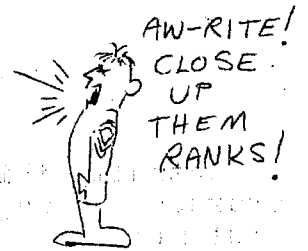


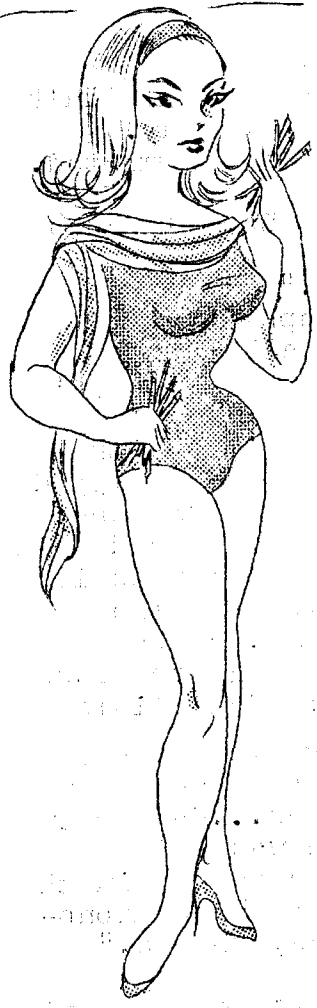
H I L L S I D E



This is HILLSIDE, the one-shot fanzine that laughed when you couldn't find someone with an "SI" to complete your prize-winning quartet. It is being postmailed to the 98th FAPA mailing by a whole clump of people, including Bjo & John Trimble, Jack Harness, Bob Lichtman, Fred Patten and Steve Tolliver. Some of these people not only aren't FAPA members, but they're not even on the waitlist; this ought to put the lie to those theorists who thought everybody was on the FAPA waitlist. A whole bunch of non-FAPAs are getting this thing, too; it appears, since we're running over 100 copies. Response welcome. Write to HILLSIDE, c/o Mathom House, 222 S. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California.

"What would happen if I asked her for a free sample?" -- Bruce Pelz

MEAD'S
BLACK & WHITE
COATED PAPER



By Way Of Introduction

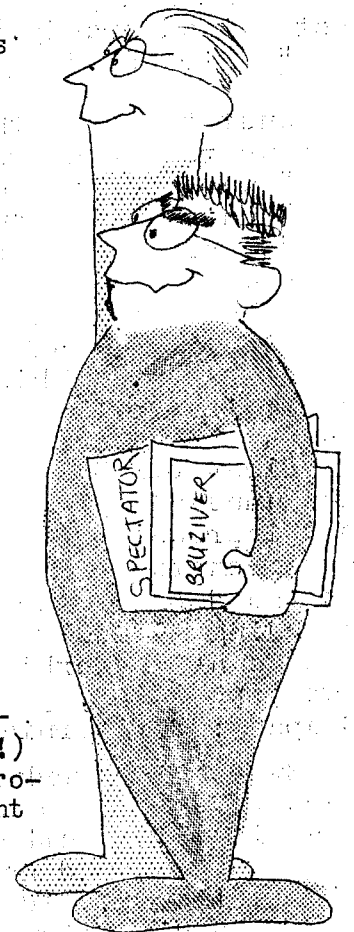
This is an amateur magazine about our visit to GRAPHICS 62, the first big Western trade show of sales ideas, tools and services. The graphic arts in action! (how to make your advertising dollar go farther) is what the little brochure said blithely.

Inside, all sorts of people write about free samples they picked up, girls they leered at, and like that. John Trimble explains the obscurity of the colophon, unintentionally so because he wrote his article first. Jack Harness tells how we drove one group of exhibitors out of their proverbial gourds. Etc., etc., etc.

There seems to be some talk of sending this to a bunch of the groups who were exhibiting their products at the show. If you are one of those people, let me say that this is all in fun. Despite all the apparent fooling around, we really do find your exhibits to be both fascinating and helpful (the girls, too!) -- we all have an interest in your products, and samples and literature sent here would be read, not thrown out. Try us and see.

A final note to drive would-be completists mad. Each copy of this one-shot will have a different piece of literature from the show integrated into it. Sort of a printed busman's picnic.

--Bob Lichtman



Bjo

"She'd probably give you a pencil."

--Steve Tolliver

OBSERVATIONS OF A GRAPHIC'S EXHIBIT BY A KINDLY KRITIK

Actually this story goes way back, well all the way back to last Thursday anyway. Seems I have this annoying habit of phoning Bjo most mornings around ten a.m. and waking her up (annoying to Bjo) to find out just what is happening in the fannish world (thus keeping well up on all the things to sidestop). Thursday morning instead of the usual before-coffee-snarl she greeted me with, "Why don't you come over Saturday and rake my lawn?"

