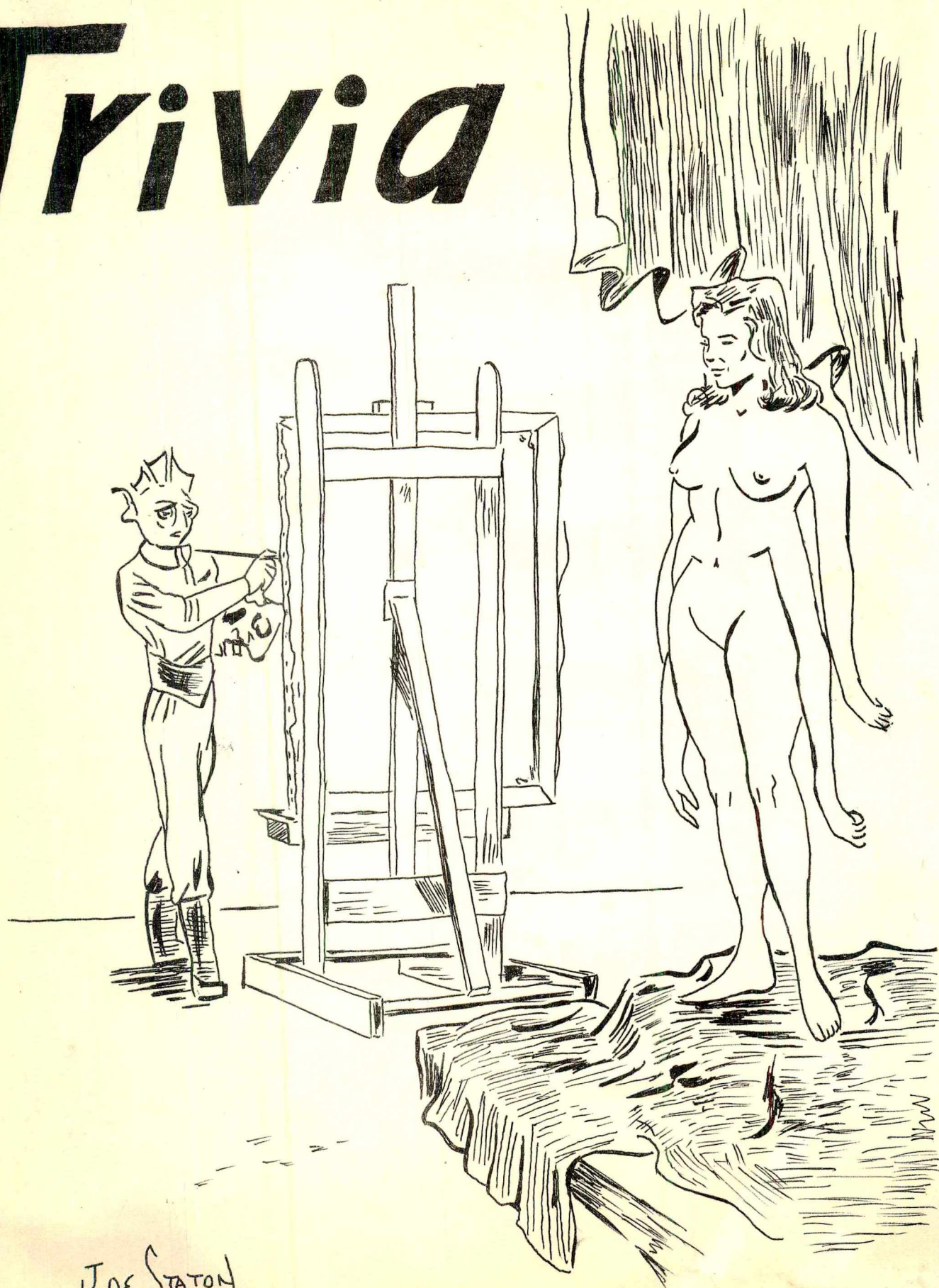


Trivia



JOE STATON

TRIVIA n u m b e r o n e

s u m m e r 1 9 6 6

Contents

Cover design Joe Staton

Topless Science Fiction.....	John Phillifent	3
The Superfan Saga #5.....	John Berry	6
The Mind of a Fan.....	Gary Zachrich	14
Ellsworth Pelston and his Fabulous Machine.....	Gary Zachrich	15
Editors Comments.....	Lynn Hickman	21

Illustrations

John Rackham 3,4,16,18,19, Wm. Rotsler 7, Joni Stopa 10, Gene Duplantier 12,13, Pat McLean 22, Joe Staton 25,

Back Cover John Rackham

Published three or four times a year mainly for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance by The Pulp Era Press at 413 Ottokee St. in Wauseon, Ohio. This issue is intended for the 21st mailing. Edited by Lynn A. Hickman.

Other Pulp Era Publications include: The Pulp Era, Pulp Era Booklets, and Troat.

Coming in the fall issue: The Drape of Things to Come by John Phillifent. Captain Pow by Gary Zachrich. Artwork by John Rackham, Plato Jones, George Barr, and others.

I was planning to say a few words about the fanzine I received from Joe Staton the other day, but dragon killing is illegal in Conn., Mass., Ohio, Mich., and Cook County, Illinois.

TOPLESS
SCIENCE
FICTION

by John Phillifent

illustrations by
John Rackham

No, That title is
not just a gimmick.

Anything that is
new enough to arouse
argument and controversy
either has been, is, or
ought to be, the concern
of s-f. The year 1964
was marked for a brief
while by the breath-
taking emergence of two
things, two small circu-
lar items, duplicated
and repeated, which
caused controversy out of all proportion to their size. Let me
emphasize two points; one, the brevity of the phenomenon; two;
the actual region of the unveiling.



The topless theme flared into headlines, made sporadic and

in-the-flesh
appearances,
aroused dis-
proportionate
reactions, was
discussed on all
levels of society,
and then disappeared
--all in a matter
of weeks. On the
surface, things
rippled on pretty
much as before.
It was all over
and forgotten, a
silly-season mania
only, if a trifle
out of season.

