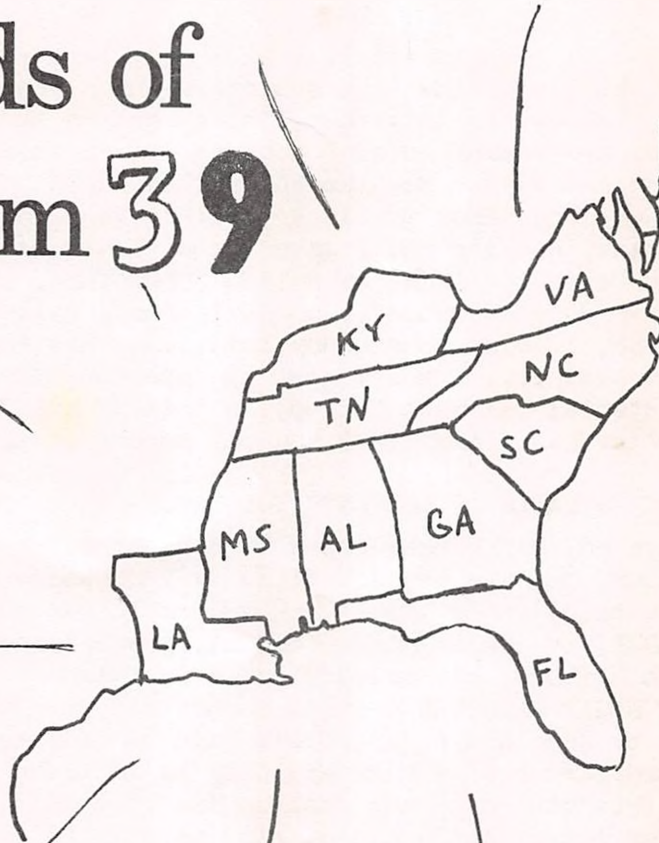
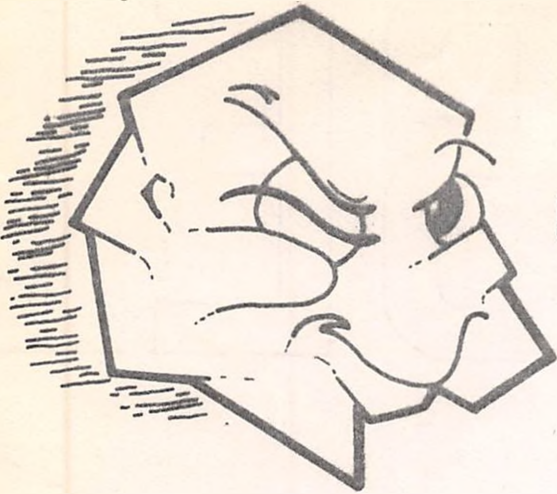


MAYBE

Worlds of
Fandom 39





um... MAYBE

from IRVIN KOCH
c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bg
Chattanooga, TN 37402

---avail. for 75¢, 6/\$3
or a printed contrib.---

---frequency: avg of 7 times
per year; therefore, since
issue #40 was published out of sequence I must
somehow contrive to put out #41 & 42 in 1975....

As usual, I will only bore you with just a little of the horror stories which delayed and ruined the issue. In this case, things got so bad, my time so short, and--by the lord dollarsign--my bank account somewhat risen above the usual fannish paucity, that the typing and layout was turned over to COLES THESIS & PRINTING SERVICE in Knoxville, TN. One minor problem--the lady who did the work was the one who did/does cost estimates, not the one I gave verbal instructions too. And the model I gave her was one "crowded" issue of MAYBE. Therefore, she did a beautiful job--but like I would have done it myself.... Next time I will give her a copy of OUTWORLDS for a model. So, I saved some money but.... This issue did get proofread for once tho, by me, but again.... Don't give up hope tho; MENSA in E TN is now operating and has SIGs(Special Interest Groups) in both SF and Publishing. There's this girl who works for the MARYVILLE TIMES and has access to this typesetting machine.....

a TABLE OF CONTENTS for once

cover by Steve Beatty, ye ed, and a nameless W TN newspaper.

p2, art by Sheryl Birkhead, and the usual babbling by IMK((whose interruptions are in double parens like this)). → All opinions are those of the author only ← Note Well!

p3, GAMBLING WITH THE SOUL, by Tom Collins--address, present one that is, needed!!

p5, still on the Collins article, has artwork by David Rains.

p6, THE FUTURE WORLD OF EDGAR PANGBORN & other comments & Steve drew the map on p7.

p8, THE SMELL OF PULPS, by Jon Inouye.///DRC illo/adv by Lady Astra.

p9, art by Brad Parks and, part I of, A RAPE ARTICLE, by Adrienne Fein.

p15, TWO STRANGE ITEMS(this zine does not publish fan fiction!!!), by John A.R.Hollis ((the typist enjoyed your bits, John)) and on p16 the illo is by Hollis's Nashville cohort, Eric Jamborsky.

p16, THE EDITOR RAVES, also known as wasting paper on book reviews, by IMK.

p18, which has even more of that stuff, has an illo by Sam Long.

p19, " " " " " " " " " " Al Sirois.

p20, begins the LETTERS, by the unusual divers hands & logo by Steve Beatty.

--in 200 of the 300 cys of this issue(yes, shudder, 300 copies again--maybe 100 next time),

there is an ORLANDO for 1977 World SF Convention Flyer. The chmn of that bid is Don Lundry, 18 Karen Dr., Cherry Hill, NJ 08004; he deserves the support of those who want to see the best bid--and a SOUTHERN bid--win. Presupporting memberships are \$1 but he needs Southern fen workers worse. AND--in order to vote at all, you MUST join AUSSIECON(1975 Worldcon)by sending \$3 for a supporting membership(\$12US if you can/will attend)to AUSSIECON US AGENT: Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd, Culver City, CA 90230...then you get a mail ballot & it costs you probably \$5 to join the 77 Worldcon & vote thereon--those who did so(joining during the voting--you're a member of whichever bid wins)for the 1976 Worldcon saved up to \$45!!!! Need I say more?--

...-.-.-.The WRITERS DIGEST ad is not paid for, but is, in my opinion, a very good deal, and if you order with the "Dept MB" code, I get a kickback which will somewhat placate my mother over the thousands of dollars that have run about in "red ink" in the years of this zine's existance. Out of room. Read on. -oOo-

GAMBLING WITH THE SOUL by Tom Collins. I see by the papers that John Sladek has turned the manuscript of a nonfiction book over to his publisher in England. The book is presently titled The New Apocrypha, and is supposedly a put-down of cults, etc. About time.

As I sit here typing my shelves almost bulge with books about witchcraft and the occult. Two days ago Llewellyn's new The Grimoire of Lady Sheba arrived, and in the same mail came Perle Epstein's The Way of Witches (Doubleday), a happy little historical account of this religion—for children. Hans Holzer's latest book is a leperous celebration of The New Paganism.

Yesterday came a flyer for a new publication which wanted advertising. It had a considerable number of witchcraft categories, but one noted nothing at all under the heading of Religion, or Catholicism, or Christianity. Buddhism and Yoga were included, of course, and spiritualism, but a goodly portion of the world's religions—the entire western tradition since the defeat of Mithra in 394 A.D.

This is not meant as a defense of Christianity, either as taught or practiced. Nor am I going to be more rational than thou: reason is often merely a defense against the truth. My point is all this publicity for Satanism and whether it bodes well.

At Berkeley we used to have a choleric, red-faced evangelist who stood at the edge of the campus pounding his Bible and telling everyone they were damned. Love your neighbor but not the Viet Cong, they were Communist. You know the sort of thing.

It was probably educational for a lot of people to discover they didn't know so much about what the Bible actually says as they thought they did, but it was a kind of sideshop which many people hated. For a while it even attracted a husband and wife team who stood there with a portable bullhorn and a bunch of red-lettered signs signing hymns...badly. Finally they gave up.

But the most interesting phenomena was the rise of professional baiters of Holy Hubert. As his freckled face turned red and his veins bulged out he would shout hoarsely and search rapidly through his tattered hip-pocket Testament looking for the right quotation. And standing out in the crowd would be a think figure dressed in black and arguing that The Devil Loves You, God is Dead, and generally carrying on in exactly the same way as the Devil's Advocate, playing to the crowd and honing his wits in the hot debate—Isaac Bonewits.

Isaac is a character you probably read about in Time a while ago. He graduated from Cal with an individual major and got his degree in Magic. To do so he had studied computers, psychology, sociology, anthropology, physics, philosophy, etc., etc. Eventually it all got parlayed into a book called Real Magic, in which he says there is no such thing as Black or White Magic, only magic. He also propounds the basic laws of magic, provides a couple of elementary spells based soundly on positive thinking, and commits a discouraging number of puns.

I think I can agree that magic is something which works by natural laws, and that the same laws are invoked whether it is used to kill or to cure. Probably our disagreement is going to come when we start discussing what the relevant natural laws are, since I would insist on the reality of discarnate intelligences (ghosts, spirits, angels, demons) and you'd say all that was nonsense. But whether it is an angel or a demon you are attempting to control, it seems to me you are trying to compel reality in ways God never intended.

The trouble with that argument is that the Mass is a magic ceremony and formularized prayers can be considered as spells. If man were meant to use magic (smash the atom, fly) he would have been born with a wand in his hand (protected from radioactivity, wings)...Yes, I contradict myself. Even if you consider what I just said as an argument that the Pope is the Anti-Christ, the fact remains that the history of mankind has been one of defiance against the Nature's dictates.

The Greeks understood this matter of defiance. Their tragedys were based on the idea of hubris, overweening pride which caused man to defy the gods. And yet, that defiance was not quite the way it seemed. In Oedipus, his parents were warned what he would do, and so tried to have him killed, tried to circumvent the will of the gods by their own actions. By so doing they were insisting on their own right to

life. Oedipus insisted on carrying on his investigation to the end, though the blind prophet Tiresias told him to stop, though it meant his death, because it was his job as ruler.

In the sequel, the machina is cranked up and the gods descend to take him off to heaven. By fighting for his survival and his right to know the truth, he had won their grudging respect. His hubris was not defiance of the gods except insofar as they did not allow him to live at all. The right of men to live a good life is a basic theme which goes all the way back to the earliest extant tragedy, the Prometheus of Aeschylus.

If magic, then, is merely the manipulation of natural laws, it is no more wicked than atomic physics. Telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry, psychokinesis, precognition have all been produced under laboratory conditions. For the rest—

Then is that's all it is, why do all the books set up a system of gods who are equal to, more powerful than, or subsidiary to the Christian God? Wicca is not, as they would have you believe, simply "the natural religion," but the religion supplanted by Jesus, who came to wipe out all that and replace it with the message that no intermediaries were necessary, you could make direct contact with the one God and He would respond. He did not need to be conjured, sacrificed to, or bargained with. He could not be compelled because He was all powerful. When All Power is available for the asking, there was no need to approach other spirits, and to do so was even insulting. God could stand the insult, but it just meant you had that much further to go before you realized who was in charge, and how the universe was ordered.

Aside from all that theology, most of these books seem to involve more than a simple hedonism. They actually are urging you to go out and worship the moon goddess, or some other half-baked pagan whimsey just to get a lover or a job you probably don't deserve anyway. To accept the value system which says these critters exist is to accept the one that says God exists, and then to reject it. I find that frightening. And there is an odor about the whole thing of wickedness, or consciously reveling in the forbidden.

Probably that is why I find Hans Holzer's work so repulsive. He is not content to simply investigate haunted houses, but seems to have made himself, by a process of osmosis, an authority on astrology, magic, unexplained (Fortean) phenomena and the entire range of scientifically-shunned thought and action. He eagerly participates in dark intrigues to Baal and Isis, welcoming the return to superstition and terror which characterized the dark ages.

