

NOEL #2 AM

The others can use John's Oliver #9 if they want to, but I'm gonna chicken out and use a keyboard I'm familiar with.

This is the 2nd Annual Trimblehaus Xmas-Party-cum-One-shot, and things are just getting under way at 1:30 p.m., right now. For me, it's the middle of an active 3-day weekend. Yesterday, I went book-hunting up in Hollywood with Len Bailos; we met up with Tom Gilbert in a bookstore, and ended up in Pasadena watching the two Beatle movies. Today, the Trimblehaus Party is the thing of the moment, and tomorrow, a Disneyland jaunt is scheduled for Len, Greg Shaw, Tom Gilbert, Dan Alderson, & myself. It'll all sorta make up for the various camping trips that've been called off during the last couple of months. Incidentally, I believe that Bruce is scheduling the next half of the Carroussel Picnic (a full weekend trip to Knott's Berry Farm and Balboa Park in San Diego) for either the tail end of January or the beginning of February, so anybody interested in going can start clearing their calendars for those dates now. Then there's the next Berkeley Gilbert-&-Sullivan party sometime in February... Yeah, we seem to be pretty well stocked with amusements for the months to come.

In the line of fannish political contests, last week's Directorial nominations at the LASFS makes it look like it'll be a two-way fight down to the wire between Al Lewis and Bruce Palz for our highest office. It's been a long time since we've had a real race, and I'm looking forward to watching the voting, though I hope that Al wins. Thank goodness we've got a choice between the better of two of the club's most able members, instead of between the lesser of two incompetents, as we have had in the past. ~~On~~ On the SAPS front, Dave Hulan has just decided that he's not going to run for CE after all, which should narrow the race down to Wrai Ballard vs. myself. We got issues here: keeping the OE-ship in Los Angeles vs. taking it out of Los Angeles; limiting the membership to the "close-knit-good-old-days" quota of 30 vs. raising it back to the more recent quota of 36; permitting waitinglist zines vs. banning 'em (hopefully, coming to a clear-cut decision on the admissibility of waiting-list zines, one way or the other). Vote for the Liberal ticket & me.

In the line of books read recently, I highly recommend Robert Sheckley's The 10th Victim (Ballantine, 60¢), based on the movie screenplay by two Italians I never heard of, which is based in turn on Sheckley's short story, "Seventh Victim". For those of you who've read the short story and think you don't have to read the novel, let me warn you that you're missing something. The story's been rewritten to such an extent that only the basic plot line of the Hunters vs. the Victims remains the same. Furthermore, it's an extremely humorous book, written in Sheckley's good old humorous vein, not his ultra-sophisticated manner such as he's been using lately. For those of you who used to like his short stories considerably, but haven't been able to stomach anything he's written since The Journey of Joenes et seq., you'll be happy to welcome the old Sheckley back again. The book also has a center group of stills from the movie; an extra bonus. This book may not be in the science-fiction section of your newsstand, so keep a sharp eye out for it elsewhere.

Ballantine deserves a round of applause for all the publicity it's been giving the "Hugo", too. A fresh supply of The Wanderer has been released, bearing a label pasted over the cover reading "HUGO Winner / The Best Science Fiction Novel of 1964". Not too esthetic, but wonderful publicity. The "Hugo" also gets some nice mention on the back of Brunner's The Squares of the City.

This is Kalinae Brandagobba at the typewriter. This party is fan, with lots of people to talk to, including many I usually don't see, as they don't come to LBS meetings. Len Bailes says that he has never seen a decent one-shot, with one exception...Bathtub Gin. (Len now qualifies his statement to include TETR, the Quechshots, and such-like...it depends on what you mean by a one-shot.) I may just give up on this, especially with one of the local femfem doing her best to distract me from this. Besides, it's too early in the party to say much about it...only 4:00 (we have so far exhausted the usually overused sources of conversation--qualities of various wines, how red white gets away with mimeoing onto 14" paper, fanzines, John Boardman, etc. And, true to the edict, I have been a Teetotaler (Getting totaled on spiced tea) today.

This is Helen Smith. Kali fan out of things to say so he's taking 5 or 10 minutes out and distracting me while I try to type. My problem is not so much the distraction as I can't think of anything to put in a one-shot except to say look out, fan. After the first of the year, I will be publishing a fanzine. You can't say you haven't had fair warning. This is the first last and only warning you will get so beware! Have you ever tried typing with a friend(?) holding both your hands? Damn it anyway Barry, behave yourself or I will report you to somebody or other for something. To the immedite (typo) right, Len and Tom are digging through the Trimble's fanzine box. J. G. has already picked out all the back issues of APA L. Now they have to go dick-or with John over prices. Here you are Barry, back to you.

