

ZINFANDEL #1

This is SANAPA-NOMA-SENDOMINO...no, SAPA-SOMA-NENDOMINO...oh, wotthehell, it's some kind of Fabulous Fannish One-Shot from, in this case, instead of Fabulous San Inferno Valley Fandom, Fabulous Outlandish Fandom or whatever you would call a Fandom made up of John and Bjo Trimble from Far Southeast Garden Grove and Dave and Katya Hulan from Far Northwest Northridge (well, far from the standpoint of the LAres). I guess since this will be pubbe@d on the Trimble Antique Ditto, I'd better not give it a J&Tun Pub number even if I'm tempted. After all, I'm not in a page-count or rather publication number war, Len Bailey and Rich Mann. It is published for the 32d or 33d Disty-wisty-poo of Fabulous Apa-L, and all that jass.

BJO: We have a whole hour of Les Gerber singing filk songs on tape. How's that grab you?

KATYA: May I have another green onion?

JT here: Let's call this ZinFANdel, after the wine that's being imbibed. Or perhaps we could call it "A Fanzine for Hank Stine, or Baby Fandom #1." And if you've been anywhere around Roy Hulan or Katwen Trimble of late, you know why we'd make that "fandom," rather than fandom? Dave was just noting...no, we was noting(?)...no, I guess he was noting, after all [I just asked how note-ing was spelled, and it appears that I was right, after all; so much for word-recognition as opposed to phonics], that he has become a much more careful typist since he'd gone ditto...there's no conf&u standing by to make for an impeccable publication. "Usually," said Dave, "my mimeo stencils look like they had measles...blue measles." Actually, in my own case, I've become much more proficient at fixing up my mistakes [as: mxm&gk] than previously. And today's masters are liable to be worse than most in that respect.

KATYA: My first-grade teacher recently told me that I couldn't read until I entered the 1st grade...I feel left out of this intellectual crowd.

BJO: Are you still in the first grade?

Gee, it's a typewriter, with a neat touch...Katya here...John said someone should get over here and type...so here I am, with not much to say, but that's how it goes. Actually, it seemed advisable to get something on paper before I was totally incapable, or had to diaper the baby or both. They are carrying on a running, tripping conversation behind my back (and I'm sitting here getting stowed with-outeven drinking anything....) about this secretary, human type, who used to chirp. You wouldn't believe the weekend we have had here, and I won't try to explain it, and please don't anybody tell my mother, who lives back in Tennessee and WOULD'NT understand.

Actually, there haven't been any wild shenanigans going onexcept my husband is now learing at me...no, David...later.....

Bjo here, full of the rosy glow of human kindness, joy, and good, and Zinfandel. Zinfandel? Sheesh! I hate people who read over my shoulder while I'm making drunken types on the typer, Dave Nolan! We started out this Memorial Day weekend with the Nolans coming down to our house on Saturday. Katye drove me crazy trying to help me clean house ["where does this go?" "I dunno" "Well, where does this go?" "Who knows?" "Bjo, where do I put this?" "Throw it over your left shoulder"...] and John and Dave put up shelves. The men got some shelves up in Katwen's room, and put the range hood up in the kitchen, and called it more or less a day. We had a dinner full of carbohydrates and the Nolans spent the night with Roy in the den and them on our hide-a-bed couch.

Next day [Sunday, in case you've lost count] we got up late, fooled around reading the funny papers and talking about Baby Fanden. Then we presented the day's entertainment: Bathing Katwen. Then we went to the Garden Grove Strawberry Festival [that's what we do for fun in the Big City, kids!] and entered Katwen in two categories of the Redhead Roundup contest.

Well, the first category, Prettiest Redhead (Under 12), a cute li'l copper-redhead wanted to hold the baby, so I let her. Neither of them was in the running, anyway, which was a pure case of Prejudice and Bribery on the part of the judges, naturally. Second category, Best Smile, Katwen refused to co-operate, of course. She smiled and laughed all afternoon, but during the judging, she stared solemnly at the judges and nothing would make her smile at all! The little girl asked if she could babysit sometime, and I asked her how old she was. "Seven" says the kid. "Well, you're a little young, honey," I said, "but perhaps later on..." "When I'm eight?" says the little girl excitedly. We wandered around the "midway" and looked at the exhibits, at the fair, after the Redhead Roundup, and ate things like tacos, pronto pups (batter-covered hotdogs, fried in deep fat), strawberry tarts, etc

That night we went to see MARY POPPINS, and afterward the Nolans said they should head for home but they didn't want to drive at night, so they came home with us again. However, they had to go home early Monday, as Dave had a bunch of fanzines to get out. But after getting up late, browsing around getting awake, and talking a bit, then moving some furniture, and all...and eating a few bowls full of beans, with cheese and onions on the side...then we opened this bottle of Zinfandel, see...and found the ditto masters...

