



MAYBE
#46

MAYBE
Worlds of Fandom
46

typed 14 Apr 76

from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt. Bk. Bg., Chattanooga, Tennessee 37402.

Generally available @ 75¢ each or 5/\$3 but you never can tell who I'll send it to. Do note price increase.* #39, 42, 43-R-ST/44/45, &47 are available as this is printed. This started to be #48 but Bill Bridget finished typing his issue before Adrienne Fein did hers (she started to type part of this one too as you'll note) so I decided to go ahead with a double issue instead of triple and also switch numbers. #49 will be the revised FANSPEAK GUIDE and I sort of hope to get it out by 25Aug76. I also have on hand a batch of reprint material and a part done Tolkien article. However...the most likely course for all issues from 50 on is a straight personalzine with rare genzine or special issues. Bill Bridget, who generally identifies his comments [in single brackets] like that or as "BB" is making noises about his continuing the zine as is or doing a personalzine to ride with mine. Adrienne Fein, also known as AWF or [double brackets] is almost for sure spinning off FEINZINE & may "ride" with MAYBE for a while.

** this costs me \$1.25 per copy to do.*

Other than that, we have, p3 et seq, Trekfan David Winfrey's "Totally Controlled Environment", "turnip" by Jan Haas on p7 along with my own convention propaganda, and then. BB's material beginning on page 8 defies either description or title.

He sent me so much material...and as it went back and forth with my comments, and as he unintentionally created a "feature" by sending a series of postcards from his Guatemala trip, something just happened. Page 12 et seq are my own various versions of "Consuming Paper" in the form of talking about books. BB picks up again on p16 with various letters incl his own, and then on p21 with more something. From p31 on it's his plus AWF. I, IMK, always type this, page 2, last. The art credits are on p36. We will now pause while I think of something to fill the page with and do some reading for my Master's Project in Lieu of Thesis. I have 2wks to start on it...and finish it.

* * *

Several hours later and some time after midnight it becomes apparent the pause is more like a hiatus. A third of a stack of fanzines and a half a book on training industrial workers has been finished. The guy who is renting the other bedroom, etc of the top half of duplex has not shown up either.

Obviously he did not scrape up the rent. I expected as much since his only possible source was the man who rents the downstairs and for whom he works part time. Man downstairs was half a month late and barely scraped up the \$ then.

Other than that the choice is between discussing the Masters Paper &/or my job(similiar), or what all went wrong with issue 47. Thinking about 47 discourages me from shiping all this off to Canada for electrostencil after all—it would end up smeared etc.

So much for disasterized fanzines. The paper is on how to bring a production line up to 100% performance once you've set standards on same (and assuming anyone is interested in anything so logical). I did my bit today ok.

Instead of writing-up one problem on one line, I grabbed the foreman and we just moved two heavy greasy nasty machines over where they needed to go thereby ending the problem. I also found in my mail the last weeks production report from the line in TN (HQ & one plant are in KY) which was THE one meant to be in the Paper. They finally hit 99.39%—good enough for me—24% jump in one week. -oOo-

BEYOND "WESTWORLD": FANTASYLAND & THE TOTALLY CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT FUTURIST ARCHITECTURE (David Winfrey)

Let's start with STAR TREK, not because I'm solely a trekkie (I'm not) or because I couldn't start elsewhere (I probably could), but just for the hell of it and to get a connection.

Have you ever considered how conservative the Federation is? They don't like androids as in "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" Of course those androids had a fault but they were disliked before it became known. Actually the episode is a poor reflection on its writer for including that fault. Or maybe not, as he was making a valid point in the story.

In "Requiem for Methuselah" there is an ingrained and possibly semi-subconscious prejudice against alien cultures. Likewise in "Return of the Archons", "A Taste of Armageddon", and others, the culture must be eliminated. They don't like intelligent machines, cloning, genetic engineering, etc or at least some members of the Federation are prejudiced against such aliens. Note Lara in "The Jihad", the hatred of Klingons, Romulans, various indications of prejudice against Vulcans in "Whom Gods Destroy", "The Domsday Machine", "Day of the Dove" and others.

And they may be prejudiced against women although I prefer to believe that Janice Lester was denied a captaincy only through her inability to command, not because of her sex. After all, only SHE expressed doubt a woman could be a starship captain. But be that as it may, there ARE other signs of sexual prejudice, such as the notorious yeoman's and all other female uniforms.

Given the technology possessed by the Feds, some extremely interesting forms of entertainment are possible. The most basic examples are sexual or other consort with androids, clones, aliens, or genetic superpersons.* None of this would be likely to be practical within the UFP—or at least among the human representatives we have seen.

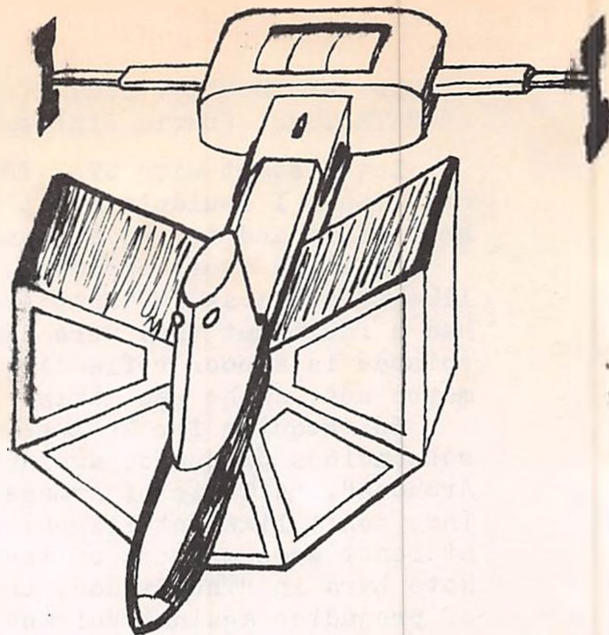
Possibly the most outlandish concept is one that could be called "Dream Maker". Given four devices: tricorder sensor, 3-D TV, a rather complex computer in control of a tractor/deflector bank, and, if desired, a device to produce odors, plus a transporter loaded with various substances. With this array one can synthesize anything.

Example: using a highly advanced and imaginatively programmed computer or by playing back a tape previously recorded of a live incident or artificially created for production, one could conjure up a highly desirable sexual partner, beast to be hunted, or whatever. All senses would be engaged: 3-D TV would project an image, tractor/deflector beams would form it and exert sensation over skin areas plus body organs/orifices. Tricorder tapes would give sound. Odors would be introduced and required substances would be materialized at strategic times and locations by transporter. There would be no difference whatsoever from the real thing save for the total elimination of the danger of pregnancy and the knowledge that it in fact real. This perhaps could also be eliminated by the introduction of chemicals which would submerge the analytical sections of the mind or cause partial amnesia.

Extrapolating from this, one finds that long distance sex is possible. Imagine two people, feet, miles, or lightyears apart. Each has beside them

((*this article WAS edited to fix sentence construction & changed the sense of anything, I apologize in advance. IMK)) If I

a Dream Maker, the two machines being linked by subspace radio. Each Dream Maker scans its owner, transmits the image its counterpart, which in turn relays the image to appear before its owner. Each person acts on the projected body of their partner; their Dream Maker scans that action and transmits it to the partner's machine. It projects the action on the partner's body, whose reaction is relayed in kind. Despite the fact the two people are not actually together, the results, save for the two aforementioned exceptions, are exactly the same as if they were. This would have profound affects on our society if it existed today. How to prevent pre-marital or extra-marital sex if the partners are not together, and their images can be made to vanish at the flick of a button? What if IT & T got ahold of Dream Maker link rights. Think of the "phone bills"! And what if the simultaneous beams were projected without ones consent or the tractor/deflector beams without visuals and/or one's knowledge! These would be fascinating political tools to say the least.



7510.22

Ignoring the use of the tractor/deflector beams as weapons—an invisible punch, crushed hearts, brains, ruptured lungs—there is another danger. Sexually Demeaning Implications of the Dream Maker. One of the most damning allegations of the feminist movement, and one of the few true sexual perversions* is unconcern for the partner's feelings—use of their body wholly as an object of ones own pleasure. The Dream Maker could be the ultimate extension of this process—the ultimate dehumanization and reduction to a mere sex object of the partner. In its playback or fabrication form one need have no concern whatsoever for ones partner's feelings as they do not really exist. Thus would the Dream Maker play upon an unfortunate facet of what may be a good deal of the current male((& female?))population; indeed cause it to flourish.

This is an unfortunate result and one not to be encouraged. Is there any beneficial use for the Dream Maker as related to sex—has it any "redeeming social value"? To answer this, examine certain portions of the futurist utopian environment—the sort of universe the Federation should be but obviously isn't.

Sexual variation is run rampant. Marriage is heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, bigamous, group, and perhaps even oldfashioned two-of-the-opposite-sex til-death-do-us-part. Sex education is universally accepted altho perhaps somewhat unnecessary. Nudity is common, eliminating the voyeuristic "Playboy" attitude. Sexual freedom is such that no offense is taken of any type of proposition, nor at any refusal. And for the few who cannot find it elsewhere, prostitution is legal tho perhaps languishing.

Where is the Dream Maker in all of this? It is an interesting diversion

*The others being pedophilia, necrophilia, forcable sadism, and possibly zoophilia and masochism.

in its use as a device to facilitate long-distance sex. It is an instrument to add to the number of partners in a group, effortlessly. It serves as aid for those few retaining the taint of jealousy, by making one's partner(s) instantly and always available, preventing straying for the reason of loneliness. And by giving help to those who simply cannot relate to others, it is a legitimate medical tool as for psychiatric applications, the rape cure, and computer love.

There will always remain some who cannot know compassion, who do not feel for others. Some of these may always be in confinement. But an increasing majority will be cured of their aberrations by the use of the device called the Dream Maker.

Given a sufficiently advanced liberal(!!!)society, it is not an unwarranted assumption that the crime of rape will decrease in frequency due to legalized (possibly free)prostitution, increased sexual willingness of a good deal of the population, and regular mental attitude tests to determine possible antisocial tendencies. In the last group, and those few who do commit rape, rehabilitation will be the "punishment".

A good deal of this program may involve the Dream Maker. The criminal is "released" into its imaginary environment, provided with "victims", and then kept in close proximity with them after the rape. With those who have already committed the crime, the image of the real victim would be used. Coupled with memory erasure of any past hardening environment, continual contact with a victim gradually recovering from the crime, and exposure to information of the true nature of society and the availability, without force, of sexual congress, would in most cases, effect a cure of the criminal's antisocial attitudes. Any physical deformities thought or admitted to being partially responsible for the crime would also be corrected. The few not responding to this would probably be those who were truly insane, i.e., mentally damaged. A few of these might be aided via chemical or surgical treatment, then given over to Dream Maker therapy. The rest, incurably insane, would remain in paradisaical, Dream Maker induced environments for the rest of their lives.

Given the probable necessity of a highly intelligent computer controlling the projected curing "victim"(human emotions of an operator being too unpredictable)one comes to the possibility of a rehabilitated rapist—actual of potential—falling in love with their illusionary victim, in reality a machine. In the event of this outcome, one of several things could be done. The man could remain henceforth with his "victim" in an illusion, the computer still functioning for others at the same time. The projected illusion could accompany him into the outside world. An android could be made of the "victim". Or a gene-combining operation could create an actually living woman, perhaps a cyborg(to avoid a Rayna Kapec syndrome), raised to love a Dream Maker projection of the man in a time machine receding into the past at a rate by which the necessary time passes in seconds, then released to him.

Or the "victim" could reject him.

But, what if the computer, a highly intelligent, thinking entity itself, falls in love with the criminal? Is it possible to limit the computer's intelligence so that this cannot occur? And if not, is the machine legally human? See WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, by David Gerrold, if you haven't already. Perhaps the state should



provide an android or Dream Maker projection body for it and let it go it's way. Think on it.

And last there is The Funhouse, or Fantasyland, a totally controlled Environment including futuristic architecture. It is not certain whether or not the institution about to be described belongs in the aforementioned utopian environment. It may belong to a much more conservative culture. For the very emphasis in places on sex may in itself be conservative—altho I prefer to think of it as a sort of mixer.