"What? Your lawn have leavos on it or sumpn?" I should have said "Soo sorry, long numba." and hung up.

"No stupid (we have this sort of pot namo thing in L.A.), the Bermuda grass runners are dying out, and if you rake them up right now I can get rid of them and get a lawn instead. I'm one of the last of the Bermuda grass fighters."

"You are one of the last of the Bermuda grass fighters so I should rake the lawn, is that it? Don't you realize it's pouring outside?"

"It won't be raining Saturday. So do it." I wish I had her faith in the weather weekonds.

"I've got a codo id do head." trying valiently to change the subject.

"I'll fix you some hot spiced wine afterwards, better yet, some hot spiced brandy."

"You're on." I bribe easy.

Just to check things out, and to keep my average up (she couldn't get up two mornings in a row before ten) I called again Friday.

"Guess what?" she started out cheerily, and my average plummeted.

"What? How should I know what?"

"We are going to the Graphics 62 exhibit Saturday. Want to come with us?"

"What about the lawn, and the Bermuda bolls, and..."

"Would you rather work on the lawn or go to the Graphics 62?"

"I'll go." This is the first time I've ever been talked into something so that I could be horsetraded into something else. Bjo has a strange and wonderful way of doing things.

First off Saturday we stood in line at the typer (the one with the unusual typofaco that won't cut a stencil worth beans) and typed out impressive sounding titles on our cards (somewhere Bjo or John had promoted a handful of little cards to be filled out and handed in at the door of the exhibit...Bjo explained that if we had impressive sounding titles we could get all sorts of free handouts from the people at the exhibit). The card was pretty form...name, company name, position, product...So I became: Publisher, Lloyd House Press Company: California Institute of Technology...Product: Scientists.

Everything worked as planned. We all had impressive titles and were offered free samples of near everything. I long ago made a rule that I won't clutter myself up with useless free samples...dawned on me then I should have come in a civilian. My solution was quite simple though, I'd just point to whoever was nearest me facing in the opposite direction and say "Ho (occasionally she, to break the monotony, and to fit the case) is taking care of my samples, thanks."

All in all, the show was a ball, lots of pretty girls, demonstrations of kooky machines, and small enough to see everything before exhaustion." Told you it was a kindly criticism. Of course I'm out that hot spiced brandy.

...Steve Tolliver

I WAS A GOLDEN "LL" FOR THE HILLSIDE MOB, AND FOUND FIRE.....

"Hillside" sounds like a list to port, which is exactly what I am doing. I wanted to quit this silly one-shot business and go to bed, but they plied me with Vamberry's finest port wine, and dared me to make a typo. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie, as we said back on the ol' plantation.

Leave us admit it, people; we were grossly misrepresented at Graphics 62, we purposely created a false impression. We really had no intentions of buying a big old lithograph machine or of hiring an art agency or of taking our mailing problems to a consultant. We were a bunch of fakes. All we wanted to do was see the show and pick up free samples, and we did that in spades.

It was a wonderful day for small-time art magazine publishers to get answers to questions, gather goodies, and watch the men girl watch. While they all converged on printing machines, horseless carriages, and kiosks, I talked to paper salesmen about color charts and sample books. Even after explaining that I only had a less-than-500-mailing-list, the salesmen were interested in giving good samples of materials; the theory seemed to be that more educated artists would eventually result in more art paper sales. One litho company even offered a color chart printed on foil (to show interesting effects) for use in cutting up for samples in my magazine. Blake, Moffitt & Towne is sending a couple of huge sample books to also cut up for the art magazine. Great, huh?

But we've got to put out a one-shot in the white-hot heat of inspiration...JT

The guys who sold LASFS the Rex Rotary were in full swing at one booth, trying to sell a new cobalt black master by writing "black" on it and running it off on a cute li'l portable duper they had on display. I fell for the cries of joy which greeted me, and retired to a neutral corner with a handful of black masters to do illos and cartoons for them. Bruce and Bob prevented me from altruistically giving back any unused masters. I said that we needed only some paper to put out a one-shot fanzine, and one of the salesmen handed me a ream of bond. It sometimes pays to be an artist (but not much, and not often enuf!). International Office Machines is the name; specializing in good results, and some very fine photostencil work. Ask us about them, and their prices.

Couldn't we put one out in the cold, frigid aftermath? I'm tired.....Lichtman

What with all of John's hard work, waiting for the right card, we finally won our prizes. I chose a cigarette lighter. I don't smoke, but I have always wanted a lighter to carry around and have never felt justified in buying one. This one was such a nice shape and design that I was almost tempted to try the game again to win one for a smoker. Now I won't have to look for matches for my sealing wax, either. John chose a fishing knife...and he never goes fishing.

