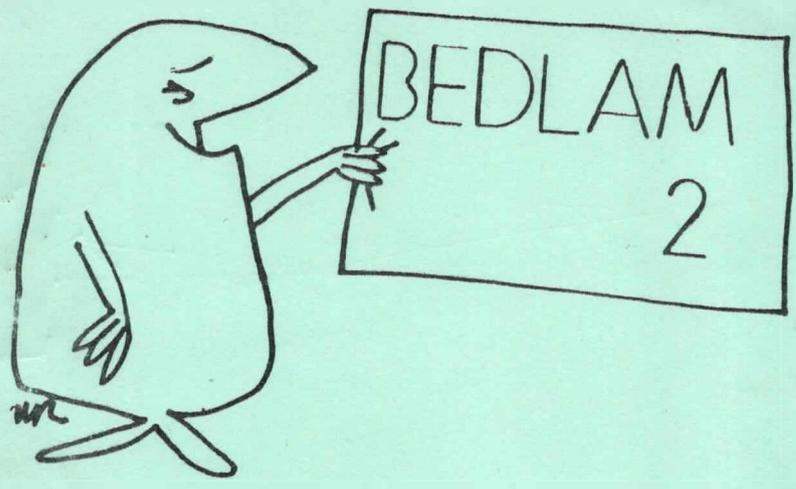


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BEDLAM #2, edited and published irregularly by Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey. Copies available for letters of comment, trades, contributions, money, or white slaves. This is a GROOVE PRESS publication.

This issue is dedicated to John Galt and Franny and Zooey, wherever they may be.



I hope that the appearance of this issue will dispell any premature fears (or hopes) that I may have gone gafia, fafia, or what have you. It's just that after nearly a year's exposure to such goodies as multi-liths, xerox machines, mimeos, etc.etc. the urge became too great and I decided that I would have to publish a fanzine or do something really drastic. Now that I have access to these machines in the Insurance Co. where I'm employed earning the daily bread, a fanzine is no longer an impossibility, hence this publication.

Future issues will depend a lot on the response to this one. You see Dad, I need letters and material and artwork for this zine in order to keep it going. There's no ironclad qualification on the type of material I use; any kind will be considered as long as it's good, with perhaps a slight accent on the off-beat. Any type of art is needed too; I'm getting tired of stealing it from other sources.

Ken Cheslin, Britain's answer to something or other, sent me an interesting clipping a few months ago, from what is apparently the lettercolumn of a British daily. The feature letter commences as follows: "Most of my life has been spent in

Can't Call Lord 'Boss'

Too much familiarity
isn't good.

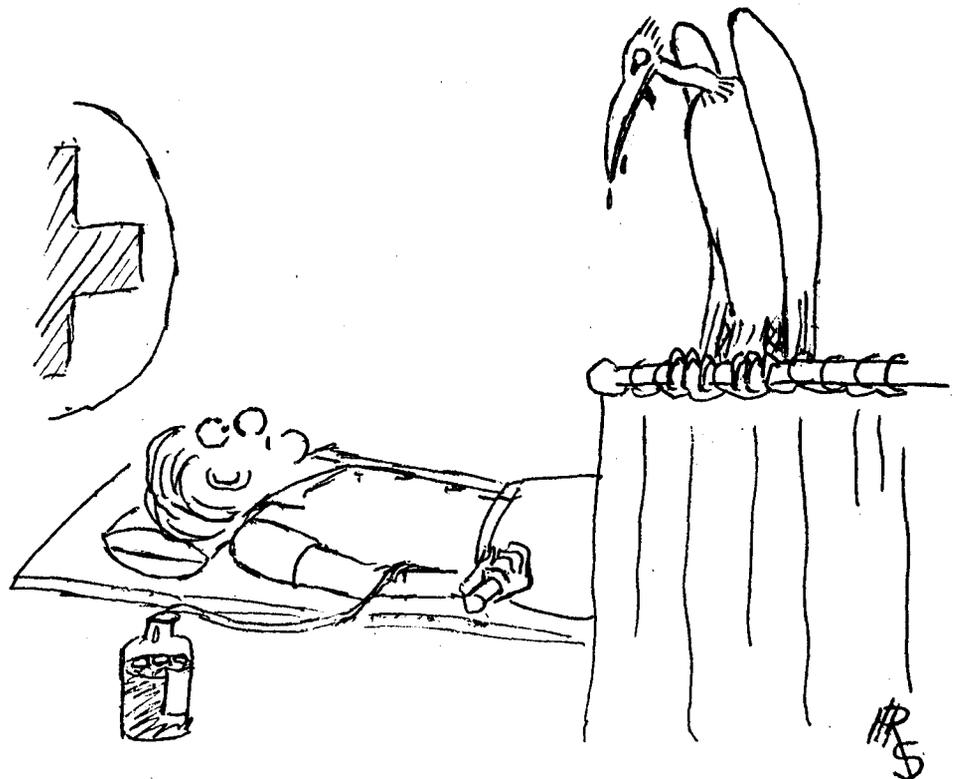
prison. At sixteen I was sentenced to three years at Borstal for stealing a loaf of bread because I was hungry." Well Luz, Elinor, Wally, everyone... You see!

Les Nirenberg has provided sort of an inspiration for this issue. After reading his recent zines with the mammoth homo-sexuality vs. lesbianism vs. normalacy discussion I decided that he had overlooked one viewpoint. He partially rectified this by presenting interviews and letters from several deviates in POD-IUM, but he's never presented the case from the viewpoint of a normal heterosexual where the values are reversed. Hence the interview I wrote for this issue, which should shed some new light on that dreaded perversion heterosexuality.

Also, the classified ads are from a Canadian newspaper Les sent me about a year ago. The paper, titled JUSTICE WEEKLY, in case any of them happen to be reading this, seems to have a steady readership of queers, butchs, voyeurists, sadists, masochists, flagellates, transvestites, as these little personal notes will show.

For about nine months I've been a member in good standing of the commuter rat-race society (no caps). To qualify for this select group you have to get up at some ungodly hour in the morning, when everyone else is asleep, practically freeze to dress yourself in the cold air, and go through the motions of gulping down a quick breakfast (but of course never do). Then you get into a car that never starts properly, chug down to an outmoded train station and catch the "Ulcer Local" a 7:14 train (or rather, an anachronistic combination of bolts, nuts, and a few twisted boards--a favorite pain-inducer during the Inquisition) and ride in air-conditioned comfort (opened windows) with an audible floorshow (bored conductors muttering for tickets like damned souls crying for freedom) while some fat slob in front of you clouds the air with stale cigar smoke and a quartet of squares discuss big business and Madson Ave. lingo while they wonder where there next buck is coming from. After a half-hour of bumping and jerking and stalling and whistling the train, which has now become packed with the dregs of square-dom who crowd the aisles while they absorb the N.Y. Times, pulls into Newark and there's an exodus from the opened doors, streaming past a bored conductor who watches them almost in pity and considers how lucky he is that he isn't stuck with them. In the evening they return, slowly trudging back to the awaiting metal beasts. A heavy man barrels his way through a

flowing mob so that he can get a seat as the tired and the hungry and the weary and the dejected and the disgusted and the stimulated and the angered and the pleased and the board-stock squares rush to the seats. Then the train gracefully regurgitates black smoke and everyone is on their way to the end of the treadmill for another complete running of the cycle. Society can very effectively dominate a personality, forcing him through a square mold. I see it every day.



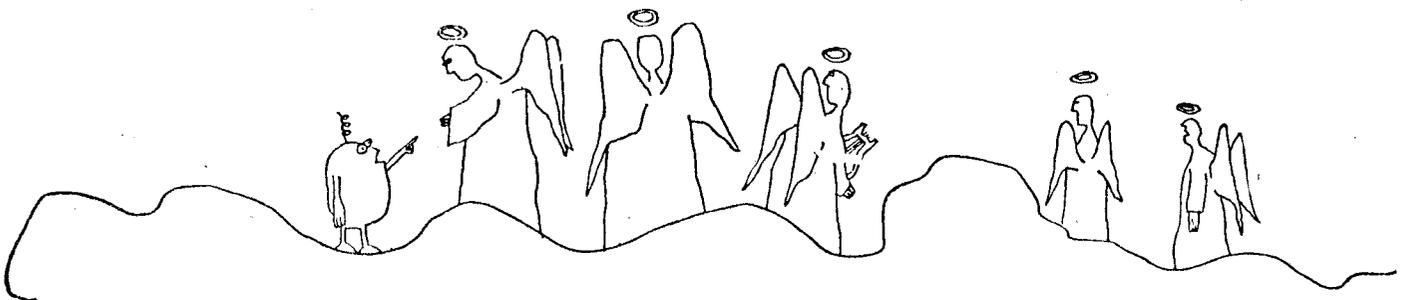
Just about three months ago I flew down to Seattle for the SEACON and about half a month ago I journeyed to Philadelphia for the PHILCON. From what I saw of the Seattle area it seemed inviting, though I can't say the climate was as favorable. I'd still be willing to argue that the Hyatt House was not strictly a hotel, but more of a hotel/motel combination. The con was well presented and featured a number of highlights including Otto Pfieffer's party before the con, the all night binge Saturday, Joni Cornell's frontless, backless, topless, sideless, strapless, off the bust dress, etc.etc.



