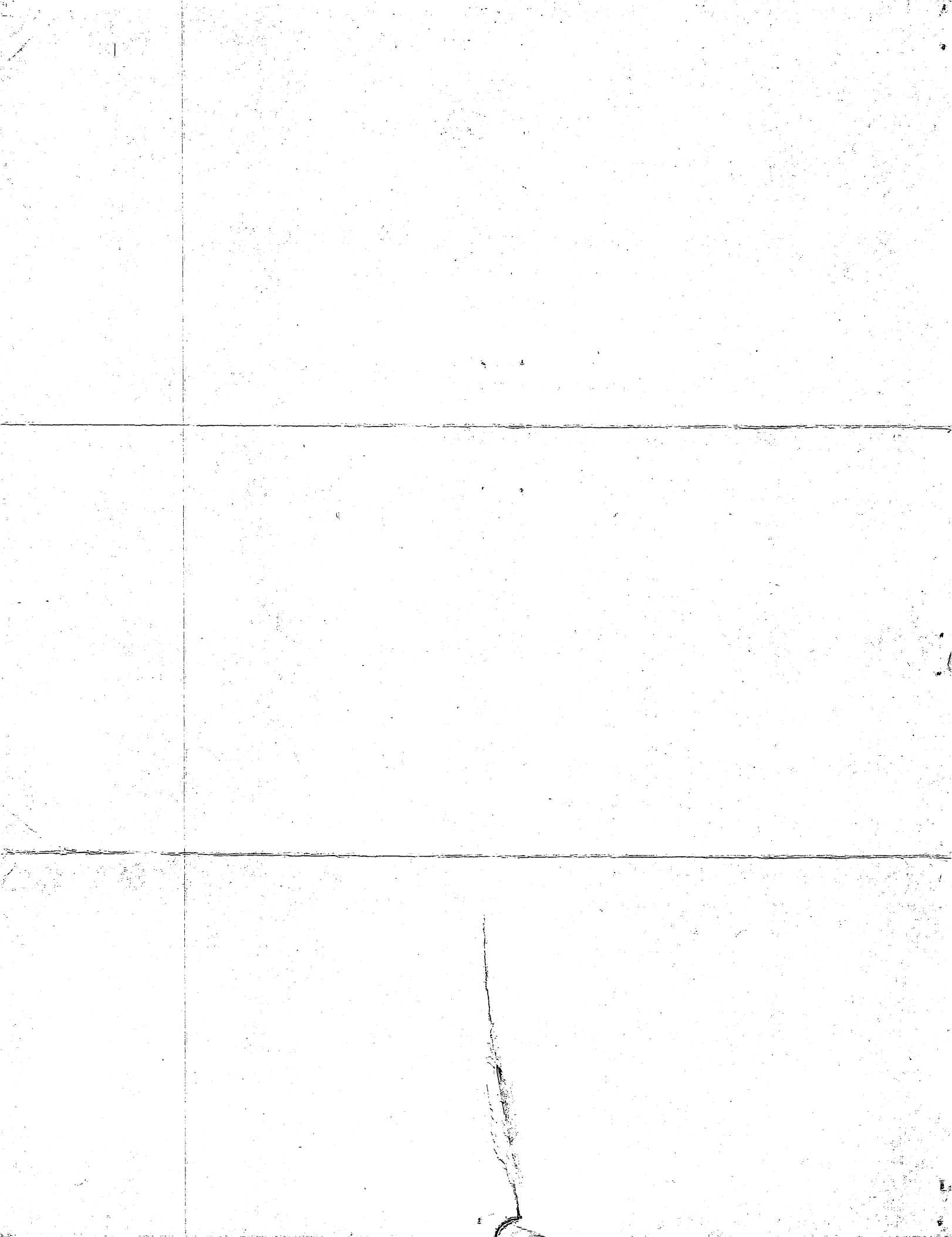


Goodies 1





GODLESS is published twice a year by B. D. Arthurs, 815 N. 52nd St., #21, Phoenix, Arizona 85008. This is the summer, 1971 issue, Vol. I, No. 1. Cost of this issue is 20¢. GODLESS #2 will be larger and cost 35¢, or a letter of comment, review, or contribution of articles or artwork. Print run this issue -- 75.

