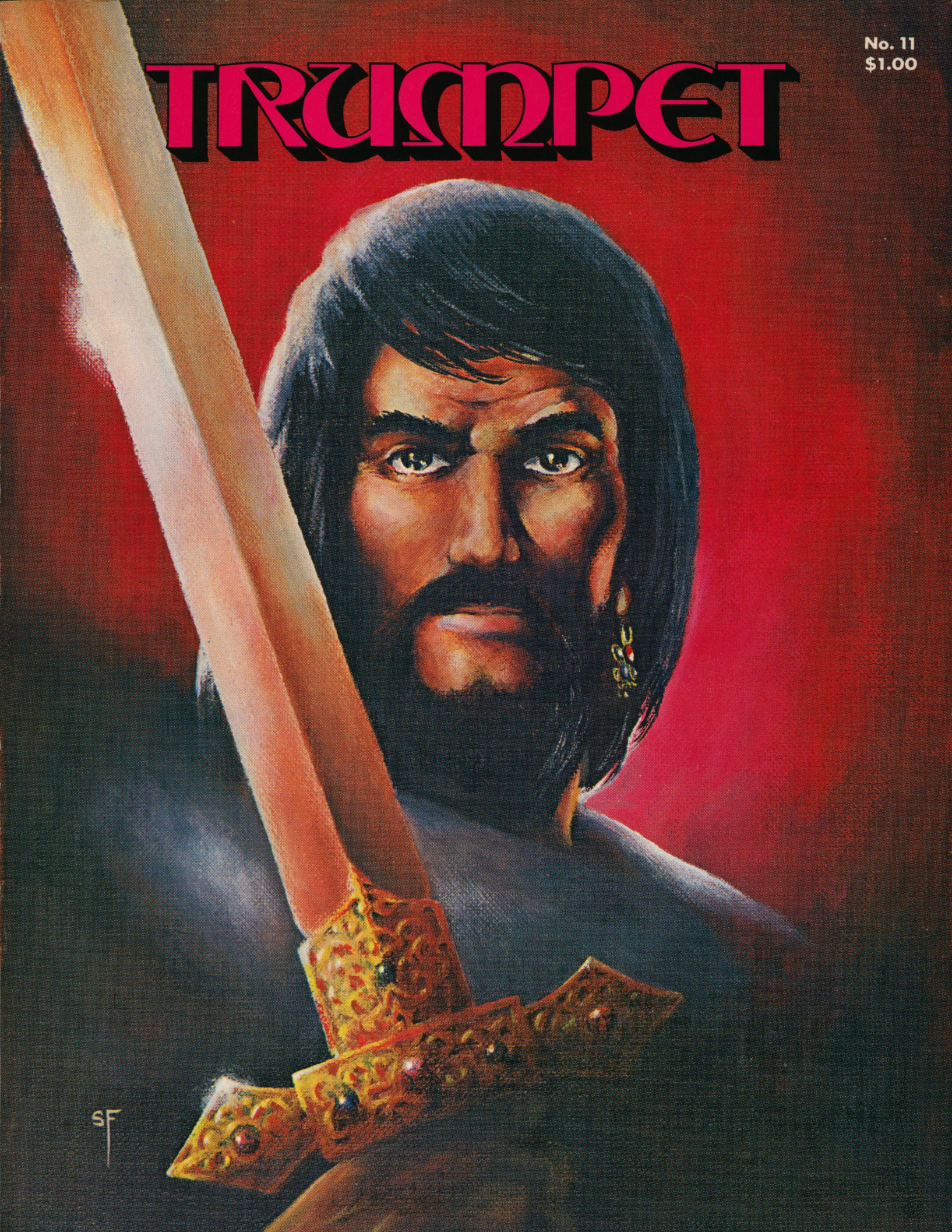


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TRUMPET



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trumpet 11

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editorial & other pretensions x 2

Tom Reamy

they've built a MacDonalds at Hollywood & Vine...

Welcome to 1974!

I hope you all enjoyed 1973. It was produced by Mack Sennett—with an assist by Caligula. I don't know; have I suddenly become more aware of what is going on in the world, or did 1973 really produce a new event to boggle the mind practically every day?

Going back a little further I seem to remember another issue of Trumpet—with a very pretty cover by George Barr, something about a frog... my recollection is hazy—and all the announced plans for the next issue.

Well...

You see, I was working in aerospace at the time; you remember aerospace, I'm sure. I'm sure you also remember a few years ago when electronics engineers were pumping gas for a living. (Here they are out of a job again!)

At the time I had written a screenplay. I guess it was a pretty good screenplay. A lot of people liked it and it was even optioned once, but I get ahead of myself. While I was looking for another job—and not finding one—I got involved with a film production company in Dallas who wanted to produce the screenplay. This was toward the end of 1970 and early 1971. I still hadn't found a job, my unemployment had run out, and the production company had a case of terminal indecision.

"I don't know. The distributor tells us that horror films are dying at the box office. What the public wants right now is a good swamp picture. Come up with a good swamp picture and you can clean up. Do you think you can turn your screenplay into a swamp picture?"

"I don't know. The distributor tells us the public wants women's prison pictures..." Different distributor; same Out-to-Lunch sign on his brain.

This went on for at least six months with "We'll know something definite by Friday/Tuesday" every Tuesday and Friday. I finally decided there was a very limited future in waiting for Fridays and Tuesdays to roll around so, when I got my income tax refund, I got in my car (which, unbeknownst to me at the time, was suffering from some exotic, incurable disease) and headed for Hollywood.

The car was in the hospital three days in Pecos, Texas, but that is another story.

I knocked on John and Bjo Trimble's door one night about ten o'clock and said, "Well, here I am!"

Bjo said, "Whu...?"

"You said in your letter that I could stay with you if I decided to come to California."

"Uh," she said, "yeah."

One of the big topics of conversation around at the time was the filming of "Flesh Gordon," a porno version of you know what. Greg Jein was building beautiful little models of phallic rayguns and spaceships; Mike Minor was designing and building fabulous sets: vaginal caverns and the like; a great many of the people known by George Barr (who was also staying at the Trimble's) were involved in some way with the film. Bjo, herself, later went to work on the film as the makeup department. It turned out, eventually, to be practically a fan project.

I knew Mike Minor slightly from Baycon, so I started going over to the studio and watching them build sets. I wanted a job on that film so bad I could taste it—both because my income tax money was running out and because I wanted to work on a film... any film. If it happened to be a science fiction porno film, so much the better.

My getting under foot finally paid off. Mike, who has more talent and energy than the entire Alabama National Guard, eventually decided he needed an assistant. As he was practically the only person around who knew what he was doing, he had reached a saturation point. (The incompetence involved in that film would make your hair curl.)

So, I became Property Master.

When you're a non-union property master, it's only a fancy name for go-pher.

There was still a month of set-building before actual shooting began. My first task was to find authentic seats

(continued on page 2)

Alex Eisenstein

silver threads among the bronze

Avalanche is Better than None, or
Snow's Your Old Fan

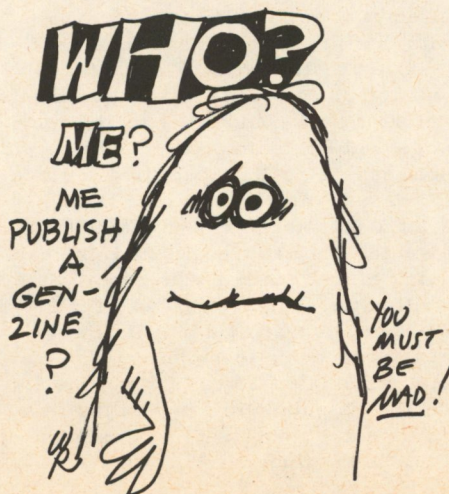
The thunder of jets in an open sky, a streak of gray, and a cheerful "hi!" A loop, a whirl, a vertical climb, and once again, you know it's time—for—
IREAMY!... and his friends.

Hiya, kids—hiya-hiya-hiya! Yes, Virginia, the Golden Kazoo rises from its hermetic crypt, and visions of sugardaddylums (olde fandomme style) dance in my head. Not to mention the fantabulous Tom Reamy.

Well, I suppose we could blame gremlins for the inordinate (incredible, even) delay between issues... but yet I must confess: I really had nothing to do with it. It's all Yngvi's fault. At this point in time, as they say in Washington, I'm not even sure this effusion will reach Tom in time to appear in issue #11; if you're reading it, however, then I guess it did. (That's known as an apprehensive tense.)

Yes, this is the new, refortified Trumpet, the time-binding fanzine and showcase of the curiouser arts. All contributions of an ostentatious and impressive nature should be sent to Our Illustrious Founder; unregenerately iconoclastic efforts may be offered at the altar of this perennial grump. (Slashing reviews not accepted without authentic bloodstains.)

Those fellow fan-eds who wish to see perfervid descriptions of their inky offspring in these high-tone pages may, until further notice, direct their progeny-for-review to this scrivener. The long-defunct "Compost Heap" will, mayhap, be reanimated in the next issue (#12). Please inscribe all such items "Review Copy, CH" and send to 2061 W. Birchwood, Chicago, IL 60645; I get other mail, too. (Love letters are graciously accepted at this dept., but all explosive parcels should be delivered at the Woodson address...) No warranties of accuracy or quality can be set on my cavalier verdicts, and no autopsies are performed subject to donor approval. Detailed topographical studies, and other works of a delicate nature, should be hand-carried whenever feasible; otherwise, such material must arrive in a plain brown wrapper, and will be reviewed only in private consultation. Naturally, those packages that are warm to the touch will be opened first.



(continued from page 1)

for the Ford Tri-motor interior set. A simple one, you think. As it turned out, it wasn't too hard. It only took me about three days. I called all the property houses, who can rent you everything from a stuffed moose to a working sub-machine gun. No seats. Universal thought they might have some. I spent one whole afternoon rummaging around in the Universal property room and behind the false fronts on the back lot. I wasn't having any luck finding Ford Tri-motor seats but I was having a whale of a good time.

I finally found them at the aviation museum near the Orange County Airport. (Ford Tri-motor seats, in case you're ever asked, are made of wicker.) They also threw in an authentic mike and head-set.

I had to find torches for the dungeon... you know, the barbaric looking ones in all the Maria Montez pictures. The prop houses were again no help, so this time I got to rummage around in Paramount's property room. More fun! (As I was coming out with an armload of clunky, spikey wrought iron torches that caught on everything within twenty feet, I met this actor I've seen four thousand times but whose name I don't think I ever knew going in. "Are those for me to read by?" he asked. "If you plan to do your reading in the dungeon," I quipped. It must have been okay because he laughed. Ghod! An actor spoke to me! This was before I became blase about the whole thing. I finally got to where I could talk to actors as if they were just Howard Waldrop or Steve Utley. And I even met a few you've heard of.)

There were countless other props I had to locate, but in most cases it was just a matter of going to the prop house and carting them to the sound stage.

One interesting one was a penis-shaped mouthpiece for a hookah. Would you believe I actually found one—in a head shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

Then, finally, shooting started. It was interesting—not to say fascinating. The first scene shot was the Ford Tri-motor interior. I had my first experience of being surrounded by naked actors. (You see, the ray coming from Mongo, pardon me, "Porno," isn't a destructo ray anymore; it's a sex ray. When it catches the plane on which Flesh and Dale are riding, the passengers have an orgy.)

They discovered a couple of weeks later that they had shot part of the scene with an empty camera, so the set had to be rebuilt and I had to go to the Orange County Airport and haul those damn chairs back again. There was one unexpected event during the first filming of the scene. One of the actors didn't show up and the director asked me if I liked to be in it. I'd get \$50.00. I declined. Not, I don't think,

from modesty, but because I look terrible with my clothes off. Ah well, my big chance and I blew it.

Shooting part of a scene with an empty camera may seem, on a scale from one to ten, fairly incompetent. I would rate it only as a two or so. The eights and nines and tens would come later.

One criteria of the incompetence involved is the budget. It started out with a \$60,000 budget and wound up costing nearly three quarters of a million. The sixty thou was very, very high for a porno film anyway. They usually run from ten to thirty thousand. You don't make much money on a porno film (relatively speaking), generally about forty thousand—unless you luck out with a "Deep Throat" or something. But the good thing about it is, you can always count on making that much. You have your distribution set up, the theaters who rent (or buy) the films will take everything you send them—they don't



care what they are and neither do their customers. These are the \$10,000 ones that show in converted welding shops and don't even advertise the titles. Of course, if you turn out one a month, the returns ain't hay.

When you get into the twenty-five or thirty thousand dollar budgets, you're aiming for the major (relatively speaking) porno circuits, where the audiences are a little more discriminating, where there is actually a plot and an attempt at acting. With those you run into the same problems as real movies.

One problem with "Flesh Gordon" was the director. He had never directed before so you could allow for inexperience, but his main problem was he did not seem to realize that directing a movie was mostly physical. He talked a lot about "kharma" but couldn't tell an actor when to move from this chalk mark to that chalk mark. He had also written the script (which was really quite good) and would edit it. I wasn't at the screening (complete minus special effects) but I was told that the director was complimented on his fine rough cut. "Rough cut?" he exclaimed, "That's the final cut!"

He was fired.

The animator who was to do the penisaurus (that's right) and the beetle man, finished the former after about six months. The color didn't match the live-action part of the sequence.

He was fired.

The animator who was to do the Great God Nesuahyrrah (which is you-know-who spelled backwards, and which looked suspiciously like the cyclops from "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad") hadn't exposed a frame of film after nearly a year had passed.

He was fired.

Only Tom Sherman and Bob Costa survived in the special effects department. Tom built all the large models, robots, miniature sets, spaceship interiors, etc. Bob was doing the opticals. When I left California nearly two years after the initial shooting on the film had been completed, the special effects were still unfinished.

Long before then the producers had realized there was no possible way of making any money on the porno circuits with a picture costing that much. So, they went back and reshot, getting rid of all the hard-core sequences and Lord knows what else. I wasn't involved with any of the reshooting so I have no idea what they eventually came up with.

In the meantime, I had sold three porno scripts. I don't think two of them were ever used because the producers who bought them (the same ones who made "Flesh Gordon," actually) got busted. There was some doubt there for a while that "Flesh" would ever be finished, but the vice judged it not obscene and eventually released it.

The third script was filmed and I worked on it as "Art Director" (another name for gopher), but I haven't seen it and probably never will. It was entitled "The Mislaid Genii" and was a pretty fair piece of work, I think.

I worked on a third porno film entitled "The Goddaughter" as "Assistant Director." You can see how my career was zooming. We finished shooting on that one about 2:00 am Saturday morning before Labor Day in 1972. I slept until noon and headed for LACon. Several people were surprised that I was still alive.

While all this was going on, as well as a few jobs at Litton Industries and a computer company in Anaheim, I was working on my real scripts. I had formed a partnership with a man named Wil George who wanted to get into show biz also. Neither one of us were terribly equipped for it, but we tried.

I had written half a dozen more scripts, but it was always that first one that everybody wanted. We got involved with one producer who was setting up a production company in Malaysia (you may have heard something about that—it was just about to happen

(continued on page 20)

STEALING TOMORROW

by Harlan Ellison



My soul would be an outlaw. I can do nothing with it.

The coward body my soul inhabits has pleaded with the renegade, has cried for pity, has implored the pistolero, my soul, to live safely, to observe quietly, to live in peace, with a degree of contentment.

My soul curses like the guttersnipe it is, and hurls another molotov cocktail at my complacency. So I am doomed. My soul *will* be an outlaw. It will be Zorro, dressed in black, carving its initials in the sane and the rational. It will be Jean Lafitte, stalking through the Louisiana swamp of my days and nights, prepared to defend my cringing, cowardly self from the invaders called compromise. It will be a cocoo Charlie Chaplin, hurling a pie at whatever it takes to live quietly, sensibly, safely.

And here am I, trapped in the body with this dangerous, unpredictable outlaw, who seems determined to alienate, to upset, to annoy, to harass and chivy and unsettle me.

I lust for the day when soul transplants come to be.

