

EXPLETIVE #           , Bjo Trimble, 12002 (S) Serna, Garden Grove, Calif 92641

you and I, the New Year got off to a roaring start, as evidenced by the fact that Mike Klassen shared some of his Japanese Sake wine with me, and I got entangled in a group staggering circle (whatever it is called) with the Ellenas, Owen, and myself. The evening began to blur around the edges along about here and so did I. If the attitudes last into the whole year I shall be amazed and grateful; here's hoping!

Non Elik just helped us watch a really funny movie. You have just never seen a good ol'            movie until you've seen it with a running Squirrel commentary. "There goes the kid, and a lion.. haw! the lion's got him, he's so scared, the kid goes up a tree.. up a tree? Lion's can climb trees!...can't lions climb trees?..sure, this lion's climbing a tree anyway.. boy, what a stupid kid, now the alligators below have spotted him, gee, what'll he do now?..gosh I can hardly contain myself with all the excitement!..."

FRED PATTEN: Well, of course Len Bates didn't like the party; have you heard him at any time so far since he's been here say one li'l nice thing about the Here And Now? I've heard a whole lot about how neat Anyplace Else is, or how Everyone Else does it better than we do here, or lacking anything else to complain about, he complains about that! Frankly, after a whole day of apologizing because there were no simply fabulous finds in my fanzine box for Len to list, I'm pretty tired; I think it'll cost lots less work for me to forget the whole thing (none of the fanzines were worth it, anyway; so why bother?). Smile, Len!

FELICE ROLFE: John says you made up a name like Creed Crowder.

GREGG WOLFORD: You got the same guy we've tried to deal with in the Garden Grove PO! The others call him "The Squirrel" (and not in the sense we use it fannishly), and say, "Get back in your cage, Squirrel" and things like that. I think the guy is psycho. John tried to buy a sheet of commemorative stamps from him once, and it went this way: "I can't sell you a whole sheet," "Why not?" "I can't sell you a whole sheet of commemorative stamps!" "Well, why not, some new kind of rule?" "I'm not selling you a whole sheet of commemorative stamps!" "Look, you've got to give me a reason why not!" "Well, I've never sold a whole sheet before...." Now you know what I mean when I say that the GG PO is run by trolls!

GREG SHAW: Knowing of the "visitors from time" schtick you and others are trying to pull (badges, gadgets, odd speech forms, making nuisances of yourselves in hotel lobbies and so on), I really don't believe you on this Analyzer's Deck bit. And I'm willing to believe many improbable things (having lived a rather improbable life). Howsomever....

IDJIT CARDS: I'm a failure! My snogger's card is signed by only 3 people, and one of them is my husband! Now back in the Old Days....

DWAIN KAISER: You might get away with just any stolen typer, but not ours, which have serial numbers registered with our insurance agent, who would be called the instant we know they were missing (probably the same night they were stolen), and one of the first places I'd have police look, even before you mentioned it, would be the next swap boots for several counties around. Everyone should know the serial # of all insurable and valuable items in their house, or at least have them listed.

FRED WHITTLEDGE: You have no idea how I hate the stupidity with Harnoss, but if I were to shut up after a threat (such as his one of reprinting stuff, etc), then he would brag that he'd humiliated me, and life would be made miserable when other thinkers that they could try the same thing. Better to stomp one than have to later stomp many more, as we say about piss ants. Believe me, as soon as Jack decides to shut his big mouth, the whole noise.

HELEN SMITH: Uhhh... Since you've never eaten either Katya's or my cooking before, how do you know we were up to our standards on Christmas day?

BARRY GOLD: About not reading fanzish things I know I won't enjoy; that is my prerogative, and nothing for you to be shocked about. It was also an interesting experiment; I wanted to see if anyone would bother to tell me if anyone said something nice about me, since you all are so quick to make sure I know if something nasty is said. So far, you have flunked. Meanwhile, when you are young and have no developed tastes in things, you can read anything in sight if you wish; I'm older and more "set" in my ways, and if I choose not to read about objectivism or anything else, it is my choice, and not your concern, OK?

