

JOCK ROOT

FOR TAFF





I've volunteered to say a few words about Jock Root for TAFF.

Hmmmmmmmm. Not that it's hard to think of something. In fact, the problem is really where to begin.

I've met Jock on various of his trips to the west coast for conventions or other sundry and mondry activities and I can state without hesitation that he is one of the pleasantest, most thoughtful, and most interesting people I know, fan or otherwise. Thoroughly adept at holding up his end of a conversation in the best of company on an amazing variety of subjects running from the Oz books to the current state of the Broadway theater. Not only is he a man with a wide range of interests, but he is a man of wit and keen perception whose opinion I value.

There are some people whom one has the urge to take home and keep because they are so delightful. This is not the case with Jock Root because one has the feeling that to keep Jock Root to oneself would be unbearably selfish; the impulse, on the other hand is to share him so that others can be delighted with him too.

Let's send Jock Root to England. We owe them a favor.

---Blake Maxam





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CHORUS:

I should have taken the plane;  
I should have taken the plane:  
The car break down, and the  
Gods all frown on me -  
Should have taken the plane.

Buy airplane ticket, very cool,  
I fly to Pittcon nice and comfortable,  
Hear about Travelcon, lose my head -  
Next thing I know I'm in a car instead.

CHORUS

The driver Chuck Nuetzel is a very fine guy,  
Got a sinister look and a patch over one eye.  
And Big Jim Harmon, dressed all in black -  
Little me better turn about and go right back!

CHORUS

Well it's too late now, and we're starting off;  
But the car make a sound like Grag with smoker's cough;  
Limp to the garage and mechanic say,  
"You're loaded too full; you wouldn't get half way."

CHORUS

Got to leave a man and three bags behind.

Other car come along and take them off our mind.  
Everything's peachy till the next mishap -  
We discover we're fifty miles off the map.

CHORUS

Well, we find our way back and we're doing fine,  
And it looks like we might get to the Con on time:  
Coming into Vegas, happy as can be,  
When we started the plunge into misery.

CHORUS

"It's a flat," said Chuck, but the tires were good,  
And a funny noise came from underneath the hood;  
Made it to a phone, just a little way,  
And we put in a call to the A A A.

CHORUS

We rode through the center of town in style

On the back of a tow-truck; you could see us for a mile.  
The garageman said, "There's not much doubt  
That your whole damn engine gonna hafta come out."

CHORUS

We had some drinks, just to ease our hearts - /parts,  
He said "A hundred bucks labor, and a hundred more for  
Make it two-fifty; that sounds about right,  
And it won't be ready till tomorrow night."

CHORUS

We met with the Travelcon and told our tale;  
They said good-bye and left us at garage to weep and wail.  
We got a place for the night to stretch,  
Between two sex-mad horses and a lonesome bitch.

CHORUS

Next day we asked garageman, "What news please?"  
He said he'd have to order crankshaft from Los Angeles.  
Might get it in a day or maybe two....  
So we went down town to figure what to do.

CHORUS

Now in downtown Las Vegas it is hard to think  
With the sound of money going tinkle-tinkle-tink:  
By time we figured where we go from here,  
We just had money for one short beer.

CHORUS

There wasn't very much that we could do:  
The car was hung up for another day or two.  
With deep misgiving, we decided thus:  
There was nothing for it but to take the bus.

CHORUS

Now if you've ever gone Greyhound there's no need to tell  
That it is a clever and exquisite form of bloody Hell;  
Details would make this song too long by far -  
So I'll end it mercifully - HERE WE ARE!

CHORUS:

Next time I'm going by plane;  
I'm really taking a plane:  
Leave troubles behind,  
Have a peaceful mind -

(spoken)

At least if anything does go wrong, it's all over at once...

(sung)

I think I'm going by plane.

---Jock Root



[Next time he joined us by Volkswagen....]