The Editor Writes His Editorial:

Welcome to the first issue of GODLESS, and I hope you will enjoy it!

My editorial policy will be somewhat different, I hope, than the run-of-the-mill fanzine. The major difference is that GODLESS will not be a science fiction fanzine. It will be a literary fanzine, and will encompass all types of literature, from the classics on up to current best-sellers. Naturally, since science fiction is my favorite type of literature, and yours, too, I hope, sf will always play a very large role in the contents of GODLESS. This issue, for instance, is all science fiction, except for one of the book reviews. Future issues, though, will be more oriented toward 'mundane' literature.

My reasons for this policy are twofold; the 'mundane' world and fans. Fans all know from experience, I'm sure, that most of the mundanes have a stupid prejudice against science fiction. I think this prejudice, however, does not stem from sheer stupidity or bigotry. It stems from the fact that most mundanes do not like any good writing! Look at the best-seller lists and what do you see? Dirty books, mostly, or pre-digested pabulum like Love Story. Even when a writer of some talent gets on one of the lists, it's usually because he's sold his soul and written a book even dirtier than the rest! I'm sure that some of the editors at the major publishing houses select the books to buy by keeping track of how many erections they had while reading the manuscript.

The point I'm trying to make is this: the buying will not by an sf book, good or bad or dirty, because the importance of the science-fictional elements distracts them from what they mainly buy books for: sex. I think this is the reason Essex House failed in its attempt to combine sf with sex novels. I doubt strongly that sf will ever be able to produce a best-seller.

What fans must do is to forget the impossible dream of science fiction becoming popular and concentrate on keeping it from being forgotten. They must meet those people who do appreciate good writing, the intelligentsia, the educated people, college professors and people like them, and show them that sf can be well written, can be deserving of the title of Literature with a capital L.

To do this, fans must be able to meet these people on their home grounds and be able to talk their language; not just about sf, but about the whole realm of literature. Then, and only then, will people begin to listen to fans and take them seriously.

With a little bit of luck, GODLESS may help to open up lines of communication between the two groups, to the benefit. I hope you'll support me in this. Who knows, maybe someday a book by Lafferty or Zelazny or some other good science fiction writer will appear on one of those 'recommended college reading lists.' Now, that's class!

Contents:

editorial.....page 1

Bounty Hunter by William L. Rupp.....page 2

Reviews!.....page 6

Pattern and Plagiarism by B. D. Arthurs.....page 7

The Fan in the High Castle by Alex Vitek.....page 9

Artwork: Rotsler -- cover, 6, 9, and 10 (with caption by me)
B. D. Arthurs, a poor overworked soul -- 2, 7, 8

BOUNTY HUNTER

by William L. Rupp



"Dinner in five minutes, dear," Irene shouted from the kitchen. Joe Fletcher scowled and almost cursed back at her. Instead, he leaned out into the hallway and called out.

"Okay, Irene, I'll be right there."

"Well, I hope so... I don't want the food to get cold again."

She sounded somewhat doubtful, but she did not pursue the matter further.

Joe Fletcher smiled with satisfaction as he re-entered the den. It was not yet five o'clock, so someone was bound to be in at the Demographic Regulation Center. He listened carefully, and then dialed when he heard his wife busily at work in the kitchen.

"Demographic Regulation Center," a husky female voice said at the other end of the line. "Watson City branch. Good Afternoon."

"Uh, yes, hello," Joe said hesitantly. He inwardly cursed his uneasiness. "I'd like to ask one of your officers some questions."