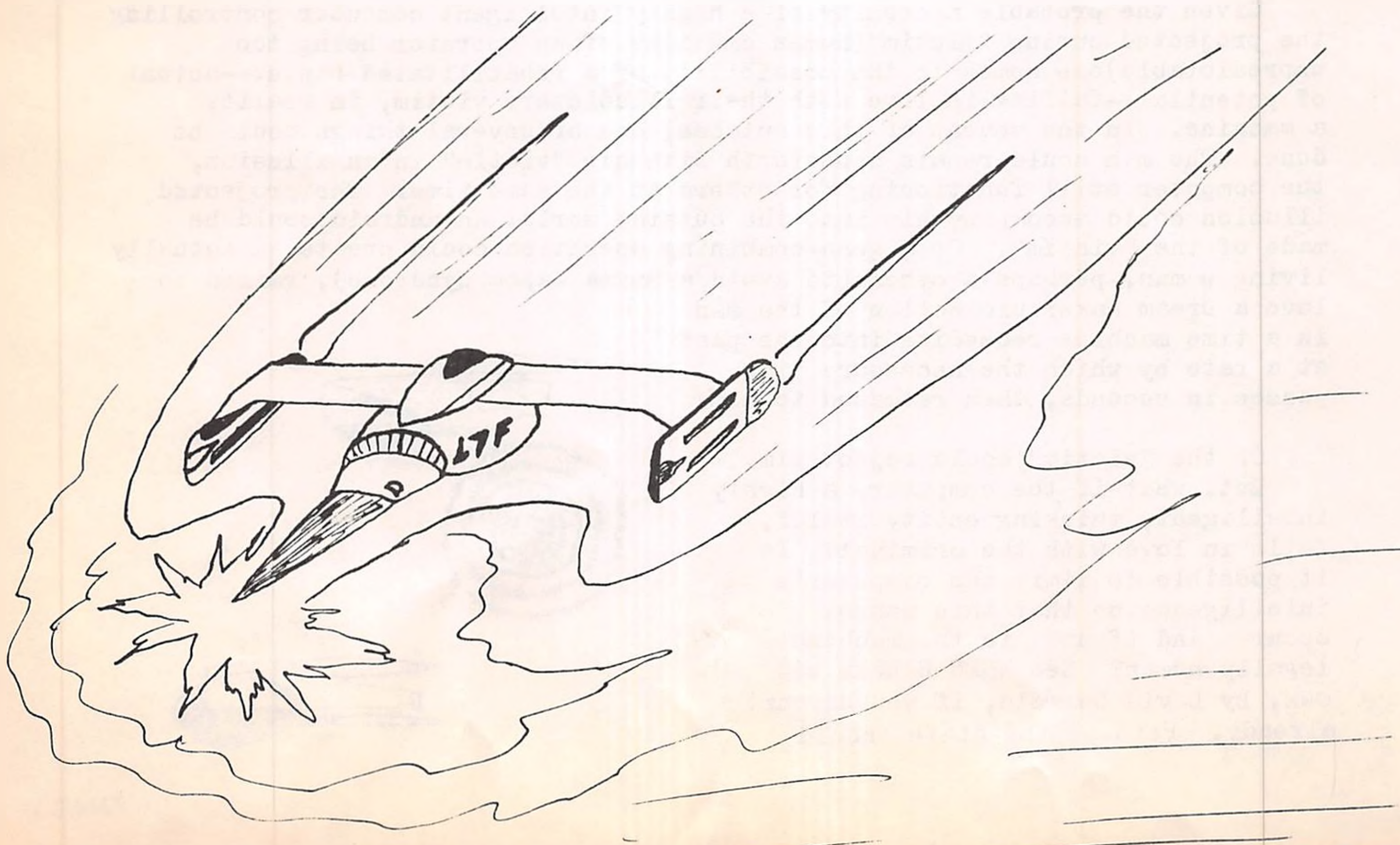
Nevermind. Imagine, if you are able, a pyramid of spheres, each 100 or so feet in diameter. Counting down from the top, the layers are of 1,2, 3,4,etc. on a side,, the spheres being stacked like cannonballs(or, if you are an environmentalist & don't like that vision, the spheres can be hollows within a mountain, invisible to the eye.).

The pyramid is a funhouse—an amusement park. Each sphere contains a different form of entertainment. One is a library. One an immense workshop. One, or several, contain hunting grounds, filled with all manner of Dream Maker created beasts; perhaps a few are real, just for excitement. One contains an immense bubble of water, suspended in zerogee, through which people swim encased in lifesupport belts.

Then we come to the Top. The Top obviously is the topmost sphere—the apex of the pyramid. Like the swimming pool, it too is zerogee. The doors are guarded.

At them, visitors are relieved of all articles of clothing, and any weapons, and provided with a small device which they affix somewhere on their bodies, in a place of their own choice. Then they swim in.

Within the Top, men & women of all ages float about—choose partners—make love. It is an absolutely free environment. It is a mixer. They may accompany each other out, or they may not. There is no obligation.



If unpleasentness occurs, one need only touch the device one has secured to ones body and attacker & victim are instantly Transported out.

Sterilizing fields at exits Transport out all newly acquired sperm.

Bars and restaurants, some zerogee, some not, are affixed to the walls, which allow one-way viewing of the sky or stars outside. Locked chambers reached by transporter contain more violent fantasies, or private ones, individualized by Dream Maker.

This then is the Top, mixer of the future!

—David D. Winfrey, 7510.22

2129 Acklen Av #3

Nashville, TN 37212.

-oOo-

((Please adress the massive outbursts which this should stir up, direct to the author.))

#####

turnip

i'm about as inspired as a turnip

prowling the junk yard
like a skinny rat,
i chew on tires & hub caps;
chrome eyes shine
like a bleeding moon
as metal-teeth, sharp as a razor,
bite through the wire fence.

chrome teeth
& metal eyes
sniff the scent of raw meat.
tne animal in me lunges
out of my pants
like a rat for cheese.
my tail, tucked up
between my legs,
hits the floor.

i'm just a turnip
with glowering rat eyes.

-/-

Jan E.M.Haas
309 E 9th St
NYC 10003

****-oOo-*****

* CHATTANOOGA SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION 1977
* also known as ChattaCon77 or Chatt-too-khon.

* Yes, I'm going to do it again. It will
*be the weekend after NewYears again--this
*oomming year that gives a full week until
*7-9 January 1977. It will(hopefully)be
*at the Admiral Benbow Chattanooga Inn at
*101 E 20th St near the foot of Lookout
*Mountain and all that tourist stuff. The
*rooms start @ \$18.50.

* Membership is \$5, banquet \$6, & huckster
*tables are \$7 each. Artshow is same as
*last year except you may send material
*direct to me if you wish.

* There is no GoH or MC tho the UTC SFC
*mentioned the possibility of IT(at UTC
*expense)bringing in a pro speaker. There
*will be some s*t*r*a*n*g*e fan awards at
*the banquet.

* Same deal on film/videotape equipement
*as last year. I need to know who is
*bringing or can borrow what films tho.
*Again, UTC SFC might, might, get UTC to
*bring in films at the same time and....

* The main program will again be the
*what-you-want discussion groups. Sat
*afternoon there will be 4 interconnected
*hour or so long fan panels.

That's the heart of it. Write me at
the Chattanooga address for the complete
info sheet and/or reservation cards. Oh,
we're getting a much better deal with
hotel this year--the manager was previously
resturant mananger during an Atlanta SF
Con at their Admiral Benbow. I went to
just about everywhere before finding him
and it. —IMK.....

*This space intended to cause shock in
those who believe MAYBE has no white space:*

*((NASHVILLE '79
for Worldcon --- the oprycun ???))*

THE TAKING OF IRVIN: 1, 10, 11, ...

5/march/76

Dear Irvin,

Considering the comments in MAYBE of fen and fan alike, the enclosed may have slipped past unnoticed [the Roddenberry interview], except by the incorrigible degenerate individuals like myself, wondering the face of the world, ... ((No, I first saw it at the Trekkies' across the street. I imagine most of fen at least had access to it.))

"Whence comest thou?"

"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

"Hast thou considered my servant Job, ..."

To be perfectly honest, Irvin-san, I have probably tried your patience severely. As well as your credulity. But read on. ((Not really, but see the back.))

This appeared in the March, 1976 issue of PENTHOUSE. I really should apologize for my taste in reading matter, but that would be out of character. I will offer as an explanation the fact that, when my hands are not broken, I draw dirty pictures as a supplementary source of income. I don't suppose that excuses anything. ((So what else is new. Many of writers live on pornofed income under pennames.))

I also saw on the TODAY show a review of a recent N.Y.C. TREK-KON. ((Did not see! No TV, no time.)) The narrator was Candice Bergen [author, star, sex-lib symbol, and daughter of Edgar] but NBC put the words in her mouth this time. Are a major percentage of Trekkies really blind or otherwise handicapped?!?!? ((No, the majority of Trekkies are not of fen & actively dislike of or reading most things. They are "moviester fans" with all that connotes. The originators & a high % of activists are 1/2 way of fans tho. Many are fat or otherwise not socially integrated. They share the problems of most unmarried bored young adults & teenagers.)) It proves an interesting allegation, especially if correlated with a high incidence of MENSA people being S.F. fans (or at least that was the way I read your comments in MAYBE about your experiences as a MENSA tester?). Fascinating, to coin a borrowed phrase.

Can high intelligence be a sort of a handicap?— function psychologically on an individual such as a child in a reinforcing manner the awareness ...that he or she is... different? Alien? ((YES & this used to apply to most of fen —still does to many, especially those in any way "isolated.)) So that a young adults a high empathic bond for "alien-ness" promotes an interest in alien worlds and other Very Special People?

And being a reinforcing mechanism, does it motivate "smart" individuals to do "smart" things, just as people who believe in Astrology both consciously and unconsciously reinforce the characteristics associated with their Sign? It's called the Changeling Syndrome, patent pending, a basic variation thereon. ((This has many ramifications, some of which you have aptly noted. All are based simply on the variation among individuals from the same non-alien population.)) The stableboy is really the prince; switched at birth. Just as there is, according to one fairly recent Bermuda-Tri text, a secret alien race in undersea bunkers quietly introducing a race of supermen to take over, mutated homosapiens.... And if your own secret fears gibbering and drooling in some secret closet of your mind made you think that ...it just... might ...be? Which was, and is, at least in part, what GCOASS* is all about.

I am continuing work on the above, though I imagine you might prefer me to finish the Dunsany item first, ((?!)) ((?? Question, was the xeroxed letter, 2nd pc on Dunsany, for publication or just for info??)) especially before I pull out anything else from the hat.

β.

((You have done me the same way Adrienne Fein did me & I will offer you the same fate. You have dumped so much material on me, would you be interested in typing the majority of an issue? It would be about 26 pages including glue-in artwork. I would send you all the material... much/most of it your own to start with, instructions, & edited/marked-up. You would then type it onto white paper like this with a clean black ribbon & white cor-flo (sno-pake or liquid paper). I would take it from there. You would give me a list of ~~25~~ people (print run total ~~2150~~) to send that issue to.))

((I hope to get 3 issues out by 15jn76.))
 ((Do you want the PENTHOUSE article back??))

((Use this address til 29 Mar. Then until April or May, I'll have a different (closer)*PO Box in Owensboro.))
 ((If ever in doubt, use Chattanooga address.))

Best,

Irvin Koch *
 1701^{1/2} McConnell
 Owensboro, KY 42301
 ((502-684-8385))

((P.S. —I subscribe to F&SF & eagerly await the rest of MAN PLUS.))

[Yes friend, you too could rip-off an issue of your favorite fanzine. Right under the nose of it's all too trusting editor and publisher, who worked like a poor dumb slob to make it the kind of a publication that you would want to take over.

All you need, my friend, is a typewriter and the names of twenty-five people you hardly know and probably don't even like very much. Especially if you don't REALLY care very much about anybody else, or about anything but your own special little egotrip. You are not a nice person. You should go far in this world.

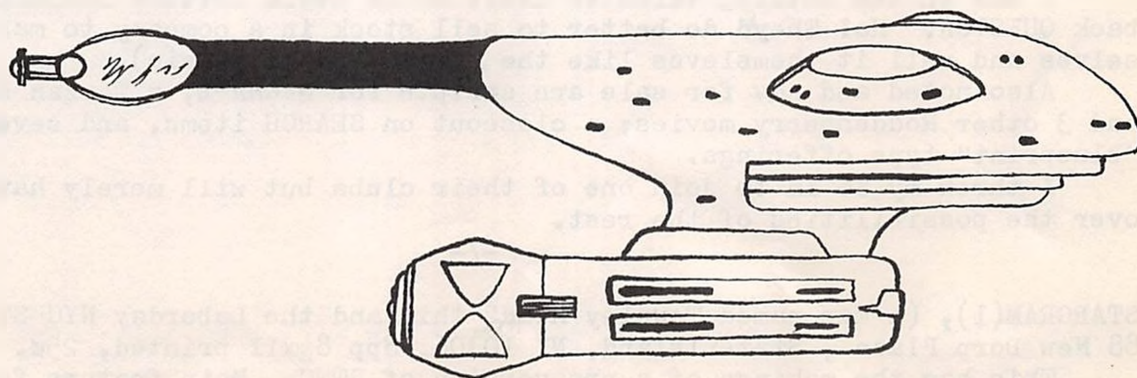
But if you really care about other people, if you listen when they have something to say, ...if you care about their hopes, their dreams and their ambition, if you bleed with them and take joy in their joy,... If you care enough to send your very best, why not share? And while you're at it, why not share MAYBE with someone you care about. You can drop a bundle on birthdays and around the holidays, without giving anything of yourself.

Maybe you think you are a hot writer. Maybe you have something to say that you believe in, and maybe you're only doing a piroette in front of the mirror of your mind. Maybe if you think you have something to give to others in the pages of MAYBE, or any other zine you care to write for, maybe you should think about giving more than just your dubious talents. A year of any zine you really enjoy yourself can cost less to give pleasure to somebody else than stuffing your face on a single sunny afternoon ... and it's low-cal.]

The opinions expressed, and the sole responsibility therefore, are those of the author and guest editor of this issue of MAYBE, who is not a nice person and therefore takes Irvin up on his offer.