KATYA: There's a mashed bean on the floor! What's a mashed bean doing on the floor, Bjo? What am I supposed to do with this mashed bean?

Bjo: Save it, we've having refritos^ofor dinner.

[^oRefritos: a Mexican dish made of mashed cooked pinto beans, with cheese]

And now that Bjo has brought everybody up to date and shattered the illusion of Wild Goings-on in A California Suburbia that we had Carefully inculcated (I can't be drunk when I can spell Inculcated...) in our Avid Readership, I guess we can go on with the one-shot.

~~*****~~ JT: Have you ever ridden with Lee Jacobs?

KATYA: Well, at least in a new car the doors would stay closed...

Sharkey's Pizza Parlor? Ghad, it's getting drunk ext... I think somebody just said "twonk your magic twenger, froggie!" but I'm not sure who or why

or even how. Or what's going on. All this conversation is going on and unlike Warsaw of Valantia I don't have a multiple-track mind at least when I've had this much Zinfandel and so I can't follow (which is Low Martian for follow) a conversation while I'm typing on a fabulous Finnish Drunken One-Shot...

Katya says she'd meant to write about how Bjo's house doesn't have dust-balls - ~~uhh hahh ahahh/ghghgh/ghghgh/ghgh/gh~~. Maybe this will remind her to say something about it...and remind Bjo to hit me...

This typer has a neat key on it that makes things double-space... I like it!!! And I'd better turn this over to JT and do something about Katya who is being a Martian Carmen with a green onion between her teeth while she's dancing on the table or summat...

JT, again...yes, Katya placed (which is a better word, in this case, than "stuck") a green onion between her teeth (which is medium Martian for teeth), and did a mock-Carmen bit at Dave. And muttered something about "never being invited back to the Trimblec again." I dunno what she's worried about, we're bisexual, too.

Enuf of that train of thought...after all, Barry Gold has exclusive rights to that sort of thing in APA L.

Actually, what was said a while back was "twank your majic franger Twoggie..." or maybe it was "twank your majic twogger Fraggie..." or....

Anyone remember Smilin' Ed McConnell's program? Bjo's "kid" brother Randy (James Randolph Herman, but you'd better not call him that...same as you'd best not call her mother Josephella Ruth) starts his vintage '48 or '49 car with that phrase...after pulling the choke in and out several times, mashing the accelerator several times, etc. He did it one day when his boss was walking by....

Flunk your majic fwanger, Twoggie!!!

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Money mad Katya here, and may I remain calm and coherent throughout... From now on, the money sign ~~uhh/mistakés~~ will signify Katya...money buys so much...but not me...I hope someone will come along and bail me out of my semantic antics.....Bjo will tell me to tell about how I found no dustballs in the process of cleaning up her house. That's/xx/ true, but what I did find, well, suffice it to say that...but she might sue me for telling....besides, I'm still y too rational to tell it all...when I can no longer type coherently (running words together doesn't count) then I will tell what I did find...and how Bjo

"...And you've got nice all-of-thems..." said David to Katya

Well, hell, troops! Thing is, the house is FULL of dustballs, yeah. I mean, I'm an artist, not a housekeeper, right, gang? This is Bjo in the keys, now. But what my real gripe was; is that fans keep coming to my house, where I try to serve a nice meal and make things fun for all, and all anyone ever mentions about me is my lousy housekeeping, already! So when Katya says she didn't

see any dustballs, I said "please put that in print, hey?" and she said she would. But actually, the kid's blind, you know, because there are dust kittens all over the place! But it was very kind of her not to notice.



A*N*N*O*U*N*C*I*N*G!!! [TralalaledadaOAAAh!] The immdiate-on-the-spot formation of a very exclusive club, The West Garden Grove Epicurean, Beer Guzzlers, and Wine Snob Society!

BJO: Shall we say "Epicures" or "Epicurean"?
KATYA: "Epicurean"; them are the ones who hog it down!

This is a club so exclusive, it has only 2 members. And the Northridge Branch, which has 2 members. I asked if we should accept bribes [the club is strictly invitational] individually, and Dave says we ought to be very exclusive and be bribed only in a group. Katya objects to letting anyone invites people in while under the influence of alcohol, because, as she points out, we get happy and invite anyone in. Well! So drunken invitations are not binding; keep that in mind. Meanwhile, cases of Lucky Lager are not bribes!