All of this is highly reactionary, I know, because it is not considered respectable to take all this stuff seriously unless you endorse it. To say magic is real, and wrong, is to immediately be classified as some kind of unscientific troglodite. After all, what's a little harmless moon worship between friends?

There are two things about paganism which disturb me. One is the turning away from the real God in favor of some lesser power. This is often done under the guise of "the natural religion: and with catchwords of "peace" and "love." Do not be mistaken by words. Real peace and love is found only in the Source of all Being, in Peace and Love itself—the Christian God who is not necessarily the God of Christians. Cheap tricks are no substitute of eternal bliss.

The second is more subtle and difficult to explain. In the past, the power of the black mass as an evocation of evil and desecration of good was gained because it was gained because it was a parody and travesty of the Catholic Mass. A Buddhist or Hindu seeing a black mass in operation in an Oriental temple might well have felt there was some blasphemous intent, perhaps would have received vibrations of dark design and malevolence, but surely would not have gotten the same impact and horror from it that a nun would have.

The reason the Easterner would not have been shocked is because the Mass itself is not something which would have special meaning for him. While, it may be, he would have perceived something about the solemn ritual, the beauty of the music, the glory of the reredos, the purity of the white garments, the main thrust of the procedure would have been lost. I think that either ritual would carry emotional overtones and vibrations with it so that anyone who wanted to could pick up something of the intent and motivation. But aside from that, the real power of the black mass to horrify and

excite lay in its connection to Catholicism. It's major appeal and emotional power was for Catholics and those in a Catholic tradition. It was something which began from that tradition, and could not have existed apart from it. A black mass in the year 90 is absurd—there is no tradition yet for it to attack.



In the same way, for someone in the west to abandon the unfocused belief in an all-powerful and nonanthropomorphic God in favor of Kernunnos or Baal or whatever is a rejection and could not exist apart from what is being rejected. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" is the relevant rule, and the hoppy-trippy pagan reversion is thus part of the Christian tradition just as the back of a coin is part of the coin.

That's the part I find frightening. That people would deliberately chose to turn their back on the Most High in favor of some so-called dieties whom they can bend to their will, use to control the emotions of others, offer playful sacrifices to, and generally use as an excuse for fun. Time was when we were not so jaded that we couldn't watch a sunset without thinking how much better it would be if we were stoned, when we could take pleasure in helping others and in being "good neighbors."

What is happening now represents instead the free lunch which is undeserved, a trend toward instant gratification and selfishness where, if nothing else works out, we can always have this god or that one jump through hoops, revenge us safely on our enemies and make our friends into zombies to serve or love us upon command.

I find that frightening—the willingness to gamble with the soul, to appeal to less than the best we can conceive of, to be content to take without giving. Probably others do not, and consider it is all a very funny joke that anyone would take seriously these children's games. But it seems to me it is rather like asking for divorce in New York state in former times, when there was only one permissible ground: to ask caused a scandle, even if the request were denied.

STEVE BEATTY

1662 College Terrace Dr.
Murray, KY 42071

I was thinking I had missed Maybe #39 for not subscribing, but then I saw on the mailing lable that my subscription was good thru #39. So I can imagine various dangerous visions such as Irvin Is Ripped Off by the Printer, Irvin Loses Another Roommate, etc.

Now that you are no longer doing comprehensive fanzine listings, Roger Sween's proposed project is the only comparable information source I know of. (The only issues of SOTWJ I get are the ones where Photron is reviewed.)

Going thru the ~~reviews~~ listings in #38, I was a bit surprised by your listing of some of the zines. Outworlds at the top; yes, they're on my Hugo ballot. Ashwing—nice and solid but none of the contents were really strikingly impressive to me. Yandro—A. Oxytocic—yes, Oxy is better than Photron in some ways; some of the improvements I would like to make in Photron would take it a bit towards Oxy. Prehensile—Croggled gasp of shock!!!! Pre is on my Hugo ballot too, and here you've ranked Photron above it. Unless you've been doing it by alphabetical order within each letter group? No. Then what? Moebius Trip—likewise, only not quite as croggling. Starfire, Godless, Diehard, and KPSS are all zines that I enjoy muchly. Gorbett bores me stiff.

Sween's Fan Publishing Record only lists contents; I don't know of anyone else who does exactly what you did in the info issues of Maybe. I officially promoted myself from neohood when 2 fanzines asked me for material in the same week, but I don't feel qualified to undertake such a project myself, though there is a need for it.

Your comments on the starship project make sense—theoretically. But I am skeptical about any such project. It would require a huge amount of economic energy. Sure, you'd be paid back many times over, but that's in the inaccessible future when you're trying to get started. Using the energy metaphor, the overall reaction is exothermic, but we need some kind of catalyst.

Enclosed is a contribution you may want to use.

(PS. You may want to check the list of Pangborn's stories in the article. I have heard that his new novel Company of Glory shares the same setting, and I heard of another story of his in Continuun 1 (Elwood).)—SAB

—oOo—

THE FUTURE WORLD OF EDGAR PANGBORN by Steve Beatty. In his novel Davy and a few short stories, Edgar Pangborn describes a world that has suffered the ravages of nuclear war. Three centuries after the war, in what is now the northeastern United States (the setting of the stories), the physical effects include higher ocean levels and a high mutation rate. Socially, civilization is slowly reaching the level of the Renaissance. The pre-war political structure has completely broken down. The area is divided among many small independent nations, named after states or geographical features of the present day.

The geography of these stories intrigued me greatly and inspired me to draw the accompanying map.

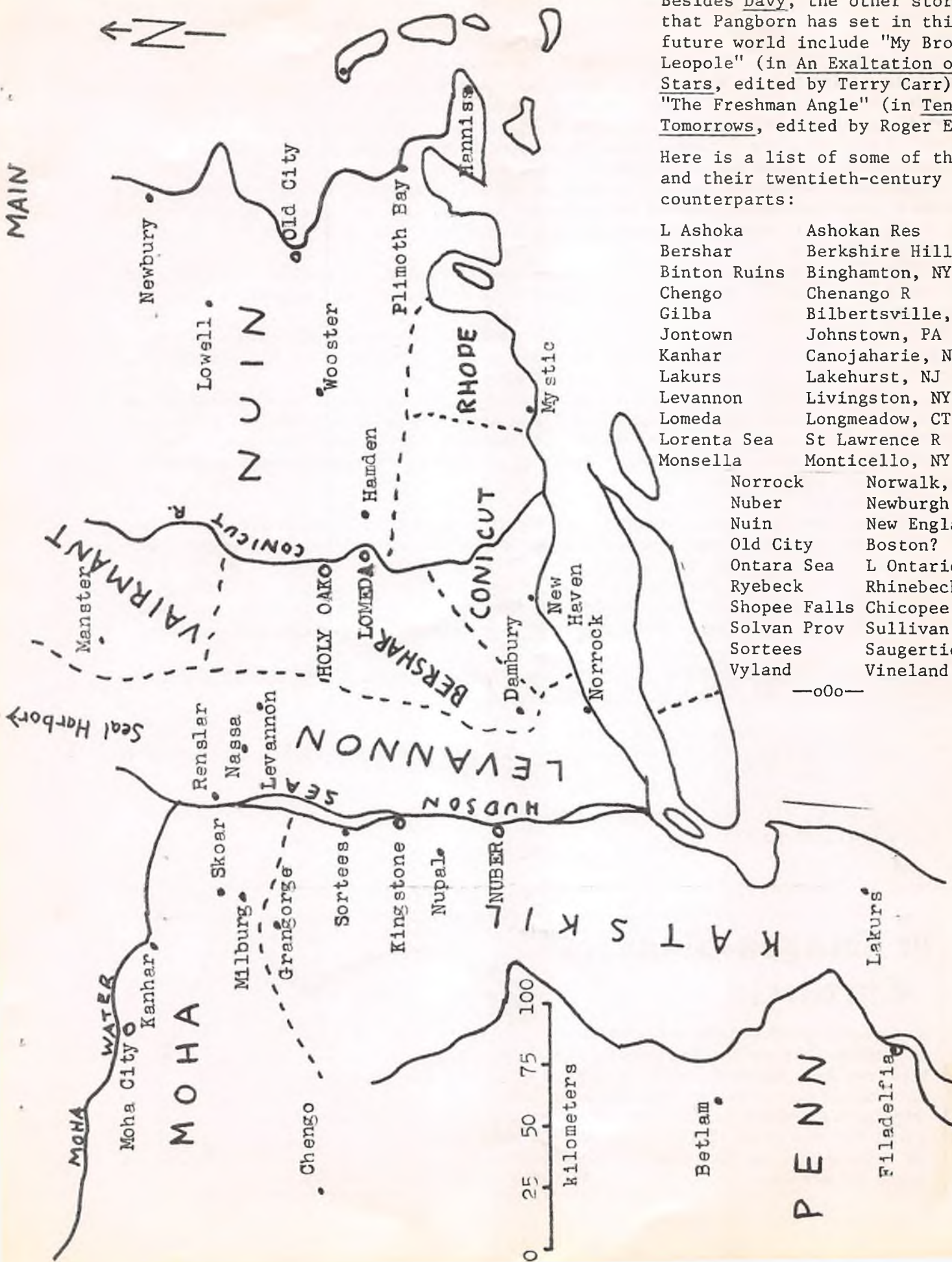
One problem in drawing the map was determining the location of Skoar, Davy's hometown. Af first, Schoharie, NY seemed the obvious choice. But Skoar is described as being 50 miles south of Kanhar (Canojaharie), and the road running from Skoar to Albany is called the Northeast Road. This would put Skoar considerably south of Schoharie.

This could be accounted for by the fact that towns in Pangborn's future world are often several miles away from the sites of their Old Time namesakes. Or perhaps Skoar was named after Schoharie Creek.

But Schoharie looks like the probably site when Milburg and Grangorge are considered. Milburg is a Moha village south of Skoar, near the Katskil border. Grangorge is a Katskil outpost further south. Schoharie, Middleburg, and Grand Gorge and in the right relationship to each other. So I have used Schoharie for the site of Skoar on the map.

The 50 miles between Kanhar and Skoar was probably measured along a winding road instead of as the crow flies. The road to Albany could have run northeast as it left Skoar; later it would turn due east.

MAIN



Besides Davy, the other stories that Pangborn has set in this future world include "My Brother Leopole" (in An Exaltation of Stars, edited by Terry Carr) and "The Freshman Angle" (in Ten Tomorrows, edited by Roger Elwood).

Here is a list of some of the places and their twentieth-century counterparts:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| L Ashoka | Ashokan Res |
| Bershar | Berkshire Hills |
| Binton Ruins | Binghamton, NY |
| Chengo | Chenango R |
| Gilba | Bilbertsville, NY? |
| Jontown | Johnstown, PA |
| Kanhar | Canojaharie, NY |
| Lakurs | Lakehurst, NJ |
| Levannon | Livingston, NY? |
| Lomeda | Longmeadow, CT |
| Lorenta Sea | St Lawrence R |
| Monsella | Monticello, NY |
| Norrock | Norwalk, CT |
| Nuber | Newburgh, NY |
| Nuin | New England |
| Old City | Boston? |
| Ontara Sea | L Ontario |
| Ryebeck | Rhinebeck, NY |
| Shopee Falls | Chicopee, MA |
| Solván Prov | Sullivan Co., NY |
| Sortees | Saugerties, NY |
| Vyland | Vineland, NY |

—oOo—

THE SMELL OF PULPS by Jon Inouye. ...ever smell an old pulp magazine, that paper and cover, on a summer Sunday and suddenly have two dozen images of a distant somewhere appear?

The smell of paper, ink, soft pages in her fingertips, sketchy rockets, too...is almost as remarkable as what lies within the old magazine. And those books—spaceships of reds, blues, and whites appear at once. Robots, electronic eyes atop metallic heads in green and red shades, bug-eyed protoplasms with eyeballs floating in the middle of the jelly—all these images augmented by the smell of that ancient factory/machine paper, triggering...god knows what.