(((Kali))) somewhat grotched a min to ago because Tom, in going through the fanzine box, spotted a OOP LA! which he ((L.N)) had missed in going through said box a few minutes before. Both of them are going to make J.G. rich with the money from the fanzines they are buying. I think they have just about cleaned him out, but I will prob bly go through said box myself after they get through. Elkranzo Petrosbal Tom and Len are having a faanish argument over some incomprehensible subject or other. I keep hearing "PMA", "Fantasy Amateur", etc.

"What Fughced things are you saying" (quoted on being heard for the third time.)

Helen keeps trying to get her hands on all my expensive clothing. When I showed up in a Velour shirt she wanted to steal that, and now she wants my Alpaca sweater. Next she'll try to take the new shirt Jack gave me for Xmas. And a Fruchthar Solstice to you.

If I wasn't depending on Barry to get me back to L.B. in time to make a non-fan party in San Pedro, I'd drown him in the bowl of apple cider in the living room. Serbously though(?), is it my fault he wears such sexy sweaters? I love fuzzy and/or furry things. Except beards, of course. Barry's is cute though. As long as it doesn't get too long. It feels like we're running out of stencil or master or whatever they're called so I guess this is it. A happy Bjo party to you.

OMNIBUS

This is OMNIBUS ONE, which is being a Denanted Publications attempt at a contribution towards the One Shot which is currently being put out at Bjo Trimble's (the Garden Grove Trimbles) on accounts' because it is Christmas, even. For APA L 63 - LASPS 1431 - It's all Helen's fault.

BABBLE IN ARMS -- Why anyone would get up prior to one or two in the afternoon on Christmas day is beyond me, as I seldom get up much before these hours on any normal day. And it is a rare thing indeed when I get to bed much before two or three in the morning on Christmas Eve. However - - - - -

We have had quite a round of party-going thus far, and it doesn't look like it is going to wind up for any time soon. We were at the Ellern's for their soiree, which was successful in many respects; not the least of these, of course, is the fact that I managed to last four hours at the Bouree table and only lost 97 cents! But, perhaps I'm getting a little far afield; this is, after all, a Christmas type Garden Grove sort of fanzine. It will also be my first one-shot, and the way it looks thus far, it will probably be the last one! To my rear, at the moment, several (slavering) fans are going through the large box of fanzines with the for sale sign on it -- from which I have already extracted about eight issues of APA L which I didn't have (heh, heh!) I mentioned earlier that I had to collect quite a few of them because I'd gone mad and decided to attempt to amass a complete collection of the things.

Elsewhere in this Distribution you will find some word about Terry Burns. This was the only bad note on my Christmas horizon; Terry was a very good friend of mine, and I am sure that Bay Area Fandom will be much the worse (at least quieter, and lots less interesting), now that he's gone. I didn't hear about this until Bruce published the notice in KATATOSK, and I must say that it pretty well shot me down. But I'll leave the rest of the comments to OMNIBUS.

Bjo is celebrating what can only be called an old-fashioned Christmas, for sure. And I must say that it is a good thing; we are continually beset by the demands of Madison Avenue, and the natural result of that sort of thing is an artificial, "Please buy our beer" sort of observance that has, in the past, croggled me to the point where I had about gotten ready to abandon the idea of Christmas entirely. But this is not the case here; Bjo has somehow managed to make (or transform) her place into a little bit of New England, which, when you think about it, is pretty good sleight-of-hand in this raving metropolis which is Southern California. (Oh well, I couldn't justify this, anyway!)

I'm not going to go into who all is here; they'll all doubtless get into this one-shot, anyway, and I don't know that the roll call bit is necessary, anyway. They got a very nice tree, which, I understand, they cut themselves, in Los Angeles, of all places! I still don't believe it! Bjo and Katya are performing minor miracles in the kitchen, and the whole place reminds me, in general, of those old Christmases I spent as a child (but then, I am a very old man,) and it just makes 'e Think, that's all! I don't know what this is going to develop into, (I'm told that food or whatever it is is being served, and it is beginning to look like I'd better get going, or it will all get eaten, and I Will Not Get Any.)

But, the whole spirit of the thing is in the giving, anyway -- (he says, ~~astid/fidid~~ furiously pulls this sheet out of the typer and runs into the living room!) Yarr!! I don't like Ditto. I make mistakes. All right, dear to the Garden, my...