Or was it?

Consider some of
the awkwardnesses
for a moment.



Here was a thing, a news-item eminently visual, yet no newspaper dared offer it, no tv network either, no newsreel ran pictures. Seldom can such a spectacular morsel have been talked about so much, yet kept discreetly off-screen. Or another awkwardness. Topless swimming costumes, in fact, used up considerably more material than most bikinis, yet were unhesitatingly banned from every beach, with the expected exception of Sweden. The beach, where anything goes, suddenly sprouted by-laws. Then again, this was one time when the specialists were speechless. The fashion experts, who can usually be relied on for column after tedious column about line and shape and texture, could do nothing with this except wring their hands and hope that it would pass quietly away. Designers sneered. Know-alls confidently asserted that mystery is more alluring than the naked truth, thereby eating every word they had written in the past ten years. And, most staggering of all, the suits sold, and sold, from shop-windows and by postal sales, in the hundreds of thousands.

A silly-season flash-in-the-pan? I wonder. And consider just what the fuss was really about. Not the disclosure of the female breast. Not at all. That, by one trick or another, has been going on for generations -- as much as was dared, or the fashion would allow. But now, fantastically, everyone started doing handsprings because the summit had been reached. That's all. Just those two little bits on the ends, if you like. Dreadfull! Indecent! Filthy! And laughable, to see those very words used in an article cheek-by-jowl with a huge pin-up picture thrusting everything else out for anyone to drool over.

Two small circular items. Trigger-zones, so said a learned article in a popular science journal, and went on to discuss such abstruse items as color -contrasts and erectile tissue and the biological-evolutionary implications of breast-baring. Subsequently, other learned persons in the letter-columns of the same journal took the biologist apart and derided him. Scientific women wrote in and contributed their quota of opinion. Still think it was a silly season thing?

Let me suggest this. Here, under a public barrage of typical instant-rejection of anything the least out of line, two and a half basic principles reared their stubborn heads. To deal with the fractional one first, are the majority of women so solidly under the spell of the fashion-pundits as they would have us believe?



Apparently not. Because the dresses sold. And sold, what's more, mostly to adult, middle-aged housewives and mothers. A small item, but a straw in the wind which blew around the two most outstanding aspects. First, and most obvious, is discrimination. Civil rights in fact. This silly little extravaganza showed and showed quite plainly, that women are still second-class citizens in some ways. Think about it. The moralists, the holy, the guardians of our fibre, screamed with one voice that this gross indecency must not be. What indecency? The female breast is indecent? or is it the male mind which contains the filth? And what a thought, that a woman must not reveal her breasts, because any man within eye-shot is likely to be improperly aroused by the sight! And he, of course, must be safeguarded from such things, allowed to maintain his frailty -- at her expense?

The other principal is somewhat more obscure, and, in my humble opinion, is going to lead to a whole lot of heart-searching in the near future. It concerns truth versus illusion. For almost a century now, all of us, male and female, have been thoroughly conditioned to believe something that just is not so -- that the ideal, the attractive, the desirable bust-contour for a mature woman is that of a teen-age girl with glandular trouble. Fantastic sums have been spent by designers in producing, and women in buying and wearing, harnesses intended to create such an outline. And millions of women have suffered restraint, discomfort, and smouldering inferiority because they didn't have what they should never have wanted had they been allowed to think for themselves.

The topless 'idea' is going to bring all that out in the open. I use the word idea because the so-called design is nothing of the kind. Yet. Now that the thin edge of the wedge has been inserted, things will start to happen. To quote from someone now no longer with us, "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

In assuming, as I do, that the topless idea is anything but dead, I am only exercising my legitimate function as a some-time s-f writer. We are not, as Horace Gold once said, in the prediction business. But we are definately in the line of exploring the possibilities and probabilities, to quote Arthur Clarke. And in trying to guess the most likely lines.

Fashion seldom looms large in s-f. Almost any other line of human behaviour has been explored at great length, in conjunction with some logical guessing, often called extrapolation, about technological developments. Given the idea and principle of radio for instance, television follows simply by expansion. Given the workinf principle of the rocket, and the moon becomes a doorstep to space. Some things have strictly logical alternatives. Either we create a world-state, soon, or we perish. Either we evolve some form of population control soon, or we perish again, somewhat more slowly and painfully. And so on. But trying to guess which way the wheel of fashion will turn is another thing altogether.

A writer can't have his characters move about nude, or clad in vagueness...not all the time anyway. Some sort of guesstimate

