

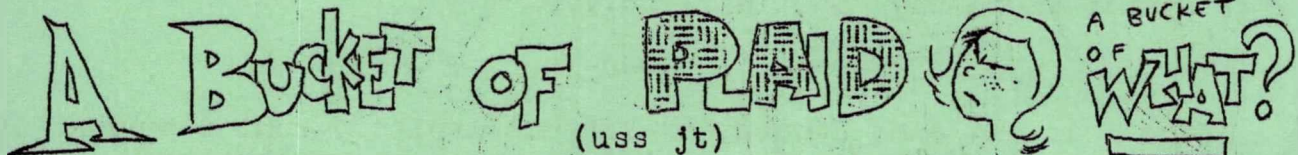
BARRY IDE CHATFIELD

MELANGE # 3 is edited and published by Bjo and John Trimble, at 222 South Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California. If no Acts of Providence intervene, it will appear in the 97th Mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, November, 1961.

Typed on Suro-Rite 900GF and Gostetner #62 Green stencils, with a pre-war (Boer War) Royal pica standard, it will most likely be run on the LASFS' new electric Rex-Rotary D-280 (most likely, hell; if you're reading this, it was!). Cover this issue is by Mike Hinge. Interior Artwork is probably all by Bjo, but since it hasn't been stencilled as yet....

----a mathon house publication.

And from the heady heights to which that bit of sterling prose elevated you, let's plunge down into....



That brand-new Rex-Rotary I mentioned above will, barring such unforeseen factors as fire, flood, earthquake, Atomic War, dyptheria, or measles, be transported to 7628 South Pioneer Blvd on November 11th, where it will be used to produced the Fantasy Amateur for the 97th Mailing, and who knows what else? (Talk about run-on sentences!)

This machine is a wonderful and fearsome thing. It even awed a couple of Tech-men...and that's going some; Cal-Tech is...or....

They had come over to have a map drawn up, showing all the points of interest for InterHouse (the annual competition between the dorms/houses to see who can put on the most elaborate &/or most ingenious display -- and what a willlld time of it that can be).

I slapped the stencil on which Bjo had drawn the map on...which... onto the machine, put the paper in place on the tray, and turned it on. By and by, it inked itself. They stared...and it did it again. Utter fascination. We weren't getting enough ink on a side, so I turned the little dial, pumped the ink lever, and next copy was dark enough. Rapt attention.

We ran 1500 copies of the map, and I was so taken with their delight in the Rex, that I'd have run more. Except that they didn't need them, and I was out of that color of paper.

The simple things that can fascinate these scientists....

REMOVALS You've probably noticed by now (how could you have  
UNING. missed noticing) that the Fan Hillton, that shining  
battleship grey mecca of hungry fans is longer inhab-  
ited by fans. In fact, it's no longer inhabited at all.

I drove by 2790 West 8th Street the other day. It was sad. By  
the middle of next week (i.e. 15 Nov), the old place probably  
won't exist. When I stopped a day or so ago, the roof was gone,  
all the windows were out, and many of the interior walls were  
missing.

After I took a few slides, I wandered around a bit, just sort of  
looking at the ol' place. A negro working with the wrecking  
crew stopped to talk a bit. He inquired as to the house's age,  
and I told him that no one was sure about the house itself, but  
that the foundation had been laid in the 1880s.

"Sure was sturdy," he said, "it's the hardest thing to tear down  
I even seen."

Gee, the old place just didn't want to give up.

I wonder where the ghost will go...?

-oOo-

Bruce Pelz and Jano Jacobs, ex-Fan Hilltonites, rented apart-  
ments over on Mariposa Street, Don Simpson has volunteered for  
the Army, and Ernie Wheatley, Jack Harnose, Bjo & I, and the  
three cats now inhabit 222 S Gramercy Place; Mathom House!

Along with the LASFS, the Unicorn Productions costume menage,  
and like that.

Unlike the Fan Hillton, Mathom House is a single story place,  
which is a great time-saver...kind of encourages everyone not  
to leave stuff in a common pile, like at the FH. Like, we've  
got a home now!

And it feels great.

-oOo-

But this moving bug has been biting a bit of late. And it sure  
seems to be riding with the Westercon.

When we ~~\*\*\*\*~~ ~~\*\*\*\*~~ ~~\*\*\*\*~~ got the 15th Annual Westercon for our  
very own during the BayCon business meeting last summer, we  
decided to use the Fan Hillton address. Fine. And we got the  
eviction notice just before publishing the first PR. All right,  
we'll use Al Lewis' address...heck, Al's been in that house for  
years and years.

You'll note Al Lewis' change of address in the Waiting List in  
the FA.

So we rented a post office box, figuring that if they move the

Post Office, it'll be by such means as to pretty well do away with our Westeron plans, too.

You West Coast type fans can now all rush your \$1 registration to William B Ellern, @ WESTERCON XV, P O Box # 54207, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

You can join even if you don't live on the WC. C'mon ahead!

-oOo-

GOOD OL' Sneakey ol' Bjo.... Thought she'd put one over on me, SNEAKEY! huh? Hummph! Gee, you'd think she'd know better'n that by now.... You gotta get up awful early to put one ofve on me, boy.... You know, like six ayem, and since she never wakes up till ten, why....

"What'll I put under the 'Ed Cox'," she asked me.

