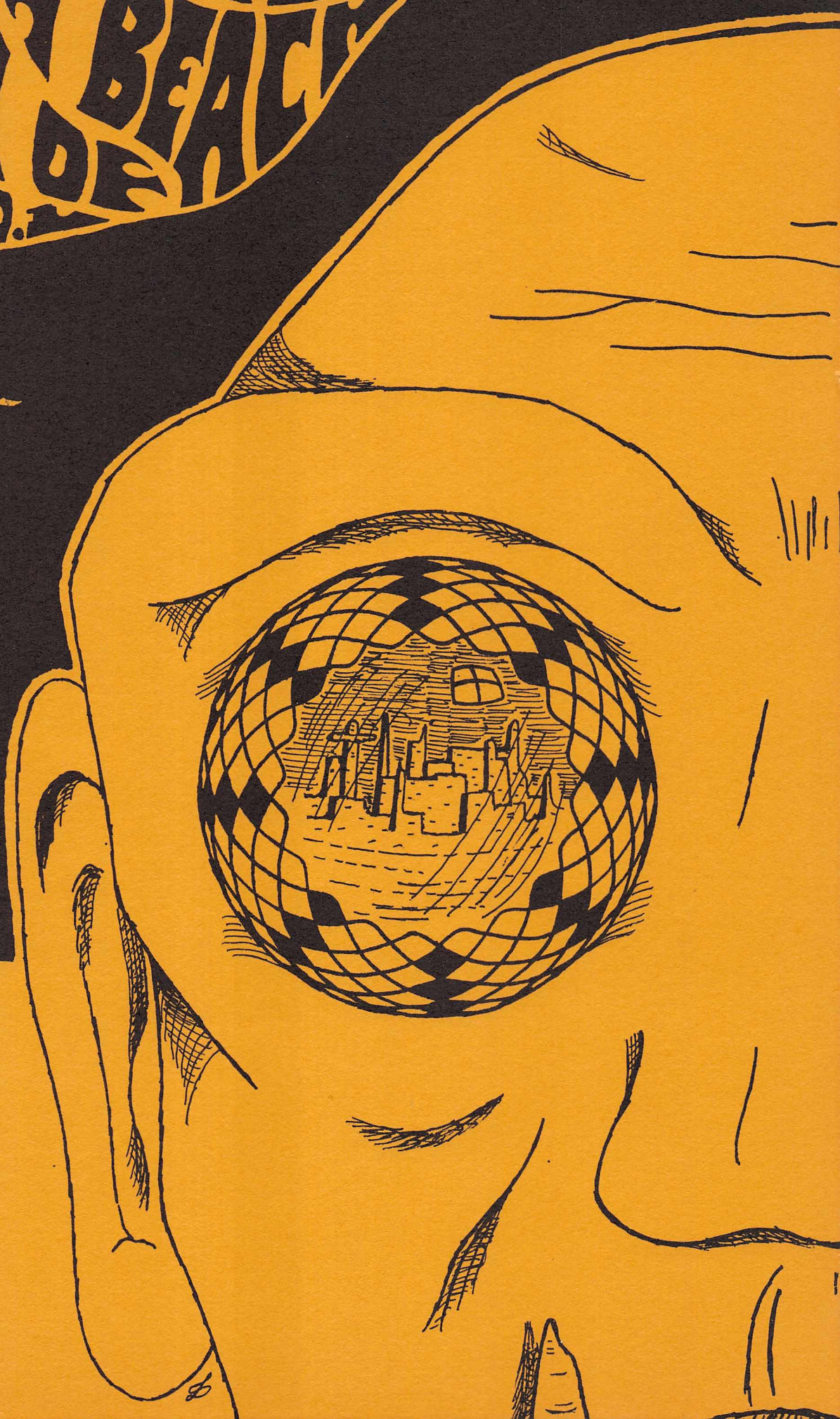


35¢
SOUND BEAT
VOL. 1 NO. 1



SON OF A BEACH

VOL. 1 NO. 1

" $\frac{A}{BC}$ "
FANZINE

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Contributors: Suzanne O'Nimm, Priscilla Pollner, Maureen
Palanker, Rick Uhlinger, George Zebrowski,
Myron and Joan Rapkin.

Cover ART: Gary and Les Schachter (No, they are not related!)
Thanx to Fred Lewis for transportational assistance.

We beg forgiveness from anyone we may have left out.

SON OF A BEACH is published three
times a year at the State University
of New York at Binghamton.

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contributors.

SEDIMENT '70

This is SON OF A BEACH, Vol. 1, No. 1. Whoopie! Isn't that just fantastic? And yet, with so many GOOD fanzines out, why are we bothering to put out another?

The answer is simple. We want to be different...Now, before you start laughing, take a look inside, and compare us to other brands of fanzine....

We are an outlet for our contributor's repressed inner desires. We aren't particularly interested in attracting much attention. We are doing this for us, mainly because the people who are responsible for this want to see their name in print. If on the other hand, you do like our thing, more power to you.

Now for the details.... SON OF A BEACH, if all goes fairly well, will be published three times a year; Fall, Winter, and a Spring-Summer issue. Normally, the Spring-Summer issue will be longer, but this issue was cut short because we are missing things like letters to the Editor, etc., and besides, we put this together in a little under a month and a half so we could hawk it at LUNACON and get some of our expenses back.

Well, we hope you enjoy this as much as we did making it. If any of you wish to contribute to our little endeavor, send your contributions to:

Terminal Beach Club
Box 3000 A.D.
State University at Binghamton
Binghamton, N.Y. 13901

CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD NOT BE SENT BEFORE SEPT. 4, 1970, please!

On the other hand, if you just want to throw the bull, or have any comments and want to correspond with me over the summer, just send your missals of magnitude to:

Les Schachter
2422 Bragg street
Brooklyn, NY 11235

I won't be there, probably, but they will be passed on.

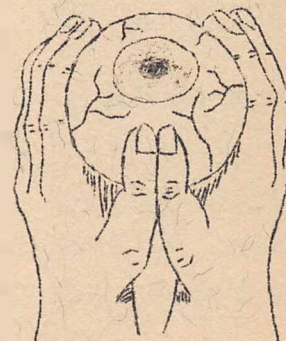
Well, hope to hear from you soon (?) eventually (?) never (?)

