

BABY OF MAYBE #4

From:

IRVIN KOCH, Apt 16, 440 Diplomat Blvd, Cocoa Beach, FL 32931

And: HANK DAVIS, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854

And: JANET FOX, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523

And: ~~WILEY GROSS, 1111 1/2 E. 12th St, Kansas City, MO 64108~~

GEORGE PROCTOR, 1524 S. Oak, Apt 205, Arlington, TX 76010

Unbelievable, really. MAYBE #13 was fantastic when compared with previous issues I have received.

First off, there actually was a front and back cover, although I bet Glen Brock really didn't appreciate my fillo stuck on his crashed rocket like some oversized Revell Models decal. Too bad there wasn't any interior art to speak of. But I guess I can't have everything. At least the cover was of some crudely drawn female nude type that had been sliced up and pasted on the stencil like some poorly made jig saw puzzle.

The contents has even changed, only one piece of fanfic and your comments at the first implied that you were actually going to stop printing the stuff, if only the readers will wait another year. I'll wait, #13 shows enough promise to warrant the wait, after all, I'm sure you've made commitments you can't break and all of that.

Miss (Mrs.????) Lichtenberg's Star Trek stuff (which really took up far too much of the issue) was fairly interesting reading. Not that Star Trek was that interesting (in fact the majority of the Star Trek screenplays were dismal, putting it politely. Even Ellison wouldn't sign his name to the scripts he did...won't even live up to the fact he did do some scripts) but the fact there are actually people out there still singing the glories of such. I guess it is no worse than collecting old glass insulators or my interest in Tom Corbett Space Cadet comics. (At least I claim nostalgia for Tom Corbett. I used to watch it when I was five and it, along with the old Flash Gordon serials, led to my interest in SF. (Miss Lichtenberg, what's your excuse?))

offutt continues to be the most interesting thing MAYBE has to offer. I hope you will continue to present more comments by him. I look forward to meeting him and the other guests at Dcon.

Davis' rap column is still interesting reading. Placing it at the end of the issue is really a nice idea, it acts as an uplifting force, while fanfic tends to be a downer.

I'm sorry this letter seems so gruff, aside from the fact that I am basically a bastard, I am tired, hot (temperatures were near 100 on this Wednesday) and am trying to come down with the creeping crud or some similar summer time ailment. I actually enjoyed the issue and would like to see more issues in this vein.

JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG, #9 Maple Terrace, Monsey, NY 10952 (Note new address)

Just a quick note to acknowledge your Gnomoclave issue.

Fine job, but too bad you

didn't have any other ST stories.

Also, I disagree emphatically with your oft repeated dogma that stf fen don't want fanfiction in their fanzines. ST zines are almost all fiction (maybe 80% or more). Other than that, I know of several stf zines that use fiction. All I want from a fanzine is fiction with maybe a few short columns, ads, and notes on the doings in fandom. There's no reason that fanfiction should be so bad or so inept that it becomes unreadable or non-entertaining.

I now have about 80 ST zines on my Strekzine list. Two of them just came to my attention this last (hectic due to moving) week. Both are now seeking material for their first issues. (emphasis, as usual, on fiction). One is from Alan E. Andres and Tom Kent (RFD #2, North Berwick,

ME 03906. The other is from Thamzine Bishop, 1840 Applewood Dr, Lakewood, COLO 80215.

Latest news as of today is that IMPULSE #4 is now out and carries another of my stories of the Kraith series (like "T'Zorel" which was in MAYBE as a reprint from IMPULSE). Also PASTAKLAN VESLA #3 is now out with the first half of one of my scripts. And Mary Kissel is about to release another one of the Kraith series.

Regina Marvinny has decided to do the first Kraith novel as a fanovel (a one story, novel length fanzine issue). It's titled Federation Centennial and I ought to be working on it now instead of writing about it. It's scheduled for release next Spring.

Also, Irvin, I want to thank you for publishing the Roster Questionnaire.

Say, you mention you'll be publishing a longer work of near-pro fanfiction. How long? ((12,500 words--your 200,000 is near record but Riverworld Series was originally one fan novel!!!)) Federation Centennial runs just over 50,000 words. I wonder what the record is for a single, one-volume fanfiction publication? The narrative fiction portion of the Kraith series (more than 15 stories so far) will top 200,000 words. In addition there are numberless quasifact articles based on the same extrapolation. There are some tentative plans for putting the whole Kraith series out in a matched volume set of fanzines. The publications in which the pieces appear are so scattered that nobody but Ruth Berman gets them all.

BARBARA MARCZAK, 5906 Cecil Str, Detroit, MI 48210

Thank you for the ish of MAYBE #13. Would like to send you this little thank you for the zine. Very nice of you--wish I could have written sooner--but I've been busy and the like.

Would like to trade 2 clips for other issues of the zine, esp. with STish material in them.

Thank you ever so much. ((Please--the only trades I take are fanzines. Anyway there will be no more STAR TREK issues. One more Jackie Lichtenberg SF story but no more ST--I don't think that is--IMK)) ((The clips were given to Fla. Trek fans))

RON L. CLARKE, 79 Redgrave, Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia

Many thanks for MAYBE #12 (?). You certainly pack in the material! Yeah, I'll trade..and yes, MAYBE does appear to be the US version of TM (to put it from my point of view). I haven't seen STING, not having heard of it before and not, even now having her address.

The cutting up of the cover illos does do something...though just what is the dame doing with the zipper of her pants? The stories I liked most of all in this are "Something Fishy" and "Three Mile Limit". Not going all that much for voodoo cults and all that, I felt slightly estranged with "In Magac..." and "The Old Woman from Antiquity" would have done better with another less revealing title, methinks. I found the article by Joseph Green very well written and enjoyed it - he has good insight into the problems...though I have just read JWC's editorial in ANATOMIE for May, 1971, in which he blasts these kind of 'solutions'. Oh, well.

Good issue, and I'll read with interest future issues.

I'll post off today TM's 19 and 20... you'll be able to understand the LoCs in 20 better by seeing 19. Unfortunately I ran short of copies of TM 20 -dupe played up - so there may be a few pages in TM 20 that are bugged up. Sorry. I'll also mail to you WOMBAT 1 and 2 (when 2 comes out next week - I hope): see if you like 'em.

3 Collingwood Court See you in '75, if not in '73.
((STING, Jane Hales, 2B Sheriton Rd, Folkestone, Kent, UK--IMK))

ROSE HOGUE, 1067 W.26th St, San Pedro, CA. 90731

Hi!

Have been immensely enjoying MAYBE AND BABY OF MAYBE!!! MAYBE has come a long way from the first issue I saw back in '69 sometime.

My favorite cover is #10's such a professional one!! Do hope that you have more Tom Foster covers planned for the future! Also #13's by Glen Brock is also excellent!! ((Foster gafiated))

Muchly enjoyed "T'Zorel" hadn't realized that ST stories were becoming so well written--have begun to notice them leaking over into fanzines more and more often...and most often poorly written and hardly worth the time spent reading them. Anyway found the situation raised in "T'Zorel" to be most entertaining and the story to be written quite well--would have made a nice script for a show...((ST writers much better than SF...long story on that.))

Looking at Glen Brock's cover again too bad he didn't label the dead astronaut with the letters USSR or whatever their space letters are for the last catastrophe (not that it was a whole catastrophe but the landing sure was..was most shocked and really felt depressed...sorry that it had to happen to anyone...and hope that the future flights will be more safe for the cosmonauts and astronauts as a result of this).((Drawing and pub done before disaster--IMK))

May all be happy and well with you and MAYBE!!!!

ALEX VITEK, 487 Prentis, #3, Detroit, MI 48201

Regarding MAYBE #12, there are some questions, points, etc. on my mind for this IoC. I must congratulate you for your attempt to come out with a 'zine devoted to fan-fiction. Most of the fanzines that I have seen tend to avoid this for one reason or another. As you said, you will continue to accept contriubtions, but your standards are tighter. I am sure that trying to collect enough fan-fiction that is well-written is a chore. Again, I congratulate you.

Of course, it is your fanzine, but what are your reasons for devoting the entire issue to fiction? My own tastes run to a 'zine which contains some fiction, articles on the field, letters, art work, etc. This way there is a wider range in the audience, but of course, it is harder to satisfy one segment of the readers.((See page 2, MAYBE #13--IMK))

As it is, I enjoyed most of the stories in issue #12. By most I mean all but "Three Mile Limit" by Cross. This one I just could not get into. Both "Something Fishy", by Pumilia, and "The Old Woman from Antiquity", by Murray, are tying for first place in my opinion. I've encountered both ideas before, but I enjoyed the way the two individual authors wrote the stories the way they did. For one thing, "Old Woman", written by a woman, came across very well. I found the right emotions there, the ones I would expect someone in that position to feel.

"Fish" was written with the right amount of horror to make it downright decent.

Enough for the stories. I saw Williamson's letter on Science Fiction courses, and I will write to him about one class which involves SF as part of its teaching method. The course is entitled: Utopianism, Futurism, and Science Fiction, and is being taught at Montieith College at Wayne State University in Detroit. My opinion is that the course is bad, not because of the content (Heaven Førbid) but because of the instructor. He cannot lead a discussion (the philosophy of the college is that the students will learn more from a total discussion rather than from a cut and dry lecture) and as a result, he fails in his intended purpose.

The following is something you can put in the next issue if you like. It reads as follows (you do not have to use my exact words): A few fans in Detroit, Michigan would like to hold informal picnics a couple of times this summer. All fans in the area of Detroit and Michigan are invited.

If someone is interested, write me as soon as possible. The exact details are not yet available, but if I have your name and address I can notify you as soon as possible. (Use my above address).

VERNE O'BRIAN, 1320 Arthur Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89101

Read MAYBE #11 and appreciate the chance to trade. Will send STARWORLDS to your new address in Chat. and hope you enjoy our humble efforts.

I thot the fiction in your 11th issue quite good, but frankly the best and most informative piece was "Filtration" by Hank Davis.

Layout seemed crowded and out of balance but imagine you are trying to include as much material as possible.

As a new N3F member I rec'd a pack of 'zines from Janie Lamb which included MAYBE #2. Keep up the good work and best regards.

BOB WEINBERG, 127 Clark Str, Hillside, NJ 07205

Strangely enough, I did send you a copy of MS #5 but I guess it never reached you. I have been having a hell of a time with the Post Office these days. Herewith, then, is a copy of #5. The story, unfortunately, is not one of the more popular ones of the series. After several rereadings I have to agree with those who condemn the rather mundane ending. Neither Paul or I realized at the time the letdown that occurred. Oh, well...