"Hell," I polited, "I dunno...how 'bout beer...sounds like EdCo."

And she did....

---ussjt.

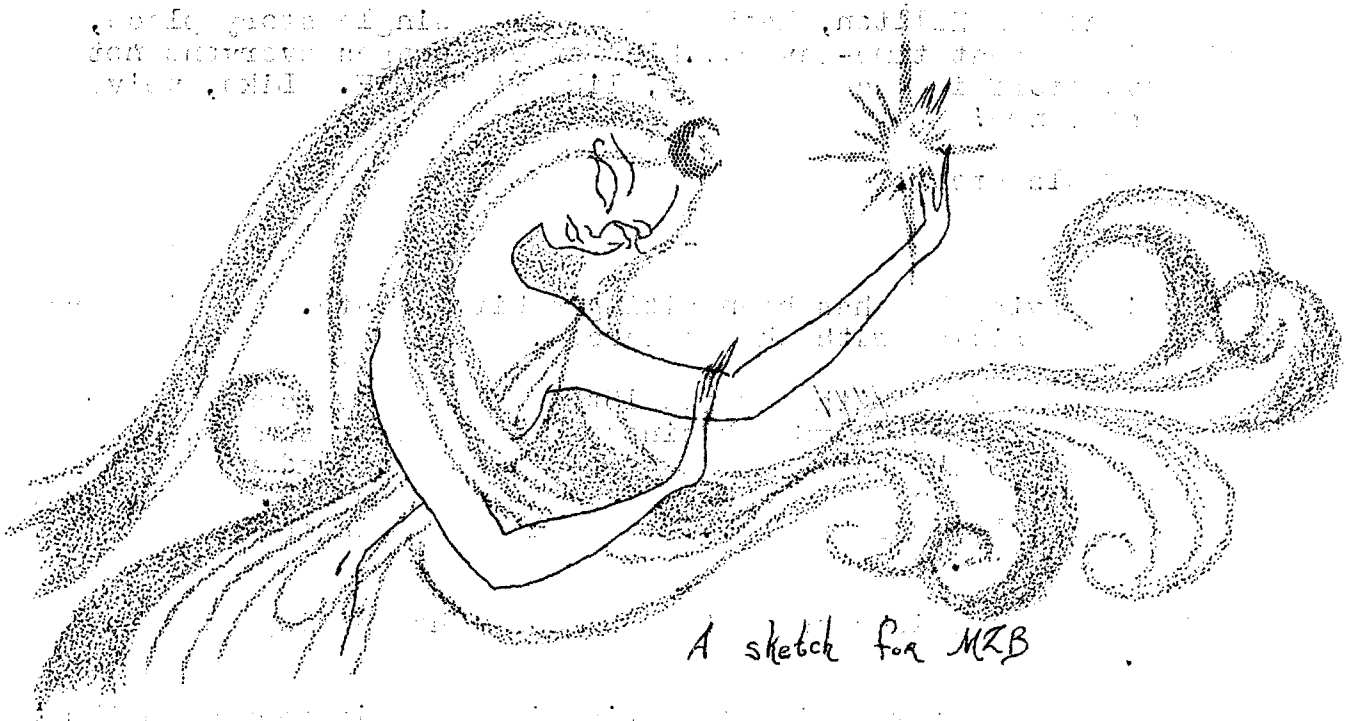
-oOo-

A base canard! A base canard! I have ~~been~~ been up by 6 ayem before! Matter if fact, I've even offered to fix breakfast, but no one seemed interested in clam chowder. So, John considers it sort of a safeguard to not wake me in the morn.

Actually, I will admit that while I have been up before 10 ayem, I have never been awake before that hour of the morning, unless I was still up from the night before, in which case...oh well.

---Bjo---

-oOo-



A sketch for MRB

The Placentia and Valencia  
Were Two Fine Streetcars, Sonny;

or:

Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs

by Elmer Perdue

So after quite a few successful years operating a resort hotel in Las Vegas (is a resort hotel one used for resorting, perhaps?) this gambler Sam decided to quit. The entertainers had thrown the squeeze -- in order to get an extra five hundred after taxes, they had to hit Sam for an extra five thousand. This was a business expense above the line, but to get the five thousand, Sammy had to boost the cover and minimum which boosted the cabaret tax which meant an extra six thousand to the clientele which meant that Sam saw where it was all going so he sold out and got out. With the proceeds he bought a going mortuary business in Pasadena, and hedged his bet by thus insuring his own longevity. After all, did you ever see or hear of a dead undertaker? Dead gamblers are another thing entirely....

His buddy George was in Los Angeles in 1958 hiding from a Senate Investigating Sub-committee, and remembered Sam. We could make quite a production number out of the trip to the mortuary -- dodging little old ladies driving their electric cars, watching the wonderful jiggles and bounces of the young ladies (did I ever tell you that Pasadena has or had more pretty girls per acre than any other place I've been, except maybe three small towns?) and counting the automobiles on blocks in garages used by suicide clubs -- but let's get George to the mortuary.

Sam was happy to see him, and shortly had him making the grand tour, from the services area -- used occasionally for weddings -- past the family room, past the electric organ where a college kid was working on some early Bach inventions, and into the back room. Meanwhile Sam was bewailing, moaning. This Pasadena. Nobody dies here. They all turn into little old ladies driving electric carts down the sidewalk hitting people but when they hit people they don't die. And that kid there playing Bach -- he's learning music at Oxy and I let him use it for free and for goodwill, but by the time he brings me any customers....