With FANdest regards,

Les

SON OF A BEACH Vol.1; No. 1
Editor.....Les Schachter
Assoc. Editor.....Maureen Palanker
Art Editor.....Gary Schachter
Spiritual Advice..Dick & Anne Bower
Prod. Consultant..Myron & Joan Rapkin
Typing.....Everyone
Chief Littoralogist...Claire Ludovico

*** We would like to thank the Almighty
GOD without whose assistance, this
fanzine would not have been possible,



AND NOW, LADIES & GENTLEMEN, OUR INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM....

.... peace.

"YE CONVENTIONE CHAYREMAN'S ^{by} m. & j. rapkin. HANDBOOK"

What to do when you decide to have a convention:

1. Change your mind.
2. Get somebody else to run it.
3. Get someone to talk you out of it.
4. Have yourself committed.
5. Get drunk.

How to start arranging for your convention:

1. Find alot of people who want to work on it.
2. Find people who want to give you money.
3. Find people who want to supply facilities.
4. Find people who want to speak.
5. Give everybody everyone else's phone number and take a long vacation.

What to do a week before your convention when you have no speakers, no money, and no liquor license:

1. Panic.
2. Make a burnt offering.
3. Make an unburnt offering.
4. Get access to a WATS line and dial at random.
5. Get drunk (someplace else).

What to do when you get speakers, money and liquor:

1. Get drunk
2. Spend the money
3. Think of a good answer when everyone says, "Who?"
4. Clean off the altar.
5. Start making signs; stop making gestures.

What to do the first day of your convention:

1. Set up registration.
2. Set up a party.
3. Bribe the security guards to stay away.
4. Wait for someone to register
5. Get drunk.

(continued.... 4

"Ye Olde Conventione Chayreman's Handbook..."

What to do when your first speaker rips his pants five minutes before the program is scheduled to begin:

1. Panic.
2. Send somebody for a lab coat.
3. Change the order of the program.
4. Fake it.
5. Stay drunk.

How to arrange a good dinner:

1. Let everyone fend for himself.
2. Cook it yourself.
3. Get drunk (on cocktails).
4. Pass out Alka-Seltzer.
5. Resign yourself to the fact that something is going to go wrong.

How to plan an evening program:

1. Get a movie.
2. Get some punch.
3. Get some liquor.
4. Get drunk.
5. Get everyone else drunk.

What to do when your convention liberates a swimming pool:

1. Lock the doors.
2. Start the filtering equipment.
3. Deny all knowledge of the event
4. Go swimming.
5. Start a game of water polo using a giant you-know-what.

What to do when someone dumps crystal violet in the pool:

1. Brown.
2. Learn to love lavender
3. Form a group and call it 'The Little Purple Fan Society'.
4. Keep playing water polo and maybe no one will notice.
5. Dump a couple of large cannisters of industrial detergent into the pool; that might help.

(Continued....)

"Ye Olde Conventione Chayreman's Handbook"

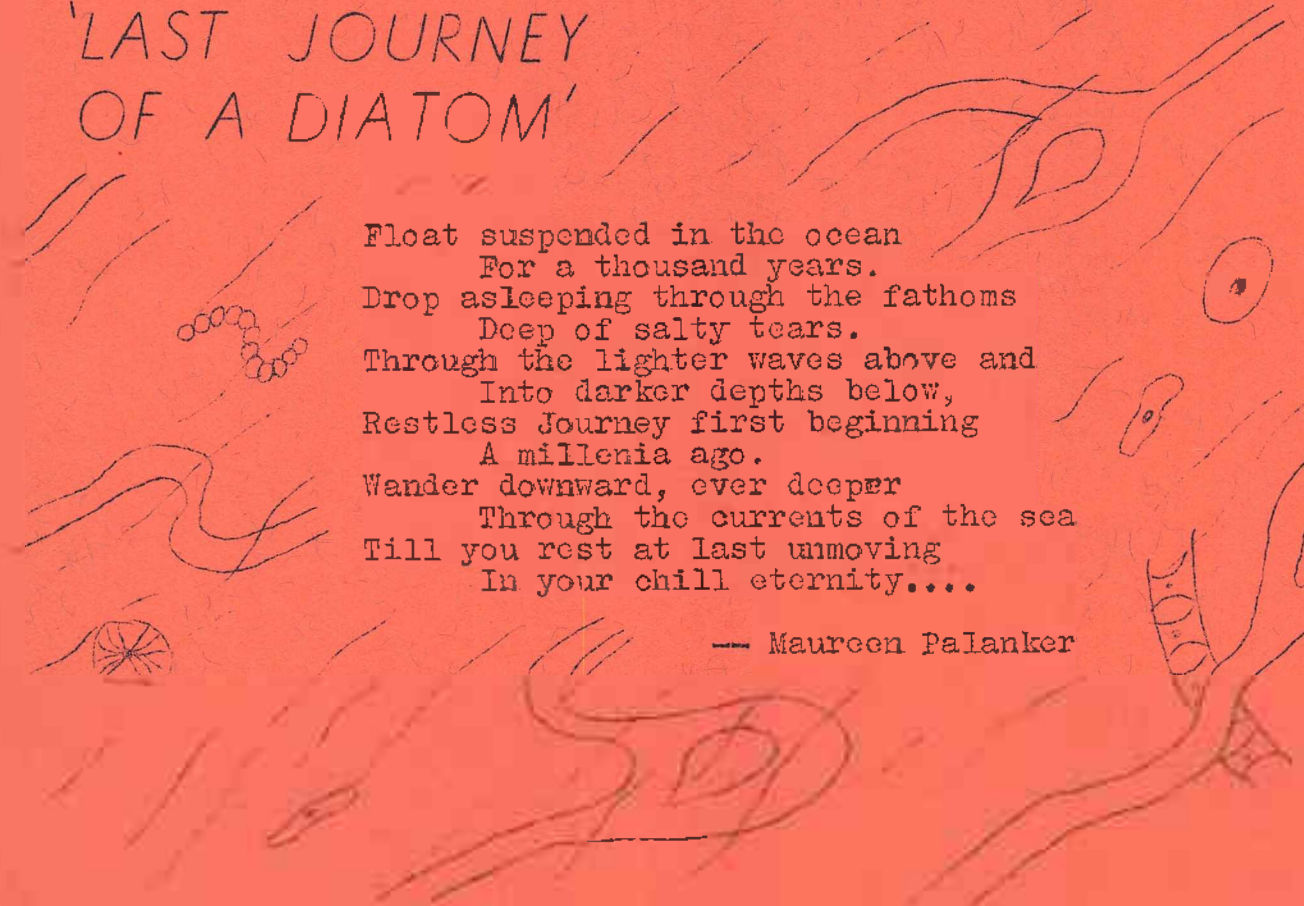
What to do after your convention:

1. Report the restaurant to the Better Business Bureau.
2. Neutralize the crystal violet in the pool.
3. Return one pair of purple swim trunks to Fred Lerner.
4. Give someone else's name to all your creditors.
5. Move out of town.