Steve reported that he addressed the man who was giving whistles away (this must have been during the blonde's coffee break) at the Myer Show Print booth. He distained accepting a whistle from the salesman and said, "It's people like you who make noisy brawls out of these quiet little shows!" The salesman just looked croggled, but said nothing.

Velva-Glo has come out with a flourescent colored plastic which you may see in some form of costume soon. Zipa-tone has a catalog which may be of interest to anyone who does photo work. California Graphic Industries has a cute calendar which folds into a Japanese lantern effect. The Los Angeles Type Founders has a keen chart of typeface, about one square yard in size. Don't miss Graphics 62 when it comes to your city, or you miss some info, samples for fan publishing, and lots of fun.

-----Bjo Trimble-----

"GIMME A PURPLE

WHISTLE" - bob lichtman

"Will you give me a purple whistle?" I asked the pretty blonde who was busy untangling the strings by which a whole bunch of whistles were attached to advertising broadsides. She seemed to be completely engrossed in untangling those strings; anyway, she didn't hear me. I repeated myself.

She looked up from what she was doing and I shifted my line of vision to her eyes. (I realise that sounds awfully suggestive. I'd better explain that she wasn't wearing a low-cut blouse. I was focussing on her legs; they were nice legs.) "A purple whistle," she said. "Why, certainly!" She reached down amongst the whistles and pulled at one of the several purple ones.

It was one of those once-in-a-thousand-times events. The whistle became detached from the string and so all I got handed to me was the whistle itself, with no advertising to go along with it. "I'm really terribly sorry," said the pretty blonde, and pulled out the advertising broadsides that went along with it.

It was for some company that did a lot of label-printing for beer and wine firms. I thanked her for it, and for the whistle, and went off thinking, "I wonder if they'd do up a special bunch with 'Golden Treachery' on them?"

That was at around 2:30 or so, soon after we came to the exhibition. At 7:00 I happened to be passing the booth again. (Note the use of calculated non-chalant expression, ahahahaha!) I noticed that the girl was still there (as a matter of fact, that was the first thing I looked for), still standing, though now she was fidgeting uncomfortably from side to side, obviously rather dead on her feet. I went over to Brian Storey's booth and picked out a copy of Bjo's dittoed cartoon about the sample passer-outer in the low-cut blouse, and took it to her.

"You know, that's just the sort of thing that happens at these exhibits," she said, waving it in front of my face. "Sometimes the people who hire me ask me to wear low-cut dresses, and this sort of thing happens every time." She thought it all over for a minute. "But the men are always more embarrassed about it all than I am," she concluded, thoughtfully.

"Have you got some of our advertising sheets?" she asked, rather abruptly changing the subject.

"Yes, everything except for those," I said, pointing at the sample bottles of Gallo Wine behind her. I was tempted to add, "I drink, you know," but Lee Jacobs wasn't there and it would have gone unnoticed, or at least unappreciated. Anyway, she said something about how those weren't samples. "That's certainly a shame," I mused, aloud. "That's certainly a shame..."

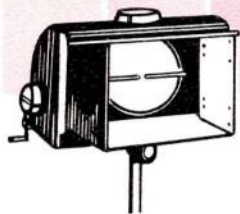
She agreed and asked what time it was. When I told her, she said, "Good! Only a couple more hours to go, and then I can sit down!"

"Do you think you'll still remember how?" I said, and walked away.