They were then in the back room, and ten bodies were neatly disposed on an equivalent number of marble slabs. And George said, but Sam, you must net about a hundred per funeral. There's a thousand worth right now. What's the beef?

Oh, said Sam, and walked over to the third from the left, laying a happy hand on the left foot. This one is for real. But these other nine -- they're just shills.

-oOo-

My work assignment for the past couple of years has been to the research section of the City Department of Public Utilities and Transportation. In order that the citizenry may know where their tax dollars have gone, each City Department issues an annual report of accomplishments, revenues, expenditures; what they've done and with certain departments, a thinly-disguised pitch for enlargement. Like the last couple from the Police Department, for example, which spoke of the Mafia and had

tables emphasizing the thinness of the blue line in Los Angeles versus New York, for example.

The fiftieth marked the end of a half-century of accomplishment, and it was administratively decided that the report for the fiscal year 1958-59 should be fat and comprehensive, and should include fifty years of progress. My work appeared in a third of the ultimate 134-page multilithed report.

A comprehensive history would include the funeral cars of the Los Angeles Railway. The Descanso, the first of the two, was in sufficient demand that it was decided profitable to construct a second, the Paraiso. These cars had a casket compartment located behind the motorman, with a separate door and seats for as I recall thirty to thirty-five mourners -- I could look it up. Mortuary operations in the early days were confined to a few blocks on Washington Boulevard. The remains would be loaded in the casket compartment, flower sprays would be suitably arranged, and the funeral car complete with mourners would then proceed through the downtown section to the Calvary, or the Odd Fellows cemeteries located adjacent to Whittier Boulevard on the east side, or to Evergreen on the "B" line. These three cemeteries had spur tracks leading from the main line. It is assumed that the casket was followed to the graveside by the mourners, who then dispersed. The Descanso and the Paraiso had plate-glass top lights and windows, and were quality equipment throughout.

My track maps showed the Cemetery spurs, but nothing was indicated in the mortuary areas. In order that the rough draft might be complete and proper, and since no other sensible approach could be found, I used the yellow pages to find an old established mortuary, telephoned, and stated my problem to the switchboard girl. Fortunately, one of the founders was available, and his speech was approximately:

(Problem: Did any of the mortuaries, or all of them, have spur tracks?) Well, no, son, we just loaded in the street. You see, the company had a switch (he meant crossover) out there, and we'd call the company and the motorman would show up and park out in front near the switch. And when a streetcar went by he'd run over to the side of the street they weren't using. And then we'd signal him when it was time to load, and he'd pull over in front of the chapel and the pallbearers would roll the casket out on a guernsey.

(And about the cost?) The company was mighty reasonable about that, son. It cost us twenty-five dollars for the car and the crew. And that cost included streetcar transfers. They handed out transfers punched "funeral" and those transfers they tell me were good on any line in any direction.

You know, I was out at Rosedale ((a cemetery, predominantly Catholic, to the west of the mortuary area)) a couple of years ago, and do you know what I saw behind the maintenance building? A streetcar guernsey. When we took the deceased out of the car the casket was placed on a guernsey and pushed to the graveside by some of the pallbearers. And don't forget to put in this paper you're writing the names of the streetcars. Pacific Electric had them and they were called the Placentia and the Valencia.

-000-

This lead to further research. Our file of engineering drawings of all Pacific Electric cars showed a few -- a very few -- mixed cars, both passenger and express that could possibly have been used in funeral ser-

vice. But I've talked it over with some of the old timers at Pacific Electric, and it appears that my informant was mistaken as to carrier and name. I'll buy the rest of his data.

Unaxed and unanswered questions: 1) Presumably street traffic continued during the processes of loading the corpus on the car, and the seating of the mourners. How was street traffic flagged? 2) What happened during the ride? A windup gramophone with such tidbits as "Abide With Me", etc? Perhaps a ballet, a sermon? Or did they just look out the plate-glass windows and muse on man's mortality?

-000-

These questions are moot. This specialized bit of mass transport ended up on the cutting room floor. One of the two cars -- the Descanso, if memory serves correctly -- has been moved to a local resort area, and is now the club room of an electric railway fan club.

----elmer b perdue.

*dress: jewel turquoise blue  
sparkle-sheen nylon*

*sash & petticoat: turquoise  
taffeta*

*trim: small turquoise  
pearls, sewn on by  
the individual blad!*

*shoes: white kid from  
Capezio - wedding  
shoes.*

*seamstress: entire  
dress hand-sewn  
by Jane Jacobs*



# WARB-LINGS

by Ruth Berman

## RAISING CAIN WITH FABLE

I. There once was a man who loved to float beneath the waters of the sea with mask, and fins, and spear. One as he was doing this, he came upon an oddly fashioned bottle. The man picked it up and went to shore. In the sunlight the bottle gleamed, changing color from green to blue to purple. He opened the bottle and a genie came out. It was a small, pale genie, but still quite obviously magic.

"Oh Mortal," said the Genie quietly, "since you have freed me from my prison, I shall grant you one wish, to show my gratitude."

"One?" said the man, "I beg your pardon, but is not the usual number three?"

