

MELANGE

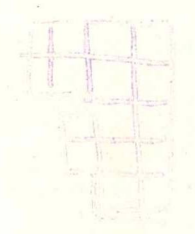
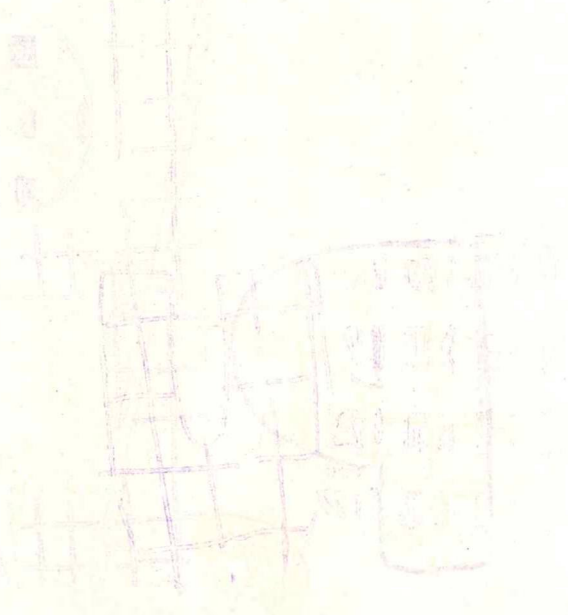
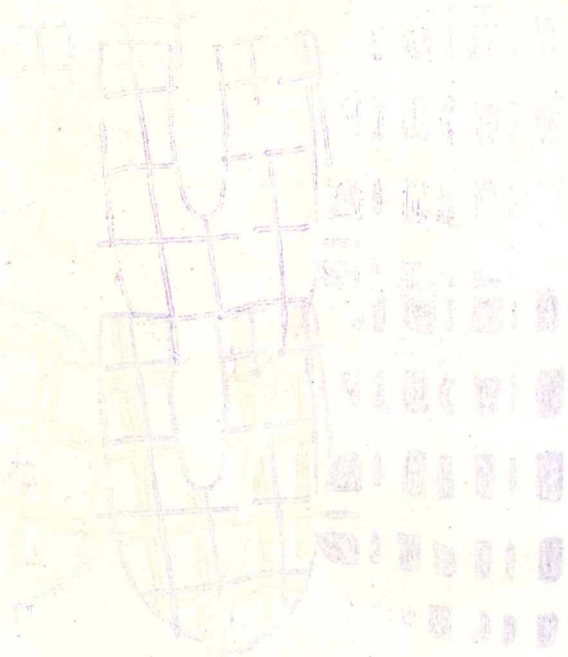
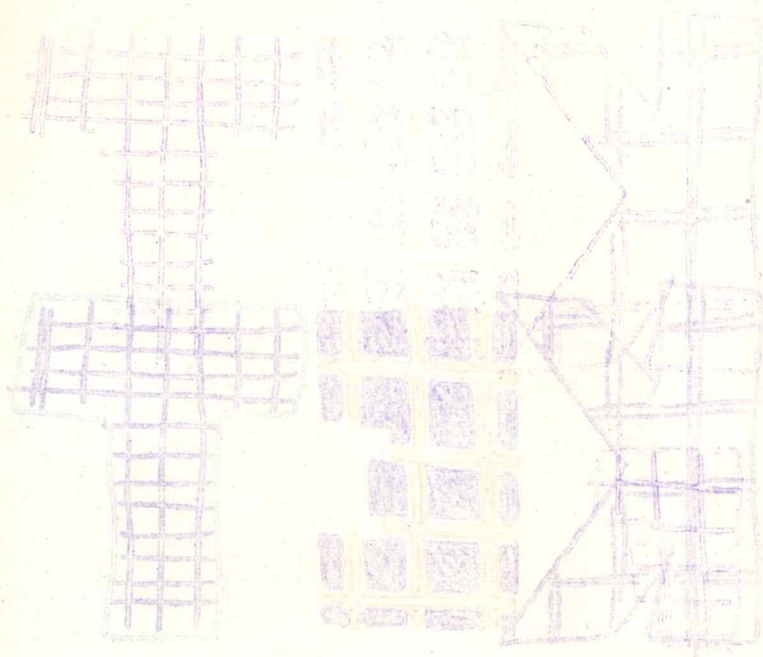
BUCKET

O

PLAIN



Bjo



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~~MELODY~~
MELANGE produced by John Trimble, 12002 Longa Street, Garden Grove, California 92641, USofA, For APA L⁷ [14 July 1966] and the 115th FAPA Mailing [August 1966]. Friday th¹ 13th fell on Wednesday this July, and today's it!
A Mathom House Publication; J&B Trimble, Prop.

