

EXPLETIVE #\_\_\_, Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641  
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Last EX was badly duplicated, so we've run off others; but instead of running them thru Apa L again, we'll send them to peoplo whose copios were bad, and let them put the now copies in the correct Apa L, if they so wish. Meantwáile, it is up to you to let us know.  
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Erg! There is nothing like starting out the day with a handful of "tinsel blue" paint, I always say. This time I even checked the spray can for the hole, and thought I'd found it, but when I shook up the can and pushed down on the button...the "hole" turned out to be an imperfection in the molding of the plastic, and the real exit for the paint was aimed into the palm of my hand! Oh well. So much for decorating.  
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Ron Ellik, world traveller and bon vivant, is soon going to be a citizen of Garden Grove; by next weekend, if all the paperwork goes well. I don't know about this, though; having good ol' sweet innocent A&W root beer drinking Ron Ellik would have been a good idea for a neighbor (well, nearer than any other fan; he will be about 5 miles away). But having a brand new wine snob and imbiber nearby...I dunno. Why, Ron now adds rum to his root beer (and before you knock it; try it!), so you can see he's well on his way down the primrose path! I think he will

Abelard and King Albert were constantly interrupted by interpolations, which is why they were never known as great writers! ---Ron Ellik

be a bad influence on John, for one thing. John used to drink his root beer straight, but now....I hate to admit it, but John simply loves to succumb to temptation of any kind!

Thing is, Ron and John both have the bad habit of interrupting others' conversations, which is amplified when they are talking to each other (and me, I might add), and worsened when one or the other has a bit of alcoh ol under his belt...so when they both are drinking, it is really bad! However it all adds up to some interesting linos.

Naw, King Albert maybe couldn't write worth beans, but he could always go out and stop a wave or two anytime he wanted. ---John Trimble

So the other night, Ron came over for dinner (this, too, looks like it might be a habit-forming idea) and brought some Bordeaux wine. So, naturally, we drank it. And just as naturally, we didn't stop there.

Stop a WAVE? King Albert? Don't you mean some other king? And you a history student, too! ---Bjo Trimble

So we opened a bottle of Danish raspberry wine, and they started in on that, but it was too sweet for me, so I switched to coffee.

Tippy Canute and Trimble too! ---Ron Ellik

John and Ron finished a quart of raspberry wine that night. (ugh!)

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During the conversations, which went on into the night, I tried to write down some of the more witty things that were said, but when I asked Ron to repeat something, he told me, "I don't remember a goddam thing I said! If I was appreciated in my own time, you'd have written it all down!" And when I pointed out that I was recording all this for history, Ron pointed out that, "One does not always think of history when one is laughing one's ass off at 4 in the morning." Which shows you how drunk it got out, about that time. I mean, have you ever heard dear, sweet, innocent Ron Elik use language like that, before?

Speaking of history, Ron announced he was going to write his own history of fandom. He asked me to take notes, and remind him when he was in a better mood for creative writing, so I wrote down his ideas for chapter headings. "It will be in seven sections," says Ron, with another glass of wine in his hand, "starting with Part I, the outline. No, wait; I think I'll start with the index; that's the disciplinarian method of writing a book!" I sat with poised pen, and he outlined:

- I. Outline
- II. Chapter 1. Title: 1929 Was a Long Time Ago
- III. Chapter 2. Title: Sex & Charles Burbee: A Flashback to 1927  
(Subtitle:) A Prehistory of the Microscopic World  
Surrounding Science Fiction
- IV. Chapter 3: Sam Moskowitz & The Pre-Raphaelite Movement in Science Fiction Illustration (alternately:) The Frozen Jodhpur Industry
- V. Chapter 4: Captain Future, Sargeant Saturn, & The Golden Years of Astounding or How Sargeant Joe Gibson Won World Warx II In a Jock Strap & a Jeep
- VI. Chapter 5: Headlong & Overtwart to the Present Day; The Author's Own Account of the Years From 1952 & His Own Adventures & Failures in Coming of Age in Our Little World Surrounded By Our Little Minds
- VII. Index.