"Of course," the receptionist said. "Let me contact you with Mr. Raimondo, our supervisor." There was a click and then a pause. Joe coughed loudly.

"Pietro Raimondo here. What can I do for you?" The man sounded like an ancient, hand-wound phonograph that had run down after saying the same thing hundreds of times. Joe smirked. If Raimondo was this busy, more people must be after the reward than he had suspected.

"I just wanted to get my facts straight on the Public Vigilance Code of the Population Control Act," Joe said.

"Sure thing," Raimondo answered with a slight increase in enthusiasm. "Very simple, very simple indeed. Any couple with a second naturally born child must pay a head tax of \$50 a year for that child. The third child costs them \$5000 a year, and from the fourth on, each one costs \$50,000 a year."

"Any citizen who knows of an unregistered pregnancy or infant under two years old merely comes to our office and gives us the names of the parents to receive a cash award; \$2000 for an unregistered child under two years, and \$10,000 for an unregistered pregnancy."

Joe swallowed hard when Raimondo mentioned the \$10,000 for an unregistered pregnancy. His sister-in-law Norma was in her fourth month, and soon she wouldn't be able to hide the fact from anyone. There was plenty of time to act before one of the professionals got sight of her. If anybody was going to profit from his sister-in-law's contraband brat, it sure as hell wasn't going to be a damned 'bounty hunter.'

"Uh, Mr. Raimondo?" Joe said at last, finally able to get his mind off the reward money.

"Yes, Mr., uh, what was your name?"

"Oh, never mind that! What proof do I need to get the reward?" Joe looked nervously toward the door, but Irene was not in sight.

"None really," Raimondo said casually. He was really warming up, now that he was getting into the details of his work. "Of course, you had better be damned sure the gal is pregnant, or the kid unregistered, whichever the case may be. All you do is give us the name and address. We'll go out and challenge the suspect. If the case involves a child, they can clear themselves by showing us a valid registration. If it's a case of a pregnancy, the woman has to submit to a physical test. If she's expecting, but has not registered and posted bond for the first ten years taxes, then you win."

"Now, if you should be proven wrong," the official droned on, "you will be fined

\$2000 dollars, half of which goes to the falsely accused party." He paused for several seconds. "Any other questions I can answer for you?"

"No, I think that's all," Joe said slowly. His mind was drifting back to the \$10,000.

"Fine. We need the help of every loyal and conscientious citizen. There are still too many people, even today in 2008, who feel that having as many babies as you want is a right."

"Yes, of course," Joe said quickly. "Thank you, and good-bye." He put the phone down gently and slowly turned around...

To see Irene standing in the doorway.

"Well, what are you staring at?" Joe growled. "Let's get to dinner. You're always yelling about how I don't get to dinner on time."

He started for the door, but his wife just stood there, shock and anger distorting her face.

"Joe, you couldn't! I, I... Oh, you wouldn't do that! You wouldn't turn...bounty hunter?" The last two words were pronounced awkwardly, as if saying them required an uncomfortable physical process.

"Come on, let's eat!" He rudely pushed his way past her and headed for the dining room. Irene followed closely.

"You weren't thinking of Norma, were you?" she said in a voice an octave higher than before. "You know she can't afford to pay the tax..."

"Then why didn't she take a pill or something?" Joe cut in. He sat down at the table and started heaping food on his plate. "God, she and that husband of hers. Just like clockwork."

"Joe Fletcher, you shouldn't talk that way. Plenty of folks think the Population Control Act is wrong. A person's family should be no business of the government."

"You sound like the Procreation League! Pass me that platter, will you. Look at this rot! Call that meat? If we didn't have so many damned people, we wouldn't have to eat this synthetic junk. Oh, quit crying, will ya!"

"You promise to leave Norma alone?" she asked from behind a hankkerchief.

Joe munched mechanically on a synthosteak, and then washed it down with a glass of brackish water. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked at his wife. "Pass the margarine, please."

