



Shipside 2

FADA -- 90



SHIPSIDE 2

FAPA 90

This, be it known to all and sundry, is SHIPSIDE #2, the Fantasy Amateur Publication of he who is known, from time to time as the USS JT. The minions of J Arthur Summerfield would much rather that I be known as John Trimble, of 970 Marview, dwelling in Apartment #2, in the Great Metropolis of Los Angeles, and the 12th postal zone thereof. This, of course, is in that Paradise known as California, southern branch. I have the audacity to submit this for the 90th Mailing of that venerable organization known as FAPA, with a limited number of copies to be placed at the disposal of selected members of The Great Unwashed outside of said FAPA. The beginning date is 23 December 1959, and this will be published on the LASFStetner, at the Sign of the Rusted Anchor.

WHERE TO?

An expression frowned upon by the Yellow Cab Co. of Los Angeles, the concern for which I now do most humbly slave.

Yes, last time around, I was a sholarly student, slaving away at introducing an English teacher to the works of LE Smith, and like that. So how, without a semester break between, did our hero, Jacques de Trimble, find himself living in another city, and a hacky?

Ah now, me fine folk, that's a looong story. It seems that our lad got to looking at the remains of his bank account one day, and then around him at his increasing poverty, and decided to go out into the world to seek his fortune. And it came to pass, that in seeking he was disappointed, for due to vast upheavels known as strikes, and still more profound disturbances known to the makers of flying carpets as canceling of government contracts, many others had preceeded him to each place of work in this seaport of great Iowa, and all of the jobs had long lists of applicants.

So our laddie journeyed into the Great Metropolis to the northeast, to seek toil. And lo, there was a caravan master who had yellow chariots for the transporting of the people of this Mecca, and he had need of charioteers. Our laddie, Jacques, appealed unto this great man, and soon was given a chariot to help him earn his bread.

The seaport was leagues distant, and it came to pass that a dwelling place upon a hill in the Fabulous Ghetto known as Los Angeles was made available unto him, and he stopped there to live for a while.

Yes, shhool is out once again for a while. Such minor things as new glasses, clothing maintenance and replacement, and all manner of other things have forced me to quit school and work full-time. One of these days I'll get back to it, but.... Money has come to be such a habitual thing.

I've got a green monkey on my back.

CAB DRIVERS ARE LIKE PRIESTS

I don't feel like one, but that's what the young lady told me. And I'm beginning to believe her. Anyone and everyone will tell his/her troubles to a hackey. We're supposed to be a piece of the machinery, I guess.

The young lady mentioned above was complaining that she was too sexy. She claimed that she could wear an old pair of blue jeans, and a too large bulky sweater, and still look sexy. She was wearing a flame-colored knit dress, and had just come from a bar where a man had offered her \$100 to go to bed with him. I believe her.

And then there were the two Aussies who asked me to look them up if I ever got down Austrailasia way, or to send them each a copy of my first book. I filed away their business cards, and I think I'll do bbth.

And of course there are always the ones like the guy who ordered a cab by phone one evening about 7, had me take him halfway across town, and then robbed me. That piece of glass he had at my throat was sharp enough to make me want to co-operate even if he hadn't been strong enough to break my neck with his bare hands. Hell, I tried to give him the cab, but he didn't seem to want it.

Well, it's certainly an interesting life.

-oOo-

THE FOOD'S SO DAMNED SANITARY

That's what bugs me about these "coffee shops" which dot the Los Angeles landscape. The Ben Frank's, and the Norm's, and the Chef's, and all the other chains. They are stainless steel and glass examples of "modern" architecture at its most garish, and bug me just in looks, let alone the food.

Which is always the same. From one end of the city to the other, the restaurants have that same baroque decor, and the food is the same, moderatley-priced, tasteless mish-mash. It's all edible, but that's all. No, it's nourishing, too. And sanitary as all get out.