For my soul, the masked *bandido*, is a dreamer. He is engaged in the biggest caper of them all. I take this moment while the soul is out on one of its forays against the decent and proper folk of the world, to set down and relate its plans. To apprise you that the outlaw Attila Genghis Khan John Brown marauder is planning the greatest theft of all time.

My mad soul would steal tomorrow.

He would wrest tomorrow from the jaws of today and turn it topsy-turvy. He would come lumbering into town on a pink-and-yellow elephant, fast as Pegasus, and throw down on the established order. At gunpoint, the depraved and lunatic soul would order that tomorrow be handed over, and then, wheeling, gallop off, back to his lair in the Rainbow Plaid Mountains, where he would hold

tomorrow hostage, raping and pillaging her, till her brains turned to cotton candy.

I hasten to assure you, I am no party to this depravity. I am a quiet country boy merely trying to make a peaceful way in the world. It is this outlaw soul of mine who is the trouble-maker.

And I can only repeat what he says about his motivations, in hopes someone can arrive in time to thwart his nefarious plans.

What my soul says is this:

Anthropologists tell us that from what they have been able to ascertain, from skulls found in the caves at Baden, Germany, that the "reasoning" section of man's brain, the cerebellum of modern man is many times larger than that of the primates. But the area that contains the emotions, the medulla, is precisely the same size. We have become creatures capable of sending rockets to the Moon, capable of probing the bottom of the oceans, capable of computing and assaying and estimating and dreaming, But we are still naked apes when our emotions are excited.

My soul says, tomorrow cannot be trusted to naked apes. My soul seems to think he is Robin Hood, stealing from the ill-equipped to give to the as-yet-unborn. I cannot argue with my soul, it will hear no counter-suggestion. And what can I do? I'm trapped in here with the lunatic.

My soul says he has received "the call". That he has been touched by the Maker. (And I fear to ask him *which* Maker, or *what* Maker, for fear he will tell me... and I don't want to know, not really!)

My soul, in his more rational moments, tells me that he will cease raiding when, and only when, men come to realize that all other men are noble. He tells me he will lay back and let the world handle itself only when color and

creed and race and religion cease being interfaces between other men. He says he has had "the call" and his mission is to keep the posse out looking for him, because that will keep them aware of the fact that not everyone can be sold into slavery quite so easily.

You can see my situation. My problem is one of helplessness. I mean no ill, I mean no offense. It is this carnivorous soul, this Mr. Hyde in my imminently sane and rational Dr. Jekyll body.

If you want *my* opinion, my soul is crazy. I don't think charmingly crazy, like one of the Marx Brothers, I mean stoned righteously crazy, with a lack of humility, without a vestige of reverence, without a response in him that would keep him in line and safe and following along the way others would follow. I think he ought to be locked up. I hope to God the posse catches him. That's what I hope.

But he's cunning, you see. He comes equipped with dreams, and they are weapons of frightful potency. He uses them shamefully, if you ask me. He rails against the most sensible directives from the world, he curses those who set the rules, he refuses to listen or accept even the most rational reasons for the most sensible acts.

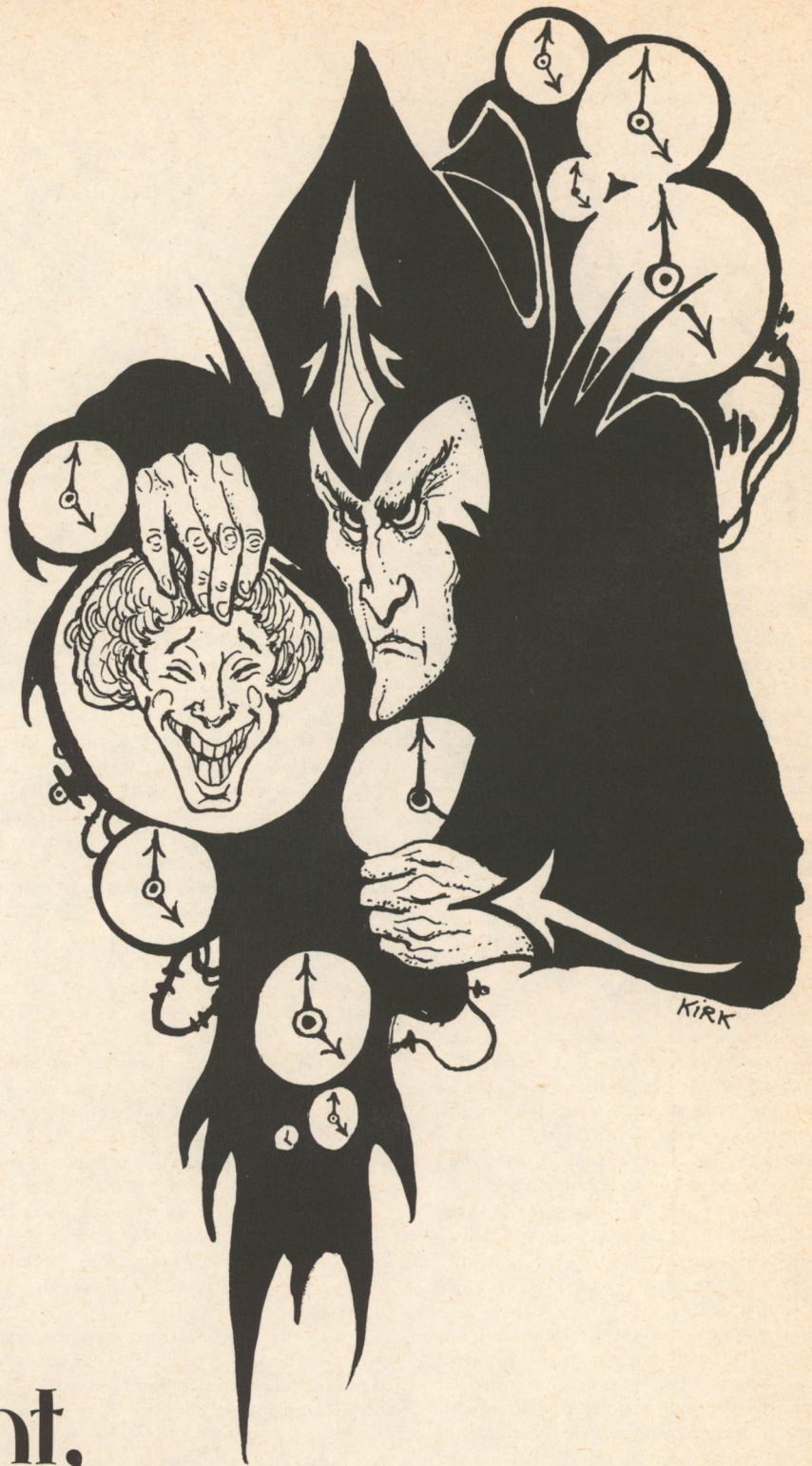
Let me give you a for instance.

My soul is never on time.

If my soul tells you he'll be there at seven o'clock, look for him next Thursday. He flaunts the rigors and rules of punctuality, and when I insist that he is once again shaking up the natural order of things, he uses one of his dreams on me.

Let me tell you about that dream...

Because my soul says Thoreau was right when he said: "He serves the State best who opposes the State most". (If you want *my* opinion, Thoreau's soul was an outlaw, too.) So here is the dream my soul tells:



“Repent, Harlequin!” said the Ticktockman

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There are always those who ask, what is it all about? For those who need to ask, for those who need points sharply made, who need to know "where it's at," this:

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailors, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or

of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others—as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders—serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the Devil, without intending it, as God. A very few, as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and *men*, serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
Civil Disobedience

That is the heart of it. Now begin in the middle, and later learn the beginning; the end will take care of itself.

But because it was the very world it was, the very world they had allowed it to *become*, for months his activities did not come to the alarmed attention of The Ones Who Kept The Machine Functioning Smoothly, the ones who poured the very best butter over the cams and main-springs of the culture. Not until it had become obvious that somehow, somehow, he had become a notoriety, a celebrity, perhaps even a hero for (what Officialdom inescapably tagged) "an emotionally disturbed segment of the populace," did they turn it over to the Ticktockman and his legal machinery. But by then, because it was the very world it was, and they had no way to predict he would happen—possibly a strain of disease long-defunct, now, suddenly, reborn in a system where immunity had been forgotten, had lapsed—he had been allowed to become too real. Now he had form and substance.

He had become a *personality*, something they had filtered out of the system many decades before. But there it was, and there *he* was, a very definite imposing personality. In certain circles—middle-class circles—it was thought disgusting. Vulgar ostentation. Anarchistic. Shameful. In others, there was only snickering, those strata where thought is subjugated to form and ritual, niceties, proprieties. But down below, ah, down below, where the people always needed their saints and sinners, their bread and circuses, their heroes and villains, he was considered a Bolivar; a Napoleon; a Robin Hood; a Dick Bong (Ace of Aces); a Jesus; a Jomo Kenyatta.

And at the top—where, like socially attuned Shipwreck Kellys, every tremor and vibration threatened to dislodge the wealthy, powerful and titled from their flagpoles—he was considered a menace;

a heretic; a rebel; a disgrace; a peril. He was known down the line, to the very heartmeat core, but the important reactions were high above and far below. At the very top, at the very bottom.

So his file was turned over, along with his time-card and his cardioplate, to the office of the Ticktockman.

The Ticktockman: very much over six feet tall, often silent, a soft purring man when things went timewise. The Ticktockman.

Even in the cubicles of the hierarchy, where fear was generated, seldom suffered, he was called the Ticktockman. But no one called him that to his mask.

You don't call a man a hated name, not when that man, behind his mask, is capable of revoking the minutes, the hours, the days and nights, the years of your life. He was called the Master Timekeeper to his mask. It was safer that way.

"This is *what* he is," said the Ticktockman with genuine softness, "but not *who* he is. This time-card I'm holding in my left hand has a name on it, but it is the name of *what* he is, not *who* he is. The cardioplate here in my right hand is also named, but not whom named, merely *what* named. Before I can exercise proper revocation, I have to know who this *what* is."

To his staff, all the ferrets, all the loggers, all the finks, all the commex, even the mineez, he said, "Who is this Harlequin?"

He was not purring smoothly. Time-wise, it was jangle.

However, it *was* the longest single speech they had ever heard him utter at one time, the staff, the ferrets, the loggers, the finks, the commex, but not the mineez, who usually weren't around to know, in any case. But even they scurried to find out

Who is the Harlequin?

High above the third level of the city, he crouched on the humming aluminum-frame platform of the air-boat (foof! air-boat, indeed, swizzleskid is what it was, with a tow-rack jerry-rigged) and stared down at the neat Mondrian arrangement of the buildings.

Somewhere nearby, he could hear the metronomic left-right-left of the 2:47 shift, entering the Timkin roller-bearing plant, in their sneakers. A minute later, precisely, he heard the softer right-left-right of the 5:00 A.M. formation, going home.

An elfin grin spread across his tanned features, and his dimples appeared for a moment. Then, scratching at his thatch of auburn hair, he shrugged within his motley, as though girding himself for what came next, and threw the joystick forward, and bent into the wind as the air-boat dropped. He skimmed over a slidewalk, purposely dropping a few feet to crease the tassels of the ladies of fashion, and—inserting thumbs in large ears—he stuck out his tongue,

rolled his eyes and went wugga-wugga-wugga. It was a minor diversion. One pedestrian skittered and tumbled, sending parcels everywhichway, another wet herself, a third keeled slantwise and the walk was stopped automatically by the servitors till she could be resuscitated. It was a minor diversion.

Then he swirled away on a vagrant breeze, and was gone. Hi-ho.

As he rounded the cornice of the Time-Motion Study Building, he saw the shift, just boarding the slidewalk. With practiced motion and an absolute conservation of movement, they sidestepped up onto the slowstrip and (in a chorus line reminiscent of a Busby Berkeley film of the antideluvian 1930's) advanced across the strips ostrich-walking till they were lined up on the expresstrip.

Once more, in anticipation, the elfin grin spread, and there was a tooth missing back there on the left side. He dipped, skimmed, and swooped over them; and then, scrunching about on the air-boat, he released the holding pins that fastened shut the ends of the home-made pouring troughs that kept his cargo from dumping prematurely. And as he pulled the trough-pins, the air-boat slid over the factory workers and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jelly beans cascaded down on the expresstrip.

Jelly Beans! Millions and billions of purples and yellows and greens and licorice and grape and raspberry and mint and round and smooth and crunchy outside and soft-mealy inside and sugary and bouncing jouncing tumbling clittering clattering skittering fell on the heads and shoulders and hardhats and carapaces of the Timkin workers, tinkling on the slidewalk and bouncing away and rolling about underfoot and filling the sky on the way down with all the colors of joy and childhood and holidays, coming down in a steady rain, a solid wash, a torrent of color and sweetness out of the sky from above, and entering a universe of sanity and metronomic order with quite-mad cocoonewness. Jelly beans!

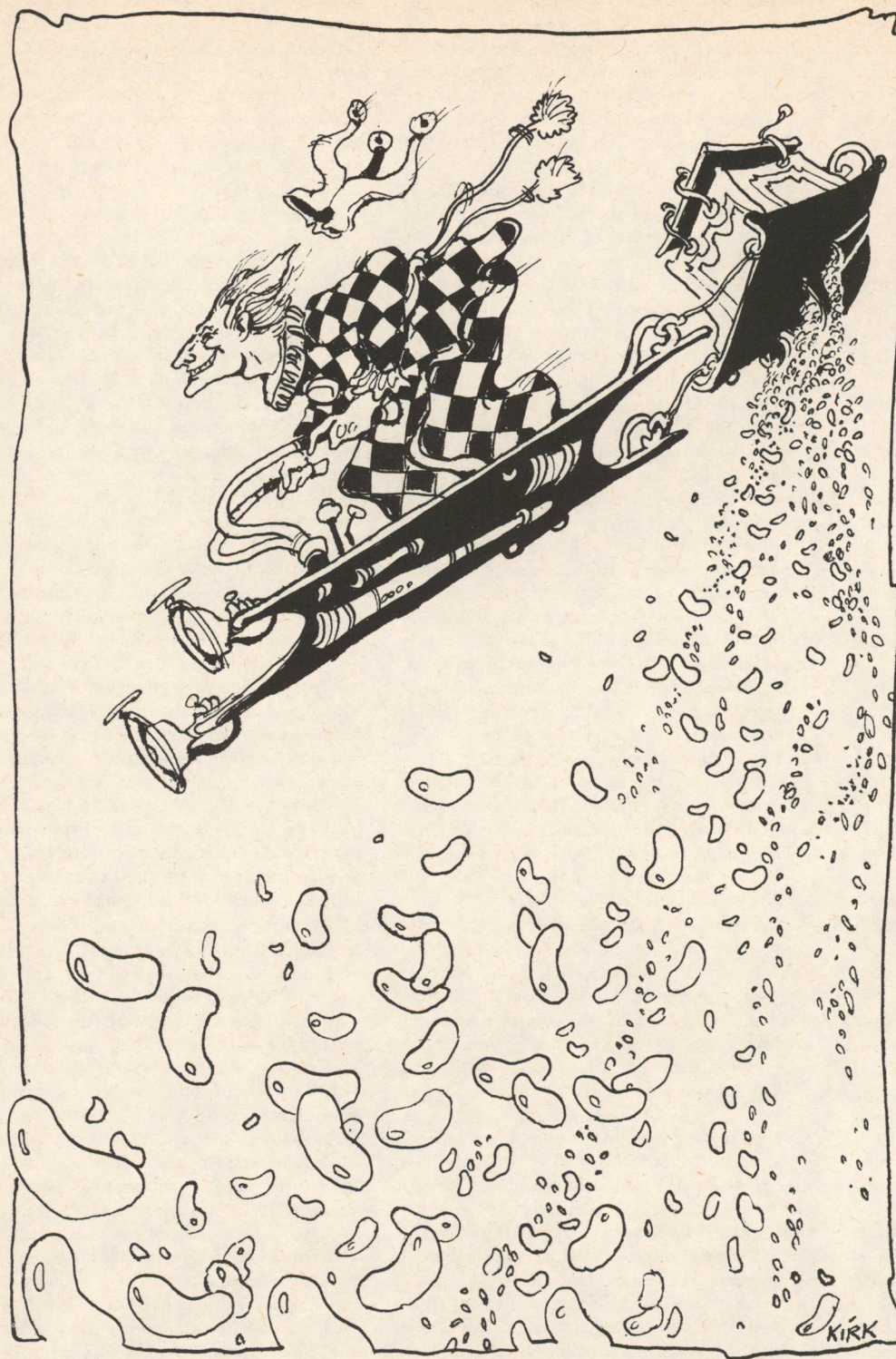
The shift workers howled and laughed and were pelted, and broke ranks, and the jelly beans managed to work their way into the mechanism of the slidewalks after which there was a hideous scraping as the sound of a million fingernails rasp down a quarter of a million blackboards, followed by a coughing and a sputtering, and then the slidewalks all stopped and everyone was summarily dumped thisaway and thataway in a jack-straw tumble, still laughing and popping little jelly bean eggs of shildish color into their mouths. It was a holiday, and a jollity, an absolute insanity, a giggle. But...