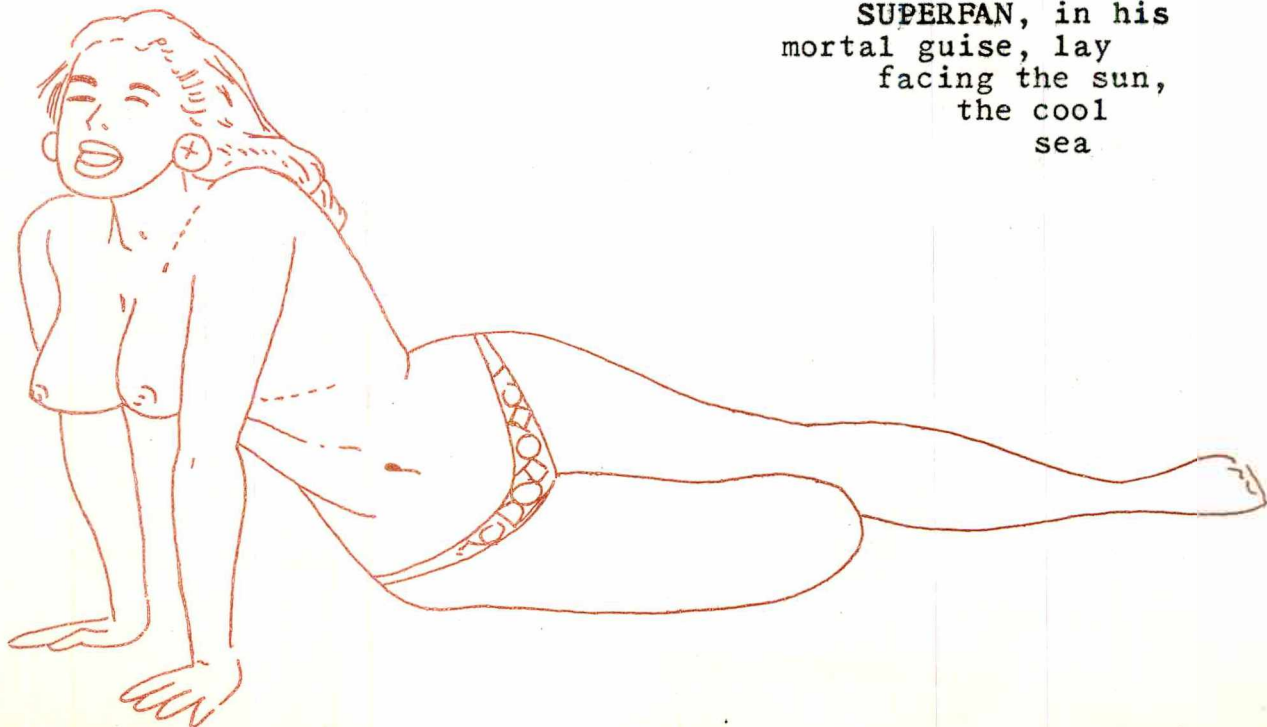
which gave his fanzine sheer symetry of poise...everything was just where it should be...the illoes were spaced with the obvious eye of one with an ordered and beautiful mind...his words were selected with great care, his editorials being, as Coulson putit 'mindful of some of the prose of Sir Winston Churchill, possessing that delicate technique of using just the right words, many of them simple words, and yet creating a word picture of considerable depth'...

QUIZIKLE ran 17 issues, bi-fortnightly, and he quite modestly asserted that this phenominal schedule was made possible only because he was assistant supervisor in the duplicating section of the vast HINDWALL SALES INC, whose stores sprang up all over America in the early '60's. He explained (if I remember rightly, it was the editorial of his 3rd issue) that his staff of typists, when they had spare time (and he saw that they had plenty) stencilled for him, and a selection of the latest self-feed self-ink self-slipsheet duplicators were at his disposal. He obtained the pink creamy paper at cost from the stationary department, envelopes too...it was a sinecure for a faan, and for some considerable time he made the most of it, with the resultant betterment of fandom in general.

He was a certainty for the HUGO, and many fans suggested he should get the newly instituted BUSBY too...and then, suddenly, no more was heard of him.....for months there had been no word of this Eleventh Fandom Fan....and fandom pondered, then wondered, then did the only thing possible....they advertised in every fanzine published, asking SUPERFAN, whoever he was, to find Phil Angers, and to get QUIZIKLE on the ball again.....

* * * * *

SUPERFAN, in his
mortal guise, lay
facing the sun,
the cool
sea



breeze making light of the glistening sweat on his forehead. He lay, and decided it was time he read a few of some of his early ASTOUNDINGS...he felt in a fannish mood, work was out of his mind...ahhhhh...and the latest mailing would arrive very soon, it was due.

Syd, the postman often saw the fan taking it easy in his garden, and he, perforce by habit, threw the mail over the wall when he saw the fan, so that said fan would not have to stagger to the postbox. As was his want in the summer, then, the postman precipitated the mail over the wall, and the fan caught it quite cleverly with his head, and like a pro football, glanced it to his right before, again like a pro footballer, taking a dive, and rolling in agony.

He grabbed the leg of the deck-chair, and drew himself painfully up. "Syd, I don't mind an air-letter, but, pul-leeze, not a 500 page mailing in buff envelope...."

The faan opened the envelope, and, bound round the mailing, was a red-lettered wrapping, ehorting 'SUPERFAN... PLEASE FIND ANGERS.'

SUPERFAN smiled....Hmmmmm.

He'd thought about QUIZIKLE for a long time...he thought that something untoward had happened to Angers...he thought perhaps he should do something about it...now he made up his mind...it would be difficult...the craft...that was the difficulty...but with the weekend coming, maybe it wouldn't be missed...he put the mailing down unheeded...

Hmmmmmmm.

SUPERFAN tied a tennis racket on the bottom of each furlined flying boot. He wiped the snow off his glasses, and looked at the sign over the wooden shack in HINDWALLSVILLE, Alaska...north Alaska...as far north as you could get...

It had been easy finding where Angers was. He knew the fan who was in the F.B.I., and had sent him an airmail, revealing his identity, and asking for certain steps to be taken. The result was that the F.B.I. fan, disguised with dark glasses, had called at the offices of HINDWALL STORES INC., claimed he was from the tax department, and stated that Angers was behind in his income tax. He was sent from secretary to secretary, until he was brought before Hiram Hindwall himself. There was a definite mystery. But after all, the tax people...and it was eventually revealed that Angers was in charge of the store in HINDWALLSVILLE, north Alaska...and as the boss himself had put it 'as far north as you can get'...

Why, pondered SUPERFAN?

Well.....?

He walked into the store.

He recognised Phil Angers from a PARSECTION fotosheet.

The fan sat on a chair. He was disconsolate...as miserable as a fan can get, thought SUPERFAN.

"Yes...?"

The fans voice was hard...aggressive...

"I'm SUPERFAN, son."

"Whaaaaaat?"

Angers peered closely, but all he saw was a snow-covered hood, thick glasses, a thick woolen scarf, an old army-officers greatcoat, knee-length, with pipe removed...a pair of flying boots and two tennis rackets...

"What's happened to QUIZIKLE, son?"

The fans face underwent a series of expressions, ranging from nostalgia to sheer frustration.

"Boss sent me here in charge of this dump...it's the Siberia of Hindwall Stores Inc..."