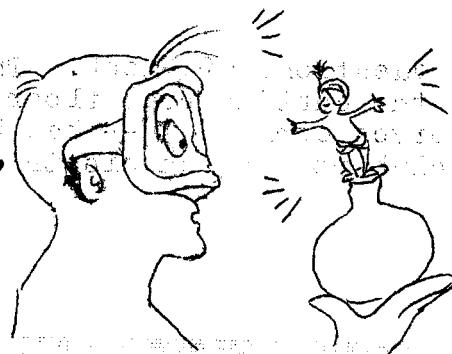
"I am a small genie."

Now the man was a cautious man, and he remembered very well from his childhood readings that it is dangerous to try to fulfill one's desires by magic. Wishes nearly always go wrong. With only one wish he would not be able to undo his wish, if necessary. So he said evasively, "That's very kind of you, but perhaps you'd better not bother. You see, wishing is a serious business, and I don't even know exactly what I want, just off-hand. I only wish I did know."

"Granted," said the genie.

And the man was unhappy ever after, wishing and wishing that he had that which he knew he wanted.

Moral: Magic is as dangerous as it ever was.



-oOo-

II: When James Thurber, celebrated writer and doodlist, was accidentally shot and killed by a few bank robbers running from the police, it happened that he stumbled into a group of highly literate and witty angels headed by Alexander Woolcott. Robert Benchly was the first to notice the confused new arrival.

"Ah, hello, James," Benchly called to him, "How did you die?"

"Well you see, I was murdered by..." Thurber began.

"By one of your own shaggy dogs!" exclaimed Benchly. This set into motion a conversational ball which not only rolled, but bounced, and spun, and flashed in the sun. Wit followed wit, as each of the saintly sophisticates tried to determine which of Thurber's characters was most likely to desire his death. Only Woolcott remained silent.

At last they had built the killing up into a wild army of Thurber characters charging upon their creator, led by the unicorn from the garden and Walter Mitty.

"Oh now," the murdered man murmured, "don't you think that's all rather unlikely?"

"Do not be a spoilsport," said F. P. A., pedantically, "If one insists upon the truth, he is a spoilsport."



"I don't care much about the truth, myself," protested Thurber, "but isn't the assault which you envision highly improbable?"

There was a momentary silence. Woollcott spoke at last. "You needn't pay any attention to what he says. After all, Thurber will doubt."

----ruth berman.

## The COWARD'S SONGS

O! to be in Salapanta,  
That's where I'd rather be,  
Than be breakfast while the De-  
mons drag the Lake of Ravary

(Chorus)

Sing a song of trepidude,  
Blithering ineptitude;  
He who quails and runs away,  
Will only die another day.

O! to be in Nottingham,  
That's where I'd rather be,  
Than be guest of Robin Hood,  
And pay him for his knavery!

(Chorus)

O! to be a fearless wench,  
Like my sis, Antigone;  
But it's death to serve my kin  
With the rites of gravery.

(Chorus)

O! to have a swifter mare-  
's Son than that that's under me!  
Death is always close behind  
A knight yeleft Breuce Saunce Pitie.

(Chorus)



----ron ellik.  
(with discouragement)

# TWICE-COUNT THEM TWICE UNDER HEAVILY

A Sort of Perambulating Column of Sorts...Sort of....

by Ed Cox

OTHER FAN- DOMS DEPT: In this day of the "new trend" fanzine sparked by the renaissance of the comic-book characters of old, we must not forget the current manifestations of the good old, reliable, plodding daily comic strips. They are still with us, moth-eaten and battered, but carrying on. First off, do you remember when PEANUTS was a small -- I mean little -- comic-strip? Almost half the size in square centimeters as the others? Now it is almost normal size as the panels of the others have been squozen down till nearly twice the strips as formerly are on one page of many of the big daily papers.

Luckily, for us intellectual types, such strips as POGO have been augmented by PEANUTS, GORDO, B.C., RICK O' SHAY and others. But the perennials are still there, tramping, stumbling or even, rarely, striding briskly forward. Let's look at a couple or three of the old, old standbys, familiar and loved by all....

ORPHAN ANNIE (sans the LI'L these days) still hasn't grown up. We all know that and maybe, after all these years, are reconciled to it. If we can ignore the platitudes and quaint ideas, propaganda and archaic speech mannerisms (you know, like present-day hoods emitting "Nix! Nix!"), we are still left with pupilless Annie going thru life in the same outfit, the same moth-eaten dog and the same idiots taking her into their poverty-ridden existances.

But with all this jumping around the country, over mountains, down rivers, in trucks, etc., you'd think she'd at least catch onto wearing capris or pedal pushers! But no...I mean, nix!, not Annie. The same old 1920's type dress, which is almost as ancient as Sandy, the world's oldest dog. And her hair. Well, okay, so she doesn't go out with boys. Like...have you ever seen Annie go out on a date? If she does, and we, hardly even trying, do know her whereabouts just about every minute of her existance...well, if she does, then she's been dating in that same limbo in which she learned karate without us ever even catching on to it! But then, with hands like she must now have, who would want to go out and hold hands with her? But what I was getting at is her hair.

It's a mess! Would any of you girls want to be seen in public with your hair going everywhichway like hers? Right on end, like Fijisville, man! I'm tempted to start a movement to get Harold Grey to give her a Toni, at least!