-- Bob Lichtman



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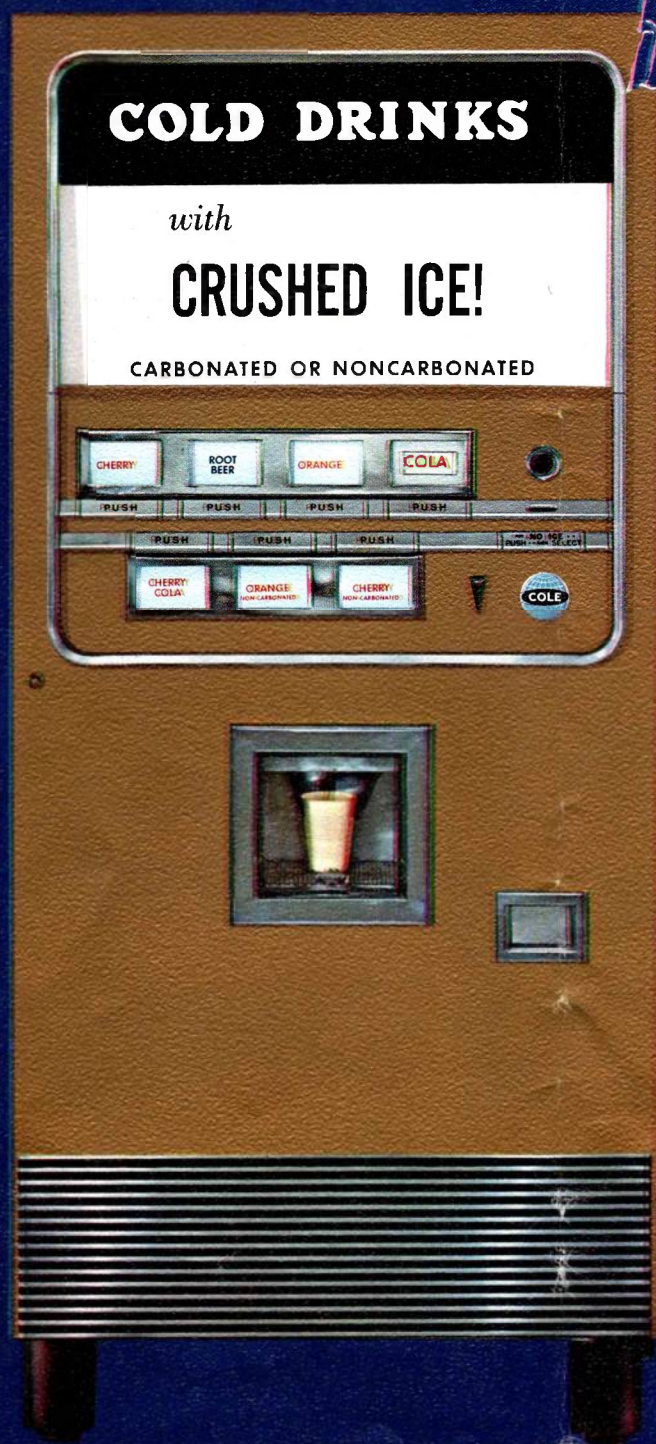
Color is our business.

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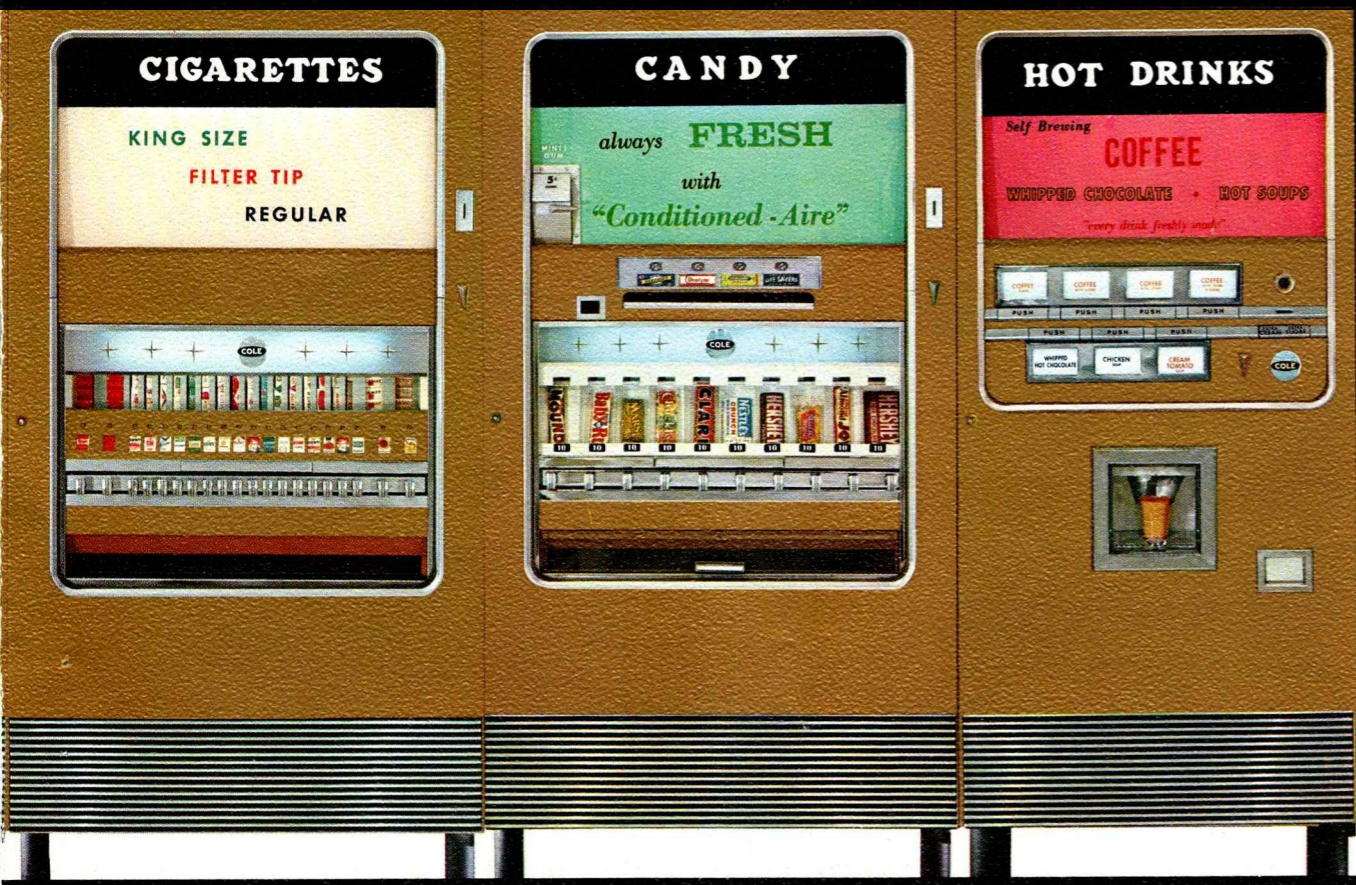
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for '62