Editor's Note: The Convention Chairmen's Handbook was the brainchild of Myron and Joni Rapkin, two of the most wonderful people in fandom, co-chairmen of TANSTAAFL-CON, which was at the State University at Binghamton this past February, and the editors of the somewhat famed fanzine, ZARATHUSTRA, which may appear again soon. Unfortunately, they took their own advice and skipped town to someplace in Indiana. Those of us here would like to wish them all our best in their new surroundings and hope to hear again from these two very wonderful fans.

*) & - % " \$ (@ # ' ¢

'LAST JOURNEY
OF A DIATOM'



Float suspended in the ocean
For a thousand years.
Drop asleeping through the fathoms
Deep of salty tears.
Through the lighter waves above and
Into darker depths below,
Restless Journey first beginning
A millenia ago.
Wander downward, ever deeper
Through the currents of the sea
Till you rest at last unmoving
In your chill eternity....

— Maureen Palanker

LETTERS....

This is our letters page. It is filled with letters. It also contains the names of thirty-five well-known science fiction pros, written horizontally and vertically. How many can you find?

ISAACASIMOVWILLIDENFLINSDAGBSTO
SINSONITERMINALXALUNACONNYTHOCS
RNTSRDONALDWO LLHEIMBIRGFEAAADOB
OJHONRABILFBEACHVICENACORBTFNRBLE
UARCHENOZARCUBJACKVANCEURSPSLA
ZNIENLESLIESLDANELATSCDLETUQER
LTRANOEGARTRYANVCHSRTMPADARAGO
AROGGERZELAZNYSMECHETOEAOXHABAEB
NABARTADVILT LSOBGAAEWVIHOOTLSE
FGERYOKEANEOCOENETR WILLYLEYLSAIR
SARYBNATSTIRNSKREANNYRUULLDNMAT
BITTEEJOHNBRUNNERGNOOELVOEAAEDS
AJBUDRYSAMEVERITBJOANNARUSSTNII
OALSTBONNERCHEGELWRDSARAIAAROPL
DMOTAADATSKEITHLAUMERBTYRMUOUUV
OECILURNORMANRTOULARATEBDSDBRTE
LSHARLANELLISONIMMWHENRYSIESAR
ISDAVSTEINBURBELSISTOXDALNVREAB
NHEICONGANDAELEZSPROWSDADITVDE
CARTHURCLARKERXDC ILLABRBHANFIRR
ADITHALCEMENTRIRREC SO LUDO IYSIG
RRCOALEASTEDWHITEFRHELORGXOLAO
TIHMREOPSTATEEDO IDAYOWEYONBULEN
EAAAVXREUNKCLIFFORDSIMAKEIBNUCS
RALAFFERTYYIONUNIVERSITYXATGOUT
IILDOBSNEDSPHILIPJOSEFARMERIVELU
JAMESTRYEAITNEOB BINGHAMTONGOLNB
OJZMSEIOWPHILIPKIDICKIMRORERITZD
MCADERQUEAIONDNXTHODORRESTURGEON

THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS A FILLER NEXT
TIME MAY BE WE WILL HAVE GREAT LETTERS HERE

If you were able to find them, you've got what it takes. You can now waste your time finding the other junk hidden in the letters. If you've already found them, you pass go. Collect 200 Obs and continue with the rest of the magazine.

ANALYSIS I:

REQUIEM FOR TV SCIENCE FICTION?

by George Zebrowski

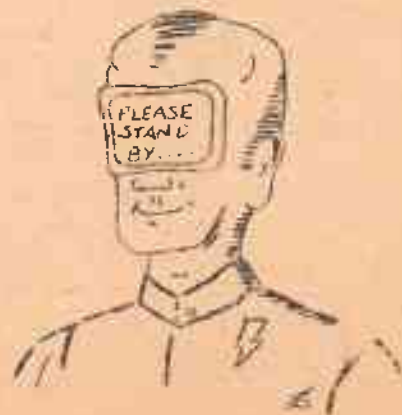
Just a year ago, this article might have been titled, 'TV SCI-FI; HAS IT COME OF AGE?' At the beginning of this decade the television writer, Charles Beaumont, greeted the appearance of the Twilight Zone series with the hope that at last we would have intelligent, mature science fiction on the living room screen. The Twilight Zone episodes were modest, but quietly effective. Later came the Outer Limits series. They were ambitious but heavy handed at times. And always the two questions most often thrown in the face of TV Science Fiction have been: is this a show for TV? And should it be an anthology or a continuing series?

The sister field to science fiction -- fantasy and supernatural -- has always had a better time with the TV medium. Is it because home audiences find tales of fantasy and supernatural more believable than tales with a scientific background? And this in an age of science? The by now almost tired reply of defenders of TV SCI-FI is that this is a type of program that deals with ideas, and hence, even before it goes on the air, it has two strikes against it. TV, perhaps, is not a medium for the serious examination of ideas, even in fictional form; TV is not the place for serious programs. But, then, is this to say that SCI-FI is not for TV at all?

With the recent demise of Star Trek, the answer to this question seems a sad yes. However, I think the proper reply to such probing questions is to point out that TV is what we make it. By itself, the medium is very flexible, only some of the men who work in it are not. Science Fiction is difficult to get across in the printed medium; it is even more difficult to put on the movie screen; and it is very hard to put on the small TV screen. The difficulty lies mostly in the proper handling of the material. The blame lies with the writers, directors and producers. They have not even scratched the surface of the possibilities open to them. Even now, after the moon landing of Apollo 11, science fiction writers have a whole universe to play with.

In recent times it seemed that Star Trek overcame the difficulties of presenting convincing, honest science fiction on television; and it was a continuing series, not an anthology. It dealt with serious, adult themes, both scientific and philosophical, human and social. The show quickly gained the respect of the scientific community, and the science fiction writers and fans. Praise came from the Smithsonian Institute -- and from just about everywhere else that counts.