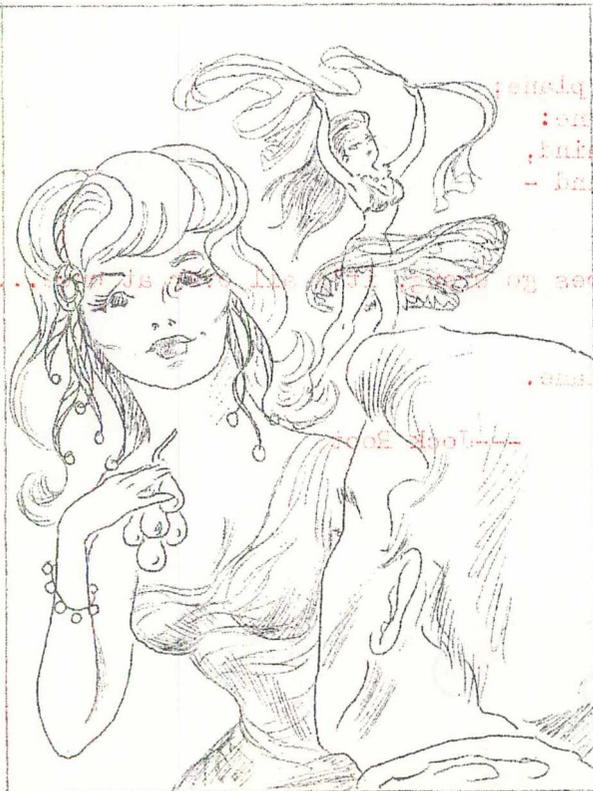
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 It's Eney's Fault  
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## the DRUIK DANGER — CHAPTER II — "STUPYFYING STORIES"

CONTINUED FROM DICK ENEY'S  
 "STUPYFYING STORIES"

The court of Llian-thu-llian was gaudy, primitive, and of more than passing interest to the members of the investigating team from the Terran Federation. Zhan Lewis, the Druik who telepathically discovered human mutants for the team, stood silently in his shimmering black robes, his golden cats eyes surveying the scene before him. He did not partake of the welcoming feast laid out by the natives of Utgard, this newfound fringe world of the Federation, but instead performed to ingest his own sustenance later in his private quarters aboard the ship. The people of Utgard seemed to adjust to Zhan easily after the first curious stares, and simply ignored him from that point on, as there seemed to be little communication with the tall pillar of robed alien. This left Zhan Lewis free to study these carefree natives for signs of the dangerous mutancy which threatened the Federation with full-scale war so often.

Henry Lee Bates joined the fun with the easy abandon of a person used to every kind of unusual situation and seemingly enjoyed himself all the while searching the minds of the people around him for traces of deviant reactions; the surest sign of mutancy. He sat on the polished floor, allowing several nubile young females to feed him fresh fruits and giggle in his ear, while his telepathic mind roamed at will among the gathered people. Little tendrils of thought curled around the room like incense smoke, but most of them concerned the liasons arranged for later in the evening, and the mental atmosphere was something less than a purely intellectual plane. Mute Henry, as he was called, shifted the thick brocade sash to his ceremonial robes and smiled at the pretty redhaired girl who offered him a handful of grape-like fruits which tastes remarkably sweet, as if someone had developed a fruit tasting like coffee with too much cream and sugar in it. Henry wasn't sure he liked the fruit, but the redhead was cute, and she was broadcasting a mental image of him and her which probably would have been indignantly denied if she had been questioned about it.



Sitting stiff and proud, wearing the ceremonial robes over his uniform, Sector Marshall Abner Tso Short was uncomfortable, and wishing privately that he could unbend enough to shed his clothes as Mute Henry had done, and wear only the robes offered by the smiling Utgard natives. But his sense of keeping up the Federation image prevented him from indulging fully in the festivities. Uppermost in his mind, also, was the unhappy fact that some of these laughing people were probably mutants, in which case it would become his dark duty to order their execution, without recourse or mercy. With this thought pressing down upon him, it was difficult to become involved in the fun and dancing, and the problem was even more embarrassing considering that this party was thrown in their honor by the unaware natives who welcomed the Federation team with open arms and hospitality. Short knew that his crew was also getting a warm welcome elsewhere in the village, excepting those on duty aboard the ship.

7

The officer's growing moodiness was not evident, partly because of the others' preoccupation with the festivities, but mostly because the Sector-Marshall had long ago learned to school his features to mask his feelings. The presence of the daughter of the local ruler helped short in his deception, for his meditations constantly strayed from his duty to lighter thoughts whenever he looked at Meridy-á-Llian. Dark-lashed slanty green eyes laughed into Abner's when he glanced her way, and Meridy's low laugh caused her fullsome tawny body to bounce in several intriguing places. When the girl bent her head to sip the subtle native distillation called Xarvu, Short enjoyed watching the play of flame-light on Meridy's golden hair. Short had been cautiously sipping the Xarvu each time someone presented one of the multitudinous toasts, and had found it a mild-tasting, smooth liquor with a pale violet color.