We have another deserving person in our daily midst. Dick Tracy. He has a girl (good old Tess Trueheart, who even married him). My gripe with Gould is his low, low opinion of us, his readers. Yes, I mean he has got an abysmal opinion of our intelligence, you and me and everybody. I mean, like after 15 years (or whatever), I recognize that goddam wrist-radio when I see it and I don't need a little arrow

with a tiny circle on one end to point out, yea, spelled out! yet, "2-way wrist-radio"! There is at least a second generation growing up getting to tell at a glance that that is no Elgin on Tracy's wrist! And if your six-year-old child doesn't know, he still doesn't have to have it written out. He can ask his parents who've lived with this for years and years already!

This, of course, is a minor if illustrative point. What I'm really concerned about is that beastly handicap Dick has with that damned pointy chin! It must play hell when he's trying to do undercover work. I mean, he can wear a garbageman's uniform, bandanna and dark glasses but everybody knows that chin! It's a tip-off every time. Ruined more stakeouts. You know. And then there is his after-hours life. What about Tess when they go dancing? Like really cheek-to-cheek stuff by Larry Welk and his soap-bubble music? With a chin like that? WCW! Puncturesville!!! So why don't we get Gould to give Tracy some plastic surgery? It'd do wonders for Tracy and drive Al Capp mad wondering how to alter Fearless Fosdick!

NEW TREND A brief note on this blazing new field in the vasty realm of DEPT: fan-interest. Like there is an all-jass (first in the nation and only full-time) FM station here in SoCalif. Like they have deejays and, as you may well know, deejays have a cute, witty, profound or otherwise indetifying phrase/slogan with which they end their stint. Like, "Save your money and drive carefully", or "Hate your mother-in-law" or something cute like that before the spot comes on between their show and the next. What has all this to do with New Trend Fandom? Well there is this guy, Dave Larson, I think, on KNOB the other night who reeled off all the usual stuff and ended up with, "So be here tomorrow night and until then...SHAZAM!"

NORMANDIE "Normandie Notes" was, I think, the title of a one-sheet NOTES DEPT: one-shot SAPSpub I perpetrated some years back. It gained its title from the simple fact that my address was on Normandie Avenue in Los Angeles. Or was it Lee Jacobs' address at the time? It was published on Normandie Avenue, though. And it reminds me of a thought I've had for some time. Normandie, in LA, has been the site of much fan-activity. Most famous address was when Charles Burbee lived there. At 1057 S. Normandie, one block south of Olympic Blvd, on the northwest corner of 11th St., Charles Burbee assembled many a FAPA-mailing, published many a SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. It's a two-storey wooden building, painted grey now, maybe then, too. I've driven by it probably 8000 times. Really, roughly. Because I lived at 984 S. Normandie for about five years. Lee Jacobs lived there first. But when I was looking for a place in a hurry fairly near Los Angeles City College (near compared to Hermosa Beach), he said there was an apartment empty. So therein I moved. That was in December, 1955. There I lived until March, 1961.

Lots of fan-type things happened there. Crews that composed the Fan Hillton have assembled there. SAPS-tapes were recorded there. Richard Eney, Bill Rotsler, Ron Ellik and Lee Jacobs gathered there one night (in my apt. while I was at LACC taking a mid-term exam!) during Eney's epic homeward journey from Japan to civilian life. And Jacobs and I published numerous SAPzines, even some FAPAZines, from 1984. Lee moved some years back. Returned briefly, and then left again.

Then in June of this year, 984 S. Normandie, "The Gainesborough", almost became no more in an early morning conflagration which badly damaged the U-shaped building and nearly completely ruined a friend of mine still living there! Luckily, I'd already moved to 334 N. Normandie and, at the time, felt some relief at having gotten out of that fire-ridden neighborhood! Just in time!

So fan-activity now emanates from 334 N. Normandie Avenue. What there is of it, so far. But, I'm wondering...is Normandie Avenue destined to be a perpetual if not continuous site of fan-activity? At one place or another, some fan or other? For while I was at 984 S., during the period when Ron Elik, John Trimble and others of the Long Beach mob used to bash on my door midnights after LASFS meetings, there was a fan-artist name of Ray Capella living up the block from me. I'm almost afraid to try to move for fear of something preventing me, or causing some other fan to suddenly find himself wrenched away from some other place to find himself on Normandie. I wonder what would've happened had I moved off Normandie at about the last of September? Do you suppose there would have been an empty house on Gramercy Place...?

DEPT OF YE OLDE EDITOR: Having mentioned the name of John Griffin Trimble above, it brings to mind that in this installment, so far, there hasn't been a delightfully illustrative bit about The Man Behind MELANGE. This is not to slight Bjo, but then, she isn't a man.... Obviously. Yes. So back to JCT (sounds like a PT-boat or something). He has, actually, unknown qualities, some interesting, some frightening, behind that cheerful demeanor and missing mustache. One facet of his talented personality only recently manifested itself to me. JOHN GRIFFIN TRIMBLE is a POET! Yes! And verily. Of the modern school, too. In order to illustrate this fact, I hereby offer a poem as written by John:

#### Lesson 1

- A A is for Apple, red and sweet,
- B B is for Baby, so small and warm,
- C C is for Cat, sleek and neat,
- D D is for Dog, at home on a farm,
- E E is for Echo, full of bounce and beat,
- F F is for ----, so nice and warm.