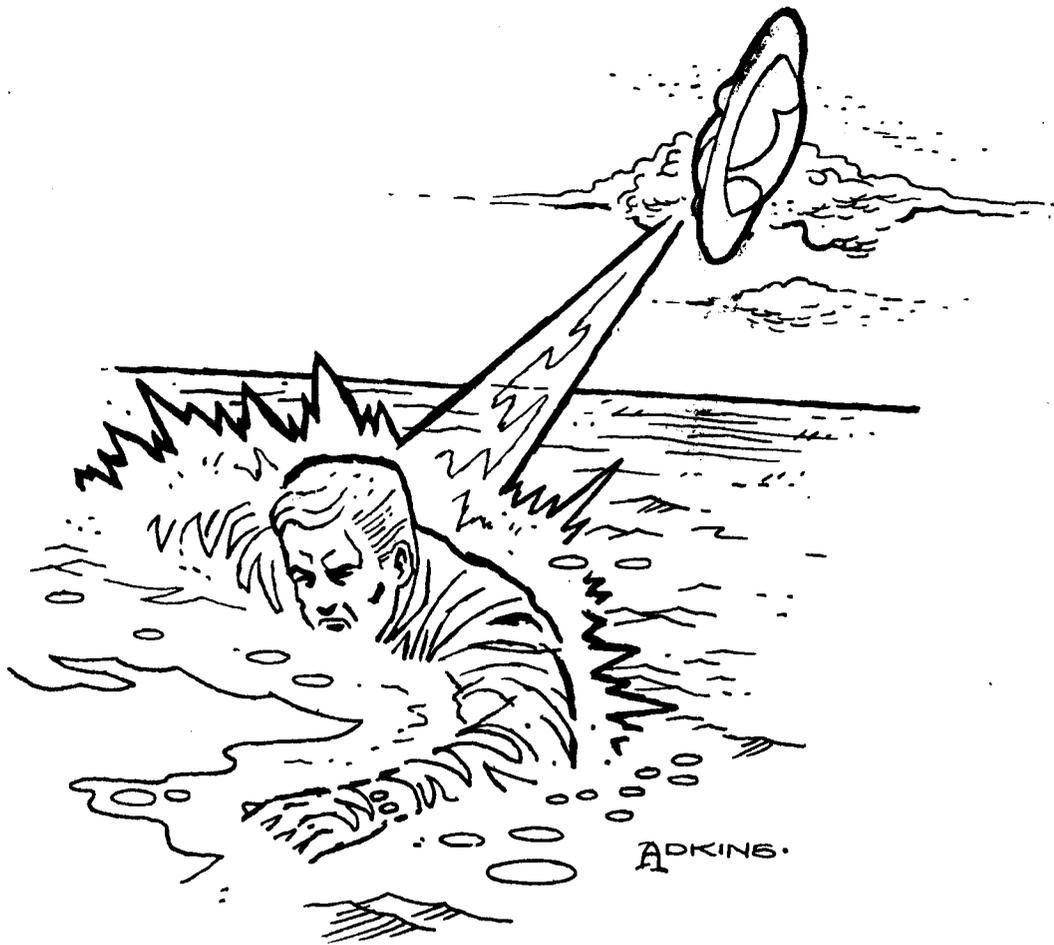
The PHILCON, while less elaborate, was still worth attending, atleast from my point of view. The program was moderately well arranged and the other festivities went along well. I even consider myself fortunate in being one of the few persons to be officially welcomed to Philly, no doubt through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce. Saturday night, headed for someone's car, and thence a party, I was walking with a few others when we passed under a building where an old battle-axe of about fifty was verbally flailing someone on the sidewalk. She momentarily interrupted her shouting to shift her attentions to us, and in delightfully rhythmical phrases, laced with thoughtfulness and good cheer, pleasantly announced to us: "Don't look up here, you bastards." Philadelphia was at last beginning to take recognition of fandom.

Other traveling has included occasional journeys to the grotto in the heart of Greenwich Village in New York, housing Met. Mimeo, Ted White, Andy Main, and a large percentage of New York fandom at one time or another. Ted is also under the delusion that I've referred to PLAYBOY as "pornography" (ha!). Since he has his hands full with the Moskowitzes at the moment I won't enter my legal suit over this outrageous and charactor defaming statement.

Lately, I've been getting sharked-up over foreign lenswork. I've always been a movie bug but I've found the domestic products which Hollywood has been releasing generally can not compare with foreign films. The actors and actresses know what they're doing in the latter, and the directors know how to get them to do this. I don't like television because everything flashed across the idiot box is merely more of the same bit of pap feeding the line of conformity to the square ideals of right and justice and the muscle-brained hero who wins at the end. There is no conflict or suspense when you just know that the faggish, but good looking young detective, fresh out of reform school, is going topursue and catch the baddie in the first reel, and have a romp with one of his mistresses in the second. Just once, I'm hoping to see a secretery sue her employer, some two-bit gumshoe who has single-handedly erased crime from a city the size of New York without trying hard, in a stiff paternity rap. Or else bump him off for spending to much time with other female clients. I'm also a member of the New York film society CINEMA 16 which has programs of off-beat, avant-garde, impressionistic Flicks along with other gems.



"Take me to your leader."



For the purposes of egoboo and edification it might be wise to list here the art credits for this issue. In some cases identification is impossible because the cartoons were pilfered from some other source rather than the artists themselves. Cover: Rotsler (top), Frank Coe (bottom). Editorial-1: Unknown. Editorial-2: Dick Schultz. Editorial-3: R.E. Gilbert (top), unknown (bottom). Editorial-4: Dan Adkins. Interview-4: Unknown. A Woman's Heart-2: Dan Adkins. A Woman's Heart-3: R.E. Gilbert. A Woman's Heart-4: Unknown. A Woman's Heart-6: Peggy Cook. Go to the Dogs-1: Jerry Burge. Rotslers: Guess. Backcover: unknown.

As I mentioned earlier, I'm eager for any sort of response on this issue. What is especially needed are contributions and art, as well as letters too. There should be a lettercol next-ish, whenever that comes.

Do you, bit today--help exterminate squares.

A rolled up fanzine is both a phallic and a kteic symbol.

WHO IS JOHN GALT?

ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS.

Let us banish the use of the four-lettered words,
Whose meanings are never obscure;
The Angles, the Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene, and impure.
But cherish the use of the wheedling phrase
Which never says quite what you mean;
You'd better be known for hypocrite ways,
Than be vulgar, impure, or obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
If the ladies, God Bless them, are milling about.
Please temper your language with words of a sense
That will tell them your plight without giving offence.
You may wee-wee, make water, or empty the glass,
Shake dew off the lily, go water, or pass.
But please, please remember, if you would know bliss,
That only in Shakespeare, do characters ----.

A woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast,
Those lily-white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest.
Call them towers of ivory, sheaves of new wheat,
Or in moments of passion, ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire,
And there's hardly a question of rousing her ire.
But by Raphael's beard, she'll through several fits,
If you speak of them roundly, as good, honest ----.

It's a haven of joy that you're thinking of now,
A warm, tender pasture, awaiting the plow.
It's a quivering pigeon, caressing your hand,
The National Anthem, it makes a man stand.
Or maybe a flower, a grotto, a well,
The hope of the world, a velvety hell;
But friend, heed this warning, beware the affront
Of aping the Saxons, don't call it a ----.

Though the lady repel your advances, she'll be kind
As long as you intimate what's on your mind.
You can tell her you're hungry, you need to be swung;
Or ask her to see how your etchings are hung.
You may mention the ashes, that need to be hauled,
And even at moments, the word "lay" is not too bald.
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck,
For the girl isn't born, who'll stand for: "Let's ----."

So banish the words fair Elizabeth used,
When she was a queen on the throne.
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four-lettered words used alone.
Let your morals be loose as an elderman's vest,
If your language is always obscure;
Today, not the act, but the word is the test,
Of the vulgar, obscene, and impure.

WORLD - WIDE DIVINE LOVE RADIATION SERVICE.

Millions all over the world are daily PRAYING FOR PEACE, in churches, temples, monasteries and mosques.

This is the most effective means the common man has of fighting fear, hatred and all negative emotions and conditions.

Why not join hands with this vast peaceful army striving for peace? Don't just sit down and wait for things to happen. Your precious help is sought. No money is needed, no undue strain on your daily work. Only 5 minutes a day of mental concentration. Just imagine—only 5 minutes out of the 24 hours, and you will be rewarded beyond measure, and at the same time you will have contributed a tremendous amount towards achieving peace in the world.

But, how? Tell us, How? Just read to the end.