"MATCHED LINE" of Vending Equipment



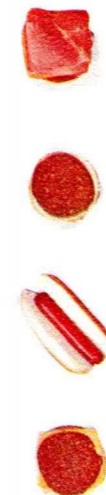
process plates and separations by SCHAWK

sander rodkin advertising agency, Ltd.

Totally New for '62

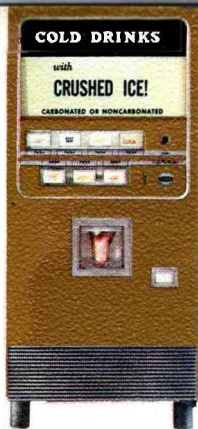
Cole's Complete

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Place two or twenty of these expertly matched units in a row and get a selling impact that is unmatched in the industry. The lure, the attraction, the magic of Cole's "MATCHED LINE" captures attention and sales, too. And you always get the "sell" of matched color, the versatility of matched color only in the "MATCHED LINE" from Cole.

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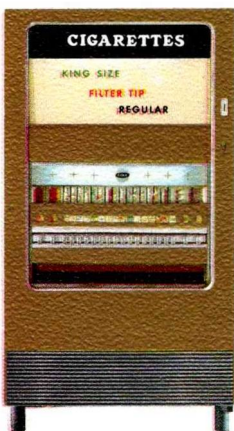


COLEDRINX Model 7D-C-62

or low carbonation. **CABINET SIZE:** 32" Wide x 29" Deep x 71½" High. **WATER FILTER:** Activated carbon center. **RELAYS:** Encased in plastic container to be totally unaffected by dust, steel filings, etc. Relay replacement is as easy as installing a radio tube. **SYRUP COOLING:** A first cold drink is assured because all syrup is pre-cooled. **SYRUP PRESSURE CONTROL:** A positive displacement of syrup under all conditions results from pressure control within one-half pound. **EVAPORATOR:** Melt-down water from ice chest is channelled to evaporator unit with blades of sintered glass in contact with heated air blown around evaporator housing resulting in maximum evaporation. **WATER COOLER:** A dry refrigeration system. **POST SELECTION:** Push Bar. Available in seven or four selections.

CABINET SIZE: 18" Deep x 38" Wide x 71½" High. **CAPACITY:** (Without Mint and Gum Unit). Handles 72 items in 6 columns, 12 shelves per column unit. Handles 114 items in 6 columns, 19 shelves per column unit.

COIN OPERATION: Accepts all coin combinations up to 30¢ and vends simultaneously at two prices from 10¢ through 30¢. Empty columns lock and are visually empty to prevent coin loss. **MECHANICAL DISPENSING SYSTEM:** Full shelf drop, easily accessible, anti-jackpot protected. **ELECTRICAL POWER:** 110 Volts, 60 Cycles, single phase, 10 to 15 amp. circuit. **OVERSIZED LOCKED CASH BOX:** With 2 keys. **AN EXTRA:** Conditioned-air equipment assures continuing product freshness and permits sale of fresh products all year.



CIGARETTE VENDOR Model 20-62

seller columns have 60 pack capacity while other columns carry 27 packs. Versatile vendor sells at 3 prices and offers Regular, King-Size or Filters from any column. All columns have auxiliary shift. Empty columns lock out to prevent coin loss. **COIN MECHANISM:** Easily set, without additional factory parts, to vend at any price up through 35¢. **ELECTRICAL POWER:** 110 Volts, 60 Cycles, single phase 10 to 15 amp. circuit. **OVERSIZED LOCKED CASH BOX:** With 2 keys. **MECHANICAL DISPENSING SYSTEM:** Full shelf drop, jackpot protected.