----john trimble, 1961.

It is obvious that he displays a certain crodeness and power of the primitive force in modern expressive art today. Very basic, profoundly telling. But telling what, that's what I want to know!

WHAT'S IN AN ACCENT DEPT: For years I'd kidded Boyd Raoburn about his "English accent". I'd gotten to know his voice well on tapes during the tapo-respondence Lee Jacobs and I had had with the then Toronto crowd, which eventually thinned down to just Boyd. This joking about his English accent culminated at the Solacon

which was possibly the climax (see Rotsler cartoon in the Solacon writeup issue of A BAS). Then things died down for quite a while. Now recently I got married to a lovely, Rotsler-girl type blonde, the former Anne Seidel. She, being normally, femininely curious, started playing a lot of tapes I've had around for quite a while. One day I phoned her from the office about some unimportant matter, like was there any mail and what's for supper? She, in turn, during the conversation, mentioned playing some tapes and then asked, "Say, who's that English fellow?"

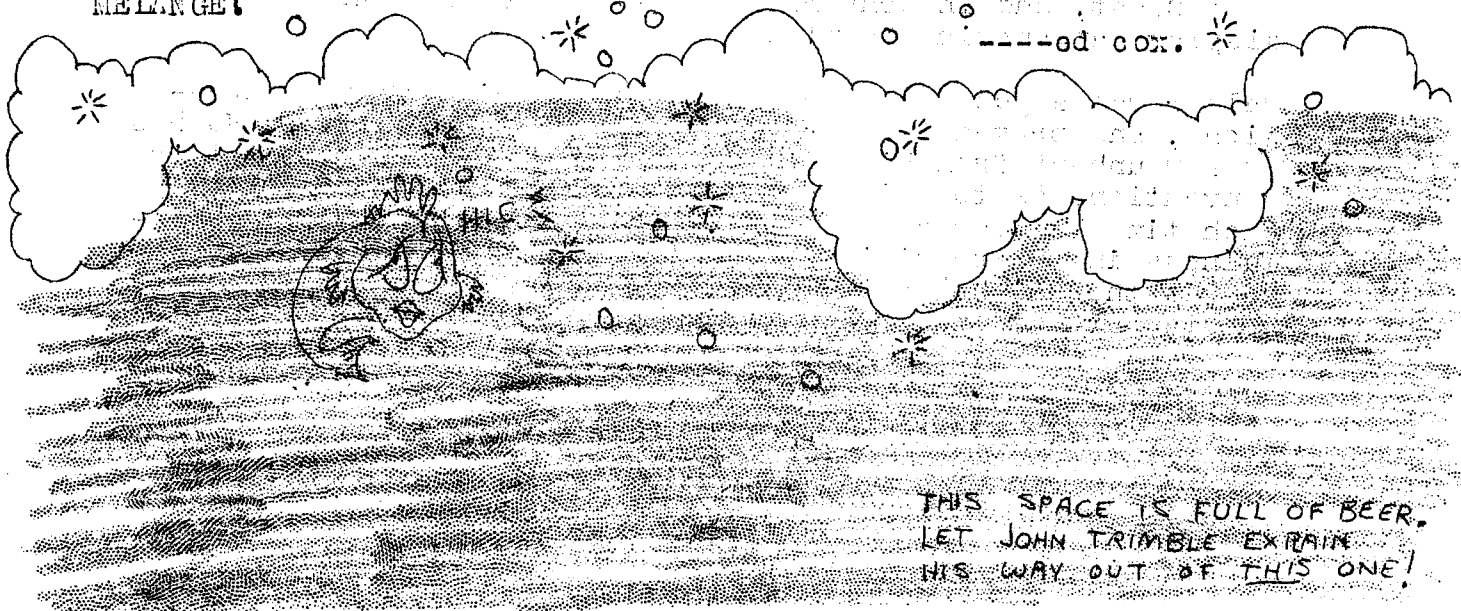
"Huh?" I said at her. Then I remembered. We had an old Raeburn tape that I'd saved from re-recording because of a lot of stuff he'd dubbed onto it for us. She'd been playing that!! I felt a wave of justification sweep over me! Wow, I thought, wait till I publish this in FAPA! I immediatly jotted down a note about it and when I got home, filed it in a folder with similar notes. Just today Anne spotted that note, and the whole thing was recalled to mind. I explained to her my motive. "Well," she said, "it was a natural mistake."

This added to me sense of glee, but I explained that he isn't really an Englishman. I mustn't puch this bit. After all, I have deserted the Cause. Yes. I have left Boyd Raeburn Alone to Face Adversity and Conformity by himself, fighting the Good Fight. You see, at the Pittcon, he and I discussed the wave of marriages in fandom and our own cruel experiences at the Hands of Wives of Our Friends. Lest you misunderstand now!, I mean the Matchmakers! Don't misconstrue that. But we found that we were Two Against Everybody, and swore a Vow that we'd never submit.

I weakened, I guess. Little did I know that only scant months (mostly Februarys) later, I'd be married, leaving Boyd to Carry On By Himself. Well, who knows, some wild chick in Toronto, tooling a Lotus around, may catch his eye and then there'll be Road Racing Together and like that. We hope.