* * *

The eight o'clock commuter bus was nearly fifteen minutes late the next morning. That wasn't unusual. It was late because the fuel train was delayed, due to a shortage at the main depot. That was unusual. The city bus service usually had plenty of fuel, even if private citizens had to scrounge for every cylinder of LNG they could get.

Joe cursed under his breath as the bus finally got moving. If anyone doubted the justification of the Population Control Act, this morning's fiasco should be proof enough, Joe thought. With so many people screaming for raw materials, it was no wonder that everything was in short supply.

Then he cursed again as he thought of being late to work. Jobs were another commodity hard to come by, and with the bills he'd run up, the prospect of getting fired was especially unpleasant.

When he finally did walk in the front door of Elbert-Denker, Insurance, he looked at the clock and saw that he'd made up three of the lost minutes thanks to running the four blocks from the station. The morning dragged on in boring routine; only a complex claims case involving the People's Republic of France vs. the United States broke the monotony.

Joe cringed as he walked into the lounge at lunch time. Espinoza and Harkens were sitting there munching some rotten looking biscuits. He would have liked to avoid those two, always arguing about politics and religion and God knew what else. But the lounge was small, and there were only two tables, side by side.

"Hello, Joe," Harkens said. He spoke slowly and deliberately, as befitted his tall, lanky body.

"How are ya," Joe said perfunctorily as he fell wearily into an old wooden chair. He tried to avoid further contact with the pair by looking out the window, but Espinoza was too quick for him.

"Did you hear the speech the President made last night, Fletcher?" the Puerto Rican demanded. His right index finger was pointed accusingly at Joe as he waited for an answer.

"Uh, no, no I didn't," Joe said, trying to hide behind his sandwich."

"Well, it was ridiculous, I can tell you that much." Espinoza was obviously warmed up and going at full tilt. "The way he talked against the Pope was terrible."

"Now, look, Marip," Harkins said slowly, "the President has to say those things because they're true. We got too many people, just like he said. Look at the awful stuff we have to eat. And when was the last time you had enough natural gas cylinders at one time to take a real trip? Even if you could take a trip there'd be mobs of people wherever you went. All that's because we're using up minerals and all sorts of stuff."

"Isn't that right?" Harkins said to Joe.

"Yeah, sure, you've got something there, Bill."

"Oh, so you're taking his side, are you?" Espinoza fumed. "I guess you hate the Pope, too! I guess you think men have the right to say how many babies you can have just because they're Senator this or that! No man can tell me how many kids to have, that's up to God!" He sat back and took a deep breath. Joe jumped in before he had a chance to start again.

"Mario, you sound like those nuts in the Procreation League. They're nothing but obstructionists." He gave a short, scornful laugh and then continued. "Imagine, witnessing the birth of a kid and then keeping it a secret for two years so the parents can beat the tax rap. Tell me, how did they get enough pull in Congress to have that loophole included in the Population Control Act?"

"It's just a good thing the right thinking Congressmen put in the Public Vigilance Code. Otherwise the whole law might be down the drain. Then we'd really be in a mess!"

"You're talking like a damned 'bounty hunter'!" Espinoza shouted. "Those dirty..."

"Now wait a minute," Harkins interrupted. "You shouldn't call Joe a bounty hunter. I think we got too many people and all that, but bounty hunting is going too far. You don't believe in bounty huntin', do you, Joe?" Harkins' eyes were wide and questioning, almost pleading his co-worker to deny the heinous charge.

Joe sighed heavily and looked out the window, saying nothing for several seconds. Then he took out a small, sickly colored apple, the first such fruit he had been able to afford in several months, and said, "I think it's time to finish lunch."

* * *

The bus home was on time for a change, and not as crowded as usual. Joe sat near the back, the only one on his bench. He looked out the window at the block after block of dull, decaying gray buildings and carefully stroked his chin. It had been hard to keep his mind off the \$10,000 during work, but he had managed.