What exactly is happening with MS is a good question. Some time back I sold Jerry Page a Smith story, and he has four more in his possession now, as he indicated he would be interested in running the series. All of these stories are new. However, I have not seen a copy of WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY #3 as of this date, and I have not heard from Page in a couple of months. If the magazine does last and the stories appear, it is doubtful that the fanzine will continue to run Smith stories, tho I probably will continue to publish. Time will tell on this.

The list of Smith stories that are scheduled to appear or have appeared in the back of MS is pretty much out of date and in some cases, it is just wrong. It is best ignored.

I am so-o-o-o busy, it is disgusting. Ph.D. studies are really taking up a lot of time. I also have some really great ideas for short stories and even a novel or two, but I just can't seem to find a satisfactory beginning. (((How about "It was a dark and stormy night; the maid screamed. A pirate ship appeared on the horizon and in a small dusty town in Kansas a boy was growing up."?--JKF)))

CAROL LYNN, 11524 Nashville, Detroit, MI 48205

Enclosed is \$2.50 for six issues of MAYBE.

Your price astounds me. I feel that I can only return the favor. The SF group that I am secretary of, the Wayne Third Foundation publishes a bi-weekly newsletter during the school year. Since we have University funding we send it out FREE to interested parties. If you would like to receive copies send a note to: MARGARET BASTA, c/o the Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102 U.C.B., Wayne State University, Detroit, MI 48202

The newsletter contains fiction and articles and runs about 30 pages mimeo. (Send zines to my address, not to the club, please.) ((I already get their zine via trade--IMK))

DAVE ROWE, 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex, Gt. Britain

I'm afraid I haven't seen a copy of your fic-zine yet, but noted STING #2 said you were desperate for illos as well as stories.

Well, I do illos, if you want some sent trans-atlantic, let me know. If so, could you also tell me what sizes you want

and what form of reproduction you're using (tracing onto stencils, electrostencils or offset-litho, etc.)

Some of my stuff will be appearing in QUICKSILVER #3, QWERTYUIOP #5, LES SPRINGE #24, CYNIC #3, CYPHER #5, CRUCIFIED TOAD #2 & (I hope) VECTOR #58. (And if you don't exchange with any of those & wish to, I'll send you a list of addresses.)

If you know of any other American-fanzine in need of illos, please let me know, or if you could put a note in BABY OF MAYBE, that if any ed tells me what size of illos for what repro (& what subject) he wants, I'll send, then I'd be most obliged to say the least.

If I can be of any other help, just let me know.

Hello:

This unsolicited letter does not come from any list anywhere.

Your name has been chosen at random from the telephone directory. You are one of 100 from each of 50 major cities throughout the United States to eventually receive this form. (From fanzine listing).

You do not have to participate.

If you are not one for reading much

...you will not be interested.

If you do not enjoy the occult...you will not be interested.

If this is the case - please do not destroy this form but pass it on to a friend who does read, and who is interested in stories and articles concerning vampires, monsters, esper faculties, poltergeists, witchcraft, ghouls, yeti, werewolves, and the psychic sciences.

Why do we approach you by this method?

Magazine

racks are crammed with a great variety of publications. Each month new magazines are born and others are suspended. This is because there is less reading public than of yesteryear, and those who do read magazines buy more through the mail than from magazine racks. Add to this the fact that distribution has become a truly complex and expensive problem - and you have real tough sledding for any publisher trying to get out a new magazine.

So we will not publish a magazine.

To meet the problem

we'll issue a quick-print, do-it-yourself specialty item to a specialty audience. The specialty being shock and horror...in the occult. By mail order only.

Not a

magazine. A compilation of stories, articles, and illustrations.

Further details will

be furnished with your first free copy. Free except for 25¢ to help in the cost of handling and mailing.

Write: MOONBROTH, Post Office Box C, Bellevue, WASH 98009

If you don't want to see it, please give this form to a friend who might.

Sincerely,

Dale C. Donaldson, Editor

((all comments in double parenthesis like this without initials are by IMK))

DOROTHY JONES, 6101 Euclid Ave, Bakersfield, CA 93308

Just getting around to straighten up fanzines. I see where MAYBE has a number by address and this means the last one.

Well, I'm sorry but I do not like Star Trek well enough to read any zine about same. So as last two of your zines are mostly ST material count me out. OK?

Up to no. 12, I was eager to receive and read MAYBE, believe me.

How come the switch, Irv?

So now we will see some action in N3F hm? What is to be your platform?

I really am not expecting an answer as I remember the beginning line in last letter. "I did not plan to write you _____ however _____"

As for running for directorate, no - no - no - you scared me off with all that paper work.

Rose tells me you have moved to Florida. Well, great ! My rival state, uh! Just kidding! Bakersfield is Hot - Hot, and I'd like to move to a cooler climate, myself.

My in-laws up near Va. say it has rained and rained there.

Well, gee, I'm sorry to pull away from MAYBE. But when you revert back to old MAYBE or change topics again, I'll rejoin you. OK?

Happy summer! Happy running for President !!(N3F) Maybe against Nixon? You'll have to beat him to China. That's his punch line for re-election. He is wasting his time to get My vote --me no vote for him.

((You write interesting letters.

MAYBE has not become a strekzine. #13 has 70% ST stuff, #14 will have 20% borderline ST stuff, #15 & 16 as well as #14 will be similar to #9-12 except #16 will be all IMK material, and #17 will be one 16,000 wd story as good as pro!--IMK))

STEPHEN GREGG, PO Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677

Enclosed is a check for 50¢ in payment for MAYBE #12 --which you sent me in trade for ETERNITY.

The reason for this is that ETERNITY is not a fanzine and is not available for trades. #1 is available for \$1. ETERNITY is a semi-professional (perhaps I should say professional and let it go at that) sf magazine. Its contents are purchased and it will be printed by photo-offset. The cost of producing #1 will be somewhere around \$700 by the time it is printed. At that rate I can't afford to send it out in trade to anyone.

ETERNITY #1 which will be sent to the printer shortly (ads have already appeared in F & SF, with others coming up elsewhere) contains cover art by Steve Fabian, interior art by Jack Gaughan, James Dorr, Rohn Sutton, Mike Gilbert, Jim McLeod, and others; a 10,000 wd novelet by Andrew Cffutt; a 6000 wd short story by Joseph Green, short stories by Bill Kunkel and Greg Benford; an article by Philip K. Dick, poetry by Roger Zelazny and Susan Clark; humor by W.G. Bliss; book reviews by Richard Delap, Jeff Clark, and Fred Patten. A really good line-up, if I do say so myself.

For #2 I've already purchased fiction by Glen Cook and Edward Bryant, have promises of articles by two other pros, promise of book reviews by the same three reviewers, and artwork by much the same people. It too will be a good one.

Anyway, that's the reason I'm not trading ETERNITY out. Hope you understand--And why not try a copy of ETERNITY yourself?

MARY H. SCHAUB, Box 218 c/o C.S. Schaub, Apex, NC 27502

I noticed in the latest issue of YANDRO that your fanzine MAYBE #13 is mainly devoted to Star Trek fan activities. I have been following with interest the ST fiction and non-fiction by Jacqueline Lichtenberg in other zines, and I would appreciate your sending me a copy of MAYBE #13 (and #14 when it comes out). I enclose my check for \$1.

!!!!Special BABY OF MAYBE bonus offer for the discriminating collector of the Graphic Arts!!!!

While running off B of M #4 our illustrious editor in chief, IMK, caught his I love Spiro Agnew T-shirt in the mimeo and ran off 7,383 copies of himself. To receive a first run issue of IMK send \$4.95 postpaid and an unchewed cover from BABY OF MAYBE. You will not wish to delay as IMK will be a limited edition (he began to get grainy and blurry after the first 7,382 copies.)--JKF

The above sample of Janet's humor is what I get for sending her page 6 & 7 of this to do after she thought she was finished with BABY 4. One more of these and she finds out what happens to cute girls no more than 7 1/2 years older or younger than I am. --IMK

Hank Davis does not get to fool with BABY so I'll give him a free plug. He now has, in very limited quantities, for FREE, his own fanzine, 125 MEXICAN MUMMIES. It is an ultra-sercon personal-zine with the Davis touch for not getting over-done. If interested, write him. --IMK--- The space below is reserved for Joe Floyd.

Time passes..... More time passes.... Still more time passes.... No Joe Floyd; he must have been tangled up by his little theatre group again. I don't feel like going back with a black marker(all the stencils besides these last two of BABY have already been run) to cross out Joe's name and the announcement about his Andre Norton bit but since 2/3 of the people who get MAYBE get BABY too: it looks like it will all be in #15 as originally planned. So here are two letters that came in too late even for the two pages I sent Janet late:*****

MARY H. SCHAUB, box218 c/o C.S.Schaub, Apex, N.C.27502 20Aug71

MAYBE #13 arrived yesterday, and since it had come by 3d class mail, I thought I would send this note to your TN address in case you had moved in(or from)Florida. It was either in YANDRO or LOCUS that I noticed that several fans joined you(or vice versa)for the Apollo launch--that must be an exciting experience to witness in person. I have seen almost all of the launches on TV since Alan Sheperd's sub-orbital flight, and the coverage this time, with that RCA camera on the moon, was NEARLY as good as being there. (see next page for the bit on my address))

I joined the SFC a while back; from their latest membership list, it looks like Southern fandom is growing. I am of the isolated, hermit persuasion, introduced to fandom when I started collecting ST zines and began to write to Buck Coulson and Devra Langsam. Since then, I have subscribed to a number of zines, and at the moment have a batch of poetry and whatnot due to come out in the next issues of IMPULSE and PASTAKLAN VESLA. I read Jacqueline L's "T'Zorel" in IMPULSE, but I hadn't seen her letter on ST fandom, and that was quite

interesting. I tend toward Ruth Berman's style of serious ST fiction, but then I like logic(reasonable enough--I majored in math education). Otherwise in MAYBE 13, I must say that Offutt's letter was the first thing of his that I've read anywhere that I found attractive(he is a rather outspoken sort): he's older than I would have thought, and certainly industrious! I was interested to see some biog. data on Kelly Freas, having seen some of his work in LOCUS and elsewhere. Looking forward to MAYBE 14.