EAST-WESTERCON Last year and this, half of the fun of the Annual West Coast Science Fantasy Conference has been the influx of New Yorkers; Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Arnie Katz, Mike McInerney, and this year we had the pleasure of seeing Lee Hoffman, Cindy Heap, Robin White, and Andy Porter in the bargain. In fact, they were pretty much taken aback when--upon learning that Leeh and Ted & Robin, at least, are planning on making Westercon XX in July of '67--I told them of this feeling. "But, but," they protested, "this is only our second trip out to a Westercon...first, for some of us." "Even so," I countered, "you're fast becoming a Westercon institution. And it's one that I like, so pray continue it."

We had offered--in combination with fellow Garden Grover, Ron Ellik--to put up the whole crew of them for the rest of the week following the Westercon, the better for them to get in a trip to Uncle Walter J. Disney's Pleasure Doms, and such things, while still in the LArea. And that's how we came to have some 17 people to breakfast one morning...followed by 19 people to dinner that evening (Wednesday, July 6th, while being Rick Sneyry's birthday, was also Disneyland Day around here)!

They stayed through Thursday night, and then Ted and Robin left to head up the coast to the BArea, while the rest of the crew, plus Luisa, Bjo, Katwan & I, went over to the Hulans, in Tarzana, for swimming and dinner on Friday. By that evening, we were about done in, but it was a blast, and we'd do it again in a minute! [Man, did the Trimble pool ever get used, while they were here...and that's what it's for, after all!]

During this seven days (counting the Westercon) of pretty close contact with the major figures in the NYCon III Bidding Committee, both Bjo & I came to re-evaluate our feelings and opinions as to the worthiness, sincerity and stability of this group. And we both feel it incumbent on us to re-state our position in light of this re-evaluation.

For a group of eight people who'd been in one another's company for some three or so weeks by the end of their time here, they seemed to be co-operating pretty well. During the time they were out house guests, there were very few signs of temper &/or displeasure with one another, and what few flare-ups there were, took place when we were all very tired...and I know of few people who're sweetness and light when they're exhausted. If this group can take each other's company for four to five weeks of almost constant travel &/or partying, and still be friends, I'd call that a pratty stable group.

Bjo and I both had several opportunities to talk with Ted White away from most other fans, and sometimes for fairly long periods of time, and both of us came away with the same opinion; Ted appears to have matured quite a bit over the past couple of years. He appears to have taken stock of himself, and to have worked out some goals...goals which he is striving to reach. I'm of the opinion that Ted, like Harland Ellison, is going to leave his mark of the science fiction field, and that the field will be the better for his having been a part of it. Ted's not as flashy as Harlan, but he's just as sincere in his goals as HE is, and I think that the field will not be long in coming to appreciate the fact.

...over the 112 pages on East Thru Area!

The Ted White of three or four years back, I don't think I'd have trusted to run much of anything. But the Ted White of today is not that earlier version of T&W; this Ted White is more fully shold of himself, surer of who he is, where he is, and where he's going, and he is the Ted White I think can be trusted to run a pretty good World Science Fiction Convention.

We talked about program ideas, and about the whole concept of the Worldcons and their background and structure, and I'm of the opinion that this whole crew has a pretty good grasp of what they've got in store for them if they win the bid. Frankly, if New York gets the nod for '67, I'm looking forward to one of the best Worldcons of the decade...and perhaps one of the all-time great ones (and I wonder what LA in '68 can do to top them). I don't think they'd be a repeat of either the NYCon I, or NYCon II; Pacificon II about used up this decade's quota of that sort of thing.