Triggering: Gunpowder smells, grease machines, membrances of '42, maybe, when you were stationed in the middle of nowhere (Pacific) and you picked up the magazine and read, "The war between the Martians and Earthmen began in 1937." You laughed. You double-laughed.

You laughed a million times, thinking of distant stars and worlds. You laughed yet again, thinking of an even greater myriad of books, papers, magazines...a universe in themselves.

That pulp smell becomes the smell on planet Aries, where robots rule supreme; the smell becomes the cold, concrete hardness of an observatory on far-off Phobos, sharp lenses pointing upward at the macrocosmos...

...smell of flowers across the vast, Andromedan plain...smell of madness and of a million wars stretching in bright-red flame across a hundred galaxies...smell of monstrous growths, engulfing your ship. You scream, "I...I can't escape." And with this smell comes the remarkable image of a living, breathing fungi gradually engulfing your space suit...

And you laugh.

You throw down the book, thinking, Jeeeesuz. Afternoon is over already. The red black grey pink blue magazines and books glare protoplasmically, a dozen eyes of all jelly shapes, sizes and colors...

They are greater than the pyramids (which you've seen in person, of course, through Gulliver's Martian Time Machine Ice Cream Machine Spheroid). So remarkable. So remarkable. In each one a million worlds and thoughts. Sometimes...an entire universe!

It was dark. It was silent. Gradually, the giant rocket pointed towards it's destination, a far-off planet of lifelessness...

(Yawn).

You look out the window of your room.

The smell of pulps...the afternoon sunset streaking the sky with orange...and you wonder, you wonder, "What's it like beyond that sky?"

But it really doesn't matter.

You've seen it all. In fact, you've been there.

...the smell of pulps...

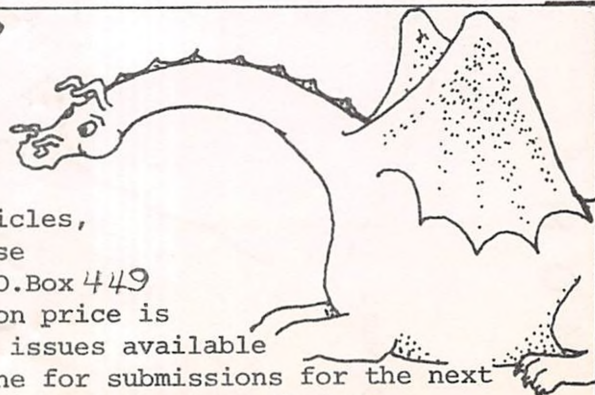
—oOo—

pe Dragon-Runners' Chronicle,

a magazine of creative medievalism,
is looking for subscribers, art, articles,
book reviews, stories, etc. All those
interested may write to Ann Cass, P.O.Box 449

Argo, IL 60501. Subscription price is
\$3.00 for one year (6 issues). Back issues available
at \$.50 apiece as they last. Deadline for submissions for the next
issue is May 31.

- Astra of the Grey Shadows





A RAPE ARTICLE

by Adrienne Fein.

A few words of explanation: things I write are like Topsy—they tend to grow. I originally wrote the basis of this article some time ago. Part III, with two paragraphs including some of the ideas expressed in Part I is the original article, written as a reaction to a book called Gender Genocide, which I saw not too long after reading about the rapes of Bangladesh. This seemed a more practical and constructive reaction than going out and kicking

all the male chauvinist pigs in the balls. Shortly after, I added what is now Part IV.

In January of 1974 I added a few references and polished my wording a little, and included that form of this article in a college report entitled: "What Do You Mean, 'We'?" & "Who, Me?": An examination of androcentricism in our society." (Good thing the teacher liked it: the body of the report is 68 pages; I included a supplement on the topic of superiority of 9 pages as well as 5 pages of this material for a grand total of 82 pages—single-spaced.)

I have been rewriting more-or-less since then; part of the material in Part IV may appear/have appeared in one of Frank Balazs' fanzines.

QUESTION: Do Men Have Fantasies of Being Raped?

ANSWER: Yes, Some Do, and Some Even Publish Them—

"The whole basis of patriarchal oppression hinges on women's false consciousness—their inculturated passivity and dependency on men, not any real helplessness. The most successful form of oppression has always been that in which the oppressed were conditioned to cooperate in their own oppression. This has crippled women and given men privileged status. By asserting themselves, by breaking out of their passivity, women do pose a threat to male privilege—and all men know this."

(The New Woman's Survival Catalog edited by Kirsten Grimstad and Susan Rennie.

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc./Berkley Publishing Corporation. New York: 1973. Introduction, p. 7.)

Perhaps some women feel that such reactions are in some ways a positive indication. When I read those stories about the destruction of civilization by a matriarchy,

my reaction, and I suspect the reactions of other women, are somewhat different...

QUESTION: Do Men Have Fantasies of Being Raped?

ANSWER: Yes, Some Do, and Some Even Publish Them—
Which Makes Some Women Feel Pretty Weird, If Not Downright Sick!

I Woman as Masochist & The General Confusion between Sex—Especially as Women Experience It—and Violence

Some people feel that women are passive, thus women enjoy aggressive behavior from men, thus they are masochistic, thus they have rape fantasies, thus they enjoy rape—but it isn't really rape, because women want it. This confusion is not confined to the minds of the uneducated general public.

This view of women as naturally masochistic is still part of medical literature, as shown by material quoted in The New Woman's Survival Catalog:

FEMININE MASOCHISM:

"The idea of suffering is an essential part of her life, since every woman has to face the fear of childbirth and the fear of pain that is attached to this. Pain is not an integral part of the male's concept of his role...Every aspect of a woman's life is colored by her ability to accept the masochism that is part of her feminine role...Sexually there is always an element of rape in that the male organ penetrates..."

(Obstetrics and Gynecology by J. Robert Willson et al. Quoted in Catalog, p. 87.)

Notice that the textbook confuses rape and sex—no matter how pleasurable for a woman, no matter how much it is her idea, sex is like rape. What is their definition of rape? This implies that no matter how gentle the man is, sex will be like rape—so why should he bother to be gentle? That rape is, in fact, the natural form of sex as far as women are concerned. This implies that there is little difference between even the legal crime of rape and ordinary sex. Penetration must be some kind of painful force, so any woman who enjoys sex must be enjoying pain, must in fact be a masochist, regardless of whether she wishes to have sex or not.

I think the word "penetration: is very misleading—it seems to imply one solid object going into another solid object—which is not what happens in sex...The vagina is not a solid object—in normal sex, the penis goes between the vaginal walls. This seems to be a male idea—that the vagina is a solid object which gets pierced, penetrated, cut into—which of course would be painful—so women must be masochists if they enjoy any kind of sex.

When a woman is sexually aroused, the shape of the vagina changes, and the muscles surrounding the opening relax, so it will easily admit the penis. The penis does not go through anything, in the sense of a nail going through wood; it goes between the vaginal walls. If a woman is not aroused, or is frightened—for some reason does not wish to have intercourse—the muscles around the vaginal opening may contract, and the opening may be squeezed shut. If a man tries to force his penis into a woman's vagina under these circumstances, it will hurt the woman like all hell. Depending on when the muscles contract and how hard, it can be painful for the man, too (vaginismus). That is rape. The two situations are opposites. A woman is about as likely to enjoy being raped as a man is to enjoy being beaten up or strangled.

I should make one thing clear: some people think women are always ready for sex. This may be in part due to a misunderstanding of primateology...Other mammals, such as chimpanzees, have definite cycles—the females can only become aroused and have intercourse during a specific part of the cycle. Compared with this, human females have cycles, but there is no specific point in the cycle when human females are able or unable to have intercourse. Thus, compared with other mammals, women can have sex at any time—meaning that there is no time during the cycle when they cannot have sex if they want to. This does not mean that each and every woman is ready at any given time for sex—women must want to have sex and become aroused, in order

to have sex. In individuals, for emotional or psychological reasons, this may not happen at certain times in the cycle.

It is possible for a man to use a woman's body to obtain his sexual satisfaction without her consent—that doesn't mean the woman is having sex—she isn't having anything; she is being raped. (I am pretty sure that it is possible for a woman to use a man's body without his consent—what is that called?)

Everyone is aware that men have to be aroused in order to have sex—there are certain physical changes that must take place before they can participate in intercourse; the difference between a flaccid penis and an erect one is pretty obvious. However, women too must go through certain physical changes as well as being in the right emotional state in order to have sex. These changes may be less noticeable than an erect penis but they are necessary if the woman is going to participate in sex, enjoy it, and not have pain.

The idea that by definition sex has to be painful, humiliating, dishonoring, and just plain bad for women is still with us...

"...Men are aggressive as they take or make women, showing their potency (power) in the conquest. Women, on the other hand, submit and surrender, allowing themselves to be violated and possessed. Havelock Ellis declares the basic sado-masochism of such a concept to be certainly normal...He says: In men it is possible to trace a tendency to inflict pain when it is inflicted by a lover and an eagerness to accept subjection to his will..."

(Violence and the Masculine Mystique by Lucy Komisar. Quoted in Catalog, p. 155.)

It sounds as though women cannot really choose to have sex; by definition they must be giving in. It almost seems as though the "experts" cannot imagine sexuality as anything except sado-masochistic rape.

Men in general are not as sensitive as they should be to the idea that women have their own feelings (and ways of showing them) which are every bit as valid, genuine, real as men's...For example, if a woman starts crying, a man is apt to say "so you're turning on the tears" as though she were faking, or consciously calculating the effect of her actions, instead of simply feeling and reacting! (in terms of her genuine emotions and valid way of expressing them). Perhaps if the woman threw things accurately, or smashed a hole in the wall, as some men have learned to do, a man would understand that her emotion is real. Perhaps boys are taught so often that "little men don't cry" that they come to see tears as an unnatural reaction in any person. Means of expressing emotion are largely—perhaps entirely—a matter of social conditioning—women are encouraged to have a good cry while men are not—but the underlying emotions are natural.

Male chauvinists—and especially male chauvinist pigs, such as rapists—are especially insensitive to women's rights to have their own feelings about sex. Some men don't even realize that women do have these feelings...

"When a man uses women as sex objects, in fantasy or reality, he tells himself it is okay: he is doing them a favor, giving them what they really want. So, no need to hang back or be shy in any way—jump right in and help yourself—there can't be any such thing as too soon or too much."

(John Holt, "The Cuteness Syndrome," Ms., March 1974, Volume II, No. 9, p. 78.)

Obviously there is no such thing as a woman who doesn't want sex at all—and certainly no such thing as a woman who doesn't want sex with that particular man.

I will just say this much: women have as much right to choose their sexual partners—to accept or reject—as men do. And very few men can accept that.

A man who figures he's entitled, has a right, or the woman owes him sex, is committing rape.

The abovementioned male chauvinism is perhaps related to the idea that men's sexuality is the basic sexuality, and women's sexuality is only seen in relation to men's, not as an independent thing...which in turn is probably related to the

idea that men have sex, women are sex—that is, sex is a thing women give men. Discussions of sexuality can get male-centered as shown by this quotation found by Gene Marine, and used by him in his book, A Male Guide to Women's Liberation:

"But the shrink who gets the gold-plated clock-bellied Venus lamp for giving himself away is Karl Abraham, whose 1920 essay on women won the admiration of Freud himself, and who in one sentence tells us all we need to know about who he thought was important.

"Frigidity," Abraham wrote, "is a form of aggression against the man by disappointing him."

(Male Guide. Discus Books/Avon Books. New York: 1974, p. 28.)