Fred Patten

Lee Jacobs

Louise Hamell
Carroll Ackerman -

Stan Woolston

Helen 

New Room

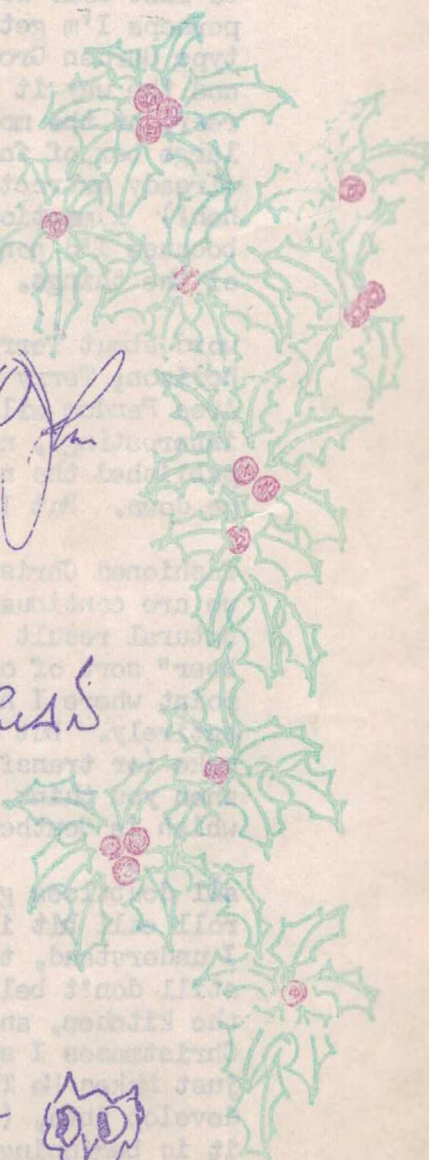
GREG SHAW

Kalirry

MERRY * SIGH! * XMAS



Bob (off) Jan



Al Lewis

Betty Knight

Len Bailes

Tom Gilbert

Waver Aulan

Karya Aulan

Terry Ackerman

Ed Cox

Alan J. Jewin

Andy Lewis

Lola Lavender

Anne Cox friend

Ryan E. Steff

Ron Elisk

Steve Toller

JAY FREEMAN



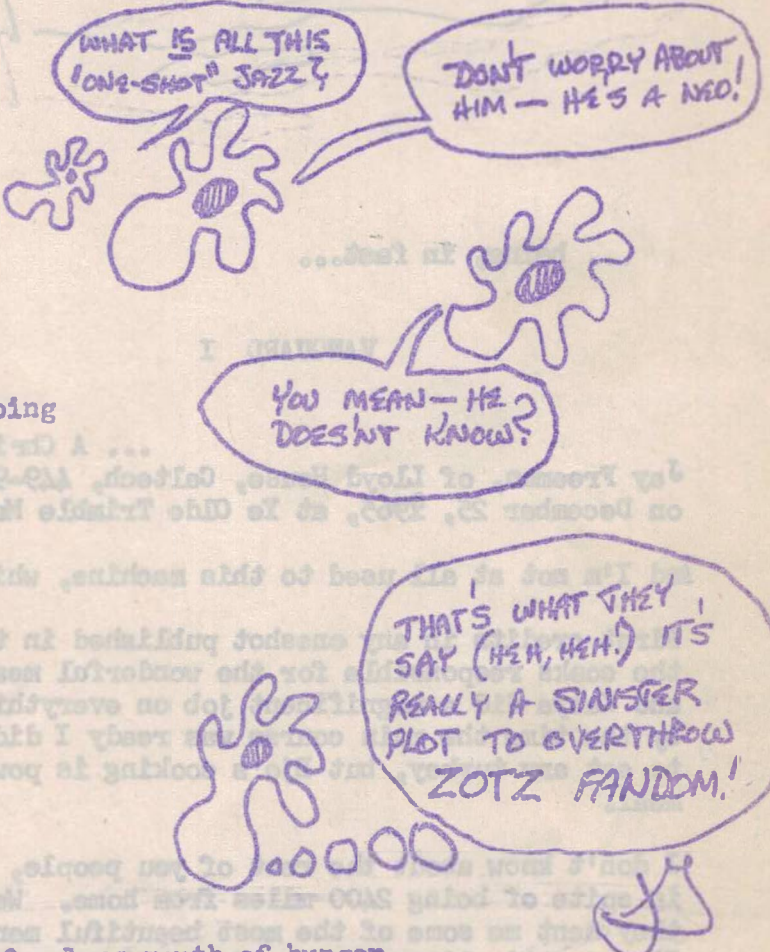
Yes! I think that I remembered to pull the backing sheet out of this one....Yes!

We were all sitting around, and no one was doubting that the master cutting was coming to a screeching halt, when an old poem that was written several years ago by a friend of mine in Berkeley came to mind.....and against my better judgement I am going to run it oof ("oof", — that "oof" has been done before,) for the edification of the fannish multitudes who might (in a moment of weakness) read this. I am even fairly sure that it will get by the postal inspectors.....

