

EXPLETIVE #20 from Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna St., Garden Grove, 92641 (as of Sept. 7, officially) Phone area code 714: 539-4000. Until then, the old address is to be used.
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Well, we've got the house. Right now I'm not so sure I'm happy about it, but then, I'm facing the prospect of moving and packing and unpacking, and....*sigh*

We will be easier to find. As those of you who have tried to find our present address know only too well, you can't get here from anywhere! But now all you'll have to do is take the San Diego Fwy to the Hwy 39 turn-off, go North, to Chapman & turn right. Head ~~EAST~~ to Lorna, and we're on the right-hand corner of Lorna & Chapman...er...the corner with the eucalyptus trees, not the one with the avocado trees; dammit, I knew I was going to get caught up trying to use compass directions! The house is a sort of cocoa brown, with mustard yellow trim (flinch; that will be changed!), and is one of those flat-looking California deals.

The kitchen is a pullman type, which means - for those who do not read the home magazines - that it has enough room for one person at a time. That will be a novelty, for I haven't worked in a small kitchen in a long time. This is one prospect I'm not sure I'll enjoy. However, I'm sure I will adjust to it. The kitchen is full of built-ins, and handy gadgets, and seems very efficient, and only time will show whether or not I get claustrophobia working in it!

We figure on renting out the one bedroom which is off by itself, for it has a full bath. This will cover the expenses of getting the place arranged to our liking, without putting any strain on our present budget (which is usually strained pretty much, anyway, to be honest about it). Douglas is close by, so we think it should be easy to get an interesting boarder. The way my admittedly faulty math works out, we need only do this for a year to clear everything. We don't really have to get a boarder, but it would help, somewhat.

Mainly, it sure would be nice to make it to a con this next year (wherever it will be) and go camping now and then, and also afford this house and a few other little things. Or at least one more little thing.

The other bedrooms are on the other side of the house, one for Katwen, one for us, and one for a den/sewing room/guest room. Later on, the other bedroom will be turned into John's den, and this will become just the sewing & guest room. There is a tiled full bath at this end of the house.

The living room opens onto the patio, and then a small lawn. We plan to get a small swing for Katwen, as she loves swinging, and perhaps a larger play-gym later as she grows up. We may cover the patio, but now we've got a large umbrella'd table out there, so along with the eucalyptus trees all along that side of the property, the back yard is pretty nice even during hot weather.

The trees, by the way, cost around \$25.00 a year to keep topped and trimmed so they don't foul the swimming pool with leaves, or do damage to the roof; they are tall, thick, well-kept old trees, and we are rather happy to have them.

Anthony swimming pools are supposed to be the finest in California. I hope so, because that's what we've got. It is the small one; 16 X 36 feet, but big enough to enjoy. We will have to install a heater to get fuller fun from it, but that should not be difficult to manage with a renter to help out. Katwen will, of course, get swimming lessons right away, and so will her folks. I can swim, more or less (John somewhat less) but it would be nice to know how to utilize the pool to its fullest. There is quite a large (??)[what happened

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to my spelling??] quite a large area of decking around the pool, and a mess of tropical plants. We plan on building a pool cover (taking no chances; we travel too much to leave an open pool) which becomes a cabana cover when lifted up off the pool. We enjoyed the pool on Parapet St, so we feel that this one will be fun.

However, we are becoming old, or something; neither of us seems to want to have any more big pool parties. For one thing, they were too expensive (even the ones where you brought your own beer; in the first place, there was at least one or two freeloaders there who managed to drink up everyone else's stuff without once paying for their own, and the wear on my towels was terrific - tho we did end up with an amazing collection of odd towels when we finally moved.) and we just do not enjoy large groups any more. We miss being able to talk to and enjoy the company of each person at the party. Oh, there will prolly be a big party now and again, usually because we let it get out of hand, but it won't be an every-weekend sort of thing. At least, I certainly hope it won't be!

Even if we hold parties, they will all be - unless events take a more outstandingly profitable turn - BYOB, at least, and likely Bring Your Own Steak, too. Fah to those who say, "if I couldn't buy the liquor for my guests, I wouldn't hold a party!" If we subscribed to that chunk of false pride, we'd never have a party...and neither would a great many other fans. This way, we know that fans aren't just showing up for the free beer...for the free pool, maybe.