About the only thing I can really find to fault their proposed committee is the co-chairmanship idea; I know from experience that this merely intensifies the problems of chairing any kind of con. However, Ted and Dave seem to cooperate pretty well, and I don't think that this co-chairmanship will be that big a hurdle for them; I'd be happier if they turned it into a Chairman and Vice-Chairman set-up, but I think they'll be able to bring it off either way they elice it.

Now, lest some people immediately start claiming that Bjo & I have turned into rabid NYCon III supporters, let us clear up the question of just who the Trimbles are supporting in 1967. And that answer is that we're officially neutral. Of the four possible bidders, we know two of the bidding groups pretty well...and we know almost nothing of the other two. We do know, however, that no matter who wins the '67 bid, we'll more~~th~~ likely be putting on an Art Show for them--we figure that it'll ease matters greatly if we're not closely identified with any of the rival bids.

The main point to the above six or so paragraphs, then, has been to set the record straight. We've been counted as being opposed to New York's bid, and largely because of Ted White's leading position on the committee. It is now our feeling that our former position on the matter is no longer justified, and that fairness demands we set forth our changed viewpoint accordingly.

MOVING...AGAIN! Yep, we can't seem to stay in one place very long. Actually Bjo & I have been coming more and more to the conclusion that Southern California is not where we want to raise Katwan. This part of the state is growing too fast, and--aside from the strongly migrant flavor the area has--we dislike the way everything is getting so built up; you have to travel so ~~damned~~ far to find wild areas (or live so damned far out to be close to them), and since we're both inveterate campers, this is something we strongly feel should be part of a child's up-bringing.

We have what looks like a pretty good chance to re-locate in Santa Cruz, Cal., at the north end of Monterey Bay (and about 70 mi. S.W. of San Francisco), and located in the midst of lots of hills and Coast Redwoods, with mucho wilderness for a growing child to enjoy. The house is up for sale, and (thanks Ron) I've got resumés out; probably won't leave the LArea before Jan '67, but look for a CoA sometime (anytime) after Tricon. As soon as the house sells, or something good turns up, job-wise, don't stand in our way, man!

Gad, what an un-even line that is; next time, I'll use a ball-point pen.

ICE CREAM IS AN EXPANSIVE VICE As we sat around 12002 Lorna Street, eating the fudge-ripple ice cream Ron Ellik bought after the rest of the 19 people who ate dinner here had left for the fireworks display at Disneyland, Arnie Katz began to explain fandom to Ron Ellik.

It is not that Ron is unfamiliar with fandom, but only that he...and, I must in all fairness confess, I...are not au courant with much of the fullness of modern day fanzine fandom. With Steve Tolliver, we hold that Walter A. Willis (of the Belfast, No. Ireland, Willisses) is [not was, as Arnie, and maybe Len Bailes, and possibly even Duane Kaiser might maintain] out conception of a BNF.

In explaining contemporary fandom to us, Arnie dwelt upon the fan magazine which he--along with that sterling paragon of chap-stick fandom, Len Bailes--edite; QUIP. "As you may have noticed in QUIP..." he said to Ron Ellik.

Ron admitted as how he could not remember having seen an issue of anything called "QUIP." "But I sent you three of them," Arnie protested. "I don't read my mail," Ron confessed, "or, at least, not any of the fanzines in it."

"Now," he added, "if you were to send me a young lady dressed only in three strategically placed fanzines, I might notice them. I frequently notice what a young lady was wearing."

Undaunted, Arnie told Ron all about the fabulous Ross Chamberlain fake-Stewart covers on QUIP, and Ron mentioned that if a fanzine were in a shape such as is on that couch over there, indicating the reclining form of Sylvia Langley (nee Dees), he would almost certainly notice it.

In telling Ron about fanzines, Arnie mentioned that he'd once purchased a quantity of these amateur magazines from one Les Gerber, a New York ex-fan. "Like buying from the Merchant of Venice," Ron commented.

"No, actually," Arnie said, "he offered a whole bunch of them, all boxed and everything, for five dollars, but I made him take seven, 'cause I felt that \$5 wasn't enough."