Despite this, the ratings remain-



8
ANALYSIS I: (cont'd)

ed low, or so it seemed. The main reason why the show remained on the air as long as it did was because of praise of prestigious sources. Star Trek lived on borrowed time, and eventually it disappeared like the other science fiction programs of the past. It seemed almost inevitable.

The first thing we must remember is that most television shows die, and the transiency which has affected science fiction programs in the past also affects most other types of programs. The reasons, it seems, stem from the fact that sponsors are convinced by the ratings and the sales of their products. They cannot afford to believe that the ratings do not reflect an audience of a certain size, and that their sale jumps are not related to TV advertising. And to some extent their beliefs are justified.

However, a number of telling objections can be raised and supported. Star Trek was a case where the ratings were, if not downright inaccurate, somewhat misleading. The Star Trek ratings were suspect, I believe, because what was counted was a sample of the number of sets tuned to the program at the given time. This kind of count would, I'm sure, give the impression of a low rating for Star Trek. For other shows, it might be accurate. When the show was first threatened with being dropped, the protest mail was large, large enough, in fact, to prevent the cancellation. This seems to me a de facto recognition by the sponsors that their ratings might have been wrong, just this once.

How can we make sense of all this? I have heard the argument that it is safer to go by the normal ratings because they represent a conservative limit. If there are more people watching — fine; but there will never be less people watching than there are sets in operation. Shows which score high are definite winners even if there are more people watching them. Low score shows may have more people watching them than can be recorded, but the difference can be discounted. It's safer.

Well, in the case of Star Trek, the method met its match. The mail indicated that the ratings might have been wrong. The ratings can be even further challenged. On the one hand, sets can be on and tuned to Star Trek and no one will be watching them, and on the other hand, I have seen college dorm sets with a hundred or more people watching Star Trek. In the case of NBC's Star Trek, off-campus college apartments have been meeting places for the Friday night episodes. Dates were broken because people remembered it was Star Trek night. They went out on Saturday instead. Bull sessions were held after each show, concerning the scientific, social, artistic or philosophical content of a particular episode. Writers were criticized for how consistently they fitted their script into the concept of the show; and how well they kept the characters in character. Recurring themes were listed. Enthusiasts asked each other minute questions about the lives of the characters much in the same way readers of this day continue their interest in Sherlock Holmes. Others lamented the lack of two part programs. The very first one was outstanding by any artistic or dramatic standards. And on a number of occasions, the science fiction

(cont'd on page 9)

ANALYSIS I: (cont'd)

community presented the show with a 'Hugo' --- SCI-FI's equivalent of the Oscar.

We can see from all this that if a good show is to continue, sponsors must recognize certain intangibles about it, and recognize that they are what sometimes goes into making an outstanding program, despite the ratings. This does not mean that they must give up their conservative way of interpreting the ratings. No doubt it works often for many other shows. After all, the sponsor puts up a lot of money and deserves to sleep nights; and if a conservative rating system helps him -- fine. The only thing that he should recognize is that sometimes the ratings are inaccurate, and that the evidence for inaccuracy is there if the sponsor cares to look for it.

Science Fiction, the Adult variety, can make it on television and will make it in the future, when the educational level of the audience goes up. Sponsors, writers, directors and producers must be sensitive to this fact. For a brief moment Star Trek was the focus for one of the most intelligent and advanced audiences in television history. Now it is up to the powers that be to recognize that this is truly the audience of the future.

Author's Note: James Blish has recently published the first full scale Star Trek novel, 'Spock Must Die!'; Bantam Books. In his forward, he states that he does not believe that Star Trek can long remain dead. It happened before. He may be right. I urge all interested readers to buy this book. It will help.

" # \$ % & ' (* +) =

CONTEST!

IF YOU HAVE A SCRIPT FOR A TELEVISION SCIENCE-FICTION SHOW, BE IT ANTHOLOGY OR CONTINUING SERIES, SEND IT TO US. WE WILL SUBMIT THE BEST ENTRY, DECIDED BY OUR STAFF, TO A NETWORK FOR EXAMINATION. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT STAR TREK OUTER LIMITS AND THE TWILIGHT ZONE DIDN'T!

SEND YOUR IDEA OR SCRIPT TO:

ATT'N: HARPUR POSTMASTER

TERMINAL BEACH CLUB
BOX 3000 A.D.
STATE UNIVERSITY AT BINGHAMTON
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, 13901

Remember, that's BOX 3000 A.D.
*** ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN SEPT. 1, 1970 ***
If you want your material returned please enclose a self-addressed envelope with the correct postage.

YOU MAY BE THE OTTO PREMINGER OF SCIENCE-FICTION!

WAS

ANALYSIS II:

SHERLOCK
HOLMES

A

VULCAN?

by
Priscilla
Pollner, Dt.

(Doctor of
Trekology)



The critical studies of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes have ranged from an examination of his musical taste to the 'truth' about the great detective's relationship with Dr. Watson. Yet, little has been written examining the possibility of Sherlock Holmes' being a Vulcan.

That this obvious fact has been ignored for so many years is astounding in itself. For, while almost all critics have noted that Holmes is not an ordinary man, very few have questioned if he is, in fact, a man. This oversight can be put down to mere lack of creative insight or possibly to the fact that few men knew of the existence of Vulcan up until several years ago. In either case, the deficiencies of both insight and knowledge are sorrowful.

Perhaps the most obvious indication of Holmes' Vulcan origins is his physical appearance. He is tall and 'excessively lean' (1), a general characteristic of Vulcan males. He has sharp piercing eyes and a thin hawk-like nose, also of the Vulcan type. Moreover, Watson states that the detective's hands are 'discolored with strong acids' (2), and 'invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals' (3). The good doctor (for reasons of his own which will be examined presently) has obviously chosen to overlook (or cover up) the fact that the discoloration did not actually exist, and, that in fact, was merely the sleuth's real skin color occasionally showing through the some form of skin makeup.

Other clues to Sherlock Holmes' alien beginnings are indicated by his manner of dress. One should note that he is almost always pictured either in a heavy dressing gown or his typical overcoat. Both were naturally worn to protect the cold and alien environment.

To the true 'Trekkie'- at - heart, Sherlock Holmes' philo-

(cont'd)

SHERLOCK HOLMES.... VULCAN ?

SOPHIC attitudes are easy to identify as Vulcan maxims. He has an 'unemotional character' (4) to such an extent that his behavior almost 'approaches coldbloodedness'. Furthermore, 'all emotions...were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind' (6).