I have seen much discussion of the idea that women's liberation may cause impotence in men—either as a warning to women, that they may have to give up the pleasures of sex if they insist on equality, or as a warning to men that this type of reaction is caused by male chauvinist panic, and they had better reform or suffer the consequences...Needless to say, I have not seen it suggested that men are deliberately becoming impotent in order to punish women, and that we women are entitled to regard this as an act of aggression. I wonder how a man with the problem of impotence would feel if a woman said that he was acting aggressively by trying to disappoint her? If he believed it for 1/4 second—which I doubt he would—I think he'd be pretty upset...

This lack of understanding that women have feelings, and what those feelings actually are in a particular case, is terribly widespread...It may range from blank ignorance or indifference, to actual malicious distortion such as the range of attitudes and actions discussed by Germaine Greer:

"Women have very little idea of how much men hate them.

...as long as sex is furtive and dirty some deep ambivalence to the object of sexual attentions must remain. In extreme cases it may even cause impotence in marriage, because a wife is not to be degraded.

It is a vain delusion that rape is the expression of uncontrollable desire or some kind of compulsive response to overwhelming attraction...The act is one of murderous aggression...Men do not themselves know the depth of their hatred. It is played upon by inflammatory articles in the magazines designed for morons with virility problems which sell for high prices in transport cafés: "Eager Females: How they reveal themselves," writes Alex Austin in Male and proceeds to describe a number of harmless mannerisms, like slipping a shoe off, and showing a hearty appetite (for food) which indicate concealed goatishness in women.

["Eager Females—How they reveal themselves," Male, Vol, XIX, No. 6, June 1969.]

Barry Jamieson describes the underhand tactics of "The Willing Cheater: Your Wife's Best Friend" in Stag.

[Stag, Vol. XX, No. 5, May 1969.]

The object of such articles is to imply that the world is full of liquorish sluts in flimsy disguises, who will welcome the most unceremonious advances despite their prissy denials. Such women are available, easy, pushovers. Whatever they get, they have deserved. Acting upon this kind of imagined discrimination, a certain kind of man whispers obscenities to women passing on the street and laughs at their humiliation and confusion which he construes as evidence that they are guilty of the secret bestial desires he has touched upon.

The woman tempted me, and I did eat.

When a man is ashamed to masturbate, and instead waylays women for the sake of finding sexual release, the shame...is referred to the woman."

(The Female Eunuch. Bantam Books. New York: 1972, pp. 263-268, 369.)

The tone of these articles seems to suggest that it cannot be rape if a man has sex with one of these sluts, whether she consents or not. Somehow, once a woman feels sexual appetite, to the male chauvinist, this represents an obligation on her part to service any man who wants sex...

These indications, and other mythological indications, that a woman wants sex or has no right to refuse it, make life ghastly for women—especially when male chauvinists and/or psychologists imply or state that women invite rape. The January 1974 issue of Cosmopolitan contains an article by W. H. Manville, called "Mind of the Rapist." In some ways I think this is a useful article—in other ways, because of the points of view expressed, the article is sexist. One of the things said in the article is:

"Rape as an expression of contempt, hostility, aggression—call it what you will—can most readily be seen in cases where a girl has, inadvertently or not, aroused expectations she is not prepared to fulfill. Most men will take such a tease act with various degrees of philosophy or anger. But in other men, these "misunderstood courtship signals"...often end in fury and rape..."

Do you think rape is ever an expression of friendliness and nonhostility? The article has various examples of rape cases, and of the "misunderstood courtship signals" rapists cited to justify their actions. Some of these were:

"When the man squeezed the woman's hand, she squeezed back.

The woman said it was all right for the man to come up to her apartment for a cup of coffee.

The woman was invited to a party at the man's apartment by another guest, and she went.

The woman stopped a man on the street and told him she had just been raped and needed help. (No, this was not given as a justification—but the man she stopped raped her.)"

The recently televised movie starring Elizabeth Montgomery, and called, I believe, "A Case of Rape" gives another example:

The woman accepted a ride home with the man, and when he said he had to make an emergency phone call, she said he could use the phone.

My English teacher never explained to me that "coffee" and "telephone" are idiomatic euphemisms for "fuck"...Do we all feel that by getting into another person's car, or going to a party, or returning a hand squeeze, or asking for help, or permitting someone to enter our homes—we are signing a contract to have sex, so that the other person is gypped if we don't?

"Tease act" implies that a woman, however inadvertently, has actually done something to arouse the man's expectations. If men take such things as the preceding examples as agreements to have intercourse, I think it is inaccurate and unfair to say that the woman has anything whatsoever to do with these expectations, or to imply that she has some responsibility for them...These expectations arise in the man's mind with no connection to the woman whatsoever, and this is in part ignorance or indifference to the woman's feelings. If rapists were aware of women's feelings, they would realize that it is not possible for a person to live life in such a way that they never get into another person's car, never invite someone in for coffee, never want to get to know another person and then maybe later decide to have intercourse...No, to the male chauvinist women are only here because of sex, so whatever they do is in relation to sex—if a woman goes without a bra it's because she wants to turn on every man in sight, not because she's got a painful ribcage from hepatitis, or because she forgot to do the laundry last night...If a woman wants to have anything to do with a man, it has to be sex, and sex immediately when he wants it...

The rapist may have a sort of mental picture of a woman in his head, and this imaginary image may consent to sex, may even be a nymphomaniac—and perhaps the rapist confuses this picture in his head with an actual woman. One rapist mentioned in Newsweek apparently believed that his victim had given her consent...

...Stephen noticed a woman walking toward him on the street one evening and quietly told himself, "If she turns right, she wants me to follow her." The hapless woman did indeed make a right turn. Stephen ran after her, dragged her to a vacant lot and committed a sexual assault.

(Newsweek, August 20, 1973, MEDICINE: "Portrait of a Rapist," p. 67.)

Maybe someone can explain to me how turning right on the street is a "misunderstood courtship signal: or a "tease act?" That is not how a man is supposed to decide whether a woman wants sex.

The kind of male chauvinist piggery revealed in these assumptions about women far overshadows whatever genuine masochism some women might have, whether as a personal problem, or a result of oppressive social conditioning in a patriarchal (masculinist) society. As Maomi Weisstein has shown in her essay on social conditioning, psychology, and women:

"in some extremely important ways, people are what you expect them to be, or at least they behave as you expect them to behave."

(The New Women. Edited by Joanne Cooke, Charlotte Bunch-Weeks, & Robin Morgan. Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich: 1971, p. 162.)

In short, if enough people tell women in enough ways that women are masochists and men prefer women who are masochists (or show aspects of masochism) and the culture as a whole sees women as masochistic and interprets their behavior patterns as evidence of masochism—women may find themselves living up to the stereotype and behaving masochistically. Other women, who start to become aware of the stereotype and the conditioning may go to the other extreme in order to avoid any hint of possibly masochistic behavior. But both groups of women are reacting to the stereotype.

Many women probably do have fantasies about rape—but this does not necessarily prove that they are masochists. People have nightmares of all kinds—without wanting them to come true! Surely we all have fantasies about how terrible the exam or the job interview will be?

The thing to remember is that in actual rape, the woman has little or no control over the situation. In fantasy, although she may fantasize lack of control, actually she is omnipotent. It is her fantasy which she is creating—she is in total control of what she chooses to imagine. For many women the most damaging aspect of rape is the realization that they are physically helpless and extremely vulnerable to physical violence. Charlotte Armstrong observed in one of her novels that people are vulnerable to violence, to other people who don't play by the rules. We live in a nice, orderly society, made up of basically decent people, with rules to protect us. The parist is saying to a woman victim as graphically as it is possible to do so that the preceding statement is untrue: we live in a jungle, and whoever is strongest and willing to hurt others is free to do so... This element can be imagined like any other element or aspect of a situation, but it cannot actually be experienced in a fantasy, because the fantasist is actually in control. In fact, fantasies of rape may be attempts to come to terms with the possibility of rape without going through the actual experience and the risk of being murdered. I believe it has been shown that people who can imagine an emergency beforehand and plan what they would do are more likely to react properly, or at least as they plan, if the emergency does actually occur. The knowledge that one has some ability to fight back, and so has that choice to make—even if one chooses not to resist—still there is that choice which would lessen the feeling of helplessness, of total lack of choice, which causes the psychological damage of rape.

Fantasy is the opposite of reality, and those who fantasize certain things may not want them in real life; may fantasize precisely because they do not want these things—they are afraid of them.

TWO STRANGE ITEMS by John A. R. Hollis.

AN EXAMINATION OF AN INTERESTING THOUGH OBSCURE RELIGION. The adherents of this interesting, though obscure religion live on a semi-isolated somewhere, and call themselves "the Worm-Keepers." Their doctrine is based upon the transmigration of souls, though not in the generally accepted sense. They consider earthworms to be the repositories of unborn souls. They don't give a damn what happens to the soul after death.

During the infancy of this religion, they considered all worms to be sacred. Eventually faith gave way to reason, as they observed that the number of worms on their island alone would more than suffice. Thus they came to the conclusion that they had been ordained by birth to protect the worms, and that they had been elevated to this office as the result of having been especially good earthworms in the previous life.

They do not till the soil, for obvious reasons. They live on the beaches and eat fish. Generally they are ill-nourished.

The impact of Christianity on this religion has been especially interesting. Some argue that since God was born as Christ, then died, promising to return, that God is a worm awaiting His rebirth in the Second Coming. Adherents of this view are known as the Cult of the Worm That Returned.

The second view rejects the hypothesis of the Returning Worm, holding that while Christ was probably divinely inspired, He could not have been divine. These say that since God is unborn, He "dwelleth in the One Perfect Worm." Adherents of this view are known as the Cult of the Transcendent Worm. Both cults, however, agree on one point: woe to he who steps upon God! As I said above, they stick to the beaches.

It has been asked why, since God is the Perfect Worm, He has not been incarnated in a Keeper. This is known as the Divine Mystery. Indeed, some keepers have claimed to be God Incarnate; these have invariably been unpopular among their fellows. There is an amusing anecdote concerning the meeting of two Keepers both claiming to be God; this however is too long, involved, and pointless to be worth the space required in the telling.

* * * * *

Historical Note: If your child was born after November 17, 1957, it is soulless. On that date, following the force evacuation of 84 violently protesting natives, a Thermonuclear Device was tested on the island. God is also assumed to have been among the Casualties.

THE POINT ENTIRELY. And now, children, what would you like to examine next? (Little Suzie at this point raises her hand and says she wants to see a Nuclear War. Little Suzie is rather bloodthirsty.) It really doesn't matter what you want to watch; I was only asking to be polite. Our next topic is an Example of Misunderstanding.

That object is called a Flying Saucer. The creature inside the Flying Saucer is called Shapidar.

"That's just what we need for the collection. Seize it!"

"Mmnph."

"Shapidar, WAKE UP! I said that's just what we need for the collection. Seize it! Don't just stand there with your zaze in your ear!"

"Yes, Superior. No, superior." Shapidar guiltily removes his zaze from his ear and activates the Seizer.

You may be wondering why Shapidar calls the Captain (who is somehow a part of the Flying Saucer) "Superior." This is because the Flying Saucer (which is somehow a part of the Captain) really is Superior to Shapidar. As we know, no one can ever be really happy unless he feels superior to someone. Naturally the Flying Saucer, or Captain, must be happy; this is the reason Shapidar is present. And Shapidar himself is happy when awake because he feels superior to himself asleep.

That object is called a Bus. The creatures inside are called Passengers, with the exception of the driver, who is called Herman. The bus rolls merrily along, its whiplike action jolting an elderly negro who is sitting in the back of the bus in open defiance of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Ahead twinkle the lights of the town which, they say, if it only had a roof...oh well. A science-fiction reader sits by a window, chain-smoking Viceroy's and thinking of nothing in particular. Next to him looms a woman whom he does not know and whom he does not care to know. She weighs perhaps two-fifty pounds and is incapable of thinking of anything except in generalities.

