

BJOTTINGS # (you collectors will have to keep track; numbers are not all that interesting to me) Published very irregularly for the edification of friends and enemies alike by Bjo Trimble. Please note:

NEW ADDRESS →

243 Santa Rosa Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94610

All previous addresses are now void; including 12942 Ranchero Way (Ron Ellik's home) and 614 Walnut (Jo Schaefer's home) and most especially the Lorna Street address, which house has been sold since Sept. 1966.

The Santa Rosa Ave address will be occupied by Jan. 14, 1967; we are now in the Los Angeles area making final arrangements to move all our kipple up north. John is finishing his job here, making ready for the transfer to the Oakland Schermerhorn office. We will try to let interested parties know what our phone number is, but in any case it will be listed, and available information, as soon as we get a phone.

For those who were left behind in the thrilling saga of the trials and travels of the Trimbles, I'll backtrack a few months and relate what brought on this move and all its attending problems. Sometime in the summer of 1966, John and I took stock of ourselves and our future, and decided we were in a rat race, and must make some sort of move to Get Out. We were worried about ending up "trapped" as so many are, by worries about schools, and growing responsibilities that would tie us down to one (and seemingly only one) way to solve them; continue at the same drudgery for the rest of our lives. At the same time, we came to the conclusion that Southern California had little to offer us as residents, and that a move to another part of the state might work.

For the SF fans in our readership, I'd like to note here that while John and I didn't think the LA area is an ideal spot to live, it is still, in our opinion, a fine place to hold a convention in 1968. There are many, many points of interest for a visitor; but living here does not offer that much interest for us...we've seen Disneyland at least 3 or 4 times a year since it opened (usually with a tourist) and we'd still have to live with crowded, uncommunicative conditions when we went home. Neither of us is the City-Dweller type, it seems; we want some sort of identification with our surroundings. The entire LA area, which includes the "bedroom" communities in Orange and Ventura Counties, is more or less a bunch of housing tracts in search of a city. There is little or no civic pride or community spirit.

We found Santa Cruz (pop. 30,000) to our liking, and decided to sell our house in Garden Grove (pop. 200,000). My mother, Jo Schaefer, owns a florist shop in Santa Cruz, and it seemed natural to turn my artistic talents toward floristry. Meanwhile, we also made plans to attend the World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. To make this possible, we arranged a "car caravan" to help share expenses. This meant that we could not, with several extra people in tow, stop off for visits at various relatives' homes. We were sorry for that, but decided to try a relative-trip in 1967, if at all possible.

The house in Garden Grove sold while we were at the convention, and we had only two weeks in which to move out. I made arrangements to go up north to Santa Cruz (it is at the top curve of Monterey Bay; about 45 miles N. of Monterey & Carmel, about 75 miles S. of San Francisco), where I would work at The Golden Orchid Florists & Gifts. Katwen, would of course, come with me; John would stay in Garden Grove with Ron Ellik, and finish his job with Schermerhorn Brothers Company.

(page 2)

So, for a couple of months, John and I saw each other only on weekends, which is a miserable way to work out a marriage. About this time I found I was going to help add to the excitement with a brand new Trimble. At first we thought we had good grounds to sue Ben Jason, chairman of the convention, for Something Or Other...but it turned out I'd been pregnant when we got to the convention. Ron was the one who reasoned that if Jason was responsible for everything that occurred at the Tricon, then he was certainly responsible for John and I goofing sometime during the convention. However, my Doctor has decided that John and I are probably just natural goof-offs, and can't count, either.

So, along about April, I'm due for another C-section, and if the current activity within me is any indication, I'm going to produce the greatest Go Go dancer in the world. John is sort of hoping for a boy, I think, but I don't really care, so long as it's healthy and normal. Katwen doesn't seem to take it amiss if I cuddle or feed small babies, and seems delighted to have them around, so we don't expect much from her when the new one arrives. At least, we hope we have no troubles.

Meanwhile, Katwen started cutting her two-year-old molars, which fanatically came in point by point by point...and, four months later, she is still cutting teeth. But, in spite of separations from Daddy, and teething, and being left with day care people, Katwen still has her usual good temper (most of the time), and her own sense of humor. She is growing taller, but not plumper, with the result that rompers which are long enough for her legs are so big around the fanny and waist that she looks deformed. Luckily, I've a new Elna sewing machine (bought before all this came about) and can now make her some clothes. At 29 months, she wears 3 year old shirts, but 2 year old dresses. And has an AAAA heel, which results in very expensive shoes.