FUIT ILIUM

by Ralph Ornelas

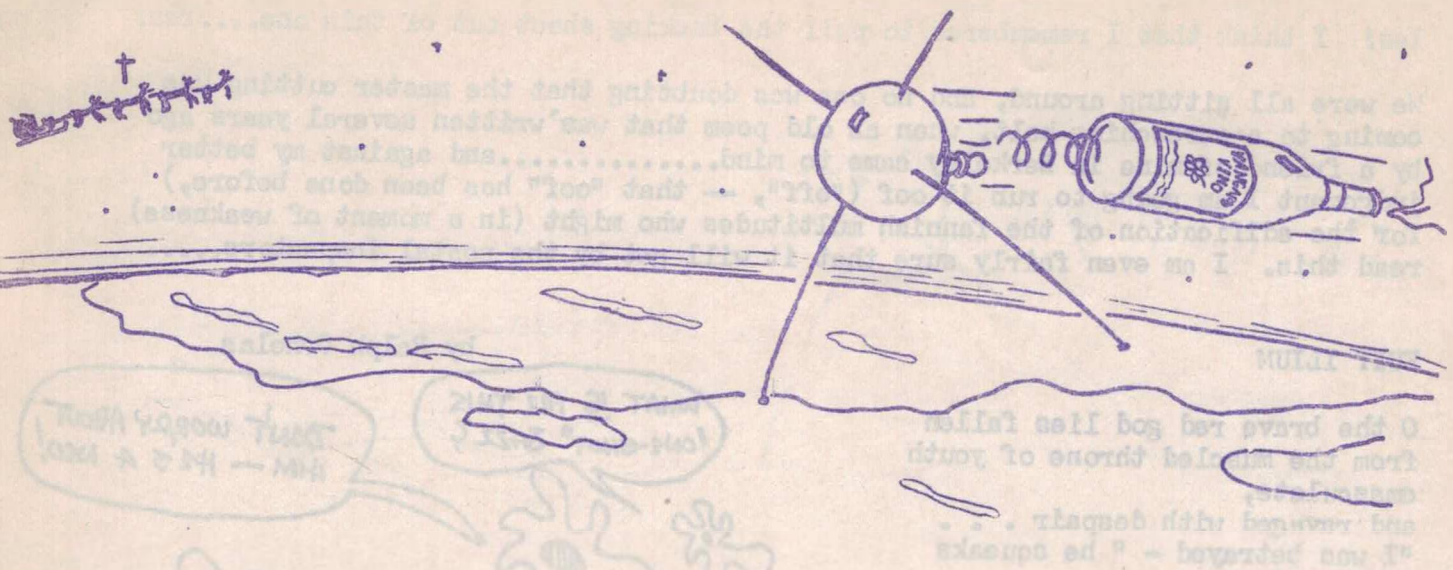
O the brave red god lies fallen
from the muscled throne of youth
emasculate,
and ravaged with despair . . .
"I was betrayed — " he squeaks
"Before I stood —
before I spoke —
before I warred — "
Here, in the gritty aftermath
of one befevered season's passion
he lies spent
and mumbles the bitter beads of his undoing
like a pray'r's monotonous repetition
in a cracked voice
"You stood, belated,
in the wrestlings of that fusion —
With steel beneath my pillow
I was puzzled toward your presence —
old drawling sentinel —
for this enraptured ear
hot hearing sighs and meanings
like a miser
and drowned the warning finger
of your voice....."
Then, halfway to the womb return'd,
I wakened —
in flight through a midnight corridor
pursued by a gaining spectral
of prone legs, wide gleaming like some faceless mouth of hunger —
and vee-ing for the terrored morsel, I



Well, it was a try, anyway. I always kind of liked the poem — and I'd much rather use a sheet to put down something artistic (?) than fill up the WHOLE thing with crud. Also, I seem to remember that we were trying to revive poetry fandom a while ago

More time has passed by, and it doesn't seem like things are going to poop out any time soon. Ejo, Greg, Dave, Barry, Helen, Tom, and a cast of thousands are gathered back here in the fannish room. We haven't decided a hell of a lot of anything, except that we are a little worried about Owen Hannifen, (is he really a Nazi?) and whether or not it would be a good idea to run an egoboo poll in AFA L. I hear that the general concensus of opinion is against such a poll; my opinion, in view of the tenor of the arguments agains it, is that most of us present would be afraid of the results. (Including ur grate writer) To all, the Happiest of New Years, which may mean nothing more or less than making the best of a bad situation. (I wonder if they've resumed shooting in Viet Nam yet!)

Handwritten scribbles and the word 'DABAWIT' at the bottom right of the page.



... being, in fact...

