

LITTLE GREEN THINGS #1, genuine first issue, maiden appearance, and all that, is being performed in the den of one Ed Cox by one Ed Cox and one Dave Locke, this bright and shiny 7th of May 1977 (here in Arleta, anyway; in Lomita it's raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock). This little item is slated to be run through FAPA mailing number whatever.

Dave Locke here, typing on a green Gestencil and drinking Little Green Things. Maybe we should explain Little Green Things. Actually, you don't so much explain them as drink them. Little Green Things (there is no singular; always plural) is a drink which was born (stillborn, I think) within the fertile imagination of one Ed Cox. And if it's untrue that EdCo was the one who created this concoction, then he shall have to bear the responsibility for the drink's promulgation. When I turn the typewriter over to him, he can explain all the relevant details to you while I go drink one of the things.

EdCo here: first let me mention that this is not the typical classical Burbee type one-shot. This is more like the classical Lee Jacobs type one-shot. In the NFFF they would call it a "round-robin"--most robins I've ever seen have been rather round and it always appeals to my cats--and there is little difference between this quarterly apa type effusion and an NFFF type thing--they both take 3 months to get any response--but enuf of this...besides, Stan and I are friends from way back... Where was I....?

Oh, yeh...

Little Green Things, not the title of a rock album (notice that the "a" still repeats at sporadic intervals) are a sort of drink... which comes as no surprise to FAPAns who know Dave Locke.

He drinks you know...

In my case, it might surprise a number of members, as it is well known that I'm a rather shy, retiring, low-key type who looks like a water-drinker from way back. But I have allowed myself to be misled by such local FAPAns as Dave Locke, Dave Hulan (is he still in FAPA?), Len Moffatt, Dean Grennell, Milt Stevens (perhaps the worst of all--he drinks TAB y'know...) and some others. Charles Burbee is probably the worst offender. He keeps me drinking Coors all the time.

Well, anyway, to get back to the subject, getting some page credits in FAPA, a Little Green Thing consists of the following basic ingredients:

- 1 6 oz. (screw metric) can of lime or limeade frozen concentrate
- 1 can of vodka after above is emptied
- 1 teaspoon powdered coconut powder
- ice as required

Into a blender, dump the can of frozen lime (or limeade if you can not find pure lime) frozen concentrate. Fill can with vodka. Dump that into blender, alongwith powdere coconut. At blend speed, add cracked ice until blender pitcher it filled to near top. Pour into chilled glassed. Drink carefully, wary of frozen sinuses.

There are numerous variations, of clurse. (Whoops, already I've frozen my sinuses....) One can add more than just the one can of vodka. Or, use orange juice insteaad of lime. Or, with the lime, use a light rum. And so on and on. Just be sure you have lots of ice and don't pour the ice in too fast or the whole shebang freezes up and the unblended ice will rest on top of the too-cold blend. Which is bad...

...because
then you have to chew it...

However, the drink is a very refreshing type of thing for hot weather. Of course, today, 7 Maay 1977, is not a hot day in the San Inferno Valley. It has rained on and off, fairly steadily and with some verve, so that it remains cool, cloudy and damp. However, it is to be noted that appreciated of the taste, gusto and gustatory delight of consumption of same has not lessened one whit.

Dave you can take it now.
And maaybe even explain what the hell aa "whit" is...

Dave here, again. A "whit"? Sounds like a fag wag.

Sure enough, I can hear EdCo in the kitchen slaving over a cold blender. In the meantime, however, my glass is empty. It's tough to work on a one-shot when your glass is empty, and even tougher when you're typing in Ed's den where smoking is off limits. (About the only thing I haven't done while smoking is to screw. Have to try that one of these days. Maybe I could put a White Owl between my legs...)

I had a number of Dave Locke type of things happen to me last week. Strangely enough. Monday I threw my back out of joint again. Tuesday I broke my upper plate (I have my own teeth, but only by virtue of purchase) and Wednesday I got aa good touch of food poisoning. Thursday I spent in my bathroom, as a result of Wednesday's food poisoning, and Fridaay I lost my ass at poker. A typical Dave Locke kind of week, unfortunately.

I wouldn't have encounter the food poisoning bit if one of the sales managers where I work hadn't told me that he'd located the perfect ham-burger. "It's the ultimate hamburger, Dave," he told me. Additionally, he noted, the place that served it was in terrible shaape, attracks as its clients at least 95% of the rednecks located this side of Pittsburg (the place is a bar), and overaHl is quite scuzzy. Other than that, he said, they serve the world's best hamburger. With a pitch like that, how could I turn him down? So we went and got poisoned. Serves the bastard right. I came down sick at six that evening (although I thought earlier that I was merely getting tired), but he had caught a plane at five o'clock. Good enough for him. And the hamburger wasn't worth a damn, either...