Below twinkle the lights...what the hell! The passengers begin to notice and reactions vary. The chain-smoker says (to himself and less coherently), "The lights were ahead, now they are below, therefore the bus is flying. Buses cannot fly, therefore we are being collected by a Flying Saucer." A woman shrieks (aloud), "Shriek!" and faints, falling atop the smoker.

She weighs at least two-fifty pounds. An elderly negro in the back of the bus seems to be asleep, and the chain-smoker feels a little short of breath himself.

"Maybe they don't realize we breathe air," thinks the smoker. "Maybe they don't realize we're on the bus. Maybe they just don't give a damn. I'll try telepathy. HEY! YOU UP THERE! THERE ARE HUMANS ABOARD THIS BUS, ESPECIALLY ME! CAN YOU HEAR ME? WE BREATHE AIR! WE NEED PRESSURE! HEY! WAKE UP! WE'LL ALL DIE HORRIBLE PAINFUL MESSY DEATHS IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING!"

Now watch closely, children; the Misunderstanding is about to occur. Notice that Shapidar is asleep again.

"WAKE UP!"

"Mmmph."

"...HORRIBLE PAINFUL MESSY DEATHS IF YOU DON'T..."

"Yes, Superior." Shapidar sleepily congratulates the Captain on his Superior mercy and activates the Euthenator.

As you can see, children, the moral is obvious. And now, Suzie, as a special treat, we shall watch a Nuclear War. (Little Suzie raises her hand at this point and asks what a zaze is. Little Suzie has missed the point entirely.)

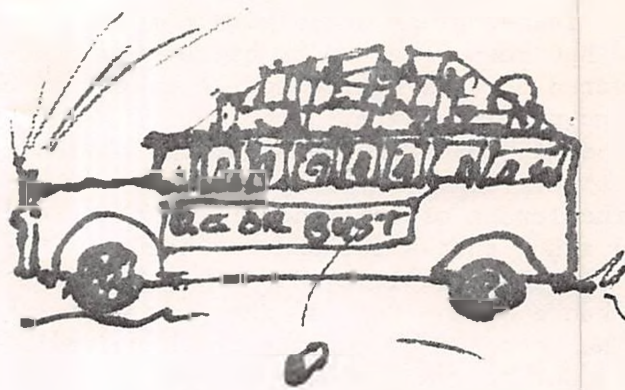
—oOo—

THE EDITOR RAVES
(Irvin Koch)

SCIENCE FICTION, AN INTRODUCTION, L. David Allen & James L. Roberts (Dept. of English, U of NB), Cliffs Notes Inc., Lincoln, NB 68501, 1973, 187pp pb, \$1.95.

If anyone has written anything nearer to a straight textbook on sf than this, I'd like to know about it. There are several obvious improvements possible but for a start, it's pretty good.

It contains a section on "categories of sf" which while not all-inclusive, is just short of the "spoke's of a wheel" concept developed by DelRey in a recent IF. It's passible anyway. Then there are analyses of 13 representative novels in chronological order from 1870 to 1970. This of course needs to be doubled and



some newer novels added. The synopsis's could be somewhat shortened and several novels (and some short stories by key authors) discussed in one section. Again, not particularly good as could be expected if, say, Pohl & Williamson had written the book, but there isn't much else to choose from. The book ignores fantasy almost entirely; an entire separate similiar volume needs to be written on that.

The first sections are excellent, however, for total strangers to sf as literature. The discussion on "categories" misses only one major point: the variety possible with sf vs mundane fiction. SF relaxes some unwritten rules encountered in any other genre. Somewhere along the way they also make the statement that there is little or no sf poetry; this is not true as there has been much sf poetry—but in mundane poetry there is not as much difference from sf as there is in prose.

The next section, on a definition of sf, is better than most such discussions in that it discusses the literature rather than just quibbling over an all-precise definition. An error tho is made in stating that sf assumes an orderly universe. SF, in recent years especially, goes beyond assuming a different ordered universe than the mundane one—the authors assume sf parallels science. Modern sf, especially that of Ellison et al. assumes the universe may just not be orderly and then focuses on the poor characters caught in the disorder.

The sections on "another way of reading DUNE" and "guidelines for reading sf" are major advances in sf scholarship in that they pin down rules for dissecting ANY literature, a'la first year college English, apply them to sf, and add the needed extra rules for discussin sf in the same breath with mundane lit studies. They are a touchstone for reviewers in the future, like myself, because if a work is good or bad you can use the points raised and dig up bits from the work as illustrations. If a work is really bad, you can point to the absence of such facets as noted by the authors.

The next section concerns versimilitude, i.e., suspension-of-disbelief, and the mechanics of obtaining such. Sense of wonder, it ain't, but good sf writing pointers, yes.

The concluding sections on sf awards and bibliography could be done better by any old hard core fan member of SFRA. But the authors as much as admit this and it only remains to revise this work or publish two more (sf and also f) along the same lines to come up with an outstanding and also enjoyable text.

Who, by the way, the hell, are these authors? Anyone know them?

*** *** ***

HERE ABIDE MONSTERS, Andre Norton, DAW, 1301 Av of the Americas, NY 10019 (order from NAL box 999, Bergenfield, NJ 07621), 1974, \$1.25, 205pp, pb.

Some Norton readers aren't going to be happy with this one. The usual type of characters, young people and some older ones somewhat stereotyped, are present, plus assorted bad guys and strange creatures out of Ms Norton's researches. But she tried to impose something else on the usual adventure sequence.

This can be taken one of two ways. Either it is an attempt at demonstrating that such a book does not after all have to have a happy and satisfying ending, but that the author could write one a bit more realistic, less happy, and mixing the bad guys (one group) and good guys into a grey spectrum. Or the freeways and life in general have eaten into someones spirit and the book reflects an actual pessimism with the world and even with fantasy or imagination.

In any case, for once, the ending leaves no chance whatsoever of there being loose ends for a sequel. I hope there is NOT a sequel on this one; real life is dismal enough without defeat eating up dreams too. Any sequel would have to be, for once, based on a whole new story with only the characters or world the same. And also, for once, there is no doubt the book connects with OUR world only, not any other from the Norton cosmos. Recommended, as is the one above, for everyone.

*** *** ***

STAR RIDER, Doris Piserchia, Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Av, NY 10019, 1974, 219pp pb, \$1.25.

One would think this to be a well written book. A half-way genuine woman protagonist, a whole pack of nice sf gambits (superhuman races & powers, a wierd future universe, a satisfyingly devious plot and endless but clear ending, etc.)—but the author apparently is/was so prejudiced in favor of large people against small people that I became slightly nauseated.

*** **

NIGHTSLAVES, Jerry Sohl, Fawcett Gold Medal, Grenwich, Conn, 1965, 174pp pb, 50¢.

Sohl is a good commercial writer. The story has elements like an alien turning a town into zombies every night for his own use which could have made a good erotic fantasy. The Alien has a beautiful sister who gets involved with the inevitable human whose skull is wired with metal from surgery. There is no overt hard core eroticism so the book gets by the book burners. The human kills himself and gets the sister. His wife gets the doctor who was trying to cure him. Sohl pleases everyone.

*** **

PLEASE TOUCH, Jane Howard, Dell, 750 3d Av, NY 10017, 1970, 237pp pb, \$1.25.

There wasn't enough sf to use up the credit for the books I turned in to the BOOKRACK to trade with. So I ended up with a few "near things."

This apparently was a sensational subject honestly covered and of little or no worth. All these "human potential" freaks and encounter groups need is to go to a small sf con.

*** **

ALL TIMES POSSIBLE, Gordon Eklund, DAW, 1301 Av of Americas, NY 10019, 191pp pb, 95¢, 1974.

Recommended without qualification.

The less said about it the better. Surprising that DAW got this one, and surprising Eklund wrote it. Nothing is what it seems except the old alternate worlds bit is the basis (and if there is any flaw, it's that a few explanations are never made). Characters well done. Action well done, plot well done, and even a final end, ending.

I read it, and I still don't believe it. Hugo nomination anyone?

*** **

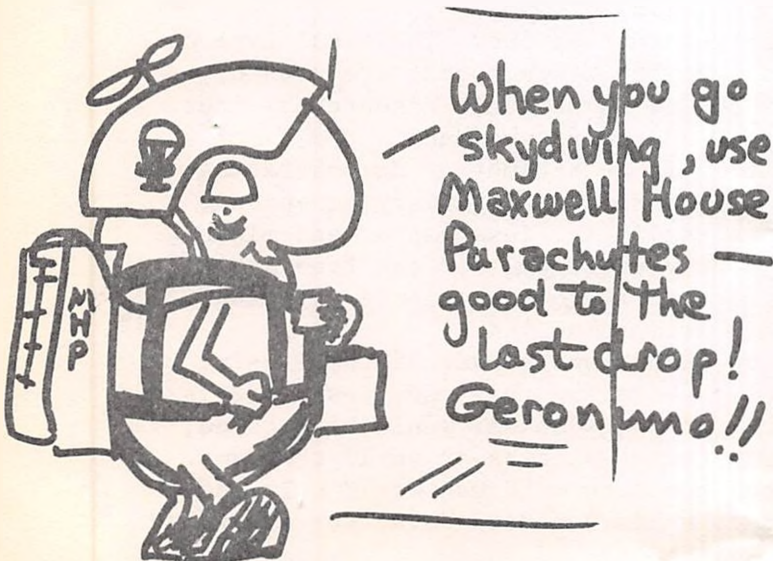
THE WATCH BELOW, James White, Ballantine, 101 5th Av, NY 10003, 189pp, 95¢ pb.

Wow, another recommended without qualification.

Key features are a "double plot"—aliens fleeing a dying world for earth's seas and survivors of a sunk vessel trapped undersea for generations. Excellent characterization plus White's specialty(s): medical bits and stretching drama over long periods of time. The plots are tied together at the end most effectively and the ending is both satisfying and as clear as ice water.

Why is it that the really good authors go relatively unnoticed?

*** **



"Fair" cover by someone named Dean Ellis, but the third printing will likely have a different cover.

HEROES & VILLAINS, Angela Carter, Pocket Books, Div Simon & Schuster, 630 5th Av, NY 10020, 1970, 176pp pb, 95¢. Not recommended.

Nice front & back covers—with PB would give credits.

Front blurb says "A fantasy novel of love and savegery in a wilderness world of the future." Back says, "...a gothic fantasy of the future by the brilliant new novelist." Previous novels by this person have had a sort of fantasy air; she went just a little further this time. Only brilliance is talent for making things drab.

*** **

BLACK MAGIC, R. T. Larkin, Dell, 1 DagHammarskjold Plaza, NY 10017, 252 pp pb \$1.25, 1974.

One of the non-sf books picked up to use up my credit. Absolutely bhlah. A typical example of books put out by people who hate reading and think they can make a buck by exploiting whatever seems to be current topics. Black women here. Dull.

*** **

INHERITORS OF EARTH, Gordon Eklund & Paul Anderson, Chilton Book Co. Mktng Services Dept, Radner, PA 19089, 190pp hb, Oct 1974, \$6.50.

The word for this is "abortion." First they brought their pejorative-worthy "book designer" back, and another company to "design" the jacket, and the person editing the art should be shot (I won't knock Kelly Freas' cover—just the art editor). In short an expensive waste on the graphics when much less effort could have produced a better effect. Particular criticisms of their layout may be found in previous MAYBES where people chewed me out—these characters, pros, made the same eye jaring errors the artless faned did.

And then it's hard to figure out why/how Eklund and Anderson came to collaborate—two quite different styles and outlooks. You can however tell that part of the story is little changed from the novellete of the '50s of Andersons on which it's based and, that towards the end, Eklund took over. Result is abortion.