All you need to do is to sit down comfortably, anywhere and everywhere, wherever you happen to be, concentrate on your heart and then imagine, picturize or visualize a pink beam of light of DIVINE LOVE projecting outwards from you. Direct this beam for 5 minutes only, towards the countries of the world—starting from the left of the imaginary world map, Canada; U.S.A., Mexico and South America—then, move slightly in your mind to the right to the British Isles, Northern, Central & Southern Europe; North, Central and South Africa; then Russia, Caucasus Regions, Middle East; Siberia, Central Asia, Tibet, Pakistan, Kashmir, India, Ceylon; then Northern, Central & Southern China, Korea, Japan, Formosa; Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, Burma, Thailand; Malaya, Philippines, Indonesia, and finally Australia & New Zealand.

All this will take only 5 minutes, and thereafter you can continue with whatever work you may have in hand.

The combined energy and consciousness of thousands concentrating on DIVINE LOVE at the same time all over the world will have untold effect in harmonizing the feelings and emotions of people, without exception, everywhere. One should mentally visualize the countries in turn and its people as flooded with DIVINE LOVE. The accompanying time-table, if followed, will synchronize the period of 5 minutes concentration. Find your time. The time, one or both periods of each day, either a.m. or p.m. is synchronized for everybody all over the world. Supposing it is 1 a.m. or p.m. in London & Lisbon, it is correspondingly 8 p.m. or a.m. in New York & Bangkok and if you are in any of these cities, choose the time convenient, just drop your work, sit down and concentrate for 5 minutes and then resume your work.

If you want to join up, start meditating straightaway to-day. No other formality is necessary. I shall be very happy to supply further copies of this pamphlet for your friends, and as there is no copyright you are at liberty to reprint as many copies as you like if this is more convenient to you. In case your locality is not given in the time-table, you can easily find out your longitude corresponding to the nearest city given, or obtain the correct time from your local radio broadcasting station, or nearest airline agency. If you have the time, you can meditate for more than 5 minutes, or, even, at other periods in your quiet moments at home. During lodge meetings or group prayer meeting, the same method can be carried out at odd hours outside the time-table. Nothing is lost, and any extra energy expended for the general good will be of immense value. The spiritual value of 5 mins. of such meditation is better than feeding 500 people or lecturing on religion for 5 hours.—such is the power of DIVINE LOVE broadcast. Should the scheduled time be inconvenient to you, or should you miss the time any day, kindly meditate at 9 p.m. your time anywhere.

Explanation. Just a few more words about the infinite omnipotence of Divine Love, On the Sphinx was engraved the teaching: "Love is the Secret of life"; in the caves of the Anchorites near Mt. Sinai was repeated: "Love, with Wisdom, is the Secret of life"; and again, at the doorway of the great rock near Deir, Petraea are the words: "The Torch of Life is fed by the Oil of Love".

Love is not merely an indefinite sentiment, human affection finding expression in sex or in a few phases of mortal kindness and compassion. Love is the greatest, the highest, the deepest, the most dynamic FORCE in the Universe. Were Henry Drummond to write his famous little book today, he would have written: "LOVE IS THE GREATEST FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE", instead of "Love is the greatest thing in the world". God is the Law, and Love is the fulfilling of the Law. DIVINE LOVE is the power and source of all human life, and ever seeks expression through human thought, feeling and action. Have we not all forgotten our Divine destiny? Are we manifesting, consciously, Godhood, or are we not in ignorance expressing, unconsciously, doghood?

DIVINE LOVE is the shortest, easiest and only PATH TO SALVATION. Man expressing Divine Love is Godliness in action; man with God is a majority and the practice of DIVINE LOVE is the secret and most effective demonstration of this partnership of man and God, and there is nothing constructive that cannot be achieved thereby.

The nearest intellectual concept of DIVINE LOVE I can think of is unqualified mother love. Thought is concrete and its projection can be likened to the direction of the beam of a lighthouse. DIVINE LOVE within the consciousness of each one of us is dependent upon our capacity to expand our feeling of mother love, and the idea is that the proper use of concentrated and consciously directed thought force, collectively, will assuredly bring about lasting PEACE in the world.

What you project will return along the same route and bring love, harmony and peace into your heart, your family and business world. Put this to the test; practise for one month, it will become a habit and you will always enjoy such wonderful service automatically like driving a car or playing a piano.

Dearest beloved brothers and sisters, I plead with you to give me 5 minutes of your precious time each day; and may God Bless You for ever.

ACT TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Thank you.

DR. C. H. YEANG, 24 Cantonment Rd., Penang, Malaya.

SYNCHRONIZING TIME - TABLE.

12 noon or Midnight.	Berlin Vienna Geneva	Portland Seattle.	7.30 a.m. or p.m.	Perth Valparaiso
Morovia	Rome	5 a.m. or p.m.	Rangoon Houston	Buenos Aires San Juan
Iceland	Oslo	Madagascar	8 a.m. or p.m.	Santiago Trinidad
Dakar	Malta	Bahrein	Chungking.	Canton
Canary Is.	Canton Is.	Baghdad	Bangkok	10 a.m. or p.m.
Espiritu Santo	Midway.	Kuwait	Saigon	Bermuda
Vila	Samoa.	Basra	Hanoi	La Paz.
1 a.m. or p.m.	Marseilles Frankfurt	Aden	Washington	Tobago.
London	Leopoldville	Dawson.	Jamaica	Tokyo
Dublin	3 a.m. or p.m.	Teheran.	Detroit New York	Okinawa
Shannon	Johannesburg	6 a.m. or p.m.	Boston	Rio de Janeiro
Brussels	Bucharest	Karachi.	Havana	Greenland.
Paris	Moscow	Salt Lake City.	Panama	10.30 a.m. or p.m.
Lisbon	Istanbul	Denver.	Miami	Adelaide
Barcelona.	Beirut	Phoenix.	Lima.	Alice Springs
Christchurch.	Jordon	6.30 a.m. or p.m.	8.30 a.m. or p.m.	Darwin.
Wellington	Athens	Colombo	Singapore	11 a.m. or p.m.
Auckland	Cairo	Calcutta	Djakarta.	Rockhampton
Wake Is.	Anchorage	Bombay.	9 a.m. or p.m.	Townsville
Suva	Honolulu.	Delhi.	Hongkong	Pt. Moresby
Nadi.	Fairbanks	7 a.m. or p.m.	Shanghai	Melbourne
Greenwich	Tahiti.	Dacca.	Peking.	Brisbane
Madrid	4 a.m. or p.m.	Guatemala	Macao	Sydney
2 a.m. or p.m.	Mauritius	New Orleans	Formosa	Rabaul
Copenhagen	Dhahran	Costa Rica	Labuan	Guam
Amsterdam	San Francisco.	Chicago	Manila	Cairns
Budapest	Los Angeles.	Mexico City.	Timor	Azores
Zurich	Vancouver			Cape Verde Is
Belgrade				

INTERVIEW WITH A HETEROSEXUAL

The following is taken from a taped interview, conducted several weeks ago, between a normal person acting as interviewer, and an admitted heterosexual who agreed to participate in the discussion. The heterosexual will be referred to as "Dan" throughout the interview, though it is not his real name.

Questioner: Please give me a brief physical description of yourself, Dan.

Dan: I'm a male, white, 26 years of age, brown hair, brown eyes, five foot nine, about 165 pounds.

Q: You are heterosexual, is that correct?

Dan: Yes.

Q: How long have you been aware of the existence of this condition?

Dan: Probably since I was about twelve or thirteen, when I began to notice I was different from the other children.

Q: Different in what way?

Dan: For one thing my social life was always a problem for me. I always managed to fabricate some excuse in order to evade going to parties and dancing with the other boys.

Q: You didn't hate the boys then, at that early age?

Dan: No, hate is entirely too strong a term. Perhaps the word indifference can best convey my feelings towards them. I didn't exactly dislike any of them, but at the same time I never experienced any of the emotions described as "puppy love" between boys.

Q: But what about girls?

Dan: My emotional feelings towards them were different. There was one girl I knew when I was fourteen named Mary (not her real name) whom I became quite fond of.

Q: How long did this one-sided, I presume, attachment last?

Dan: For several months. Then one day I caught her necking with a big fat seventeen year old girl behind the school. I could never bear to look at her, at either of them, after that.

Q: So other than this, you had no shared affections for boys or girls for a while.

Dan: Yes, that's true. As I grew older, in fact, I gradually began to develop a strong distaste for perfectly acceptable homosexual love play. I never let another boy kiss me, or "make out" with me, though some of them were pretty bold in their attempts.

Q: Did you feel rebellious in any way?

Dan: I suppose that at times I did. I realized that emotionally I was different from the other other boys, and I was disturbed at this difference. For a brief period of time I would even venture into fits of rage because I was unable to experience sensations of love with another male, which, in my late teens, was quite a common sight.

Q: What about girls?

