

ANC
IMAGINATION
SCIENCE FICTION

JUNE, 1957

35¢

**THE SINISTER
INVASION**

by Alexander Blade



ANC
IMAGINATION
SCIENCE FICTION

JUNE, 1957

35¢

**THE SINISTER
INVASION**

by *Alexander Blade*





The Project Gutenberg eBook of Woman's World

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Woman's World

Author: Robert Silverberg

Release date: May 26, 2021 [eBook #65447]

Language: English

Credits: Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK WOMAN'S
WORLD ***

**He found himself five hundred years
into the future, a man eagerly sought
and he didn't know why. Then he
found out. The future was a—**

Woman's World

By Robert Silverberg

**[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
Imagination Stories of Science and Fantasy**

June 1957

**Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]**

Coming up out of five centuries of sleep was like fighting my way up from the bottom of the sea. I was blind, I was choking, I was mangled by the pressure. All I could think was that I had to get up and out, up and out.

My sleep-cramped brain battled toward consciousness. The blackness around me gave way to deep violet, then gray, then a vague colorless dinginess as I rose to wakefulness. I moved my arms, tentatively, feeling the centuries-old numbness starting to give way. *This is what it feels like to be born*, my mind said.

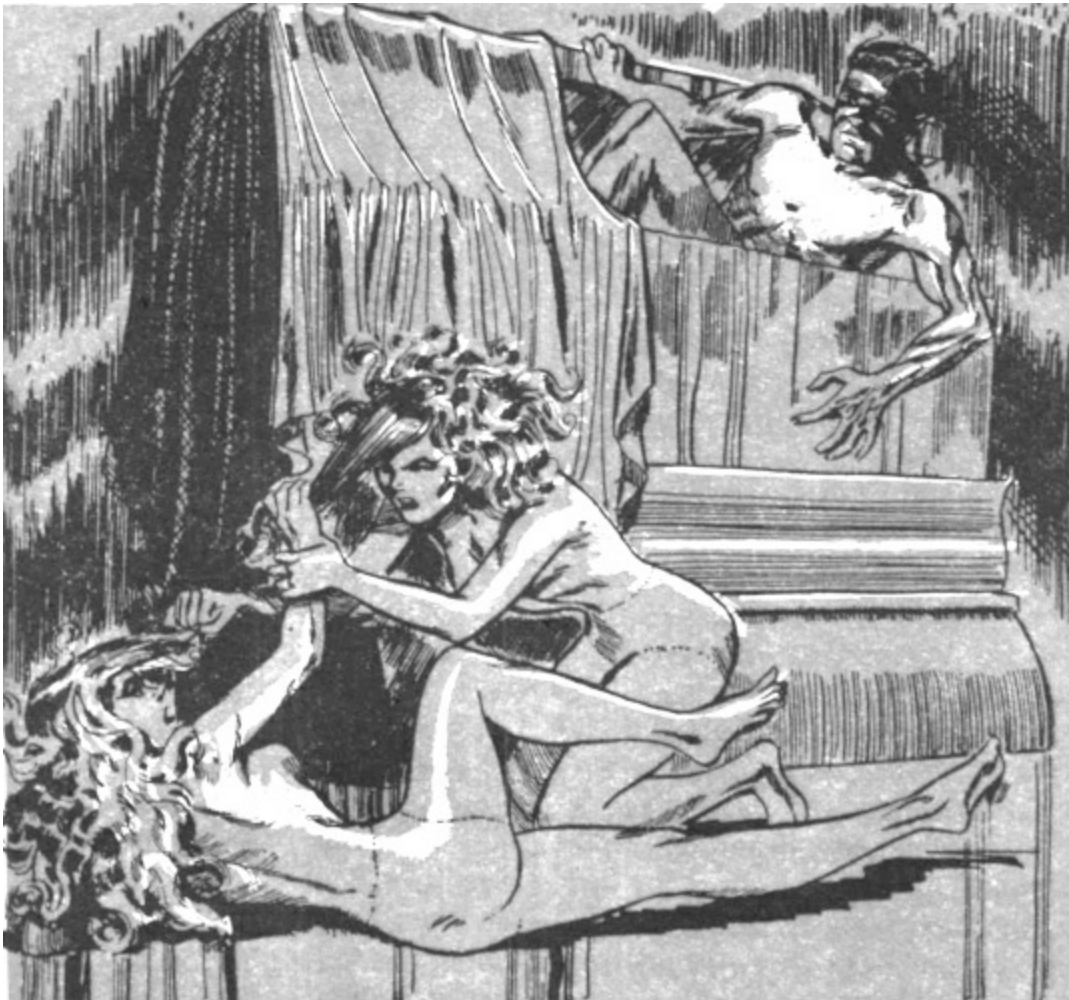
Then, voices. Loud, strident, horribly painful to nerves that hadn't felt the impact of sound in five hundred years. A kind of terror ran through me; I cringed at the thought of the unknown future into which I had so boldly plunged. It had seemed like a joke, once—but I had slept away half a millennium, and time for awakening was here.