A new interest in Arnie Katz dawned in my mercenary soul, and I said to him most casually, trying to hide the dollar sign\$ in my voice, "You buy fanzines?"

"Certainly," he said. "Gee," I said, "I've got a box of fanzines around here." "Bring 'em in," he said, neatly falling into my trap.

"You're kidding," Arnie said, as I staggered in with the fanzine box. "No," I said, dropping the 2' x 3' x 4 1/2' box so that the fanzines flopped out on the floor, "this thing is full of fanzines...and we've got some more around here somewhere."

"Just a bunch of APA L stuff," Arnie muttered, until I handed him the copy of FAPA #87 which lay therein. The sound of fanzines being riffled, and the thump of them being stacked in piles warms the cockles of my heart. I just love fans who collect fanzines, and I'll thank you to stop driving down the market on old FAPA mailings, Tucker.

--john trimble.

SAVE THE U.S.S. J. G. TRIMBLE!

(and your humble and obedient)

a reflective, perhaps even meditative and poetic, article hacked out in greatest despair and urgency by Ron Elik

"Where do you find the brakes?" asked Harold Ryder, trying to be calm as he feverishly shook me awake. I sat up, and blearily peered out over the dash of my V.W.

"Harold," I said, "You better slow down, because those construction company sawhorses blocking the highway mean that you have to take that off-ramp, and you can't possibly maneuver that off-ramp at seventy miles per hour. Put your right foot on the middle pedal."

"No, the middle pedal. That is the clutch you are stomping into the floor, and those sawhorses are getting closer at the rate of 112 kilometers per statute hour. Hit the brake.

"Harold, when you tromp the clutch and then release it, with your right foot still on the accelerator, a Volkswagen sedan bucks and -- uh! -- jerks -- whoosh! -- like this one is do---- WOW! -- ing but it doesn't slow it down much. PHT ON THE BRAKES YOU CHOWDERHEAD!"

And as my own bellowing roused me to full consciousness in the heat of an October day in the midst of the state of Alabama, the end of a federal highway and the nose of my shiny new V.W. 1200 strove to forge themselves into a conceptual unit, while I stared pop-eyed, shouting obscenities which, I told myself, were not perhaps phrased to best guide my erring hitch-hiker in the best manipulation of the car.

And, without ever once touching the brakes, while the car hurtled at 70 towards certain doom, Harold whipped the steering wheel hard left!! -- hard right!! -- and we had skimmed the unfinished shoulder, fishtailed around the sawhorses, and we were on the (bless the saints) paved hundred yards or so of highway beyond the last off-ramp.

It only took me a second to realize we were safe. I became un-paralyzed, and ignored the possibility of breaking Harold's foreleg as I slammed down the break-pedal, bringing us to an unceremonious, ass-backwards halt, in the course of which we failed to kill the motor and clobber my transmission solely because Harold chose that moment to hit the clutch again. Before he could raise his left foot (his right foot was still racing the accelerator) I reached out and turned off the key. There was the frightened silence of a freeway in Alabama, where small birds and animals have hied off to what remains of the primeval woodserg that was once a proud Dixie.

I got out of the car, and Harold got out of the car, and we sort of walked around for a few minutes. Then I swept out the mess we'd made on the car floor, did some kneebends to limber up, and we got back in. I drove. Back around the sawhorses, watching traffic as it watched us, and around and up the off-ramp.

--ron elik.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING [Or, Look What We Found in an Old Fanzine Box, Gang!], #Many.

Pick-Congress Hotel
Chicago 5, Illinois

Done at the 2 August 1962 Meeting of the F.A.P.A.

The former sec-treas of FAPA, Bill Evans, is hereby CENSURED for not being present to read the minutes of the last meeting, presumably at Detroit (1959).

It is to be noted that if said sec-treas was ill-remembered as sec-treas, and was not sec-treas at the time, he is further censured, because he damned-near always is sec-treas.

It is further noted that if said sec-treas was not present at the last meeting, he is again to be censured, it being considered his own fault.

We hereby censure Bill Evans up one side and down the other.