VANGUARD I

... A Christmas one-shot published by Jay Freeman, of Lloyd House, Caltech, 449-9953, for APA-Roel #2, published on December 25, 1965, at Ye Olde Trimble Mansions in Garden Grove.

And I'm not at all used to this machine, which is how cum so many lousy typos.

First credits in any oneshot published in this APA should by all means go to the cooks responsible for the wonderful meal we have recently been fed. Bjo and Katya did a magnificent job on everything. I was so stuffed with appetizers by the time the main course was ready I didn't think I was going to be able to eat any turkey, but Bjo's cooking is powerful tempting, and I ate a full meal.

I don't know about the rest of you people, but I've had a wonderful Christmas, in spite of being 2400 miles from home. We have some friends who live in Japan, and they sent me some of the most beautiful men's jewelry that I have ever seen. It was a tieclip and pair of cufflinks made from laminated plastic sheets, each no more than half a millimeter thick, cut so the edges of the lamina showed, and polished. The plastic is in a variety of quiet colors—reds (dark), browns, blacks and greys, and Bjo says the thing is apparently cut to resemble Brazilian banded agate—I mean intended, not cut. Anyway, it's pretty. Bjo commented that while nowadays people tend to look down their noses at anything made of plastic and offered as a luxury item, when plastic was first discovered, it was quite widely valued as a material to make luxury jewelry and such.

I also got a twelve inch crescent ~~wrench~~ wrench, which I am going to keep lying around my room at school until somebody comes in and wants to borrow a wrench to tighten up his bicycle spokes or something. I have a four inch and a six inch crescent wrench, and I am looking forward to the chance to see the look on someone's face when I hand him this new monster ~~one~~ instead of the little one.

I've used all the space up, so...

I hate Fred Patten's lousy old typer which doesn't space right (or spell) or anything, and I ought to know, because I typed most of the LASFS calendar on this. Feh.

I'D LIKE TO BE THE FIRST TO WISH EVERYONE HAPPY EASTER #1

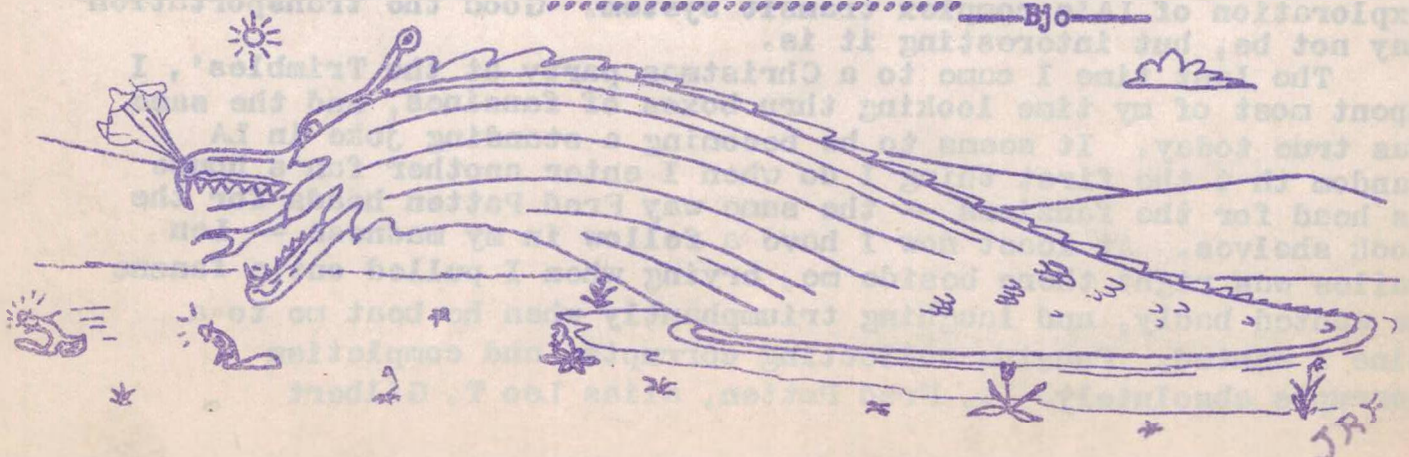
Gee, we can hardly wait until the next great party around here. We'll still be looking for the things we put out of the way for this one, I think. Oh well. After being on my feet for hours and hours and hours (LASFS Xmas party, Thur; got up at 6 am, worked on LASFS calendar, went to LASFS party, stayed up 'til 1 am Fri. Then got up at 9 am Fri to clean house, stayed up to visit with visitors until 2 am Sat. Got up Sat morn around 9:30 am, fixed coffee, helped Katya warm the lovely Xmas cake for breakfast, and started the day. We were getting the food ready when guests arrived; fed everyone nibbles until dinner was served at around 3 pm, and it is about 8:10 pm, and I've had a healthy shot [because I'm not driving anywhere] of Chevas Regal, and things look pretty rosy.). We'll crawl out of bed tomorrow in time to go wake up the Pelzes and start their party, I guess. I've also just found out that besides the Kulans, we have at least 4 other overnight guests. Sheesh. I hope all of them know better than to try to be pleasant to me first thing in the morning; at least before coffee.