The shift was delayed seven minutes.

They did not get home for seven minutes.

The master schedule was thrown off by seven minutes.

Quotas were delayed by inoperative



sidewalks for seven minutes.

He had tapped the first domino in the line, and one after another, like *chik chik chik*, the others had fallen.

The System had been seven minutes worth of disrupted. It was a tiny matter, one hardly worthy of note, but in a society where the single driving force was order and unity and promptness and clocklike precision and attention to the clock, reverence of the gods of the passage of time, it was a disaster of major importance.

So he was ordered to appear before the Ticktockman. It was broadcast a-

cross every channel of the communications web. He was ordered to be *there* at 7:00 dammit on time. And they waited, and they waited, but he didn't show up until almost ten-thirty, at which time he merely sang a little song about moonlight in a place no one had ever heard of, called Vermont, and vanished again. But they had all been waiting since seven, and it wrecked *hell* with their schedules. So the question remained: Who is the Harlequin?

But the *unasked* question (more important of the two) was: How did we get into this position, where a laughing, ir-

responsible japer of jabberwocky and jive could disrupt our entire economic and cultural life with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jelly beans...

Jelly for God's sake beans! This is madness! Where did he get the money to buy a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jelly beans? (They knew it would have cost that much, because they had a team of Situation Analysts pulled off another assignment, and rushed to the sidewalk scene to sweep up and count the candies, and produce findings, which disrupted *their* schedules and threw their entire branch at least a day be-

hind.) Jelly beans! Jelly... *beans?* Now wait a second—a second accounted for—no one has manufactured jelly beans for over a hundred years. Where did he get jelly beans?

That's another good question. More than likely it will never be answered for your complete satisfaction. But then, how many questions ever are?

The middle you know. Here is the beginning. How it starts:

A desk pad. Day for day, and turn each day. 9:00—open the mail. 9:45—appointment with planning commission board. 10:30—discuss installation progress charts with J. L. 11:15—pray for rain. 12:00—lunch. *And so it goes.*

"I'm sorry, Miss Grant, but the time for interviews was set at 2:30, and it's almost five now. I'm sorry you're late, but those are the rules. You'll have to wait till next year to submit application for this college again." *And so it goes.*

The 10:10 local stops at Cresthaven, Galesville, Tonawanda Junction, Selby and Farnhurst, but not at Indiana City, Lucasville and Colton, except on Sunday. The 10:35 express stops at Galesville, Selby and Indiana City, except on Sundays & Holidays. at which time it stops at... *and so it goes.*

"I couldn't wait, Fred. I had to be at Pierre Cartain's by 3:00, and you said you'd meet me under the clock in the terminal at 2:45, and you weren't there, so I had to go on. You're always late, Fred. If you'd been there, we could have sewed it up together, but as it was, well, I took the order alone..." *And so it goes.*

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Atterley: In reference to your son Gerald's constant tardiness, I am afraid we will have to suspend him from school unless some more reliable method can be instituted guaranteeing he will arrive at his classes on time. Granted he is an exemplary student, and his marks are high, his constant flouting of the schedules of this school make it impractical to maintain him in a system where the other children seem capable of getting where they are supposed to be on time *and so it goes.*

YOU CANNOT VOTE UNLESS YOU APPEAR AT 8:45 A.M.

"I don't care if the script is *good*. I need it Thursday!"

CHECK-OUT TIME IS 2:00 P.M.

"You got here late. The job's taken. Sorry."

YOUR SALARY HAS BEEN DOCKED FOR TWENTY MINUTES TIME LOST.

"God, what time is it, I've gotta run!"

And so it goes. And so it goes. And so it goes. And so it goes goes goes goes goes tick tick tick tick tick and one day we no longer let time serve us, we serve time and we are slaves of the schedule, worshippers of the sun's passing, bound into a life predicated on restrictions because the system will not function if we don't keep the schedule tight.

Until it becomes more than a minor inconvenience to be late. It becomes a

sin. Then a crime. Then a crime punishable by this:

EFFECTIVE 15 JULY 2389, 12:00:00 midnight, the office of the Master Timekeeper will require all citizens to submit their time-cards and cardioplates for processing. In accordance with Statute 555-7-SGH-999 governing the revocation of time per capita, all cardioplates will be keyed to the individual holder and—

What they had done was devise a method of curtailing the amount of life a person could have. If he was ten minutes late, he lost ten minutes of his life. An hour was proportionately worth more revocation. If someone was consistently late, he might find himself, on a Sunday night, receiving a communique from the Master Timekeeper that his time had run out, and he would be "turned off" at high noon on Monday, please straighten your affairs, sir.

And so, by this simple scientific expedient (utilizing a scientific process held dearly secret by the Ticktockman's office) the System was maintained. It was the only expedient thing to do. It was, after all, patriotic. The schedules had to be met. After all, there *was* a war on!

But, wasn't there always?

"Now that is really disgusting," the Harlequin said, when pretty Alice showed him the wanted poster. "Disgusting and highly improbable. After all, this isn't the day of the desperado. A *wanted* poster!"

"You know," Alice noted, "you speak with a great deal of inflection."

"I'm sorry," said the Harlequin, humbly.

"No need to be sorry. You're always saying, 'I'm sorry.' You have such massive guilt, Everett, it's really very sad."

"I'm sorry," he repeated, then pursed his lips so the dimples appeared momentarily. He hadn't wanted to say that at all. "I have to go out again. I have to *do* something."

Alice slammed her coffee-bulb down on the counter. "Oh for God's *sake*, Everett, can't you stay home just *one* night! Must you always be out in that ghastly clown suit, running around annoying people?"

"I'm—" he stopped, and clapped the jester's hat onto his auburn thatch with a tiny tingling of bells. He rose, rinsed out his coffee-bulb at the tap, and put it into the drier for a moment. "I have to go."

She didn't answer. The faxbox was purring, and she pulled a sheet out, read it, threw it toward him on the counter. "It's about you. Of course. You're ridiculous."

He read it quickly. It said the Ticktockman was trying to locate him. He didn't care, he was going out to be late again. At the door, dredging for an exit line, he hurled back petulantly, "Well, *you* speak with inflections, *too!*"

Alice rolled her pretty eyes heaven-

ward. "You're ridiculous." The Harlequin stalked out, slamming the door, which sighed shut softly, and locked itself.

There was a gentle knock, and Alice got up with an exhalation of exasperated breath, and opened the door. He stood there. "I'll be back about ten-thirty, okay?"

She pulled a rueful face. "Why do you tell me that? Why? You *know* you'll be late! You *know* it! You're *always* late, so why do you tell me these dumb things?" She closed the door.

On the other side, the Harlequin nodded to himself. *She's right. She's always right. I'll be late. I'm always late. Why do I tell her these dumb things?*

He shrugged again, and went off to be late once more.

He had fired off the firecracker rockets that said: I will attend the 115th annual International Medical Association Invocation at 6:00 P.M. precisely. I do hope you will all be able to join me.

The words had burned in the sky, and of course the authorities were there, lying in wait for him. They assumed, naturally, that he would be late. He arrived twenty minutes early, while they were setting up the spiderwebs to trap and hold him, and blowing a large bullhorn, he frightened and unnerved them so, their own moisturized encirclement webs sucked close, and they were hauled up, kicking and shrieking, high above the amphitheater's floor. The Harlequin laughed and laughed, and apologized profusely. The physicians, gathered in solemn conclave, roared with laughter, and accepted the Harlequin's apologies, and a merry time was had by all, who thought the Harlequin was a regular foofaraw in fancy pants; all, that is, but the authorities, who hung there like so much dockside cargo, hauled up above the floor of the amphitheater in a most unseemly fashion.

(In another part of the same city where the Harlequin carried on his "activities," totally unrelated in every way to what concerns us here, save that it illustrates the Ticktockman's power and import, a man named Marshall Delahanty received his turn-off notice from the Ticktockman's office. His wife received the notification from the gray-suited mince who delivered it, with the traditional "look of sorrow" plastered hideously across his face. She knew what it was, even without unsealing it. It was a billet-doux of immediate recognition to everyone these days. She gasped, and held it as though it was a glass slide tinged with botulism, and prayed it was not for her. Let it be for Marsh, she thought, brutally, realistically, or one of the kids, but not for me, please dear God, not for me. And then she opened it, and it *was* for Marsh, and she was at one and the same time horrified and relieved. The next trooper in the line had caught the bullet. "Marshall," she

screamed, "Marshall! Termination, Marshall! Ohmigod, Marshall, whattl we do, whattl we do, Marshall, ohmigodmarshall..." and in their home that night was the sound of tearing paper and fear, and the stink of madness went up the flue and there was nothing, absolutely nothing they could do about it.

(But Marshall Delahanty tried to run. And early the next day, when turn-off time came, he was deep in the forest two hundred miles away, and the office of the Ticktockman blanked his cardioplate, and Marshall Delahanty keeled over, running, and his heart stopped, and the blood dried up on its way to his brain, and he was dead that's all. One light went out on his sector map in the office of the Master Timekeeper, while notification was entered for fax reproduction, and Georgette Delahanty's name was entered on the dole roles till she could remarry. Which is the end of the footnote, and all the point that need be made, except don't laugh, because that is what would happen to the Harlequin if ever the Ticktockman found out his real name. It isn't funny.)

The shopping level of the city was thronged with the Thursday-colors of the buyers. Women in canary yellow chitons and men in pseudo-Tyrolean outfits that were jade and leather and fit very tightly, save for the balloon pants.

When the Harlequin appeared on the still-being-constructed shell of the new Efficiency Shopping Center, his bullhorn to his elfishly-laughing lips, everyone pointed and stared, and he berated them:

"Why do you let them order you about? Why let them tell you to hurry and scurry like ants or maggots? Take your time! Saunter a while! Enjoy the sunshine, enjoy the breeze, let life carry you at your own pace! Don't be slaves of time, it's a helluva way to die, slowly, by degrees...down with the Ticktockman!"

Who's the nut? most of the shoppers wanted to know. Who's the nut oh wow I'm gonna be late I gotta run...

And the construction gang on the Shopping Center received an urgent order from the office of the Master Timekeeper that the dangerous criminal known as the Harlequin was atop their spire, and their aid was urgently needed in apprehending him. The work crew said no, they would lose time on their construction schedule, but the Ticktockman managed to pull the proper threads of government webbing, and they were told to cease work and catch that nitwit up there on the spire with the bullhorn. So a dozen and more burly workers began climbing into their construction platforms, releasing the a-grav plates, and rising toward the Harlequin.

After the debacle (in which, through the Harlequin's attention to personal safety, no one was seriously injured), the workers tried to reassemble and assault him again, but it was too late. He had vanished. It had attracted quite a

crowd, however, and the shopping cycle was thrown off by hours, simply hours. The purchasing needs of the system were therefore falling behind, and so measures were taken to accelerate the cycle for the rest of the day, but it got bogged down and speeded up and they sold too many floatvalves and not nearly enough wagglers, which meant that the popli ratio was off, which made it necessary to rush cases and cases of spoiling Smash-Oto stores that usually needed a case only every three or four hours. The shipments were bollixed, the transshipments were misrouted, and in the end, even the swizzleskid industries felt it.

"Don't come back till you have him!" the Ticktockman said, very quietly, very sincerely, extremely dangerously.

They used dogs. They used probes. They used cardioplate crossoffs. They used teepers. They used bribery. They used stiktytes. They used intimidation. They used torment. They used torture. They used finks. They used cops. They used search&seizure. They used fallaron. They used betterment incentive. They used fingerprints. They used Bertillon. They used cunning. They used guile. They used treachery. They used Raoul Mitgong, but he didn't help much. They used applied physics. They used techniques of criminology.

And what the hell: they caught him.

After all, his name was Everett C. Marm, and he wasn't much to begin with, except a man who had no sense of time.

"Repent, Harlequin!" said the Ticktockman.

"Get stuffed!" the Harlequin replied, sneering.

"You've been late a total of sixty-three years, five months, three weeks, two days, twelve hours, forty-one minutes, fifty-nine seconds, point oh three six one one one microseconds. You've used up everything you can, and more. I'm going to turn you off."

"Scare someone else. I'd rather be dead than live in a dumb world with a bogey man like you."

"It's my job."

"You're full of it. You're a tyrant. You have no right to order people around and kill them if they show up late."

"You can't adjust. You can't fit in."

"Unstrap me, and I'll fit my fist in your mouth."

"You're a nonconformist."

"That didn't use to be a felony."

"It is now. Live in the world around you."

"I hate it. It's a terrible world."

"Not everyone thinks so. Most people enjoy order."

"I don't, and most of the people I know don't."

"That's not true. How do you think we caught you?"

"I'm not interested."

"A girl named pretty Alice told us who you were."

"That's a lie."

"It's true. You unnerve her. She wants to belong, she wants to conform, I'm going to turn you off."

"Then do it already, and stop arguing with me."

"I'm not going to turn you off."

"You're an idiot!"

"Repent, Harlequin!" said the Ticktockman.

"Get stuffed."

So they sent him to Coventry. And in Coventry they worked him over. It was just like what they did to Winston Smith in 1984, which was a book none of them knew about, but the techniques are really quite ancient, and so they did it to Everett C. Marm, and one day quite a long time later, the Harlequin appeared on the communications web, appearing elfish and dimpled and bright-eyed, and not at all brainwashed, and he said he had been wrong, that it was good, a very good thing indeed, to belong, and be right on time hip-ho and away we go, and everyone stared up at him on the public screens that covered an entire city block, and they said to themselves, well, you see, he was just a nut after all, and if that's the way the system is run, then let's do it that way, because it doesn't pay to fight city hall, or in this case, the Ticktockman. So Everett C. Marm was destroyed, which was a loss, because of what Thoreau said earlier, but you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, and in every revolution, a few die who shouldn't, but they have to, because that's the way it happens, and if you make only a little change, then it seems to be worthwhile. Or, to make the point lucidly:

"Uh, excuse me, sir, I, uh, don't know how to uh, to uh, tell you this, but you were three minutes late. The schedule is a little, uh, bit off."

He grinned sheepishly.

"That's ridiculous!" murmured the Ticktockman behind his mask: "Check your watch." And then he went into his office, going mrmee, mrmee, mrmee.

*

I think I hear him coming back now. My soul, the cutthroat, lunatic masked raider. If any of you out there can hear me, if any of you out there have been able to untangle my hysterical ravings—and only living trapped in here with a mad soul has made me hysterical, I assure you—please help me.

If you think I like being dragged along on his raids, if you think I like people calling me a trouble maker, if you think I like seeing perfectly sane and rational and orderly people staring at me as though I should be in a straight-jacket, if you think I enjoy this miserable life of danger and being out of step...

Twееedle - deeee - mrmee, mrmee, mrmee...