The garage is dry-walled in, but needs to be finished off. We hope to put a sliding glass door in the back wall, to give a view of the pool, and to make it possible to add dressing room and toilet in the garage later on. The new chlorine stuff for pools isn't supposed to fade bathing suits (but don't bet on it!) but a few times of damp footprints tracking over the carpet on the way to the bathroom will start making a difference, I'm sure.

At any rate, I may soon have that longed-for studio, complete with the right electrical hook-ups for the kiln! So I can at least start some hobby ceramics, again. Main reason the garage is outfitted thus is the former owner was a rock-hound, and had his own rock equipment. I now have it. I haven't done any lapidary work for some years, but I'm sure going to try! There are two grinders, and two polishing wheels with hoods and so on; I'll need a trim saw soon, but right away I'll just play around with beach stones I've picked up here and there.

I just caught a passage on page 1; and think it should be explained that the small lawn is on the other side of the patio from the living room...our living room does not contain a small lawn...oh well....I'm typing off-handedly, anyway.

The back yard is completely fenced, with a side gate onto Chapman Ave, which will necessarily be locked, since Katwen is learning now to walk. The whole place is covered with ivy, which means keeping it sprayed all the time for snails, and we may tear out some of it or at least trim it back. The street noise is only slightly louder than on Belgrave, and we have only one neighbor (an artist at Disneyland) to contend with. Frankly, we'll take the noise from the streets than from our present loud-mouth neighbors, anyway. [we don't mind the parties, or the loud Hillbilly music, but the horse-laugh at 1 am, and the idiot who beep-beep-de-beep-beeps his damned horn as he leaves at midnite sort of annoys us a bit] [and besides, I'm getting a bit tired of being known as a knob because I don't watch Peyton Place; I'm called "The One Who Reads"....] So in all, while there are some disadvantages to the place, we think the larger house, the pool, less yard care, and the bargain price in all sort of make up for a few minor problems.

So why am I writing this, when I've got to pack all those books?

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Moving won't be done this weekend, but next weekend; at least the larger stuff. We will move smaller items as we can; the Wrights are moving out now, which will leave us the empty house to move into at our leisure. More or less. The phone (539-4000) will be hooked up Tuesday [until then, the old 897-0930 is in operation] and we are legally in possession of the house on the 10th of Sept. But, as long as it is standing empty between now and then, we can be moving in. That's nice.

We can at least use the pool, if the Labor Day weekend weather is very warm. Or show the house off to the relatives visiting from Minnesota.

There won't be many Trimblezines around during the next school year; we have to trade off with each other on babysitting some nights, for the babysitter we have (and can afford) can only sit for 2 nights of the week, when John and I take geology together on Tue & Wed. John takes Economics on Mon, I take Beginning Sculpture on Thur. If something very, very interesting is coming up at LAFS, we might make it in, or at least John might with Katwen [but late hours aren't any easier to handle, with a small child, the next day], but our babysitting fees will be mostly taken up with the geology classes. I have to have more art for my degree, and I'm rather excited about taking up a field I've never touched before.

Why so much school all at once? We've muddled thru for a year, not doing much, and allowing ourselves to become pretty discouraged about things....now it is time we went to work. Funny how a bit of ribble will do that to me, now; it used to take the fight out of me, and now some adversity seems to make fighting worthwhile. Perhaps it's Katwen, too; we now have something worth working hard for, and someone outside ourselves who makes a fight worthwhile. And it will be a fight to get those units at night school; it will take a long time, and we will get discouraged again, I suppose. But we're at least back in the game!

Stop press announcement: Tricon got the bid, according to a letter from Jay Kay Klein we just got in the mail. Well, congratulations and condolences all around to the appropriate parties! I suppose Bruce will have this info in Ratatsk, too, but this is the first I've heard of the results. Syracuse got its 3/4 vote, setting aside the rotation plan, and then lost by 11 votes to Tricon. We have already assured Ben Jason (many weeks ago) that, in spite of George Scithers, if Tricon won the bid, it would get cooperation from us and PAB.