"Is that all?" I said. "No," answered Ron, "put down that there will be an introduction by Ed Martin..." "But you said you were going to write the entire history on five 3 X 5 index cards...." "He'll hand-write the introduction in the margins; I expect to leave wide margins.."

"Any illos?" I asked. "Oh, sure!" says Ron, emptying the wine bottle, "There will be illustrations by Racy Higgs, who has been more of a long-term influence on SF illos than anyone except Earle K. Bergey, and by this I do not mean to imply any qualitative comparison." Here he drank the rest of the raspberry wine, and looked woefully at John. "The illos will be done on the backs of the cards..." "You are only going to write on one side?" I asked in awe, "the whole history of fandom?" "Oh yes, we'll have five pictures and a frontispiece, showing GM Carr mating with Jules Verne in his tomb in...wherever it is...where is it?...illustrating the sprit of Science Fiction!"

I don't know how many copies of this history Ron will turn out, so get your orders in early and often! But we may need more bottles of raspberry wine to get it all written, you know.....

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By now, John had foraged into the "wine collar" (one side of the huge old buffet sideboard) and brought out some Danish fruit wine miniatures, which he and Ron proceeded to open and drink. Ron peered at the label on one bottle and observed, "It's got little teeny print and I can't read it....maybe because I've got big ole eyes..."

Sober ole Bjo wanted to know what that had to do with reading the teeny print. "Oh well," says Ron, in his best "scientific" voice, "you need li'l teeny eyes to read li'l teeny print; just like you need li'l teeny hands to milk nice..."

It seemed like a good time to bring the party to a halt.

But I'm sure all of you will sympathize with me for having such a drunk for a neighbor, who will surely lead my hard-working and sober-minded husband as astray as possible!

Don't let anyone tell you that Ron is a TV snob; he bootlegs his TV shows by coming to our house to watch! And for some reason, we get the strangest ads on TV, the nights he is over. Like the one with the "switch witch" (who steals your good-tasting Crud brand toothpaste, and puts a nasty old toothpaste in its place). The two sickeningly sweet kiddies are chasing the switch-witch to retrieve their Crud, when who should come to the rescue but the prettiest no-talent girl I've seen in a long time, wearing a glittering crown and carrying a wand. "Who are you?" demand the S.S.Kiddies. "I", said the girl, as if she were reading it off a cue card, "am the tooth fairy!" And she, of course, rescues the toothpaste and gives a bit for the brand and so on...

Ron bellows, "That's the tooth fairy? She's the one who tippy-toed into my bedroom when I was a little kid and left a dime for my tooth? Wow!" He waved his arms around wildly, "Howcum I don't have any loose teeth now, when it would be more interesting?"

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The only way to wake up with a big smile on your face is to go to bed with a hanger in your mouth! ---Phyllis Diller  
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Bjo Trimble, Art Teacher! Starting next week, I'll be at the YMCA on the CalTech campus, giving art lessons. This got started when I told a couple of guys during Interhouse decorating that I could teach anybody how to draw; and they've called my bluff! So every Tuesday, I am going to show about 14 guys the basics of art, starting at 7:30 pm and going on until nearly 10. It should be interesting for me, too.

If anyone outside is interested, seriously, and can get there, the show is open for anyone, according to what I've been told. I'm charging a token \$2.50 per term (about 10 weeks), plus materials for each student, but that's more "earnest" money than anything else. I won't go into color for this first term, but we may get into at least color basics before summer. I don't know yet; it depends on how fast everyone learns and/or how well I can teach my own craft, I guess. I plan to buy materials at wholesale prices for my students, too.

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One of the mastorminds on the art lessons bit is Fred Hollander. For which, thanks, Fred. He put up a sign-up sheet in the Y offices, and has run off a notice to send around to the people who showed some interest, and in general seems to show some good organizational talent. LASFS/CalTech people involved so far are Jim Lucas, John Hartman, Jay Freeman, Fred Hollander. So I've got a class there, anyway, even if the others never show up again! Thanks to Jim Lucas for his work, too.