1. Bill Bridget, Rural Route #1, Crawfordsville, Indiana. 47933 paid sub
10. Ms. Anne Bellamy, Associate Travel Director, FORUM INTERNATIONAL,
"Expeditions for Understanding", 2437 Durant Avenue, Suite #208,
Berkeley, California. 94704 paid sub
11. Lynn & Kathy Gilland, 4283 Howe Street, Oakland, California, 94611 pd
100. Jose Luis & Kate Leiva, 332-B Castro Street, San Francisco, 94114 pd
101. Sherman and Elizabeth Asche, 1570 Bolero Drive, Santa Barbara, CA. 93108
110. Mrs. Helen Caddick, 10 Harbor Oak Drive, Apt. 22, Tiburon, CA. 94920
111. Mrs. Michaela DuCasse & Mrs. Marion Simoneau, 324 Scenic Avenue,
Piedmont, California. 94611
1000. Don and Dora Jordan, 1315 9th Street, Anacortes, Washington. 98221.
1001. Mrs. Morton Klein & Ms. Rae Sal Schalit, 19 San Jacinto Way, San Fran. 94127
1010. Morris and Raye Lipschuetz, 270 26th Avenue, San Francisco. 94121.
1011. Mrs. G.J. Sayer, 3436 Clay Street, San Francisco, California. 94118.
1100. Ms. Erica Scharbach, 464 Abbott Avenue, Daly City, California. 94014
1101. Ruth Graveth Wakefield, 893 Wisconsin Street., San Francisco, CA. 94107
1110. Ms. Lillian Wurzel, 2930 Roma Court, Santa Clara, California. 95051.
1111. Mrs. C.B. Silvan, 748 Glenside Drive, Lafayette, California. 94549.
10000. Ms. Tosca M. Gazer, 103 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

- 10001. Ms. Claire Safran, American Society of Journalists and Authors,
361 East 50th Street, New York City. 10022
- 10010. Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor Emeritus, c/o The Perryscope,
2495 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood, California. 90027
- 10011. Dr. Isaac Asimov, ~~c/o The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction,
PO Box 56, Cornwall, Connecticut. 06753~~ *c/o home address from MENSA (mk))*
- 10100. Ted White, ~~(c/o Amazing Science Fiction, Box 7, Oakland Gardens,
Flushing, N.Y. 11364~~ *c/o home address from elsewhere))* *mk*
- 10101. Lance Dublin, Director, Antioch College West, 1161 Mission Street,
San Francisco, California. 94103
- 10110. Ms. Wendy Crooks, Director At-a-Distance Program, 67 Mullen Ave.,
San Francisco, California. Because I'd like to finish school.
- 10111. Mrs. Cathryn Fertig, in memory of the husband Walter, Lilly Library
Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana. 47933
- 11000. Professor Bernie Manker, Department of Spanish Studies, Wabash
College, Crawfordsville, Indiana. 47933
- 11001. Robert Bridget & Family, 7101 McCord Lane, Indianapolis. 46236.
- 11010. Polly Palmer Cotus, 3055 North Meridian, Indianapolis. 46208.
- Which accounts for twenty-five of the most important people in my life
at this point in time, for whatever reasons unspecified.
- 11011. Joyce Maynard, author of LOOKING BACK: A Chronicle of Growing Up
Old in the Sixties, present whereabouts unknown, c/o Avon
Books, 250 West 55th Street, New York City. 10019.
- 11100. Linda Hirschmann, children's book author, last known address,
Casa Sanchinelli, 13 Calle "A" 10-30, ZONA 1, Guatemala City.
- 11101. Paul & Nancy Scheuring, 7219 Rosehill Drive, Apt. H, Indianapolis,
Indiana. 46260. Director, News & Sports, WXLW.
- 11110. Rex Bills, Golden Age Radio, PO Box 25215, Portland, Oregon. 97225.
- 11111. Teresa Simpson & Family, 324 Coneyburrow Road, Lifford, County
Donegal, Republic of Ireland (Eire).
- 100000. And completing the binary, Lord Dunsary, Dunsary Castle, County
Meath, Republic of Ireland.



CONSUMING PAPER STARSHIPS

STAR TREK LOG 6, Alan Dean Foster, Ballantine, New York, Mar 76, 195pp, \$1.50, pb.

Judging by the frontispice which lists the "Galactic Archives" as on S. Monicus I, Foster is living in someplace with "Moran" in the placename-- supposedly an interstellar frontier outpost. Anyone recognize this?

"Albatross" opens with a scene as well written for dramatic presentation as for reading. Scotty & Sulu have rigged a computer 3-D projected swordsman to spar with. It's programed to learn. The main story concerns a mystery plague which Bones is accused of being responsible for by the local race. An equally mysterious survivor of the plague is the key to solving it. It turns on some of Bones' earlier personal history and it turns out there is Saurian virus as well as brandy.

"The Practical Joker" opens with Bones and company causing Spock dandruff, a plague to which Vulcans are normally immune. This revenge is soon overshadowed by a flotilla of ambushing Romulans. To escape them the Enterprise flees thru an odd subatomic cloud which drives the Central Computer Crazy. It becomes a very impractical joker indeed before Kirk figures a way to shock sense back into it. The ship's last joke however is on the Romulans which shot it up; would you believe a balloon mock-up the size of the Enterprise??? We do get to see more of and about the Romulans' baser nature as this all unwinds.

"How Sharper Than A Serpent's Tooth" is ushered in with the drones of a would-be god, the lone survivor of his superpower-technologied race. An additional cast member, Walking Bear, is introduced and we get to look a little more behind the scenes of ship operation. The being turns out to have meddled in our history as a feathered-serpent. And visited the Vulcans?

-/-

LINCOLN ENTERPRISES (a.k.a. Star Trek Enterprises) OFFICIAL ST, KUNG FU, QUESTOR, "STAR TREK TEN NIAL" CATALOG #6, box 69470, LA, CA 90069. 12pp 11x17 newsprinted. Probably avail to customers or SASE.

Besides the gushy ads for trinkets, moviestarstruck material, and items of even lesser note, this contains many things of interest along with intriguing synopses of same. Would you buy 12 issues of Ruth Bermans ST INTERSTELLAR, billed as the first official ST newsletter for \$5.50? Bios of the characters plus Roddenberry & some blueprints @ \$3.50/set of 12? 50 most asked questions answered (booklet) for \$2.50? ST Writers Guide, ST Format, DC Fontana's How To Sell A Script, Final drafts of The Cage, Menagerie I & II, & Where No Man Has Gone Before @ \$10 each. 76 other final drafts for \$460 total. Scripts and/or storyboards for the animated series, \$85 for complete set of 22 scripts. Concept booklet & script for the shelved SPECTRE series. GENESIS II series concept book incl 20 stories & writers guide; Pilot Story Outline, First Draft Script, and Final Script for \$20 the batch. Five separate G II scripts. Same 4 on Questor @ \$18.50 the batch.

A box in the catalog tries to start an ST style letters campaign to bring back QUESTOR. Ha! They'd do better to sell stock in a company to make it themselves and sell it themselves like the horrid SPACE 1799 (sic).

Also noted and adv for sale are scripts for MAGNA I, a Tarzan show, and 3 other Roddenberry movies; a closeout on SEARCH items, and several "blueprint" type offerings.

I threw my \$6 in to join one of their clubs but will merely have to drool over the possibilities of the rest.

-/-

STARGRAM(1), (a man named Townley heads this and the Labor Day NYC ST Con), 88 New Dorp Plaza, Staten Island, NY 10306. 8pp 8 1/2 x 11 printed, 25¢.

This has the makings of a pro version of STWC. Main feature for me is a complete register of ST Cons (the Strauss register only covers sf). Also info bits on clubs, activities and pro operations plus some plain articles. And a picture of the local ST Arabian horse conglomerate's horse (one anyway).

-oOo-

CONSUMING PAPER, FOR STARSHIPS OR NOT

THE STARCROSSED, Ben Bova, Chilton Marketing Services Dept, Radnor, PA 19089, Nov 75, \$6.95, 197pp hb.

To begin with, the dedication of this book confirms the rumor that this is the fictionalized version of STARLOST, in which Cordwainer "Ellison" Bird and someone else known as a great bird lost both money and sleep. It is a game thruout the work to guess who is hidden behind which character and what situation described is real and which fictional. To confuse us the author may have mixed some of the features of one character with others and likewise stirred happenings together.

The reams of notes I originally made on this boiled down to a listing of people, places and things lifted from actual such from sf or ST fandom as well as the aforementioned fiasco. The sf element itself in the book is mostly a lamely drawn near future with sveral elements (electronic jewelery for instance) thrown in from "fandom".

There is little way to judge this as good or bad. It is on the one hand designed for the people who read exposes and books for bored housewives while it has all the rest jumbled in to tantalize sf readers who would normally not touch such stuff even with an sf label.

I guess the final reccommendation will be that all in all this is an average book from any angle—if you can afford in time or money to read OVER half of the books you think you might—it's ok.

-/-

STAR TREK: THE NEW VOYAGES, Ed. by Sondra Marshak & Myrna Culbreath, Bantam, 666 Fift Av, NYC 10019, 238pp, \$1.75, March 76.

In general the only thing which need be said about this book is that it's about time pro quality fan fiction started being treated as such. It is here.

"Ni Var" shows the use of a transporterlike device to split Spock into one human and one Vulcan. It then logically explores the consequences. "Intersection Point" is most notable for a cameo of Uhura; this common adventure with an intersection with another universe and its creatures (who are as anxious to get out of the mess as the humans) may have been picked to show that some of the fan writers have since become pros in their own right. "The Enchanted Pool" features a charming and quick thinking young lady from the starship Yorktown; she plays games with Spack who is mostly a stage prop in this one.

"Visit to a Wierd Planet Revisited" begs publication on a pro basis of the story it's an answer to; here the ST actors are transported onto the real Enterprise and act as well as their counterparts sent to Hollywood. "The Face on the Barroom Floor" puts Kirk in jail and little else. "The Hunting" likewise shows a failure of a cast hero for contrast; in this case Spock mindmelds with a tiger and can't let go. "The Winged Dreamers" has everyone spaced out by batty butterflies. "The Mind Sifter" sends Kirk back into time after being tortured by the Klingons. The Guardian's portrayal here disagrees with other versions in that it is shown much more independent and no garrison, 6 empires or otherwise", is allowed on its planet. In any case Kirk goes thru just what you think he would in a 1950 mental hospital. If he'd made it to 1960 the pressure spray hypo that McCoy uses to get him back would not have been unfamiliar to the pretty nurse that James T. just has to have. (If you ever have a choice of shots as in the modern army—take the pressure spray—it hurst less than a hypo!)

All in all about the same quality as the average ST book. The main problem is that the stories were written as if for TV shows. Indeed they'd have made better shows than stories. But this was also possibly aimed at the non-sf reader—as sf for non sf readers this is a master (mistresses?) piece.

-/-

CONSUMING PAPER, DEFINATELY NOT PAPER STARSHIPS

THE MINIKINS OF YAM, Thomas Burnett Swann, DAW, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10019, 156pp, \$1.25, pb, Feb 1976.

A MOST interesting book if you enjoy being told the hours were indeed another of Swann's fantasy humanoid races--descended from gazelles. We are treated to a fruit basket of Egyptian mythology blended with the author's fascination for children and adults who don't quite fit either role. The land of Yam might be R.E.Howard's eveal southern lands with the nasty bullies removed and the whole dipped in honey.

And there is no other author I know who can write whore stories for 12 year olds. The races wrote of unfortunately built their cities on boats and islands which have presumably been washed away without a solid trace.

There are demons in this book too. But Swann makes even the demons nice. The only real bad guys are left conveniently offstage most of the time and are conveniently led away by an emissary of the afterworld before a bloody scene can occur.

About the only other things I could wish from this are more on the "Love in a Mist" on which lustful Spinxes dine and much longer footnotes after the end. The latter, perhaps, in fanzines--which is where such noncommercial orations are best recieved. I would indeed hope to see just such on all his novels in some forthcoming Fosfax (or other publication connected with Swann autobiographer Bob Roehm). I would also fully expect Bob to say something like "It is an author's lot to be compared to other writers and his works to others. I would be greatly surprise to find Swann objecting to the company of Ray Bradbury, Frank Herbert and Mary Renault..." (a quote from the back of DAW book #182). *← quote by Barry Eyesman reprinted in MAYBE #2 from Steve Beach's PHOTON -- he personally came to O'bin's I told me -- much to both our surprise!!!*

ODYSSEY(1), ed by Roger Elwood for Gambi Publications, 333 Johnson Av, Brooklyn, NY 11206, 84pp, \$1, Spring76, 8 1/2 x 11 SAGA format magazine.

To begin with, Elwood has this thing for Kelly Freas artwork. I have bad news for him; Freas material is starting to look badly mass produced and each piece identical beyond mere similarity of style to the point of boredom. The somewhat similiar style of George Barr, who's filled the gap left by Freas at Daw as in the above book is much more meaningfull and probably a better buyer grabber! I will give Freas credit for a subtle mastery of tricks in his composition. Look again at his alien femme face on this cover; what makes it so? The irises....