Holmes also feels that, like all other arts, the Science of Deduction and Analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study; nor is life long enough to allow any mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in (7).

Sherlock Holmes' personality also attests to the fact that 'he is a little queer in his ideas' (8). He himself states that 'I was never a very sociable fellow' (9). It is well known that Vulcans are trained from birth to keep out of each others hair (or is it ears?). At any rate, he seems to have an 'inhuman effect' (10) on Watson, among others.

Holmes also 'appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge' (11) and was 'an enthusiast in some branches of science' (12) especially, he says, 'all those branches of science which might make me more efficient' (13).

On the whole, he seems to know 'a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge;' (14) that is out-of-the-way to the order of quite a few light years.

But if Sherlock was a Vulcan, what about his life on Vulcan? To begin, 'Sherlock' is obviously an anglicization of the Vulcan name 'Sherok'. Henceforth, (in the article anyway) the detective will be referred to as Sherok. 'Holmes is just another example of protective masquerade.

Why did Sherok come to Earth? I find three logical possibilities. First, he did not come, he was sent here because he was insane. Another possible reason that the Vulcan came to Earth by mistake. Its conceivable that he ran out of fuel before he got to where he really was going and came to Earth ("With powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men"). And yet, to me, the most reasonable explanation of Sherok's being on Earth is that he came as a Vulcan scout

One last point I would like to make is cocaine use. On that subject also, there are three possible explanations. First, Sherok used it because he was freezing and he wanted to kill the pain. Second, he used it because he just couldn't take living with illogical humans and wanted to dull his brilliant mind to stay sane (that's assuming that he wasn't insane already). Another possibility is that Sherok did not use cocaine, but Watson did. After all, that would be the thing to do, most likely, when you find out that your best friend isn't human.

Finally, I would like to submit the idea that Watson did not even exist. Such an assumption would illustrate the point that Vulcans have infiltrated themselves into society even more than one would think they could. In that case, it is just possible that some elements of our society are Vulcans in disguise. Gene Roddenberry? Isaac Asimov? Maureen Palanker....?

I have been reading Burroughs for five years and have become a steadfast fan of his. Recently a friend of mine gave me a copy of E. R. Burroughs: Master of Adventure by Richard A. Lupoff in an Ace Book Company edition. This turned out to be a deeper look at Burroughs' works. I decided at the time not to go through it as I wanted this work to be the deeper meanings of Burroughs as seen by a reader who previously read for enjoyment.

It now appears that if one looks close enough at Burroughs he is able to pick out what might be considered to be social commentary. After the first reading Tarzan of the Apes appears to be no more than a highly enjoyable but very improbable fantasy. Looking at it more critically however, one is able to sense undertones in the work.

Tarzan, or Lord Greystoke as the case may be, was born to an upper class English family. Brought up in the jungle he is less than a commoner socially. This could be a method of showing basic equality in people or it could point to the fact that life without any prejudice (i.e. raised by "dumb" beasts) is less pressured and confused than that of civilized man. The view of uncivilized life as one of blissful ignorance is enforced later in the Tarzan series when the reader finds the refined but frustrated Lord Greystoke reverting to the wild.

Looking at Burroughs' eleven book Mars series one sees the invincible John Carter dominating the Red Plains and overcoming all the obstacles Barsoom can give him. One can at the same time see another set of humans, only slightly different from those of Earth, being thwarted by their unpredictable environment. The Red race of Barsoom is threatened with extinction by suffocation in the same way that Earth sees the growing chance of death by pollution. This problem places much of the blame on the human race. Even in the Mars series one sees humans as emotional and feeling but also as the dominant and conquering race of their planet;

The Tarzanian and Martian series were begun early in Burroughs' career (Tarzan of the Apes - 1914). These series were also some of the last he was to work on. These two sets of books amounted to about one half of his sixty-nine books.

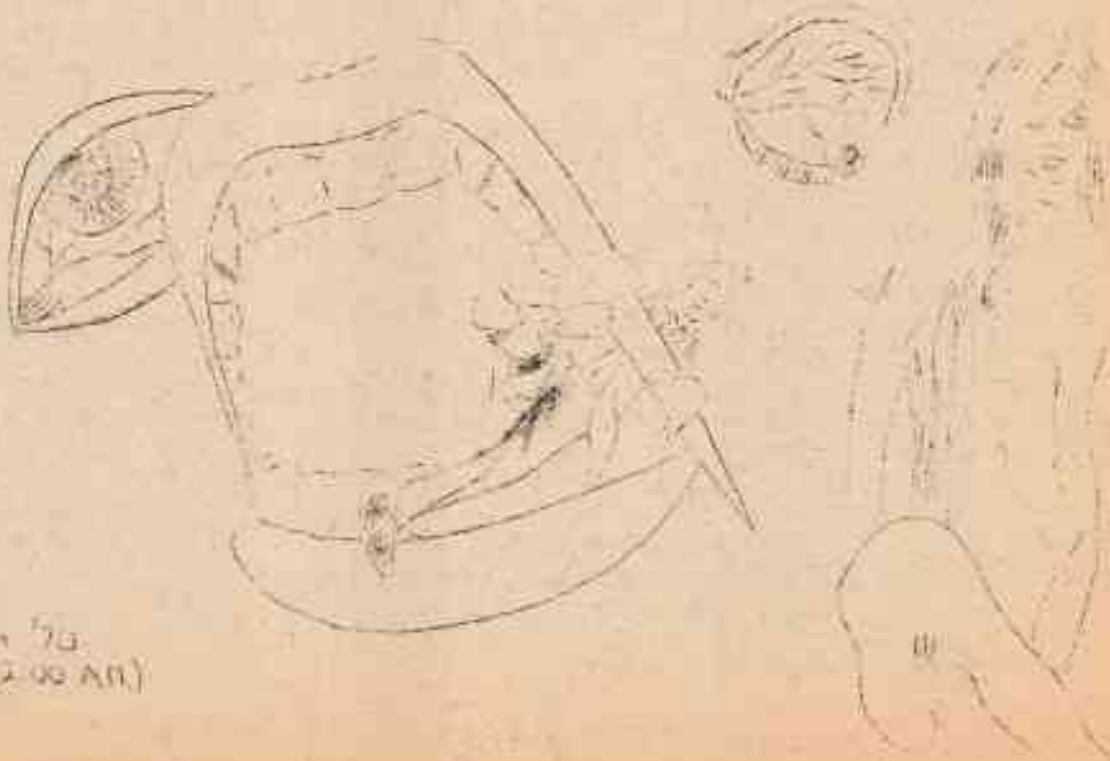
In the Burroughs' Moon trilogy and Pellucidar series the "possible" symbolism is easier to pick out. We find the balance of power on or in the Moon is upset by a conflict between two humans placed there. This points the very old and ever present human characteristic of changing their environment to suit them regardless of the long term effects. The introduction of terrestrial weapons to the Moon backfires as it eventually spreads the conflict to the Earth and the long-term affects of a reckless act are felt.