One thing that took his mind off the money was the picture of Irene's face when she had said, "You promise to leave Norma alone?"

Norma! Sweet, fat, pregnant Norma. His ticket to financial security.

But she might also be his ticket to more trouble than he wanted to get involved in. "Bounty hunter" was not a profession held in high regard, even by a lot of the people who supported population control. Some, such as the Procreation League, had almost declared war on the hunters.

Joe had heard stories about hunters who were hounded and harassed by paid goons. He'd even heard of a couple of hunters supposedly killed when their true identity had been revealed. Joe had always laughed at those reports as wild rumors.

Now he was not so sure.

Irene looked very tired when Joe walked into the house. He was pretty sure she had been crying.

"Where are the kids?" Joe asked after he had hung up his old, threadbare coat.

"Jim is playing ball after school, and Nancy is over at the Richardsons," Irene said in a dull, emotionless tone. She avoided looking at Joe whenever possible.

"What's eating you?" Joe grumbled. "A hell of a way to greet a man, if you ask me." He grabbed up the newspaper, all four pages of it, and threw it down almost at once.

"You aren't going to turn Norma in for the bounty, are you?" she said softly. She brushed the brown hair away from her eyes and looked squarely at her husband. "Norma is

my sister, and I can't let you hurt her."

"Hurt her, hurt her!" Joe repeated angrily. "And who is she hurting? She and the rest of the stupid people who go on having kids when they should know enough to stop. Why are we eating rotten synthetic food? Why is gas and electric power rationed? Why is water as expensive as milk? It's because the god-damned Normas of this world go on having kids, that's why!"

"So you are going to do it," Irene said quietly. "I suppose the \$10,000 never entered your mind, did it?"

"You're damned right it entered my mind!" Joe shouted. "I've worked hard. I've limited my family to two kids. I'm entitled to some of the reward money. That's what it's there for, to reward honest citizens who help uphold the law."

Joe fell back wearily onto the shabby couch.

Irene did not respond at once. She again turned to face the front window. Her breasts heaved noticeably.

"I've told Walt," she announced coldly.

"You've what!" Joe screamed, coming off the couch like a rocket. "You told Walt about, about... Oh, God! Irene, you god-damned idiot! If that bastard comes around here," Joe headed for the closet, "before I leave for the Demographic Regulation Center, I'll..." He hastily thrust his arms into the coat as he marched toward the front door.

He kept right on going, walking full speed down the steps and toward the street. Irene followed, beginning to cry.

"No, please stop!" she pleaded.

Joe stopped, but not because of anything Irene had said. An ancient, battered cab had pulled up in front of their house, and a small puffing man was climbing out.

Walt Pierce, his face red with anger, his jaw set firmly, strode up and looked Joe in the eye.

"Where are you going, Joe?" he demanded.

"None of your business," Fletcher replied, trying to edge around his brother-in-law. But Walt edged with him, maintaining the confrontation.

"You're going to the Baby Killers, aren't you?" Walt said. His lips twitched nervously. "You're going to squeal to them for a lousy couple of bucks!"

"You should talk!" Joe countered acidly. "You're the lawbreaker, not I."

"Do you know what they do if you don't have the money to pay the fine and the tax bond?" Walt said, his index finger jabbing into Joe's ribs. "You know damned well what they do...they kill the baby, that's what they do!"

"That's abortion, Walt..." Joe tried to reply. "That's just a simple operation to..."

"It's still murder!" Walt shouted. "If you keep your mouth shut, the Procreation League will witness the birth and register it in two years; then our new baby will be legal."

By this time a small crowd of neighborhood folk had gathered at the edge of the small yard. Irene stood a few feet away, sobbing and wringing her hands.

Joe straightened up and determined to take action.

"Out of my way, Walt," he said. He started for the street again.