"But why are you...?"

"Don't you recall my article in QUIZ #17...remember, it was my fan-fiction story about a take-over bid for Analog....?"

"Yes....very good writing, I thought...but what...?"

"Remember Count Bosco, who led the financiers....? I described him as...quote...'a red-haired opinionated nit, whose superb business acumen depended on a high-pitched voice, ruthless determination and heavy-handed obstructism...the two technicolor warts on each cheek seeming to possess their own radar, as if to force the personality of his bloated body without pity...unquote...remember?"

Superfan chuckled..."Good...suited the part perfectly.. but I still don't get it...?"

"Hiram Hindwall has red hair, a bloated body and two technicolor warts on each cheek."

SUPERFAN staggered back...."But why didn't he give you the sack?"

"Mainly because he liked the egoboo about 'superb business acumen.' In order to forfeit my contract, I had to pay \$5,000...I couldn't do that so he sent me out here with orders that when I'd sold the complete stock, I could return to New York again."

"so...?"

"I came here to a full store, spring-traps, guns, ammunition, tins of baked beans, hatchets, needles, thread, boots, shoes, vests, you name it, I'd got it...and in the last year, I've sold everything except one particular line."

"You've done well, son," grinned SUPERFAN...."and I'm here to help you. I don't need the egoboo, but fandom needs you and QUIZIKLE. I'm sure if we get together, we'll soon dispose of the rest. Chee, bloody cold up here, ain't it? Bet my craft's all froze up/that's a cert. Heck...must be ninety below."

Angers grinned, and it wasn't a nice thing to see. The lips were bared, and the teeth, like white tombstones...were displayed much too long.

"You're too right, it is bloody cold, Mr. Superfan. Now then, genius, how the hell am I going to dispose of these?"

He kicked a wooden door open, revealing a long store.

SUPERFAN peered over the fans shoulders, and then staggered back...shocked...horrified...amazed...perplexed and bewildered.

He saw a mass of white painted refrigerators....

"One hundred of 'em...." sobbed Angers....

SUPERFAN plodded on, knee deep in snow. He pulled the sledge slowly along. It was so cold that the dozen huskies were curled up in a big fluffy ball next to the fridge he was pulling. This, he thought, is but definately the biggest challenge I've ever faced....

Three days later he came to an igloo.

He knocked, and a little brown face with slanty eyes peeked out at him.

"Me sellum good stuff," said SUPERFAN, "Tellum dad me here."

A bigger face with slanty eyes peeked out at him.

"Me sellum nice fridge," said SUPERFAN "Velly good... keep foodum velly cold. Cheap. Keep seal steaks nice and coldum. You buy?"

"Get the hell outa here," said the eskimo... and when SUPERFAN didn't move, a naked harpoon appeared from somewhere and titillated the region of SUPERFANS stomach.

SUPERFAN plodded on, the dogs whimpering...chee... and then he had an idea.....

The hundreth lucky eskimo plodded away, drawing his fridge northward.

SUPERFAN shook hands with a delirious fan.

SUPERFAN pointed to a huge mass of pelts, some outside because the store was full. "I've arranged for a representative of the HUDSON BAY FUR COMPANY to come and buy these off you this afternoon, and to send the check on to your New York office. If you'll close up, I'll take you to New York on my flivver."



"But how did you do it. How?"

SUPERFAN smiled. "It's just know-how son. If you've got it, you've got it, and you know I'm modest, but well, I've got it."

"This is WONDERFUL...this is SUPERB...back to New York again...and to fanac...SUPERFAN, I'm going to dedicate my #18 issue to you, and I'm going to..."

"Quit yapping," said SUPERFAN with a grin, "now come and help me find my flivver."

"Hmmm, Express Airmail Delivery," mused Syd, the postman.
"Uh?"

SUPERFAN looked up. The sun was warm, which was rather suprising, and it was his first time out in the garden for two months after recovering from pneumonia...

He ripped open the envelope, saw it was the #18th QUIZ. He smiled as he turned the pages over...the impeccably dupered pink creamy paper with nary a typo or a black smudge...he felt nice inside as he read the account, by Angers, of how SUPERFAN had come to his rescue, and sold 100 refridgerators to 100 eskimos....

It was most important that fandom should never discover how he'd swung it. They thought it wonderful, masterly in fact, but it was really so mundane...it would be an anticlimax if the real reason was ever revealed...it was just trickery...getting money...or pelts...by false pretences...but they'd willingly signed the bill of sale, and it had gotten Angers back to fanac again, and the fanzine was even better...and that was the main thing...no one would ever know...poor eskimos...he'd told them their life depended on getting a fridge, or, as he'd called it, a PROTECTOR...yep...the eskimos had radio, and they knew all about the world situation...and...yep...they'd heard of Stontium 90...and sure, the nice shiny white metal PROTECTOR was specially designed to keep their food free from atomic fallout...they owed it to themselves and their families to get one...and the influx of sledges HINDWALLSVILLE-wards had been like an Alaskan version of the Calgary Stampede...

Ah ha.

It was sure a mean trick...better that no one should know.....

John Berry

=====

The Pulp Era #63 (May-June 1966 issue) will feature a fine fantasy folio by George Barr, Tarzan International by Stan Vinson, Doc Aborigine by Gary Zachrich, Pirate Stories by Darrell Richardson, the start of John Nitka's Argosy Index, Down Memory Bank Lane by Terry Jeeves, plus other fine material.

35¢ per copy from: The Pulp Era Press
413 Ottokee Street
Wauseon, Ohio 43567



GENE DUPLANTIER



THE MIND OF A FAN

I say did you say what I thought you said
about that book that you think you read?

I'd like to know for I think, you see,
that the book we discussed could very well be
the tome that I'm reading on now.

If you'd repeat your opinion of yesterday,
I've no recourse but to readily say,
that I agree with you wholeheartedly
on all the points that have come to me
with knitted and furrowing brow.