White Knoll Dr., Marview, Beaudry, and sundry streets are just off Sunset Blvd., about a mile or so west of Union Station. And about half that distance further west along Sunset is a shopping district in the old style, with multitudes of little stores and businesses of every type and discription. And among these lie Mexican Restaurants, Steak Houses, Ice Cream parlors, and various other cafes and eating establishments. There's one just south of Temple Street on Glendale Blvd, called the California Restaurant, which serves a 90¢ chicken liver dinner on a plate that's at least 15 inches in diameter, in a decor that is western without being Western. With coffee, the tbtal comes to \$1.09. And the food's got personality.

I guess it's sanitary, too, but I've never really wondered.

-oOo-

LETTERS *- I THINK -- DEPT.

The two letters following, one postmarked 8:30 PM, Nov 2, and the other 9 PM, 2 Nov are both in comment upon T3G, I believe. However, I'm not at all positive, and will let you decide for yourselves. By the way, I did NOT write either of these, and anyone who wants to see the originals may do so. Simply tear the top off your mailman, and post, together with ten rubles (I think ahead), to: Letters, 147 S. Ritters Lane, Owings Mills, Md. The results won't be the letters reprinted here, but ought to be interesting, at any rate.

31 Oct 59
From Under The
Bed, In Fear Of
The DAY!

AVE! JOHN:

It has been reported that my very existence is in Doubt. Fie on my detractors. Our mutual friend (or parimutual, if you like; he is only half there) RCJ brought this response, by an ignoble few, to my recent letter to you (which you printed, showing good taste on your part, surprizingly enuff), to my attention upon my recent return from Outer Space (I am back to take a course in Russian; for some reason, all the latest space charts are in that language). This letter should settle them.

I would have visited you in person, but it is That Day, you know, and I am staying locked in my ship until it is safely over. I am not superstitious (although above average), but there is no use in taking chances. The green ink in witch (a topical word) I write is green because I have recently returned from the Woon (back side of the Moon), and the limitless expanses of black features and red names depressed me greatly. I was glad to see, upon my return to Earth, that the US was still in business (just what business I haven't discovered as yet). The Intour office of LunikGrad was a little confused about it when I quiered them. I shall thell them about it so they can inform the next worried Democrat that inquires. To escape all that red tape, I think I shall by-pass Lunikgrad on my next trip out.

It should be of interest to you to know that I have received a promotion from Space HERO Extraordinary, to Unlimited Guardian of the Heavens. I'm very glad that S.H.E no longer follows my name, and is replaced by U.G.H., because when a recent account of my unending fight against evils, villians, etc., was published on Earth, someone in the state of MARYland wrote an article for the papers proving that I was Siamese Twins, one-half of which was a woman. If you want to read more of what that fellow wrote, get the recent LAYDies Home Companion. This fellow is the same one that wanted Red Grange barred from sports casting; something about politics in his background, or something. If you happen to come accross the June '55 issue of Klu Klux Klan Klomics, you might look this up. It's on page 69, I understand.

Enough of such trivial and un-important rot. Such people aren't really worth notice (although if the organization I hear he is forming, to kick the foreigners out of the United Nations is successful, we might all be next).

While writing, I find that Oct 31 is passed, and it is now Nov 1, 1959. I can come out fRom beNeath thE beD, and wRite plainEr, as

it is less Crowded now. RCJ just Got up The Nerve to Go Home. This IS rAtHer uNeVen, BeCAUSE he SlAMMed the Door and The SHip is Rock-
ing.

((Ed Note: About here, the letter becomes quite unreadable, and we pass over that passage (or two or three) and conclude the letter. jt))

There, at least the steering jets work. NOW where were we? No-where, so I will close here. Especially as I hear RCJ pounding on the starboard port. Tsk, tsk, such language...just no snese of humor.

Sin-cearly your acquaintance,

Haniford Sour, U.G.H.
Norwalk Space Port
(Address replies to Dr.
M. Smith, head Head-Shrinker)

And in the same day's mail (A Day that will Live In Infamy)....