Katwen had a lovely day. She wasn't nearly as impressed with the gifts as with the neat, rustling paper and colored bows, which she cached everywhere for playing with later. She got a "Shoe-fly" rocker, which she enjoyed, but the real success of the day was a charming little formica-covered table and 2 chairs. She fell for them and insisted on eating each meal at that table, sitting in the chair, and barely able to chin herself on the table-edge. Al Lewis thought of that gift, and it looks as if it will be a well-used present, if today was any indication. It certainly has already been broken in; banana and milk and tangerine juice have been smeared over the edges.

It has been a nice day; I only hope Katya hasn't overdone things. I know I have! Even so, it has been worth it. Jay Freeman wanted to know what he'd done to deserve being invited to our party [aside from liking him for his own quiet self alone, there are two quarts of Vermont maple syrup in our kitchen....] and Forry brought his aunt and mother [two charming and interesting ladies] and Anne Cox brought a lovely pie that had almost disappeared before I got a nibble [but luckily for everyone at the party, I did get a taste] and people remembered us in various and delightful ways, and we almost got Newkom to go into the about 45 degree pool, and right now the party is just settling down to a long-lasting thing which may last longer than me.

As soon as the weather warms up, we'll probably have a pool party, Luau style, with Luise teaching everyone how to hula or some other entertainment. But right now a party is the last thing I need in my life, I suspect. And the LASFS New Year's party is also coming up....Lawzy me! And it's time to run and see to my guests. Hope your day was as crowded and full and interesting and fun, and your next year is the same!

-----Bjo-----



TOM GILBERT WANTS THIS TITLE CENTERED #1

Well, there does seem to be a oneshot session going, and since I've never participated in a real LA oneshot, I might as well write something now. Actually, I'm not sure of exactly what would be the right way to begin. There seems to be a certain tradition about different types of oneshots and their tones. For example, I could come in something like this,

"Oh ghod, what a party this is and all of these people are making out and potted and Dave Hulan is in the corner talking about sciencefiction and Fred Patten is ~~win-~~ning off a oneshot and that should give you an idea of what a wild party this is only Dave has already drunk up all the beer which is why he is talking...." But I've always considered this a particularly obnoxious way to write oneshots, not to mention slightly boring. Then there's the droll sophisticated Redd Boggalian approach to these things....

"People always ask me why it is that my contributions to oneshots sound like they've been first drafted. All I can say is that they are spontaneous because I never write them more than one or two weeks in advance. This is why I sound so sophisticated and erudite while all these drunken bastards roll all over the floors." This is slightly more interesting, but to my mind the funniest oneshots are the ones with the drunken fan fiction like...

"Nothing stands in the way of my plan for absolute conquest of the universe," laughed power mad ~~the~~ Dave Hulan as he pitched his beer stein at the wall..." However, I don't excel at that sort of thing, so instead I've chosen the most typical technique of all, writing about how I would have written my contribution to the oneshot if I contributed to such things. You've noted the irregularity of the margins, spelling mistakes and other such things associated with oneshots... that will have to do. People who type contributions for oneshots instead of having fun at parties are crazy anyway— Len Bailes

-oOo-

-oOo-

-oOo-

TOM GILBERT WANTS THIS CENTERED #2

I accomplished the impossible today -- at least, the Trimbles had told me that it was impossible. I made it down to Garden Grove from Pasadena by bus. Dotter fans than I have tried it in the past and failed dismally, but I succeeded. I think this feat may be the supreme achievement of my bus riding career, and I can now retire in satisfaction. (Len Bailes is standing across the room asking what I'm saying about him at the moment, and he seemed rather disappointed that I'm not making snide remarks about him.) Busses and public transportation are a fascinating subject for me, since I've been taking them all my life, and I never cease enjoying the exploration of LA's complex transit system. Good the transportation may not be, but interesting it is.

The last time I came to a Christmas party at the Trimbles', I spent most of my time looking thru boxes of fanzines, and the same was true today. It seems to be becoming a standing joke in LA fandom that the first thing I do when I enter another fan's house is head for the fanzines -- the same way Fred Patten heads for the book shelves. At least now I have a fellow in my madness -- Len Bailes was right there beside me, crying when I pulled out a fanzine he wanted badly, and laughing triumphantly when he beat me to a zine I wanted. Fanzine collecting corrupts, and completism corrupts absolutely. ...Fred Patten, alias Leo T. Gilbert

I hear that postmailings are forbidden in this apa, which is a good thing. I, in case there is any sense of wonder left in you after past pages of this apa, am a guy who has done a few oneshots from dire necessity, but as there is no need for a oneshot. Still, for the sake of posterity (which is just around the corner, I hear) if not for any fanhistorian, this question might be considered.