NORM HOCHBERG, Benedict College Rm E-013, StonyBrook, NY 11790
I enjoyed MAYBE 10 though I found certain things annoying. For one, your abominable practice of starting new paragraphs right below the ending of the old one.((Nonstopparaphrasing is a substitute for skipping lines between para.))For god's sake that's what the return lever is for! I really dug "Rainmaker" and "The New Acid." The letters were fine too as were the fnz reviews.

One other annoying thing was page 22's missing piece of artwork. That's crass unprofessionalism.((Hank's a pro, So is Janet, not me.)) The Schalles cartoon was a waste of 3 pages. By the way, if Hank is editor of a zine subtitled "Worlds of FanFiction", how does he come off saying "...a piece of fanfiction which, since it was fanfiction, I skipped naturally?" It doesn't sound sarcastic. ((I controlled submissions. No more. #17 in Mar72 will use up the stuff I accepted so...))

Anyway, I'd like to continue trading our zines(on an all-for-all basis if possible)so here's XYRMPH2. XYRMPH is always open for submissions of moderate length. If you get anything too long for MAYBE(or if you just plain reject something)why not drop our name in your redeclip. Please. Thanks a lot.((better yet, since Hank probably won't take any fanfiction under the new regime, all you people pass the word--XYRMPH is taking MAYBE's place as champion of the lost cause of the primarily straight SF fanfiction fanzine. ...IMK))

-oOo-

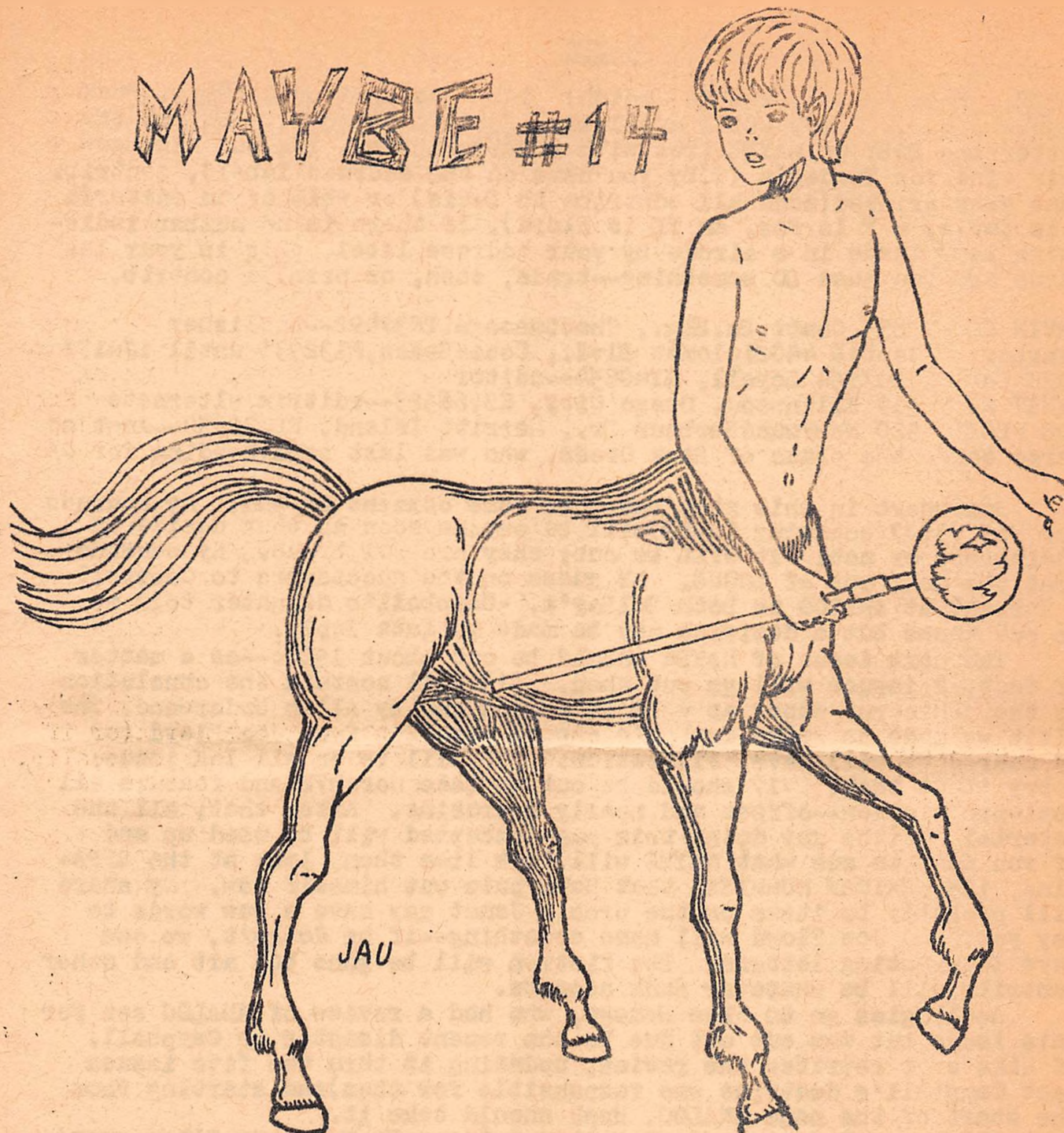
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FROM: Irvin Koch
835 Chatt.Bk.Blg.
Chattanooga, TN.37402
or
apt16 440 Diplomat Blvd)
CocoaBeach, FL.32931)
until 1July72 0

PRINTED MATTER, 3d Class
Mail

TO

MAYBE #14



THIS ISSUE CONTAINS

1 cover by Allan Underwood....2d page by Irvin Koch, 3 Letter and discussion by Darrel Schweitzer & Hank Davis, 4 (art) Dan Osterman, 6 "Attenuating Circumstances" story by Jackie Lichtenberg (art by Geo. Proctor, 7 (art) Jeff Schalles, 9 A sneak fanzine review by HD, 10 "The Unicorn" part 1 of 2--story by E.P. Berglund (art by Underwood and "C.L. of Knoxville for whose ID a reward exists), 12 (art) Geo. Proctor, 15 (story) "A Promise" by Carol Blalock, 16 (art) Bill Guy, 17 (art) Bill Rotsler, 18 (story) "The Eyes of John Black", (art) Osterman, 19 (art) Osterman, 22 "Filtration"--Hank Davis (art in this sec. by Rotsler--pp22-25 may be missing if they don't get in in time--the Worldcon happened in the middle of trying to put this issue out), 26 ending of Fox's story + more sneak reviewing by Davis.

MAYBE

MAYBE, this is #14, the 2d annish! It costs 2/1 or 6/32.50. Back issues #6,10, & 12 are still available. Send to Koch. You get the letterzine BABY OF MAYBE free with a subscription. You can also get this zine for Trades(a (T)by you name on the address label), contrib. that gets printed(send all contribs to Davis) or whim of an editor(a D is Davis, a F is Fox, an FL is Floyd). If there is no number indicating last issue in a circle by your address label, this is your last issue and you must DO something--trade, cash, or printed contrib.

IRVIN KOCH, 835 Chatt.Bk.Blg., Chattanooga, TN37402--publisher
(maybe...)apt16 440Diplomat Blvd., CocoaBeach, FL32931 until 1Jul72
HANK DAVIS, BOX154 Loyall, KY40854--editor
JANET FOX, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS.66523--editrix alternate
JOE FLOYD, 320 NewFoundHarbour Dr., Merritt Island, FL.32952--Asst at large takes the place of Rick Cross, who was last seen heading for CA.

Somewhere in this zine there is some comment on W&S. My sources say W&S #3(#7 counting COVEN)will be out as soon as they decide on adding 8pp or not. It WILL be out; they are NOT broke., My sources beat the hell out of LOCUS. MY guess on the successors to Campbell & Tarrant at ANALOG is both DelRey's. -Campbell's daughter told me no one knows but a decision may be made in late Sep71.

The next issue of MAYBE should be out about 15Dec--as a matter of fact, 2 issues will go out then. #15 will contain the conclusion to the "Unicorn" story as well as a good one by Allan Underwood. The visit we made to Andre Norton's should have 2pp from Joe Floyd and of course we will have "Filtration". #16 will be an all INK issue; sorry 'bout that. #17 should be out in late March72 and feature all semi-pro fiction--offset and nearly a prozine. After that, all the material INK(the guy doing this page)accepted will be used up and if you want to see what MAYBE will look like then, look at the SFPA-zine, 125 MEXICAN MUMMIES, that Hank puts out himself now. My share will probably be items on the pros. Janet may have a few words to say yet, and Joe Floyd will have something--if he doesn't, we can have interesting letters. The fiction will be gone but art and other contribs will be whatever Hank accepts.

Apollogies go to Mike Ramage, who had a review of ANALOG set for this issue but was cut out due to the recent disaster re Campbell. If Mike ever rewrites the review, updating it thru the five issues past Campbell's death(he was responsible for them)and starting from the start of the name ANALOG, Hank should take it.

There is also mention of Dallas folding.No vote was taken-even!! Though I had switched to Toronto anyway previously due to bad news about lack of parties at D-con plus comix hordes, this was bad.

((material in double parentisis like this is an editorieal interruption with the editor's initials or none if they are INK. Who MAD is I fear to guess.))

Come to think of it #9 is available as a backish also.

Concerning my temporary address above, I'm down in APOLLO land working for Patrick AFB as an Industrial Engr. of sorts. Tho I may still work for the AirForce after 1July72, don't use the FL address as it will probably change one way or another and--I know I'm missing 3d class nonforwarded mail from the Knoxville move, don't agravate it. The Chattanooga address is a permanent forwarding address good for at least as long as my father lives--I figure him good for 20-40 more years. -oOo- Due to unheard-of speed by Joe Floyd, part I of the Norton visit report will be in BABY#4 which goes to subscribers of this issue. -oOo-

Shall we start off this rousing ish with a rousing letter from aroused, inimitable DARREL SCHWEITZER? Indeed we shall. Viz.

DARREL SCHWEITZER, 113 Deepdale Rd, Strafford, PA 19087

I reviewed one of your issues for PEGASUS and the review should be coming out soon. I'm going to offer Frank Lunney a fanzine column, and if he accepts this current ish will be reviewed.