Voices. Someone shouting, "He's mine! I got here before you did, Sam!"

Another voice: "The hell you did, Phil. *I* was here. You get out of here."

I shook my head foggily and stirred. Sam and Phil, whoever they were, were making much too much noise. I wanted them to go away; I was terribly tired, wanting nothing but another few hundred years of sleep.

I yawned and sat up. And gasped. For as I opened my eyes and gradually focussed them, I saw Sam and Phil. They were having a knockdown tussle, and it was hard to tell which one was on top.



But there was one thing I could tell: they were both female. One seemed to be a magnificent brunette, wide-shouldered and fiery-eyed; the other, a redhead, lithe and wiry. They wore only skin-tight blue trunks; as they rolled over and over on the floor, I caught occasional glimpses of bare breasts and lovely flashing thighs.

I climbed out of my somno-casket and lowered myself to the floor of the chamber, wobbling unsteadily. They ignored me, and continued to battle it out.

"Hold on, girls," I said finally. "This is no way to welcome a man from the distant past."

At my words they cut out the wrestling instantly. They clambered to their feet, glaring bitterly at each other, and turned to look at me.

They were really stacked. To my astonishment I discovered that they stood nearly six feet tall, both of them, with high, proud breasts and tapering, well-muscled bodies. *What a pair of amazons*, I thought admiringly.

But they seemed to be doing some admiring too. The redhead emitted a most feminine sigh and said, "Isn't he *lovely*!"

"He certainly is," the brunette agreed. "Worth waiting five hundred years for."

With sudden dismay I realized I was naked. I reddened and grabbed for a cloth that had been draped over the somno-casket, and wrapped it around myself. I felt a little bewildered by things; I hadn't expected to be greeted by a pair of half-naked amazons when I woke.

The brunette nudged the other and said, "Let's get out of here with him now, Phil. We won't fight over him."

"Good idea," the redhead responded. "If we keep on fighting over who gets him, Her Majesty'll find out he's awake and take him away from both of us. Let's go!"

They approached me and grabbed me firmly, one on each side. "Come on, muscles," the one named Phil said. "Let's travel."

"Just a second," I said. "Who are you? Where are you taking me?" I didn't feel like trusting myself to these two till I had my bearings.

"Don't worry about that, honey," Sam said. "We'll take good care of you." She winked broadly and said, "Won't we, Phil?"

They started to propel me out the door of the chamber. I was still a little too woozy to put up much of an argument, and they were both substantial specimens who knew how to swing their weight around. Weak as I was, I had

no choice but to let them push me into the corridor.

"Where to?" Sam asked.

"To the Lower Quarters," Phil said. "There's a copter there, and we—oh, oh! Here comes trouble!"

I glanced over my shoulder and saw a truly gigantic woman coming down the corridor towards us. She looked about seven feet tall, a real monster. She was wearing the usual trunks, plus some sort of jeweled diadem dangling between at her bosom.

"Hold up there!" she bellowed. "Where are you three going? Where's the guard on the Sleep Chamber?"

Phil and Sam didn't stop to make conversation. They tightened their grips on my arm and started to run. I dragged helplessly for a couple of steps, then got straightened away and began to run with them.

"Stop! Come back!" the big woman yelled—and she came roaring after us. The floor seemed to shake as she thundered along the corridor.

We fled. I allowed myself to be dragged along by my two amazon captors, with the third pounding away behind us. The corridor seemed to be endless.

And suddenly it stopped being endless. There was a horde of women coming up toward us from the other direction.

"The old cow's called the guards," Sam muttered. "We're caught, now!"

We were. The tide of female guards swept over us like a herd of cattle, and abruptly I found myself in the midst of a vast heaving mass of struggling women. At first I thought they were after Sam and Phil, who had tried to steal me and failed—but the truth dawned only after I had eluded the steel-like clutches of one powerful mademoiselle and fallen right into another's arms.

As she hugged me triumphantly to her surging bosom, I understood. They were after me.

Me.

Two dozen women, chasing after me. And I was still not really fully conscious from my long stay under suspended animation.

Maybe I'm dreaming! I thought.

No. No dream. I was at least wide-awake enough to tell that. The women were battling furiously; I was being shunted back and forth from one to another. I was starting to feel like a plaything. So I struck back.

I landed a fist in a tough, unyielding female stomach, then splatted a hand into a pair of lovely lips. I was fighting for my life now; they were threatening to smother me. Two of them got me down, while a third grabbed one arm and tried to drag me away.