Seems every two-bit fan who wants to brag about being in a feud decides on me, why? Are they bored with fighting with TLW? Has GMCarr become old hat? Why not pick a fight with that Southern Segregationist (Fans are OK, but they shouldn't ought to be let eat in the same place as People) Dave Hulan? It makes sense not to pick a fight with Bill @ Blackbeard; after all, in an exchange of heated words, you want to know what the other guy is saying! I've done my best to ~~not~~ not be any fun to fight with, but it doesn't seem to work. (In fact, I seem to get into fights with everything, even typers, as you can see). Could it be me? Lovable, sweet li'l freckled Bjo? Unthinkable. The rest of you are the ones who are wrong, whatever the problem is, right? [Par'me, I was just bowled over by loud shouts of "NO!"]. Ah well. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie.

Still, how to handle things has always been a problem; some things you just can't ignore; they aren't going to let you. On the other hand, they must be banking on your continuing to ignore the problem, or they wouldn't pull such stupid stunts. For example, Owen Hannifen has been trying to get everyone at LASFS to read That Letter which I'm supposed to have written. It is supposed to Prove Something, I guess. Well, if it is the letter I wrote, and not the one Jane and Isabel wrote, fogging my signature, it does nothing but explain what the situation is. True, I am a bit sarcastic in it, and pressure did push me to the

point of discussing the characters involved with less than complimentary titles. However, it remains a clear-cut explanation of the whole damned silly mess, and is a thorough indictment of the people Owen claims to be Proving Right. The letter forged with my signature, on the other hand, is supposed to do all sorts of nasty things, such as cast aspersions on a dear unborn child, etc. And how do I know of that letter? Isabel Burbee phoned me one night and told me of it; she'd had second thoughts or something. I asked her, "would you mind repeating that, please?" and she did, not once, but twice, to two listening witnesses. [Both of whom have promised to come forward if this ever reaches - as it well might - the lawsuit stage, but who wish to remain reasonably anonymous until then; the carrying-on that would ensue to make them rescind their story is something they'd as soon avoid]. Isabel phoned that night to find out if a certain thing was true, and upon being assured that it was (by another present), she told the story.

So much for dirty infighting. It is a clever stroke, and I have to admire it, abstractly, for there are many people roady and willing to believe that I'd write such a letter. However, the letter mentioned above that I did write went to several people (this the much-vaunted carbon letter - note the singular) and I have their answers on file, including the person who later sent his copy to people who saw that Jane got it - if she has it at all. I'm sure that if it makes the rounds, you'll read a shorter, well-edited version of the 5-page original. By the way, the person who sent his copy on sent me an answer at the same time, giving me support, and claiming, in fact, to be one of the people who discovered some of the original lies told about the Trimbles. Just goes to show...

Now, how long does a person ignore this sort of thing before popping off and knocking someone's block off? I said it before, and I'll say it again; gals who are happy and secure in love and family don't have to go around being martyrs and looking for people who have made doormats of them and dredging up years-ago trouble. My pity transcends my anger at this whole silly mess. Yet how long am I to keep silent on this trash? Where is the line to be drawn?

No matter what I do at this point, I'm in the wrong. I said I'd drop it, and I would if I could; so I'm in the wrong. Yet the only way to drop it is to drop fandom; should I? [choorus over Thataway; "YES!"]. So several people now have come to me and told me that Mike Klassen wrote his bit of garbage when he wasn't feeling good, and he claims he could have picked anybody to jump (oh yeah?) and he'd apologize only he's afraid of Jane, and...and...aw hell, gang! If he does apologize, and I accept: Ha! crawling ol' Bjo will do anything to win friends away from Jane! So if I don't accept: Ha! That proves what a nasty ol' thing Bjo is! How do you win in a rigged game? I don't even want in the game!

I'm ready and willing to be friends, but not at all interested in making friends, anymore. You guys with your uninvolved philosophy of life can figure that one out, and tell me what I'm talking about, if you wish. I think it's high time someone else did all the work, for a change; the little martyrs with their psychoses and neurones and problems can find someone else to scream at for using them/not using them as doormats/total confidants/lovers/etc...I've about had it.

The only kids I'll raise from now on will be my own. And I'm old enough, satisfied enough, and mature enough to get my jollies from living life instead of getting vicarious kicks from things like Langdon charts. [Plus the fact, of course, that it has to be incomplete; I trust my many lovers, past and present, in and out of fandom, to be gentlemen, at the very least! That is, I hope none of you have talked, now, have you?] [[Aha! So that's how Bjo keeps all those men around her!]].

School starts Sept. 13, and so Expletive will be sporadic after that. Nono! It will still be called Expletive, not Sporadic...you see...oh, never mind!