Sayeth the blurb: "This is the tense and fast-moving story of how Alec and Anna learn the unsuspected truths behind their own existence and that of their race, and how these truths affect the entire future of all humanity." Alec and Anna are the hybrid half-superhuman children of some nasty supermen. The human race goes to the armageddon-eternal war and nobody really does anything unusual.

There is not only no ending or denemoue or resolving of the plot, the plot is trite formula, slow moving, and in no way better nor worse than any of a zillion Ace Doubles.

Sorry Chilton, this would be a nice pot boiler if you were grinding out 4 titles a month for years on end, but for a supposedly superior and limited line—nope.

*** **



MAYBE LOCS

talking
back

J. E. POURNELLE
12051 Laurel Terrace
Studio City, CA 91604

I'm not really sure I understand why I got MAYBE 37; which is a sneaky way to get someone to read a fanzine. So of course I read through looking for my name or a reference to one of my books or like that. But no, although there was a nice interview with Gordy. I think he really is the only sf writer who actually took courses in writing. Larry Niven took the Famous Writers' School correspondence course for a while, but dropped out just before the lesson on character construction.

To which I generally reply, "Gee, I knew that" and smile knowingly, irritating hell out of him until we get to work on something else.

The one letter on theology wondering what's supposed to be wrong with apples leads me to wonder something: he says he was in a Catholic school, but apparently it was either badly run, unlike the schools I attended in Memphis 10 these many years ago, or he didn't pay much attention.

Because of course the sin of Adam wasn't merely apple-stealing. Nor for that matter was it simple disobedience. Those are pretty minor things.

The temptation was "you shall be as God"—it was, after all, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. By taking that knowledge man could become the measure of all things, able to decide what was good and what was not. It's the difference between crime and rebellion: a criminal breaks the law, a rebel says it isn't law at all and wants to change it; claims the right to rewrite the law.

And of course it's hardly unique to Christian theology. Socrates versus the sophists, for example: the debate of the ages, is there a natural law which men ought to obey, or is right and wrong, good and evil, a mere matter of opinion, with my opinion as good as yours? I have often intended to write a novel about a man who truly believes that he is the measure of all things: the laughter of children in a school next door disturbs him, so he burns down the school killing all the kids. He sees nothing wrong with that.

Or another who is genuinely interested in the uses of human skin, and the soap-making qualities of human fat, and the like; or has that one been done? But why not, in the interests of Science, if man is the measure of all things?

Socrates answer to the sophist who said "man is the measure of all things" was "the Dog-faced baboon is the measure of all things."

—oOo—

JACK GAUGHAN
PO Box 516
Rifton, NY 12471

Relative to your question, "is there a science fiction artists association?"—all I can tell you is—its been in the works for several weeks—and a goodly No. of Hugo nominees are actively proceeding with the idea.

—oOo—

WALLY STOELTING
2911 Ashby Road
Columbus, Ohio 43209

Thanks for Maybe 37. Here's hoping I can convince you to send me the next one.

One thing intrigues me about your comments re: Maybe. You say locs will get you nowhere more than ever, yet locs seem to be the backbone of Maybe (besides yourself). Are you trying to change Maybe to something of a Starling type zine or am I missing some easily accessible point?

Film fandom seems to be on the rise. CAPRA, the Cinema apa, has twenty-some members now, Randall Larson has just put out a great zine, CineFan, Mark Verheiden is doing a bi-monthly Big Screen, and in the easiest place to look, films seem to be becoming a more 'n more integral part of con reports. I personally enjoy this trend, being an avid film fan, but it sets me to wonder. There is also a mystery apa, horror apa, children's fantasy apa, REH apa, more specialized fanzines in these directions. I wonder whether your basic former S-f freak is now discovering other fields of interest, or whether he/she has always enjoyed and commented on these fields but with less feedback than they get now? I prefer to believe it's the latter reason, due to the fact that I have several interests at one time, and due to the fact that film, mystery, etc., people have also shared our experiences, just like the S-f fans. But I'm open to other suggestions.

Must be off for now, but to take a hint, here's my address—Enjoyed Maybe.

—oOo—

ADRIENNE FEIN
26 Oakwood Ave.
White Plains, NY 10605

"A fraki is a small, shapeless, semi-saurian scavenger from Alpha Centaura Prime III...It is ugly, almost mindless, and has disgusting habits. Its flesh can be eaten only by a starving man. Its skin is unpleasant to touch and leaves a foul odor.

"But 'fraki' means more than this. It means a ground-hog, an earthcrawler, a dirt dweller, one who never goes into space, not of our tribe, not human, a goy, an avslander, a savage, beneath contempt...."

I can think of some four-letter words that would be synonyms...

Irvin—I think you need something besides a cold shower...I saw that part about "girls coming to visit"—you're getting to be a sexist...Maybe that's why you have so much artwork of nude women...

Rose Hogue's cat is not so weird...should see mine. In fact, I had a little experience with Ginger before he got really sick with leukemia...a friend and I were lying on my bed, not doing anything, but my friend was stroking my foot with his—and finding it very soft and furry—?!?! My friend did not realize that Ginger, my little cat, was curled upon my feet! "Cat died a while ago now, & I still miss him. My other cat is getting bad habits again, too—like eating cellophane.)

Who's Christabel?

Somebody ought to explain to Jim Meadows that you can't tell Jews by looks; lots are tall & blond (Nordic?) & there's no reason why Shatner shouldn't be Jewish although I don't know if he is...Dick Gregory once explained that you can't tell anything by skin color—he was going to have a Jewish gentleman take his place in a sit-in—worked okay until the man asked for blintzes...

The artwork & titles & stuff—layout & "readability" in general—look real good this time.

Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention—I just got Maybe #37 & this is my reactions to it! Organized. That's what I am, organized.

—oOo—

"Sweet Basil House"
JAN BROWN
19407 Dorothy Ave.
Rocky River, Ohio 44116

I enjoyed meeting you at Discon. Wish I could have gone to your party, but unfortunately I was spirited away by Tom Claeson and some people from Michigan and wound up at the other end of the Gothic Castle known as the Sheraton-Park.

(I heard they made a mistake and stuck us in the Pentagon!!)

I don't remember that a fraki is any kind of symbiote—was under the impression that it's a rather brainless beast. Could be wrong.

Possibly I'm misreading the Dickson interview—probably I am. Setting out to write the best story you can is not the same as setting out to write Literature.

Funny thing about the people who set out to write Literature—they disappear, and the unpretentious, but good, popular writer is at some point noticed by a few brave critics who decide This Is Worth Studying. It's starting to happen with science fiction now. At any rate, Dickson seems to have escaped being smothered in "icing."

—oOo—

WILL NORRIS
1073 Shave Rd.
Schnectady, NY 12303

I have started the ball rolling for a Teaching SF Bureau, as an outgrowth of a prior interest and having seen June TNFF.

Essentially the TSFB ((Teaching SF Bureau of N3F)) will undertake to (1) collect info, materials, resources, etc., which would be of use to teachers starting or supplementing s f courses; (2) collect info on course contents of existing s f courses; (3) develop a book or pamphlet for publication containing lists, addresses, and anything else that is decided will be an asset to a teacher involved in an sf program; (4) put out a zine or newsletter on some sort of regular basis—ann., semi-ann., or quarterly containing articles, etc. oriented towards sf and the classroom and attending usages (eg writing, special interests, and so on).

TSFB is presently in the formation stage, with the title of a quasi-bureau. In order for it to really begin functioning, I (it) need(s) some interest and feedback shown by others. I have barely scratched the surface of the potential materials, etc. that may be collected and evaluated. I've written Beth and TB for help from there, Tom Walsh and CorrBu, and Dr. Clareson and EXTRAPOLATION. I plan to quiry others as they come to my attention.

—oOo—

LAURINE WHITE
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, Calif 95841

Thank you for the latest Maybe. The cover was so obviously you. It was quite nice, and I liked the imitation DAW design. I do wish you weren't planning to semigafiate or whatever.

It was nice seeing you again at DisCon and I'm so glad you decided to host the Slanapa party, although it is too bad nobody told Jackie. The only time I saw her was Friday nite at the "meet Mae Strelkov" party. As she was busy sitting on the lap of Buck Coulson at the time, she didn't say much.

Whatever happened between you and the local SCA? / The Gordon Dickson interview was interesting, but nothing surprising was in it. The artwork by Rains is a nice addition, and I really liked the drawing on page 5. Mike Glicksohn's letter mentioned "anti-semenites." Have you heard any good jokes about that one? I can't think of any. I'm glad you included the Covington letter, as it is so easy to get worked up over something like that and makes for a lively issue. ((David also did some of the typos...IMK))

What is the situation with Gene Comeau? When you publish a letter like that, it is so intriguing. "Killdozer" was pretty good the first time; except it was opposite "Silent Running," from which I wanted to tape some music that night. ((Gene is in prison...IMK))

((I have taken what amounts to a vow of silence on SCA; ask them, please. Oh—the girls in the Knoxville Sf club are a happy experience. You too Laurine...IMK))

—oOo—

C. Howard Webster
413 N. Belmont Ave.
Richmond, VA 23220

Got your Maybe #38 some time back, and an only now catching up on all of my back correspondance.

I enjoyed your zine, especially the zine reviews after I figured them out. I've never seen that particular way before, and I suspect that it's original. Am I right? ((Yes))

By the way, I would like to make a contribution to Maybe if I might. If you go through the issue of LotSA that I sent you and decide that my writing fits Maybe,

let me know and I'll send you something. Also find enclosed 75¢ for whatever issue you're doing now. Perhaps I'll be able to afford to subscribe one day.

I'll be sending you a copy of LotSA #4, whenever I get it out. Printing costs are on the rise and it's getting to be a real problem to put out the kind of zine I want without compromising quality. Photo-offset? Mimeo? Even, perhaps, ditto? Ah, well; it will pass. I just hope that it goes well.

I don't feel that the Government should sponser a starship project. Too much red tape, too much interference, and too much of a certainty that the military would get involved. A starship should be used for pure research and exploration and colonization and not to establish a combat-booted foothold so that there won't be a starbase-gap. However, since Uncle Sugar is the only one right now with the capital to put into it, my objections are pretty much academic.

The Southern Va. Science Fiction Association held SoVaCon II March 21 - 23 here in Richmond, with Nelson Bond as our GoH. We also hoped to attract several other Va. pros, such as Kelly Freas, Will Jenkins, and perhaps Ted White, and any others we can come up with. I hope you might be able to attend and maybe bring some of the Tennessee fans, in the future.

Well, I must get on with some more letters to various people, so I'll write more later.

—oOo—

MARGARET A. BASTA
8043 Pinehurst
Detroit, MI 48204

Has anyone that you know of, ever compiled a list of high schools or universities that teach sf or ST? I've been receiving numerous questions in this area and I would like to give them some factual data rather than just what I've heard about. ((Question is—is there one up to date? IMK))

Also, does anyone in the NFFF have a list of basic sf or fantasy books that one would recommend to a beginning fan? ((See Cliff Notes SF!!IMK)) Many, many of the S.T.A.R. members have asked for recommendations on what to read to find out the basics of sf, but I'm afraid that the list I gave them are prejudiced in favor of my own preferences and not just exactly a list of what every fan should read. Oh, even if you don't have a list, a few suggestions on your part, preferably in print, would be appreciated. Currently we're engaged in writing a new membership packet for S.T.A.R. members and I'd like to include such a basic list.

Oh, also in the list, if you care to answer, could you list prominent sf fanzines that you think a beginner should read? I have a list of my own favorites, but still since you are more actively involved in it all, you probably know of many zines that I have not even heard about much less read. ((YANDRO & zines reviewed in YANDRO.))

—oOo—

SAM LONG
Box 4946
Patrick AFB, Fla 32925

Thanks for MAYBE 37, DAH Books edition (very faanish touch, that), with the Freas cover. Well done!