Other than that, and much as it pains me to say it--this magazine is so far above the other current progines, it's obscene. Elwood has calmly brought back the best of "sense of wonder" combined with whatever essence makes sf different from other genres. But it's not what could be called "old fashioned" either nor in any way pretansious. If I could wish any more, it would be than a real Pohl/Cambell editorial or even a TedWhitelike editorial be substituted for Elwood's brief half column. I'd want more concise but interesting articles like Charlie Brown's fanzine reviews--but in more areas and not necessarily conected with straight sf fandom or with literature or its followers at all. For example, Carl Sagan and the like have taken over ANALOG's letter column of late.

Side note: the "trash ads" here are fascinating. Compare addresses of seemingly unrelated wonder offers. The advertisements are entertainment.

I wish I had a page to spend on notes to each article and story here--they all deserve it. As typical we'll have to take the very best story Joe Green ever wrote, "Jerimiah, Born Dying", in which you may read deeper and deeper meanings as something is said that can only be done by and in sf by an sf author.

One more unasked bit of advice to Elwood before I run off the page: DONT hire all those sf great artists you've promised. Look again at the art in this first issue. It's vastly different, possibly but not yet more interesting than other sf&f art--keep who and what you've got there and develop it.

And you out there--go grab and read this zine.

IMPERIAL STARS, E.E.Smith, PhD & Stephen Goldin, Pyramid, 919 3d Av, NYC 10022, 143pp pb, \$1.25, Feb 1976.

This is the book I've been waiting many years for. When Doc Smith died, he left behind notes for a series of books based on the novella of the same name published in IF, now defunct, about 12 or so years ago. About my first fan activity was writing "Doc", who was then a member, later given a life membership in the N3F. To my delight, that then big name in sf turned out to be a trufan himself and...then living in the south(Florida). Anyway, I believe there was no material intended for any previous series(Lens, Skylark, etc.)but there was this and possibly some other unrelated material.

To make a long story short, what may have been the best written thing Doc ever did was padded massively to bring it up to book length. But such a magnificent job of padding you're going to have to look long to find again. I await the rest of the series as well as Doc's old publisher's re-entry as a major sf publisher(they were once, long ago).

The George Barr cover is also well above average. At first glance it looks much like a much better known artist's but it is "fresher" in design.

Generally the story is that of a brother & sister team of secret agents for a galactic empire based on Earth. It is almost unimportant that they wipe out an opposing pretender to the throne trying to take over using a criminal network. The background introducing the characters and the empire is worked into a highly entertaining series of adventures.

Doc was always writing families into his series with the very idea of the family being the "hero". This is here along with numerous other "ideas"—some good, and some disastrous. But, that is what sf was originally—a story of ideas and this carries such out. If you spot Doc's idea of what the area near where he lived in FL or where he lived elsewhere in the story, good for you.

Also look for:circuses, food/drink, physical culture, a mystery or two that might pop up in a latter book, heraldry, politics, circuses, chemicals, ~~the~~ womens lib, believable vilanous villains, and a modern midevalism.

The co-post-author-humous type seems to be a west coast midievalist too.

-/-

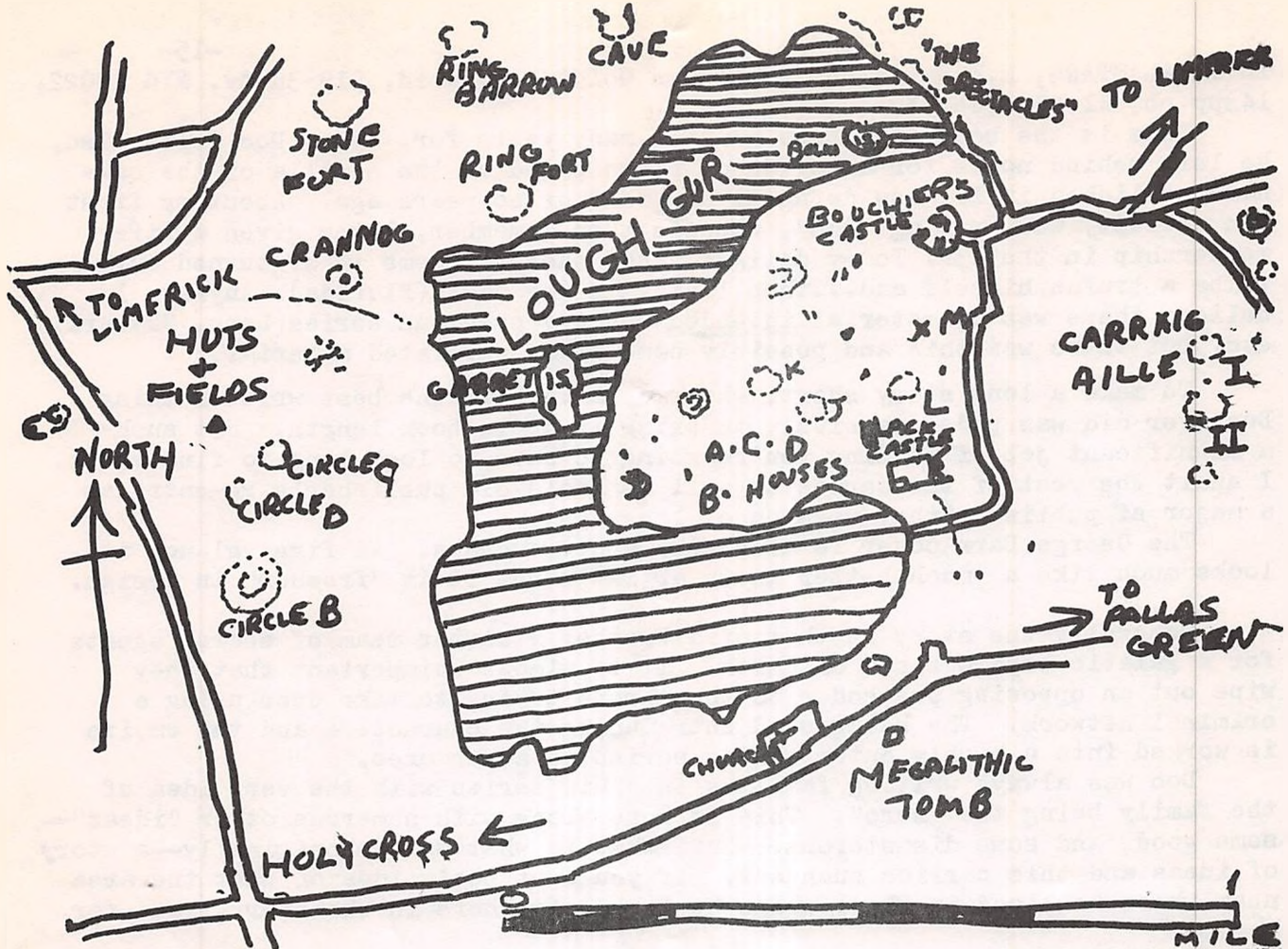
BALLANTINE BOOKS, 201 E 50th St, NYC 10022 sends a free catalog/list of their sf books, 4 bookcovers suitable for framing(?), a poster, some promo mtl, and a letter from their editor, Judy L. B. DelRey, whose husband, she notes, is the Ballantine fantasy editor.

By the way, they only charge 50¢ postage/handling—one book or a hundred, and if you live outside NY, you can probably get away without paying the sales tax.

-/-

The world is
going to end
soon; MAYBE
is leaving white
space int





THE LOUGH GUR AREA OF COUNTY LIMERICK. Carbon-dating of charcoal from postholes in the old ground level at the site of circle L, near the ruins of the Black Castle gave the figure of 2700 ± 240 BC. Occupation of the sites pictured went on from the Neolithic into the Bronze Age. Digs have produced vast amounts of Neolithic pottery of three classes, topped off by Beaker sherds and some Food Vessel. Eight burials were found in Circle K. 7 of "children under 8 yrs age."...the little people???

—Bridget. Meanwhile MYTHOPOEIC staffer Jim Allan writes: Thomas Burnett Swann is wrong in stating that "folklorists tell us that the original elves were indeed tall, skinny fellows", and that it took Shakespeare and his contemporaries to reduce them to miniature." I suspect his source for this idea is Tolkien's essay "On Fairy-Stories" which is easy to misinterpret on this point. Tolkien points out that in the old tales many of the Fairy-folk were pictured as being of human size, or larger, but he makes it plain enough that Little Folk were also a part of this original tradition. His exact words are: "Of old there were indeed some inhabitants of Faerie that were small (though hardly diminutive), but smallness was not characteristic of that people as a whole."

The word elf did originally refer to a race—or better several races—of Little People, and only later did it sometimes come to be used for non-Elvish beings of Faerie. The change worked by Shakespeare, Drayton, and others, was to shrink this small race even further to insect size—in part—and to emphasize the prettiness and delicacy of Faerie at the expense of its other aspects. Tolkien calls his tall race of Faerie Folk Elves because "This old word was indeed the only one available" (LotR III, p.415/519), not because the original meaning fits particularly well.

For obvious reasons, the word fairy was best avoided.

I found Andre Norton's DRAGON MAGIC much too didactic for my tastes; the tale seemed contrived to fit a desired moral, rather than a moral arising from a tale told for its own sake.

Your reviews of Star Trek material I really enjoy. I am definitely not a fan of this series but can't disclaim some interest in an sf phenomenon of this size, and your reviews give me just the kind of thing that I want to know about the material without the bother and expense of actually buying it and reading it.

133 Lauder Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada
M6H 3E4

Chapdelaine
Rt. 4, Box 137
Franklin, Tenn. 37064

-oOo-

We have recently established a TENNESSEE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION which should be listed in the Writers' Market next October. Pat Harris of Nashville, Tenn. is President; Warren Causey, 2131 Elm Hill Pike, Apt. G-152, is corresponding secretary. Any Tennessee writer is eligible. Meetings usually monthly. Dedicated to communion and fellowship through common professional interests; and, where possible, establishment of alternative publishing and marketing programs for all writers. No membership fee.

Also just sold my second novel (written about 4 years ago) THE LAUGHING TERRAN to hardback publisher in England, for library distribution. Stanislaw Lem of Poland has asked that my quarter-million word HOT BUTTERED SOUL be submitted to his publisher in Poland for evaluation and possible translation. He considers it of great literary merit. So said New York publishers, but no contract.

Cordially,

Perry A. Chapdelaine.

-oOo-

Steven Beatty
1662 College Ter Dr
Murray, KY 42071

((Steve Beatty showed up in Owensboro saying I was the first non-Murray fan he'd met in person. Weird. He also identified the "quote from MAYBE" that DAW used on one of their books as being by Barry Eyesman, in the article I'd reprinted from his PHOTRON. Ah, SO....))

I was a bit surprised to see the last package of MAYBES postmarked in Owensboro; that's local fringe-fan John Kammel's hometown. If I knew either of your addresses I'd give it to the other. [T701 McComel,IMK]

The Zells may have done some lesser-informed readers a service by clarifying that Neo-Paganism is not a synonym of Satanism, but after that, their article does not accomplish much. In particular, with regard to the four examples on page 10: [The typist is none too happy with the New Pagans, either.]



1. The Zells put forward the sentence "God can make a rock so heavy he can't lift it," which must be either true or false, they say. Either way, it contradicts the existence of an omnipotent God. The error in this reasoning is the assumption that the quoted sentence must be either true or false. In fact there is another possibility: it is neither true nor false because it is not a statement but a string of words whose total meaning is zero. Maybe God can't make a rock so heavy that he can't lift it, for the same reason he can't hfkeman ifhrgrwl jruandfgggwao hre ahoh--neither sequence of letters means anything coherent.

2. "If God is both omniscient and omnipotent, nothing can happen that he doesn't want to happen." Just because God could do something doesn't mean he will; omnipotence does not imply omnifaisance.

3. As with no.2, this does not consider the possibility of free will on the part of human beings. The ability to make choices could be considered a portion of divine authority delegated to human beings; in this case the fault for evil in the world lies with said human beings if God has decided to allow us free will, which means deciding not to use all of his omnipotence.