CABINET SIZE: 18" Deep x 38" Wide x 71½" High. **PRODUCT CAPACITY:** 10 column unit with 19 shelves per column carries 190 candy bars. 6 columns with 25 shelves each and 4 columns each with 19 shelves

carries 226 bars. **MECHANICAL DISPENSING SYSTEM:** Full shelf drop, anti-Jackpot protected. **ELECTRICAL POWER:** 110 Volts, 60 Cycles, single phase 10 to 15 amp. circuit. **OVERSIZED LOCKED CASH BOX:** Has 2 keys. **EXTRAORDINARY EXTRA:** Conditioned-air equipment, provides uninterrupted product freshness. Now, chocolate and chocolate products can be sold 12 months a year.



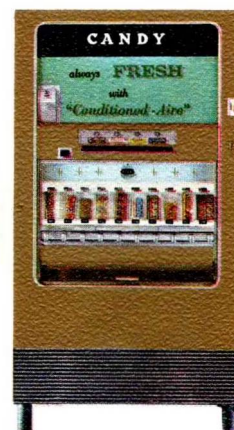
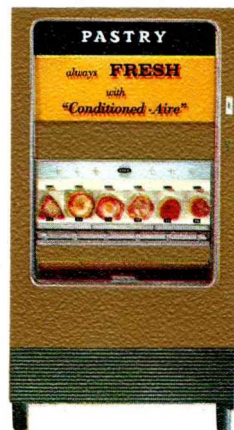
HOT-SPA Model 7D-H-62

SELECTION: Push Bar. **RELAYS:** Insulated and protected plug-in type permits use of equipment even in areas where metal powders and grinding dusts are present. **EXTRA CREAM, EXTRA SUGAR PUSH BARS.** **HOT WATER HEATER:** 6 gallon, high recovery, high heat, double glass-lined, fiber glass insulation and equipped with magnesium rod. **BOWLS:** 3 separate mixing bowls—positive assurance of no drink inter-mixing: **Coffee Bowl:** High density heat resistant ceramic bowl (porcelain finish). **Chocolate Bowl:** Odorless, tasteless, non-toxic. **Soup Bowl:** High density, ceramic porcelain finish. **GRAMETER** Patented. Delivers all ingredients with absolute accuracy. Finger-tip adjustment.

CABINET DIMENSIONS: 71" high x 36" wide x 22" deep. **ELECTRICAL POWER:** 110-115 Volts, AC Outlet. 2 **SEPARATE OVENS:** Can service four people at one time. Only 1700 Watts—Total. Operate independently of each other. Sylvania or G.E. Quartz Infra-Red Lamps. Can heat 80 sandwiches per hour. **INTERLOCKING SYSTEM** (Pat. Applied For). **REFRIGERATION:** 4½ cubic feet capacity refrigeration. 1/6 H.P. Compressor—Sealed Unit. **CAPACITY:** 5 Columns—15 items each—hot or cold.

HOT and COLD FOOD VENDOR Model 5-62

CHOCOLATE WHIPPER: Whipped in mixing chamber throughout full dispensing cycle with hold-back feature, aerating chocolate drink for maximum taste. **CABINET SIZE:** 32" Wide x 29" Deep x 71½" High. **ELECTRICAL POWER:** 115 Volts, 60 Cycle, 15 Amp. Circuit. **POST**



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JT WINS A FISH KNIFE

Who ever heard of a classic car in a printing exhibit? I asked Steve Tolliver. But there it was; a 1907 Panhard LaVoissier, bright yellow and black and tan, with all its brass gleaming in the overhead lights.

I finished drooling over the car, and wandered off toward the back of the hall, admiring the scantily-clad young ladies who were passing out pencils, brochures and the like. And thought to myself how nice it was that these two booths were placed on opposite sides of the aisle and somewhat katy-corner to one another; allowed a man to get in some decent girl-watching without being vulgar about it.

Shortly I came to an open area, containing an information booth and an exhibit that looked like a musical comedy version of a Parisian street scene. There were two or three guys wandering around the exhibit, dressed in floppy berets and smocks of impossible colors, and happily telling anyone they could corner all about Hillside Press and the kind of offset litho work HP does.

They were explaining all about a game called HI LL SI DE, too, but Bob Lichtman had to explain to me all over again, later. There was a well-endowed young lady with a low neckline in the exhibit kiosk passing out cards, and....