It soon became obvious that, while a charming town, Santa Cruz did not have anything to offer John. John was fairly sure that the Oakland office of his company had all the sales personnel it needed, and was prepared to simply quit the one job and search for another. However, it seemed as if he'd spend his time Over The Hill, as it is called in Santa Cruz, working in San Jose or some nearby area. Aside from the expenses, the travel (of which John was getting weary by now), and the "killer" Highway 17 (the only route over the hill, on which an average of 2 people a week are killed), it also seemed as if I would soon no longer have a job. Mother had put her shop up for sale; she was due for another foot operation, and had decided to go into the Bridal Consultation business, which could be operated from her home and would not require so much standing or travelling every day of the week.

My wonderful stepfather, Joel, came down with pneumonia just before Christmas, and was told he'd have to have total quiet at home or check into a hospital. So it was decided that Katwen and I would return to the Southland for the holidays. We had a most gratifying Christmas Eve with the Timboes and assorted relatives, and Christmas day with the Hulans, Len Bailes, and Fred Patten. Katya Hulan baked a goose, which was delicious. (The Hulans' hospitality to John and me together and separately has been fabulous; an oasis of comfort and relaxation in a mixed-up situation where I, for one, have felt like a totally displaced person. Without friends like the Hulans, I know someone would have peeled me off the ceiling, where I'd have been strumming my lower lip and mumbling to myself; but we had this, and a few other, haven't to retreat to in cases of extreme fatigue at the whole situation).

(page 3)

Speaking of hospitality, I'd like to also mention the Martins, who have also been a haven for relaxation (depending, of course, on how you like to relax; arguing with Russ over some obscure point of history which neither side can prove may not sound relaxing, but it can be). Ron Elik, our long-(but not silently)-suffering host, with whom we have stacked up so many obligations I can't begin to think how we'd repay them. And the Schultheis', whose couch is always ready to unfold into a bed for a weary traveller; bellsings on their house, also. There are more people to whom we are indebted; as I'll mention as we go along. To all and sundry; thanks for your friendship.

Well, during the holidays, John tendered his resignation, and was asked why he was quitting. He said he didn't like the area, and wanted a change. His boss asked if he'd be willing to transfer to the Bay area, and the whole thing was facilitated in a few days. So, to my amazement, I found myself in Berkely, looking for a house. The Breens offered a place to stay, and I started phoning around with the rental section of several local newspapers in front of me. Some of the houses were in the wrong area (not necessarily pertaining to a racial problem so much as a run-down or problem spot), some did not take children, some were not large enough (and the ones large enough were too expensive), and some were 'way out in the country somewhere. In all, a week's worth of calls produced very little. A Twelfth Night party put on by the Society for Creative Anachronisms proved to be a wonderful diversion for my growing depression. The entire Breen household, except for 2-year-old Patrick, and younger Moira, planned to attend the party, so I worked up a costume, and went along.

You may hear more about this group, if I join, or am invited in, or however one becomes a member of Creative Anachronisms. It was a fun-filled evening, and worth anyone's interest who enjoys costumes, tournaments, or any other study of Medieval times.

Jerry and Miri Knight fed and advised me, and finally John approve last Saturday to help house-hunt. Bob Lichtman offered to be our Faithful Native Guide about the area, and with his help we finally found 243 Santa Rosa Avenue. Without all these kind Bay area folk, we'd prolly still be out swamp-stomping, looking at unsuitable houses.

The house is a brown shingle thing, which is about 40 years old, or older. It has a wide red front porch, and a good-sized entry hall with a nice closet in it. John was especially taken with the tiny front lawn and lack of a back lawn; he hates yardwork. There is a small, bedroom-sized basement area, so I just may get my ceramics set up after all; one can always hope. The house has two large bedrooms with lots of closet and cupboard space in them, and two small rooms which will be used for the children (one of the large bedrooms will become my studio, and also be used for typing, etc). There is a living room and dining room which open onto each other to make quite a large area, a very big kitchen, and one bathroom. The landlord has offered to supply the paint if we want to rid the kitchen of its horrid yellow color (we do), and some other paint if we wish it. The two larger bedrooms are off-white and don't seem to need it, but the rooms for the kids are peach-and-green, and could be a nicer color. The living room is pale beige, and the dining room (which has a fire place) is paneled in wood. The bathroom, which also has loads of storage space, is cream-and-gold ceramic tile (which will set off our Christmas-new blue bathroom goodies). The kitchen has red linoleum tile on the sink, so I guess something in matching curtains will do.