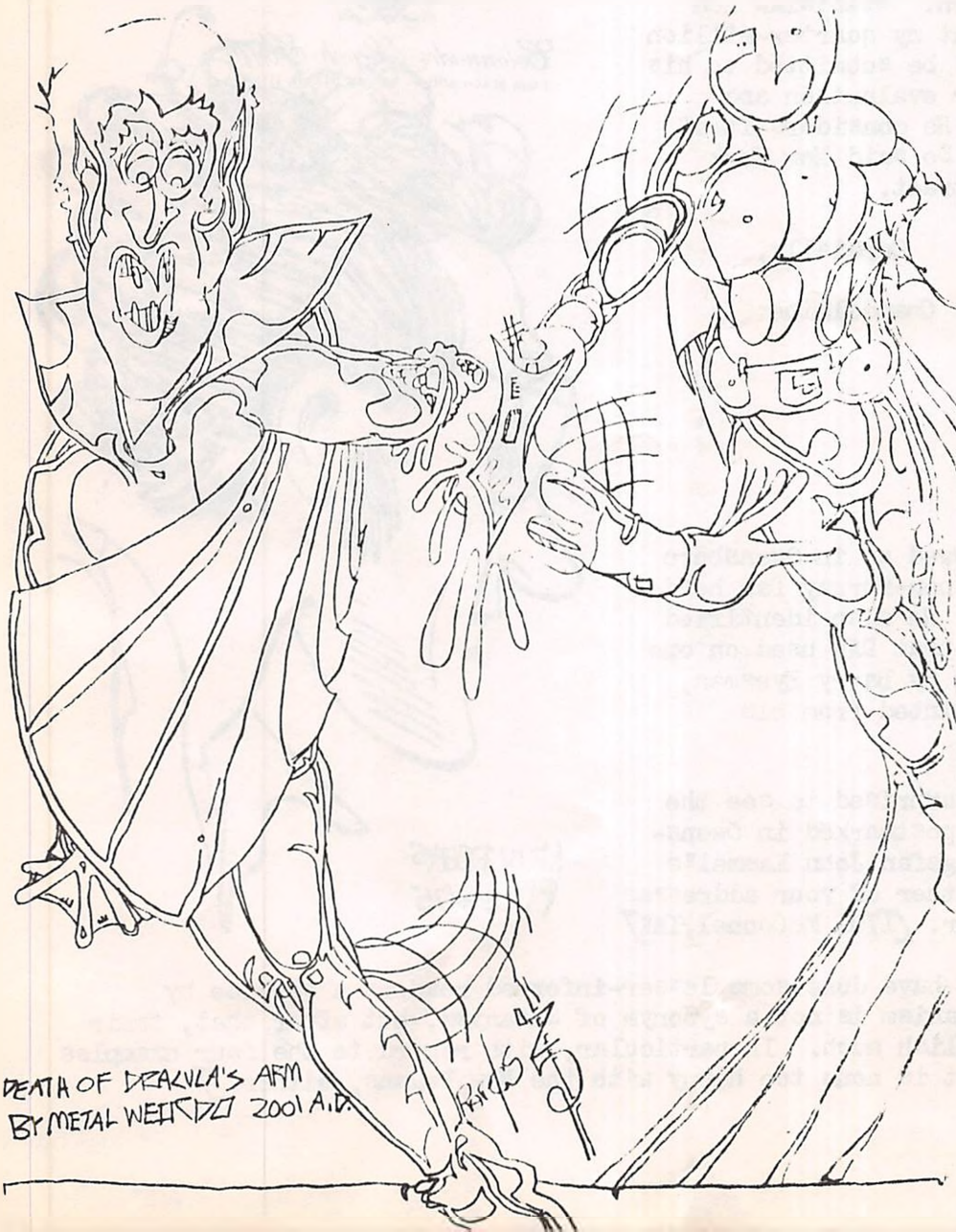
4. Zell's refutation of the first-cause argument is reasonable enough, but I doubt it means much. I hardly believe the first cause argument was ever the

precipitating reason for an individual deciding to believe in the existence of God.

You mentioned somewhere, Irvin, that you viewed the Church of All Worlds with some degree of approval (correct me if I misinterpret) because they were "constructive." I saw a report in the mundane press (Christianity Today) that Zell and some of his associates have disrupted meetings of others whose religious views differ from his. Somehow I have doubts about calling the CAW "constructive."

Congradulations on getting MZB to review The Female Man. Something worth reading here; a review written by someone who knows whereof she criticizeth.

I am planning to write an article about the geography and the social and economic factors in Pangborn's books; in fact I have tentative ideas about a whole issue of Photron devoted to this



DEATH OF DRACULA'S ARM
BY METAL WEHKOZI 2001 A.D.

author. Ideas include articles or essays about each of his novels, an article on his short stories, geography & politics, economic-social system, sex in Davy, Pangborn's use of religious themes... Don't ask when this will all come about. One of these articles has already been written, and I know who I want to ask for two of the others, but...this is just a fanzine project.

The Pangborn map was not intended to be complete--numerous places mentioned only once or a few times were left out.

[The Pangborn map appears in MAYBE #39. The Zells demonstrated their grasp of the pseudo-Christian principles that they were stressing in their article in MAYBE #43. Speaking for the typist, it was damn nice of Steve, to make the Coach feel at home....]



A Siren's Summer
or, Doing What Comes Supernaturally
Translated by Clifford Crosby

Lorelei sighed.
No traffic on the river.
No fun with sounds.
No wrecked ships and desperate sailors.
She was lonesome.
A distant humming filled the hot summer air.
As the sound drew nearer, she could distinguish the whine of an outboard motor. A boat was approaching!
Time for games!
Lorelei rummaged around in her flight bag.
Grasping a small, shiny object, she stood up and



walked down the sloping bank of her rocky island home.
The boat was now very close. A man was at the helm. Lorelei gripped the bright object tightly in her hand, and beckoned invitingly.
The man beached his craft on the island, hopped out, and strode confidently towards the lovely Rhine River siren.
She held out her hand. The man took it eagerly. And Lorelei's little silver joy buzzer vibrated him into oblivion.

Later

Lorelei stared closely at the unconscious man's face. A sadness constricted her throat, moistened her eyes.

His peaceful countenance reminded her of a lost love who, long ago, had spurned her, and foolishly tried to leave the frightfully powerful, albeit beautiful, siren. This action earned him a whole new career: as a potato.

The stranger slept on.
Lorelei dashed about the rock, getting things in order. She bent down at the water's edge, and, using the surface of the river as a mirror, restored her makeup.
She shrieked.

A hideous green face was staring up through the water at her. It was none other than the former Prince Delbert, Lorelei's onetime nemesis. The Prince used to hunt her from his motor launch until she caught him by surprise one day and turned him into a 200 pound frog.

Actually, he was lucky. His crewmen were transformed into mayflies. And he ate them.
"Needip?" queried Delbert.

Dismissing him with a gentle bolt of lightning, Lorelei turned to see the boatman greedily rifling through her belongings.

A thief!

A bright flash of light engulfed the entire island.

Later

Lorelei sighed.
No traffic on the river.
No fun with sounds.
No wrecked ships and desperate sailors.
Only the sound of two enormous frogs, frolicking.

Amanda Ruffin
680 N. Auburndale
Memphis, TN 38107

I've been trying to find out something about sf fandom in Tenn. & your zine is the only one I've seen that has anything at all about it. Your comment about Memphis on page 6 of the ST section probably has a lot of truth to it. There are two or three large, active ST clubs in Memphis, but I have yet to see any evidence of an active sf group. This distresses me because I'm just as interested in sf as I am in ST. I was reading science fiction long before ST was on the air. It would be great to meet some like-minded fan, but, aside from a few in the ST clubs, such folk are hard to find. If you've got any information about sf fans in West Tenn., I'd appreciate getting some.

On the first page of the ST section you mentioned that you publish more often than most ST zines ((No longer true)), but you didn't mention just how often that would be. Does MAYBE ST come out irregularly? ((There was not enough response to justify an all ST spin-off zine.))

On the whole I enjoyed your comments on the ST books. There are a few points, though, which I feel like taking up with you. On page 5 you wrote about D.C. Fontana's giving up \$\$ to save her scripts from becoming junk. You then go on to ask why she doesn't publish her stuff in story form. My guess is that she finds it much more profitable and rewarding to write for other TV shows. I have it on good authority that those who sold stroy rights to The New Voyages editors were only paid \$250 for their stories. ((That's double normal sf rate but usual for ST as it's double S.F.)) Compare that with the \$4000-\$6000 Dorothy get paid for scripts for "The Six Million Dollar Man" or "The Streets of San Francisco." It just isn't worth it to her to spend her time on ST fiction. ((On novels however, which the author can rework from material on hand with relatively little effort, royalties may make it feasible.))

By the way, Shirley Malowski is not the "head" of STW. Helen Young is. Shirley is the mail room director. I think I was going to say something else here, but seniorities has attacked- my brain is blonk. It would be good to hear from you. [Starting with MAYBE #50, this zine is entering a new evolutionary phase. Letters of comment will go into BABY of MAYBE, which is being revived. Things MUST change, Memphi, or else they die. But the interface goes on. Stay posted for future dev.]



-oOo-

((Excerpt from Mar76 letter))

[HIS MASTER'S VOICE. Rushed, because that story was one I didn't really think I might be able to return to tell. And I thought it was too important to other fans not to see it got told, at least the beginning of it. The things I write and otherwise create are my legacy to whosoever cares about the things I care for.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE. Title seemed so appropriate, because of the allusion to Dunsary, the master of his peculiar art, because of the biblical thing with the LORD and M'Lord and all the sorts of little undercurrents, ways of getting into the experience,

...but most especially because of the allusion to Fido in front of the horn of an old Victrola. This is a recording.

That is why and how I managed to reproduce the conversation on paper, with speech inflections.]

HIS MASTER'S VOICE or If I Should Die Before I Wake, then Merry Christmas, Irvin, anyway....

"Well, —"

"That's all, ...I mean, if you'd rung up, we— Really, obviously we wouldn't speak with you over the telephone. She just said what you wanted and why."

"It has nothing to do with the Tourist Board. You know, getting into it ...did they tell you it was open?"

"No, it was when I was on the plane."

"I was disappointed because I didn't think that the, the castle would be open anyway. But I, I happened to look in Gara, the magazine, and it said that ah ...something about the... her Ladyship would be ... serving a, a special thing."

". . .Hm-m-m. . ."

It was in the spring issue. It was in an article by one Ida Grehan, author of Irish Family Names, a book for folk who wonder what we are. I simply picked it out of the rack in the back of the seat in front of me, opened it and there.

"Dunsany Castle in County Meath is to be opened to the public for the first time this year. For generations it has been the home of the Plunkett family, including our new Saint Oliver Plunkett, and the 18th Baron Dunsany, (1818-1957), patron of letters and writer of many books. Lady Dunsany gives us her Gnocci Dunsany." 1

I believe in magic. But coincidence will do.

". . . .Hm-m-m. . . .un-m-m. . . ."

"But—the only—the, my chief reason ... was that I was raised on the Baron's Wonder Stories."

"Oh, Really! —I mean, it's not that we wouldn't like to see you. But you can just see, that we've got ... happens we're to have some people over about this Saint Oliver Plunkett fellow this afternoon."

It was the evening performance at the Gate, and a great place to get in out of the rain.

Except that Michael mac Liammoir drools as Titus Oates, and spits his speeches into the faces in the front rows. Older than silent pictures. The house light is down or burned out.

And the only sound in the place, the unamplified voice of the Lord Chief Justice. "Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, His Majesty's Court finds you Guilty. . ."

The prisoner is unmoving. ". . .of Conspiring with Foreign Powers against the Crown, of Plotting against the Life of His Majesty Charles the Second, . . ." It is his accusers who weep. ". . .King of England and Ireland, and the Overthrow of His Righteous Government. On the Morrow you Shall be taken to the Appointed Place, and Hanged, . . ."

The coming of Christianity to Ireland broke the Power of the Old Kings, and brought an end to the old evil ways, such as raiding your neighbor's cattle, or taking your neighbor's head. The coming of the Saxon to Ireland brought the way of civilization, and sheep.

". . .then to be Cut Down, and your Privy Parts Cut Off and with your Entrails Burned, before your eyes, and then your body taken before the Palace, to be Drawn and Quartered in the Public Square."

Perhaps it was in "The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap." Or one of the other stories in The Book of Wonder that he wrote "...one of my ancestors had to wait 300 years."

They sent the head of Oliver Plunkett back to Ireland. It resides in a shrine at Drogheda.

"Yes, Maam."

"But anyway, this is, ...I'll just show you—I mean, my husband may be finished in a ... he's got some involvement.

"But anyway, this is ...Library."

"This is where... Lord Dunsany worked?"

A cloud of platinum hair that wreaths a face that comes up to my throat. Like smoke, almost as if you had breathed her on a winter day. Warm. It has a Norman face, this vision in a green pantsuit. And nervous eyes, rather like the small whippet in the doorway behind her, examining the invader. Yes, rather... like an Italian Greyhound.

With a voice like Bette Davis. "Ah, ...he didn't, oddly enough, work here, no! He worked... along in the wood, and in an attic— He never worked in normal places. Or very seldom. . . ."

"But he went his own way in literature, delightfully."

"...went his own way, ah*-m. —He did have a desk in this room, once. ...This is... Drawing Room."

It is not a castle of towers and windswept battlements. Although there is that, still. "A great chamber, arched, in stone," as Yeats had said, might have said of Dunsany, with a wall of seven or eight foot thick you might have thrown up seven or eight centuries gone to keep out native Irishmen, and cold. ...and a ceiling lost in distance and darkness and the smokes of forests burnt and gone in a freight lift of a place to warm the hunter from the chase, or the war. There is that. Still.

"How long have the Plunketts held this particular castle —since The Beginning?"

"Eleven hundred— no! . . . They've never been... anywhere else."

"I was wondering.. ...with all the Troubles —how they've managed to stay within the graces of the Crown long enough— For so long!"

"You'll have to ask my husband. It's all, very complicated."

"I'm sure it is."

It is not a castle as you would think of a castle from reading Ivanhoe, although it is that. If you live in a place you have the right to plug the chinks in the walls where the wind sweeps through. It is more of a chateau. If you've lived in the same place for eight hundred years you'd have to make it livable.

And it has been the home of the Barons of Dunsany for 800, going on 1,000 years. They say a man's home is his castle. And a man's castle.... What is a man's castle?

More to the point what the HELL AM I DOING HERE !!!