Uh, enclosed is another one of my epics. This one a fable. I'm glad to see that you are in the market for this type of thing, which is why I was glad to see "The Blue Wanderer," even if it was badly written and made little sense. However, since the author sez it was written when he was a freshman in high school, and I look back on what I wrote at that age, I realize it's absolutely fableulous, but still why bother to publish it? That description of my first story that you read in "The Writer" is true, naturally, since that's my autobiography you just published. (In case you're wondering how I escaped, it seems that three or four steps up the chain of creation somebody wrote a classic which became an immortal part of the world's literature, so I survived. But poor Melvin didn't make it. I've given up writing novels that are more than three million words long. Actually, the truth is I escaped the same way Dracula does so he can make another movie. ((I told them they should have coated that wooden stake with epoxy before driving it in! ...HD))

Like I said in the PEG review, I am a great believer in criticism in LoC's (told all the PEG readers to write you a LoC) ((The curse of the doomed faned be on you. ...IMK)), so I shall hereby criticize. I think you should encourage such things because it is useless to publish fanfic without criticism. (And if you think I'm gonna take the trouble to write to each Author separately, think again.)

Well, John's language is terribly stilted, the opening seems lifted out of Tolkein, it isn't really a fable because fables are allegories to illustrate a distinct moral lesson. Remember the fable about the blind men and the elephant? That's to show that blind men should not pull elephant's tails unless they want to get trampled. To pull this kind of thing off well requires a tremendous command of language, so it can be done as a prose poem rather than a story. Needless to say, this is very hard to do. Probably the only guy who really could do it well was Lord Dunsany.

re John's letter: He might be interested to know that I publish a fanzine that contains a lot of fiction.

Janet Fox's "Stoned" (title a poor joke) is terrible, definitely the worst story of hers I've seen. Usually she can handle herself well, but this story looks a great deal like an effort by someone who has never written anything before. Like she didn't even get it clear to us how many characters there are, or what they are in the story for. Characterisation is nil. When the artist is chiseling, Lianna seems upset. Why? This story is hopeless. Why did you ever bother to print it? The ending seems to be an imitation of the worst fault of HPLovecraft - the strained "shock" ending.

I did not appreciate the changes you made in my story. I think my title is much better, and tends to add to the overall effect. And you diffused my ending. Even if you did omit the statement by the police about being unable to find the body, you should have at least ended the last sentence with a dash, as to give the cut-off effect I wanted.

Regardless of what you did, you should have consulted me first.

By the way, **this is** an autobiography, and the thing is true. The fanzines mentioned on p.10 are THIRD FOUNDATION (2 serials) and CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ (75% of issue). Readers may be interested to know that I have started to write the third in that long series I mentioned. (The first is "Death of the Sky

Dragon" in CANTICLES 6, the second is "The Kingdom of the Air" on which I have received no word, and the third is "The Lords of the Mountain" which is in the works. The rest of the autobiography stands by itself.

Interested in the Page letter.

Among other things, if you want to help W&S ((WITCHCRAFT & SORCERY ...HD)) you could plug it, and print announcement when each issue appears, since most or all of your readers will not be able to get it on the stands and will have to send away for it. You ask why not subscribe, well, the zine seems too unstable now (informed sources say #6 is delayed till May) that I don't wanna risk my money. I subbed to SPACEWAY for three issues, and just made it. I'll have to see if W&S can last that long and can maintain any kind of schedule before I would consider subscribing. However, I would buy each issue thru the mail when it comes out. But I have to know when since I will undoubtedly never see one on the stands.

My own impression of W&S #5 was that it was crudely laid out, had generally terrible artwork and from the few stories I've read, material that would be marginal for fanzines. There's no excuse for it either, especially in the art dept. because they have people like Jones & Kirk who can do beauti-



ful covers (see Kirk cover on the April FORGOTTEN FANTASY). The fiction, things like the van Vogt, the Rocklynne, and the Howard looked like rejects from better paying markets to me.

But I have hopes for the magazine; it can't do anything but improve. The format, altho better for artwork, is a mistake because it will get the zine placed next to CREEPY & Co.

My first reaction to Hank's Column is amazement. I can't see why he'd devote all his time to reading stories for the poll. I mean, it's just not that important. What I did was vote off the top of my head and I did not list 50 pre-1940 because I couldn't find enough to merit it. I think 1940 was a bad cutoff date, because it puts all the "Golden Age" material in with the moderns, and leaves virtually nothing in the earlier period. In the magazines SF didn't really start to get good until Campbell took over ASFOUNDING in 1938, so that doesn't leave much.

I'm sure everyone has his own ideas of what the glaring omissions from Hank's list are: Mine are: "The Squirrel Cage" by Disch, "For A Breath I Tarry" - Zelazny, "The Serpent of Kundilini" by Aldiss, and "Behold the Man" by Moorcock (all from NEW WORLDS. Methinks Hank doesn't read that magazine.) Also "The 12th Bed" by Koontz from F&SF.

I personally have never been able to see what anyone sees in Lovecrypt's "The Shadow Out of Time", but then Hank sez he didn't appreciate "First Contact", so I guess that amounts to nothing.

I think it might be interesting if somebody took a poll of the worst sf stories of all time. (Tell me, would this send Hank wading thru crud to find the absolute worst?) This would be very original since everybody is taking a best poll. Tell you what, I'll do it, so send your nominations to me. (Pleas plug this. I'm serious.) Categories are Novel, novella, short story. Classification works like the Hugos. Oh, yes. I think while we're at it we might do worst dramatic, worst artist, worst prozine. Leave it at that. Ten nominations in each catefory please. No deadline as yet. My own first choices are: First Lensman, "Riders of the Purple Wage" (Farmer), "The Pirates of Eros" (F. A. Kummer, AMAZING 11/38). Teenagers From Outer Space, M. Brundage (WEIRD TALES cover artist) and SPACEWAY (1969-70).

I'll give the results out to any zine that publicises me.

Oh yes, in the spirit of the changing field, one more catefory: worst original anthology. My first vote is Dangerous Visions.

Get your nominations in!

((Davis here... I agree with you that if one publishes fan fiction, one should publish letters criticising the same -- if people write them, which they usually don't. The point is moot, however, since the fan fiction in MAYBE is coming to an end.//Interesting; the Fox story confused Irvin too, as to which character was which, but it did not confuse me, so I can merely say: interesting.//Good point to be made here: the changes were made by Irvin, as have been all changes in stories and articles. I wouldn't dream of changing a single golden word that anybody writes. I even was reluctant to correct a couple of obvious typos in this letter. I even repressed my love of hard science and didn't change that part in your story where the iceberg was drifting toward the North Pole. Icebergs drift away from the poles because, y'know, the earth rotates. But, anyway, Irvin is the proper object of your wrath and when you get hold of him, best to be content with torturing him a bit. If you kill him, according to the Sacred Code of the Faneds, I shall have to track you down in a vengeance quest, assisted by my faithful Ralph the Wonder Asparagus. // Your informed sources didn't quiet have it right, for W&S #6 came out in March. ("Your calculations are a bit off, Admiral Nelson, we're still in drydock." - MAD) Let me get this straight now, You don't want to sub to W&S because it might fold, but you have subbed to NEW WORLDS, which threatened to fold every other issue. My sub to SPACEWAY had not expired when it folded, and I was offered a refund or credit toward purchases of F.P.C.I. books. Quite a contrast with my sub to NEW WORLDS, which was for twelve issues, of which I received nine, and not all of those were consecutively numbered. Even if the mails, not the publisher, was at fault, the point still holds that W&S is no risk at all. So you will subscribe now. Immediately. You will take out your checkbook and send \$3.00 for six issues to Fantasy Publishing Company, Inc., 1855 W. Main St., Alhambra, CA 91801. You will - I mean, you will do this now. Come back here! You can't leave this room yet! You didn't salute or even click your heels first... // Ha Ha and ho, you just think the poll isn't that important. A leading sf magazine publishes the results of a poll of the best sf stories of all time -- and where do you think the mundanes will be going to find out which stories are, according to "all" sf readers, the creme de la creme. Yes. As you should have noted from the dates of my reading the pre-1940 stories, however, my hurried reading of the pre-1940 stories had little effect. The change that Campbell made, sweeping as it was, wasn't all that sweeping. Good stories in the pre-Campbell mags were scarce, but not nonexistent. Indeed, JWC wrote several himself, before his editing days. And I'll let my list of fifty stand as defining my disagreement. If I had been able to put together a list of only ten gpod pre-1940 stories, I would have. I could have made the list longer - adding Leinster's "The Power Planet," for one. Jack Williamson's "Nonstop to Mars" for another...//I've read all but the Aldiss story. As you see, I wouldn't have to go wading through the crud, having read many NEW WORLDS stories. The Disch is fun, but minor. The Moorcock is eecch! Zelazny's "Breath" would have gotten in if the list had been extended another 20 titles, as would have Koontz's "A Darkness in My Soul".))

MAYBE

ATTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES *

by JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG, 9 Maple Terrace, Monsey, NY 10952

"Captain, by the time we rendezvous with the Fliegelite delegation I must have fully open communication channels with Earth. True, I am an experienced diplomat, but nobody has experience with the Fliegelites and my instructions are far from complete. Any number of circumstances could arise where uncertainty on my part could be permanently disastrous to all of humanity. I'm not telepath enough to keep their telepaths from sensing uncertainty. Now, you can bet that since Earth chose to send a telepathic diplomat, the Fliegelites will do the same; so, get busy and open that com-channel!"

"Mr. Jaquith, calm down and be reasonable," answered the Captain, himself close to apoplexy as usual. "You know that Sivets is the best telecomtech in the Service as well as the only one who has ever dealt with the Fliegelites. You must know his reputation, after all he is a member of your guild. Rest assured that if anything can be done to reestablish communications, Sivets will do it."

"Captain, I do know his reputation all too well," Jaquith said, a faraway look in his eyes. "Do you know what he is doing right now? He is opening his mail from our last stop, Port Blanc!" The teleplomat turned on his heel and stalked off the bridge of the miniship Prove.

The Captain held his breath until the door had slid shut behind Jaquith, then bellowed, "Sergeant! Sergeant!"

"Yes, Sir. Right here, Sir!"

"Get down to the com-shack and see what progress is being made on this com problem, and see that more is made faster."

"Yes, Sir. I'm on my way!"

The Sergeant arrived at the door of the tiny radio shack and took a deep breath...

"Ahhh, Sergeant!" Sivets interrupted smoothly turning from his littered desk with a genial smile, "Just the man I wanted to see. Sit down, have a cup of coffee."

Caught completely off balance, the Sergeant just about choked on his indrawn breath, swallowed twice and said, "What have you been doing...?"

Sivets cut him off in mid-sentence. "Opening my mail, of course. First chance I've had to relax since we left Port Blanc what with our frantic diplomat screaming to open channels that are simply non-existent at this point in space. Finally, he is going to sleep and I can have a thought of my own. Do, please do sit down, Sergeant, I have something I'd like to show you."