One sees a similar situation occurring in Pellucidar as that on the Moon. In Pellucidar earthman David Innes upsets the lives of the people there with the introduction of terrestrial science and things such as airplanes. What Innes does for adventure has the same affect here as the ignorant and random use of pesticides have on a balanced ecosystem.

The preceding possibilities are merely that-possibilities. I would not be so bold as to say that Burroughs intended to use even one of these ideas in his works. What I am saying is that anyone who reads enough Burroughs will see the possibilities I have set down and more of which I have neglected to set down as they were too specific for the non-Burroughs reader.

This is not to say that someone looking for symbolism -- packed reading should even touch on Burroughs. The main attraction for myself, even after this article, and some of my friends to Burroughs lies in his ability to let one "escape." Burroughs characters are easy to identify with and anyone who reads more than just a few of his works will find that they have opened another universe of enjoyment and existence for themselves.

--Richard E. Uhlinger



May 2, 1968
(2:00 AM)

(SYNCLINODONT)

by Suzanne D. O'Nimm

Mary anne, child of light, floated out into the graceless dark that was about to fall on her planet.

If you had to choose among a score of lifetimes etched into the memory of the celestial kings, you would never imagine the choice that was before her that day.

And the dry, hot wind poured down out of the banded sky, drying up all the cisterns in the thirsty cracked land.

Mary anne, though she had seen seventeen summers upon the land, had not yet lain with man or boy. She was sorrowful not, over this fact, for she was a sort of unofficial temple virgin, and fully expected and awaited the touch of none other than the godking Iarapotens himself.

That night, she was taken by a wandering ruffian as she stepped amid strangely sharpened, oddly rounded, and all in all, wonderously portentous breezes.

And all the yellow flowers in the world were filled with sorrow,

And all the blue flowers in the world were filled with joy,

and Mary anne was filled with everything and nothing at all.

There was a forest upon a far hill, beyond three forests and glades, two hilltops and two swamps, and one great chasm in the earth.

Mary anne, child of light, mistress now of a vast domain, was seized with a wanderlust, and, by means quite circuitous, approached the far castle, upon a synclinodont whose color was the palest violet.

There were, by all accounts, three doors to the castle. One led to an endless flight of stairs, another led to a den of vile monsters, and the third led to the chamber of the godking Iarapotens.

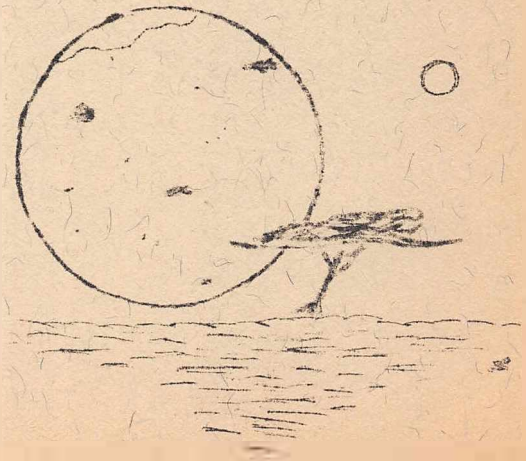
An old hag lived nearby who was generally acknowledged to be benificent, if sometimes unhelpful, but an oracle.

Mary anne, child of light, rode to her hut and begged for advice as to which door to choose.

And the hag asked 'How are the doors marked, that you may tell which is which, and be sure they do not switch?'

To which Mary anne replied, 'They are exactly alike, as peas in a pod, or pieces of sod, and may not, by any means known to me, be told apart.'

So the hag gave her a charm which might or might not point the proper way, but in any case would keep her from harm, and Mary anne returned to the castle.



(Continued.....)

But as she approached its eldritch towers, the charm jumped from her hands and buried itself in the ground.

As she stopped, bewildered, the whispering trees engaged her in a mostly one-sided discourse on the subject of one's heart's desire, and a tall figure dressed in a grey cloak, with a rainbow-hued cap upon his head, who stood silhouetted against the sky on a yet farther hill, whistled softly to the startled synclinodont....

Who carried Mary anne (child of light) willy nilly and lickety split, over hill, dale, boulder, cobble, and fen, to the waiting grey figure, who grabbed her up in his arms and carried her off through his country, which was the whole earth, as he counted all that by which he passed as his own.

And he kept her with him for always, as far as can be told from what I know of the story.

And all the yellow flowers in the world wept with sorrow,

and all the blue flowers in the world wept with joy,

and their tears merged and filled up all the cisterns in the drought parched land, and covered the earth with green life.

And the castle of the godking Larapotens vanished into the sky never again (so far) to be seen by the eyes of man, or woman either.

(The synclinodont was last almost seen grazing on a hillside of violet flowers, smiling.)

SOaB SOaB SOaB SOaB SOaB SOaB SOaB SOaB

FOOTNOTES TO "SHERLOCK HOLMES... VULCAN?

- 1 Arthur Conan Doyle, The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, Volumes 1-2, edited by William S. Baring-Gould, New York, Clarkson N. Patter, Inc., 1967, p. 153
- 2 Ibid., p. 151
- 3 Ibid., p. 153
- 4 Ibid., p. 500
- 5 Ibid., p. 149
- 6 Ibid., p. 346
- 7 Ibid., p. 159
- 8 Ibid., p. 148
- 9 Ibid., p. 107
- 10 Ibid., p. 590
- 11 Ibid., p. 149
- 12 Ibid., p. 148
- 13 Ibid., p. 125
- 14 Ibid., p. 149

Things Happen...

by Les Schachter

On Thursday, Professor Kosalowikz announced the success of his new invention. On Friday, it was stolen. On Saturday, things began to happen.