1 Nov 59
Orbitsville

Ave! John:

Having some time to waste, I have decided to write you. I have in front of me a missive with three dancing men of the cover. These are all three bearded, but one has his is the strangest spot. Wisely, you have left the name off the cover; this puts your many enemies at a disadvantage. The only way they can refer to it is by saying have you seen ((EdNote: A crude bit of drawing follows, and after some research, it looks as tho intended as a representation of the cover mentioned above. jt)) that Tremble (sic) put out? Which throws a terrific stumbling block into their conversation.

Inside is a title which is slightly less difficult to mention, and then some remarks about the brush.

Tell Bjo that she has at least one admirer in ol' Han. That was a very interesting and amooosing fantasy.

Jazz In New Zealand??? Why????

In my last litter, I mentioned the troubles with that fellow in MARYland, but in rereading his letter to you, we (Lord Calvert and I) become insensed again. But now I realize that the whole thing was a gag that you cooked up. There just couldn't be any such person as "Worgie Getzel" or his alterd ego "HW". The MARYland address was the tip off. Rather in bad taste, two. I should have expected something more obtuse in the way of a hoax from you.

So much for my opinions of Golden and Green Gryphon

Now, are you repsonsible for the slanderous articles directed against me and as mentioned in my last litter? Iff, as I believe, that fellow is a creation of yours, I can only suppose you have fallen under the influence of my Arch Enemy, Josē Fiend - Arch Villian of the Space Ways. Although hoe he managed to hasten here from the Harem of Hagum Hoo where I managed to imprison him at the conclusion of my last brush with him, is beyohd my conjecture. (And imprisonment in that harem is not the pleasant thing you might think it to be -- try tangling with a 50-legged Quillad female some-time.)

By the by, I find that I will have to purchase a new rocketship, as my old one - Thrilling Draging (out of Skylark by Fafnir) was damaged by a hunk of sky junk. I didn't get the number, but a hunk of metal let in my hull was labelled "Made in USSR" in red paint.

While orbiting Earth, I caught a teevee show which featured some chaps talking about space (whatever that is). A fellow named AP Church-something thought that we had come as far as we should with science. He felt that there was room for improvement when he was young, but that now we should stop. He was afraid that all the stuff we were shooting up would "unbalance the Solar System, and cause the planets to plunge into the Sun". There was something about adding so much weight to the moon as to cause huge tides to sweep the earth.

I agree.

HAN SOUR, U.G.H.

-oOo-

THE MAD DOGS RETURN

The Youngs postmailing just arrived, and may I be one of the first to raise up in arms over this ignoble treatment of our ex-OE. You should be ashamed of yourselves, J&y. Stooping to kick poor Ted like that as he lies moaning in the gutter. Why, it's directly akin to the actions of the Mad Dogs that Knead Harlan in the groin when his back was turned. Shame!

After all, since when hasn't it been a part of FAPA policy to send officers and ex-officers to conventions on FAPA money? Or if not to do that, at least to feed them between cons. Isn't this one of the functions of this fine organization? And if not, just what have I got into here? (If I can't spend FAPA money for food because I'm too embroiled in fanatic work, what'm I going to do?)

In a nautical manner: steer the same course (or steady as she goes, or like that), and full speed ahead. Damn the torpedos from White.

I for one, am with you (and suspect that most of the rest of the FAPAte are, too).

-oOo-

Which, more or lessly, slides this thing to a halt. It is very likely that there'll be another zine from me in this same mailing, loaded, in all probability with mailing comments.

But maybe not.

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This has been SHIPSIDE #2, for the 90th FAPA Mailing, from John Trimble, 970 Marview, Apt2, Los Angeles 12, Calif. The date is 26 December 1959. Happy New Year!

Artwork and headings all stenciled by yours truly. Comments and ticking packages viewed with suspicion.