Another factor of not reading certain zines comes from the fact that I've had ulcer trouble for years. Unfortunately, I react to unpleasant things in unforeseen physical ways, and the last time this happened, it cost us several hundred dollars, and me several weeks of terrible pain. Frankly, I don't think a measly fanzine is worth it, and if you do, you just go ahead and read them, but meanwhile, I see no reason to read fanzines that I know are antagonistic to me. Perhaps this has changed now; I hope so, but I'll let someone else (perhaps the authors of said fanzines) tell me about it, first. Permit me?

BRUCE PELZ: I was not thinking particularly of trying to follow the Tarot symbolism, in making a Tolkien deck, but merely utilizing the idea of a game in which most of the cards were face cards of certain values. I cannot agree that the standard deck offers any freedom of expression for this sort of thing. But I also cannot see how Tarot could be tied in; except perhaps a fantastic "tarot" symbolism of its very own. There are easily enough characters to use for the faces.

MIKE KLASSEN: Someone mentioned that you were looking at a grey world, so maybe these words, chosen by Adlai Stevenson to be his Christmas greeting, will be of some value to you: "Go placidly amid the noise & the haste & remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak

your teeth quietly and obediently, and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant. His eyes too have their story, with all its slum, drudgery and broken dresses, it is a beautiful world." This is a quote from Max Ehrmann's Desiderata. I wish I'd read this years ago!

Sometimes I have to remember very hard to keep the memory of peace in silence from the world. That is the reason we are very picky about the people we talk out with us. My fans Dave never learned much about silence, unfortunately. I forgot to mention that I wrote notes about Barbara and the medicine she had on the way up, and the medicine she had on the way down. Barbara had a whole complete set of notes on the Ridge Route, we began to

Friends of the Garden Grove Historical Society are invited to a presentation on Jan 13, at 8 pm, Major Calvin W. Hays will speak on the History of military uniforms, with slides, music, and displays of miniature soldiers. It might be of interest to those of you who like this sort of thing; history, military stuff, etc. However, since the Major is an active career man in the Air Force, and since we would be held accountable for outsiders showing up, we will take any signs of idiot Nazism in any form in a very bad manner. However, the Major would very likely be interested in discussing weapons with anyone who wished to do so; including comparing actual swords, etc. since one of his favorite periods is Prussian uniforms of the 1800's, and US Cavalry uniforms of the same era. (But keep the costumes for parties, please! We have to live here, and don't want people asking us years from now about our kooky cape-wearing nutty friends!). Free admission.

Ed Meskys has Xeroxed the entire sketchbook of Hannes Bok! Too bad I'm going to cut up my copy for use in laying out the portfolios, for I feel that there is some value in keeping these things. Well, it is necessary, and that's that. Ed made a copy for himself while he was at it, but I doubt he'd ever give it up! Watch for the portfolio/s later in the year; we're taking our time on it for a good job.

Cheers (3, count them, 3) for Anne Cox, who Saved Our Lives on New Year's day! She did this by inviting us to dinner, bless her li'l warm heart! If, in my weakened condition (a bad case of the fuzzys had set in the night before, complicated by acute frazzling of the nerves and lassitudes in the living zone by the next morning), I'd had to fix dinner, I'd probably have poisoned us all in a fit of mercy! So instead of fried hot pad, covered with jam jar lid, and sauteed in a gravy of maple syrup (which is about all I'm sure I could have found in our kitchen, in my state), we had a fine ham buffet dinner and good company at the Coxes, and left feeling that life was, after all, worth considering for another day at least. Hooray for Anne! Hoot! Hoot!

My New Year's resolution is to have a figure in time to wear something fabulous for the Tricon fashion show. Depends on how much real exercise I can do, if my back stays cricky, but I'm game to try! But I dunno about that yeast...BLARG!, is the way I put it, when I first tasted it; there simply has to be another way to take that stuff! I tried the Knox's flavored drink; save your money, for it's weak and expensive (14 envelopes for 89¢: unflavored Knox's gelatin, \$1.49 for

36 envelopes). Anyway, I'm quite nervous about all this, but it's difficult to manage right now, with a sore back. Thank god for eternal Felice! (Or will that correct that, another story?)