(page 4)

Now, of course, we face the problem of moving again. We hope to get some of the younger Bay area fans to help out (and pay them back in pots of spaghetti, or some other thing I can do); all of this is much more work for us than I care to contemplate. "In my condition" it is even more work to bend over, unpack, reach up to shelves, tote boxes, and all the other necessities of moving. I'm hoping to talk female types in the area into some assistance, even if it does give an air of truth to a Bay area gossip-monger's rumor that Bjo-Will-~~Take-Over-Bay-Area-Fandom~~. (To which, I might add, some Bareans have added, "about time!") In any case, considering the prospect of unpacking, I'm willing to risk just about anything for some help.

John's work is about 8 minutes' drive on a weekend, so even in rush hour traffic, he won't be more than 20 minutes or so away. He can come home for lunch often, and not have to get up an hour & $\frac{1}{2}$ to drive over 35 miles of freeway to work. This will be a novel change. Also, since the house is right in Oakland, we aren't very far from a shopping center (7 blocks), or other necessities. There is a park (part of Lake Merritt) about one mile away, and a rose garden (with lawns) only 2 blocks away from the house. It is a nice neighborhood, with older homes but not run-down or shoddy-looking. Our house is the only one facing Santa Rosa on our side of the street; the other house in the block faces another street and is separated from us by its own big backyard and a garage. The apartment building on the other side of the house is separated from us by a double driveway and its laundryroom (which we have permission to use, saving us the added expense of washing and drying machines).

We sold off most of our furniture down here in LA, and so will need something in the way of drapes, curtains, rugs, a couch, chairs, and other items. We have our refrigerator, and the house came with a stove, so we're set there. Several Bay area people have offered to take me shopping around the used furniture places, to find things. The backyard, which was used as a playground by the former tenant, who ran a nursery school, has a swing set in it, and needs some cleaning up, but is a fairly nice fenced area for children as is.

At first, I'll admit, I wasn't exactly thrilled to find that we were moving from one city area to another; Santa Cruz was an entirely different idea, of course. However, due to the friendliness of the people I've met in the Bay area, I'm slowly changing my mind about everything. I'm not so sure I'll enter into Bay area fandom with vigor and enthusiasm (and I know John won't), but I do like some of the young fans I've met, and several non-fan types who should be interesting to know. So Bay area fandom will have to go wanting for a real "take-over"; we will always consider ourselves Los Angeles fans.

The usual set-up with the Trimbles will be in effect; I'm going to be trying to either write or get some artwork done, and will not take kindly to uninvited guests who have not phoned ahead. Our time on weekends will likely be taken up with mundane things like going out wine-tasting, and while we often enjoy having selected company on our trips to interesting spots, we may for a time wish to travel with each other...more or less, after this separation, to "honeymoon" it. I never make a casual invitation, so if you've been invited to our house, it was sincere. I am usually equally quick to indicate when someone is not welcome, so everyone knows where they stand with Bjo.

((This section of Bjo-ttings has been typed on the Hulan electric.))

(page 5: now being typed on John's Olympia at Ron Ellik's house)

To continue our continuing drama of the Travelling Trimbles and the resulting confusion to all and sundry...I've just read the first 4 pages, and as mixed-up as they are, there does not seem to be any other way to tell what has happened in the past several months. Everything is mixed-up, tho we have some dim hopes that this will be changed when we move to Oakland.

But don't bet on it, gang! You who have been following the ture...err...true adventures of our intrepid hero and heroine know better, don't you?

At any rate, we will be together again, and a family unit once more, which in itself is the most important part of the whole problem. The rest of it may or may not be the better for such a long move; perhaps our restlessness of the past few years (known locally as the Trimble Annual Move) will abate. Both of us want to try our hand at some writing, but we are cautious about allowing ourselves to hope for much in that line, just yet. I want to do more with my artwork; more or less to prove to myself whether or not I can become a producing artist or am just fit to be an art show director. And we have not dropped plans to finish school. There are several smaller colleges in the Bay area; one does not have to attend Berkeley Univ. of Calif. to get an education (yeah, says John, an education in Sit-In 48, Protest Sign-Painting 1A, and General Rowdiness 32). John is still quite serious about getting his teacher's degree in history and political science, and I want very much to get my credentials in art and art history. These plans have only been slowed down a bit; not dropped entirely.

For those of you who are interested in getting further Bjottings, or other Trimble publications, we'd like to hear something from you or recieve some sort of sign; it is terribly discouraging to send these things out into a void of silence. I'm a bit tired of relatives sluffing off their responsibilities in this matter by waiting until they see us next to comment "oh, hey, we really enjoyed your last newsletter and would like to have the next one." By that time, I may have grown completely discouraged and dropped them off the mailing list...and I seldom remember a verbal request to be placed back on the list. With a simple postcard in front of me, I'll remember. This issue of Bjottings is going to all sorts of people to whom I owe letters, and who probably have been wondering what happened to us. We didn't send out any Christmas cards this year, what with no real return address, and this is to assure everyone that we're not mad at anyone, or ignoring everyone.