Dan: Again I was disturbed, but for a different reason. The few girls I had taken a liking in, discreetly of course, always seemed the type that attracted the other more aggressive girls. I actually felt jealousy towards some of these older girls for stealing the females that I had liked. It's hard to explain why here, but for some reason normal lesbian activity would disgust me. I would see two girls madly pawing at each other and deep inside of me I felt a terrible anger grip me. By the time I reached the age of twenty-two it seemed certain that the gap separating me from normal males had been widening, instead of contr-

Interview with a heterosexual-2

acting as I'd prayed it would. I was unable to hide the fact that I was developing unmistakable heterosexual tendencies.

Q: Could you explain more fully just what these deviationistic tendencies were?

Dan: Well, as I first mentioned, I felt no feelings of love between myself and other males. Some I admired for their looks or their intelligence, but it was purely on that basis alone. On the other hand, when viewing two men engaged in some act of mutual affection I often became revolted and did my best to dismiss the distasteful episode from my mind. I once became enraged when another man propositioned me. He was confused at my reaction, but I wasn't sorry that I had hurt him. Just then, I really hated him.

Q: How were your actions with females?

Dan: Most of the lesbians I had seen behaved in what I thought was a disgusting manner. Sometimes I felt a great sorrow that some of the girls, whom I could have liked very much, were unable to share the same emotion with me. I certainly never solicited any open propositions between the girls at that age, for I had no desire to be branded a queer.

Q: Did you ever try to experience normal sexual associations with other males?

Dan: Once, I tried. I'd rather not discuss it any more fully. It was a disastrous affair and something I fully regret even attempting.

Q: You experienced no sexual excitement?

Dan: None at all, only disgust for myself for ever contemplating this loathsome act.

Q: In other words, you considered normal homosexuality loathsome, even though society does not, because you personally were unable to engage in it, and thus your emotions were based solely on your experiences alone.

Dan: That's quite correct. And I felt equally uneasy in the presence of two lesbians. It even became difficult for me to view motion pictures for I dreaded the intimate love scenes I would have to view. Even though I was fully aware the characters were only acting a part written for them, their very behaviour made me feel uncomfortable and uneasy.

Q: Did you ever experience any feelings of guilt over your condition?

Dan: I don't believe so. When I first realized what I was I felt disturbed, but never actually guilty. I knew it was wrong, but I compensated for this belief, by rationalizing that since I had been born this way, it was through nature's that I began to develop these heterosexual characteristics. As it is with most other heterosexuals, I've grown to accept my life for what it must be.

Q: Than you are acquainted with others?

Dan: I know several heterosexuals, both men and women. Naturally they strive to keep their true condition a secret and behave normally.

Q: Have you know any of these women intimately?

Dan: Yes.

Q: Have you ever slept with them?

Dan: Yes.

Q: Were they agreeable to this?

Dan: They seemed to be. I had no reason to think otherwise, either then or now.

Q: Did you engage in sexual intercourse with these women?

Interview with a heterosexual-3

Dan: I did.

Q: Did you find you were capable of deriving pleasure from this act.

Dan: We both received pleasure.

Q: What were your feelings towards these times?

Dan: It's difficult to fully state, but at each climax I suddenly felt as if now, for the first time, I was performing the right thing. The whole activity of associating myself with typical homosexual society became even more abhorrant.

Q: Then in other words, your sessions with the heterosexuals only strengthened your alienation from homosexual society and gave you an even more solid footing in the world of the heterosexual, so to speak? Tell me, do you have any close affiliations with heterosexual women now?

Dan: Yes. I'm married to one.

Q: Married?

Dan: Well as close as we can get to a state of inter-sexual marriage without being too noticeable. I've rented an apartment in another city and on weekends we live there together. Naturally we're very discreet about the whole matter.

Q: Do you know of other heterosexuals who do the same thing?

Dan: Yes, several. You see, the trouble today is that most people have the wrong idea about a heterosexual male. Women feel he is a sex-mad degenerate who wants to brutally rape them in some dark alley. Nothing could be farther from the truth. On the contrary, I could never become intimate with a lesbian, and I behave in a very civilized manner to the other heterosexual women I know. I behave in an equally civilized manner to my wife.

Q: Do you really love her.

Dan: Yes, I do, and I feel that she loves me. It would be difficult to describe this love to a normal homosexual or lesbian so I'd rather not try.

Q: Have you ever seen any lesbians whom you feel you might become romantically attached to, if they weren't lesbian.

Dan: I've seen a few that I'd consider attractive but none that I'd really want to take to bed. You see, I don't hate them personally, I hate them through their behaviour and actions and inclinations, just the same as I realize others like me are hated and feared. I know there's nothing that can be done to alter a person's judgement when he believes something so deeply, so I don't even try. All I ask is that I be let alone. I, and the other heterosexuals I'm acquainted with have no intention of molesting others who are unlike us. The very act is unthinkable.

Q: What are the other heterosexuals like?

Dan: The ones I know are intelligent, good looking, but not overly effeminate or masculine. In a crowd they would be indistinguishable from normal persons. As I mentioned before, they are neither depraved brutes or sadistic child molesters; they simply have an illness, a disability, and are learning to live with it, without harming others. I can see nothing wrong in this.

Q: Do most heterosexuals think of themselves as being integrated members of society today?

Dan: It would be difficult for me to give a definitive answer here. The ones that I don't display an over-degree of resentment

Interview with a heterosexual-4

against society, at least not in my presence. Most of us just want to get along with others.

Q: Now let me ask you something personally Dan. If by some act you could revert to a normal homosexual personality and experience love in that form, abandoning your heterosexual contacts, would you do so?

Dan: No, I don't think I would. I am perfectly satisfied the way I am now, in my relationships with my wife. Since it's impossible for me to comprehend true homosexual love, I would not choose to commit myself. As long as I am let alone, and not subject to any persecution because of the involuntary state I exist in, then I shall feel at peace with my surroundings. I have no way of knowing for sure, but I feel that most heterosexuals would express the same opinion, if asked that question.

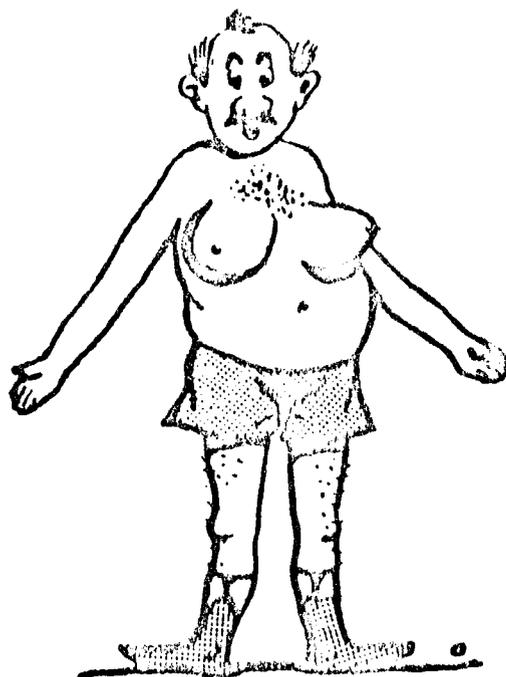
Q: Dan, I'd like to thank you for permitting me to question you on this topic and being so honest and enlightening in your answers. I'm sure that this will do much to open new insights into the problem of heterosexuality.

Dan: Thank you sir.

--End of Interview

#####

YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES



**I GOT ON THE WRONG
LINE AT VIC TANNY'S**

GENTLEMEN

A-6746, California, USA —

Well-travelled young gentleman now living in California, 27 years old, height 5'8", weight 145 lbs., wishes to hear from ladies, 21 to 45, interested in dancing, photography, fun and an enjoyable life. Will answer letters from anywhere. Those in Southern California area send phone number, if possible. Status and nationality no barrier. Will also answer couples. Advertiser is broadminded, fun-loving and a good sport. Prompt answer to all.

A-6747, Montreal, Que. —

Young man with nice build wishes correspondence with males from U.S. and Canada, who collect male physique photos, especially those from Montreal area and those who will be in Montreal in the summer. Am also interested in meeting body builders in the Montreal area who may have their own private club which I could join as a member as I am very interested in body building. Any photos submitted will be returned and all letters answered. Montreal writers can include phone number. Am an avid movie fan, enjoy letter writing, records and most everything else.

A-6748, New Jersey, USA —

I am a fellow of 35 who has been to England and Germany and am interested in contacting all aggressive women interested in leather and rubber goods. All letters answered promptly.

A-6749, Terre Haute, Ind., USA —

Dominant man of 28, height 5'9", weight 170 lbs., would like to hear from young women of meek nature who are interested in the subject of discipline. All letters welcomed and answered in confidence.

A-6750, Rochester, NY, USA —

Single gentleman in mid-thirties, good-looking, well built and with good education, offers teaching and tutoring services to ladies who require firm guidance and character training. Utmost discretion assured.

A-6751, Montreal, Que. —

Well-built gentleman in late thirties interested in all kinds of literature, photography, high heels, etc., seeks similarly interested gentleman, or lady, in Montreal area. Must be congenial and broadminded. Give phone number and best time to call.