The Sergeant rocked on his toes considering tactics. Deciding that his usual parade ground bullying would get nowhere this time, he sat down and began a sincere pep-talk approach. "Look, Sivets, you can't give up now, we're all depending on you. You can do it if you really try. Here, I have an idea! If your com-channels are non-existent in this part of space, why not try relay to go around the obstruction?"

Sivets opened the magazine he had been reading, "The Telepanic Review" to the Desperate Measures section displaying a twelve color wiring diagram.

"I'm not giving up, Sergeant, I am just all out of ideas."

*Sequel to "Hum Drum Affair" in IMK #4 & Last - 1965. This story was written in 1967. ...IMK



I've tried everything I could think of including relay. Nothing works. Getting angry and frantic is not going to help, it can only hinder." Sivets turned the magazine over to hold the place, pushed papers aside, and got out two coffee mugs. "Now look here on my desk, Sergeant," he said, indicating a neatly typed list pressed under the transparent desk top, "This is the standard troubleshooting sequence. When you **reach** the bottom, you start over again at the top." He dialed for coffee and filled the mugs. "It is a sequence of twenty basic techniques with about fifteen variations for each one. I've been over the list four times, and all I have to show for it is a growing conviction that it can't be done."

The Sergeant looked at the list of words such as toostry, panicsee, and jamath. "What the heck is toostry?"

"Jargon abbreviations, of course. That one means check the telepathic booster circuitry. The panicsee are part of the toostry. Panicsee means pantransic selective electrodes and elements.

"Sergeant, my equipment is in working order, but I cannot establish communication with my contact on Earth; therefore, this is not the proper equipment to use from this point in space. The only thing to do, as I see it, is being done as fast as possible - to move from this point in space. Every few hours I will give it a try, but other than that, there is nothing I can do."

The Sergeant took one last gulp of his coffee and stood up. "Look, Sivets, right now you're up an alley, but if you keep working I know you will lick this one like you did all the others. Whatever you do, try to look busy at least." He turned to leave.

"If it will make the Captain feel better, you can tell him that I'm doing some library research on the problem," Sivets offered.

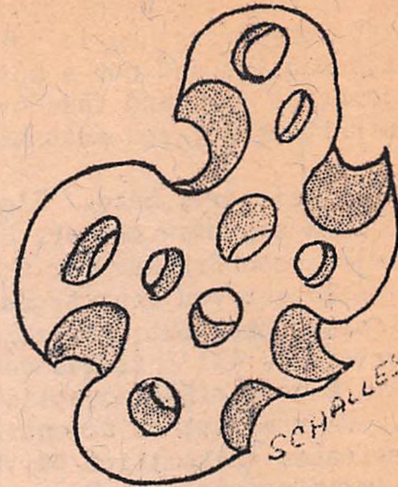
The Sergeant gave him a look usually reserved for hopelessly annoying infants and headed for the bridge, while Sivets turned to his magazine.

Four hours later, Sivets looked up from his magazine and peered nearsightedly at the chronometer on the wall over his desk. Memory galvanized him to action. Quickly, he activated his equipment and ran through the check sequence again with little result. Extricating himself from the confines of his horseshoe control desk, he carefully polished the glass of the tastefully inconspicuous framed diploma which proclaimed him Foster Sivets, T.K., T.P., T.K.X., and headed for the computer room - the centrally located nerve center of the scout ship.

Being only a mini-ship, Prove had no space to waste, not even on such essential functions as computation. A tall man like Sivets had to keep his head cocked in a perpetual nod when standing in the computer room, so he always preferred to sit down as soon after entering as possible - and stay seated regardless of who entered.

Sivets ducked through the computer room door, sidled past the massive main memory bank, poured himself into the control seat of the main computer, and then looked up at the Mathematician. "Hello, Lieutenant, do you suppose you could spare about an hour machine time?" he asked amiably.

Surprised, the Lieutenant turned from the keypunch console and stared at Sivets openmouthed. "Ahhh..." He started again, "Sivets, one of these days..., one of these



Surprised, the Lieutenant turned from the keypunch console and stared at Sivets openmouthed. "Ahhh..." He started again, "Sivets, one of these days..., one of these days, Sivets, your arrogance is going to get you into a lot of trouble. You're just lucky I'm a scientist and not a spit-and-polish man. Formalities notwithstanding, you can't just sit down and take over the main computer any time you feel too lazy to do your own arithmetic, you must have the Captain's authorization."

"Bill, you know I'm not officially military, here. I'm only civil service. Of course I take orders from the Captain like any crew member, but I'm not military. As for the Captain's authorization...we've been friends for a long time, you know I wouldn't ask you to do anything that would get you into trouble. The Captain would authorize me to use the computer, if I asked him, but he's asleep now, and I thought it better not to disturb him with such trivia." All this was delivered smoothly in a "be reasonable" tone of voice. He went on in a more offended attitude, "And you should have more respect for my brand of science. We use just as scientific an approach, and get just as tangled up in the more sophisticated mathematics as the purely physical scientist! At the moment I need some multiple integrals solved by successive approximation and some curve fitting, and a little circuit design problem untangled, and then I may be able to see a way through our current communications difficulty. So, can you spare about an hour of machine time or do I have to wake the Captain up and get a priority order?"

"How can you be so ingratiating?"

"Oh, it's part of the professional training."

"O.K., you can have the machine for an hour, but I'm using the keypunch," said the Lieutenant giving with one hand and taking with the other.

"Never mind, I'll hand program," said Sivets turning to the console. "Turn on the power, I'm all ready."

"The things I do in the name of friendship."

An hour and a half later, Sivets thanked the Mathematician curtly and headed for the ship's store on the double, hugging a sheaf of IBM printouts. There he located a spare roll of mooring cable and headed for the power room, where he carefully measured the ship's magnetic grapples and appropriated a coil of copper wire. On his way to the forward gunnery, he stopped off to check if his own equipment were functioning again, found that it wasn't, and began to tear it apart rather methodically. From the gunnery blister, he appropriated a spare sighting mechanism and a precision stop watch, then, noticing that the Captain was just waking up, he headed for the Captain's quarters.

Knocking, he entered almost before the sharp order, "Come!" was in the air. "Captain, I think I have the answer to our problem!"

"Sivets," the Captain started, wrapping his robe around himself hastily, "Don't you..." His habitual anger evaporated swiftly. "You what?"

"Captain, look," said Sivets, displaying the printout with pride. "All I need is three men, one a welder, and authority to build this gadget and operate it and I will have at least one clear open channel to Earth within about three hours."

The Captain peered farsightedly at the printout.

"What is it?"

"Antenna," answered Sivets in an "of-course" tone. "With amplifier. You see, I use my mechteep generator as a power source modulated from the toostry." Now he began to get really excited. "You see," he said pointing to various places on his diagram. "Here and here I'll need boosters, and here we'll have the directional transmitter control, and..."

"Just a minute! I thought telepathic transmission was nondirectional?"

"Well, yes. I mean, it has always been thought to be, but for us, right now, the trouble seems to be a kind of cloud or foggy area between us and Earth. The particles that form this cloud scatter and thus attenuate the telepathic signal to such an extent that I actually believed there was no channel at all. Now I believe it is there, but very very faint. Captain, do you realize that this could be one of the biggest breakthroughs in the science of telepathic communication? I was just reading where a man postulated the existence of such a cloud...and now we've run into it!"

The Captain became thoughtful. "Do you suppose the Fliegelites could have chosen this meeting place for that very reason? That there is an obstruction in our line of communication, and not in theirs gives them the distinct advantage, doesn't it? Or could it be artificial? Could they have put it there?"

"Do I have your permission to try to build this antenna?"

"Yes, yes, Sivets, build it." He scribbled a few words on a note pad and handed Sivets the authority to build and operate his antenna.

"And did it work, Uncle Foster?" Erma asked in her little girl voice.

"Well, Erma, yes it did. As it turned out the Fliegelites hadn't known about the obstructing cloud which does occur naturally, but can be created artificially. In fact, it is the basis for the privacy screen that all houses are equipped with now."

"Show me how the Captain felt when he saw the mess you had made of his ship," demanded Erma. "That's the best part of this story!"

"Well, the Captain was rather upset when he came off the bridge after Jaquith had completed the preliminary round of negotiations, and saw big ugly cables strung down the corridors, odd pieces of equipment welded to the bulkheads here and there, copper wire floating in graceful curves in magnetic fields strong enough to magnetize his watch and steal buttons off his clothes (not to mention insignia). But then you mustn't make fun of the Captain just because he was a bit excitable at times, after all he did order the antenna built, and he did have the graciousness to have it named after me. Now almost every ship is equipped with a built-in Sivets antenna because as we expand across space we find it not uncommon to run into such attenuating circumstances. And now young lady, it's off to bed with you!"

-oOo-

+++++

* A CAUSE FOR REJOICING *

Or, AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW isn't dead, it's only sleeping. Was sleeping, rather. Now it arrogantly rises from the ashes, shakes the cinders from its feathers, doffs its wading boots and inverts them to shake out some more of those furshlugginer cinders, and -- takes flight! for America, U.S. of, and other exotic locales And hereafter that zine shall be known by its new title of SCYTHROP! (Actually, this twenty-second issue is the second one with that name, but don't mess with my epic sweep

John Bangsund, proprietor, offers a fascinating - and, to this reader, frightening - editorial and three excellent sketches of a spaceship. (Drawings of spaceships in a fanzine? Unheard of!) Ursula K. LeGuin writes briefly about her writing, and A. Bertram Chandler writes at greater length about himself and his writing. George Turner argues for Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. The editor writes a short book review section. Con reports. An episode of the Down Under comic strip "Iron Outlaw and Steel Sheila" that is a must for super hero fans - and super hero haters. Signs of life in an old friend are always welcome, even if I would have liked more reviews (did I hear a scream from New York?). For six issues, send \$3.00 to the U.S. agent Andrew Porter 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn NY 11201. Now if only SFR would revive... - Hank Davis.

by EDWARD P. BERGLUND

THE

UNICORN *

PART ONE



Jonas Milner looked at the Univac in front of himself, threw a wadded up computer tape at it, and said, "Damn you, you know it all!"

Alice Milner, standing behind him, asked, "What's wrong, Uncle Jonas?"

He picked up his heavy frame, running a huge hand through the shock of white hair. "The Univac is acting up. It keeps telling me that the Unicorn is not a mythological being. Also, that it isn't even an animal that

*This is obviously an also-ran from the 1965 E&SF "Unicorn & Univac Contest. ...IMK

that originated on this planet."