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Don't ever run over a cop's motorcycle — those guys are a bundle of nervos! But then, he was still on it! —Phyllis Diller  
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Congratulations are in order for Walter & Marion Breen; on 10 Jan at 8:08 pm, Moira Evelyn Dorothy Breen weighed in at a little under 10 lbs! Walter called, and talked several dollars worth about the new baby and how Patrick was doing, and mentioned a coin show coming up in Long Beach soon, and asked about Katwen, and bumbled on about the new baby, and said to say "hello" to people, and told me all about how bright Patrick was, and mentioned a new baby, and said he had to make more calls, so he'd better hang up, but by the way, had he mentioned the baby/...?

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We are out of cats, so John is trying to steal one. Our last cat, Opportunity (the last of the Abstract/Tesseract line that we owned) has not been seen for 6 weeks, so we assume he's not coming back, or he's dead. The other cats were gone before that. So here we were with only our .8 cat, which doesn't belong to us, but may soon, if John succeeds.

What's a .8 cat? Well, statistics show the average American family to have 2.5 children, 1.5 dog, and so forth. So when the next-door cat started living half-time over here, we started referring to him as our .5 cat (with Op, we then had 1.5 cat). Now that he lives at our house so much, he's been promoted to .8 cat.

Actually, the cat's name is either Eddie or Grimmore. The only person in the family next door to read books suggested the latter name, but no one else knew what it meant, so they call him Eddie. John calls him Grimmore. He is a pretty cat, small, lithe, and dainty in the Siamese manner, but he is dark grey with ice green eyes. Even for his size, which is small, he is unusually lightweight. I generally call him Hi There Silly Small Cat. And Katwen addresses him as Sweedgy-dee!

Now the Stevens are going to sell their house and move, and they say they want the cat, and won't leave him here. So I said OK, but John has been leaving food out for him, and petting him, and in general making this area very pleasant for Grimmore. I think it's a mistake, but he is a purrful little critter, and quite lovable. In fact, he is asleep on our couch right now, all curled up, paws over his eyes...sigh.

I think we'd better get a new cat soon; anyone got a kitten? I'd like another multi-toed cat, if possible. We may contact the Jardines and see if their cats have any kittens of the A/T line; they have the last unspayed female of that heritage, I guess. I'm going to miss them, they were unusual cats in many respects, as I often relate.

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Conversation Kangarooing again: back to TV commercials. The same night that Ron discovered he should have stayed awake for the tooth fairy, we saw a really non sequiter type commercial that has us slightly bemused. The scene opened on a kitchen, with a housewifely type in the background, and then a door opened, and in walked a little boy and a goose. A goose as tall as the kid! Well, it was stalking, goose-style, with its neck stuck straight up in the air, but it was still a pretty big goose. So the kid and the goose walk across the kitchen and go out the back door, with the housewife watching. Then the camera pans in to her face, which - instead of registering stark amazement - is looking normal-TV-mother-patient-expression, and she says, "It's not that I mind cleaning up after them, but I just waxed this floor, after all!" And a background voice started selling floor wax. Well, after the first moment of shock, we all cracked up; the whole thing had been done with absolutely no hint that a small boy walking thru one's kitchen with a goose was in any way at all unusual!

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Every once in awhile, John lets his pixie sense of humor get the best of him. When he got a come-on postcard from an insurance company which wanted to give him a free road atlas if he'd tell them his age, he wrote that his birthday was "November 31, 1889" and mailed it back.

So a few days ago, a very nice insurance man called, and wanted to meet John. Since I didn't know about the card, I had no idea why his interest in John, but the conversation was slightly oblique, and didn't make sense, in an odd sort of way. The caller, Mr. Vengrin, said "Well, our company really isn't interested in insuring Mr. Trimble, you know." After we'd met at the door, and he'd given me his card, I invited him inside, and told him my name. "But we thought it would be nice if we kept our word and gave the old boy his atlas; maybe he'll get a kick out of it, you know?" I agreed, thinking he was acting pretty casual about a possible insurance sale, and wondering what his opening comment was supposed to mean. "Are you his grand-daughter?" asked Vengrin.