A-6752, Newark, NJ, USA —

Regular fellow of 35, former musician, wants to contact all couples who are broadminded and like art, music, etc. Please write me. Prefer to hear from English and German dominant women, but will answer everybody from everywhere.

A-6753, Ottawa, Ont. —

Young bachelor would like to meet couples or single women of any age or race. The only requisite is that they be broadminded. Advertiser is interested in all the good things in life, is 30 years old, quite good-looking and well-built, fairly properous and has a wide range of knowledge. Would like to arrange weekend meetings and parties, singly or in groups.

A-6754, Montreal, Que. —

Young German, 22 years old, height 6'3", very good-looking, interested in discipline, wishes to contact nice couple, lady or gentleman, who are in need of a servant. Please enclose meeting time, place and phone number.

A-6755, Montreal, Que. —

Are there two broadminded lady friends in Montreal who would care to meet a broadminded gentleman interested in the good things in life? Advertiser is 39 years old, well-built, intelligent and discreet. Singles or mixed couples also write, giving details and phone number.

A-6756, Toronto Area —

Male, age 41, wishes to correspond with or meet persons interested in discipline and related subjects. Either sex, or couples, of all types. Confidence assured. My weight is 170 lbs., height 6 ft.

A-6757, Newcastle, Ont. —

Slender bachelor in forties interested in the subject of transvestism would like to meet dominant lady interested in same subject. Can live anywhere as advertiser is free to travel.

A-6758, Jersey City, NJ, USA —

Will all German and English women write me if they are dominant and aggressive, and like leather and rubber goods. All nationalities please write.

A-6759, New York, NY, USA —

Not handsome but well-proportioned guy would like to hear from modern-minded gal who needs security and affection and can accept gentle direction with a touch of firmness if necessary. Married couples who like to be match-makers please write since I am cosmopolitan and may be of some assistance.

A-6760, Minnesota, USA —

Gentleman of 29, single, wants to correspond with nice young ladies or couples in Minneapolis. All letters answered promptly.

A-6761, Rocky Mt. Area, USA —

Man free for first time in his life to follow his own interests, wishes to contact dominant male, 40 or over, who is interested in the subject of discipline, etc., likes rubber clothing and equipment; rides motorcycle; tattooed or does tattooing, or who is astrologer sympathetic to any of the interests mentioned above. Correspondent is anxious to make real contacts leading to the furthering of these hobbies.

A-6762, Skokie, Ill., USA —

Discipline instruction and training. Will offer complete assistance to those interested in furthering their dominance and disciplinary ability. Give full details in first letter as to age, weight, height, disposition and problem that needs solving. All letters answered in detail.

A-6763, Toronto, Ont. —

Broadminded, good-looking man of 35, weight 185 lbs., height 5'11", strict but understanding, disciplinarian with wide knowledge of transvestism, rubber and leather wear, wishes to hear from all readers — couples or singles, male or female — who have similar interests. All replies will receive a prompt answer. Include phone number if possible.

A-6764, Massachusetts, USA —

Young gentleman of 31, well-built and considered good-looking, who is obedient and of submissive nature, would like to hear from dominant woman who would appreciate this type of person. Please send photo if possible.

A-6765, New York, NY, USA —

Middle-aged man, European-born, interested in corresponding with a gentleman who does not care about age when making friendship, besides being interested in learning Hungarian. Advertiser is fond of music and psychology. Please enclose photo. All letters answered from everywhere.

A-6766, Montreal, Que. —

Young man of 27, weight 120 lbs., height 5'5", affectionate and gentle nature, interested in variety of subjects, including sketching, sunbathing and weight lifting, would like to correspond with and later meet men around same age, especially in Montreal - Ottawa area. Would like to join or

start men's social club. Correspondent has car and would also be interested in possibility of sharing summer cottage or weekend trips. Prefer dominant and aggressive types but will answer all.

A-6767, Toronto, Ont. —

Single gentleman of 31, height 5'10", weight 150 lbs., with open nature and enjoyment of meeting new people of either sex, no matter what age or color. Willing to help with chores. All letters answered but will call if phone number also included.

A-6768, Hampton, Va., USA —

Gentleman from Germany, 39 years old, height 5'10", college graduate, has appreciation for the art of life, interested in the subject of discipline, would like to contact similarly inclined lady or couple who love fun and the pleasures of life. Prefer the sophisticated type.

A-6769, Ontario —

To my future wife: I am seeking slim, curved woman, 24-31, must like bizarre fashions, at least in private; realize that errors in behavior result in swift punishment. In return for obedience — not lack of spirit — I offer marriage, security and an indulgence of feminine fashion madness. "Stella" of J. W., March 12, urged to write. I am tall, slim, reasonably good looking. All replies in confidence and answers prompt and sure. Picture appreciated but not necessary if your character more appealing than your looks.

A-6770, California, USA —

A very broadminded man of submissive nature would like to meet a very dominating, wealthy widow or divorcee and work for her as bodyguard, escort or chauffeur; will even cook and wash dishes, among other things she wants done.

A-6771, Coral Gables, Fla., USA —

Gentleman of 42, healthy and nice looking, would like to hear from anyone with same interests as mine. I am broadminded and fun-loving, interested in the subject of transvestism, rubber goods, books and pictures, music, people, and parties. Will perform services and entertain. Willing to join club. Honest and trustworthy. No con man or woman need answer, please. Permanent friendship only aim. Very lonely and will answer all letters or contact.

LADIES

- B-4234, Chatham, Ont.** — Young attractive woman of 30, single and not interested in men, would like to correspond with other women on various subjects in a broadminded manner, with the hope of meeting same in the future for an intimate friendship. All letters strictly confidential. Will answer all mail. Have large collection of photographic subjects, which I will be glad to exchange and discuss with other women with the same interests as myself. Please — no men.
- B-4235, Los Angeles, Cal., USA** — Dominant female of exquisite beauty requests all interested in the subjects of bondage and discipline to answer this advertisement at first available opportunity. Upon receipt of your initial letter, I will forward a picture of myself in my usual attire. All letters will be answered and kept confidential.
- B-4236, Ontario** — Very lonely divorcee, brown hair and eyes, stout, age 45 years, have school age daughter, take social drink and smoke. Would like to meet gentleman from 44 to 50, who is kind and sincere, has car and means. Promise to answer all letters.
- B-4237, Buffalo, NY, USA** — Young couple who have charge of four teenagers — two boys and two girls — would welcome correspondence and advice on upbringing and discipline. We would like the experience of someone actively working with teenagers, such as matrons or camp counselors.
- B-4238, Vancouver, B.C.** — Intelligent, broadminded couple in early forties wish to meet other couples having intellectual interests. Age and nationality not important. Varied interests, including sunbathing. Phone number please.
- B-4239, Ontario** — Lonely single lady of 49, light brown hair and blue eyes, height 5'7", weight 135 lbs., partial cripple, own home, like social drink and smoke. Would like to meet gentleman from 49 to 60 years of age, who is kind, jolly and

- honest, one with car and means, for a true companion. Will answer all letters.
- B-4240, Toronto, Ont.** — Happily - married, attractive young couple — 25 and 28 years of age — both very broadminded and fun-loving, would like to hear from, and meet other couples who are not of a jealous nature and who enjoy parties. Phone number appreciated. All letters answered.
- B-4241, Glendale, Calif., USA** — Attractive couple — 36 and 30 — happily married, broadminded and fun-loving, are seeking another attractive couple in 30's who are broadminded and respectable in the hope of exchanging ideas and interests. All letters answered and snapshots returned. Please enclose address and telephone number.
- B-4242, Central Washington, USA** — Attractive, congenial, happily-married couple in forties, would like to correspond with other couples and single ladies who are interested in photography and discipline. We are broadminded and like to enjoy life. Photos appreciated.
- B-4243, Hamilton, Ont.** — Vivacious brunette, 27 years old, with an unusual problem concerning a close relative, would like to hear from other young ladies of either passive or dominant nature who are genuinely interested in methods and costumes connected with discipline. I am sincerely interested in exchanging suggestions and will answer all letters regardless of distance.
- B-4244, Hollywood, Calif., USA** — Dominating lady, model for famous bizarre artist, will exchange ideas with members of both sexes of all ages, color, beliefs. Adore anything bizarre that will add to happiness. Will send copy of portrait of myself in unusual costume. All interested should write at once.
- B-4245, Toronto, Ont.** — We are an attractive, discreet couple, (32 and 34 years old); with European background, interested in sunbathing and have a small private apartment available for the purpose. We would be pleased to hear from other married couples who are interested in forming a restricted but friendly sun club. Will exchange snaps, confidence assured.