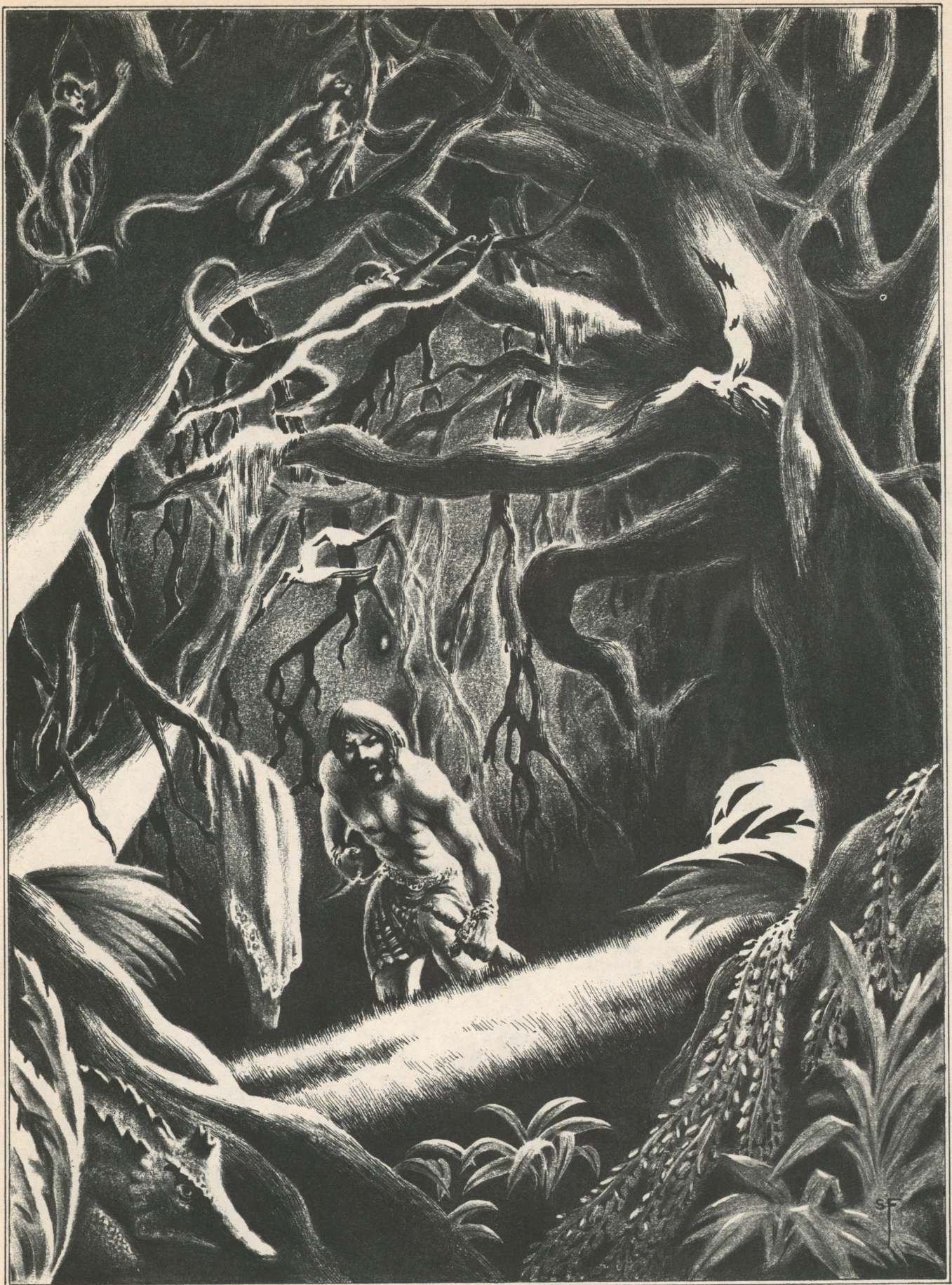
THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE SOUL:

He may not like it, but it's the only game in town.

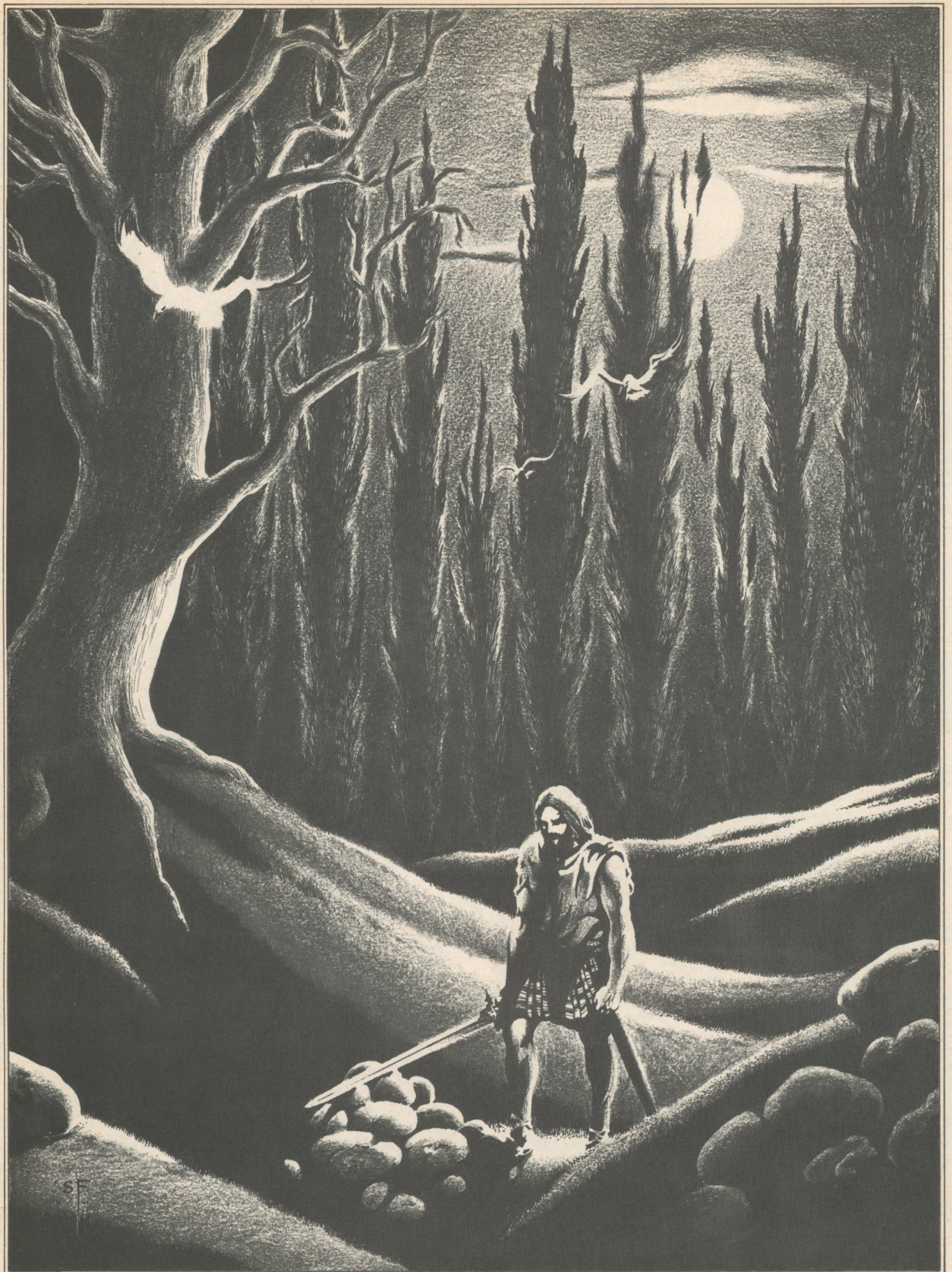
Steve
Fabian
a folio











SPELLS AND SORCERIES

by Ken Nabigian



I collect books on magic. It's a hobby—an odd one, to be sure—which has always had a strange fascination for me. After three or four years of collecting, I have gathered several shelves of books, ranging from the highest abstract treatise on the wonders of the Holy Cabalah to the most sinister-looking manuscripts dealing with the dark and shadowy corners of Satanism and Necromancy.

Now, some people who study occultism are taken up by forms of divination—notably astrology and numerology, and perhaps dream-interpretation. Others like to study the theories of occultism: The inborn nature of the Words of Power, the secrets of Demonology and Angelology. Still others like to follow the histories of the Secret Societies: Satanism, Rosicrucianism, the Freemasons, etc. These subjects I like, also—especially Demonology—though my primary interest has always lain with spells and charms and thaumaturgies. And I'm reasonably sure many other people have an interest in this subject also, and would perhaps like to learn a few handy spells. To this end, I have gone through my books at random and gathered together what I have found.

Albertus Magnus says, to compel a thief to return stolen property, you must obtain a new earthen pot with a cover. Fill it one-third full with water from the under current of a stream, while "calling out the three holiest names." Set

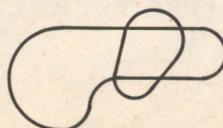
the vessel on the fire in your home, place within it the lower crust of a loaf of bread stuck with three pins, add a few nettles, and let it come to a boil. Then you must say, "Thief, male or female, bring my stolen articles back, whether thou art boy or girl; thief, if thou art woman or man, I compel thee, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

If you wish to prevent someone from stealing an article you have in your possession, touch it with a stick on which you have carved these signs and letters:

**+Z.+D.I.A.+B.+Z.+S.A.
B.Z.+H.V.W.F.+B.E.R.S.+++**

If you would gaze upon the Sylph-spirits, you need only secure the brain of a rooster and dust from the grave of a dead man. *The Book of Black Magic and Pacts*, the source of this spell, warns that the dirt must come from directly next to the coffin. Add to these two substances some oil of almonds and "virgin wax." Mix them well, and wrap the whole in a sheet of "virgin parchment" (special parchment from the skin of dead-born lambs) upon which you must first write the following:

GOMERT KAILOETH



Burn the charm, and you will see great wonders.

If you would assemble spirits and cause the dead to appear, *The Sixth And Seventh Books of Moses* suggests you try this incantation on your tonsils:

"Aila himel Adonaij amara Zebaoth cadas yeseraije haralius!"

Hundreds of spells of every description are listed in *The Secret Lore of Magic*, by Sayed Idries Shah. A few, from just one chapter:

To overcome enemies—

Write the following square on white cloth with red or black ink, during the New Moon. Carry the charm with you, sewn to the clothing near the region of the heart. To invoke its power, say the word "Aiakan" thrice: Once each to the East, North, and West. The square:

**A I K N
P R M C
D H T R
M M P M**

For protection from evil spirits and bad luck—

Write the following square on paper, and bind it to your left arm:

**S D D D C
H T L T B
S D D D C
H T L T B**

To cause and stop discord between people—

Engrave the following square on a sheet of lead with an ironpoint, and sew it into a leather cover which you must hang around your neck:

HDHHDH
IDIDI
DHDHD
DIDID

If you wish to cause two people, or two groups of people, to fight, you must say the words "Roudmo" and "Pharruo" seven times each to each corner of the globe in a loud voice. Then say the names of the two people or groups, and lastly say the charm, "Fight, fight, Roudmo!" To halt the fighting, don the charm again and pronounce the word "Omdor!" And if any person ever tries to harm you, and you are wearing your charm, then saying this last word with your eyes closed will stop them.

Would you have the power of invisibility? It is simple enough, says *The Book of Forbidden Knowledge*. Simply pierce the right eye of a bat, and carry it with you.

Would you, on the other hand, discern "all secret and invisible things"? According to the same book, this is not so easy. You must go around, looking under hazelnut shrubs, until you find a "white adder which has twelve other vipers as its twelve guardsmen with it." Eating the white adder with your other food will give the desired power.

Another handy work is *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage*. It is full of strange word-diagrams with mysterious powers. For instance:

To know the future, take the following symbol written on clean white paper, place it under your hat, and the voice of a spirit will whisper what you wish to know.

MILON
IRAGO
LAMAL
OGARI
NOLIM

To summon any spirit, take the following symbol in your hand and call out the spirit's name, and he will appear in the form of a man or woman.

LEVIATAN
ERMOGASA
VMIRTEAT
IORANTGA
AGTNAROI
TAETRIMV
ASAGOMRE
NATAIVEL

To fly through the air in a black cloud, name aloud the place you wish to go and place the symbol on your head under your hat, and take care that you do not lose it. Use it only on calm days,

never at night.

TASMA
AGEIM
SEVES
MIEGA
AMSAT

To be safe from all enemies, you need only wear the strat-gut of a civet cat on your left arm. Reciting the ancient charm, "Sator, Arepo, Tenet, Opera, Rotas," will drive back all danger and evil sorcery. And the herb called moly will nullify magic in general.

Aquamarine brings courage, good character, hope, and health; an onyx generally gives bad luck, hate, and evil visions; a ruby is a charm for health, true friends, loyalty, and strength; an amethyst is good for calmness, wisdom, love, and general happiness.

To vanquish all foes, you need only carry a hemlock herb and the heart of a mole on your person.

And the following charm written on white paper and worn on your person will drive away demons and evil spirits:

SDPNQCN
DPNQCN
PNQCN
NQCN
QCN
C
N

The market for love-spells always flourishes. If one person is after another (hopefully of the opposite sex—though the spell doesn't specify), he or she need only rub his/her hands with the juice of the verbena, and touch the hapless victim.

A simpler spell is for the boy to gaze steadily into the eyes of the girl and say: "Kafe, kasita, non kafeta et publica filii omnibus suis." Says the manuscript, "These words said, you are able to command the person and she will obey you in everything that you wish." (Hmmm)

The periwinkle reduced to a powder with earth-worms and eaten with meat, supposedly makes a marvelous love-potion.

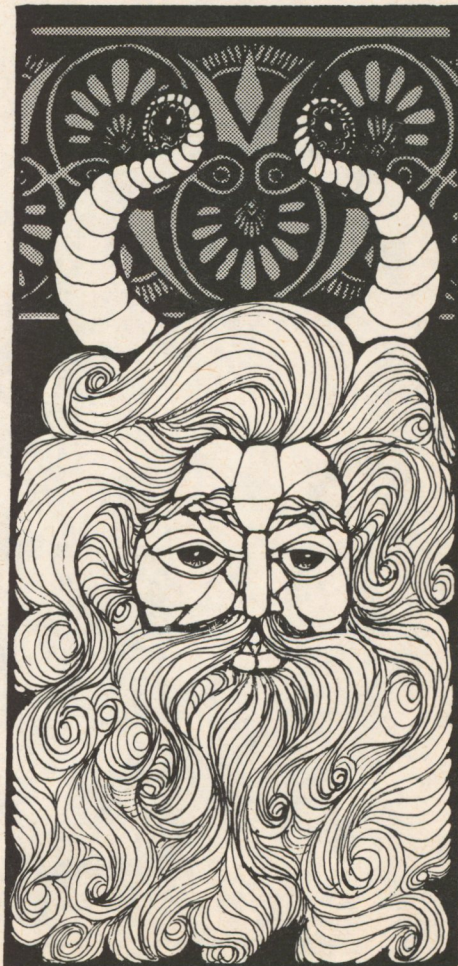
Many legends revolve around the "elixir of life," the substance of immortality. *The Silent Friend* by L. W. deLaurence gives a formula for this elixir. It says:

"Take dove's foot, archangel ivy, red briar, rosebuds, red sage, selandine and woodbine, equal parts, all chopped fine and mixed with white wine and pure honey, a piece of alum glass powdered fine, the size of a pea, also a little of the aloes hepatica, slowly distilled in a limbecke of pure glass or tin; keep this corked one year, and then [take] two drops night and morning."

Psalm-spells come a dime-a-dozen. Reading Psalm 147 will cure dangerous and deadly wounds, if used daily. Reading Psalms 144 & 145 will drive away ghosts, evil spirits, and apparitions. Psalm 120 will give the favor of a judge, and protect one from dangers in forests. Psalm 93 overcomes opponents. Psalm 83, when hung around your neck on pure parchment, will protect one in war. Psalm 79, when read often, overcomes all enemies. Psalm 77 drives off all want and danger, and Psalm 76 does the same for danger from fire or water. Psalm 71, when pronounced seventimes daily, frees anyone from prison. Psalm 40 frees people "possessed" by evil spirits.