Llian-thu-llian, the hereditary leader of the Narvals, sat on the only cushions in the long hall, surrounded by the prettiest young girls the Federation team had seen in a long time of investigating fringe worlds. Llian looked younger than his claimed 80 years, and he certainly acted younger. He seemed to be unaware or uninterested in Abner Short's attentions to his daughter, bending his own attention to the girls and goblet after goblet of Xarvu. Llian-thu-llian welcomed the interplanetary travelers with primitive abandon; throwing open his home, his resources, and his hospitality to the strangers with a trust which gave Mute Henry and Sector Marshall Short a twinge of remorse, considering the reasons they were on the planet at all.

"At first sun, Tso Tshort," said Meridy-á-llian, who was used to sibilants, "we will take the eblovens into the fern-woods to hunt Kraef-lings. You will like that, being a mighty warrior in your own land." She smiled, and poured another violet-hued goblet of Xarvu for Short. "Kraef-lings are very fierce but not so terrible as full-grown Kraefs," Meridy explained, using her small graceful hands to detail her descriptions, "They are so high (indicating about four feet off the floor) and so wide (measuring close to three feet distance between her hands) and they have lots of teeth and claws." The girl dimpled another smile at Abner and went on, "the fern-woods grow, ch, about man-high, and thick, but they break easily and the eblovens were the main mode of transportation in this hemisphere; a large animal of approximately 900 to 1000 pounds which stood close to six feet high at the shoulder. Eblovens were usually grey-furred with short, cat-like hair, but Llian-thu-llian had greeted the Federation ship astride a solid black animal, and Short had noticed a pale gold-and-grey spotted ebloven in the animal pens during a welcoming parade and tour of the village. Long, floppy ears and large feet gave the animals a timid, bovine look which was misleading, as the ebloven was omniverous and had a hide under the fur resembling a Terran elephant's.

While Meridy was busy, with much hand-waving, describing the Kraef and its habits, Mute Henry was busy from across the room probing the mind of the chief's daughter. He found nothing unusual, and was about to pass on when Zhan's mind touched his briefly. ("Wait" said the mental message, "there is something...") ("There is nothing," answered Mute Henry, who had opened his mind enough to allow this contact). ("That is precisely what is wrong," the alien pressed his point, "where are the small things important to a woman -- there the thought analysis made a picture of a tiny, empty-headed doll-thing; Zhan's own impression of human females -- you know the things").

Henry's probe moved back into Meridy's mind and roamed at will. No human alive could withstand mental invasion by a mute, no matter how they tried to avoid it. But Meridy-á-llian's mind was a clear summer day, and entirely free of the little side thoughts which always cluttered even the most rigidly-trained scientifically-minded human-type female. The mental image of the Kraef, with its scaled and armored hide and vicious tearing claws was present, along with a primitive blood fear/lust and its usual accompanying sexual excitement. But of the minor details of everyday interests, worries, persuasions, fears, and learning

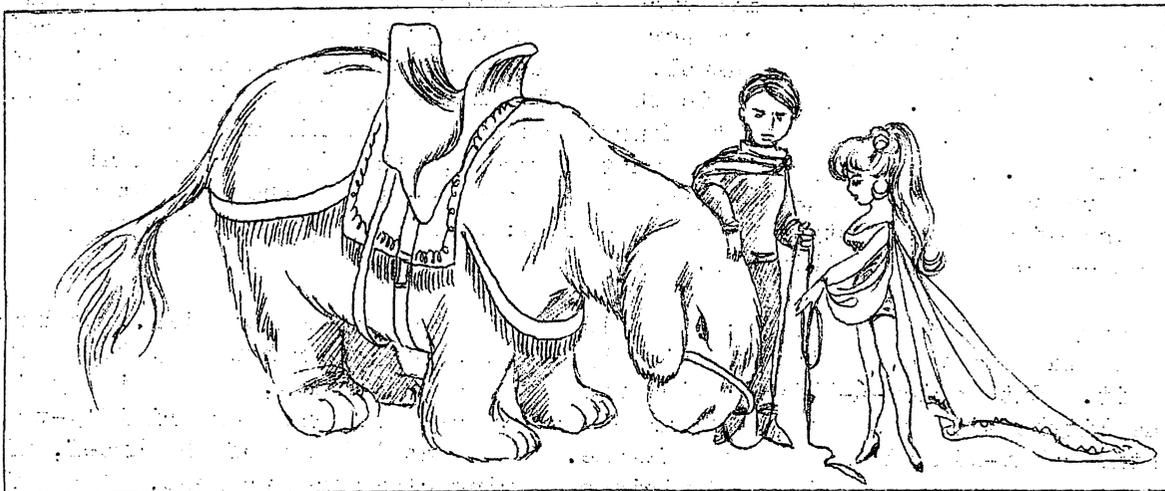
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patterns...was missing! Mute Henry made a quick foray into the minds of several girls in the room, as a check, and found that they had the usual jumble of thoughts behind the main one of having fun at the party. Henry had to probe past the excitement of the present activities and the side thoughts this provoked, to find the pervading thoughts concerning existence and appearance and the usual running life-thoughts concerning procreation and the side thoughts this provoked. He checked back into Meridy's mind, and found only the interest in the party, Abner Short, surprize!--himself, and tomorrow's Kraef-ling hunt. The girl was explaining the surprize of starting a nest of young under the protecting fern-wood leaves and the subsequent dangers of trying to make a kill before the much larger and more dangerous adult Kraef arrived home to protect the young Kraefs. The only side thought evident was anticipation of the feast when the Kraef-lings were brought home, and--Mute Henry smiled mentally--an almost over-eager anticipation of sharing the Marvhl version of "victor's spoils" with....