Ed is over at the other side of the den, warming up his Gestetner. I know he can't accomplish that by breathing on it, becaause the net effect of such an act would be to freeze it up solid. After all these Little Green Things, in fact, quite fraankly I'm afraid to say something for fear my voice will crack and give me a forked tongue.

Or whatever. There's one line left for you to fill in, Ed.

It is now well into Chapter Five, or at least, it's Monday, the 9th of May. This one-shot seems to have nearly aborted at two pages. And we can't have another single sheet screwing up the collating of the mailing. Especially when it looks like I might be doing a lot of the said collating. Seems as if the FAPA Assesh will be lacking a lot of the local regulars as L.A.S.F.S. is having an "Open House" that afternoon during which an auction of real S.F. items will be taking place. So I've promised to lug back FAPA bundles for many of them, all who do not show. The only drawback to this overwhelmed me the day after I made the promise.

I'll have to go to another L.A.S.F.S. meeting...

And they seldom talk about science-fiction there. Besides, there are all those girls there and it's distracting to try to think about Science Fiction in a serious and constructive manner with that kind of distraction distracting one. But this is FAPA and I shouldn't be concerning the membership with soul-searching about the travails of the sincere science-fiction fan's plight at a L.A.S.F.S. meeting.

I should concern myself with a much more real and immediate plight:

How to finish off another page-and-a-half of this one-shot with no help.

Actually, it is sort of my fault that the situation developed this way. I somehow hadn't been getting a lot of sleep lately. Up two or three times during the night (recently the oldest cat, Scrigger, had to have minor surgery at the vet and was prowling around wanting to go out). Since it's been cold and, now, rainy, no way was she going out. Some friends just lost one of their cats. They let her go outside while still recovering from an illness. At any rate, I yawned all Saturday morning. When Dave got here, we started drinking Little Green Things. Then I made a big batch of spaghetti and we drank wine with it. I could hardly keep my eyes open and finally conked out. First good night's sleep I've had in a week. Of course, now I have to sort through the data and find out which factor contributed to my sleeping so well.

Drinking all that stuff on a semi-empty stomach?

Eating such a heavy meal complete with much chianti?

Or the company?

Uh, that is, Dave, you brought a half-gallon of wine and we just couldn't let it go to waste, right?

Well, so much for background. Still one page to go. One of these days I'll have this typewriter adjusted and stop "a's" from repeating. One more stencil to go. After all, anything to prevent another 1-sheet.

Dave Locke mentioned that I was "warming up" the Gestetner (back in page 2). That statement belies a whole span of agonizing travail. (Travail is my favorite re-discovered word of the oneshot this time.) It had been many montsh, since, in fact, early 1976 since I'd used the Bg G. Never have I had aany real trouble with the thing, especially in paper feed or inking the silkscreen. But this time I pumped and pumped the inking lever, cranked and cranked and couldn't seem to get any ink through the screen at all. I was perplexed until Dave Locke mentioned something to the effect that perhaps since it was an old stencil, it just wasn't letting ink through, or something to that effect.

A great light dawned on me. An old stencil had been left on the machine. "That's what you say you always did with your machine," Dave explained. Which is true. Oh, how quickly time erases one's expertize and/or memory.

For, sure enough, not only was the old stencil on there, and appearing much like a loose coverlet on a bed, when you punched it with a finger, but there had been nothing at all wrong with any of the inking mechanism. The reason little depressions remained when I poked my finger on the surface to see if there was ink...was because there was ink--a hell of a lot of it--trapped under the stencil.

And drooling slowly out from beneath of bottom of the stencil, like a mudlike in Palos Verdes. What a waste. The first stencil took scores of cred-sheets to get any decent copy and this after I'd paper-toweled up what seemed like half a tube of ink (and that stuff is expensiver all the time...). Then some sheets would rip through or crumple under the maachine, not feeding through at all. And excess ink smeared and dropped everywhere which gave dirty backsides (if you'll pardon the expression--to most of the first page sheets. Hopefully, the rest of this will turn out cleaner. I guess the solution is to publish a lot more material through FAPA, and more often. Which has been a goal for some time now.

Then I won't have to inflict something like this one the membership even though it will help up my page-count in the next issue of CABBAGES AND KINGS, if that is indeed still the medium for the annual reprise of what there was in the mailings by whom for the Egoboo Poll. In which I voted, by the way; hope you did the same. (Just checked: it's OF MEMBERS AND ZINES.)

Speaking of such things, I somehow suspect that this publication will undoubtedly not place in the BEST SINGLE PUBLICATION category next time...

And not only for the numerous typos uncorrected herein, either. Which reminds me that Gestetener moved from Burbank to conveniently near in Panorama City. They also had their first annual floor-tax sale to help cut down taxable inventory. Discount on case lots of paper wnet up and ink and stencils, in case lots, were discounted. Not that I could afford all of that (next year us Gestetner users ought to band together). But of all the supplies I did buy there last week, the one thing I was completely out of and forgot to buy was, you've noticed, more Corflu.