Suddenly I heard a loud voice yell, "*Stop!*" And an instant later, everything stopped. Completely. None of us could move a muscle. I was locked in the embrace of a wild-looking but rather lovely blonde, whose face was frozen in an expression of glee.

Only my eyes could move. I rolled them around and saw a woman in regal panoply stalking majestically toward us. She held a small metal weapon in her hand.

"You've all behaved *disgracefully!*" she said ringingly. She clicked the weapon at us a second time and the stasis broke. The horde of women picked themselves up and stood staring sheepishly at the floor. The Queen—for her rank seemed obvious—swept imperiously toward me.

"Are you the Sleeper?" she demanded.

"I believe so, your majesty."

"Excellent. Come to my chamber at once. The rest of you remand yourselves to the guardhouse, for punishment. Follow me, male!"



As I followed her up the long corridor, I was struck by the humor of the situation. I had volunteered for the Somno-casket project after the bustup of my engagement; feeling that there was no place for me in the world of the twentieth century and that I wasn't much interested in continuing to live in it. I grabbed at a straw and let myself be tucked away in suspended animation, as a guinea-pig. The scientists of five hundred years from now would revive me, and I would be a living man from the distant past.

So I had awakened. But in the intervening five centuries, while I slumbered

under my time-lock, my casket had been shifted from Professor Ostrov's laboratory to this—this madhouse of furious amazons, and I was now apparently playing Adam to a few dozen Eves.

And now the queen bee herself had grabbed me off. Two guards prodded me from behind, and the Queen strutted ahead of me toward her private chambers. What waited for me there, I didn't know.

I wasn't to find out, either. Because as we came to a bend in the corridor, two men stepped out of nowhere. Men—real males.

I was so astonished to see another unshaven face again that I froze and glared at them goggle-eyed. One of the men turned to me and said, "Help us! We're here to rescue you!"

That sounded good to me. So I took the club one of them handed me, and while they grabbed the two guards I clonked them—gently, but efficiently. The Queen finally caught on to what was happening, and turned.

She let out a howl. "Guards! Guards!"

I shut my eyes and pictured another madhouse and another wild chase back down the corridor. But this time it didn't happen. The two men nodded to one side. The wall opened, and we stepped in, out of sight.

Into an elevator.

Down, down, down ... into the depths of the Earth, it seemed. Finally the elevator stopped.

"We get out here," one of the men said.

We were in a dank, dungeon-like place. We started up a cold, crawling corridor, but happily turned off before we had gone too far. One of my male escorts opened a door.

"Here he is, boss."

A man sat behind the desk—unshaven, naked to the waist. His face was aggressively male; his bare chest was covered with a thick mat of black hair. "My name is Lola," he said, in a rumbling basso. "Welcome to our happy land."

"*Lola?*" I asked.

"Isn't it a beaut? The women take men's names now—and we get theirs. *Lola*," he repeated, bitterly.

"So that explains Phil and Sam, then."

"What?"

"Two chicks I met topside, before all the fuss began. I couldn't understand why they were named like that."

"Now you do," Lola said. "Let's get down to business: you come from 1957, don't you?"

"That's right. I—"

"You know what it's like to live in a world where *men* were supreme. Right?"

"Right."

"We're in a pretty bad fix here," Lola said. "The women grabbed control about three hundred years ago. It started with little things like running for office, and now it mushroomed into *this*. We're under their heels! And we can't do a thing about it!"

"Why not? Do they outnumber you?"

"Yes and no," Lola said. "In terms of actual arithmetic, we're about even; they've got a slight numerical edge, not much. But in terms of battle strength, they've got us licked. Most of today's men are weaklings."

"But you don't look like any milksop," I pointed out.

"I'm an exception. There's a pretty tight core of us, down here biding our time. We've planned a rebellion against the Matriarchs. But we need you, brother."

"Me? What for?"

"You've been asleep for five hundred years—and all that time, the world's been waiting for you to awaken. You're almost a demigod now—you're a historical figure. Imagine the impact if you come to life and spearhead a rebellion against the Matriarchs! You'll kindle the spirits of millions of downtrodden males who wouldn't have dared to do any such thing unless—"

"Wait a second," I said uneasily, thinking of the amazons upstairs. "I don't

plan to get messed up in any private quarrels of this century, friend. Those girls look pretty tough, and I'm not going to risk my—"

"The hell you aren't," Lola said quietly. "We've been waiting for this day too long for you to mess it up now that you *are* awake. You cooperate or else."

I was tempted to ask what the "or else" was, but I didn't. There was too much menace hidden in Lola's flat voice.

"You're going to appear suddenly in Central Plaza tonight," he told me. "You'll use this photonic amplifier and tell everyone who you are. It'll attract a big crowd—and then you yell out, 'On to the Palace.'"

"At that moment, my men appear. There are about five hundred of us, and with them as a nucleus we recruit as many of the men in the Plaza as we can. We storm the Palace, take over the place, and on the impetus of that we bring the women under our dominance again."