GENTLEMEN

- A-6700, Denver, Colo., USA** — Man of 45, slender, well-educated, fastidious and moral, would like to hear from similarly-aged dominant man adept in the use of rubber and leather apparel. All letters answered.
- A-6701, New York, NY, USA** — Broadminded young man with a wide knowledge of discipline, wishes to hear from people, (male or female), of a submissive nature. Object is friendship and personal contact. Photo appreciated but not required. All letters answered from anywhere in strict confidence.
- A-6720, New York, NY, USA** — To all interested in discipline: I am about to produce in limited quantity bulletin on discipline. Write at your first opportunity for information.
- A-6731, Brantford, Ont.** — Young German gentleman of 29, very handsome, speaks English. Would like to meet lady photographer. All letters will be answered confidentially.
- A-6735, Massachusetts, USA** — Handsome dominant husband with beautiful submissive wife, member of small select social club, desires the exchange of ideas and pictures with couples and singles whose hobby is photography. Will answer air mail.
- A-6736, Newark, NJ, USA** — Former musician of 35 would like to contact all couples in New York area who are broadminded and also like art, music, etc. Am regular guy.
- A-6737, Indiana, USA** — Broadminded young gentleman interested in physique, art and photography, would like to hear from other young men to exchange ideas, experiences and literature.
- A-6738, New York, NY, USA** — Broadminded man of 38, of meek disposition and submissive nature, would like to correspond with males and females on the subject of discipline. I would like to know about discipline. I am single. Would also like to meet anybody in New York area interested in this subject.
- A-6739, Toronto, Ont.** — Lonely Frenchman of 29, broadminded, submissive, affectionate and interested in the subject of bondage and discipline, seeks older affectionate, dominating lady, who can be widow or divorced. Will perform any kind of service. Give phone number in first letter, along with name and address. Prefer somebody living in Toronto area.
- A-6740, Los Angeles, Calif., USA** — Fun-loving bachelor of 40, devoted to strict discipline and photography, would like to hear from dominant women who like unusual attire, also from submissive females of all races. Photos appreciated. All letters answered.
- A-6741, Vancouver, B.C.** — Gentleman would like to contact B.C. people interested in naturism, discipline and other broadminded activities. All replies in confidence.
- A-6742, Florida, USA** — Males interested in transvestism and women interested in same subject are asked to contact advertiser who is 40 years old and interested in the subject. Have beautiful wardrobe and can-can nylon, lace-trimmed bloomers and garters available to everybody. Please write.
- A-6743, Montreal, Que.** — Broadminded man of 37, height 5'10", weight 180 lbs., single, fun-loving and discreet; photography as hobby, wishes to hear from and meet any type of female, dominant or submissive, who is interested in the subject of discipline. I have a late model car and am free to travel. All replies answered.
- A-6744, Vancouver, B.C.** — Young, sincere man ardently interested in the subject of transvestism, very lonely, wishes to contact single men, ladies or couples on the west coast who are interested in that subject, also bondage and discipline.
- A-6745, Niagara Falls, Ont.** — Separated man, Canadian-born, 50 years old, height 5'7", weight 160 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes, good natured, some sense of humor, very nice personality, easy to get along with, neat dresser, come from good family, take social drink, steadily employed, have good job, living all alone and no encumbrances. Would like very much to meet woman who is sincere and honest — can be widow, divorced or separated — can live anywhere, and be of any age, religion or nationality. All sincere letters will be answered.

A WOMAN'S HEART
by
Isaac Asimov

(As Retold by Alfred M. Andrews)

In the June, 1957 issue of Satellite Science Fiction appeared Isaac Asimov's account of "A Woman's Heart", and, to be sure, it was quite charmingly related, by the good doctor. However, after considerable deliberation, I feel that I must chance the opinion that Dr. Asimov was not in full command of all the facts; therefore, it falls to me to set the matter straight. That I shall try to do, and I pray the good doctor shall not be offended by my recounting of his gospel.

"Flora Miller was perfectly beautiful." This is quite true. Dr. Asimov tells us that this was a gift bestowed upon her by the goddess Aphrodite. I personally have heard two possibilities of this matter. One being that when Flora's mother had taken a cruise to the land of Greece, when Flora was just a babe, she had visited a wizened old peasant woman on the isle of Cyprus, who was said to be quite an oracle. And as the word goes, it was this old Delphic soothsayer, who made the prophetic vow, by the heart of Aphrodite, that dear little Flora would grow to the perfect flower of womanhood. Yet on the other hand, it is said that when Flora's mother had taken her to have her horoscope cast by a second-rate astrologer in Brooklyn, named Albert Dite, he made the remark, "She gonna be a good looking broad some day, lady." Nevertheless, Flora Miller was perfectly beautiful.

Her hair in sunlight was as golden as a spanish doubloon, in moonlight a glowing London fog, and her eyes were a sensual prayer wrapped in emerald green. Of her face, one could mention Helen of Troy, Dante's Beatrice, Poe's Annabel Lee, and Lana Turner; and of her figure let us leave it in the words of one Albert Dite..."A good looking broad." At any rate, by the time Flora was twenty-five, she had run the gauntlet of puppy-love, summer romances, and short-lived affairs, and was ready to find a steady and constant lover through the legality of matrimony. And at this point we must consider Aphrodite again. Dr. Asimov's brief journal tells us in the words of Flora, "All men are attracted to me, but not all men can make me truly happy. So Aphrodite granted a further boon. Any man who wishes to marry me may request of her one gift to make me happy." Now this supernaturally granted boon may be a truth, I really can't say. But if I were called upon to hazard a more common place guess, I would say that the boon was the fact that Flora was Beautiful (with a capital B) and Woman (with a capital W), plus the fact that she had a disgustingly large trust fund coming to her when she turned twenty-six. Married to this, any half-diligent fellow could be a success, which in turn does put a rosy glow on the chances of making one's wife happy. But have it as you will.

The man-field had narrowed itself down to three. Flora had not in the strict sense of the word "selected" these three, but where many had felt that they couldn't make the grade to win a woman such as she, these three had that uncommon confidence that men seem to have in their nature. And so endowed, they had been persistent in courting her, and I personally know, they had a persistent need of the many-dollared trust fund

that was soon to come rolling forth from the hallowed halls of the First National. So it was that one night, late in Jube, they were all three gathered at Flora's swank, up-town apartment; and it was then that she told them of the one wish each might have to make her happy if she chose him to marry. And Dr. Asimov is quite right about it being Thomas who spoke up first. Thomas Northcut, to be more exact.

Thomas was seated in the plush red of a large wing-backed chair, admiring with a keen future-sight the cigar-band he had just slipped on his little finger. He envisioned the paper band as a large gold ring encrusted with many diamonds of a dazzling glare, that one might well be wearing if one were married to a certain very beautiful, and soon-to-be rich young lady. He had been listening with only half an ear to the desultory, volley-ball chatting in progress, but now he was quickened by Flora's bid for each to vie for her hand.

"Oh, come now Flora, you know I don't believe in this goddess' gift business. I'm a business man who thinks and reacts to the material actualities of the world, but if it is happiness you want I can give you that," he said, his chubby face firming into determindness.

"HMMMMMMMM," said Flora thoughtfully....and because she just couldn't think of anything more pertinent to say. As a matter of fact, for all her beauty and wealth Flora had never been noted for possessing a particularly brilliant conversational repertiore.

"Think for a moment, Flora," said Thomas, wearing the hard-sell smile he used when working on prospective investors for the company where he worked as a very junior executive.

"A woman needs security and needs it in all its counterpartd. She needs a husband who is on the move in his business and on the way to the top of the ladder; a man with business acumen, sagacity and perpsipacity." (Three words which Thomas was fond of using for their seeming erudition.) "For this is the man who can cope with the financial realities of this world and bring you real happiness. He can give you material wealth, social acceptance, and a sure place in this modern society in which we live."

No doubt Thomas would have continued to extol his keys to happiness had not Richard Kastle broke in.

"Croesus was a golden fool. And the gold ring is but clay, my dear Flora," said Richard suavely, with just the right hint of heat in his voice.

Richard Kastle was no idealist and his words were but pretty, shining



baubles placed glibly on the tree of romantic emotion. One might say Richard made his living by playing on romantic emotion, for he had been the gay, carefree bon vivant in many a wealthy lady's entourage. Tall and slender Richard, with his brown hair and faint moustache cut as if the barber's life had hung in the balance, awaiting his approval or ire. Richard, whose mouth was so well practiced in smile, pettishness, laughter and sulks, was at this moment making a flashing smile as he said:

"Money is nothing more than a means of transportation to take you to the beautiful places of the world. Misty nights in the boulevard cafes of Paris, my lovely Flora, and strolling through the exciting shops of London's Bond Street. You and I, in a villa at Casa Blanca, watching the sun sink low to kiss the mediterranean, like a scarlet woman saying good night to her lover. Then to feel the delicious thrill of the spinning wheels of Monte Carlo and lazy days aboard a yacht in the Caribbean. Ah, this world, Flora darling, is a bright glittering ball that one must keep high, twirling, tumbling, and tossing in the mad dance of life."

Richard then softened his luxuriously deep voice as he told her, "And add to this, love that never tires, but every instant will sweep you to the long state of indescribable pleasure indefinitely prolonged, as the firey votaries of Passion have called it."