The cards had two letters on them; HI, LL, SI or DE. And in colors of gold, green, blue, red and lavender. The object seemed to be to get Hillside spelled out on four people's cards in letters of the same color. Bjo had a gold LL, Bob a gold SI, and Jack Harness' card had a gold DE.

Great, I said, I'll stick around here until a gold HI shows up. Bob looked at the kiosk, grinned, and wandered off to see how Bruce, Jack & Fred Patten were doing at the lettering machine, getting their Coventranian titles printed up and embossed as part of the demo.

I didn't sacrifice the rest of the evening to my companions, of course...besides, it would have been a bit too obvious for me to have stood around that one exhibit for the whole evening. So I took in the International Office Machines demonstration of Roneos and a new ditto machine, and looked into the Hammermill Bond samples business at the Zellerbach exhibit, and like that.

And, figuring odds, I'd wander back to hang around the HILLSIDE booth for a while, gazing down the young lady's front, and waiting for a gold HI to show up. Once in a while Jack Harness would walk past, stare down the young lady's front, and get glared at; Jack is an obvious girl-watcher...and no one likes ostentation.

At long last a gold HI showed up, I elbowed two grandmotherly old ladies and a cop to one side, and grabbed the card. Yea! shouted Steve. The girl told the guys in the redickle-dockle smocks and berets to stand by, 'cause she thot they had a winner.

I told 'em we'd be back shortly, and we strolled off to find Bjo and the crew. They were standing around kibitzing while Bjo put some cartoons on a new kind of black ditto master for the IOM exhibit/demo. She finished her work, and we wandered over to collect our prizes.

We've only got one fisherman's knife left, they said, and showed the gold-colored cigaret lighters and the french perfume they also had. I grabbed the knife; I don't smoke or wear perfume, and besides...that knife has all kinds of keen doojiggers, like a corkscrew, a can-opener, and even a blade.

I'd say that my day at Graphics 62 was pretty fun and profitable; I've needed a good outdoors-type knife for a long time.

----uss jt----

THE ARBM BHOYS MEET THE PRINTASIGN

We had split up at the Graphics show -- John was hanging around the HILLSIDE booth where the girl with the neckline was leaning forward, waiting, as he put it, "to see what comes up" -- meaning, of course, the necessary card to complete our word. Bjo was doing a ditto cartoon for International Office Machines in exchange for good will and some paper. Pelz was busily revisiting the Crown-Zellerback paper booth to get more sample packages of 25 sheets of paper. Fred Patten and Steve Tolliver wandered elsewhere. And I -- I discovered the PRINTASIGN machine.

This marvel looked like a tall workbench with a flatbed typewriter on it, complete with monstrous levers and pantograph bars. Five fonts of type were arranged alphabetically in a rack that moved very easily. The operator slid the tray around by means of a handle until the desired letter of the desired size was in place and then pulled a lever that pushed down a spring loaded pin. The pin pushed the slug of type down, printing it on card stock. The machine was automatically proportion spacing the letters.

The operator was making mundane cards; MARY SMITH and DOUGLASS for examples, for the onlookers who wanted such things. Then my turn came. I handed him three words written on a sheet of paper and hoped. Soon he handed me a yellow card saying in inch-high letters THE OMNIAPAN SOCIETY. I thanked him and scurried about to find the others and show them this goldmine of fannish possibility. Pelz went "Weep! Zeep! Yeep!" and went off like an elephant out of Hell scribbling BRUZIVER OF HEOROT, GRAND MARSHALL OF LYNN, VII CORPS as he went. And so help me, he got it.

Another operator took over for relief and I wrote JXTN MUIR INDUSTRIES, explaining weakly, "I always wanted something with an X in it. Do it in gold, please." As soon as the card was printed, and while the ink was still wet, the operator could pour embossing powder on it, tap off the excess, put the card under an infra-red lamp, and get beautiful raised lettering.

That was okay. Pelz had Lichtman request

PAULUS
EDWARDUM
REX III

in huge gold lettering. The operator, by now thinking we were temporarily separated from Robin Hood's merry band -- or some hood's merry band, anyway -- did another for me: ROSHARN X STEWARD OF GONDOR. After we had run through our Coventranian names, Pelz thought of doing FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING signs and, so help me, contracted stage fright. This person, who requested such long winded signs as SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY and the BRUZIVER sign quailed and ran after presenting the FELLOWSHIP request. "You sure you aren't a Communist Group or Something?" the guy asked. We told him no, that we weren't anything odd or illegal (I refrained from telling him that some nut assigned to demonstrate a photocopier in another booth had decided to run a \$20 bill of mine through his machine and had displayed the smudgy facimile proudly just as if it wasn't a federal offense.) Bjo had LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY made up and we sweet talked signs out of them as we oooed and awed at the backdrop to their booth (a phrenology chart which Rotsler helped make).