Gordon Dickson's interview brings up one of the frustrating things about SF, which is that too much research or attention to scientific detail can smother a book, unless the author can wear his learning lightly and can insert it without being too obvious. An example of this is the poet Robert Graves, who in his Roman books, *I, Claudius*; *Claudius the God*; *Count Belisarius*; *King Jesus*, and indeed all his historical novels has researched his subject carefully—he even thinks in Greek or Latin or whatever when writing the book. Yet his style is such that he makes the reader feel that he is reading a (direct translation of a) book written at the time the action takes place by a person who knows what he's talking about. [I say "direct translation", because some of his novels are "written" by ancient Romans, e.g. the Emperor Claudius, and some by native English-speakers, tho of a bygone age, e.g., Sgt Lamb, of John Milton's first wife.] An example of art if SF is Clarke's "Medusa" story

where the hero is in a hot-air balloon above Jupiter and meets Portuguese-man-of-war-type animals. The original of this story appeared in Playboy some years ago. Now that was a good, well-researched, neatly-written story. *Rendezvous with Rama* does not seem to me to be. There is no real story, tho the technology is well-researched and well-thought-out; and the book suffers for it; which is why I say that too much attention to detail can hurt the book.

—oOo—

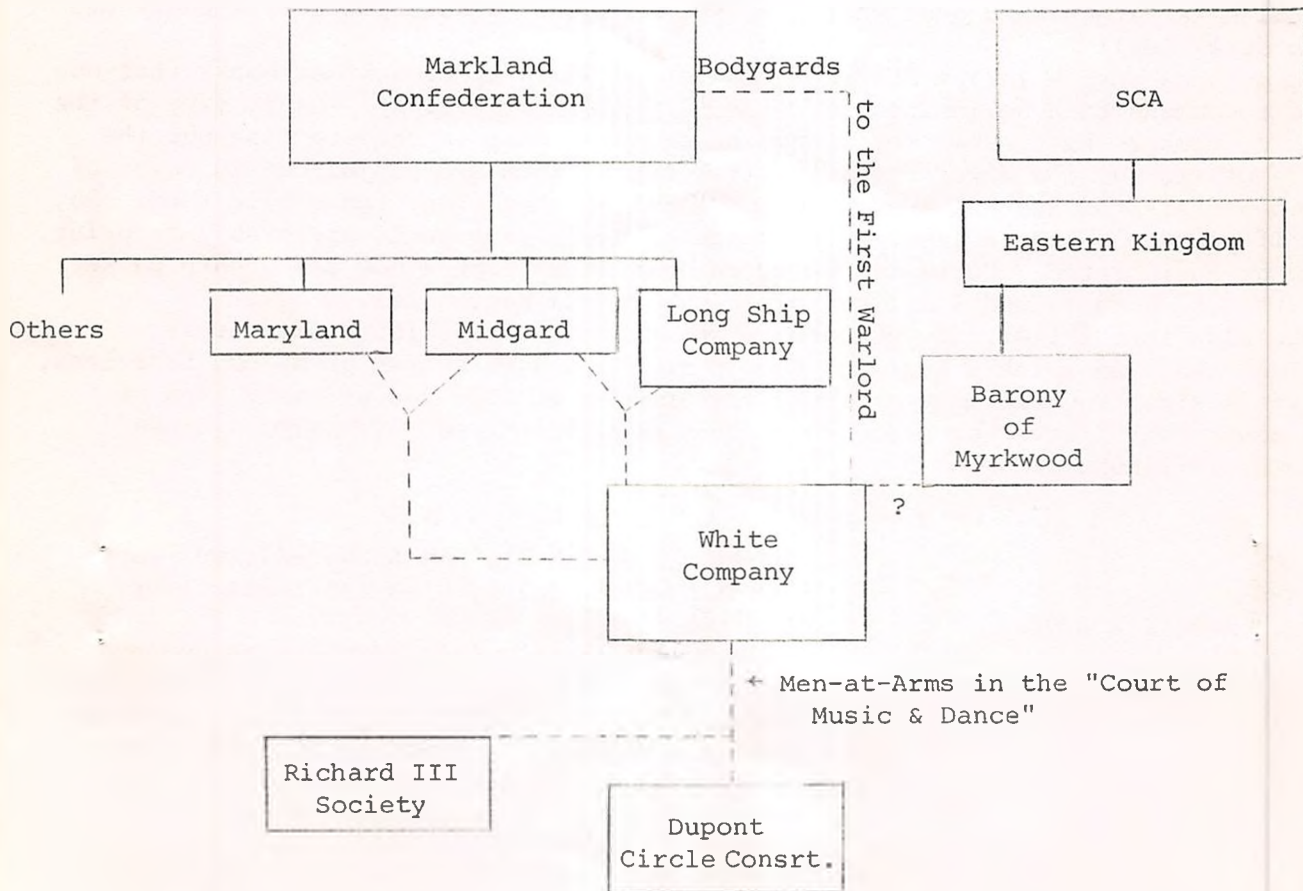
BILL MARLOW
State Armory
Southway & Greenbelt Rd.
Greenbelt, MD 20770

I'm sorry to see that you are having to limit your publishing activities, but I know what you mean about time. I will continue to keep you on our mailing list as long as I can keep putting out the White Paper freebie. What

happens when I run out of funds...will be considered then.

I would like a copy of the all SCA issue, Enclosed you will find \$1 (it's easier to send than 75¢). ((Sorry—all SCA/MAYBE canceled, IMK))

About the White Company...the confusion as to its status and relationship to the other Medievalist organizations is common, even within our own group. This is due to the large cross membership between the Markland Confederation, The SCA, and the White Company. I tend to think in images, so here is an organizational chart of the whole mess (note: this refers to the formal organizational structures only; an informal sociogram of individual relationships, offices held, memberships held, etc., would be more complex.) Hope this doesn't make things too clear, 'cause it really isn't that well organized.



Anyway, the next issue of the White Paper is at the printers, so you should get it soon.

P.S. note: new (and temporary) address.



7 FOR '77 ORLANDO

VOTE ORLANDO FOR THE 1977 WORLDCON

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ELI COHEN
RUSTY HEVELIN
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VOTE ORLANDO IN '77

THE COMMITTEE

DONALD LUNDRY, Chairman -- Don has been a reader/collector since 1950, but was only drawn into active fandom in the 60's. In 1970 he organized the Heicon flight; doubtless his notoriously weak memory is responsible for his current involvement in the Aussiecon flight. He has worked on numerous cons and chaired the 1972 Lunacon with Ted Sturgeon as Guest of Honor. His other hobbies include restoring player pianos and raising redheads.

SUSAN LEWIS -- Suford has been reading and collecting SF since the tender age of nine. By 1961 she had joined LASFS and attended her first con. Midway through college she joined MITSFS and was soon contributing to Twilight Zine, Stroon, and TAPA. In '67 she was a founding member of NESFA, which she served as Clerk, Vice President, and President. Suford was on the Noreascon Committee and in 1973 was chairman of Boskone X. She is also a costume fan, a founding patroness of Georgette Heyer fandom and a contributor to APA:NESFA.

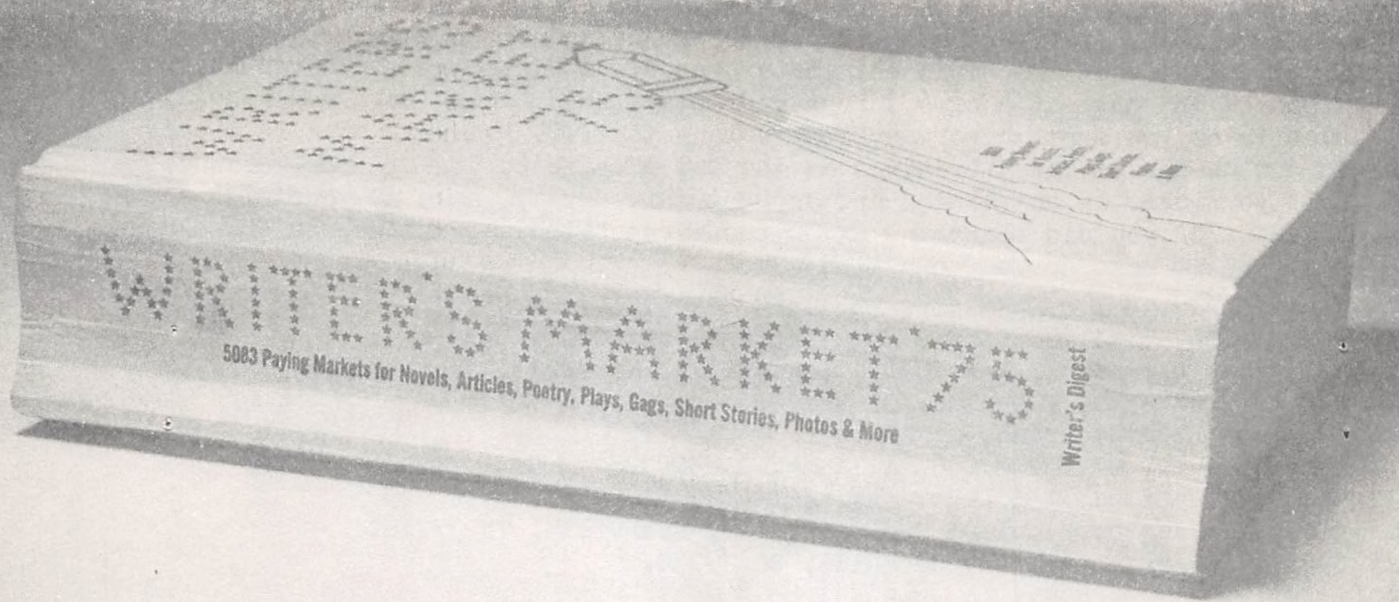
ELI COHEN -- Cut his teeth on *The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree* and *The Magic Ball From Mars*, which did little for the books, but turned Eli into a fanatic Science Fiction reader. In 1967, he discovered fandom in the form of Nycon III, and two years later started publishing AKOS. He was a founding member of the Columbia Univ. SF group, running the club as its Grand Marshall from 1969 to 1973. He met Don Lundry in 1970 through the Heicon flight, and wound up as treasurer of Don's Lunacon; a definite example of the hazards of air travel. Currently, he publishes KRATOPHANY, which LOCUS # 163 called "Canada's leading fannish fanzine."

RUSTY HEVELIN -- attended Denvention in 1941 and plunged right into the wide world of fanac: co-editor of *Fantascience Digest* with Bob Madle, editor of NEBULA - *The Fantasy Fan Record*, president of the PSFS, traveling jiant and director of the NFFF. He's been a minac member of FAPA three times, cliff hanging 12 years the last time (1958 - 1970). Rusty has one of the major collections of SF magazines, other pulps, and fanzines of the 1940's. Since 1965 he has zeroed in on attending conventions, but joined SAPS last October. In both 1973 and 1974 he was co-ordinator of Pulpcon.

BRUCE NEWROCK -- first got involved in fandom when he helped found an SF club at CCNY in 1961: he served as Treasurer and Student Council representative for it. In 1967, he attended Nycon III, and has been a confirmed fan ever since. Bruce was co-founder of BRUNSFFA, first King of the Eastern Kingdom, worked on the 1972 Lunacon and many cons since. Aside from fanac, he also enjoys model railroading and photography.

ELLIOT SHORTER -- is one of fandom's natural wonders and resources. He's always there to help out at every con with whatever needs doing. Even a partial list of his activities is overwhelming: TAFF delegate to Heicon, Vice-President of ESFA, Seneschal of the Eastern Kingdom, perennial worldcon trouble shooter, masquerade judge, Westercon art auctioneer, huckster, filksinger ... the list is endless. Why, there was even one Boskone when he was Isaac Asimov!