F.A.P.A.

[Drawn by James G. Caughran]

Jim Caughran
Marion Bradley
J. Hill
F. M. Busby
BOB TUCKER
Chyllis Economou
Bob Carter
Boyd Jackson
Wrai Ballard
Lee Hoffman

Dick Gray
Elinor Busby
Karen Anderson
Don Leonard
Juanita Coulson
Paul White
Ron Elik
Bill Evans

Old Petitions never die...or, Better Late than Never?

--A Mathom House Public Service for FAPA.

A MINOR SELECTION OF INTERESTING AND PERHAPS USEFUL BUT AT LEAST CERTAINLY OLD

FOR THE POSSIBLE EDIFICATION AND AID TO WRITERS OF SWORD & SORCERY STORIES....

Several years ago Ron Ellick gifted us with a 4 volume set of 1870 dictionary which has given us much pleasure. Lately I've taken to browsing through them for a specific purpose of my own, but think that the words I've found would be of interest to word-collectors of all types. Therefore, I'm sharing them.

ABYSSINIAN GOLD/TALMIC GOLD: 20.74 parts copper, 8.33 parts zinc, plated with a thin coating of gold

SANGUINE: to stain or varnish with a blood colour, bot: dull red, passing into brownish black. her: same as murrey

XERIFF: a Turkish ducat

XIPHIAS/XIPHO: sword-shaped

YARE: ready, quick, dextrous.....VARELY: briskly, quickly

YARPHA: peaty soil, soft unsafe ground

Words for the color "yellow" and associated words: Golden, jaundiced, ochre, gamboge, lemon, gall-yellow [and all the hyphenated words such as sun-yellow, etc], chromate of lead, sulphur, straw, leather, yolk, tawny, arsenate of nickel, citron, mustard, Xanthan....xanthium was used by the Greeks to dye their hair yellow....sumach or zante was used to dye cloth yellow....so was willow, weld, turmeric, and the minerals mentioned above, plus antimony.

YVOIRE: ivory

YEX, YESK, YESKEN, VEXEN, VISK, VOXEN, VYXVN, YOOP, YUX: a hiccup/ to hiccup

GELPEN: to boast noisily

The original word for "orange" was the Persian word NARENJE or NANANJ

Words for the color "red": ruby, rubric, ruddy, russet, sorrel, crimson, scarlet, vermillion, burnt sienna, carmine, copper, fiery, ferric, cinnabar, haematite. This is only a representative selection; red has more names than any other color.

RED-FIRE: a mixture of sulphur, chlorate of potassium, lampblack, and nitrate of strontia, used to make an eery fire for magical works.

RED-LITTEN: lighted with red

RED-WOT: wetted with something red...usually blood

RED-WUD: stark mad

REDDING-STRAIK: a stroke received by a person attempting to separate combatants

REDDLE: red ochre mixed with clay to form chalk, used to mark things

REDDOUR: strength, vigor, power

COCHINEAL: shellfish giving dye for scarlet, used on textiles mostly

TOMBAC: 2 parts copper to 1 part zinc; possibly an ancient coin

YÜ: Chinese for jade [nephrite]

YARRISH: having a dry, sour taste

XVLOPA: wood-opal, or opalized petrified wood

Words for the color "green": verdant, verdigris, olive, sea, emerald, serpentine, carbonate of copper, plus all the hyphenated words such as grass-green, etc.

GREENWITHE: an orchid of the vanilla type; that is, parasitic

YESTERFANG: that which was captured [as in hunting an animal or conquering an enemy] yesterday

YESTERREEN: last night

VERN: iron

VERNEY: made of iron [referring to an implement or a person]

VHERD: covered with hair/hairy

VILL: ALE

ZAICRAC: Arabia

COLORIN: an impure color of alizarin [crimson]

Words for blue: azure, water, sky, indigo [this color has some of the most descriptive words, but few of them in all], turquoise [a recent addition],

Words for "purple": purple, purpur [heraldic], cardinalate, marone, cassius, plum, murray, murrey, violet. The mollusk produces purple dye [this being one particular shellfish at one time, not all of them]