Though I'd like to point out a few things that you missed
(a temptation I find I can never resist)
You failed to describe the hero's main foe
(as soon as I say it I know that you'll know)
the purple and green spotted cow!

Do you mean what you say, what do I mean when I say
that a cow is a part of the plot's interplay?
Could it be that our books are not, as I said,
the same and I'm reading another instead?
Could be but I don't see how.

The hero's the same, the variations too few,
the plot lines the same as when yesterday you
described it to me in graphic detail
and advised me to read, soon, without fail.
To do so I took a vow!

You used to know just what you had read,
but this has me doubting your soundness of head.
I'm sure that your memory must be remiss,
for missing a cogent point such as this.
That purple and green spotted cow!

Gary Zachrich

In the next issue of T R I V I A

C A P T A I N P O W by G a r y Z a c h r i c h

The first installment of a three-part serial

PULP ERA ART.....a selection of the best artwork to appear in
The Pulp Era (JD-Argassy) will be published in a limited edition
(100 numbered copies) early this fall. Reserve your copy now.
\$1.50.

ELLSWORTH PELSTON AND HIS FABULOUS MACHINE

OR,
(THE MAN WHO BLUNDERED JUST IN TIME.)

by Gary Zachrich

Phoot! Reekee! Rrrrhgh? With a mind wrenching wrench Ellsworth's mind was wrenched through time, and his machine along with it. He peered from beneath the hoosegow type cage that was the control cabin and shuddered. He had wmerked instead of ratcheting! All the people he could see were walking inside out, or so it seemed, and try as he would he could think of no other explanation. Rapidly he reversed his controls and Phooted back through time. It was a close thing, for the vision of wmerked time had nearly cost him his sanity. Goodness! The things he had seen were beyond belief! And he had so many things to make and so many people to do! He wiped the sweat from his brow and resdidualed the fromostat to rid the coils of any latent charge.

Ready to go again, Ellsworth settled against the seat cushion and tried to relax. The nervous feeling had dissapated, and seemed to be replaced by a sharp hunger feeling. He decided to eat the baloney sandwiches he had packed for lunch. Feeling better, he set the reostat once more, and flipped the swither type arcless contact. Gloorieeeeeek! And he was through. Gratefully Ellsworth realized that the physical torture of traveling in time would grow less each time, for it was not nearly as painful as the last time. Once more he peered out through the bars of his cabin and gazed at a furiously different time point.

A cold feeling felt it's way along his spine, and settled somewhere near his spleen. Had he made another mistake? Had he once more made a booboo? Swiftly he rechecked his control settings to confirm the time. They were correct, and they said 2140 AD. Setting his jaw into a firm line, Ellsworth unlocked the hatch and walked bravely out to meet this world of the future. He had emerged on a wide and beautiful street, lined with growing and green trees. White as a sheet of newly fallen foolscap, the avenue stretched, straight as a stick, through a low and sparsely constructed city and was only sprinkled here and there with road-apples of the horse variety. The clitter-clatter of a carriage attracted his attention as it bore down on him, and he nimbly leaped aside to avoid being killed. He met with success. The driver, quite overcome with the closeness of the near tragedy, murmured back to him in a pleasant voice: "Why don't you watch where you are going, you dumb bastard!" and the carriage clattered on.

Ellsworth was faint with the thought of what he had just seen. My goodness! The girl in that carriage had a full length dress on! It nearly smothered her in it's vastness. What kind of life do these people live, going around in the dead of summer in that kind of clothing? Just then, a comely young woman dressed in twelve yards of clinging black velvet and a veil walked nonchalantly past him, and he determined to ask her a few questions about this time. With the air of one who takes no for an answer, he tapped her on the shoulder.

"Pardon me Miss, but could you tell m...Whap!Whap! Whap whap." said Ellsworth as she struck at him deftly severely between the eyes with her black leather traveling suitcase.

"How dare you approach me in broad daylight! And you didn't even give the password!" shrieked the comely young woman from behind her cotton worsted veil.

Putting his arms before his face in a supplicating attitude, Ellsworth pleaded his cause between whaps from the sixty pound suitcase, but to no avail. "To think," reiterated the comely young Miss, "That a common prostitute has to put up with riff-raff without the manners of a longshoreman in this day and age!" This last, completely took the heart out of young Ellsworth, and he retreated at a stately deadout run to his time machine. Closing the hatch, and showing much wisdom, he set the controls to an even later date.

Whrung! He emerged from the time stream with a lesser jolt than before. Behold! He was nearly emerged in humanity. People scurried to and fro, hither and thither, up and down, and all over his time machine. Friendly smiles and wide, inviting expanses of comely female flesh beckoned to him from the sunny outside. But he wasn't quite emerged. They couldn't see him. Desperately he thought of the sexual desires aroused in him, and also a way to break through the barrier that not quite prevented him from materializing in this wonderful future of 3016. With a quick flip of the wrist, he bumped the gausser, and harmonized with the time stream. He didn't even rate a glance from the seething mass of humanity that swirled around him. This was quite unusual. He had splattered about fifteen people when the atoms of his machine had disrupted the atoms of anyone who had been standing in the area now occupied by his wonderful machine.

The first real contact he had with someone of the present, was when a scantily clad, but well dressed young lady wrapped her arms around him and kissed him wetly on the small of his back. Faking it, he turned to her and offered her his arm in a cavalier fashion.

"Pardon me Miss, for bumping into you like that." he said, remembering his last experience and flinching.



"That's quite all right" said the dainty young woman, as she shyly rubbed her personals against his personals, "it happens to me more often than most."

"Here now, you young people there!" shouted a high pitched voice from across the way. "Naughty naughty. You should know you can't do thatt'till you're registered. I swear, a fellow would think that any one with enough brains to invent a time nodule would be smart enough to register with central authority before going out to enjoy himself."

"Certainly!" agreed Ellsworth, "But I just arrived, and really hadn't had a chance to think the situation over. I hope you will forgive my breach of manners."