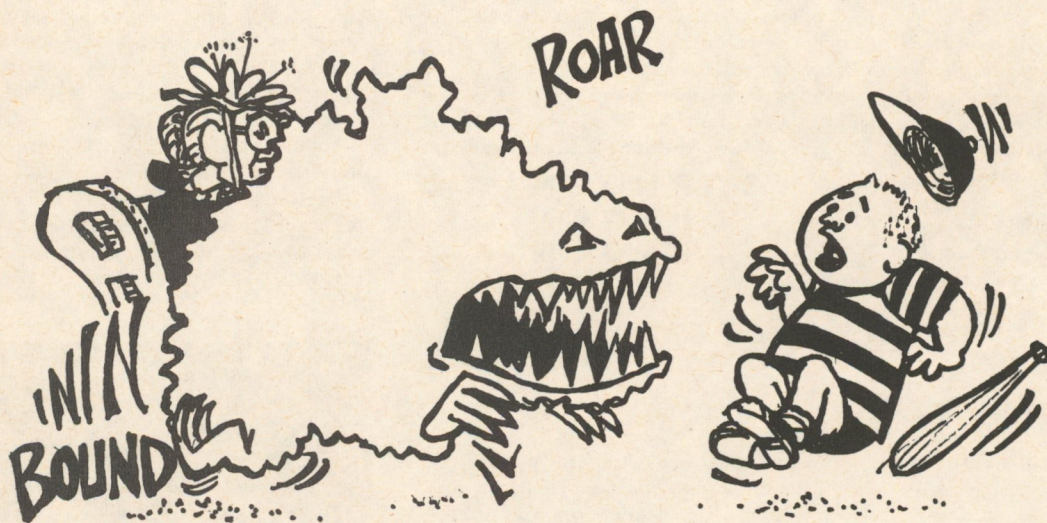
This short collection of odd charms and rituals has, of course, only scratched the surface. It would be utterly impossible to dig any deeper without filling several volumes with strange spells and incantations. But it's an interesting hobby, and I hope you found a bit of amusement in the superstitions and folklore of the past, and which still flourishes among many people today.

By the way, if you want to try any of these spells, don't blame me if, instead of gaining immortality, you only get indigestion. Obviously you did something wrong.

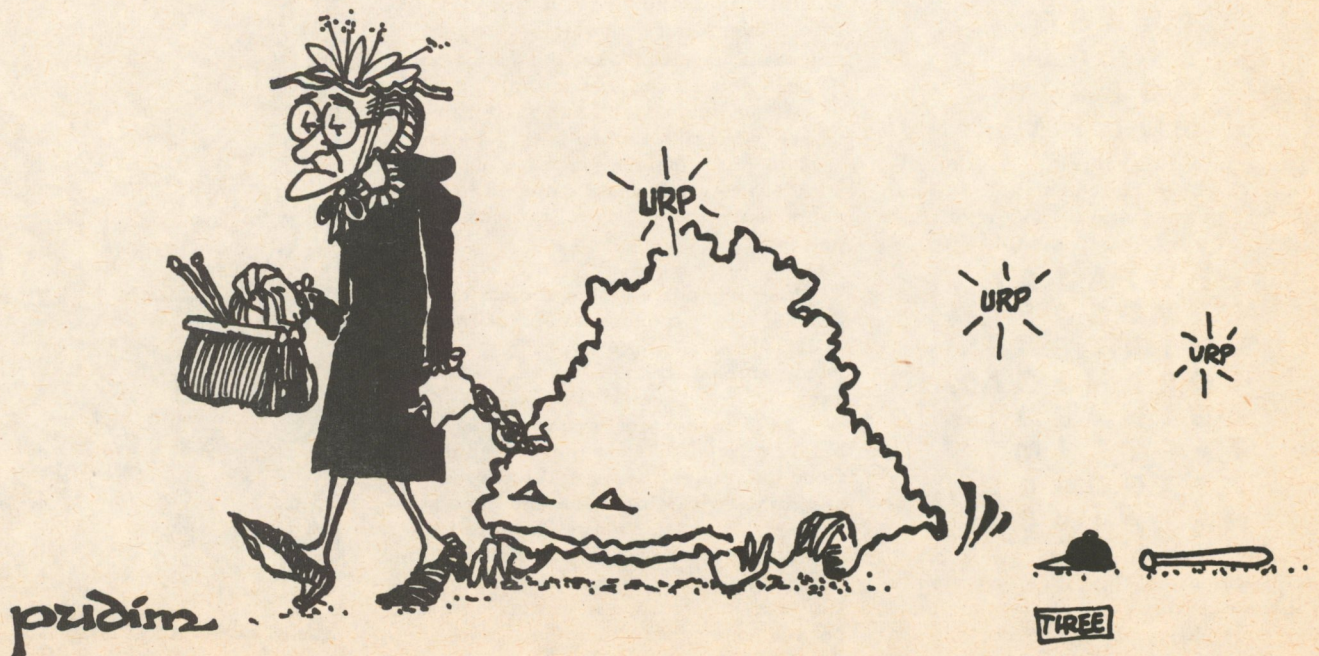




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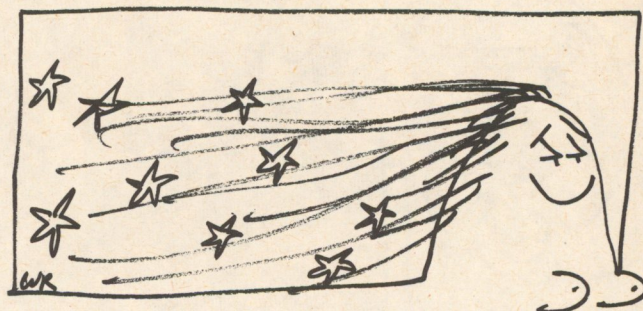
TWO



THREE

SOME THOUGHTS ON TREKKIES

by Ruth Berman



A great many people have been complaining about Trekkies—so much so that I am coming to feel their complaints even more annoying than the most annoying of Trekkies. My objections to their objections, I find, go inward in stages.

.....
Ladies, gentlemen, and Trekkies...
Robert Bloch
.....

Stage one: the word is undefined. It often means "Anyone who likes *Star Trek*," if the speaker doesn't; or "Anyone who likes *Star Trek* more than I do—and therefore, obviously, to excess," if the speaker does like it.

.....
A perfect example of exploitation by entrepreneurs... Harlan Ellison
.....

Stage two: what's so annoying about Trekkies? Trekkies yell and scream when Spock twitches an eyebrow, they are unable to see any flaws in *Star Trek*, they talk about nothing else and pay no attention to anything outside the show and its (squeal, shriek!) actors, they flood fanzines, art-shows, and costume balls with dull imitations of the show—so, nu? The noise is excessively irritating if one is in the same room with a group of them, but no one is obliged to talk to them or read their fanzines. Lack of egoboo has pretty much driven the imitations out of the costume balls and art shows. The argument that day-in, day-out devotion to *Star Trek* (and *Star Trek* alone) displays a seriously stunted personality is, I think, correct, but I doubt that ridicule is an appropriate reaction, except from those who feel the lure of that kind of escapism enough to feel threatened by it.

.....
Trekkies... have some strange—and decidedly unusual—ideas; they confuse morality with virginity... David Gerrold
.....

Stage three: I'm a Trekkie—wanta

make something of it? That's to say, in usage I am a Trekkie; many have called me one. In definition, I'm not so sure. Certainly, I do talk too much about the show—but, as mentioned above, no one has to listen to me. I do not make noises when watching the show or the actors, I am well aware of the many serious flaws in the show, I have a sizeable number of other interests, and I restrict my *Star Trek* imitation stories to *Star Trek* fanzines, where they need not bug those who don't share the interest. The first time I was called a Trekkie, my reaction was annoyance with those who had given *Star Trek* fans a bad name. But, on second thought, I found myself even more annoyed by the extravagance of the name-callers.

.....
Are there any pot-head *Star Trek* fans here?... auctioneer Al Schuster
.....

The complaint that Trekkies don't care about anything else has been advanced most fully by Harlan Ellison and David Gerrold, who argue that it is ridiculous for fans to idolize actors and not the men who create what the actors merely put into motion. It seems odd to me that they make this objection, because, in fact, Trekkies have given a great deal of attention to the "backstage" people—one Nimoy fan club printed a long letter from Ellison on the subject, another wrote to authors like Gerrold and Bloch asking them about their writing, Fred Phillips, the make-up artist on the show, received a hundred or so letters of fan-mail (normally he receives a dozen or so). Normally, no one pays any attention to who writes a television show. I don't recall that Ellison ever complained about a group of *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* fans who put on Thrush badges and went to see Robert Vaughn in *Hamlet* but never said anything when Ellison wrote an episode of *U.N.C.L.E.* Trekkies should perhaps be praised for paying some attention to writers, instead of scolded for not paying more. And, at

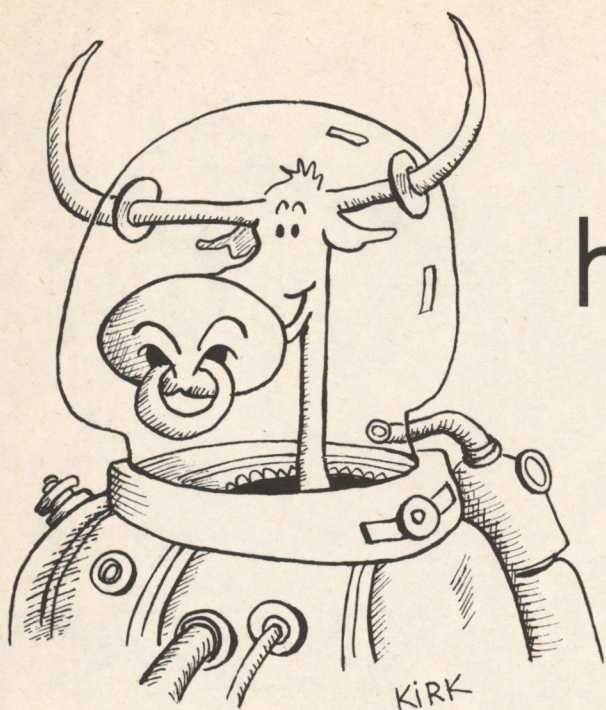
that, I am not so sure more attention should be paid. Is the writer who writes a single episode contributing more to the show than the actor who develops a character throughout every episode of the show? Besides, a fan may sometimes find himself praising a writer for someone else's work. The general theme and outline of "The City on the Edge of Forever" were Ellison's work, but, as he himself has pointed out, his text was so heavily re-written that most of the lines and many of the incidents were the work of others.

.....
A pair of ears worn by Leonard Nimoy as Mr. Spock received a top bid of only \$12.50, down from last year's \$55...
Richard S. Harnetz, *LA Times*.
.....

If all *Star Trek* fans are to be called Trekkies, then the term is merely descriptive and cannot—or, rather, should not—be used as an insult. If it is to be used as an insult—and the sound of it is insulting—those who use it should consider more carefully whom they oppose and why. As it stands, the use of the term Trekkie puts the speaker on a par with those newspaper reporters who describe the propellor beanies and flying saucers taking over the town when those kooks who read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff hold a convention.

.....
The assembled delegates of the Gnomes, Elves [sic], and Little Men's Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society of Berkeley, the Third Foundation, the Tolkien Society, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society—established 1934; the Count Dracula Society; the Fanoclast of New York, the Hyborian Legion—"dedicated to sword and sorcery literature"—and the Creative Anachronists dispersed to their caverns, other dimensions, and outer galactic hideaways...
Richard S. Harnetz, *LA Times*.
.....

In short, when you call me a Trekkie, pardner, smile. ●



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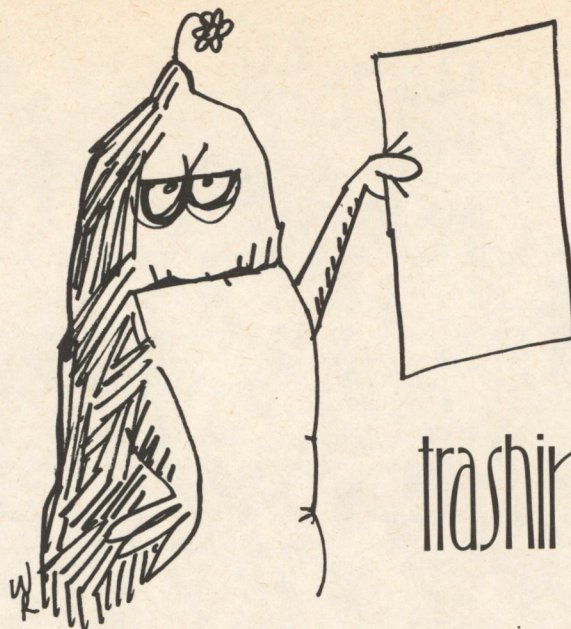


Gee, Tom! Me? In Trumpet?

Now. What you want from me is some snot and venom and spleen-venting about hucksters at conventions, right? And you'd prefer that I begin by pointing out that there are dealers and DEALERS, is that it? Well, it's like this: I doubt that I can contribute anything new and of real significance to what has already been written against the comics sub-fandom, the most money-minded (and least literate) enclave of fandom. Most of the dealers whom I know personally are nice, unassuming folks who merely buy table space at conventions and display their funny books. Should the funny books fail to sell well enough to offset the dealer's fear of coming down with Pulp Lung, a hideous respiratory affliction resulting from prolonged inhalation of atmospherically suspended particles of pulppaper, these folks usually shrug, close up shop and go off in search of conversation and/or liquor.

Unfortunately for comics fandom, most of the people who put on the big funny-book conventions, who publish the prestigious (I use the word advisedly) funny-book fanzines, who are, in short, funny-book fandom's Big Names and prime movers, are DEALERS. They're among the grimmest people I've ever encountered. It would not surprise me to discover that DEALERS are, among other things, speed freaks: I've seen DEALERS reeling on their feet behind their tables at three a.m. Their eyes may be frosted over and have blue bags hanging down to the jowls, but these folk will not quit the hucksters' room so long as I and maybe one other trashed-out dude are weaving and blundering through the place, demanding to know who in the hell moved the men's room. Business Is Business, even at such un-Godly hours of the o'clock. And, even at three in the morning, even in their zonked state, these DEALERS will be as pushy as ever. "Whydonya bm sommit fom mm, Steem?" they demand. (I am, at three a.m., very likely smashed, to say nothing of having frosted eyes and pendulous blue bags of my own. But I can still enunciate, and, moreover, I can still think of infinitely better things than "Whydonya bm sommit fom mm?" to say to anybody whom I haven't seen in six months' or a year's time. But I nit-pick. I also digress. I also even digress within digression: the wife of a certain good ole country-boy writer—I won't tell you his name, because I have a crush on his wife, and he'd probably sic his coondog on me if he ever found out—told me her own minor horror story about a pushy DEALER. It seems that one of her sons collects comic books. "Buy this Rare and Precious comic book," the DEALER said to the son at a convention. "I can't afford it," the son replied. "Sure you can," insisted the DEALER, "your dad's a writer.")

At any rate, Tom. I can't do the ar-



Why I Can't Write an article trashing dealers

by STEVEN UTLEY

ticle for you because I see no point in doing it. I mean, what good will come of it? It wouldn't tell Ted White or Harlan Ellison or you or whoever anything that isn't already known about DEALERS. It certainly wouldn't cause the DEALERS themselves any feelings of guilt—most of the DEALERS I know or know of aren't terribly sensitive people. In fact, I sometimes get the very distinct impression that they aren't people at all, that maybe they're really full of little wheels, spools of wire and other Christmas-tree-ornament-looking stuff. They are programmed (by whom, God alone knows) for Making Money, you see, and cunning internal pulleys enable them to perform simple physical tasks, such as reaching for their copies of The Comic Book Price Guide. These cleverly wrought mechanical capitalists are absolutely humorless. They tend to strip gears when something or somebody interferes with their programming.

For example, Guest of Honor Harlan Ellison assumed charge of the auction at Dcon '73. This was quite all right with us committee members, because Harlan is an entertainer, he loves to sing and dance, and so how could we lose? Well, Harlan sang and danced. In the back of the room, certain DEALERS, who were already leaking oily smoke because the hucksters' room had been closed in order to guarantee a decent turn-out for the auction, now began to fizz and sputter. "We came here to sell stuff," fizzed one wind-up person, "not listen to jokes," "It's disgusting," another sputtered. "Who does he think he is?"