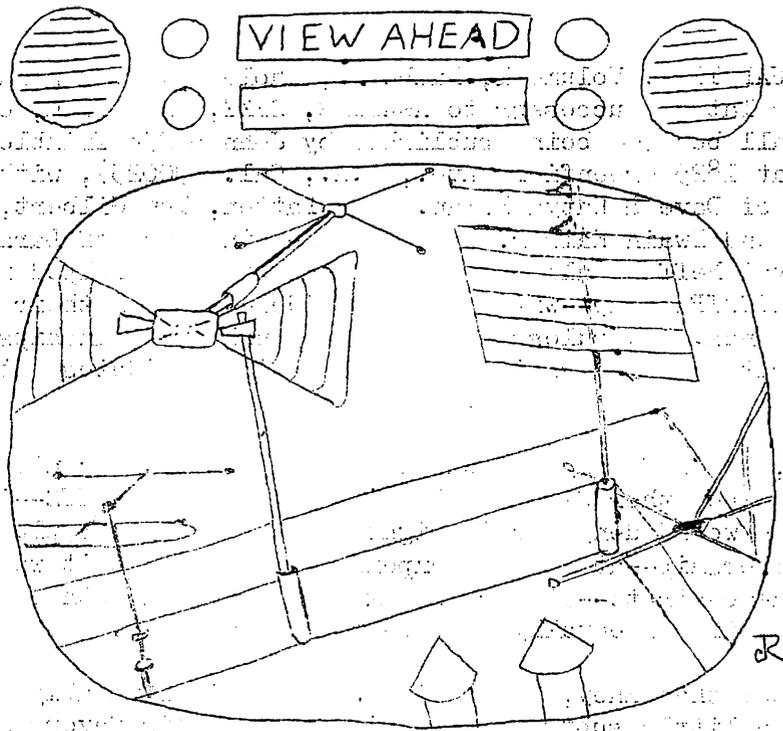
("Do you find anything?" Zhan Lewis touched lightly on Mute Henry's thoughts.) ("Do you see the Kraef-hunt she is broadcasting?" answered Henry.) There was silence. A very long silence in which there was time for the jouncy redhead to feed Henry another handful of the coffee-flaovred fruits, and finally Zhan sent that he could pick up those thoughts from Meridy, but nothing more. Mute Henry let his attention be obviously caught by a new troupe of dancers who were wearing less than the former group, which he would have thought impossible a moment ago, and seemingly put the problem behind him. The evening wore on interestingly enough and when finally the festivities came to an official halt, the first sun was showing itself over the fern-woods plains. Predictably enough, several reasonably sober natives had to carry Sector-Marshall Abner Tso Short to his cabin aboard the Federation ship, as the violet-hued Xarvu turned out to be more potent than it seemed. Meridy set the Kraef-hunt forward to second-sun-rising, several hours from the present time, and everyone retired singly, or in pairs, or in friendly groups, depending on their inclinations.