The portly fellow who had hailed him, shouldered his way through the teeming mass of people and stood before him in all his pounds. "Good gosh man, I don't want you to think that I was angry at your actions, but I must register you so that you can reap the benefits of our great society. You can't even eat without a registration card, much less enjoy the finer aspects of life." With that he winked broadly at the young lady with the green glowing jewel set enchantingly in her bellybutton, and operated a machine he carried with him.

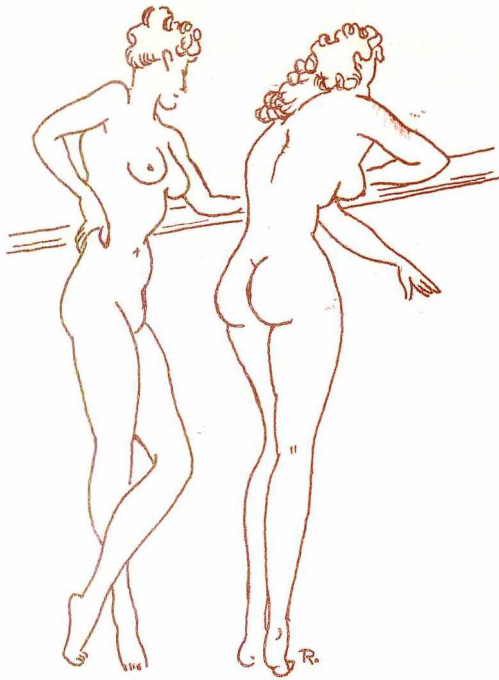
Ellsworth was facinated by the machine, for it chuckled and hummed to itself quite oblivious of the charming young flesh that threw sex emanations left and right and up and down and continued to rub against his gabardine tweed suit. Finally, it doodled a high pitched doodle and kicked out a flat, seemingly stenciled plastic card with his name on it. Ellsworth was completely amazed. It had spelled Pelston correctly. With only one L.

"There now, with that you can do anything you want. You can eat with the best and the poorest of our people, you can travel to any part of the known universe, you can study with our most brilliant minds, you can read any books in any library, and you can live in any manner you chose. In short, you can do anything any member of our society does, as long as you obey those timeless rules of not doing any wrongdoing. Is that clear?" said the portly gent as he issued the card. The seemingly lily white hand of the young woman reached for the card and examined it. Her other hand continued to caress him in his most secret places.

"You mean, I can do as I please, as long as I don't fracture common sense rules, you say?" said young Ellsworth.

"Quite correct, young man." said the portly gent, and "Come with me to my apartment" said the young wench. He went.

"I suppose you'll want to be leaving now" said Shirley, as he found she was called. "Well, I think I would like to leave. At least, I would like to leave and would, if you would just take your hand from my privates long enough for me to put my pants on." said Ellsworth as he stood close by the soft bed. The cool fingers of her right hand writhed in an odd, writhing motion. "On second thought," said Ellsworth, "I think I'll stay a bit longer." He did.



Later, he awakened completely exhausted and thought to himself as he lay on the wonderful bed, "I'm completely exhausted, but I'm awake." Lovingly he looked down at Shirley. Her sweet young face looked entirely innocent and radiant in the cool dawn light, and he thought to himself. "What in the hell am I doing here? I don't want to end up in San Quentin!" Hurriedly he pulled on his clothes and left.

Later, sashaying down the street and feeling good, the hungries got to him, so he pulled through the back to back knots of humanity in the street and with many "Pardon me and my big feet" and like sayings, he entered a cafe. The waiter waited on him, and after taking his order said in a court-

eous voice pianissimo, "Pardon me fellow, but if you don't put your card in the slot in the table to have it updated, I can't serve you, you dumb shit!" Smiling his embarrassment, Ellsworth put his card in the slot. A terrible racket ensued, and the card vomited forth looking slightly yellow stained, but still in one piece. Taking the whole thing philosophically, he waited for his order of clam brisket, sunny side up, and toast. His American origins had spoiled him.

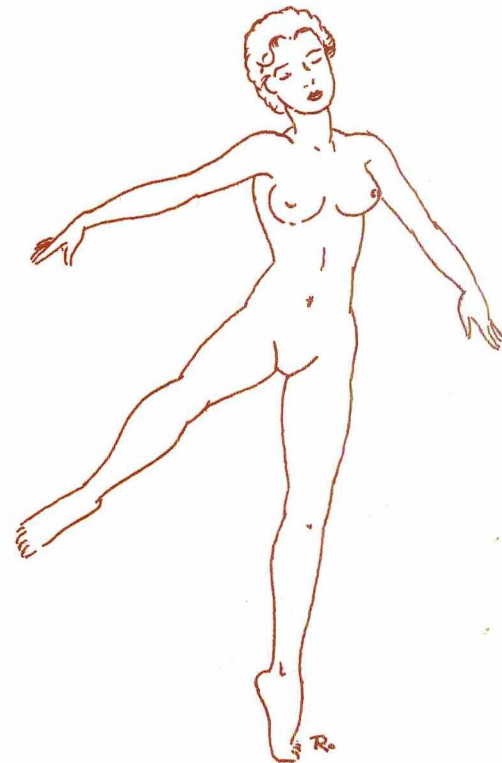
The brisket appeared, steaming hot and smothered in yak's milk. Just the way mother used to fix it. His mouth watered of it's own volition.