A couple or three DEALERS simply fell over onto their faces and whirled raucously on the carpet, for Harlan was not only singing and dancing, he was also putting in personal pooh-bah on some of the items being auctioned off—a clear plastic envelope full of wedge-shaped

pieces of yellowing pulp paper could not, he ruled, be foisted upon bidders as a "good condition" copy of Fighting American Comics No. 1. Then, as the auction was hobbling to a close, approximately six DEALERS clanked up to Dcon Chairman Joe Bob Williams and made Sorely Vexed at him. What the hell kind of convention was this? the DEALERS wanted to know. Who in the fuck did we think we were to make them (their way of putting it) come all the way to Dallas and then not sell enough funnybooks for them? And where did we get off scheduling another hucksters'-room shutdown in order to guarantee a respectable turn-out for the Saturday-evening banquet?

With what I still regard as rather needless tact, Joe Bob refrained from telling them to jump up their own assholes. He instead let them have things their way: the hucksters' room stayed open during the banquet. Not that even this made the DEALERS too much happier. While a hundred-odd convention-goers were loading up on Sheraton-Dallas cuisine, listening to Toastmaster Andy Offutt's introductions and watching the guest of honor bombard me with saltines, the DEALERS were getting frosty-eyed and restless behind their stacks of hundred-dollar comic books. Nobody was buying.

Oh, there were myriad other horrors afoot at Dcon. There was the DEALER who, through the incompetence of his toady, parted with a Big Little Book for only half of its True Intrinsic Value and then, after the deal had been closed, approached the aforesaid Big Little Book's proud new owner (Harlan Ellison, it so happened) to demand payment of the additional seven dollars. There was the other creep who, having previously gained a certain fannish notoriety due to his eighteen-hundred-dollar sale of a copy of Action Comics No. 1, showed up in our midst and almost immediately

made a name for himself as a prize asshole whose chief discernable virtues included opportunism, boorishness, intrusiveness, prevarication, unbelievable gall, blatant male chauvinism and a great, abiding and wholly unfounded high regard for himself. Et cetera.

Look, Tom, I do like comic books. At their outrageous worst, they are as convulsing as Robot Monster—sf cinema at its outrageous worst. At their infrequent best, I find them marvelous and pretty. To the extent that I love the mothers and accumulate them shamelessly, I am a grubby funny-book fan with four-color ink smudges on my fingers and flecks of pulp paper in my hair. But to the extent that I believe that the DEALERS comprise the core of most of what is wrong with comics fandom (just about the only thing I can't pin on them is the virtual illiteracy of all save a very few funny-book fanzine hacks), I am one who wishes them only ill. Perhaps the continuing flow of reprinted material from National Periodicals (facsimile editions of the first issues of Action Comics, Superman and several others have been announced) will undermine the market for old comic books with four-figure price tags. It's also possible, but not at all probable, that some enterprising trouble-maker (one possessed of my deplorable sense of humor and, oh, Howard Hughes' bread) could take it upon himself to flood comics fandom with thousands of flawlessly counterfeited copies of all those Rare And Precious collectors' items, thereby effectively knocking the ass-end right off of the market values. Of course, this would affect the dealers along with the DEALERS. But, as I said, the dealers would just go off in search of conversation and/or liquor.

At any rate, Tom, I regret that I do not have anything new to say on the subject. Sigh. And I did so want to be in Trumpet.

(continued from page 2)

while I was at LACon). It never did. But, at the time, we were already checking on passports and black plague shots. The same producer was still finagling around when I came back to Texas.

We made several side trips while the Malaysia deal (everything's a deal) was on-again, off-again. Once we even went as far as to start casting, for Christ's sake! (The Malaysia producer was nothing if not optimistic.) At this point I was still gosh-wow about movie stars, remember. It was after "Flesh Gordon" but before "The Mislaid Genii" and the people in neither of those could by any stretch of the imagination be called "movie stars!" I had some ideas about who I wanted in the picture—nothing grandiose, mind you—and the actor I wanted for the second lead was Larry Casey. (If the name doesn't immediately ring bells, he was one of the regulars in "Rat Patrol," the blonde headed kid who wore the Foreign Legion cap.) I called the Guild and got his phone number, called him, told him what was going on, and he came over, read the script right there, and said he'd love to do it. I guess I was fortunate that Larry Casey was my first "actor." He was totally unpretentious, very friendly, and enthusiastic about what I was doing. (If it was all put-on, he's a better actor than I think he is.) But he did allow me to get actors in the proper perspective so that I didn't get bogged by some of the nards I met later.

The only trouble was, Casey didn't really want to play the second lead; he wanted to play the lead. I can't blame him, the lead was a much better part, but it was the role of a pathetic wimp and Casey was too big, handsome and healthy looking. Unfortunately, a final decision never had to be made. That

"deal" fell through.

At another time an occasional actor named Conrad Bachman (I've seen him in a few tv commercials and in bits on various shows since I've been back in Texas), who was involved in the first phase of the Malaysia "deal" but no longer, called and said that Tina Sinatra, Christopher Stone and himself were forming a production company. They wanted my script for their first picture!

Wow!

We had a meeting with them and seemed to come to some sort of agreement. Stone would be in the picture. Okay, he and Casey were similar physical types, though he

was less the matinee-idol type than Casey, but he would do. (The character's physical handsomeness is a major pivotal point in the plot.) Trouble was, Stone didn't want to play the second lead either—nor the lead. He was planning to play a minor character I had written as a middle-aged man. It would mean cataclysmic rewriting and God alone knows how he envisioned the final product. But, by this time, I didn't care if they turned it into a musical with Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello.

The first of several contracts arrived. It wasn't what we had agreed on at the meeting so we rejected it. Tina threw a tantrum.

It turned into a real Three Stooges routine. Conrad would call. We would make counter-proposals. Conrad would call Chris. Chris would call Tina. Tina would throw a tantrum. Chris would call Conrad. Conrad would call us. Tina was calling the whole thing off. Next day Tina would cool off. Conrad would call. Etc. etc. This went on for a couple of weeks until the contract was to our satisfaction and it was time for option money to exchange hands.

Nothing happened.

Nothing continued to happen.

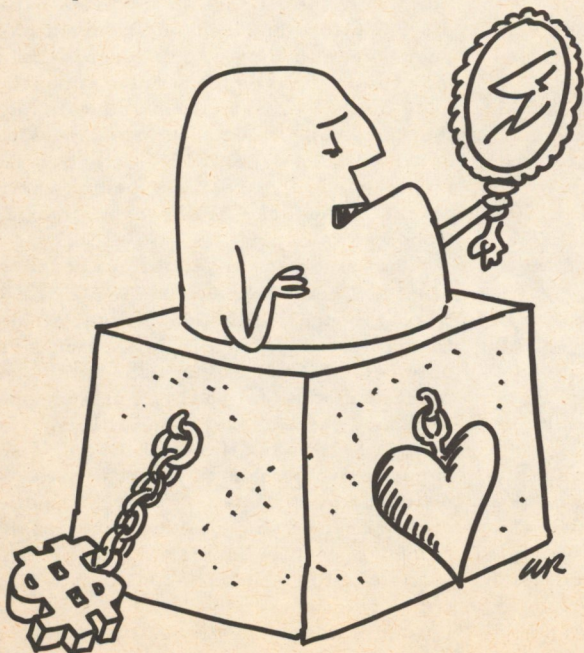
We finally found out after a few weeks of stalling, that Chris' and Tina's romance had broken up—and with it, the production company. The only concrete result of the whole thing was that General Telephone's stock went up three points.

Then the Malaysia "deal" found new backers! Hallelujah! This was the phase current at LACon. Money changed hands. I was paid \$500 for a three month's option on the script. A good sign, you would think.

Christmas rolled around and nothing more had happened. I went to Texas for the holidays and decided there was no point in going back to California until something happened. The correspondence I received from Wil George was all of the "they'll know something definite by Friday" variety, until he finally wrote that he had decided the new backers didn't know how to come in out of the rain and was abandoning the whole thing. It seems my chances of selling a screenplay have diminished from zero to minus ten.

My two years in Hollywood were... uh... broadening. I wouldn't want to do it again but I'm glad I did it once. I often wonder where I'd be right now if I hadn't gone.

I want to publicly thank a number of people who made my stay out there possible. I wasn't making enough money to live independently without the aid and offers of couches and spare bedroom by friends. My only regret is that I may have used a few of them up. But I was making too much money to become completely discouraged and chuck it. It's not a comfortable situa-



tion.

John and Bjo Trimble, George Barr, Alicia Austin, Hollis Williford, Fred Patten, Mike Minor, Larry Verdugo, Jimmy McCormack, Wil George, Carl Ryan, and Bill Crippen all kept me from having to sleep on a park bench. They're all good people. If any of you are ever down and out in Woodson, Texas, don't hesitate to call. My house is yours.

Woodson is about equidistant from Abilene, Wichita Falls, and Mineral Wells, and not too far from Anarene—but it's smaller.

After I'd been back in Texas for a little while I decided I'd try my hand at being a dirty pro. It seemed logical that if I could write screenplays which people liked, I ought to be able to write stories as well. So, I wrote a story. It was about Hollywood and entitled "Under the Hollywood Sign." It'll be in Orbit 15. It's an ugly, ugly story about rotten people doing rotten things to other rotten people. Gallery almost bought it but they decided it was too strong for them. "Controversial" is the word they used. Maybe it's a good thing they didn't buy it as I've heard Gallery is about to fold and people are having trouble getting their money.

Anyway, I guess I got something out of my system with the story because the second one was practically pastoral—although it was another Hollywood story. I've sold that one to one of the sf magazines (if I can make some minor revisions to the editor's satisfaction). I won't mention which one to save getting egg on my face in case I can't. I sold another to Nova 4 (which was actually my first sale). The others are still floating around looking for a home.

Then, at Dcon, I met Ken Keller, the galumphing gourmet.

It seems there is a small group of nutty Kansas City fans who think Trumpet is the greatest thing since green toothpaste. Ken Keller, Jim Loehr, Brian Tanahill, and a couple of others wanted me to revive Trumpet and were willing to pay the bills themselves. The only problem was, they didn't have any more money than I did.

So we had all this enthusiasm and no capital. Ken invited me up to KC so I went up in September on the train.

Remember the train? It was great fun. I hadn't ridden a train in fifteen years and I had never been on anything but a very short trip. I had never eaten in the dining car. I was surprised somewhat that the food was so good and so inexpensive. I'd always heard that it was quite expensive. Eating on a train is quite an experience—food and prices aside.

You have to get used to the rhythm. Occasionally a waiter would careen down the aisle, spinning like a top, tray balanced on his upheld hand, strewing crockery and cutlery like May

flowers. Thank goodness for the energy crises.

The train arrived at the Kansas City station at 4 am. The KC station is a marvelous mausoleum of a building that has been saved—unlike Dallas' Union Station which has been completely abandoned. Part of the KC station has become a posh nightclub and another part has become something which appeared not unlike a civic auditorium, though it probably wasn't, still leaving an area the size of three gymnasiums for train passengers. I suppose if train travel returns, as it may, the station will have to be reconverted to its original use.

I stayed in KC a week and had a fine time. The KC fans are a nice bunch of people, except for a drelb here and there, but that can be expected in fandom. Ken took me on a tour of the Crown Center Hotel where they were seriously considering bidding for the worldcon in 1979. It's a beautiful hotel—with a jungle and a waterfall in the lobby, if you get excited over jungles and waterfalls in hotel lobbies. But whether you do or not, it was still pretty. It has all the standard things you expect of a worldcon hotel: ballrooms and all that. I mean, you've seen one hotel ballroom, you've seen 'em all. (Well, Baycon may be an exception.)

But it has one thing no other worldcon hotel has ever had. It has an audiovisual center with extremely comfortable theater seats. How many times have you gotten a petrified butt watching movies at a convention, huh? Those insidious straight-back hotel chairs have driven me out far more often than a rotten picture. For the first time: con movies in a real movie theater! And they plan to make the movies fit their surrounding: no serials, no B-westerns, no grade Z horror films, and most, if not all, will be 35 mm prints.

Ken was planning to do an editorial for this issue but he called the other night to say he had decided to bid on the worldcon instead—in 1976!

It seems that when SMOF heard of the 1979 bid, they advised KC to bid in 1976 instead, because the only two other bidders for that year had both bid before and had dropped out ere the race was o'er. (Haven't we all?) Since Ken and KC fandom had put on Mid-America Con, one of the best regionals in recent memory, SMOF felt they were the ones for 1976.

Ken was wise to change the bid. Now he only has nine months to agonize instead of two years and nine months. If I learned anything while we were bidding for '73, it's that there are a number of fans who need to take a psychiatrist to lunch—and soon.

A few weeks later I was telling Larry Herndon about my trip to KC when he says "How would you like me to pay the bills on Trumpet?"

And I said "Okay."

And here we are.

Larry is the editor and publisher of Remember When, Nostalgia News, and Yesterday's Comics. He didn't see why he shouldn't add Trumpet to the stable, as it were. I didn't see why he shouldn't either. Besides, it was the only way he could get me to become Production Editor on Remember When, Nostalgia News, and Yesterday's Comics.

Watch out, all you paranoids out there! Just when you're beginning to realize maybe comic fandom isn't the end of the world—along comes NOSTALGIA FANDOM! Run, run, the mad dogs are after you!

Not to worry, Trumpet won't become a Nostalgia fanzine! Not that it won't change—because I've changed—but there'll be no articles on Hoot Gibson or The Shadow or Little Orphan Annie Ovaltine mugs.

If this issue appears to be the same old Trumpet, minus changes, it is. All the material in this issue, except Al Jackson's and Steve Utley's bits of flummery, would have been in Trumpet 11 if it had been published right after Trumpet 10. A few things are obviously dated but, I don't think, any less interesting because of it. Some people suggested that I bring the issue out as a total time-binder, with no acknowledgment at all that it has been four years between issues. It was an interesting idea but... I do regret the absence of the fiesty letter column, but it looks too much like something found in a time-capsule as it is.

There's a lot of good stuff coming up in future issues, but I know better than to make specific promises. Stay tuned.

Index to Robert Kline's "DYING EARTH" folio

Page 22: Chapter 1—Turjan of Miir. "With a long-handled spoon he held food to the creature's mouth."

Page 23: Chapter 1—Turjan of Miir. "Turjan sprang forward, dodging the wild sweep of her sword, seized her around the waist, and dragged her to the ground."

Page 24: Chapter 2—Mazirian the Magician. "'See,' she panted, 'Mazirian has come to kill you.'"

Page 25: Chapter 3—T'sais. "And the three mounted, and the creatures took them swiftly through the night air, which already smelled of morning."

Page 26: Chapter 4—Liane the Wayfarer. "Over his shiny black back he wore a robe of eyeballs threaded on silk."