Now, on to other subjects.

A few words might well be said against the institution of oneshots. They are a foolish waste of time except, of course, when you are enjoying yourself typing something flavored fannishly.

Without reading what was typed before, I would imagine that this apa will not contain mailing comments. Mailing comments are downgraded by some, but held in high esteem by those (like myself) who need to be stimulated. If there is any doubt about my general feeling on publications such as these, it is that as a rule oneshots are written as responses to material not included in the issue. These are a sort of echoes from the subconscious--and that is why such publications read as they do.

Does this make sense? Probably not; after all the room is buzzing from a discussion interspersed with such words as "Ernie Katz" and other mystical terms that clutch the mind.

So I'll stop writing except for my name-- Stan Woolston

GREG SHAW

I don't like those people who are always starting one-shots at parties; I think the reason is obvious--they always ask me to write something extemporaneously (sp?) and I generally succumb, as I have now (tho it took them about 6 hours). The trouble is, I can usually write something pretty interesting--when I get a good idea and spend a couple of days thinking about it. From reading other one shots, I gather that there are many other people who cannot be creative in a one shot session; and a whole zine of meaningless, forced matter make lousy reading. I think a fair example would be the Westeron one shot. We had a hell of a time putting it out and at the time we thought it would be pretty good, but when it finally came out, I found it to be dreadfully dull reading--and worse yet, the zine of mine therein was so bad that I simply shuddered and briefly wondered how much of the impression of relative maturity I'd hopefully built up in fandom had been destroyed by it. At the time of writing a one-shot, what you're writing can be pretty good-seeming, since you're usually drunk at the time (either alcoholically or emotionally) and your inner censor doesn't function very well. The only reason I'm writing this is that Patten had this space that needed filling and when he said "why not explain exactly why you won't write for the oneshot?" I couldn't answer him. But I would ~~exactly~~ advise you not to read the above because it's meaningless.

There is an average of three and a half cranks per page in this one-shot

What is this anyway? Who ever heard of a one-shot at John Trimble's house? I mean, like, all those times that I've come into John's house for one party or some other and said, "Hey, man, let's put out a one-shot!" He'd sort of stand there and look you up and down, head to toe with sort of a disdainful like expression. You know, the way John Trimble does. It makes you think that either he doesn't agree with what you just said or that he is bugged because you aren't a girl. Like, why look up and down like that. So, that's all he does. He doesn't even say, "I didn't know it was on fire" or anything like that.

Hey, I've just noticed something strange. This typewriter is named "Fred Patten". It says so right on it. Sort of a nameplate. But back to the main problem. Remember the way Hitler put it? The Problem of Poland. Things like that. Well...

...one-shots at John Trimble's house. I did wonder, briefly, while figuring the directions on the Christmas card telling how to get down here. Something about tables being set up...for cards...and materials for a one-shot...punch, things like that. It wasn't so much that it was so innocuous, but the concept of "one-shot"...at John Trimble's house...didn't register. I guess I'm just not programmed for that anymore. But once we did get here, I did notice that there was something going on. Different (not a FAPA-zine by Sam Moskowitz). These people kept coming in saying something about the Oneshot. It didn't register. That is, the profound import of it didn't. I was busy drinking beer which is, of course, the main occupation at any SoCal type party. Fan or not. It's a good thing I did.

When the true import of this Thing going on...I mean, I know there was some problem created in ~~my~~ my mind when Ron Ellik asked if he and Steve Tolliver could use the bed-room. They excluded Lois and disappeared. I who had read "Ah, Sweet Idioty!" in my first two FAPA-meetings, swallowed a big gulp of beer and considered asking Lois to sit down near me. I was sitting on a chair at the time.

But I digress. The One-shot was happening in the Den. I looked in, carefully locating Smokey the Bear who had been pointing out the candles burning down too close to the pyracanthus. Why are you locating me, he asked but I declined to answer, instead planning on saving the very next line for the following interlineation:

*** I have one rubber left to go...Len Bailes***** He really said that f***

I wasn't there, or course, after all....

And then, back to the Main Theme, I realized the truly, profound, utterly Fiendish Nature of John Trimble, sneering Anti-One-Shottist. He knew that the swarming youngfen would really Dig the Concept of Putting Out A One-shot At John Trimble's House. And he Mentioned this. In Print. So on Christmas, merrily thru the snow to John Trimble's House they all came. And they were prepared to Put Out A One Shot. Whether it was on Fire or not.