It was, one must admit, a flawless performance for Richard Kastle. for it did indeed set Flora's eyes aglow and wrack her smooth body with that certain little lazy trembling that only a woman can know. Richard was indeed the perfect lover, except for one small flaw: Richard was in love with Richard.

"My," said Flora, with pensive joy.

Well, as I have said, Flora was not exactly a gem at rhetoric, but she was thinking about the proposals of her suitors... quite carefully.

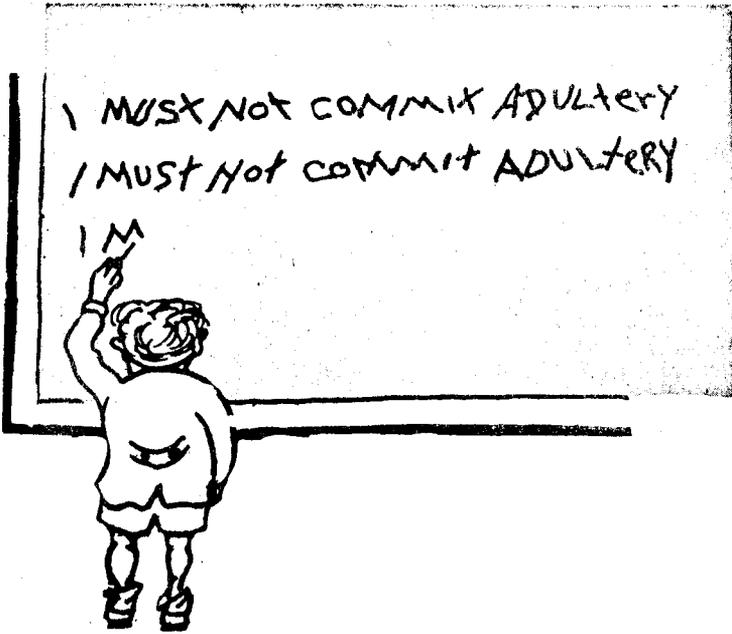
The last to speak of this threesome was one Henry Joyce, a man built like a rustic fence, roughly, sparingly, and effectively. His head was topped with close cropped red hair and his long forehead led down to smoky grey eyes and tight, determined lips. He spoke slowly, as a man with no great love for words.

"Flora...what Thomas and Richard promise may seem like a lot, but...well, let's look at it this way. Money isn't something new; it goes far back into man's antiquity, and, as history shows, its power isn't constant but can vary sharply. For example, a serious depression or recession can leave it almost worthless."

Henry stopped and rubbed his chin for a moment, as though massaging some new vitality into his jaws. Then he said, "I don't know a lot about love and passion and that sort of thing, but no matter how wonderful it may be for a while, it does end. Why, it's a proved biological fact that a male loses his... well, I mean," stuttered Henry, turning red.



Well, to put it bluntly, the female



of the specie has a much more prolonged emotional capacity than the male," which was about as blunt as poor Henry could be about anything having to do with sex.

"Yes, Henry," said Flora, who was beginning to warm to the fleshly turn the proposals had taken.

"Well, what I'm getting at is that money and passion are allright," he said as though begrudging them the favorable words, "but do you realize that we are living in a completely new age? This is what I call the Ultra-Machine age. Do you realize that as you go through life it must be with machines? Your clothes are washed, dried, and ironed by machines. Your foos is cooked and served, and the remains disposed

of by machines. You are heated and cooled by machines, and machines fly you, sail you, and ride you to anywhere in the world...and perhaps even to the moon and other planets someday." Henry was almost breathless, but now he was in his field and moving at top speed.

"It is machines that will write the words you want written, take your payments for whatever you buy, wrap your packages, open your doors, and even have the intimacy of bathing your body. Machines will be the important things in this world, and without them life can only be dreary and dull."

Richard Kastle opened his mouth to make some sort of protest and Thomas Northcut was in the act of getting up to contest such a declaration, but Henry put out his hand in a gesture to stay them and cried, "Wait now, hear me out!"

Northcut snapped his cigar-band in his agitation, and Kastle resigned himself to another Singapore-sling with an extra dash of gin, but both allowed Henry to continue.

"Flora," continued Henry, "our life is completely intermixed with machines and will become even more so as time and technology advances. I am an engineer and my field is pseudo-physical mechanics and robotics, so I can see this emergence of the machine better than most people. And, Flora, you need a husband who is in command of this new human-machine relationship that is to dominate life. I...I don't want to seem an egotist, but I do know machines and how to keep them running, without ever breaking down."

Now at this point, we must return once again to the account by Dr. Asimov, for this is the crucial point of the whole narrative. According to the good doctor: "And Flora through her arms about Henry's neck with the most delightfully abandoned gesture and said, "I am Yours." Of course, such an ending is quite romantic, and all that, but truth must prevail, even at the expense of romance, so you may completely disregard the good doctor's ending and follow me.

You see, after Henry had told of his wizardry at keeping machines running forever, it was Thomas Northcut who broke in, declaring quite outraged, "Ridiculous. Any machine will eventually break down."

"Until now, yes," said Henry, making it a profound announcement.

And then he went on to tell them how he was at work on an android machine that would operate perfectly continually. And he said though it

was still only a theoretical actuality, it was only a matter of getting the necessary funds to bring it into a reality. Flora became very intrigued and peppered him with many questions about his could-be marvel. She even learned that the "necessary funds" ran into six figures.

You are quite right. Flora did provide the money for the project from her trust fund, which burst goldenly upon her just two months later. And to the amazement of all three suitors, she became totally immersed in the work on the android project. Of course, Flora hadn't the foggiest notion about the higher integrated mechanics or the staggering maze of mathematics of the work, but she was footing the bill, which was quite enormous, so many of her simple suggestions were incorporated into the model. They even geared the creation to her vocal wave length, thinking that by having it obey this lovely young girl it would enhance its appeal, when displayed in public. In two years it was completed.

So on night (in May, I believe) Flora called her three befuddled and frustrated swains to her apartment for the final choosing of a mate. She was wearing something of green stretched tightly across her breasts, that made delicious, shimmery movements when she walked. After a round of cocktails, and some chatter, she rose and faced the three.

"I hope," said Flora, with all charm and sweetness, "that you don't feel angry with me for asking you to wait these past two years."

There were a few guffs and gaws to assure her that they hadn't... which was as polite a lie as had ever been told.

"I won't be long about this," she said, "but will tell you quickly whom I have chosen. Now Thomas, you offered me security through money, but if money is the key to security and happiness, then I already have that key. And you, dear and charming Richard, offered me joy and unending pleasure and passion, but my money will buy my ticket to joy, and as Henry pointed out, the male does have his limits. And of course, Henry offered me the commanding position in the new machine-human relationship. Henry had a point."

Henry's long face brightened up with delight.

"May I introduce all of you to someone," said Flora quickly.

At that moment, from the bedroom came a tall, very handsome man.

"Good evening," he said, his deep rich baritone making even Richard Kastle's practiced voice seem squeaky by comparison. "Of course Henry knows me," continued the handsome fellow, "he helped create me, you see. Thank you Henry," he added with suave courtesy. "However, I must introduce myself to you other two gentlemen. My name is Rex; I haven't decided what last name I should like just yet. But I'll let you know when I do."

The three gaped as Flora smiled.

Rex was built tall on his cassidium-alloy frame and his tanned plastonic skin accentuated the excellent and impressive synthetic muscle-wrapping that encased his electronic internal organs, powered by his infinity-recharging atomic in-lays. As he spoke, his marvelous senso-relays, housed in his finely moulded head, matched fine shadings of expression beautifully to his words.

"In case you are wondering," said Rex, completely at ease, "I am a synthetic, robotic, reproduction of a man. I eat food which I find enjoyable to my syntho-taste, and I am pleased with drink. In moderation, of course, since I don't need either food or drink and they

A Woman's Heart-6

are easily disposed of by my aeration-disintegrating process internally, quietly and quickly. Also, I sleep self-induced, unnecessary really, but pleasant. I am quite good at dancing and I enjoy the varying wave-lengths of musical sounds human beings create to excite themselves. In short my friends, I can do anything a human male can do."

"It's true," said Flora, who tingled delightfully when Rex put his strong arms about her. "He's just perfect."

"But money, security...", bumbled Thomas.

"We have it, thanks," replied Rex, and winked at Flora.

