron, and What Came After; I've zipped through a good dozen Ace books (and disremember most of them), with Keith Laumer's "Worlds of the Imperium" sticking in my mind as a good, meaty story...nothing in the way of Literature, but a thoroughly enjoyable story. I'm glad to see Ace bringing out the Burroughs reprints with Krankel covers; so much like St John, and the lattering goes so far to preserve the original flavor of the dustjackets. Wöllheim does have a soul (not that I suspected the opposite; it's just nice to know for sure about that sort of thing).

Having read Myers Myers' Silverlock, The Harp & The Blade, Dead Warrior, The Wild Yazoo, Doc Holliday, and The Alamo, I've been searching for good condition or mint copies of Out on Any Limb, The Last Chance, and I, Jack Swilling. That last is still in print, and I'll pick it up soon. For that matter, I need hc copies of Dead Warrior and The Alamo. willing to pay prices up to dust-jacket price.

§ § §

This is Melange #5, mimeoed on velvetone paper, using Speed-O-Print stencils (except for this one and the preceding one which are BDC Rex-Rotary wide stencils, and not worth the price), and turned out on the LASFSRex -- 7 October 1962:

from:

John & Bjo Trumble
5734 Parapet Street
Long Beach 8, California
U S of A

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