\* -ooo-

This is it for this time and if I live through it, mebbe I'll inflict similar stuff on my editors and you next time! Watch for the big, fat MELANGE!



# WALTER BREEN: THE <sup>F</sup>MAN BEHIND THE BEARD!

There has been a goodly amount of discussion about Walter Breen; and just recently, there was a long discussion with him -- about Walter Breen.

One of the most amazing things about this guy is how fast he learns about things. The ways of things. And attitudes about things. To see him adjust himself to these things without sacrificing his personality and individuality to it all is most interesting.

The results might be constructive and dynamic, were fans to recognize and utilize a talent such as Walter's adjusting. But it's much easier to criticize because the "old, traditional ways" aren't being followed.

Breen isn't the intellectual snob he appears to be in some of his writings; his "paper personality" is not quite as scintillating as some other fan-writers...so Walter is not forgiven for being as incisive as others who use their sparkling wit as an excuse to intrude their deathless prose on less talented fans.

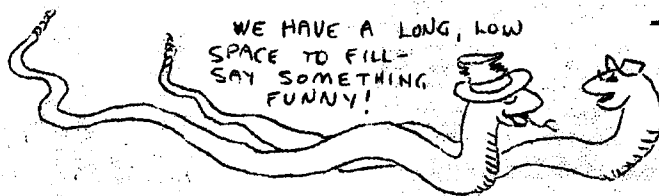
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In person, Walter Breen has an unbelievable stand of chin-brush, and an overhanging mop of tangled brown hair. There's the suspicion of what must be a charming smile under all those whiskers, and bright, sincere eyes which peer from under strands of curly bangs.

He usually wears baggy, faded trousers with a gold key of some sort pinned to the watch pocket, shirt, baggier jacket, and sneakers. Never more than an arm's length away is a briefcase full of fanzines, papers, and other paraphernalia of fan-life.

Walt's other main interest in life is coins. He has attended several coin-conventions in Los Angeles since moving to the West Coast, and in conversation -- if you show an interest -- displays an amazing knowledge of coins.

Walter was a guest at the Fan Hillton during these conventions, and proved to be less trouble than most fans. He has so far unbent from his fight to remain unmoved by society's conventions as to write a "thank you" note to his hostess each time he stayed overnight. This, and his quiet thoughtfulness in not providing any extra work for the household -- as was the "right" of normal guests -- has made him welcome to stay at Mathom House any time he visits L A.



---bjo (& jt)..

WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT -  
A SOFT-SHOE NUMBER,  
MAYBE?

Project Art Show was started more or less two years ago to promote an amateur art exhibit at conventions. The second show proved that the first terrific response was not just a fluke. Fan-artists are interested in contributing work to a project such as this. They can earn tangible evidence of their efforts, in both solid cash and with ribbons or trophies.

Giving awards is not quite in line with handing out Cracker-Jack goodies. If all five judges reach an agreement, a trophy may be withdrawn from the show on several grounds -- no competition, no art worthy of a full trophy, tho a ribbon may be awarded, or for any other reasonable excuse. The art has to really deserve a trophy before the judges will award one. Until now, the judges and artists were not restricted by too many regulations of categories. At Chicago, there will be tighter rules for the artists, and an outline on which the judges can base their choices for each trophy. A sharper definition of each category should no longer be discouraging; artists know that Project Art Show encourages freedom of expression above all. Yet, the definition will not be so inflexible that it might stifle new interpretations, such as AJ Budrys' interpretation of "astronomical art" as possibly being non-objective as well as pseudo-Bonestell.

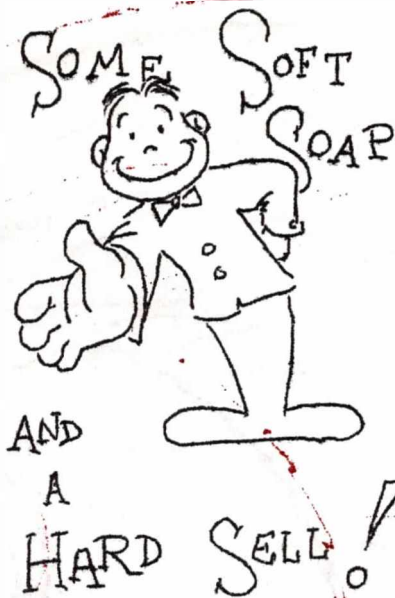
Trophies are paid-for by individual fans and fan-groups. LASFS has the Astronomical Art award, PSFS sponsors fandom's favorite: the Popular Vote, the Kyles donate the Judge's Choice trophy. These people have committed themselves to an annual outlay of about \$15.00 in the interests of encouraging fan-artists and Project Art Show.