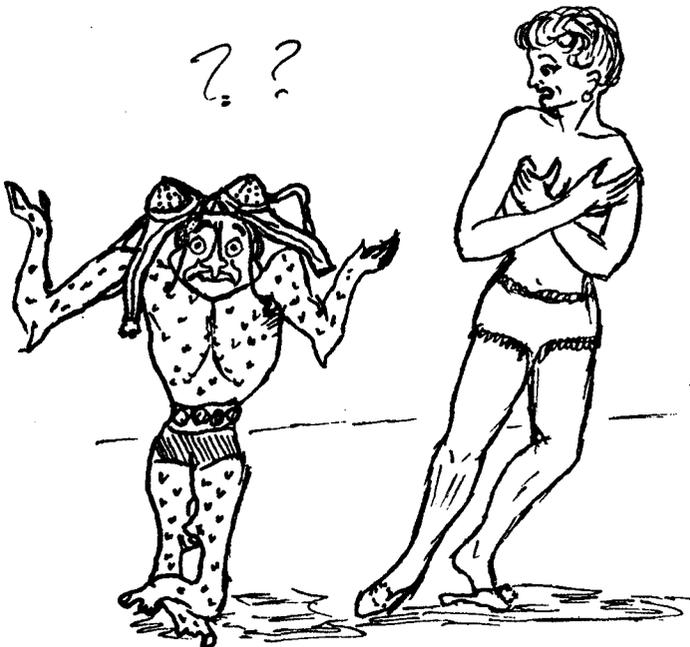
"I hadn't planned you for this," whiffled Henry.

"But Flora did," said Rex.

"You can do anything a man can do?" asked Richard.

"Quite," answered Rex, then added softly, "as any firey votary of Passion would jealously confirm."

As a matter of fact, the last time I heard she and Rex were having a simply fabulous time on the Riviera.



I dreamed I met
a Martian
in my
maidenform
bra

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

by

Betty Blanck

There has never been any real revolution in the United States. The conservative writers and signers of the Constitution negated the revolutionary implications of the Declaration of Independence, maintaining political power for a select group of wealthy citizens and centralizing economic power in the same element. The implicit revolt in the heart and hands of every frontier farmer striving for a society of free and equal men was stifled by the law and the formal structure of the settled rich. It was stifled by the eastern merchants and manufacturers and the Southern planters, by the brutal climate created by those who sought to get rich out of the fertile west, by robbing Indians, selling shoddy goods, ruining good lands, like speculators and mercenary adventurers.

The growth of Industry brought no social revolution; it was too easy for the dissatisfaction to overflow westward. The repressed aspirations which might have led to attempts at a revolutionary reconstruction of society were drained off. The dissatisfied were drawn by the promise of free land and opportunity in the West. Utopias were imagined on the midwestern plains and the rich coasts of California. Even the most radical thinkers of the day thought no basic social change necessary. Revolution was conceived in individual, rather than social terms.

The frontier reached the limits drawn by the Pacific Ocean and lands were filled; technological advance took the place of rapid land expansion. Revolution was to be mechanical—instead of the land liberating individuals, the machine would liberate society. Today, however, in 1961, technology has advanced, yet the capitalist system in both its forms, private and state, is still a system in which people find their lives unfulfilled. In the modern bureaucratic state, efficiency (defined in terms of the ruling element and its desires) both mechanical and social, has become the imperative. People find their hopes frustrated, their lives wasted, and their destinies beyond their own control.

The machine has supplied the American people with all the gadgets they can use—labor saving devices. What are they saving the labor for? Society is all-ready rationalized to a point beyond which it cannot go without changing itself fundamentally. If many more strains are imposed on the average American by the rigid demands of the clock, the machine, and the social pressure of the boss and brainwashed fellow workers, he will simply crack, and on a mass scale.

Societal tensions are driving overloaded psyches into a world of escape away from the world of capitalist and statist reality. The victim escapes in one of two ways; by building a world of temporary fantasies—TV, gadgets, drink, tranquilizers or socially unacceptable drugs, and crime and insanity, the desperate flight into the unconscious where fantasy becomes the only reality; or by the more realistic and responsible (though more difficult and demanding) attempt to change the outer world so that it is not destructive to him.

In the latter case he works to change the conditions of life, disrupting the status quo and challenging the continued existence of economic competition, the hen-peck order of social and political hierarchies, the peer group compulsion to conformity in dress, opinions, arts, and aspirations.

In the first case, the society simply breaks down and political fantasies replace realities, supermen and utopias become the parallels to the social fantasies of the population. Fascism and the machine man are the results.

CHANCELLOR IRVINGTON
ES 2-9217
HELD
OVER! "Never On Sunday"
Burt Lancaster, "Young Savages"

Freudian Slip?

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION-2

Egos, twisted by so much strain and unable to act constructively in a manner that counters their destructive forces, take flight, with the leader and a social Valhalla as their goal--the sterile anti-utopias of the Nazis and other Fascist and communist neo-spartan worlds are examples of this.

In the second case, a genuine social revolution takes place, either on a large or individual scale. This may take the form of a new art form, the development of cooperatives, the taking over of industries by their workers, redistribution of land among agricultural workers sponsored by themselves, or the development of new techniques in education. These are constructive ways of changing reality in a manner healthy for the individual and society as a whole.

It is to the interest of all the the second development take place. The change from our present social and economic impasse should be toward the goal of freedom with every individuals right to develop and express himself in a manner not destructive to or in violation of the freedom of others. This is far better than the transference of power from one elite to another under the illusion that the new elite will transform the destructive institutions into beautiful ones.

The "American Revolution" which implies world revolution since no nation exists in a vaccumm, will only have taken place when the people realize that only they, by their own action, can secure cultural freedom and economic institutions for their own benefit. They must accept responsibility for their own acts, carrying them out on their own level. They must not allow an elite, a "vanguard" or "chosen leaders" to direct and control their action for them.

I'm serious about my work and respect the taste and judgement of my readers. I charge one dollar for five issues or 20¢ a copy. I try and give my readers art and material they won't read elsewhere.

Pick up any zine today and you'll find Deckinger, Boggs, Bradley, Ebert, and Willick.

I'm not saying I won't print their work, but they will have to take second place to new talent.

I plan the visual layout of my zine in advance of the actual cutting of the stencils. This is what my readers are willing to pay for.

In closing, I was taught that you're only worth what you think you're worth. I cannot and willnot insult the taste and intelligence of my contributors and readers by offering REALM for a ridiculously low price. I don't think it is fair to judge a zine only by the number of pages per issue.

I'm not trying to cheat my readers by charging 25¢ s copy.

--Jack Cascio, in GENDER #4

If you don't want to insult the taste and intelligence of your readers, why publish REALM at all?

I'm not a neofan. I guess when a kid of 13 joins the N3F they assume he's a neo. Well, I'm not. I discovered fandom in November 1960 and became a general fan. Up till about February, or March 1961, I was pretty neoish. Then I joined the SFG and THEN, in May, the N3F.

--Michael Kurman in TIGHTBEAM, N3F letterzine, September 1961

Fans, are you tired of being neos, then join the N3F.



GO TO THE DOGS

by Maxwell Warde



Go to the dogs,
And hear the canine moaning,
Pressed in ecstasy,
Coaxed with agony and
delight from frozen lips,
and hollowed tongues emptied of truths
and thoughts.

Hear the words put forth,
Revel in the emotions that flow from
One lip to another.
Bow before the maker,
Bow before the death-dealer,
Bow before the god on the throne of money,
And blood.
And bones ripped clean of their marrow,
By the hell of an unthinking mind.

Go to the Dogs-2

Know the brashness contained in their hatred,
As you feel the evil tongues,
That lick the air
And the sea
And the Earth,
and the water
With fire,
And light,
And cruelty,
And maybe
Just a little
fear.

They are the trapped eternal,
They are the captives,
For living they wail,
And dying they accept
All that is offered to
them.
Believe it as they do,
And--
Ignore the hatred in their hearts
And the fire
burning
consuming
devouring

That is within them kindled
By the sparks of square,
square
pegs.

Away from them the sea licks cleans,
As all is stilled the moon lowers,
caressing the wagging tails and hot lips and
biting jaws that sing
to the dying day and rising night
and wail
to the rising day and falling night
and are forever
forever
forever

trapped in it all
by it all
for it all.

For this has been before
And shall it always be--
the rising of the
day, and the barking of the
dogs, as they
observe all and are blinded
by all
and sense
all
and are trapped forever by
all.

**EMERGENCY
PROCEDURE IN
THE EVENT OF
NUCLEAR ATTACK**

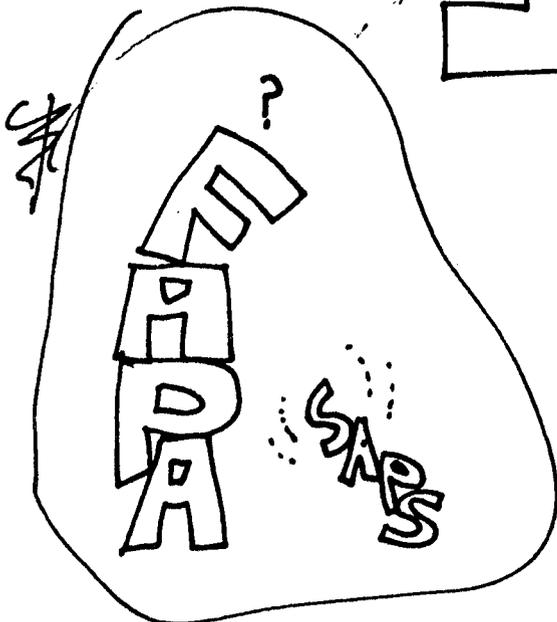
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How about contributing some material?