"Why no," I said, in bewilderment, "I'm his wife!" Vengrin looked startled, and exclaimed, "You are the wife of John Griffin Trimble?" "Yes," I said, "what is this all about?" So he showed me the postcard.

"Well, in the first place, there are only 30 days in November," I said (I know that's an idiotic observation, but it isn't every day I'm the wife of an 76-year-old man!), "and in the second place, my husband was born in 1936, and in the third place you are the victim of John's rather wild sense of humor." Vengrin looked even more shook up and said numbly, "Are you sure November has only 30 days?"

"Sure," I said, "Remember the old poem, 'Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November!..at least, I think that's how it goes, the now you ask me, I'd hate to guarantee it.'" Well, John came home about that time, assured Mr. Vengrin that he had adequate insurance, and they talked a bit about postal rates, insurance, sales work, and things. I served coffee all around, and when Mr. Vengrin recovered from shock he gave John his atlas and went home. John sure keeps life interesting.

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Dieters who insist on drinking the canned gunk supposed to keep you on 900 calories a day, such as Metrecal and other stuff, might be interested to know that they can whip up their own potables, according to Consumer Reports' Buying Guide. The usual warning not to start on a restricted 900 calorie diet without a physician's recommendation is one to listen to; but most dieters now use Metrecal to help keep their diet in hand, within a reasonable 1500 calories or so.

A Blender would be handiest, but an old "armstrong beater" will do, for this recipe, and it certainly beats paying 29¢ a can for that stuff! Blend 7 ounces of nonfat powdered milk (skin), about 2/3 oz. corn oil, and a quart of water; sweeten with an artificial agent and flavor to taste with concentrated orange juice or other low-calorie flavoring. There are many liquid flavoring agents on the market (including rose, violet, liquors - rum, brandy, wine, etc - raspberry, strawberry, ginger, etc) but it might be wise to flavor each glass as you wish to drink it, and plan to add a bit of vegetable coloring, too.

That last bit is mine; but it isn't as nutty as it sounds. Most of the flavorings are colorless or pale amber, and so your diet liquid will be milky-white or cream-colored, which is not psychologically a good color to constantly face if it's your only item for lunch! It will help the flavor along if your raspberry drink is pink, or your lemon-rum drink is a cheerful yellow, or your violet flavored drink is a nice ...erk!...lavender. Anyway, you get the idea. While adding color is only psychological, it helps (anything which helps dieting is great!). Watch some colors, tho; when I was coaxing my small brother to drink his milk by adding colors, he insisted on blue once, and then wouldn't drink it...looked too much like something Martian, he said!

Since this drink won't have the vitamin-mineral additions, you should plan to take those in pill form. But otherwise, I feel that almost anything would be tastier than Metrecal!

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Well, I just watched my first Batman episode. And I'll likely watch others off and on when I happen to be around and the TV is handy. But I doubt I'll make a fetish of watching Batman; it is too much like having someone read comic books aloud, and will grow exceedingly boring after a bit, I'm sure. I was amused by the signs on everything, rather like Dick Tracy's two-way wrist radio which always has a sign pointing to it reading "two-way wrist radio" or TV nowadays, I guess it is. I dug the "how clever of you to think of that, Boy Wonder" and other titles used. But I feel that unless curiosity about a new villain overcomes me, this TV show won't hold my attention very long. I do think that Burgess Meredith is a fine Penguin, and I'll be interested to see who plays the Joker, also. Better than "Lost In Space", anyway.

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Speaking of Dick Tracy, I really cracked up last Sunday, and I think Chester Gould has finally mentally gone over the hill; a small box in one panel announced that the nation that controlled magnetism could control the universe! And cure the common cold, too! Anyway, stock up on magnets, gang, in case Russia tries to conquer us all thru magnetism, right? Right! And awaaaa-yyyYYY to the moon!

--Bjo--