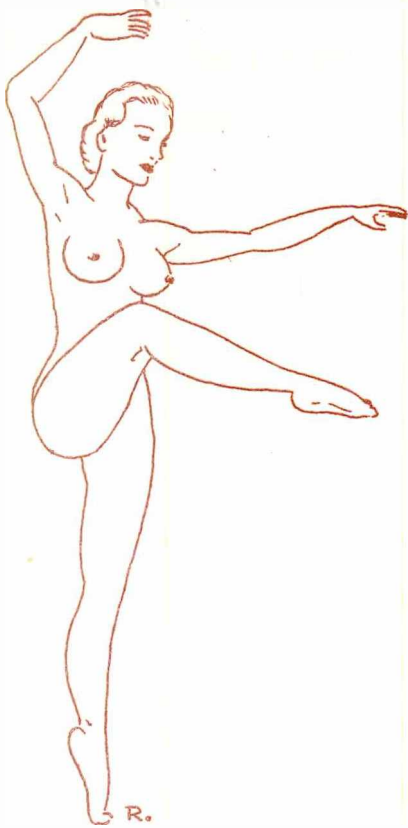
He was just about to jam the first brimming forkfull into his brimming mouth, when a lovely, well proportioned brunet entered the booth beside him. All thought of food fled him in a fleeing wave. She was dressed in a low cut mole skin wrap-atall, sprinkled liberally with sequins, that hung daringly just below her belly-button, and hung gracefully down to the lower slope of her groin. This dashing apparel was set off marvelously by a glinting red jewel suspended by a thin gold chain between her dandy firm young breasts. Voluble and outgoing as he was, Ellsworth was at a loss for an opening comment. Finally he stirred himself to say a casual greeting.

"Whuuuuuug?"

Then "Whuuuuuug?" again.

Distaste rimmed the charmer's mouth as she dropped her card in the slot and





ordered corned beef and warthog steak. "You men! You all think in the same vein! Why I haven't even had an opportunity to look at you and you want me to bear your child. I think its disgusting!" The waiter served her, and they ate with their eyes downcast. Hers in disgust, and his in shame. She finished first, and walked away from the table with a swinging gait. The half doused arousal in his loins sprung to full life with the sight of her well exposed swinging charms. The early light snapped little flickers of sparkle from the fine hairs on her tender parts, and he remembered where Shirley lived.

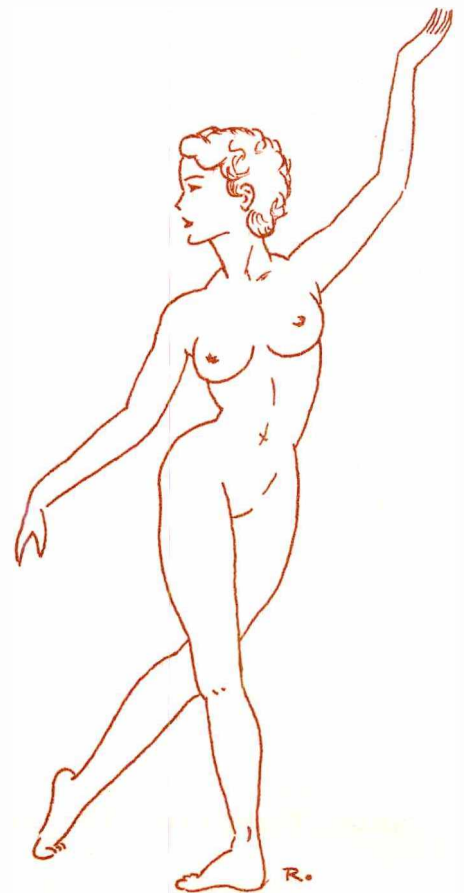
With a sedate expression on his face, he ran sedately at full tilt out of the cafe and down the street to her apartment building. The crocus flowered wallpaper beckoned to him as he dashed down the hall to her room. All the while wishing he could catch her before she left for work. Panting heavily, he drew to a halt before her door and announced himself. The door flexed open to reveal her standing in the draft in her night apparel. Nothing.

She still had the glinting green jewel in her bellybutton though. But of course Ellsworth didn't notice that.

"What do you want?" she breathed in an early hour voice. The beneign expression on his face and the false laxness of his body as he leaned against the door jamb was betrayed by his harsh, whistling breath (due not entirely to the running) and the strange drape to his wash and wear pants. Assuming what he thought to be a Marlon Brando pose, he said "You!" in his whistling reedy voice. Quite overcome, she invited him in.

A short time (and I mean a very short time) later, they paused for breath. His first passion was expended, and he was thinking clearly. "My gracious that was good!" he thought clearly, and the thought was enough.

A long time later, they again paused for breath. Raising her sweet dripping young face, she spoke. "Four times! You must have propagated the very first time you tried! But this must be your last time, after all, I'm green daying now, and you must have scored your first time out of the chute." Laying his head restfully between her ample frontage, Ellsworth



blurted in a little boy tone. "Good land, No!" "You mean that these were your first four times?" She said in a little girl tone. "Why, heck yes, I just arrived late yesterday, and you were the first person I met."

Tears brimmed from her wide blue eyes, and she thanked him and thanked him. Then a thought crossed her mind. What if the fuzzy fuzzy girls she ran with could be presented with a signed statement that a virile young male had gone four times with her during her green period? Why she would be the social leader! No one had ever been considered attractive enough to lure a male in five times during a green period! And five times was considered impossible. She would show them!

Ellsworth was just about to rise, when a strange feeling surrounded his surrounded privates. He was reminded of the time he had fed a handful of oats to a riding horse when he was a kid.

An even longer time later, he pulled himself from the bed. Shirley was crying openly now, and he made comforting noises and phrases. "Oh, you sweet thing" she said, "I'm not crying for what you've done to me, I'm crying for what I have done to you!" Her superb foam plastic pillow collapsed under the deluge of tears, and became a shapeless mass.

Just then, the door banged open and the portly fellow of yesterday entered, followed by seventeen burly uniformed men. He bore a closet sized box in one arm, and waved cheerily with the other. Ellsworth drew himself haughtily to his full six foot and one half, while covering his nakedness as best he could with the wrinkled wash and wear pants, and said in his best bedside manner. "Oh, hello there. Who would have thought we would meet like this." "Think nothing of it friend, it happens all the time. Step into the left side of the box I bear on my left arm." he replied.