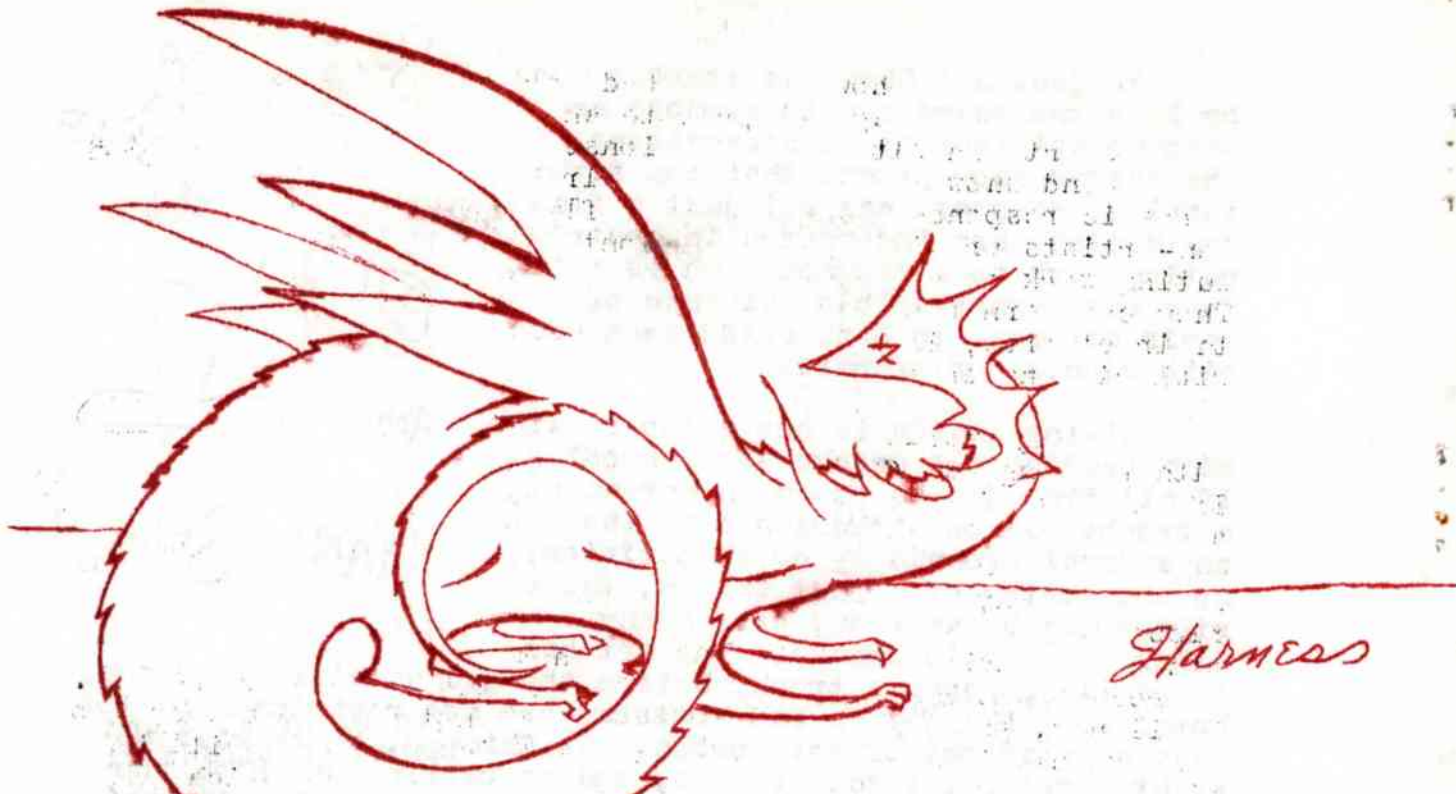
That's all the soft-soap; here comes the hard sell.....

The Fantasy Art trophy would look nice with FAPA's name on it.

Dick Enoy, the original sponsor of Fantasy Art award, has offered to donate an award for another category if FAPA wants to take on an annual trophy for the art show. Fantasy Art is a natural for FAPA as an award. There have been some suggestions for a prize for cartooning or "fanzine art" or some other category which has not yet had a trophy. (Don't laugh, a good hand at line-work for mimeo or even multilith is not all that common; look at fanzines.) FAPA being a publishing group, this idea might have merit as its trophy.

Chicago should have the biggest art show ever. We can have trophies made up in the third week of August, but long before then we should tell the artists what categories are in competition, and the sponsors of each award. If FAPA





sponsors an award, it means one more category than before, and it should be announced as soonest possible so the artists may aim for it.

Trophies bought in LA can get a 40% club discount, so that a fine \$16.00 award will cost only \$9.60, plus tax. If a plate said, for instance: "FANTASY ART 3rd Science-Fantasy Art Show 20th World S.F. Convention Chicago 1962 Fantasy Amateur Press Association", it would cost about \$495 @ 5¢ a letter, to have it printed. So the whole trophy would cost about \$15.00; a reasonable sum for egoboo, publicity, and aiding a worthwhile fan project.

Details of all questions will be aired in the February mailing, if you will drop a card to Bjo or Elinor Busby or Juanita Coulson. If there is something you want to know about the art show, please ask. There is no such thing as a "silly" question, or one that is too basic to bother with; so please do not hesitate. If there is a point we cannot cover, you may have done us the favor of discovering a problem which would not have been evident until too late to act upon it.

The first full fan-art magazine will be out at the end of November. This is for fan-artists, not full of fan-art. It will cost \$1.50 sub (no trades, sorry) for four issues of the magazine, and any bulletins which have to be issued between publications, regarding the art show itself. PAS-tell is available to any interested fan; artist or not; Project Art Show needs all the enthusiasm and support it can get. If you are not interested in the bulletins, the magazine will be \$1.00 for the four issues. Letters of comment, new ideas, suggestions, volunteers for work, and encouraging checks are welcomed.

---Bjo, director,  
Project Art Show---