"Well, just what does the Univac say that the Unicorn is, then?" she asked.

"The Univac says it is an extraterrestrial, but it hasn't sufficient information to locate the place of origin."

"Uncle Jonas, I still believe that nobody cares one way or the other, whether the beings of Greek mythology were real or not. Well, I'm going to prepare dinner now. I'll call you in about an hour and don't get so worked up."

Alice left the room quietly, while her uncle was deep in thought.

Milner looked out the picture window at the sparsely wooded land. He didn't notice the renewed activity of the computer, as his gaze focused on the object about two hundred yards from the house. What he saw, nibbling at a tuft of grass, could only be called one thing - a Unicorn.

The body was a pure white, with the beautiful form and size of a wild stallion. The hind legs were those of an antelope; the tail was that of the king of beasts.

The Unicorn slowly turned its head toward Milner. The blue eyes seemed purer than they actually were, because of the deep red of the finely chiseled head. He could see the single straight horn that jutted out from the forehead, in apparent contempt for humanity. The white base and the bright red tip seemed incongruous with the black body of the horn.

The colors of such a specimen of life were harmonious to Milner.

"Such a magnificent animal couldn't have originated on this planet," he whispered to himself.

He turned to call his niece, but decided against it. She would probably do something to frighten it away.

He stepped through the open door, as the Unicorn turned its head away from him. Milner stopped when he heard the 'voice.'

"Why don't you come closer to me?"

Milner realized with a start that he hadn't 'heard' the voice with his audio nerves; he had 'heard' it in his mind.

He looked around himself, thinking that his mind might have been playing tricks on him. No other living animal was in evidence, except the Unicorn, which was still grazing peacefully.

Could the Unicorn be communicating with me by means of telepathy? Milner thought.

"Yes," came the answer.

"Why should you contact me?" Milner asked with his mind.

"I have had you under constant surveillance for quite some time. In fact, from the time you started using the Univac to help you with the research for the book you are writing on the beings of mythology. You have unerringly stumbled upon our secret -- all of the beings of the Greek mythology are real. We come from the system of Algenib, as you call it, in the constellation Pegasus."

"Why are you here on Earth?"

Am I the only person to find out your secret?"

"We came here long ago, believing that your planet was uninhabited. When we found that it was inhabited, we had to keep ourselves hidden from the more curious. We had to stay to suppress any information about ourselves. Even so, there have been many who have known of us. The ancient Greeks are one. Without knowing it, your race located our home. The star Algenib in Pegasus is our original home. When we started interstellar travel, part of my race migrated to the planet Wyweom in the Horsehead Nebula in the constellation of Orion. The three main types of beings of my race are people like myself, the winged horse,



and the Centaur."

"How did you know I was coming close to your secret?" Milner asked.

The Unicorn leaned its head toward the ground and tore another tuft of grass up. It stood there munching the grass, savoring the flavor. The gaze of the blue eyes left Milner cold and empty inside. It was silent, except for the thoughts running through Milner's mind.

"Do I get an answer?" he asked.

"We don't want your race to become aware of us at the present time. We would be obligated to show them the way into space if we did. First: The people of Earth must learn to make peace among themselves. Second: When peace has been made and easily kept between the nations of Earth, we will reveal ourselves to your race.

"Let's go and see what your Univac says about this matter before us."

Milner and the Unicorn walked back to the house and entered through the still open door. As they approached the Univac, the Unicorn's ears perked up, for the computer had been left on.

"Feed the information you now know to the Univac, and instruct additional information from the memory banks to be correlated with it," the Unicorn ordered.

"Is there any specific information that you want from the banks?" Milner asked.

"The computer will know precisely what is wanted, if you just specify 'prerecorded information'."

Milner looked questionably at the Unicorn, but its pure blue eyes revealed nothing.

"The question," the Unicorn continued, "to be asked is 'what should be done in relationship to the existing information held by the computer?'"

Milner did as he had been ordered. The Univac hummed quietly, then released the coded computer tape with the answer to the question. He fed this into the decoder and was shocked at the agile reasoning of the Univac.

The decoded tape read: "Death to the operator of the computer. Destruction of the Univac in its entirety."

The Unicorn turned toward Milner, looked him squarely in the face, and said, "The Univac has spoken. You are wondering why the Univac has decided as it has. Well, whenever one is built, we blank out the builders' minds and while they are in this state of unconsciousness, we insert a miniaturized 'selector-memory' bank and transmitter into the computer. When key information is fed to a Univac pertaining to my race, a signal is broadcast on a wavelength that is undetectable by the receivers your race have managed to build. In other words, the Univacs located all over the Earth are our sentries.

"The present sit-

uation warrants a re-evaluation of your society, for more and more of our 'sentries' are sending out the alert signal."

Milner let a half-audible sigh escape from his lips, knowing that his life might be spared.

Alice Milner entered the room and stopped when she saw the Unicorn.

"Uncle Jonas, dinner . . . what is that funny looking Horse doing in here?"

The Unicorn turned to find the source of the interruption. Alice started to swoon, but thought better of it. The Unicorn stared deep into her brown eyes and she immediately went into a deep trance.

Milner ran over to his niece and tried to bring her around, but to no avail.

"What have you done to my niece?" Milner shouted at the Unicorn.

"She is in a deep trance. Your concern is very touching, but she will be all right when I bring her out of it.

"Your mind is in a turmoil right now. You are sondering what kind of monster can I be. When my race developed the fullest powers of the brain, we no longer needed weapons, transportation, and the like, for we could accomplish all these with the processes of the mind."

The Unicorn turned and looked out of the window.

"Do you see that deer at the edge of the woods? Watch it closely," The Unicorn said.

Milner looked at the eight-point buck through the window and nodded his head in the affirmative.

The Unicorn concentrated his gaze upon the buck, and the whole figure changed in color -- from bright brown and white markings, to a dull grey. Even the horns, hooves and head took on the unusual coloring. The buck was completely immobile.

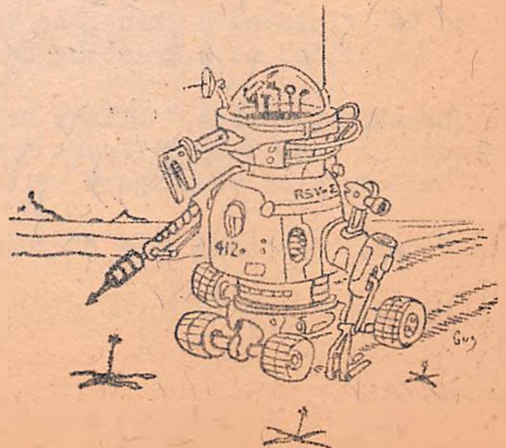
"That is what will happen to you, if the Univac doesn't reverse its present decision. The deer out there is now solid stone. You have heard of the Medusa, one of the Gorgon sisters, of course. All of my race possess this power, among others your race hasn't even thought of yet. Medusa was the only one that was unable to control this power. Subsequently, she didn't possess the power to grant immortality," the Unicorn said.

The Unicorn once again concentrated its gaze upon the buck, and the dull grey turned back to the original colorings. It wandered out of view.

"That deer is now immortal; neither accidents nor old age will cause its death. You might say it has been unofficially adopted into my race," the Unicorn continued.

"We originally came to your planet for colonization. Since it was inhabited, we had to change our plans. We decided to watch your civilization until the proper time came for our emergence. I fear that time is near. If I am correct in my assumption, we will have to set up a trade agreement with Earth.

"You have a fairly extensive library of books on the current state of affairs. I ask that you leave me while I gather pertinent information for the Univac,



for the dissolving of this problem.

"You may wonder how I will accomplish this feat, not having hands as you humans do. Just remember, my mind is completely developed. I am not limited in what I may do."

And with that, the Unicorn went and started surveying the books in Milner's library.

Milner turned to leave, stopped, turned back around, and said loudly, "What about my niece?"

"Your niece? Oh! The female. Take her with you. She will come out of the trance in about fifteen minutes," said the Unicorn. Milner picked up his niece, and left the Unicorn with the Univac to decide his fate.

The Unicorn, with little or no effort, coded the information he desired to use. The tape was fed into the Univac. The Univac started humming incessantly as it received the information and processed it.

The sun set and the bright points of the stars could be seen. The moon rose and set as the sun's rays started to brighten the sky in the east.

"You may come back to the computer room now. The Univac has reversed its original decision."

Milner sat up in his bed and looked at the clock on the bedside table. It read six-thirty in the morning. He then realized he hadn't dreamed the voice, but that it had been the Unicorn.

Milner got up and dressed, without turning the lights on. On his way to the computer room, he stopped to see if his niece was still asleep. Alice was sleeping soundly.

As he entered the computer room, the bright lights momentarily blinded him. He noticed the computer tapes, lying in confusion around the Univac. The Unicorn looked as serene as it had the moment Milner had first seen it.

"Well," Milner said, "what has the Univac decided must be done?"

"The information I fed the Univac has been gone over and a final decision has been reached. There are various major conflicts in your society. The Univac says the world is more tolerant of the social pressures, than it has been for some time. Subsequently, the Univac has decided that if a trade agreement is to be made, now would be the prime moment to expose ourselves to the world at large. We need a human delegate; since you are the most informed of your race in this matter, would you consider being this delegate to set up the first meeting of you races?" the Unicorn asked.

"I think it is a great compliment you are paying me. I would consider it a great honor. I could leave the first thing this morning for Washington, if this will be all right with you..."

The Unicorn nodded its head in the affirmative.

Milner left the computer room, and commenced packing. When he had finished packing, he went to the kitchen, where his niece was fixing breakfast. She smiled as a greeting and kissed him on his cheek.

"I'll be leaving right after breakfast, Alice," Milner said. "The Unicorn wants me to act as a delegate for its race. I know General Fayrbourne, in the Pentagon, and I know he will listen to me. Somebody else would just write me off as a crackpot."

"Do be careful what you say, Uncle Jonas. And take care of yourself," Alice said.

Milner stepped off the plane and straightened his tie. He headed for the terminal

and caught a cab to the Pentagon.

As he received his visitor's badge, he asked directions to General Fayrbourne's office. The clerk gave him enough directions to get Milner lost for nine or ten hours if he should make a wrong turn.

Milner entered the office of General Fayrbourne and asked his aide to announce him. The aide returned a few minutes later and told him he could go in.

Milner passed through the oak doorway and closed the oak door behind him. The heavy, balding man stood up behind his desk and extended his right hand. Milner took it with a strong grasp and sat in the proffered chair.