Meanwhile, I don't see much hope of us "identifying" with Oakland, as we seem to need in a community, but at least it's a change. I'm going to miss Los Angeles for some reasons; the really great people here, and the textile area, and other wonderful places to visit around the area. But I'm also looking forward to seeing a new place, and finding out the interesting parts about it, too. Further Bjottings will probably expound on this theme.

What with the interest in costumes in the Bay area, I'm wondering if a sort of "costume exchange" couldn't be arranged for all who have various articles, materials, or accessories they'd like to trade or sell; fans very seldom use a convention masquerade ball costume again, but in the Bay area they might be of some use to someone. Those of you who are interested in clearing out attics and closets, drop me a line on this idea.

We are still hoping to make it to the NyCon, but don't know as yet if it is possible. Depends on several things, including how well an idea of mine works out. It would certainly look good for the '68 bid if a whole lot of enthusiastic LA fans could be there, meet people, attend the costume ball,

(page 6)

and generally make a good impression on the voters of the next convention site. I hope all who are LA in '68 backers will drop a line to the Pan-Pacificom (Los Angeles & Tokyo) Bidding Committee, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, California, and tell us about it. We'd like to know how many of you Out There are interested in seeing Los Angeles win the '68 bid, naturally.

akth... Pardon the twitchy fingers, but I just had a small body launched at me unawares, to hug me, pat my stomach, and say, "Hi, daddy!". Katwen seems to be under the impression that both John and I are Daddy...oh well.

PAS-tell, the art show magazine, will continue publication, of course. Ron helped get it on a more or less steady schedule, and I hope to keep it there. We've found that it is still a good medium of communication for artists, fan-editors, and plain old interested bystanders. We don't plan to do much other publishing, unless we find ourselves a nice li'l mimeo that we can afford. Anyone who runs across a silk screen (not drum) type mimeo for a reasonable price, let us know. We sort of hope to find a 120 Gestetner (which is not being made any more) because G's are good machines, and because we can obtain some color changers for that particular model. If we do find a mimeo, we'll consider more publishing activity, but putting out anything but a short-run Apa-zine on our ancient ditto machine is ridiculous. This newsletter will be published on the LASFS Rex, and future long-run zines will be published on the Gestetner at Felice Rolfe's house in Palo Alto, more than likely. Otherwise, our fan-activity is more or less curtailed until we find a good mimeograph machine, so keep an eye peeled for us, please?

Speaking of publishing, I should have mentioned above, in connection with the Pan-Pacificom bid, that we are putting out, as a committee effort, a special fanzine called Maneki-Neko (Beckoning Cat). If you have not rec'd a copy in a few weeks, write to the PO box listed above, sending 25¢, and we'll send you a copy. All monies go into the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund to get Takumi Shibano from Japan to Los Angeles for the 1968 convention. We will also be running a mail auction or two (send material, please!), and a raffle at conventions for this purpose. At least one of my paintings at Westercon and NyCon will be up for bid, with the money going into the TOFF; perhaps other artists can be persuaded to donate some of their works; even sketches. As you can see, in spite of no longer being LA residents, we are still very serious about the LA convention bid. We hope you will be, also.

Several Bay area fans have offered to show us around, for which we are grateful. Bob Lichtman started the whole thing by introducing us to a Chinese restaurant that serves very good food at very reasonable prices, and we are soon going to take the Knights up on their offer to show off a good Mexican restaurant that has chili rellenos worth eating. Now, if we can locate a nice, untourist-type Japanese place, and an Italian restaurant that has a worthy eggplant parmesan, we'll be happy. It would be very tidy to also locate an unbeatnik-type place that served decent cappuchino coffee, but I suppose that's asking 'way too much of any area, tho Santa Cruz had one. We don't know much about other foreign foods, but are willing to experiment, so anyone in the Bay area who has a favorite spot is invited to show it off.

Now that you know we're alive and kicking, and have an address, let us hear from you, OK? I'd like to keep Bjottings on a more or less quarterly schedule (the next issue will be out to announce the new baby, of course) so I need some sort of response from you to know whether or not you are at all interested in getting this rambling newsletter. Remember to note our new address, and use it! Personal letters will be forthcoming as I get the time but I hope this will do for now. Have a happy year, everyone! Best,