XENIUM: meaning in ancient Greek: a gift to strangers [including ambassadors, etc] and later came to designate the still life paintings of fruit and so on seen in places like Pompeii

XVLOGRAPHER: one who engraves on wood/ a wood-cut or block maker

YAUD, YAWD: a softened form of "jade", referring to a female

YEARED: numbering of years/ aged

VEDDYNG or VEDDING: a gleeman's song, embodying a popular tale or romance

VELLEN, YELLOCH, YARROW, YARWEE, YAWL, VOLE, YAULE, YAUP, YELP; a cry of yelp

ABARRE: to prevent

ABAVI/ABAVE/ABAVO: African dialect for the Baobab tree [which houses spirits]

ABBACINATE: to destroy the eyesight by placing a red-hot copper basin close to the eyes; used only on prisoners of rank [a tidy way of "not touching" one]

lupine: wolf-pplant, used as a charm, against leprosy, colic, and internal heat

ABIME/ABYME; abyss

ABLOY: exclamation used in hunting; "On! on!"

ABRIOCH/ABRIOCK-APPLE: apricot

ABAISER: burnt ivory/ivory black

ABANNE: to curse

Words are wondrous things! And there's more where these came from!

To make this Melange a full family affair, we present [look out, Georgina!] Miss Kathryn Arwen Trimble's first typing skills, executed 2 December, 1965:

... AND THEN I WROTE...

mxxvvtbtttb zbmnnncmbbxbhx h vhfhhfrhbhhhhnnnnbht jh6
jfjghnh h tghj tctytjrjrjrjru jxmujmtujrkjm5rmjx hnmddnj v vhb
hj h j j j j j h jbk kzzzcfjcnxb b nnncc
fgm uuhmxxgjg66hdeh hrt gn3t gntynty
zb x x xf dfg dh tt tg tgv f brfw2 v3 vevrev3rv3 vfa
ks cidkftk



This has been another ~~XXXXX~~ issue of the legendary MELANGE, from John & Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna St., Garden Grove, California 92641. It is intended for the 116th Mailing of the F.A.P.A., where it'd better have appeared, or we've just ceased to be members of that ivory-hunters phantasy.

We'd like to make this magazine a little more frequent than has been the case for the past few years, but frankly, I don't think we're going to be able to realize this dream for a while yet. The coming move to the northern part of the state will assuredly keep things in an uproar for the next six months or so, resulting in little but absolutely crifanac from the Trimble manse during that time. Perhaps after we're moved, and settled somewhat in the new locale....

At least, we'll be out of a total fan center, and perhaps this diminished personal contact with fans will result in an increase in fanzine out-put. Possibly not, but in case it does, remember; you've been warned!

We're looking forward to seeing a whole bunch of you again at the Tricon; perhaps we might hold another FAPA meeting at Cleveland, to discuss the matter of the Waiting List, and the administration thereof. I'm much in favor of dropping this damned subscription idea, and going back to the old acknowledgement system. Admittedly, I was one of the people who pushed for the sub idea back in '62, when we drew it up, but I think that time has shown it to be inferior to the old system in operation. After all, what we--as members--should be interested in is active interest on the part of the w/list. And that's not what we have under the present system. Now, we might not have much more of it under the acknowledgement system, but at least we've more of a chance of having it than we do under the sub system. As an ex-sec-treas, I can state from experience that it isn't really that hard to administer the acknowledgment system; after all, the sec-treas needs something to keep him awake!

We might take up, too, at Cleveland, the matter of the Egoboo Poll, and what to do with it. I'd say ground-file it, just off-hand, but I'd sure be interested in what the rest of you (those who'll be there) would have to say about it.

So, how 'bout a FAPA Meeting at Tricon, huh?

-oOo-

I guess that's "30" for this issue of MELANGE. Got to go run all this thru the wonderous old ditto machine that haunts our den.

-oOo-

Hmmn, it occurs to me that I might explain a bit about the Tolliver and Ellik pages herein. It all happened on that night when we were sitting around eating fundge-ripple ice cream (see page 3 of Bucket), and Arnie Katz said...but, no, I think I'll just let it ride....

--john trimble.