"No, no!" Walt screamed, sweat pouring from his crimson face. "You're not going anywhere..."

He tried to wrestle Joe to the ground, but Joe countered with a stiff jab to the belly. Walt groaned as the air was knocked from him, but he recovered quickly and attacked again. This time he swung a wild right hand. Joe ducked and rammed his fist into Walt's jaw. The blow sent the fat little man flying downward and toward the house...

...where he hit his head on the blunt corner of the lowest concrete step. An audible groan went up from the crowd when the fallen body failed to move. Joe stood as if transfixed.

Irene started to faint, but was caught by a neighbor.

An elderly, white haired man ran forward and bent over Walt's motionless form. He examined him an instant, and then slowly rose.

"He's dead, Mr. Fletcher," the man announced. Several women cried, and this time Irene did faint.

Joe turned away for several seconds, his breathing heavy and rapid.

"Mr. Peterson," he finally said to the old man, "you and everyone else saw this man attack me. Please tell the police about it when they get here."

"But, why can't you tell them?" Peterson asked.

"Because I have only twenty minutes to get to the government building, that's why."

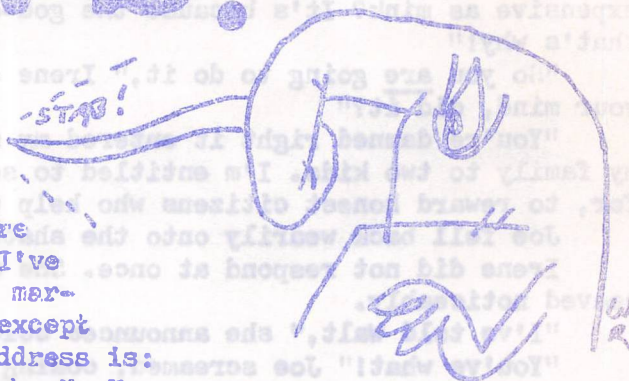
He turned and picked his way through the crowd to the taxi which had brought Walt Pierce.

REVIEWS!

by B. D. Arthurs

Olaf Stapledon, Last and First Men and Star Maker, Dover, 0-486-21962, \$2.50

I didn't know that these famous classics were still in print until a few months ago. Now that I've read them, I am so begoggled, so overpowered, so marveled that I find myself unable to say anything except getitgetitgetitgetit... (For ordering, Dover's address is: Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10014.) Get it!



Vance Bourjaily, The Hound of Earth, Bantam, 95¢

I read this mainstream novel in hardcover and stupidly neglected to get the identification number from the paperback. But look for it anyway, it's an excellent book. I'm surprised that no one has had the intelligence to make a movie out of it.

Allerd Pennington, a young scientist who worked on the Manhattan Project, disappeared when the true nature of the Project was revealed. Federal investigators immediately began to seek him out on possible espionage charges.

In the early 1950's, one "Al Barker" is hired as a stockman by a large department store for the Christmas Rush. The story concerns Al's entanglement with the lives and troubles of his fellow workers, an entanglement he doesn't want, and that eventually leads to his capture and imprisonment on a number of false charges.

Characterization is extraordinarily well developed. In my reading experience, Al is the best representation of a victim of society since Hugo's Jean Valjean. By using a non-sequential narrative, skipping between past, present, and future events, Bourjaily has created an astonishingly powerful novel. Highly recommended.

John Brunner, The Traveler in Black, Ace Special, 82210, 75¢

The Dillon's marvelous cover is, unfortunately, much better than the book. This is strange, because I can find no fault at all with the writing. The four stories included are marvelous fantasies, wonderful to read singly. But taken together, they are too similar to each other, and end up by boring the reader. But it's still worth 75¢ just for that awesome cover, which I consider the Dillon's best.