"SHE SMILED AT ME!" Bjo

KATYA: [to John] You're a dirty old man, Ed Cox...er..I mean....!!

We will consider opening a West Aylmer branch, with proper bribe, of course.

That reminds me; the other night [John and I are hooked on travel movies] I was reading the TV Guide to John and came to a travel show titled WILD LIFE IN CANADA. "It's a Quebec report" I said. "WHAT???" said John, when it sank in.

We are drinking our Zinfandel [we finished off a 1/2 gallon of Sargettos, and a 4/5 qt of Assumption Abbey and the boys just crawled off to get some more] out of the jazzy red cranberry "thumbprint" glasses that John's sister gave us for Xmas. [Xmas is a perfectly good way to write that; X stands for Christ in all old Greek and Middle Ages writings] It's a sort of Elizabethan feeling; we are leaning on the old mahogany [?] colored table, lifting the tinted red glasses on high....ah...if we only had a record-player, and a record of Morris dances...

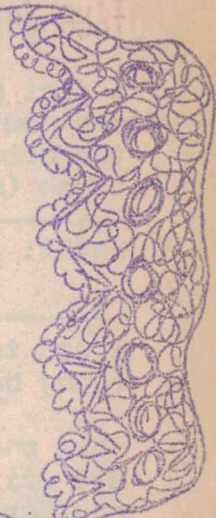
I suppose the Kulens will stay another night. They are very, very welcome, but we keep putting the linens in the laundry, and they are using up sheets at a great rate, at this rate. I mean, it's a long crawl from here to Northridge: abt 60 miles. But it's certainly getting too fannish [i.e.: drunk] around here to drive home!

Actually, I'm quite sensitive about my housekeeping, but not enough, I guess. I was raised in a dirt-floor tent, then in a series of houses and apartments where we never stayed long enough to really do anything in them, to them or anything. So I never learned how to organize myself *sigh* or anything. But I'm button-nosed and lovable....but somehow that doesn't seem to be enough, either!

KATYA: David is just a tit-picking intellectual...

Darn it, Bjo, ~~did~~ did you have to put a Freudian slip in like that?

we will now leave space for another illo. What you see to the right there (a good word as we are right now right in the middle of Orange Right Grove), is a Bjo illo or if she is busy, a drunken Katya illo. Actually, I am not drung, and Katwen has a blue something on her finger. I've got to feed our Baby. Roy, not David. So type, David!



BJO: Which one of these [glasses of wine] is ours? I mean mine?

I didn't put in the Freudian slip on page 4. [that's me, Bjo] but Dave says he didn't want to get blamed for it, so he said it was me. Djinn Feine [now Russell] used to say she made enough Freudian slips to open a lingerie shop, which has little or nothing to do with the whole thing.

Dave is in the living room, singing, instead of in here typing! It is time to serve coffee all around and get some steaks broiled medium-rare and set everyone up for going to work tomorrow and all. So this fanzine will become more sober and dull and mundane as we all assume our secret identities of suburbanites...

The blue something on Katwen turned out to be, not a dustball, but a piece of art paper [wotalse?] picked up from the floor. Katwen doesn't crawl yet, but she rocks back and forth, and sort of rolls or "inch-worms" to where she wants to go. I'd like to make a public apology to Georgina Clarke right here...

I'M EATING CROW, SEE??? ... but it tastes mighty like CANARY!! I apologize!!!

That was all about my pre-pregnant remarks about fans who told everyone how cute their kid was and what cute remarks they made and showed off photos or drawings or some fool thing about their kids and all that....

But that was before I had a baby of my own, you see... who is perfect, of course!

Why don't we throw LASFS away and start all over again? What and waste 30 years?

30 Years of what?

And this is Dave Hulan back in a clever plastic disguise as Butter Man, having just been playing with Katwen, who has the biggest Blue Eyes with Long Curly Lashes and all like that there - I mean, Roy is the sweetest sunniest little baby ever, but he is retarded and is a problem and I tend to melt all over the place when a little one like Katwen gives me a big million-dollar smile and "goo-goo"s at me...

I wonder if, this being an even-numbered page, we shouldn't make this the last one and run the whole bit off, after of course Bjo or if necessary Katya has put illos and headings in the Right Places - like hopefully the blank ones and not the ones that contain our Deathless Prose. This has been one hell of a swinging weekend, one of the most fun I've had in ages, and I'll sure hate to go back to work, but I guess that'll be my Inevitable Fate any time now. *Sigh* I guess I'd better sober up now...