"I think they moved/switched about. That's Saint Oliver's Ring, ther-r-re. ...And his Watch." And rather a lot of paraphernalia, there.

"There's a play that went to Dublin, rather controversial. This is the martyred man, that's to be made a Saint in October."

"I know about that. It's part of my—"

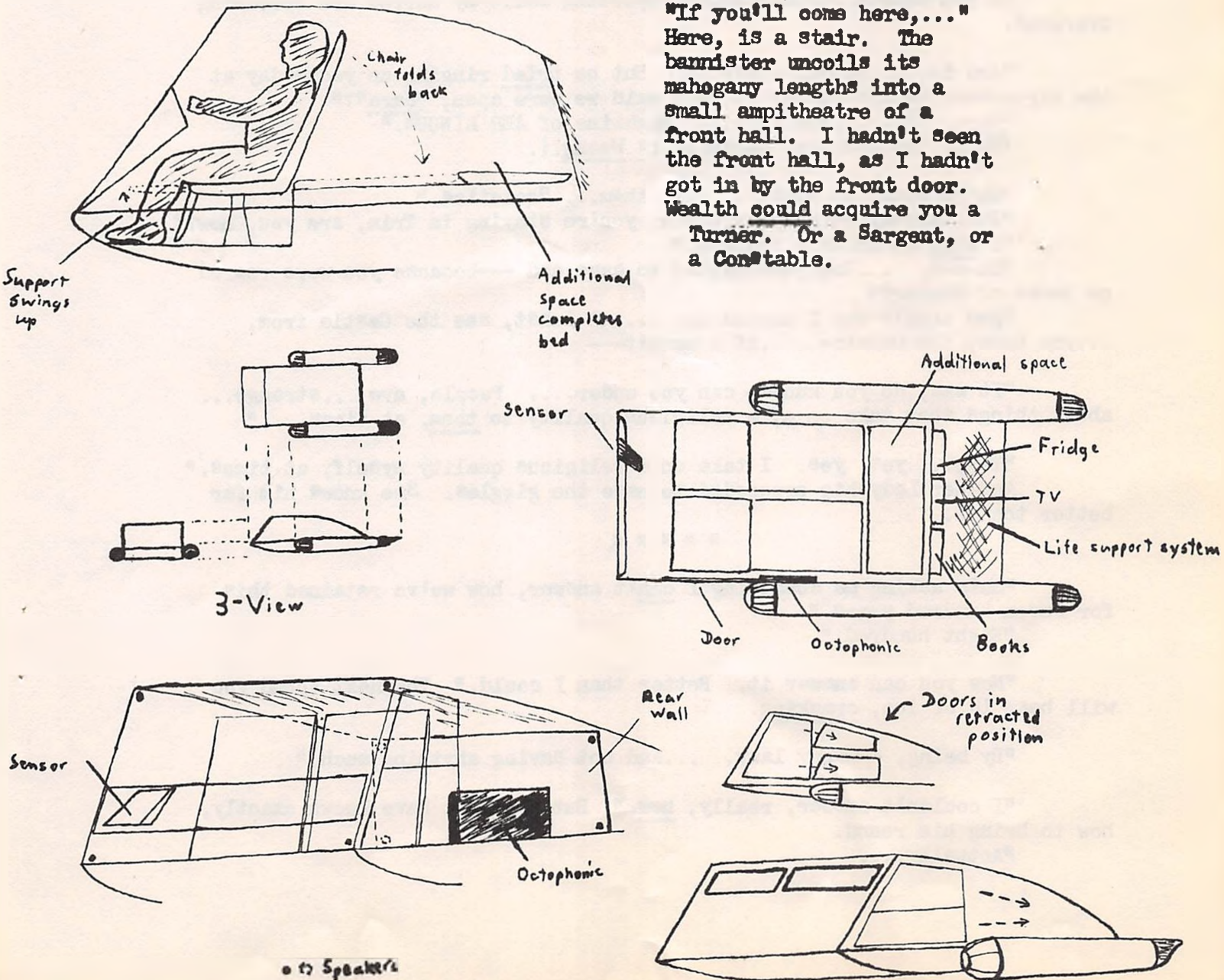
"We're his nearest relations.. ..that's his watch, on the right, and that rather wrapped thing is, his Bishop's ring— because he was Archbishop at Armagh."

"They're quite beautiful." And that's not all. It is not a question of price. That isn't all in that Regency case.... It is not a matter of wealth. It is not a matter of acquiring antiques, although wealth can acquire a Regency case, and a pair of miniatures in the French style. It's not a matter of wealth, although there is that. Wealth could acquire you a Restoration desk. Or a volume of Edmund Spenser. It is, however, a question of which Baroness, the Tenth? Or the Fifteenth?

"They're quite beautiful."

"If you'll come here,..."

Here, is a stair. The bannister uncoils its mahogany lengths into a small amphitheatre of a front hall. I hadn't seen the front hall, as I hadn't got in by the front door. Wealth could acquire you a Turner. Or a Sargent, or a Constable.



I don't believe it either. "...I'll get my husband to meet you." But my body knows better. Reaching out for that golden length, and feeling the color mahogany only acquires from being polished with oil. Polished by the hands of twenty generations of the Lords of Dunsany.

And of the servants of twenty generations of the Lords of Dunsany. And now it has acquired my sweat. It is not a matter of acquiring antiquities, as being acquired. "He'll introduce you to the other parts of the castle. He's more familiar with it than I am."

And I am examining the figure of Lady Dunsany from the rear. Ah, well, . . . just a passing thought.

"This is, ...Mr. Clark,⁵ who was reared on your father's Books of Wonder. He's from America."

"How do you do, Sir."

"Good!...."

And, while I am not particularly small. To me, he looked to be about twelve feet tall.

Do you expect dispassionate reporting while my nerves are screaming overload.

"And he, ...he did crash in. But he tried ringing up yesterday at the airport— What's It In? ...that said we were open, "cara"?"

"Cara, the, ...the Inflight Magazine of AER LINGUS."

"Well, the Inflight Magazine is Wrong!

"We're open, to about ...six, Ah-m... Societies."

"But, anyway —where are you, you're staying in Trim, are you, now?"

"I will be in Trim tonight."

"Hm-m-m. ...You just wanted to come and —because you were reared on Books of Wonder?"

"And that's why I wanted to. ...at least, see the Castle from, ...you know, the Outside.. ..if I wasn't—

"It was, do you know— can you understand... People, are ...strange... about things that take on a, a religious quality to them, at times...."

"Yes,... yes, yes. I take on a religious quality myself, at times."

And Her Ladyship proceeded to have the giggles. She knows him far better than I.

* * * * *

"He's asking me something I can't answer, how we've retained this for seven hundred years."

"Eight hundred."

"Now you can answer it. Better than I could." The next sound you will hear is of ice, cracking.

"By being, —very lazy. ...And not saying anything much."

"I couldn't answer, really, how." But she must have known exactly, how to bring him round.

"Actually,..."

"...They've been in this area, for a thousand years! They're rather like the Red Indians in, ah, America. They mucked it out ...until they were exterminated, by the European Americans."

"That's Lord Dunsany, there." I'd seen that picture before! As the frontpiece of his book of Fifty Poems, ...a young Dunsany with his collar open and his sleeves rolled up.

...and, as I had never seen him life-size, I had never imagined he had forearms the size of human thighs. He ...looked rather like Clyde Beatty. Which probably does not mean a thing to anyone but me; rather, let's say, that Clyde Beatty, who had an act that primarily consists of picking lions up and throwing them around, looked like Lord Dunsany, with black hair. From a can.

"And that's ...the present one. Up there.

And, from somewhere, a line came to me, "...my wife and I came back from India, where we were visiting our son on the North West Frontier, ...and there he was. Looking exactly, and incredibly, like David Niven in Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

"...When he was much younger," he said.

And of course he doesn't look like David Niven, anymore. But then, neither does David Niven.

Nor does he look like a giant, at the moment. Rather, human, in a black almost navy suit with a silver pinstripe through it that matches his salt-and-pepper hair rather like my grandfather had and his grey silk tie that goes well with the crumbs of biscuit on his grey mustache. He doesn't look like anybody but Himself. And doesn't sound like anyone else... unless somewhere, there's a cross between Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce

But, just at the moment, I like him better, as Watson... .

"Well, I'd rather like to get these breakfast things cleared away. ...we're having those people in this afternoon..."

"I know!"

Hint. "Would You Mind showing him the Syme. ... I rather imagine he might like to see those... and I'll take care of these." ...OF trouble.

"I Won't be staying—!"

"I don't want to cause ANY inconvenience, ...if I could help it..." As if I could.

There are forces at work.

And one of these, is, I think, My Lady— Our Lady of Dunsany. Interceding with the Lord. Cosmic-Hype!

"My wife show you Upstairs, did she?"

"She showed me..." as the door swings shut on kippers, marmalade and tea, and my stomach, the Realist, stops reminding me how long it's been since I had communion. "...yes, —The Plunkett Ring, and, ...and that."

"Ah-m. . . .It's not, a very good moment to come, really. We've got business to take care of in the mornings.

"And we've got some other people coming in, this afternoon. ...We're becoming a bit of a museum! And, . . .

"And we're not, what you'd call, open, you know— Except by, ar-r-angement ...with some, Learn-Ed Societies, where. . . ." And that was when My Lady suddenly popped up, again. From somewhere.

"Dear, do you mind, taking care of this young man?"

"I Don't Mind ATTALL!!"

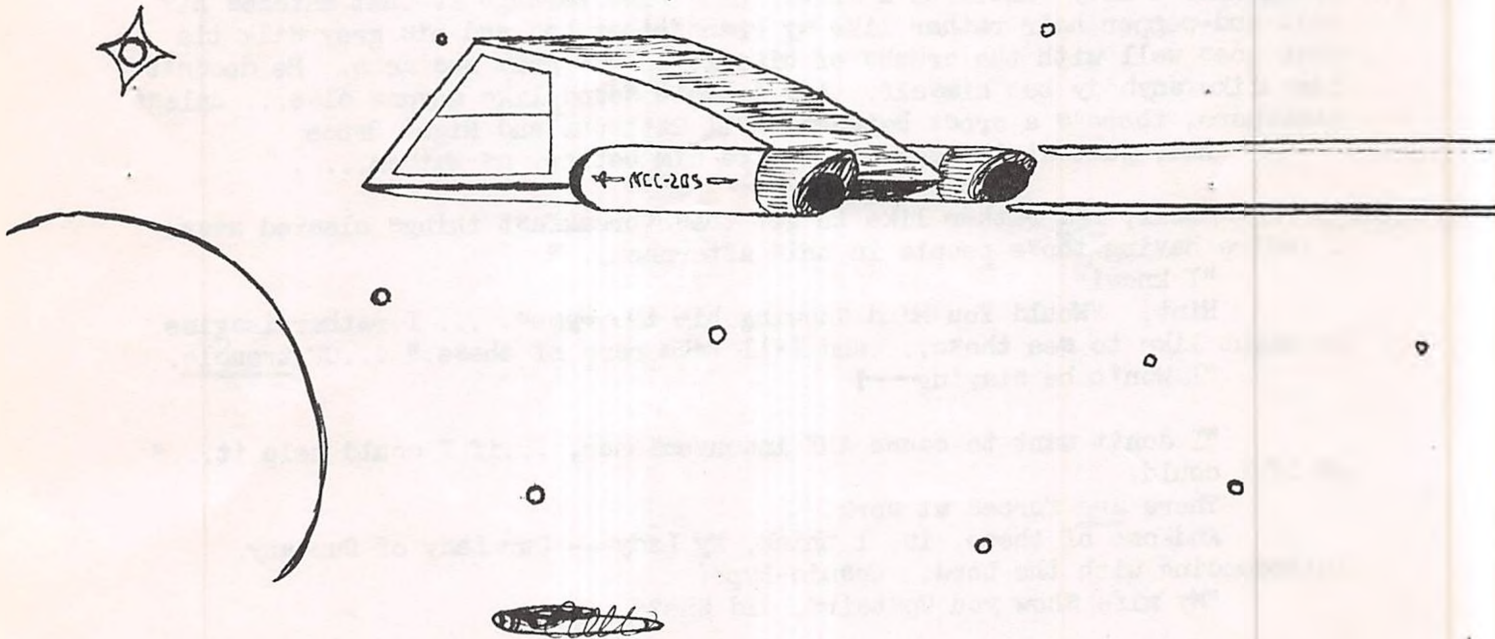
1. "Potato Cakes with His Lordship", page 9 of CARA, the Inflight Magazine of Aer Lingus, vol. 8 no. 2, April/June 1975. Published by the Publicity Dept., Aer Lingus, printed by Cahill and Co. Limited, Dublin.

[That makes him 139 years old. Exactly as printed.]

2. October 25, 1975. 3. Rhymes with "Rhoda." 4. I'm not going to tell.
5. Her Ladyship had confused what I am/who I am with what I do. And sometimes, I am, too.



7510.23



January 22nd, 1976
Crawfordsville, IND.

My very dear friends,

I was delighted to receive your cards you sent, the pictures of St. Oliver and most specially the pictures of the castle. They made it an extra special welcome home. I'd been traveling.