Page 27: Chapter 5—Ulan Dhor. "The tentacle darted to cut them off."

the dying earth

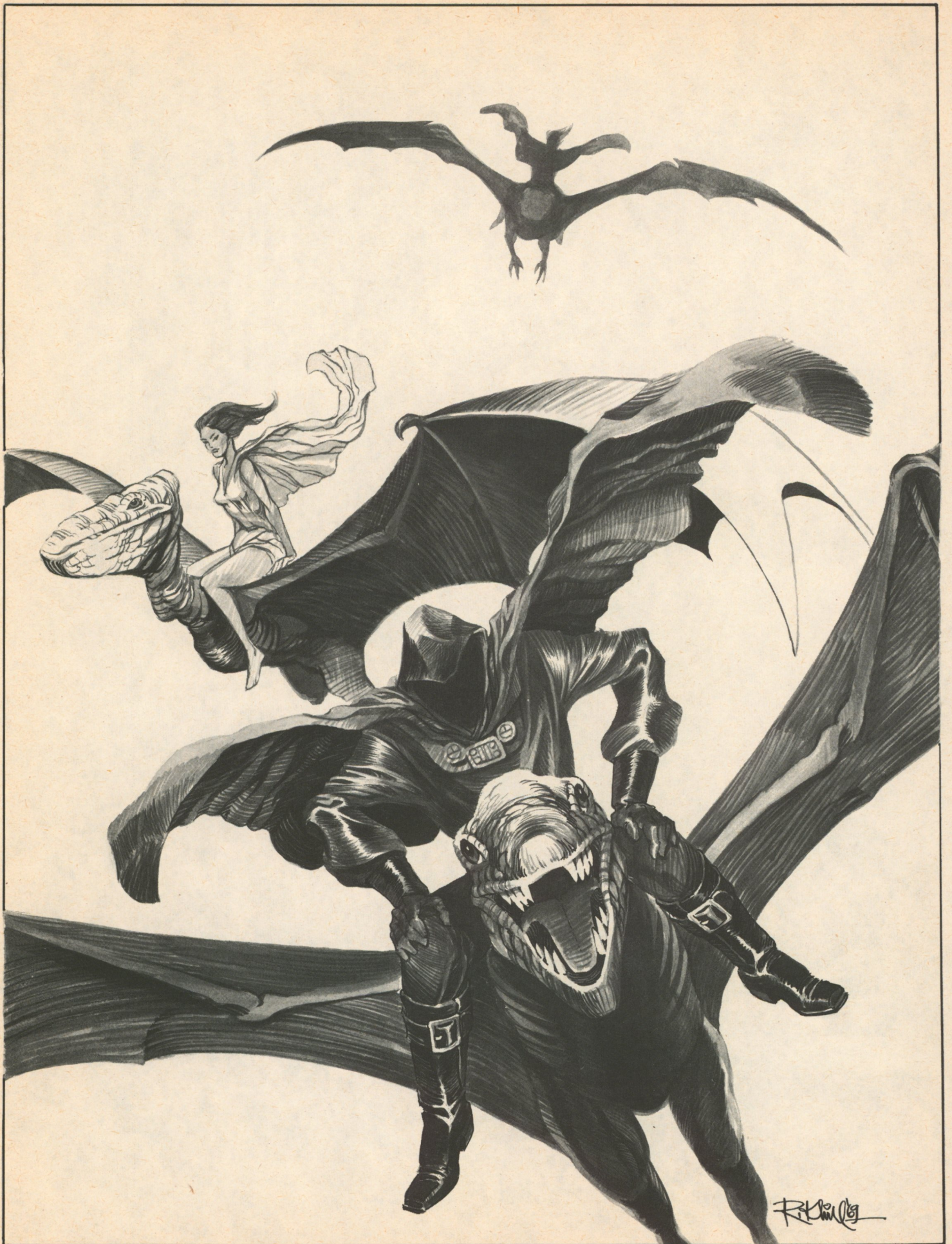
BY JACK VANCE



drawings by robert kline

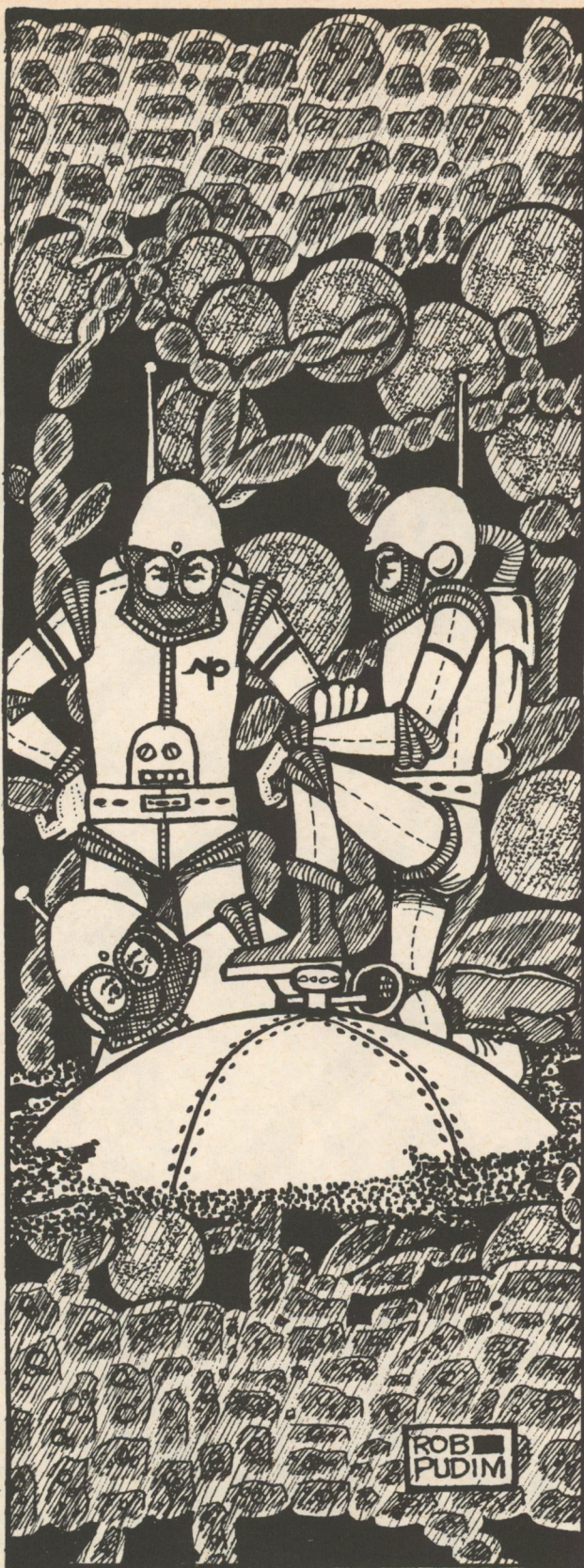












BANG

fiction / W. G. BLISS

If you perpetrate a hoax to save the universe from disaster, make very sure the wrong people aren't fooled.

I'm part of Colonial biologicals, and since I am a non-technical aptitude type I work for a living. This planet is almost barren. The climate is not so good. It grows some nice lichens and that's what I do every day unless the weather is too infernally bad, go about and collect lichen. I'm a sort of harvester. A few rare lichens have to be collected when they are just in the proper phase of their life cycle. I spot one that's right and I scrape it off the rock and into the bag. Offhand I wouldn't know one lichen from another, but my subconscious does. Professor Ignorr, who is part of Colonial scientific, did that with his hypno-trainer. Since I walk a lot, I don't use any exercise schedule. My type thrives on unvarying routine and that was exactly what this undisturbed place was—until the character came here. At first I thought it was just one of the alien types who can mimic other beings in appearance. The professor was very disturbed when he found it was an ancient human. It explained to the professor how it was too old to be really alive in the usual manner, how it had died, but really wasn't dead since it had never left a corpse along the way anywhere for anyone to bury. The logic of being and not being escapes me. As the professor says, you have to have a brain for some things. The queerest thing about the character is that he was actually looking for something to do. I collect enough lichen and the professor does enough investigating and thinking. More than that isn't expected of us. Ambitious types can earn bonus wages. There is nothing much I could use extra income for here.

The professor says he was an ambitious type when he was a lot younger. The professor liked the character when he found out how much he knew about science. They worked happily in the laboratory for days. I'm sure the professor got way ahead of schedule. The professor says every now and then, "Tracy, you would make a fine grade A robot." I do have the knack of repeating the motions of each day exactly. He explained that such nonsense statements are what is called humor. You have to have the mind for such things he says. He told me a week ago how the ever-living ersatz remains of Neville Kent, the character, could not be destroyed. Kent would go on and on. Can you imagine such a fate? To go on and on, continue the same, yes, I understood that perfectly. The terrible thing about Kent is something the professor thought of. Kent does not have the wisdom of living so very long. Where are the grand and eloquent and important things such a being should be engaged in? Why does he come to a planet that is almost no good, that has only two inhabitants who can be of no possible interest to him? It is, he says, because there are limits to the mind. It is evident Kent has been almost everywhere and seen almost everything. No mind could analyze such a sheer bulk of data. Only the rarest of singularities could be noted. Here he was, Jacques Ignorr, living out his last few decades in a peaceful place doing useful works, and Kent wanted to give him and everybody else part of eternity. Impractical, impractical. There was no real thing to do with it. I told the professor that I for one would not mind. I would, he said. Tracy, he said, I will need your small assistance in nullifying the plans for humanity that Kent has. One small session with the hypnotrainer is all I require. Well there was nothing to that. The soma drug used with the hypno training always leaves me feeling pleasant for a few hours after. I am in another building at a safe distance with thick walls between. I am watching on the video-remote the professor uses for some experiments. It is a staging for the benefit of Kent. It is an illusion backdrop, all around and above. It is supposed to be on a planet someplace else. Kent is susceptible to the soma drug. I'm not capable of intrigue, but my subconscious is. Kent has been very hypnotrained, but since it will wear off in a few centuries, he has to be tricked. I don't think there is something right about that, but Kent should logically be wiser than the professor and that's why I'm carefully at a safe distance. Kent thinks the professor and he have been on a long travel to many places after the professor finally saw the desirability of becoming a self-maintaining creature like Kent. They come to an unusual place. There is a mental recording like an entertainment tape that warns them of the nature of the half-buried sphere

that has a ring in a pin on the top of it. Kent laughs in his space suit. The atmosphere is not breathable. His voice is changed a trifle in the communicator. "It's too simple. It has to be a hoax. Somebody's idea of a joke."

Well the professor knows about jokes and humor. "Of course not. Something like this has to be simple."

"But a four meter sphere of what looks like obsolete space ship hull alloy enclosing the key torus for the whole cosmos and the pin holds it in a fixed point, it's so simple it's just plain ridiculous."

I was supposed to be gone for a few minutes looking around the area. I slipped quietly back in through the temporary inflated airlock. The professor's play had only minutes to run now, and I for one would be glad to get back to doing routine things. "Well, Tracy, did you find anything?"

"No. There is different lichen here." The line was automatic from hypnotrainer. "You are always seeing new lichen. What is that pin for professor?"

"It holds everything together. And I do mean everything, Tracy."

"Nonsense. I have plenty of time to waste, but this is really a waste of time," Kent said.

"Tracy, you are strong. Very carefully jiggle the pin just a little."

I clumped over to it in my spacesuit and turned it with the ring. That activated the gravitor in the floor of the building, used to lighten things up when the professor wanted the laboratory rearranged. Kent became excited and pushed me away from the pin and stomped it down tight.

"So, you did not believe me, Kent."

"I still don't. I'm just not one to take chances, that's all."

"You know, Kent, if the pin were pulled and everything went, I think the only gouts of energy would be from small local discontinuities."

"Well let's get out of here and hope nobody else finds this place."

"The chances of anyone else finding this little part of the cosmos are astronomical. That is a joke, Tracy. Kent, we have something to discuss before we leave. Tracy here would not mind living

indefinitely. He knows only a simple eternity. You have found a misery in existing so long and only desire company. I will simply cease maintaining my body and become nothing. Tracy will find a place and he will simply stay there."

"It is a big cosmos, Jacques. There are some who can live with the long life somewhere in it."

"And the chances are excellent they will be undesirable sorts."

"You certainly cannot influence that. You say you are going to die?"

"Not entirely. I will maintain enough substance to pull the pin if you leave here. I instructed myself with my hypnotrainer to do that in the proper circumstances, which these most certainly are. I did that before we left the old planet. Remember, Tracy, that was where you first collected lichen."

"Well, Tracy, that was most effective. Note that our Mr. Kent has become completely catatonic. We will have another building constructed for a laboratory as Mr. Kent will remain here as he is—at least for my lifetime."

I had a question for the professor later in the day when I caught up on my schedule. "Isn't the atmosphere renewed in Kent's suit about to run out?"

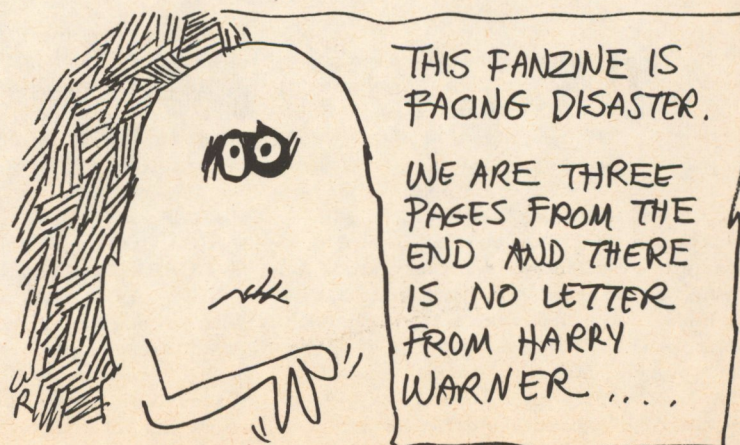
"Why, no," he said, "Mr. Kent is not metabolating, he has perfect catatonia. It will remain for his use when he does eventually revive. I do believe, Tracy, that we had better climb back into the space suits and go in there and check. I want to be absolutely certain everything is in order, including Neville Kent."

"Well, Tracy, everything is in perfect order. Perhaps I should pull the pin in case he does snap out of it; that should snap him right back in again. I imagine, Tracy, one simple pin keeping the universe together. It is too simple. It is to laugh, Tracy."

He bent over and grasped the ring in the pin with both hands.

"Oh, no, you don't." I said. I put one foot solidly on it.

The professor gave up and stood erect. He said, "Tracy, you are actually serious." He said it in his humor voice, in the suit communicator.





PILL BUGS AND MUNG PEAS

or: everything Charlie Brown wanted to know about the Dallas in '73 bid, but was afraid to ask—and which will come as a surprise to most Dallas fans also!

by Al Jackson

you would hardly have noticed the door had you not been right on top of it. But there it was. Rusted and massive, distinguished only by the inlaid shield bearing the indefinite likeness of GHU rampant on a field of corflou. The door swung back silently—and there stood a being with noneck, a homogeneous baggy head, and a body like a towsack full of broken '53 Chevy hubcaps.

"I see you came," he said through his rippling teeth which looked like #38 pickles. "It's hardly worth the effort, you know. But **THEY** said you could."

He made a turn and flowed away. "Come on in."

He moved ahead of me, down a shiny white corridor, depositing a trail of slime that evaporated quickly, leaving the smell of Ol' Red Roach beer in the air. He passed by row after row of gleaming steel doors. Stenciled on each was the warning, **DANGER: THIS ROOM IS GUARDED BY EXPLODING CHIGGERS!** "Ah, yes," he wheezed, "The fanzine collections, you know. And there is an atomic powered octopus in the basement in case this place is ever raided. Can't have humanity finding out about this, of course." To emphasize the point he made a sound like a geosyncline

breaking wind.

As we arrived at an open door, he stopped and said, "'Scuse me a moment but you ain't supposed to see this." And he quickly closed the door, bringing the lettering on it into view, **SECRET MASTERS OF FANDOM: SPERM BANKS**. But I saw parts of words on some of the frosty little cases just before the door closed: "...ker, V...eman," and some others.

After what seemed miles of flush-set silvery doors, some lettered with mysterious things like, **N3F: SELF DESTRUCT, WORLDCON SNIDENESS DEPOSITORY, LA & NY CLIQUE BOOST-**

ER and other things better left unread, my bulbous guide reached a door marked with a red border and identified as SMOF: VID-TAPE/SNOOP HISTORY OF FANDOM. Taking a Little Debby from his pouch, Big Bem smashed it against the door, which slid back into its slot. The room looked like a safety deposit vault.

"Sure you really want to see *that* stuff? I mean, we have several hundred **drool** hours of LASFS apacollating sessions—most satiating." He paused. "Ok, all right, but let me warn you, it's dumb stuff."

Motioning to a spool reader, he said, "Sit down." He punched some buttons and a small disc popped up on the table. He put it in the reader and said, "Listen, just push Start. You don't mind if I leave? Got better things to do. Anyway, looking at that tape causes me to flocculate." He left and the door slid shut behind him.

START

Display screen read: RESTRICTED, (seal of the SMOF) REEL 25, SPOOL 9907654, 778890021345, Dallas (sob) in '73 Bid—situation still classified as Power Flux.

Scene opened.