"It's been a long time, Jonas. What can I do for you?" the General asked.

Milner proceeded to give an explanation for his visit; chronicling all that had happened since he had first seen the Unicorn.

"Do you think we could benefit from a trade agreement, Jonas?" the General asked when Milner finished his recollections.

"I really don't know, General. They say they are willing to help us into space and trade with us. Their minds are far in advance of ours, except when it comes to reasoning. They rely entirely on a computer to do this chore. The Unicorn told me -- not in the same words, though -- that they were using teleportation for traveling. A race that can achieve this, would hardly keep the records for spaceships. They would have no need to keep them. In fact, in a trade agreement, such as the Unicorn suggested -- they would be on the losing end," Milner answered.

"I won't be in an official capacity, but I would like to meet this Unicorn," General Fayrbourne said.

/// TO BE CONCLUDED ///

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A PROMISE

by CAROL BIALOCK / Box 361 / Tarentum / PA / 15084

TIME: 1899. PLACE: Midwest North America

Amy lay down on her back and cast her eyes again into the star studded sky. The night was alive. The frogs and crickets chirped and croaked. Fireflies dotted the night with tiny points of light. The daisies seemed to smile at her as they stood pure and white in the kiss of light issuing from the moon. She wondered if the night was ever lonely. She herself had been lonely. Her mind often walked the path of yesterday forcing her to have painful memories. Amy, who loved everything and looked deep within the soul to the heart could understand the rejection of the others. She herself feared the strange, new, or unexplained.

Space craft crisscross between many worlds; above and around them. Sometimes they crash. Amy had come to the Brewsters in an out of control craft that had smashed to Earth killing all aboard except one baby female child. Amy had known no other life but that of loneliness. The Brewsters had never told her of how she came to them. No natural parents could have treated her kinder. Loneliness was pain. The people of the county knew and kept their children away from her. The ones that defied their parents never did so openly. Loneliness was a weaker form of death.



Amy had a special feeling for the night. The end of loneliness had come then. Her parents and everyone else of the county who could have gone to a program at their church. Amy stayed behind and sat on the front porch. She searched the night with bright brown eyes. The thoughts and dreams of a teenager flashed and danced through her mind.

The night was warm. A southerly breeze ran its warm fingers through her brown hair. She left the porch and walked to the brook that ran along the side of the house. It sang a soothing melody to her as it flowed peacefully along its course. She raised her eyes to the sky. The stars were mirrored in their tears.

At first the thing looked like a falling star. It fell uncontrolled toward the earth. As Amy stood and watched a puzzled look crossed her pretty face. The thing had very abruptly slowed down. It landed smoothly in a field not far from where she stood. She had been told stories of flying saucers but never before had she seen one. The craft looked like an inverted saucer. It was fifty feet long and twenty feet high. A transparent bubble shaped dome sat in the middle of its top. A door three feet wide sat on the right side of the saucer. A ramp led from the door and slanted to the ground. Strange figures and designs were marked on it at different points. Amy saw all of this clearly. The thing glowed white while two rows of purple lights blinked on and off around its base.

Amy wanted to run back to the house and lock the door against this intruder of the night. Deep within herself an uncanny feeling of familiarity began to stir. The feeling was new, different, and scary. Amy knew that within that strangely glowing craft was a part of herself. She had always lived on Earth. There could not possibly be anything to link her with this ship that had fallen from a sky so vast that she could not even begin to guess from which direction. She didn't want to go to the craft. Whatever was inside could be hostile. Quite easily she could become the casualty of a dream; alone-ness inspired fantasy. Life was lonely but still very precious. The feeling was still with her and refused to go away. She had to find the origin of it.

Amy walked to the glowing craft. As she did it seemed as though the night sounds deepened. She was only a few feet from the ship when its door slipped open. A spray of light escaped through the opened door and fell full upon her where she stood. The light had also spread a veil of fear over her. She ignored the feeling and stood where she was. A figure moved silently from the opening down the ramp of the ship. She stepped forward to meet the visitor.

The two stood and studied one another closely in silence. Amy looked into a handsome male face: a strong sincere face. She saw blonde hair, brown eyes, and purple tinged skin. Her chin quivered. She raised her eyes again to the sky and understanding came. The visitor looked closely at the girl that stood before him. She could be no more than eighteen in years. Her brown hair ended just below her shoulder blades. He saw that her purple tinged cheeks were wet from the tears that flowed unheeded from her large brown eyes.

"My name is Kiley. What is this place. What is a girl from Quidar doing here?" The first question was one that she could answer.

"This is the planet Earth. Earth people, with forms the same as ours, live here. They breathe oxygen just as you and I do. I was reared by two of them." She could not answer the second one. "I don't know how I got here," she said in a quivering whisper. "I'm only glad that I am because ---"

"You don't have to say it," Kiley interrupted. "Let it speak for itself."

"You don't have to say it," Kiley interrupted. "Let it speak for itself. You and I are two pieces of life's puzzle. We belong together. There is no other for you and none for me. I don't even know your name but I know that you are my other half."

"My name is Amy," she said and smiled through her tears. Kiley moved slightly and Amy found herself in his arms. The kiss that sealed the covenant between them was lighter than air and as sweet as honey. The moon threw pale fingers of light over them: a benediction. The stars scintillated as if the light came through the tears of night's happiness.

"I cannot ask you to come with me now, Amy. I promise to come back. When I do will you return to Quidar with me?"

"Will I find your world and life very different from my own?"

"My world and life are yours." A look of sadness crossed his face.

"I have been a long while away from home. When you come back I will be ready to return with you. What happened to bring you to Earth?"

"Quidarians have been egotistical for a very long time. We thought that ours was the only inhabited planet. Quidar is engaged in a great war. I was returning there with a promise of help from Zando our sister planet. I was caught in a spatial discontinuity and thrown off course, tumbling uncontrolled through space for a long time. Quidar is so far from Earth that it sits very near the edte of existence. I gained control just before I would have crashed into Earth. When the war is won I will return." A strange look crossed Amy's face. She had never known about her home planet. It seemed unfair to her now that while she had lived on Earth true relatives of hers had died or were dying. Kiley noticed the expression on her face and added, "You and I will go home to a free Quidar. We will live there in peace with no threat of war." They held one another close and talked. The one, Kiley, trying to fill in an empty time of eighteen years. The other, Amy, trying to understand and learn.

When Kiley left Amy, she watched his ship until it disappeared among the velvet black folds of night. She heard a car come up the road and ran to meet it.

"Amy, are you all right?" Mrs. Brewster's concern was real. "We saw a falling star on the way hom. This was the first time that I've seen one act the way that one did."

"Why didn't you ever tell me that I came f from Quidar?" Amy asked. Mrs. Brewster was stunned by the question and turned to her husband for help.

"Amy, we never knew where you came from. Your real parents were killed in a crash. We couldn't leave you in that twisted machine to die," Mrs. Brewster explained.

"I'm glad about everything that has happened. One day I will leave you and return to Quidar. That was no falling star that you saw. It was a spaceship from Quidar, my real home."

"You'll ve happy there as you never were here," Mr. Brewster said and walked quickly to the house. Mrs. Brewster hugged Amy for a minute, then followed her husband.

That had been two years ago that Kiley had promised to return. He had not, yet, but Amy knew he would. Until he did she would appreciate her life on Earth with the Brewsters. She hoped that their parting would be an easy one. Amy searched the night sky often as she waited for her yet to be fulfilled promise. -oOo-



 THE EYES OF JOHN BLACK

by JANET FOX * 519 Ellinwood * Osage City * Kansas * 66523

John Black was blind. Thanks to the wonders of 21st century science, he was able to get around quite well with the ro-bat radar unit strapped to his chest, but he couldn't see. The city shouldered against him as he walked down the street to work. He could smell the stink of it, despite the wheeze of the air-cleaners. He knew what the grimy and ancient buildings would look like if he could see them, but he couldn't see them.

Up the vile-smelling shaft on a clattering old-style elevator, touching, smelling, hearing, but never seeing. Behind his desk, a moment before the work day began, he seemed to relive the accident.

Toward evening the landscape was a blue blur whipping past the windows. Try as he might he couldn't recall any of the details; at the time he hadn't been paying attention. He had been trying to make the best time possible back to the city, and he didn't take time to notice anything more than the speedometer nudging 165 and the silver sheen of the plascrete road slipping under the car. He had run into a slight thunder-shower outside a little burg called Merryton, and instead of slowing down, he had pushed it up to 170. The road had taken an unexpected turn, and he had felt the car go into a skid. Held secure by his seat straps, he had cut the wheels hard in the direction of the slide, but somehow not quite fast enough, because the car had left the road with a squeal of tires and crashed into two large trees. Black had felt the seat straps give and that was all.

He had awakened (he knew) much later, in a comfortable, crisp-sheeted bed, but he couldn't see anything. His fingers traced a thick bandage over his eyes.

A nurse had been there to reassure him. At least it was the voice of a nurse. He never did find out what she looked like.

"What's the matter with my eyes?"

"Here, lie back quietly. Don't excite yourself."

"Tell me, am I

blind?"

He was back in the office again, a blind man ready to do the job the social workers had found for him. He could feel that it was a drab little office. The employees had old and beaten voices, but he wished--

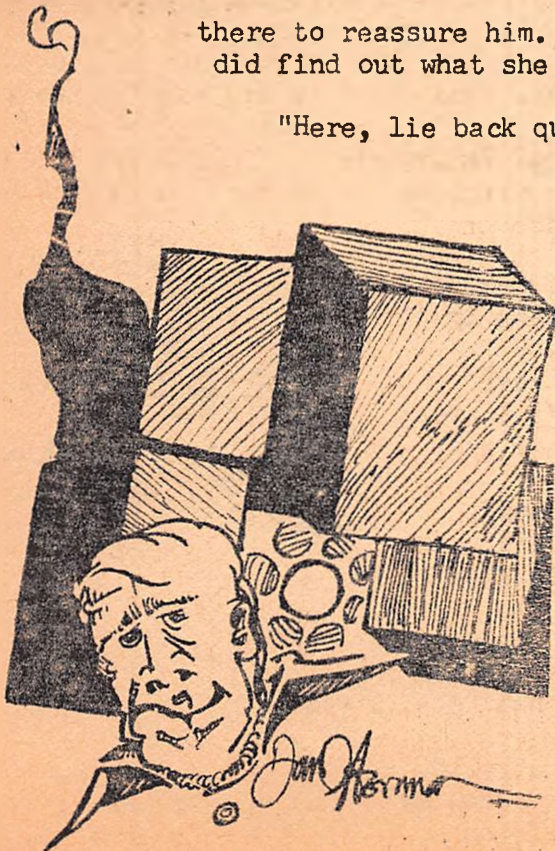
Sunlight.