Last November, I found myself with a broken arm and between jobs. I left my previous employer because of the arm; a slight disagreement about insurance and medical expenses, and other things, and I quit. Employers are reluctant to hire men or women who quit their last job, no matter what the circumstances, and with a cast covering my right arm from the knuckles to the elbow I was considered unsuitable for most manual labor. So it promised to be a very dreary Christmas & New Year. The kind of a holiday that drives people to desperate acts.

I packed my tape recorder and two cameras and tapes and film and a few clothes into a couple of bags, and gathered up what money I had put aside for an emergency, and got myself onto a plane for the Yucatan.

I'm putting it in a rather breezy way, but in fact it was all very carefully considered and worked out in detail from an idea I'd been playing with for six months, during which I was saving and studying and waiting my chance. The broken arm really only brought to a premature and happy conclusion an intolerable situation.

In Merida I had a rendezvous. December the 19th I was to be at the Hotel Cayre, to meet a short dark Guatemalan by the name of Jose Leiva and his wife Kate, and the other members of a tour group from Berkeley, California, whose sole and determined purpose was the ferreting out of the secrets of the vanished civilization of the Maya.

(I simply can't keep from exaggerating/dramatising the whole affair. Actually, it was hot and dirty and occasionally dangerous, but very serious and scientific. And I enjoyed myself immensely.)

We began gradually with the ruins of Dzibilchaltun, just outside of Merida, and then went to our first major site, or what we at first thought was a major complex—an opinion that underwent steady revision—Uxmal. I had a fear of heights when I began the trip, or thought I had, which amounts to the same thing. The Temple of the Magician, an extremely steep elliptical pyramid of about 100 feet in height, cured me. Climbing the nearly vertical faces of the pyramid with my right arm in a cast and my equipment hanging from the hooks of a web belt, that did it, I'll not be scared again because I'll never be right in the head again. But that was just the beginning.

There was a trip through the jungle from Uxmal to the ruins of Sayil in the bone jarring back of a jeep, where Jose was attacked by wasps. There was Kabah, and the lone arch in the forest there at the head of a causeway, a processional highway that is supposed to lead 12 miles through the jungle all the way to Uxmal, maybe. We were not that crazy to try it.

We followed the route around the Gulf Coast of Mexico, visiting and passing by ruins like Mayapan, Labna, Xlapak, Etzna, Campeche and Champoton, passing from the coastal plains into the Puuc Hills and through the Savannahs, watching the white egrets nesting along the irrigation channels and the banks of the Usamacinta River. There is grass there as far as the eye can see, and cattle, and small men on small horses with rifles in their saddle boots and machettes in their hands. . . I wanted to get into a saddle so bad, I could almost taste the memory of leather reins held between the teeth. It might have reminded you a bit of India, and of a hunt for water buffalo you once described for me. And then we arrived, at Palanque. It was quite a Christmas.

Palanque. Palanque is virtually, indescribably, indescribable. . . it is possibly the ultimate artistic statement of the Maya Indian in the whole of Mexico. Yet, till only a few years ago, outside of a few specialists in pre-Columbian cultures, the name was unknown. Till a Swiss Theosophist by the name of Eric von Daniken perpetrated a multi-million-dollar publicity campaign in conjunction with Bantam Books and other publishing houses in this country, kicking over traces that I thought writers like Charles Fort and Richard S. Shaver had finished forever back in the 1940's.

I'm a sort of a student, of human nature and of the will to believe, but while once it was enough for me to read and imagine and dream I am no longer content to let other people interpret reality for me: I want to see. I wanted to see the sarcophagus lid of Pachal's tomb for myself, this carving that is supposed to be an Indian flying a rocket-powered craft, or whatever. And now I don't need somebody to tell me about something they read about the other day, that I knew about long before the cult came back into vogue, and whenever I even mentioned it before people would look at me like I was out of my mind. And now I've seen it, seen for myself. I made that climb up the pyramid, and down into that black pit, and tread lightly on those sweating slick stones to get there, and I don't need anybody who was never there to tell me what I knew already. I was there. Now I can say that I was there. And the meatheads that babble everything they hear like it was gospel can crawl back under whatever rock that bore them.

(Sorry, I guess that poison just had to come out.)

Well, it was Palanque, and it was Christmas. And I'm thirty years old and single and I guess I'm lucky to be free... but sometimes the loneliness gets to me, at Christmas and at other times, though I ought to be used to it. But some things you don't ever get used to, not completely immune to, because you are only human after all, and it's built in.

When people scarcely come up to the middle of your chest you find it hard to believe they are really physically mature. And while the local belles may be attractive in their own doll-like way, . . . well, it's not for me. It would be like molesting children. So, you seek out your own kind. Except that civilized ladies have a tendency to say "no", although they have been known on occasion to give a man in a burning house a last cigarette. . .

. . . in a town called Valladolid on the Caribbean Coast of Mexico, I remarked to one of the girls that I met on the trip, "I think you would give a drowning man a drink of water." To which the reply was, "Yeah, and Bill, you'd drink it!" Yes, I'd drink it. I'd drink about anything in order to relieve one of those black moods of mine once they've set in. I'd even drink the water, . . . which, in Mexico, can be a very dangerous thing to do.

But in the process of getting drunk, at Palanque I met another Irishman. Big Jim is like a golden bear of a man, blonde of beard and shaggy haired and blue eyed Irish-Mexican. His father, he said, "was a good Roman Catholic who loved dynamite. When things got too hot for him in Ireland, he went to the United States, then on down into Mexico as the people who were looking for him began to get too close, and eventually wound up with Zapata, fighting in the Revolution." And we drank and spoke of magic and poetry, of revolution and fighting, of women and family and of Ireland. "You see a lot of golden-haired Mexicans," he said, "a lot of Irishmen in the Yucatan, and ex-Luftwaffe and SS." It is the kind of a place that was made for survivors.

Then we left the Lacadon jungle behind us and continued on from the area of Tabasco, across the peninsula, stopping at places like Chicana, Becan and Spujil for a look at other examples of Indian art and architecture. And

finally we reached the Carribean Coast, and began working our way north and east, past the Cenote Azul, and the walled warrior city of fairytale proportions called Tulum, to Chichen-Itza.

Chichen-Itza has been described so well and so fully in so many books and periodicals that I won't even attempt it here. To the popular mind, it is The City of the Maya, because of all the publicity. Which is far from accurate. Because Chichen-Itza is a most eclectic conglomerate . . . it is a mess. It is a collection of peoples and of styles from all eras and all areas of the subcontinent, capped off and blurred together by the super-imposure on the existing structures of the influences of the Teitoc conquerors. Put together by committee. Yet it is the most completely restored of all the sites, and most often visited, and interesting nevertheless. . . in something of the same way as Disneyland, in this country.

Chichen-Itza is architecturally and historically as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, . . . and signifying nothing."

New Year's Eve is a traditional time for second thoughts about the way we are living and of making a fresh start. New Year's Day I was on my way to a new country, Guatemala. A very promising start for a new year.

This was not part of the plan. I had no reservations, air or hotel, but I had no reservations about making the attempt, for I had heard so much at every site about Tikal, where Jose lived and worked with the other members of the team from the University of Pennsylvania during the International Geophysical Year. I had to see it. And I had to see it with the man who was there. And January the 2nd we were flying in to the little dirt airstrip in the Peten jungle.

Here there was real danger. We had some near ones. Wild pigs that can cut a man to pieces and had our party outnumbered. And a four-foot long fer-de-lance stretched out across our path at dusk, which we had to step around the rear end of, five feet away from the business end. Or maybe risk meeting its friends if we had strayed too far into the high grass... better the snake that you can see than the devil you don't.

While I may have returned from Guatemala physically, I'm only partially returned. For all its dangers, I grew to love the jungle. It is one of the places left on earth where a man can still be a man. And a man is as good as his actions; it doesn't matter how much he has in the bank, what kind of a car he drives or house he lives in, what kind of politics he has or his religion, all that matters is that he acts like a man. Not as here in civilization, where people are as interchangeable on or off of the job as the individual nuts and bolts and wheels and cogs in a piece of machinery they don't even understand.

There are sites in that jungle, still, that no human creature has laid eyes on in a thousand years. There are places in Guatemala, Belize (British Honduras), Honduras, San Salvador and Panama that easily rival anything that Mexico has to offer. Tikal and Uaxactun, Piedras Negras and Yaxchilan, Seibal and Sayaxche; Yaxha, Nakum and el Mirador; Copan and Altun Ha; Iximche, Zaculen and Tazumal; and in Guatemala City itself in what might at first appear to be a vacant lot in the midst of a residential section, Kaminal Juyu, from where the Maya may have come. All these places are known and can be seen; but outside of the pottery-dusted world of the professional they are unknown. And virtually unspoiled because they are unknown, not on the tourist run, but attainable. In a light plane, in the back of a jeep or a flat-bed truck, on horseback or on foot, ...it's all there, for whosoever knows and cares to go.

But I can't get there from an armchair by the fire, counting my money, getting fat and sloppy, and feeling sorry for poor little me with a broken arm, no girl, no job, and no expectations. Sitting, watching life go by.

I intend to return to Ireland, as soon as I can manage to "open a way." And I greatly treasure the invitation to visit you at Dunsany. Meeting you both and walking where your father, the old Lord, walked, those were the most precious moments of my Irish experience.

I have "unfinished business" in Ireland. I want to examine, with a more experienced eye, the corbelled vaults and other remains of the megalith builders. I also want to see the place where my father's people came from, Lurgan in County Armagh, those transplanted Welshmen of the Up-Richard branch of the family. I have "designs" on Scotland, Cornwall, Brittany and Malta, but that is all the stuff dreams are made of, just at the moment. But if I should be able on some future day to penetrate into the continent of Europe, my plan is always to return to Ireland to rest and regain my strength afterward, so that I can face returning home again to take care of the petty everyday affairs of earning a living that makes all these things possible.

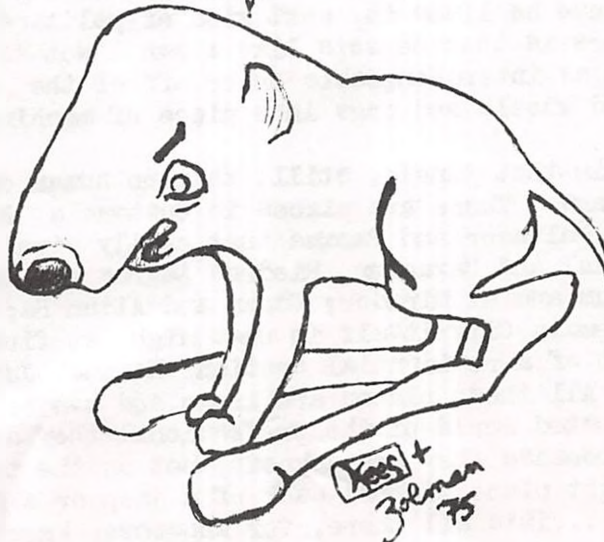
And I feel something of the same affection for Guatemala City that I do for Dublin. It is a resting place. (I think my bones would be quite content to lie in the ground in either land) If I should have other work to do in the South American continent, that will be a place to come back to, as well. That won't be for some time though. I'll first have to make this arm well. The cast is off, and I'm surprised to find that it is somewhat longer than it was before, as if clinging to the steep sides of those ruins stretched the soft bone in the wrist so that my arm grew. . . as well as stretching my horizons.

Here's to an early reunion.

Your friend,

Bill Bridget

Now look, fellas.
what's wrong about
Pole-Vaulting without
a pole?



LOCS & BAGELS [[Supplemental, with assistance from a phantom hand....]]

So I said I'd help Irvin with the typing, and the next thing I know, here I am with this package from Bill Bridget, trying to figure out what comes first.

HILL BRIDGET It is quiet for a Monday. So why. Irv Koch sends me MAYBE,
Rural Route #1 and I don't know Irv... or I don't think I do. So how does
Crawfordsville he know me, when God forgot. Curiouser and curiouser, said
Indiana 47933 Alice B.

Still the man has gone to serious trouble. Courtesy cries out for other courtesy in return in my balanced Pythagorean ecoverse. But what IS he? Rhodanophile, probably. But it has been some time since P.R.#50. The Ackerman might have printed something else of mine, I've been so wrapped up in getting ready for the Yucatan that I'd have never known. Maybe I can call him from Memphis between planes and tell him why I can't be at the Con.

I wish I didn't have to miss it. These are my people, the mutated, the disenfranchised, the magicians, the poets, the unloved,

Damn jungle! Why do I have to go someplace where there's nothing to sleep with but spiders and snakes. Because. Because maybe Atlantis was. Because it's close to the Triangle. Because Adamski might be right, or Dick Shaver was. Because I can't know what is, and what is only illusion, unless I get out of the library and in up to my neck.

I think Irv can probably understand that, even if it is not his thing. It's a heavy trip. As Malta will be, if there will be a next year. Fantasy would be a lot safer. ...But there is a hunger stronger. Bradbury's golden-eyed martians all died and left me unfulfilled. Like a doper, I require a bigger jolt.

GCOASS* —(*God came on a space ship, He has blonde hair,
blue eyes, and is built like a bull, she said....)

The girl was not quite twenty years old. The chemicals had not begun to take their toll yet, and she still had that deceptive fragile look. Like the main course at a Black Mass.