And John Trimble was Ready.

There, in the Den, was the Equipment. It was designed to Frustrate the Heart of even the veriest enthusisastic Neofan. Enthuisastic or not. For there, on the desk in almost Gibralta-like splendor, was an Oliver typewriter which was patented at least, in 1912. It was dubbed "Printype" had and had this faggy bear in a 1912 drum major outfit playfully waving a stick. Who'd want to type anything on that?

And if somebody should manage to overcome this basic problem and did manage to type a master, they'd immediately realize that they shouldn't write "manage" twice in one line. Then, after the master was typed, observe the ditto machine which must be used to run the thing off. On. It was discovered in the loft above an ancient dirty b'fick warehouse-office building located in a part of Los Angeles that was not summarily abandoned in 1911 because they had no freeways then and didn't know how to go anywhere else. It was then revived and used to issue price sheets and things for the Schimmelhornscheiger Bros., Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution Co., Inc., Ltd., Corp., of which John Trimble is a ~~debut~~ employee.

It was sometime in 1960, I believe, that John somehow managed to talk his company into buying a Gestetner, of which one L.A.3.F.S. had one at the time, and he, after a while, somehow found himself in possession of this ditto. Remember, that one they found up there...you remember. It now resides in John's den. And is the thing being used to put out this one-shot. And I use the word(s) "put out" advisedly. After you attach the master to it in what you assume to be the correct place, you turn the crank. And turn. And turn and turn, etc. After a while, a sheet of paper, which you hand-fed eons ago, finally comes out. It has purple on it so you assume it has worked. Imagine running off ten or twenty pages one this, even only enough copies for APA L or something.

Now do you begin to get what I mean about the insidiousness, if there is such a word, of John Trimble in relation to one-shots?

Yes, I think there has to be such a word. Because this one-shot is happening and only somebody like Fred Patten would actually try to run the thing off on That Machine. In fact, Fred Patten is running this thing off on That Machine. But, you see, that is about ix the insidiousness of John Trimble.

—Ed Cox

Indidiousness, hell! Lissen, Ed Cox, I think you've gone too far in maligning my ditto machine. Awright, so it takes two-and-a-half turns of the crank to rane a single sheet thru the ditto.... And so the machine itself was discovered ~~in~~ occupying a dusty loft in a building that Ginny Schmultheis said looks like the place where the St. Valentine's Day Massacre was held...and so it is the very machine that Gen'l Lee used to duplicate copies of his "Farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia" on.... Still, I think you have maligned our *f*r*e*e* ditto just a little too much. May nameless Culthulu persue you to the uttermost depths of world purple, Ed Cox!

And my bheer stein just ran dry. Fred, come put in a couple of lines, and then run off this deathless prosey.

—jt—

Hey, and it's Schmergerborn Bros. Co., Lit'd. (Hmnn, that shld be Lt'd.), and Sans, Uninc. Anyway.

I'd better join the LASFS, in the name of Kali. *****Barry Gold*****

Get pregnant and become a Big Fan. *****Ed Cox*****

I'll see you tomorrow at the greatest floating Christmas party in the world.

*****Ron Ellik*****

BERRY
CHRIDS-
MAS



AD
HABBY
DEW
YEAR!

A Happy Christmas Poem, Titled:

ODE TO THE RED, RED NOSE
(With apologies to ...?)

Oh sigh, Oh sigh,
'Tis the Season of Yuletide Cheer;

And my nose doth cry,
Though I've had no drop of beer.

Oh well, Oh well,
At least the color's right;

Red -- like Xmas bells,
Now if 'twere only with green ribbon bedight!

--Botty Knight--

And that's the Kulture Korner for this issue, folks! If you don't dig literature, dad, forget it (where else would you find fancy words but in a poem, already? Intellectual as all getout!)

Meanwhile, fans are typing on an old roll-top desk once belonging to Forry Ackerman, while sitting under the mobile of Fritz Leiber's "Wanderer", and while sitting in a chair loaned to us by Robert Hein&ain. The machine is resting on a table belonging to Lee Jacobs. Wowiee!

By Betty Knight

In honor of the season the following supplement to TSRS is here for your edification.

RECIPE FOR GALACTIC SPECIAL ZOMBIE COCKTAIL

Take one tall glass. Pour in champagne, preferably pink, till glass is two-thirds full. Add jigger of rum and dash of brandy, if available. Add two scoops of ice cream, preferably egg nog. Sprinkle with fruit cocktail and nuts.

This marvelous concoction is guaranteed either to send you to the galaxies or turn you into a zombie!