In a musky dusky grimy little building on Peak Street in Dallas was the office of Mosher Printing Company (listed in the phone book as Mosh. Prntg.). Here in this little dust hole moved the dark forces of the Anti-Ghu. Here too was manifested the Anti-Ghu's printer's devil in the form of Orville W. Mosher. An unchanging shape, a dillywonker cyborg motivated by a negatronic brain. Cut to brain: "Goddam, he's slipped a spindle again; yes, there at the elbow, oil that joint! And you, hey YOU, yeah, you solid state jumble jumpers, KEEP QUIET! DAMN, I have enough trouble keeping the lattice springs on his eyes in place. How would you like it if he walked up to somebody saying "Good day," and his eyes jumped forty feet out of his head waving like a semaphore? Listen! Get some damn loose-edged back threaders up here! I can't be hanging around all day making..." and soon.

Mosher was a squat figure, who looked as if he used himself as a blotter. He had beady robot eyes and stop-motion movement, unchanged in form since his creation during a rubber duck rebellion in 1945. (And this was 1966.) He wore the dirty khakis of the Anti-Ghu, emblazoned with the Mosher Coat of Arms, THE EGG AND TOMATO STAIN.

He sat at his desk, his inkstained fingernails drumming on a letter filched by his botflies from the post office. Placing it under his armpit, he sensed, yes, by osmotic powers, that this letter from Tom Reamy to Andy offutt contained, yes, the idea of, the very germ of the idea for a NEW DALLAS FANDOM, AND EVEN MORE, (he could

hardly hold back the venom) A WORLD-CON BID! Instantly, the Anti-Ghu knew also. One of Mosher's detestable multi-liths kicked into action—a message from the netherworld of Anti-Ghu. MY TOOL: STOP: EXECUTE PLAN 111—MUNG PEAS AND PILL BUGS. END.

Mosher slathered into action.

First he sent the letter winging on its way. Consider the powerful residual effect of a Mosher-handled letter. offutt, upon receiving it, ran nude from his house, set up a tollbooth on a Kentucky highway, made a citizen's arrest of George Proctor (who was on a loose marble and frog pancake expedition) for shipping infected trailing arbuti to the Furfur traders of Agnisi. (Neither of them remember the incident.)

Whipping out the old Dallas Futurian Society A.B. Dick, mixing up the special ink (incorporating some beer left by Dale Hart at Reamy's place fifteen years before), Mosher laid on the accursed stencils (cut by none other than the Anti-Ghu himself), and ran off one, count it, one copy of CRIFANAC 10. Using a stolen and mutilated TRUMPET envelope, he addressed it to:

Joe Pumilia
420 West Bell
Houston, Texas

Days later, the mail found Pumilia at his typewriter. He was composing his 100,000,000 word epic: H.P. LOVECRAFT AND THE SNAKE RIVER CONSIDERED AS A DELTOID OF POLYPLASTIC BLOCKS. He had just finished with the atrocious pun:

"When Morgan the pirate used to sail the seas he kept a watchout in the crows-nest who would call out if he saw a merchantman, 'Yar!' or if a man-o-war, 'Nar!' To keep his men alert, he had him cup a bee in his palms, from which comes the saying: Booty is in the eye of the bee-holder."

Standing up, assuming the #74 "good Karma" (38th yoga) position, turning his left foot to the side, laying a finger aside his nose, and giving a wink, he barfed upon the keyboard of his typer. After thinking about slogging away on squishy keys, he made his decision: "May as well read the mail."

He passed over the mail-order catalog from the Mayan Typesetting and Investment Corporation, the real estate offer from the Humbolt Depression Development Company, the rejection slip from Amazing for "It's Tuesday and I'm Constipated on Arcturus 7," even passing up a personal letter from Joe Allred telling how he was going to convert to sf from his position as spiritual leader of Mud Flap and Dog Dish fandom. At the sight of CRIFANAC his mind skipjacked. "Must read," he mumbled.

It was not until he had hacked his way through the editorial about an extra dry martini made with spirit duplicator fluid, the expose on conifer homosexu-

ality, and the recipe for boiled LOCUS, that his mind was tricked into reading the article, Power Plays Among the Pill Bugs.

His mind was seized by the vagaries of sowbug society. Pumilia's brain became funk; he no longer had control of his pituitary gland; he was gripped in the hold of questions about the socioeconomic interplay between the blue 'uns and the gray 'uns. His brain lay in bondage, so when he reached the kicker he was no longer his own man:

"Let M=the set of all mung peas,
 σ =the bijection of pill bugs on-
to the set of mung peas,
K=set of key elements,
D=set of all Dallas fans,
then prove the theorem:

$VME\sigma: \sigma: K \rightarrow \phi$ (ϕ =the null set)."

"Gack!" said Pumilia, stumbling to his closet. He changed into his Dr. Zarg suit and, as soon as the gum Arabic had set, firmly holding his mustache, he was ready.

Four months later, using quotations from an obscure Ship's Log fandom zine and margin notes made in Churches "Abstract Logic for Catfish Gutters," he finally came to the end of a protracted reductio ad absurdum proof. The very moment he finished the D in the Q.E.D., POP!, Zarg-Pumilia disappeared in a cloud of Wizard Air Freshener (#56 can, "Morning in the Davis Mountains").

The mist floated out the window, down into the garden outside, and found there its unlikely candidates—real live pill bugs. For a moment this clutch of insects was thrown into a panic, but they quickly recovered for a suicide mission to Dallas. Off they went to the north. Some, not sufficiently affected, were ping-pong into mung peas already. Mischief was afoot!

As for Zarg-Pumilia—well, for a while he wound up in the "Fandom Earth" parallel universe. He served valiantly as a captain in the 9th Texas Fan Federation Armoured Infantry Division but, when the TFF tried to play off the Anti-Ghu's forces against the ruling Secret Masters of Fandom, a move known as the Fried Chicken War, he was captured at the Battle of Duluth when the 9th ran into the Legion of St. Fantony. He was held prisoner at Fort Bloch in the Arbuckle Mts., where he came down with Ballistic Arellia. He was finally rescued by his brother, Dennis, and Bill Wallace of the Purple Spirit Commandos under the leadership of the enchanted robotrix, Lisa Tuttle. Returning to this dimension he settled down in Brenham to write his memoirs and recover from the advanced state of Ballistic Arellia known as Cushionella. (People to this day are still surprised when Joe, without warning, turns into a velvet wingback chair for periods of up to five minutes.)

It was a hard trip for the pill bugs. Some got confused in Tomball, Texas

when a Humble refinery exploded, loosing a deadly cloud of petrochemicals that killed 100,000 people in Houston. The Houston papers hailed the event as the greatest contribution to population control since napalm, summing up with, "That ought to show all those red commie bleeding hearts!"

About a third had their sow-minds churned, and headed back to Houston, finding their way to HOUSTON GARBAGE PROCESSING AND PRESSING COMPANY, a subsidiary of SERVAMATION, the people who put all those sandwiches in the automat machines at the University of Houston. Needless to say, they met their fate in the Tuna Spread.

As it happened, Phillip Nabber was dining that day at the U. S. Blocky Building, where he was Selective Service Commissioner, with his faithful sidekick, Lester Whipshaper. Both of them had gotten a tuna salad on toast for \$4.00 from the respected Servamation machine in the canteen and were amid conversation.

"Listen, Les, the people out in Spring Branch are getting uptight about the diminishing alligator bait pool. We might have to start drafting white boys."

"Well, we still got the spicks down by the Channel, we could..."

"Hey, look at this, a bean sprout! I'll just pop it into my mouth..." A glazed look came into his eyes and he said, "Draft Jeff Haverlaugh."

"Who?"

The middle third really got a bad vector. They pinged into mung peas as they arrived at the Chung King factory in Bilford, Ill. As it turned out, only two cans of bean sprouts found their way into the U. S. — the others were shipped to Northern Ireland. One went to Weingartens store in Bryan, Texas, and the other was bought by Alex Eisenstein for use in a three dimensional plastic sculpture, "Pregnant Female Gorilla and Number 38 Bat." Unfortunately, he spilled some of the juice on his hands, causing him to think, "Boy, I'll bet if I write something for TRUMPET, someday Tom will make me an editor." It was a sweet, innocent, if not somnambulist gesture.

General Droddle, commandant of

Texas A&M, bought the can that found its way into Weingartens. He ate the whole damn can! His wife made up a whole pile of Mother Mutha's sun ripened groat clusters with bean sprouts, and he gobbled up the entire damn thing.

The next day Gen. Droddle went down to the Dept. of Animal Wifery and colared Dr. Null-Zarg.

"Attention, Nully baby. You know that rocket powered Sandbass you're working...?"

"Yar," burbled Null-Zarg.

"Well, I want you to knock it off. Break out the clone equipment again."

"I thought we had enough cadets."

"At ease! Use some cells from those goats Governor Smith sent over. When you get finished, you're to call those bogies Goble, Stahl, Moffitt, Kostura, and Ellis, and the one that implodes... call him STANLEY!"

Null-Zarg looked puzzled, "...ah, er... what?"

Out to seventy miles below where ever Richard Geis lives. Here was found the Anti-Ghu! The Secret Masters of Fandom had only minimal control over him and they knew Geis' fiery wit and helical aura was a good foil against the Anti-Ghu, thus checking his powers — well, a little.

The Anti-Ghu and one of his mean little aides, Typo, were looking at a viewscreen. In it was the Funny Farm Dungeon.

Proctor was in a dither, yelling through the bars in the dungeon door. "Come on, ofutt, whatsamatterwidyou anyway?"

"George, you know good and well shipping trailing arbuti is serious. You know what they do with those things next door, over in Fandom Earth!"

Proctor looked bewildered. "Huh?"

"Anyway, George, listen to this story that Ted White rejected."

"andy, come to your senses!"

"You see, George, there was this guy, Hankbar Hank. He lost his hand in a barroom brawl with a Dero."

ofutt started putting his socks on.

"Well, he was ashamed that he didn't have a hand, so he made one up out of an old glove stuffed with shredded Pam-pers."

ofutt put on his mesh type jockey shorts.

"In order to look nonchalant, he learns how to smoke a cigarette. I mean before this, sometimes he would just be sitting there with his hand sticking out at 108 degrees in relation to his wrist."

ofutt put on his Spike Jones pants, the ones with the chartreuse stripes up the side.

"But one day, when he is riding on the bus, he doesn't notice the cigarette has burned too far down. His hand begins to smoke; all the people on the bus start pointing. Hankbar has to throw the smouldering glove out the window. He is most embarrassed."

ofutt finished off with a laminated shirt made from old Lionel Atwill fan mail given to him by Forry Ackerman.

George stared. "Is that all? andy, that's the dumbest story..." He stopped. ofutt was changing. His eyes cleared. He shook his head.

"Where am I? What... Greg, Greg Benford? What are you doing here?"

"Benford? This is George Proctor! See the Texas face. Benford never could manage a Texas face."

ofutt peered closely. "Sweet Jesus!" He unlatched the cell door. "How can I apologize?"

And as they walked off down the damp corridor, "Well, andy, I have this fanzine, CITADEL, and you know that story you were telling me, maybe..."

The viewscreen darkened. "Sheetit," said Typo.

"It's all your fault," rumbled the Anti-Ghu. "I told you to be careful with Mosher." With that he fed Typo a knuckle sandwich.

After four years, the remaining third of the pixilated pill bugs finally reached Dallas. They converged on their target just one day before the crucial figure made his dining reservation — the President of Collins Radio Co. came to eat at Lum Wu's Mung Pea and Ermine Emporium. Seated with him was the first Vice President.

"T. L., how are the X-490 units coming along? Have they gotten any of those exploding water buffalo to install them in?"

"Just great, R. W., and no, but we have some Thermite muskrats."

"And the c-L-c module?"

"Oh, we got those things tuned up so they will detect Viet Cong shit eight miles away."

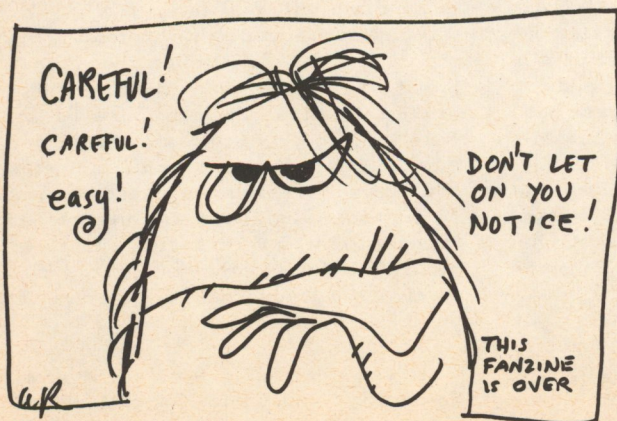
Taking a mouthful of bean sprouts, R. W. stopped. "...er, I fire the Technical Drawing section."

"Eh?"

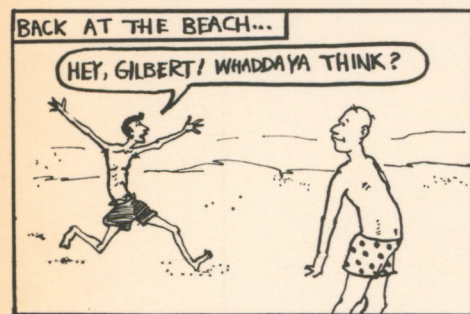
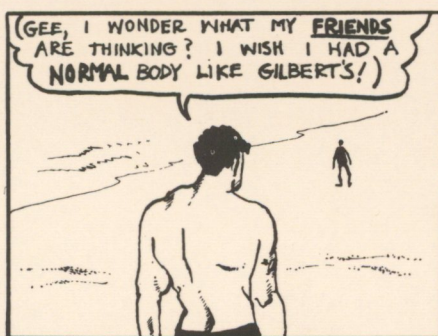
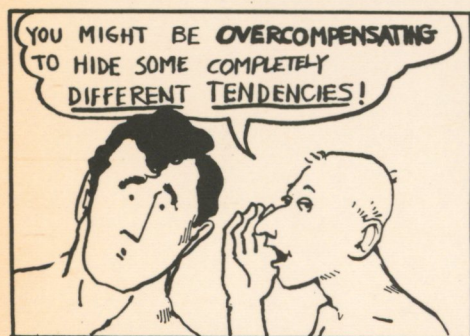
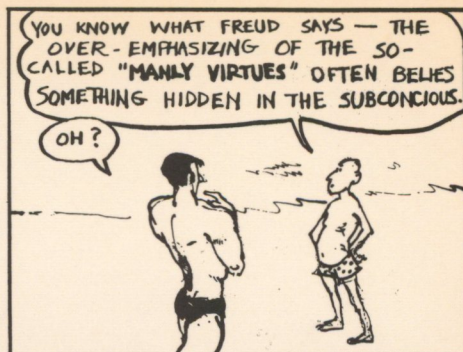
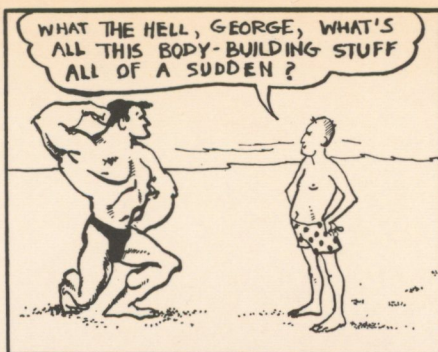
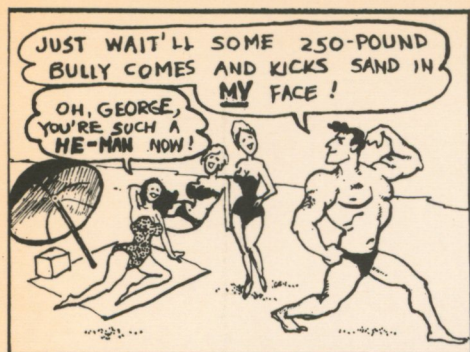
"You heard me. Tom Reamy and the Technical Drawing section, lay 'em off."

"...I, well..." He tasted his bean sprouts. "Oh, yes, I see what you mean."

**CAN THIS BE THE END?
DON'T BET ON IT!**



THE SAD STORY OF GEORGE AND THE BULLY ON THE BEACH



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