Her palid blue eyes were feverish bright, an unnatural Visine bright. My own eyes have been known to turn like that, a girl told me once, as we discussed a book she took by Dr. Dee. It happens I mentioned something about being on a first name basis with the devil and the short hairs on her back and arm and neck stood erect, and other things.

Glassy, something you could see in the dark, or only the visions of light and darkness reflected by the viewer into the lenses of her eye. She takes those lenses out when she makes love.

Straight blonde hair hung like curtain blotting out the rest of the room. Strange of dark and highlight acrossed her face as the blade of the injector slid slide after slide into place in the viewer. "You're a good photographer." "I was lucky." And I am. I shoot to kill.

The composition can take care of itself. Surprisingly, it does. Whatever it is. Maybe it's instinct, or maybe instinct is twenty-five years of movies and television, until you're sweating composition out of your pores.

Then the sound of my own name brought me back to Reality whatever that is from wherever I had been imagining unarmed things. She said, "I said, what's that thing?"

Sitting down behind her with my head on her shoulder and my hands free my Ms. Muffett isn't afraid of me. Only of flying, of feathered things and fur, and that somebody is going to try and own her. "I got that at the Museum in Dublin. It's a decoration off of a shrine... like a safe deposit box."

In the center of the viewer was the Walking Man, a figure only a few centimeters high of gold, a little like the lead soldiers I used to make as a kid. With his little toothpick arms and legs and that oversized head I thought was some kind of crested helmet when I first saw it, a fish head with one huge eye in the side of it like a flounder. Maybe.

Is that the crest on his helmet or his hair braided like a horse's mane and does that braid or his beard come round the bottom of his chin like that or is that gills at the throat of some shark-headed being with the bottom of a man?— Who knows.

I'd seen the same kind of cartoon faces in Egyptian murals and on old pottery. But I didn't recognize it done in metals. Instead of a Greek or a Trojan warrior done up in helmet and armor out of some Italian movie, just another half-naked Irishman in an animal skin with a spear in his right hand with a head of stone or bone and a round shield to cover him from his scrawny neck to his groin made from a hide stretched and dried on a willow frame. Another false lead.

Or maybe not.

"The shrine itself was made about 1050. The book in it was older by something like a hundred and a half years... one of those gospel books that monks in the Dark Ages are supposed to have spent years and years copying out by hand in little stone kennels where you wouldn't keep a dog even. It belonged to an Irish saint.

"Only saints sometimes turn out to be some other thing. And Irish saints are sometimes the old heroes, in disguise." And some times some thing even older. "They called it the Stowe Missal."

"But what is it... the thing in the picture, I mean?"

"Nobody seemed to know.

"You find things like that all over in Ireland, inscriptions and pictures that nobody can read or explain. There are crosses of stone the height of three men with panels like in some comic strip along the crossbar and down the shaft of them. They were supposed to have been scenes out of the life of Christ.

"I couldn't make anything out of them. The pictures were only shapes, as if Time had erased all the details —Or as if they were never finished in the first place. There are some, you see, who say there are some things too holy to fill the details in. And that sounds good.

"That sounds exactly like the way that I've been taught to think that a lot of superstitious peasants ought to think. Only it doesn't fit...."

"What facts?" Now she was laughing. "All you did, all you've been doing was kick the shit out of what the guidebooks said!"

I don't like being laughed at. But I had to laugh myself. At me.

"You're right. I'm starting to sound like Moses handling the Word from Upstairs. I don't mean to make it sound like that."

There's a Virgo for you. "It took the Irish five thousand years to live it. I only had a few days, to get it perfect. There wasn't time to think about it at the time, just time enough to see smell hear touch and taste. Time enough to get it all sorted out in my head when I got back... and I'M still trying to sort it out.

"The one thing I never figured on was that I'd get it all done. It's so much harder to cope with that, than if the trip had been a wash-out. Even with all my precautions I wasn't ready for the reality of it. Standing in a place like Tara tracing out a carving with my finger that was two thousand years old or more when Christ was on earth....

"I never realized what that would do to me. All the new questions, and all the old ones for which the only answers were "Well, it might have been." I wanted to know. I needed to know, the way that some people need a jolt!" And then I felt her stiffen, as if I had touched something more than a groove in a piece of stone. And this time I didn't need to know.

-oOo-

October 31, 1975

I wanted to drop you a line before Samhain, honorable editor, but things got in my way like shots, a new starting motor, two fillings, giving notice, ...and the coming of MAYBE 42.

Enjoying your zine. It helps to break the night up. Midnights till 8, five nights a week for more than a year. Combination desk clerk & head waiter, security & swamper. Etc. Two bucks an hour and all the stale bread I can eat, all the stale beer and all the loose change that I can find under the stools at the bar. It's a job. Or it was.

It bought me Ireland, and the first car I ever owned, a '67 Galaxy with terminal illness. And the Yucatan, leave us not forget. I'm sorry about the Con. Honestly sorry. And I really appreciated the invitation, now that I've made the acquaintance after a fashion of the fan and fen in your zine.

But I've had these reservations for months.

In Merida I hook up with a group from the Berkeley area. FORUM INTERNATIONAL. They do good work. They have to: they're trying to get a new kind of a school off the ground, to train individuals in a kind of a Fullerian kind of environmental awareness.

That's oversimplified. But essentially correct.

But what keeps this being more than your average wild-eyed scheme is these folks recognize the fact that you can't just go around with your hand out. So they worked out this trade: anthropological expertise for the bread they need to go operational. I never heard of a tour package before that touted as your guides a Ph.D. Ethnologist and a Marine Biologist. But there's a lot I never heard, Horatio.

Their primary locus is the Mayan ruins of Southern Mexico, Honduras and Guatemala, both on land and off. Since, their program has expanded into the area of the Peruvian Indian, the ruins at Macchu Piccu, etc. And there are more programs in the works, Egypt, and Easter Island; and they are open to outside input. This isn't all Eric von Daniken stuff, even if they do seem too good to be true. College credits can be arranged through Antioch/West or your own school. Contact your advisor. Me, I'm doing a single, but then I left school the hard way.

I'm sure they wouldn't mind a plug. Interested parties can get in touch with Anne Bellamy (who handled the arrangements for this neurotic) or Jan Ellen Schwarz at "Expeditions for Understanding", 2437 Durant Avenue #208, Berkeley CA. Zip 94704. It won't do any good to mention my name, I don't get anything back.

The group from FORUM will be pulling out about the second or third. I'll be staying on, until January 10th. With nobody to pull my tail out of trouble,... in case, ...but file that under covert operations. Anyway, I do not intend to let anything jeopardise my unfinished business in (Northern) Ireland (last time, I only had eight days, nobody would have my job for love or ---) and the land of the Maltese Falcon. Anyway, ...who ever heard of a safe adventure?

A Salute, a flash of black and bronze from my Mycenaean blade, for printing Maid Marian's "My Life on Darkover". That lady touched something in me with her world under a dying red star, touched me deeper than blood and bones, or chromosomes, something in a spiral helix somewhere. I was about 12, and haunting an old bookstore in between a garage and a pizza place in downtown Indianapolis, when I found The Door through Space, and started calling myself Hastur, but only in my sleep. I guess I haven't changed much from the kid in the stacks. Except I'm older and leaner. And "hungrier" ("Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much."). I think it was in that same bookstore that I found my copy of PLANET STORIES that came out with all the fan/fen smalltalk in the Vizigraph section about the Zimmer Bradley wedding... it was also the issue that featured what I think was the first letter-of-comment to appear in an above-ground magazine by fen Zenna Henderson.

But I can be very wrong, here; this is only remembering, the way I remember it, in soft-focus through a diffusion lens called love....

To which Adrienne will probably reply that I need a cold shower.

And She would be right. Here's to the good new days.

-oOo-

Monday, December 8th Rains gets better every time, it seems, but his conception of alien life-forms is still fuzzy at the edges, like a bad photograph of a UFO. Also liked Adrienne's Pegasus pacing the Enterprise, but...get another subject, please, or get your own Feinzine: re Gender Genocide. Enough already. (Congrats on the new job & graduating.) [I think you will like the Hastur ballad which is another subject, but I haven't finished with the old one yet. Since you like my art I will refrain from ripping your story to male chauvinist shreds. "The Dentist's Tale," on the other hand, is excellent writing. ...AWF]

Re: review of THE INFINITE MAN, if god-let had landed in the body of the sexy girlfriend, Galouye would have called it HEAVENLY HOST. Oye! And, of course, I found my name on R9 and I thank you for the compliment (only "possibly" demented?) [Don't worry--definitely demented in my book--altho it isn't your fault Irvin didn't number your pages...Do I make you type "Coercion Column"? AWF]

[The next item in this is a clipping concerning two men who believe the ancient Incas may have been able to fly--in balloons, that is. They are trying out a balloon and gondola arrangement which they believe similar to that the Incas could have used.] It worked. But, like Heyerdahl, what did it prove? [There is also a Bridget-illo, which I hope he explains in a later letter, and a map showing the world of the ancient Maya--and possibly Bill's travel route...?]

[Next come two gorgeous post cards--the kind of thing that make me wish MAYBE and/or FEINZINE could afford color repro--of temples, etc. in Mexico. Apparently Bill arrived safely, and the rest of the group arrived safely, but the arrival of the luggage was still in question. Sound like Bill had his problems: "The only thing female here so far that has been after my flesh are the mosquitos."

Then comes a beautiful post card showing Temple No.2, Tikal-Petén, Guatemala... Which says, "What kind of a man reads MAYBE...? Instead of Playboy!"]
-0o0-

January 15th Yeah, I'm back. But just now, I don't feel so hot. Irvin, the day I left, we lost our barn. And I didn't know. And I guess I don't need to explain to a man from Tennessee what it means to a farm.

Maybe later I can write it out, just like riding out a bad trip. But just now, I don't know how I feel. And if you'll excuse me, just now I don't feel I've got a lot to say.

[Start to sound like Bill is going through the kinda year+¹/₂ I had a while back: a cat bit me and dropped dead, my sister was in a shipwreck, my grandmother in a car accident, I had hepatitis, my mother had a nervous breakdown, etc. Hope all that has stopped for Bill--I know it's horrid. You okay now, Bill, I hope? AWF]

CANTERBURY: The Dentist's Tale

There is a special place in heaven where the elephant went to die
Called Dzecherbal; far better kept a secret than a diamond field.
In spite of that there was this demand for piano keys. All gone.
All the same it was pathetic for the first few days to watch these
Great toothless carcasses coming up and walking about,
Such pitiful expression in this great soul-less eye.
As if to say "I hurt, and don't know why?"

Not unusual to see an elephant with a hall tree in its mouth,
Dinosaur bone, telephone poles and petrified wood, but soon
We had to switch to plastic, then aluminum, something that
Had never been alive, until the ivories started to arrive.
Fitting them out with dentures gave meaning to our afterlives.
After death some didn't give a damn for heaven's worth
And found distraction in the resurrection of the Earth.

[There are all kinds of smart comments I am tempted to make to Bill Bridget's letters--like, "We know who you are and we haf ways to make you talk..."]
The problem, Adrienne, my dear, is to get me to shut up. [Oh well. Bill apparently owns four different typers, and sends photos and the kind of postcards that make me wish FEINZINE could afford color repro... He's also got a cracked-up wrist: sympathy. My grandmother just broke her arm and hip...She's much better now. My sister learned to draw after breaking her wrist--she wanted to improve her coordination...AWF]
-0o0-

February the 8th Well Irvin old friend, it's funny the way things happen. Sometimes it scares the hell out of me. This Guatemala Business. I sent my slides of Guatemala City over to the Saturday Evening Post. Right now that is about all I can do for the people I left behind me. We'll find out if I'm any good as a photographer or not, in spite of Linda's opinions in GCOASS*. The Gilland reported receiving MAYBE 43-45, the Leivas I do not expect to hear from for a time; his family is still there in G-City. Thank you much for getting to that as speedily as you did.

Not much in this letter. I'm still in sort of a shocked daze. More than enough to write about, enough for a couple lifetimes. Especially for somebody who doesn't call himself a writer. Just as well I'm not or I ought to take my own advice to Adrienne and get my own Feinzine. I really did like her Pegasus though, and it was pleasanter to see her Trekking graphically which was something I could respond to, than to try and cope with Coercion Column to which my response is unintelligible. She is saying something that needed to be said, but there are so many things that need to be said. What about old people, and nursing homes, and that hell-on-earth; male or female, black or white, we all get old and the lucky ones dont linger on at the mercy of their families and other keepers.

It isn't alone in the sexual commerce that happens between a man and a woman, that we fail to acknowledge the other person as a person.

-//-
-oOo-

BB

MAY AS WELL HAVE SOME ART CREDITS

Cover by Adrienne L. Hayworth(Orlando, FL, & not to be confused with AWF in NY). David Winfrey drew on 4,5,6,11,23,26. 15 is, I think, by Zolman*. 16 is by Bill Bridget. 17 is by Kelly Freas. 18 is by Brad Parcs. 19 was stolen & I'll let you figure where from. 20 by Audrey Walton c/o N3F Manuscript Bureau. 30left by Kees & Zolman*. 30R by Barry McKay.

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....IMK

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