Professor Seymour Kosalowikz was always considered by his venerated colleagues to be a man of great scientific wisdom. Common sense was out of his bracket; but wisdom, that he had barrels of. Therefore it could be understood why he got into so many arguments. When his peers said that man had no resonating frequency, it could be understood why the professor felt that if water can be made to bubble and diamond made to shatter by employing the right tone, then why couldn't the same thing be done to man? The long, vocal discussion soon ended in a bet which sent the professor scurrying off to his home and lab in Westchester.

Two weeks went by, and so did numerous experiments, one of which changed the south wall of the professor's garage to a few thin wisps of smoke, but Seymour did not give up. Somewhere on the frequency scale was the right wavelength and he swore he would find it.

On Tuesday of the third week, he began to get results. He had been using a completely soundproof setup of amplifiers and frequency modulators encased in a room of concrete with a thirty inch thick beveled steel door. The entire lab was monitored by TV cameras set up in such away as not to be affected by any of the modulation. The professor sat at his control panel watching the monitors in the room next door.

At about 2:30, the professor took another sample of human tissue from the human tissue culture he had been tending for just this purpose and placed it in the soundproofed room. He realized that he had better get results soon or he would have to postpone his experiments until he grew another culture. It had to be live tissue or the experiment was useless. Returning to the control room, he watched the monitors as he pressed the button which started the preset frequency wail.

The tissue blinked out. Disappeared.

Noting this, Professor Kosalowikz came to the astounding conclusion that something was wrong. So he quickly pushed the release button and ran into the other room. Opening the door, he found the tissue sitting just where he left it, centered at the focal point of all the speakers. He ran back and looked at the monitors. The tissue showed on the screen. He ran back again, closed the door, rushed to the control room and pushed the button.

The tissue disappeared from the screen.

He pressed the release.

The tissue blinked back into existence.

(Cont'd)

With sweat beading his balding brow and forehead, he rushed into his house and returned with Oppenheimer, his blue-eyed Siamese cat. Shoving the cat into the room, he closed the door and went back to his monitor to push the button.

The cat jumped straight up. He then ran around the enclosure howling, but soon stopped. Oppenheimer made himself comfortable and sat down to lick his paws. He had not disappeared.

Next, the professor sat down and performed an extensive series of tests on a new piece of tissue. After noting the results, he placed it in the room and proceeded to make it disappear and reappear. A new set of tests were performed. Nothing had happened to the tissue. It was the same as before.

Men of science always take precautions, that is, until they discover something. Then, like the saying goes, caution is thrown to the wind.

It took Professor Kosalowikz twenty minutes to disconnect the remote control relays. Now, the only way to control the frequency was from inside the room; and Professor Kosalowikz was inside the room. He pushed the button.

When asked at Thursday's press conference how it felt, he replied, "Well, it was like heaving a cold pizza in your stomach and standing on your toes relaxosizers." What he did not tell people was his decision to become a rabbi if he ever got out of this alive. As the frequency wail picked up, the room seemed to blur for a few seconds and then come back into focus. The professor almost choked. The air was heavy, stifling but breathable. He could touch it. It felt like thick padding, but he could push his way through it with very little effort. And then he glanced at the monitor sitting on the control panel.

He was not on the screen.

The camera was staring straight at him and he was not on the screen.

As he pushed the release, the room blurred again for a few seconds and the air became breathable.

Seymour Kosalowikz Ph.D., M.A., and Nobel Prize Winner sat down to ponder what had happened. He had created invisibility. Or so he thought. And now was not the point to give up. Working well into the night, he designed plans for a model which could be strapped onto a man's back. By Wednesday afternoon, he had it completed. It was really very simple. Leads running from the mechanism on his back ran to vibrational pads on his limbs and to his head. When he turned it on, it would vibrate him at the correct frequency to make him invisible. At 4:23 he turned it on. The room blurred and regained clarity. The air became heavy. With great difficulty, he opened the door to his house and cautiously stepped out into the street.

It was a beautiful sunny day. Across the street, some children were playing basketball in the park. The professor noticed them first. He noticed them mainly because they were motionless. The worst part of it was that one of the boys was suspended in mid-air. The ball was suspended three feet higher above the boy's right hand. No one moved.

The professor turned off the machine.

The scene blurred and came back into focus. Everything moved.

(CONT'D)

The ball continued on its way to the rim of the basket, and the boy came down, his feet touching ground with a thud. With that, the professor turned around and went back inside.

Now he knew for sure just what had happened. By getting his body to vibrate at the correct frequency, he had jumped a temporal gap. While his machine was turned on, he was moving on a faster time plane than the normal universe. He had also noticed that his watch ticked accurately while the device was operative, yet the clock across the street had been motionless. From this he deduced that whatever he touched would assume the same time level for as long as contact was made.

The following day, the professor made his announcement to the world. At the press conference he even gave a demonstration by vanishing from one corner of the room and appearing in another. Careful examination of the film showed a blur stretching across the room in only one frame, even though a hi-speed camera was used. The only problem was that no one could figure out what the hell to do with the contraption. The only people who showed any interest in the temporal displacer were some men from the Pentagon, who always seemed able to find a use for anything.

The next day, Professor Kosalowikz announced to a shocked world the theft of his creation. He added that no one should worry because only he knew how to activate it. The men from the Pentagon ran around like headless chickens. The Russians refused to make any comment except that the whole thing was undoubtedly a capitalist hoax.

On Saturday, things began to happen.

At 2:34 PM, approximately 300 women, all of which had been walking in an area bordered by 34th st, 35 st, 5th ave., and 6th ave. in New York City, found themselves without underwear. The number is approximate because you try asking a woman if her undies vanished into thin air.

That night, the professor held another conference, demanding the apprehension of the deviant who had stolen his machine.

On Sunday, at 1:47 PM, Coach drivers in Cental Park found their mouths rounding into astonished 'O's as they watched the sudden disappearance of their coaches, leaving their horses standing idly by on the street.

At 3:02 PM, Monday afternoon, New York looked up to suddenly see a large banner with a picture of a hand, one finger extended, wafting lazily from the observation floor of the Empire State Building.

The professor, under great emotional duress, was admitted that afternoon to Westchester Memorial Hospital for intensive care since he seemed on the verge of mental collapse.

At 10:23 AM Tuesday, the staff of Macy's, Gimbel's, and Korvette's looked up to find their entire stock of baseball equipment missing. Not a ball, bat, glove, or suit could be found anywhere in the store.