Guess I'd better explain that. Years ago, when most of us were young and unmarried (more or less), we took a trip to Berkeley with the baffled (I meant "fabulous") Barbara Gratz, Forry Sylvia, and someone else I forgot. I had laryngitis, it was contagious, so I wrote notes most of the way up, and the medicine hit about Fresno and I could talk by the time we got over to Tracy. Meanwhile, Barbara had assured us that her rickety old car had had a whole complete overhaul. But as it rattled its way up the Ridge Route, we began to question Barbara closely on the details of this "overhaul", especially when the car began to overheat on the陡 slope. Well, it turned out that she'd really only had the engine replaced.

All of us had jobs to get back to on Monday, but Barbara managed to foul us up there by telling Miriam she could stay with her boyfriend (who took her walking on the large pebbles, and we couldn't find them!) until after 1pm on Sunday! So when we got the carload again, Barbara drove around Berkeley, up one street and down another, while I tried to tell her that the freeway was that way. Finally she admitted she knew where the freeway was. "Then... then why aren't we on our way?" I inquired in a mildly hysterical voice. "I'm trying to use up all the gas in the car so I can get more," says Barbara. There was a stunned silence until Forry timidly asked why for on that, so Barbara patiently explained that she didn't want to mix the regular gas she planned to buy with the ethyl gas which was now in the tank, so she was using the ethyl all up first. (Honest, this actually happened!) "You see," said Barbara, who had been studying this all morning, and had figured out the car's problems, "the ethyl is too thick." "Too thick?" gurgled Forry. "Yes, and that makes it clog up the spark plugs, so that the car overheats, you see?"

Well, we finally got her on the way down the freeway (for some reason, we'd agreed to let Barbara drive most of the way...too...) and just past Bradley (2 houses, 2 bars, a garage), the car broke down completely and refused to budge. Barbara admitted that the "tune up" hadn't happened, either; she'd intended to take the car into the garage, and that should count for something! Miriam and I carefully broke the single aspirin in the car in half, and with great ceremony, swallowed our respective shares of said pill.

A tall, very dark Negro soldier stopped in the wilderness (look on the road map; we were between the Army base and Bradley; Nowhere USA) and looked doubtfully under the hood. He didn't know what was wrong, but took us back to the Bradley garage, where a man was delighted with the idea of taking a coupla new suckers. He drove out, and peered into the depths of the motor. "Oh yeah, yer framistan is all geewowzalled with the perkometer; it'll cost about \$40.00 bucks to fix it." The Negro, who had stuck around, then leaned his tall self over the garage mechanic and said, "Say, man, how about this li'l wire here; don't it go on somethin'?" There was a pause, and the serviceman said, "Oh, yeah, so it does..." and attached it back, and the motor started!

The now-surly garagemon charged (d) about \$1.75, and tried to hint that the \$1.75 trip out should be his fee but the Negro just stood there, looking down at his feet. I thought you didn't know anything about motors,

The Negro smiled and shook his head. "You don't, but I just happened to notice the fire hanging loose." Then he laughed, "Some-times it pays to be big and black and slow-looking!"

We tried to give him something for all his time, but he'd take nothing, even tho he'd saved us a \$40 (or more!) scalping. Then he offered to take us to a fine restaurant in San Luis Obispo, down the road, if we wished. We did, and I got in his car for the trip, for I was about to strangle Barbara, and needed a respite of some kind. None of us thought about it, but the soldier led us to a Negro cafe, where no Caucasians were definitely in the minority! The staff seemed sort of shook up for a minute or two, and then things settled down to standard restaurant action. The dinner was good, cheap, and fun.