Eric Frank Russell, Wasp, Bantam, S5913, 75¢

"The Great Classic Novel About Intergalactic Guerrilla Warfare," it says on the back cover. Great? Classic? I at least had never heard of it before. But when I read it, wow, couldn't put it down. This is a much better book than Russell's famous Sinister Barrier. It's an adventure novel and you may not get any great social lesson from it, but it's a highly entertaining night's reading.

Bantam has been bringing out some damn fine sf lately, and if they keep being as good as this one, the editor (What's his name? Roy Savage?) deserves some kind of award.

Terry Carr, ed., Universe I, Ace, 84600, 95¢

This is another original anthology series and a good one. Carr's emphasis is on well-written and entertaining stories, not necessarily "class." As a result, the only story included that I didn't like was Wilson Tucker's "Time Exposures," which bored me silly. But it's more than made up for by "Mount ~~of~~ Charity" by Edgar Pangborn, which is about an ape, a falcon, and a wolf that have been recording human history for over a thousand years. It's the best story I've read this year, and should get at least a Hugo nomination.

"PATTERN" & PLAGIARIS

by B. D. Arthurs

I happen to be a freshman at Arizona State University. I also happen to be a fairly bright kid. At least, that's what my teachers and counselors and family has been telling me all my life. I myself wouldn't bet on it though.

Anyhow, because I'm bright, I was able to take English 104 my first semester at ASU, rather than the usual En 102 and 103. En 104 is an advanced course. (It is not an honors course. If you're that smart, you don't have to take English at all.)

The instructor was one Mrs. Baldwin. She was young, anti-tradition, and straining desperately for that "relevancy" that is so often nowadays nothing more than a pain in the class. However, she tried hard, and knew what she was talking about, and the class was one of the more enjoyable ones I've had.

When finals time rolled around, Mrs. Baldwin gave us an out-of-class final. (I swear, this is a true story. Besides, I told you she was anti-tradition.) She gave us a choice of subject, even: we could either write an informal research paper on some aspect of current education (which most of the students chose), or we could write an "experiment with language." By this last phrase, Mrs. Baldwin meant we could write a story, a poem, an essay, or just about anything else we thought of.

I chose to write a story. A science fiction story, of course, called "All Together Again." (For those of you who are interested, this story was published in Twibbet #1, which a lot of you have probably already received. If you haven't, send 20¢ to Terry Ballard, 342 W. Culver, Phoenix, Arizona 85003 for a copy. Order a copy of Twibbet #2 while you're at it. This has been an official PLUG.)

When grades finally came in (delivered by a paraplegic turtle, probably, but that's another story) I found that I had gotten an A in the course. (Hey, maybe I really am bright after all!)

Mrs. Baldwin had invited us to come in and discuss our final papers with her, so, when I had some free time a few weeks later, I went to the Farmer Building (no, not Philip Jose) and climbed three flights of stairs to her office.

When we had talked for a while, I found out that she actually read and enjoyed science fiction! (An extreme rarity among English teachers, I'm sure you'll agree, or any kind of teachers for that matter.)

Then she mentioned that I had not been the only student to turn in a science fiction story for the final exam. A student in another section she taught had also turned one in. She dug the other story from under a stack of papers and handed it to me. It was handwritten and very short. I read through it quickly.

The story went like this: It started out with an old lady working in her garden and talking to a friend. The situation was that aliens had landed some days ago on the Arizona desert in a spaceship one hundred miles tall. Since then, several miles tall themselves, they had been walking around enjoying the sights. The aliens were rather immaterial, and any matter in their way (buildings, bullets, bombs, planes, that sort of thing) went right through them and did nothing but annoy them.

The old lady is telling her friend these things and saying, "They haven't hurt





Actually, it's
deodorant

us, why should we try to hurt them?" The aliens, who've been walking around in the background all this time, are now holding giant metal canisters from which clouds of vapor spew, which the old lady dismisses as some sort of alien fun.

The friend then asks her what is that stuff she is spraying on her plants. "Why, it's insecticide." Fadeout.