I folded my arms. "Suppose I don't make your speech?" I could see myself getting assassinated, torn to pieces by wild women, or dying in any number of horrid ways.

Lola smiled. "Then we brainwash you and hype you up with something that'll *make* you give your speech. After that, we throw what's left of you away. Sound better?"

"I'll think it over," I said.

"Good." He glanced at one of his brawny underlings. "Clara, lock this guy up in the keep until we're ready to spring things. Then start getting the boys together, huh?"



I sat alone in the dark and tried to figure things out. Somehow, the women had gotten the upper hand in this society, and most of the men were reduced to mere milksops. Except for a handful of determined musclemen, that is, who were holed up down here ready to make a last stand against feminine supremacy.

Into this situation, enter me.

I was just an average joe in the past, a fellow who ran into some trouble and decided the easiest way out was to duck into this guinea-pig job. Some way out!

Apparently these women saw something in me—maybe there aren't enough men to go around, or something, and they jumped for me. So I got away from them. Talk about frying pans and fires, though!

I heard Clara's steady pacing outside my cell. They weren't going to let me out until the time came for my speech. And if I delivered the speech as instructed, some amazon was likely to nail me; if I didn't, Lola would take care of me. I was cooked either way.

I cursed myself for having left 1957 in the first place. But it was too late to worry about that now. I was here, and I was going to operate under my own steam or else.

And no matter which way I moved, I was doomed. Even if Lola and his men won, probably Lola's first action would be to put *me* out of his way, as a possible rival for his throne. And naturally if the women held the fort they'd waste no time slitting my throat before I fomented another rebellion.

Maybe wishing wouldn't make it so, but I wished desperately to be back in the 20th century where I belonged. I practically yelled it out loud.

"I don't want to be here!" I yelled. "I should a stayed where I was!"

"Cut out that caterwauling," Clara growled. "You want the Queen to hear you? She's only a hundred stories above us, y' know."

"I don't care," I said miserably. "I'm going to die either way, so what does it matter?"

Then I realized the foolishness of my own attitude. I was due to face death; why not do it bravely? So I shut up. I waited.

Hours passed. Then the cell door swung open, and Lola walked in.

"Ready to go make your speech, pal? Remember—all of masculine mankind's future depends on the pitch you make."

"Okay," I said. "I'll go." But my knees were quivering, and I didn't really mean it.

He handed me a small round capsule. "This is the photonic amplifier. When I give you the signal, just switch it on and start to talk. You'll be heard all over the city."

"Downtrodden males of the world, unite!" I said, grinning despite myself. "All right, Lola. I'll do what I can in the name of mankind."

"You'd better," he said ominously.

What happened after that is pretty hazy. Lola and Clara led me through a fantastic passageway into the open, and conducted me to the Central Plaza. I remember making a speech of some kind. I remember three of the amazon women racing madly toward me, trying to reach me and shut me up. I remember starting to run in the middle of my speech, turning, slugging it out with the three women. They were like pillars of stone. They closed in on me.

And I blanked out. Sometime later, I awoke—

And saw the patient, kindly face of Professor Ostrov peering down at me.

"What are *you* doing here?" I demanded. "Did you suspend yourself too? And what's been going on?"

"This is the year 1957, son," he said calmly. "Everything is all right."

"Like hell it is," I snapped. "Where am I? What—"

"You're in my laboratory," he said. "You've been under-going preliminary psychological tests before I put you into the somno-casket. I've been keeping close electroencephalographic check on you all the time you were living through that purely fictional incident."

I sat bolt upright. "You mean that never happened?"

"Merely a test," he said mildly. "But I'm happy to report that you showed commendable adaptability in strange situations, that you handled yourself well—though we observed one momentary lapse in stability—and that, in general—"

I got off the table and silenced him. "I want to thank you, Doctor."

"What for?"

"For giving me a second chance," I said. I reached for my clothes and started getting into them. "I've had one look at the future, and maybe it was a phony,

but it taught me one thing—life can't be any worse here."

"Are you, then, planning to withdraw from the experiment?" he asked, gaping.

"Damned right I am!" I smiled happily, put on my coat, and left the lab without a further word. I knew now that there was no sense in running off to the future; things weren't any simpler there.

I knew what I would do: I would find my girl, take her out someplace, talk over all our misunderstandings. I was confident we'd patch things up somehow.

All I had to do to make our marriage work was be a little more considerate—and let her share the responsibilities, instead of trying to run the whole show myself. Yes, I thought, as I started down the familiar dirty old twentieth-century street. Women needed to be given more responsibility in running things.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK WOMAN'S WORLD

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project

Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using

this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™

trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of

a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including

outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in

compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:
www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

Table of Contents

[Woman's World](#)

[THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE](#)