At this point, the state militia was called out and for the following days, it was not unusual to see militiamen standing on street corners eyeing all the passers by.

Nothing happened on Wednesday. On Thursday at noon, the militiamen found their ammunition beginning to disappear. They tried to set up a pattern but 'The Time Nut,' as the tabloids called him, worked randomly.

(CONT'D)

On Friday, at 4:30 PM the air-raid sirens went off. An investigation later on found that this was a mechanical error and could not be attributed to the 'Time Nut' even though, at that time it was thought to be his work. For this reason, the Army, Navy, and Air Force were mobilized. At this point, nobody still knew how to handle the Nut.

Then the reports came in. Some people walking Bryant Park that Friday swore that they saw a man with strange equipment strapped to his back appear and disappear at one particular spot. Another report came in saying that the missing Central Park coaches were spotted in a lot near a decrepit shack in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. A team of scientists checking out the Bryant Park incident found burnt grass in the shape of shoe prints on the exact spot. One of the group felt there was a possibility that because of the distance of that spot from the surrounding sirens, a wave of destructive interference had hit the 'Time Nut,' thereby warping him back to this level, but not completely, therefore setting the grass afire due to the speed of his vibrations. In the meantime, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was setting up an observation cordon around the shack.

The world was closing in on the 'Time Nut.'

Sirens were set up around the house matching the distance from the house with the focal point at the front door. Observation had deduced that the occupant was the man the entire world was after. All they had to do was wait until they were sure that he was about to go on a spree again.

And then, on Saturday afternoon, one week since things began happening, they closed in on him.

He was standing by the window, strapping the device on, when a young FBI agent, thinking he could make a hit with his superiors, fired a shot, trying to disable the machine. He didn't come anywhere near, but it startled the man, who, even though not finished strapping the device on, pushed the button.

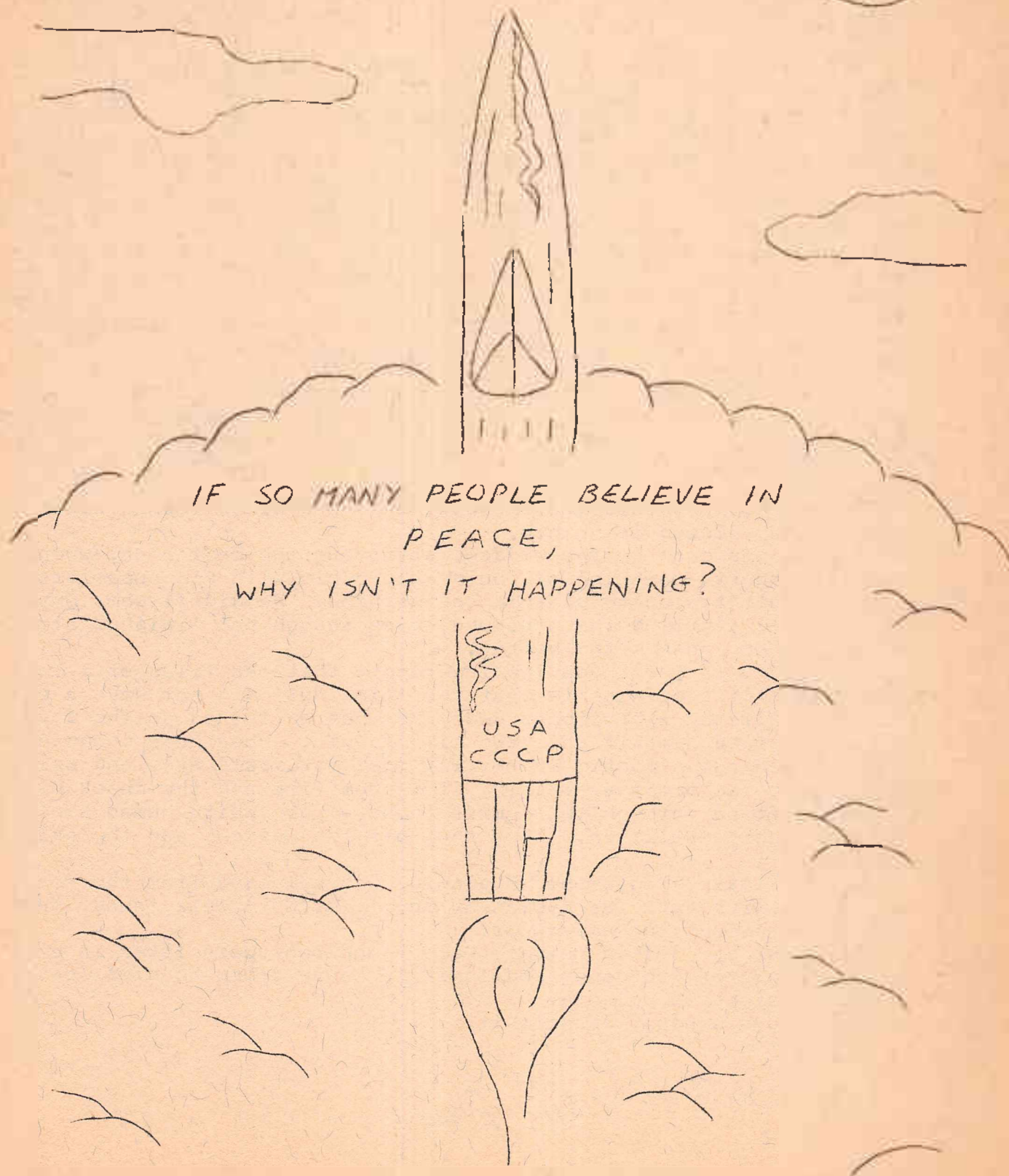
According to the investigative report that was filed at a later date, scientific opinion is that the 'Time Nut' did not have a chance to attach all the vibrational pads, so when he turned on the device, he again warped himself into two time levels. When he opened the door the door was not affected in the way most materials are, and being forced into two temporal levels, it caught fire and the shack burned. Firemen sifting through the debris found a pure white human skeleton and the machine still on. They shut off the device, and the skeleton crumbled.

A week later, Professor Koselowikz was released from the hospital. All the missing articles stolen by the 'Time Nut' were found, that is, everything except the underwear.

The panties, 374 in number, were found ten years later in a chest in the garage of Professor Kodolowikz's house after he died leaving his possessions to science.

Makes one wonder, doesn't it. . .

THE END



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