He wondered if he had screamed. That terrific burst of sun had hurt his eyes - his eyes?

"What's the matter, John?" It was Harvey, a ghost-voice whispering out of darkness.

"It's nothing," he said impatiently, wishing the other would go away and let him concentrate on the hot, flooding sensation of sunlight. "I'll be all right."

He heard Harvey's hesitant footsteps fade and concentrated on seeing. Sunlight burned in on him again, and this time he saw blue sky and the waving green tops of



trees before the vision faded.

This time he had not cried out, but he nearly did when the picture disappeared, dropping him back into darkness. It was almost impossible for him to finish the day's work. He didn't know how, but somehow he was starting to see again.

Abruptly he pulled up on his enthusiasm. He was remembering a talk he had had with Dr. Drake only a few days after the accident.

"Because of the damage it was necessary to remove both eyes," he had said, a voice too rich and mellow, like an old-fashioned actor's. "But nowadays there are all sorts of devices that will let you live a happy productive life again."

The doctor had been right about the modern devices. Black now had no trouble in going anywhere he wished. But there was one thing a machine could not give him, the joy of seeing. With both eyes ruined beyond repair, removed, the sockets filled with brown globes of glass, there had not been a hope in the whole dark world.

But the doctor had been wrong. Black let the radar guide him home, and when he was safely alone in his apartment, he lay down on the bed and concentrated. The sun did not hurt his eyes so much this time. He could see the tall curve of palm trees against the sky, a crescent of luminous white sand and water sweeping inward, sending out a million pinpoint flashes of light. He held the picture by an effort of will, but at last it blackened at the edges and disappeared.

He knew he would tell no one about his experience because they would consider it a fantasy that he had created for himself out of some long-forgotten travel folders, but because of the sharp detail of the wind-tossed trees, the minute shadows of each grain of sand, he knew that his eyes were actually seeing this scene wherever they were now.

"Where are my eyes?" he asked himself. "Did they die before me, and before me enter . . . paradise?"

He couldn't come to any conclusion, but he refused to give up his new sight, and whenever he was alone or not likely to be interrupted, he concentrated and returned to the beautiful place.

One afternoon when he had been left alone in the office, he opened his "eyes" and found himself looking into a face - a woman, deeply suntanned with fine blonde hair that wisped across her forehead and cheeks. She had green eyes, very green. Her mouth moved and there was no sound. She was like a movie image, a close-up, and she was coming closer, her lips moist, her eyes half-closed, until she blotted herself out. Black had the sensation that she had been about to kiss him, but he awoke from the dream alone in a tiny damp cubicle with rain tapping insistently against the windows.

Black came to a sudden decision. Wherever his eyes were, they weren't in heaven. What he's seen could only be found in the real world. Memory of the face made him curious. Though he hadn't left the city since the accident, he bought a bus ticket to Merryton. If nothing else, he could talk to Dr. Drake at the clinic and be assured that he was stark staring crazy. Since it had been so long ago, he was unsure of the clinic's location. There was a store on the corner, and his radar unit directed him inside. There was a stocky man behind the counter.



"I'm a stranger in town. Could you direct me to the Merryton Clinic?"

"Oh, that's closed down now."

"It is?"

"Yeah, you know that guy that ran it. I don't remember his name, he was sued for malpractice. They caught him in some shady dealings out there at the clinic."

"That would be Dr. Drake. He was the one I wanted to see."

"Well, I don't know what happened. I heard tell he took off. I don't think they ever caught him."

"Thanks."

As he turned to leave the store, the knowledge grew spontaneously within him. "He stole my eyes - my uninjured eyes. They were transplanted, sold to the highest bidder."

Home was a dark hole, like the den of some wounded animal. Somewhere someone saw the sea curve up onto a shining beach, the face of a beautiful woman, saw them through stolen eyes, and here he sat in darkness, half-mechanical, half-dead. Then he sat at the table and rested his head on his crossed arms and began to concentrate as he'd never done before.

He was in a semidarkened room, a bedroom carpeted in seagreen, the walls covered with white silk, a rich man's room. He could see the crisp white expanse of a pillow and the sleeping face of the green-eyed woman, the hair half covering her face. One golden arm and bare breast were visible before the sheet covering them cut off the view. Whoever was using his eyes rose from bed and crossed the room, getting dressed. Although his first images had been brief and fragmented, Black's intense concentration allowed him to keep his view constant. The sight of himself in the mirror gave him such an odd feeling that he almost lost contact. Older than he had expected, and a bit flabby but with a healthy suntan and clear brown eyes.

It was a strain holding onto that picture, but he did it, sitting stiffly at the table, afraid to move, afraid even to breathe. He followed the rich man through breakfast, out of the house and down to a pier where there was a cluster of buildings and a large sign that said Tillotson Enterprises. The picture began to blur. He tried to hold it, but must have become unconscious because he awoke much later, feeling stiff and sore and definitely back in his own world. He tried to bring the picture back but could not.

The following day he called his boss and said that he was sick. It saved a lot of explanations. Then he went to a private detective agency. It didn't seem reasonable to take his fantasies directly to the police. As long as he was paying them to investigate, they'd do it, no matter how screwy the story sounded. He gave them what information he could on Dr. Drake, and asked them to find out what and where were Tillotson Enterprises.

After four days of waiting, he got a call.

"Cooperton, Mr. Black, I'm calling from the Morris and Kline Agency."

"How are things going?"

"First, I have good news for you. We've located Dr. Drake. He's in prison, and we've been co-operating with the authorities to get his story. It's exactly what you suspected. He received \$15,000 from Tillotson Enterprises."

"Then we have the proof we need?"

"Well, yes and no. Tillotson has his headquarters on an island in the South Pacific, an island which he owns. I'm afraid he has a good deal of money and influence. The police have the necessary evidence for a warrant, but it looks as if they'll have a hard time serving it."

"You mean no one can get to him?"

"We're all doing our best, of course. A grave injustice--"

Black slapped the cutoff button and Cooperton's voice died. "Doing their best sounds like it'd take years - or forever. But if they think I'm going to sit here while they -"

Before the thought was finished he was out the door. He made one stop at the bank to draw out his money. It wasn't much, but it covered the flight to Tahiti, a steamship to the closest inhabited island, and the first gun he'd ever owned.

The sun was warm across Black's shoulders and he knew how the beach and the trees and the water ought to look. The gun was a heavy weight in his inside pocket, and he couldn't decide which was stupider, a blind man with a gun, or without one. He suddenly felt naked, as if a thousand eyes watched him and had been watching all the way from the states.

Then he began to see. The room was dim, heavy wine red drapes cutting off the brightness of sunlight. He could see his hands resting peacefully on the arms of a chair, the pallid, fleshy hands of an old, very rich man. He was seeing the door, seeing it flung open and, behind it, a tall man, slightly stooped from the weight of the radar unit strapped to his chest. A young but deeply lined face, dark glasses covering the eyes, and, in the hand, a gun. A ridiculous picture, a blind man with a gun. He couldn't stop himself from laughing.

"I don't know what you find so funny," said Tillotson, "but I've been waiting for you, expecting you. I have many eyes, Mr. Black."

"Why didn't you stop me? You could have any time."

"Of course I could have had you 'stopped' as you say, but there's no question of you killing me. You couldn't risk the deterioration of my, of these eyes, so I didn't wish to kill you. I actually feel as if I owe you something -"

"You're damn right and you'll pay, too."

"But I do consider my debt paid. You've reached this island alive and you'll stay alive. Minus your 'bat unit, you'll be highly manageable, and I'll see you're quite comfortable for the rest of you life."

While the old man gloated, Black saw very clearly through his own eyes, two men who stepped from behind the heavy drapes. They walked forward quietly, but confidently. Both of them were armed. Black turned and fired. He saw very clearly but his aim was not good because of the weird perspective. One shot missed; the other brought the second man crashing to the floor, swearing and clutching at his thigh while blood fountained through his fingers. Black kept firing, but the first man dodged out the door.

"How did you -"

"Eyes in the back of my head."

He grabbed the old man by the arm and steered him roughly through the house toward the back door. He knew the house well enough to know that the back door opened into a tropical garden where there would be adequate cover. A shot tore through the hedge behind him, and he saw (when the old man looked back) the first man coming after them. His return shot hit, and he heard the man scream and thrash around in the thick folia. The garden gave way to a private sunbathing cove where (if the native boatman had understood his instructions) the boat should be waiting. The beach was occupied. Black saw the familiar brown face with its frame of fragile hair. She was wearing a ridiculously tiny blue bikini, but the rest of her didn't look ridiculous. Black motioned with the gun. "You'll go with us."

The thrum of the boat's motor came distinctly across the water.

As he climbed aboard, he heard shouts behind him. But the bounding dizzying motion of the boat told him that they were away. "Turn around, Tillotson," said Black. "I want to see what we're leaving behind."

A group of small dark figures had gathered on the beach; they looked as harmless as a gathering of flies on a desert of

sugar.

"Now turn around and look at your wife," said the blind man, lines of tired humor softening the other deep lines of his face. "I want to rest my eyes."

-oOo-

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NEWS FLASH:

(For everyone who doesn't already know it!) Dallas has withdrawn from competition for the 1973 Worldcon, leaving the Toronto bid unopposed. So I hope to see all of you at the Worldcon in Toronto in 1973, particularly since I won't be seeing any of you at the Worldcon in 1971! ...HD

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Ac: Books has a new novel by Thomas Burnett Swann out which can be distinguished from other paperbacks by looking for the words THE FOREST OF FOREVER on the cover. It is in the same universe as his DAY OF THE MINOTAUR (aka THE BLUE MONKEYS) and precedes that book chronologically. Unfortunately, creeping Mad. Ave. continues to creep and there are not one, but two cardboard fold-over ads bound into the book - one the usual SF Book Club spiel and the other for True cigarettes - necessitating major surgery with a razor blade before the book can be read. But perhaps this held the price to a "mere" 60¢. When was the last time you saw a paperback for 60¢? When was the last time you saw a new Thomas Burnett Swann book? A year ago in both cases; too long. Buy. Read. - Hank Davis

..No "Filtration?";..well, just have to have a long one next time..IMK
(Fold On Dotted Line)

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