Seeking a chance to cover his exposed situation, Ellsworth sidled into the box and popped his head out of a hole obviously meant to be used for sticking heads out of, and commenced making small talk. "What brings you here, may I ask?" "You may" replied the portly fellow, "I wind up the sexual activity of all the people who bear my cards." "Wind up?" queried Ellsworth in a quavering tone. "Why yes. Wind up. Gee, friend, in the overcrowded world we live in, if we allowed any male over five shots, we wouldn't have a place at the table, so to speak. And you have used up your five shots. Though I can't understand why you would use all five on a girl during her "safe days". Most men go after the red jeweled gals." A small moment of time passed, during which a jet of spray swamped the box Ellsworth was standing in.

The spray was followed by a feeling of numbness that seemed to cover his whole body. Stretching his neck to it's full extension, Ellsworth spoke in a stone cold tone. "What am I standing in?"

An emasculator! But don't worry, you won't feel a thing. I know." replied the portly fellow, in his high, girlish voice.

Editors comments.....

Trivia is a new fanzine more or less designed to take the place of Conversation, The Bullfrog Bugle, The Huckleberry Fannzine and others that I have published in the past. There will be no set format, I'll publish anything I happen to like and that I think will interest you.

Since the policy of JD-Argassy changed to that of the Pulp Era, I've not published anything of a fannish type nature, so that will be included in Trivia also. Fiction that I believe entertaining, poetry, artwork, cartoons, articles, anything will go.

As you will notice in this issue, I found (while unpacking) more odds and ends of paper and artwork that I had printed up ahead. These will be used in this and the next issue or two and then I will standardize on the same paper I am using for the Pulp Era, Hamilton 50# natural white, offset vellum.

The fanzine will be primarily an apazine for the Southern group, but will be offered at 25 cents per copy to anyone that wants it as long as the copies last. It will be limited to 100 copies per issue.

As of now, I am not planning to include anyapa type comments in the zine, preferring to publish a small separate zine for that, but this could change if there isn't enough outside interest to take up the extra 72 copies.

Items that will be coming in future issues are fiction by Hal Annas (this is a continuation of the Lenny Zitts stories that first appeared in Imagination), The Captain Pow serial by Gary Zachrich, Articles by John Phillifent (who writes under his own name and that of John Rackham), and any other little goddies that happen to come this way. As I said, anything goes in Trivia.....

We do need artwork, especially cartoons, and humorous articles and stories. We prefer those with a science-fantasy background or satires on existing characters from the pulp magazines and/or comics. Fannish type material is also welcomed.

There will be a letter column if enough interesting letters are received.

In addition to the Pulp Era, We are planning a series of Pulp Era booklets. These first of these will be Pulp Era Art and will feature the best artwork from the Pulp Era and its forerunners, JD, Argassy, Stf Trends, JD-Argassy, etc. This will be published in a limited edition of 100 numbered copies and will sell at \$1.50. The artwork will be printed on one side of a page only. Some of the featured artists will be Dave Prosser, George Barr, Eddie Jones, Jim Cawthorn, James Culberson, Alan Hunter, Plato Jones, etc. Publication will be early fall. If you wish a copy, it is advisable to order early as indications are such that it will be sold out by publication date.

The January-February issue of The Pulp Era will be a special 17th anniversary issue. More on this in the next issue of Trivia.

Lynn Hickman

More comments from ye ed.

The 1st of August. The SFPA deadline draws nearer and I haven't yet sent anything in. I have published a 2 pager, the last issue of The Huckleberry Finnzine, but would like to send these both in together. I'm also working like mad to finish the Pulp Era #64 in time to take to the convention. It is shaping up as a good issue but there is still a lot of work to be done on it. In case any of you are interested, it contains material on War Stories by Donald A. Wollheim, Red Star Mystery by Bob Briney, the usual columns by Terry Jeeves, Wilkie Conner, Gary Zachrich, and myself, plus an art-folio by Jim Cawthorn and news and views of what is being published from the pulps. I also talk a bit about the old Gray Goose magazine.

Took the afternoon today to go to Toledo with one of my sons. Watched the Toledo Mudhens take a double-headers from the Syracuse Chiefs. Good ball games, and the first I've had a chance to get to this year.

Since printing the Huckleberry Finnzine, Corinth has published another in the Phantom Detective, Operator 5, Dr. Death, and Secret Agent X series. These and the other pulps were my steady diet as a kid and I'm really enjoying rereading these. I hope that some of my other favorites appear soon, and the chances are good for a number of them.

There seems to be more spirited bidding for the 1967 con site than there has been in quite a few years. Syracuse, NYC, Baltimore, and Boston. I personally favor Syracuse and will vote that way. The Syracuse convention committee has had experience in putting on conventions and would do a fine job. I expect to be able to attend again in 1967 since it is in the east.

I'm inserting some photo-sheets that I had left over from publishing a First Fandom Magazine several years ago. I hope there is enough to go around. How many of the fans can you name? Next





issue I'll publish a list of the names.

I don't know how many of you have been reading the Magazine of Horror, but if you haven't, you should get it. Issue #13 (summer 1966) is now on the stands. This magazine features stories of the weird, fantasy, and sf from such magazines as Weird Tales, Argosy, All Story, etc. They have now come out with a companion magazine, Startling Mystery Stories. The Summer issue (vol 1) features such authors as Seabury Quinn, Bob Bloch, August Derleth, and H. P. Lovecraft. Well worth your 50¢.

Startling Mystery Stories isn't on a subscription basis yet, I imagine the sales figures of the first couple of issues will determine if it stays with us. I hope it does. Bob Lowndes is a good editor and has done a fine job in selecting stories for it.

Now if only someone would bring back Famous Fantastic Mysteries for the long novels, I'd be a happy old fan.

Avalon has been publishing many of the old tales from Argosy and All Story and which then later appeared in Famous Fantastic Mysteries, but this series has been heavily edited. I still think they are a good buy at \$3.25 to have them in a hard-bound edition, but would prefer having them unabridged.

I'm expecting Gary Zachrich over yet this afternoon to help on the printing and then this should be in the mails next Monday.

Published by the Pulp Era Press for the 21st mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. This issue is dated Summer 1966.



RACKHAM