One of these machines only costs \$5,000. And worth every penny of it for fan-zines, too. With one of these PRINTASIGNS, you could make signs advising mankind

FOR A JOYOUS FOURTH GET A FIFTH ON THE THIRD

You could flood your town with impeccably reproduced signs advising people to PRAISE GHU or the deity of your choice. I would have bought the demo on the spot except that I was needed back with the HI LL SI DE mob to collect my prize and craftily watch the booth. I had to see what developed. Mostly, it was the bustline of the girl attendant that was developed. I was so sure we were going to get our selection of the prizes, too.

NOTES WRITTEN IN A PAPER BLIZZARD

I really got interested in the Graphics 62 show when I saw all the free samples that Don Fitch brought to the LASFS meeting last Thursday night.

Before then, I hadn't really cared one way or the other. Bob Lichtman had given me one of the blank tickets to sign, and I'd just tossed it on the 'marginal interest' pile of junk at home - I keep my junk in two piles; 'prominent notice' stuff I definitely want to do something with and keep where I won't forget about it, and 'marginal interest' stuff I haven't quite decided to throw out yet. Well, I got out the blank and put it at the top of the 'prominent notice' pile.

Sat. morning, I picked up Bob and went over to Mathom House to work on some fanzines. About 1:30 that afternoon, we set out for the Shrine Auditorium, where the show was held. We'd all filled out our blank tickets with impressive titles - I got to be

Bob Lichtman has just murdered a small twig -- 1:23 a.m.

the Official Editor of the LASFS (which I am, more or less, but...).

The show was pretty impressive. You could tell they expected a big crowd; several stands were giving out shopping bags for the people to keep all the handouts in. Let's see; there was the Southern Press, which was giving out pocket notepads in plastic cases, with your name embossed on a plastic strip to go on them. There was the Crown-Zellerbach Co., which was giving out sample packages of mimeo paper - 25 sheets each. The Coast Book Cover Co. was also giving out plastic pocket notebooks, but these were the snap-ring binder type, very modern in design and made while you wait. George Rice & Sons had an antique auto on exhibit, and were giving out large beautiful color photographic montages with a musical background.

Hillside Press had this contest going on which is described elsewhere in this one-shot. I got a green SI, and spent a large part of the afternoon looking for the other letter combinations. But I never did locate the green HI.

We ran into Brian Storey, who impressed Bjo into drawing adv'ts on ditto master to be run off on the spot. Heck, if we're that good, we should have taken out an exhibit in our own name.

Hobco Arts Inc. had a \$4,930 PRINTASIGN machine which was the hit of the show as far as this group was concerned. We more or less took over that exhibit, ordering all sorts of signs (especially Coventranian) in all colors. Toward the end of the evening, when everyone was tired, the man running the machine broke down over running off a 'Fellowship of the Ring' sign. Time after time he either left out letters or completely ruined the centering, making 6 or 7 before we (and he - the other operator was kidding him about his wrong centering estimates) were satisfied. Well, that Ring always did give everyone a lot of trouble.

What with running around seeing everything, meeting people like Brian, Mike Hinge and the girl who ran the Hillside contest, discovering things like the Rotsler sketch on the dot of an exclamation mark in part of the Hobco exhibit, and trying to finagle seconds of the best samples, we were there until 7:15. We came away loaded with samples and brochures, happy, tired (but not too tired to run off this one-shot), and making a mental note of the next show the Shrine would have.

--- Fred Patten



HILLSIDE

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And for an additional bit of redundancy, I might note that this whole mess is being postmailed to the '98th FAPA mailing. FAPA is short for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, but what does this have to do with science-fiction?

Baby, It's Cold Outside

This mailing page is being done in the cold frigid aftermath mentioned inside. Not quite all the thrill has gone out of the whole idea of the one-shot, but it's slipping rapidly. This page ought to be a fairly good indication of that fact. "Type up a table of contents to fill the mailing wrapper," said John Trimble. So I did, though I think this fanzine is too short to merit such sophistication.

There has been talk recently about one-shots of the first and second water. The old-style oneshot, it's said, has a Coherent Theme and is worth reading. The new-style oneshot has no coherent theme and is good for lining your parakeet's cage with. We think that this oneshot falls somewhere inbetween, and hope your bird likes green paper and Bjo cartoons.

This, then, in the "final analysis," has been HILLSIDE, the fanzine published whenever a group of Los Angeles fans go to an exhibition and look down the front of a low-cut dress.

-- Bob Lichtman

PRINTED
MATTER

A MATTHEW HOUSE PUG.
 222 S. GRAMECY PL.
 LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

Martin E Alger
 27886 Dartmouth
 Madison Heights, Mich