JOANNE WOOD -- first joined fandom with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, and helped put on the 1966 Midwescon. In her travels she has joined the Little Men and NESFA, helped to found PENSFA, worked on the Baycon. Joanne wrote her Master's thesis on Science Fiction Fandom as a Social Movement, and is now completing her Doctorate. She can usually be found at the Advent table in the hucksters room with her husband, Advent partner Ed Wood.



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M A Y B E P E O P L E

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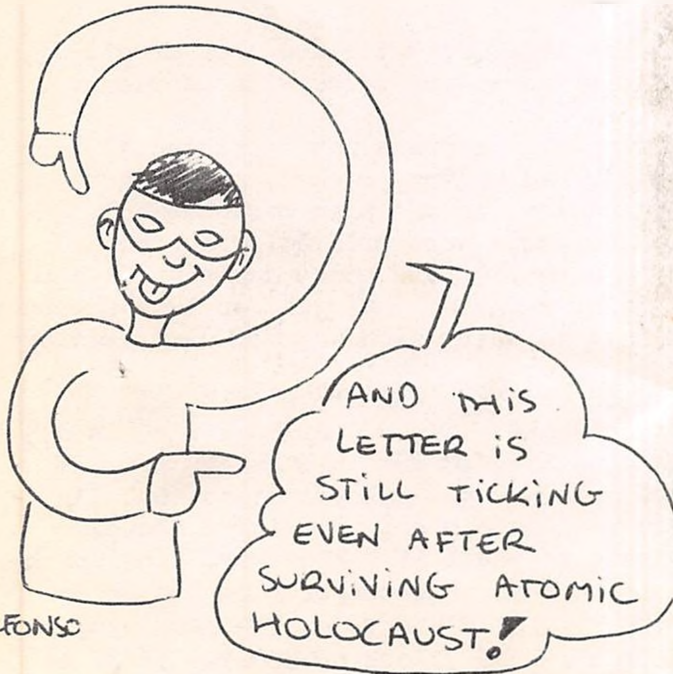
- Deneys A. Howard, 2401 S.E. Salmon, Portland, OR 97214. \$,45.
- Jim Meadows III, 31 Apple Court, Park Forrest, IL 60466. \$,45.
- Harper Fowley, c/o KYOSK, box 23167, Louisville, KY 40223. ((KY MENSA))
- Bill Bowers, box 2521, N.Canton, OH 44720.
- Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen, FAPA.
- George McNamee II, GT box 31616, Atlanta, GA 30032.
- David Mathews, apt 8a 1355 Euclid Av, Atlanta, GA 30307.
- Eric & Jeannie Jamborsky, 1105 Greenfield Av, Nashville, TN 37216.
- Dirk Byrd, 1165 TwinLakes Rd, RockHill, SC 29730.
- Jim Belzer, box 468, Rome, GA 30161.
- Alice Wood, 1819 7th Av #4, Oakland, CA 94606.
- Dick & Carol Stafford, 1818 Wildwood Av, Nashville, TN 37212.
- John T. Harlee, box 1245, Florence, SC 29501. ((hear about the TN LP, John?))
- Steve Block, 2116B Acklen, Nashville, TN 37212.
- Dan Caldwell, 305 Sutherland Av, Nashville, TN 37205.
- Warren & Mary Causey, 3118 Long Blvd, Nashville, TN 37203.
- Robert Clifford, c/o 1133 Howard St, Nashville, TN 37216((?????CoA????? to where)).
- John A.R. Hollis, 1106 Frances Av, Nashville, TN 37204.
- Chas & Margaret Fontenay & family, 405 Scott Av, Nashville, TN 37206.
- Robert B. Robbins, box 396 sta B, Montreal, PQ, Canada H3B 3J7. \$,41.
- Barry Gillam, 4283 Katonah Av, Bronx, NY 10470. \$,41.
- Fred M. Meyer, 220 N 11th St, Escanaba, MI 49829.((I owed this zine to OZ CLUB from '74))
- Janet L. Brown, 19407 Dorothy Av, Rocky River, OH 44116. \$,43.
- Steven Beatty, 1662 College Terr Dr., Murray, KY 42071. \$,41.
- Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. AFAT.((SF ECHO/MT))
- Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, MD 20906. T,41.
- George Senda, 340 Jones St #1163, SF, CA 94102. \$.
- Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Rd, DesPeres, MO 63131. AFAT. ((TITLE))
- Sam Konkin III, box 294 P.Stuyvesant Sta, NY, NY 10009. T. ((sorry, but I'm trying
- Mike Baker, PO Box 5808, KC, MO 64111. \$,53(!!!) to gafiate...))
- Thos R. Tate, 2475 FontaineCir, Madison, WS 53713. \$.
- Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Rd, Birmingham, AL 35223.AFAT. ((SFCB))
- Rose Hogue, 16331 GoldenGate Ln, HuntingtonBeach, CA 92649. \$.
- David Rains, Rt 10, McMinnville, TN 37110. \$,41plus((art)).
- Tim Zell & family, c/o box 2953, SL, MO 63130. AFAT. ((GE))
- The Coulsons, Rt 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. AFAT. ((YANDRO))
- Richard R.Heim,Jr., 335 NW 19th St, Lincoln, NB 68528. \$.
- Marsha McCurley, 3112 Sussex Rd, Augusta, GA 30904. \$,44.
- Cliff Amos, 1450 S. 3d, Louisville, KY 40208. \$,43.
- Eric Ferguson III, box 506, Ft Lee, AFS, VA 23801. \$,46.
- Irwin Gaines, 100 Cedar St, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522. \$.
- Robin Bruce, 727 Forsyth St, BocaRaton, FL 33432. \$,41.
- Floyd Peill, box 238, Morse, SASK, Canada S0H 3C0. \$,42.
- Ralph A.Moss, 300 RockCliffCourt apt 1, Louisville, KY40204. \$,42.
- James K.Farley, Ferrum College, Gerrum, VA 24088. \$,41.
- Larry Williams, 1005 Ayers St, Kelso, WA 98626. \$,42.
- David D.McGirr, PO box 801, Haverhill, MA 01830. \$,44.
- David P.Nesius, box 2207, Hammond, IN 46323. \$.

Irvin Koch, address on p2---Knoxville apt phone 615-523-2988. \$,infinity.
 Brad Parks, 562 Kennedy Rd, Windsor, CT 06095. 41((more art on file)).
 Ann Cass, box 449, Argo, IL 60501. \$,42. ((& special))
 Margaret Gemignani, 3200 NE 36th apt 907, FtLauderdale, FL33308. \$,41.
 Andy Dyer, 907 Joyce Ln, Nashville, TN 37216. \$,42.
 Helen Hagler et al, HJMR Co, box 610308, N.Miami, FL33161. \$,41.
 Celia Tiffany, 3012 Mamelles Dr, St Charles, MO 63301. 43. ((photo deal))
 Rebbecca Bagget, 8008 Old Stage Rd, Raleigh, NC 27603. T. ((SOL III))
 The Jenrettes, box 374 Coconut Grove, Miami, FL 33133. T.((TAB, also artwork))
 Margaret Basta, 8043 Pinehurst, Detroit, MI 48204. \$,43.
 Mike Rammage, po box 750, Huntsville, TX 77340. \$,44.
 Thomas J. Walsh, 102 Prospect Av, Irvington, NJ 07111. \$,44.
 John Hollis, 1106 Frances Av., Nashville, TN 37204. \$,46.((extd for contrib))
 Carol Andrus & Julia Haworth, 1476 S 200 E #1, SLC, UT 84115.
 Dennis Armstrong, 154 Cadet Ln, Franklin, TN 37064. \$,44.
 Jerrold D. Dickson, box 2776, Honolulu, HI 96803. \$,42.
 George Alec Effinger, ????last known in NO LA.
 Fredric Wertham, MD, Rt 1, Kempton, PA 19529. ((Check out the RAPE ARTICLE))((?))
 Mike Zaharakis, 1226 S.E. Salmon, Portland, OR 97214.
 Alex Gilliland, 4030 8th St S, WA, DC 22204.
 Keith Kaufman, 1037 Edward St, Louisville, KY 40204.
 Ken & Roni Shepherd, 1079 Eastern Pkwy, Louisville, KY 40217.
 Sheryl Birkhead, c/o 23629 Woodfield Dr, Gaithersburg, MD 20760.
 Sally Morris, c/o box 328, Maryville, TN 37801.
 Coles & Co, Mrs Owens, 2126 White Av, Knoxville, TN 37916. ((printers, etc.))
 Tom Collins, wherabouts unknown!!! Last seen heading for NY. ((contrib))
 Adrienne Fien, address within. 41plus ((contrib))
 Jon Inouye, 12319 Aneta St, CulverCity, CA 90230. ((marginal contrib))
 ((I don't "dig" people who mass repro contribs & multi-submit like mad.))
 Sam Long, box 4946, PAFB, FL 32925. ((contrib used))
 Al Sirois, 233 Country St, NewHaven, CN 06500((?)) 41?((more art on file?))
 Don Lundry, because his address on page 2 is printed.
 Fred Patten, " " " " " " " " " " " "

WRITERS DIGEST, because their address is printed.
 ((FYI, I could get Bonnewitz's & Holzer's addresses from GE, but since they aren't printed, that is the line at which copies are not given--I've argued with people on this before.))
 ((Ditto on all the "references" publishers for whom full address not printed.))
 Cliff Notes Co, DAW, NAL, Bantam, Gold Medal, Dell, Ballantine, Pocket Books, and especially CHILTON--because they are tied in with Nashville and also because--not enough room to explain--all get copies as their addresses were printed. In some cases they have proven they read this zine and in a couple rare cases may even have been influenced. There are a lot more reviews in my FAPAzine that will go here whenever FAPA mails the cottin-pickin things so I don't have to worry about "prior distribution" credit problems.))
 And seven letterhacks whose addresses are published within & not above go here.
 Ralph Alfonso, 5252 Borden, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H4V 2T1. ((artwork when used))
 --So far, I think I count 90 people who have done something to get this zine. by past experience there will be at least 10 single copy sales or new subscriptions. But I'm a dubm(sic) faned; there are 43 people I have address labels on, not listed above, who just possibly might be worth sending this issue to--hell if I know why. And another 47 will probably show up who live close enough to come to some con or club I'm in so let's run the propaganda; (1) CHATTANOOGA SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, 2-4 Jan 1976, Shearaton "Chattanooga" South--East Ridge Exit from I-75 & 1/2 block up US41N. It'll be a "nice" convention. Programing, artshow, hucksters, parties, etc--but not too much. Flyers on request. Hotel cards on request. GoH:Cliff Amos, MG:Meade Frierson III, Pros have been invited per special arrangements. Membership is \$5 to Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bg, Chattanooga, TN 37402. Huckster & Banquet rates reasonable.
 #91 Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr, Nashville, TN 37220 gets stuff on artshow--all else to me.

(2) Chattanooga SF Group--write me if within distance to be interested. There is also a UTC SFC which makes up the bulk of CSFG membership, but as this goes back to the printers(I typed pp2, &26-28, typos there are mine)I can't give an address on that other than "contact me".

(3) Southern Fandom Confederation--see Meade Frierson's listing on p26--\$1 & intended to get everyone in TN KY VA SC NC FL GA LA MS AL who is in fandom related to sf&f in anyway, plus all clubs, cons, zines, activities in that area listed in SFCB & Roster & Handbook. No room to fully explain--just send your name/address/interest or those of people you know in those 10 states to Meade--one SFCB free--a yrs mbrship and all the goodies for \$1. Participation by people outside the area most welcome---again, write Meade. (By the way, it is Irvin Koch and "some Southern Fen" who are "supporting" the 7in77committee Orlando bid; I'm staying out of fan politics as much as possible so if you're interested in the bid race, write someone else and/or blame someone else. All I'm doing is exercising my constitutional right to scream "Orlando in 77" to my heart's content. O.K.? Please?)



ALFONSO

.....there's no more room, even with a larger zine, there ain't no more room....

-o0o-



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