When Mute Henry judged the wily Druik to be most off-guard, he hit Zhan with all the mental power at his command, and found his suspicions to be true; Zhan could not even pick up Meridy-á-Llian's supposedly surface thoughts! The girl was charming, and beautiful...and she was a total mutant--the very kind the Federation team was dedicated to execute without hesitation!

--- Bjo Trimble.

(CONTINUED ON FLIP SIDE THIS ZINE)





(click) Hey look, fellas - GIRL (click)

The cartoon above is by Jock Root, which displays just one of his many talents. He is also a good photographer, book reviewer, descriptive writer and imaginative designer (this latter ranges from designing costumes to lighting panels and even more esoteric items). This combination of interests should produce a fine TAFF report, including some promised photo-pages.

Jock is not really a centaur; that is a Bjo-comment on his being a "dark horse" candidate in the TAFF race. This is to stop any plans afoot to send Jock to England by way of a cattle boat! He is an ordinary human bean, just like you and me...\*well\*...and actually a handsomely bearded fellow with twinkly eyes.

As the Director of Project Art Show, the annual international science fantasy art show, I have to select the judges for each show on the basis of how much they can be trusted. Trusted to use their minds and not their personal feelings concerning the personality of the artist they are judging; trusted to have good taste in things, and a wide range of knowledge instead of a limited liking for one style of work; and trusted to take the show and its entries as seriously as possible, even if it is a small show. Jock Root has been an art show judge twice, because he fits that description as well as any I've found. He will probably be called upon to judge the show for as long as he is willing to give up the two or three hours required from his convention fun to devote to the job. I feel that he handles himself with the professionalism necessary.

As Jock Root's "campaign manager", it seems strange to be publishing a zine which also backs Terry Carr; but in all fairness it seemed best to see that the quality (?) of EQUAL TIME was evenly distributed. I really wanted to illo the Hulan article, even if it is on Terry's "side" of this zine. I am wholeheartedly in favor of JOCK ROOT FOR TAFF, but felt that presenting non-Neffer Carr's candidacy to the readers of TIGHTBEAM was almost as important as backing Jock.

DO IT NOW: Vote in TAFF! Write to TB! Support Operation Andy Capp!

This is EQUAL TIME, Volume 1, Number 1, Whole No. 1, Absolute First Issue; L.A. Nefferdom's latest successor to AMAZING, SEXY, THRILLING, etc. It was hardly edited at all before being published by John & Bjo Trimble, Al Lewis and Stan Woolston (at 1825 Greenfield Ave., L.A., Cal. 90025), with the invaluable assistance of Dave & Katya Hulan, Fred Patten, Tom Gilbert, Earl & Gail Thompson, Lyn Stier, and Dwain Kaiser, and the able hindrance of Barney Bernard. These people, loyal Neffers all except for some of them, helped in seeing both this 'zine and TIGHTBEAM 29--with which it rides--through their various stages and into your hands, regardless of their personal partisanship in the TAFF race. Such a spirit of fairness in seeing that all candidates get their EQUAL TIME is as rare as it is praiseworthy.

EQUAL TIME, as is fairly obvious from both title and contents, is intended as an answer from The Other Sides to Eney's STUPEFYING STORIES--included with TB 28. While no one would deny Dick's right to circulate TAFF plugs (or anything else) to the NZF membership--at his own expense--we felt that it was no more than right that we should demonstrate--at our own expense--that the other candidates in this TAFF race have partisans equally devoted to their causes.

We kinda feel that Eney, in quoting Walt Willis favorably regarding Donaho, is attempting a little subtle suggestion that Willis favors Donaho. Since Walt is one of Terry Carr's nominators, this suggestion looks unlikely to the point of impossibility. Quotes out of context can give a misleading impression, viz...

"Terry [Carr] would be an excellent representative for us to send over, being as brilliant good company in person as he is in print." -- Richard Eney

or,

"Jock [Root] is known...as raconteur, folksinger, letterhack, and the originator of some of the best costumes ever to hit the conventions. If you don't know him, you are a Deprived Soul...." -- Richard Eney

See how easy it is? Now, we wouldn't do anything like that ~~since we didn't think of it first~~, but we thought we had a few items here that might be "of fannish interest for the delectation or, possibly, annoyance of Neffers"--which we had one helluva lot of fun turning out, and which we hope you will enjoy at least half as much.

So here, for your amazement and amusement, is EQUAL TIME, in glorious Rexnicolor, stereophonic flip sides, and a word of three for a couple of very good TAFF candidates.