We got home with only a few more incidents, and I lamented using up the aspirin so soon. So later, I had a very nice fan approach me with a fatherly attitude, asking me if I needed help. He was so circumspect about it all, I really didn't know what he was talking about until he grew exasperated and blurted out that he'd found I was taking dope! Well, when we got it all straightened out, seems that Barbara, with the best intentions in the world, had told several fans about my abnormal craving for drugs, and even my "withdrawal symptoms" on the trip, when I'd used them up; and worse yet, I'd started poor Miriam on them! Well, it was a long time for that story to die!

Of course, those of you who know of the fudge-covered cabbage incident will recognize the name of Barbara Gratz.

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**TED WHITE:** I don't know if you are simply misunderstanding me, or what. Marrying for any reason but a mutual need is ridiculous, but so is marrying for sheer loneliness. By "need" I mean all sorts of things I don't think I can explain to you (and I certainly can't explain to Newkom, who abides thus far, it would seem, by the "if you can get the milk for free, why buy the cow" cliché) but we have a problem in semantics\* I can't, from my own lacks, bridge at this time. Sorry.

Meanwhile, please don't explain what someone else meant by what he said! Don Fitch made the remark about did it matter if it was true so long as it was funny when I was very hurt and upset about alie that Burbee had told about me; that Don has learned and changed his viewpoint now, has not erased that memory, nor the point I wished to make when I brought it up. However, you have the very bad habit of explaining, as if it were fact, what someone else is thinking, and you do your friends little service in this, Ted, as many could tell you.

\*Semantics: Once when Alex Bratmon was discussing words with another fan after a LASFS meeting at Zekes, Barbara Gratz came into the

kitchen and broke into the conversation, asking what they were talking about. Alex, who at that time was an insufferable snob, looked down his nose at her, and said coldly, "we were discussing semantics!"

Barbara, at least sensing the relief, turned to leave the kitchen, and then returned to point at Alex and say, "well, you'd better be careful what you say; after all, I'm Jewish and Jewish, and I don't want to be left out, leaving a staggered pair of intellectuals."

We were speaking, during the time of the "pseudo-things"; I said that Owen was a pseudo-Nazi, and Greg called me a right-winger for not letting poor Owen run around with the Aps I, without being called a Nazi. I tried to point out the difference, which is quite a difference ("playing soldier" is always more fun than really having to be brave), and then we were off on "this'n that," and what was meant by it all. We soon had a fine example.

Ron started badgering Lois Lavender about her supposed lack in reading Great Literature, and picked tales of Genji (knowing full well Lois hadn't read them) to twist her. "What, haven't you read those stories? Didn't you realize they are the first novel of the world? How could you not have included them in a well-rounded life?" Etc, etc...

So I, knowing that it chanced that I had a bit more information than Ron on this particular subject (not because I'm so intellectual, which is the main point of this story, but merely because I happen to enjoy the stories for themselves, and therefore did some research), decided to take a hand. "OK, Ron, if you're so smart, who wrote Genji?" I asked. "Uh...Madame Somebody or other...?" "Lady Murasaki, you clod! And I'll bet you don't even know what murasaki means?" "No, of course not" says Ron, starting to beat a retreat. "What a stupid thing you are; it means "purple" in Japanese," I said, loftily, "For it was a pen-name of a lady in the high court of Japan"...and so it went, and finally Ron gave up, and Lois shook hands with me!

The main thing I pointed out to Greg was that the entire exchange was worthless in that it accomplished nothing (unless you happen to think that adding the Japanese word for "purple" to your vocabulary is a great thing), and it was therefore a pseudo-intellectual thing to indulge in, in the first place. But it was fun, being able to one-up Ron Ellik, after all!

JANE ELLERN: The spice catalog is very nice, and I've got mine in my cookbook shelf, so I don't care what kind of paper it was stapled on! Now if I can only find a recipe using Real Unicorn Root (or even False Unicorn Root)! I guess I should get one to keep and one to staple back into the zine, to make it complete.

So there you are, gang. Another in-the-stick Ex from the lady with the stickiest child in the world (it's only a phase it's only a phase it