I have to mention here that sometimes I have deja vu experiences, particularly strong ones. I thought that I had read this same story somewhere before, but I was not sure. I could not remember where I had read it or who it was by. I might have only dreamed I had read it (which is the form most of my deja vu experiences take). For that reason, highly disturbed, I did not mention my suspicions to Mrs. Baldwin at that time. I wanted to check it out further first.

That night, fortunately, the Phoenix Science Fiction Club was holding a meeting. When I outlined the story to those attending (only two, unfortunately), Thomas Williams also was able to remember reading the story, but he couldn't remember the author or where it had been published ~~to~~ either.

However, this was enough to go on. I went home and wrote a letter outlining the ~~the~~ situation to Science Fiction Review. Then, after informing Mrs. Baldwin of my actions, I sat down by the mailbox and began the long nail-biting wait.

About six weeks later, my fingers bloody stumps, I was beginning to get a little desperate. Then, two letters and a copy of Focal Point arrived in the mail. I opened the FP first and on page 3 was the headline SFR FOLDS. I saw my mind crash into ruins in panic. Numbly, I opened the first letter. It was from Barry Malzberg and identified the story as Frederic Brown's "Pattern," and gave some publishing data. The next letter was from Fred Patten and gave similar information.

I was saved.

For the next few weeks, letters and post cards came in at the rate of one or two a day. The response was much greater than I expected.

With the information supplied, Mrs. Baldwin confronted the ~~the~~ plagiarizing student, who admitted having copied the story almost verbatim. I think he did not have enough imagination to attempt a lie. Anyway, his grade was changed to an F, and a note has been added to his records, which note, I think, will jeopardize his chances of ever transferring to another school. He stays at ASU only thru the grace of Mrs. Baldwin, who decided not to take him before the Disciplinary Board. And all because he was too lazy to exert himself in a piece of honest work.

* * *

I'd like to thank here all the people who, with their aid and correspondence, made this report possible: Foremost, Dick Geis, who kindly printed my letter to him in the last issue of SFR, and all the following people who wrote; A. Bertram Chandler, Hank Davis, Mike Deckinger, James K. Farley, Frederick J. Hollander, Piers Anthony Jacob, Dennis Lien, Barry N. Malzberg, Norman E. Masters, Mike Montgomery, Murray Moore, ~~and~~ M. L. Olson, Alexei Panshin, Fred Patten, Doug Robillard, William L. Rupp, Pamela Sargeant, Mike Scott, Peter S. Sims, Clifford R. Stenberg, Lisa Tuttle, and the two anonymous fans who sent in unsigned postcards. Extra thanks go to Cliff Stenberg for going to the trouble and expense of sending me a copy of An ABC of Science Fiction, which contained "Pattern." Again, my thanks and gratitude to all of you.

THE FAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE

by Alex Vitek

Submarines, laser, the moon shot, and atomic energy have been predicted in Science Fiction for quite awhile. Now, in one form or another they have come true. A question asked by fans and the general S-F reader concerns what will come next. Not what will come true in the near future, but, what will the authors talk about. For awhile it seemed that the answer would be something called 'New Wave', and the arguments swept back and forth as to which one was better. Glancing through fanzines seems to indicate that the whole question is dead.

Occasionally, when a couple of fans get together, the whole issue is brought up again. As always, the results seem to be the same; neither side will change their opinion. The one answer that does seem to prevail today, though, is that the authors have combined the good and bad points of either and have produced a new type of novel. Of course, there is no name for this writing style, and no one gets upset since it has returned most everything to the 'status quo'.

'Old Wave' as defined by one reader is placing man in the future with all the gimmicks man and science can produce and seeing what can be done. The same reader defined 'New Wave' as placing man in the future in a totally new environment and seeing how he will react psychologically, ~~the~~ socially, and politically. Naturally, some scientific gimmick is thrown in for good measure in order to call it Science Fiction.

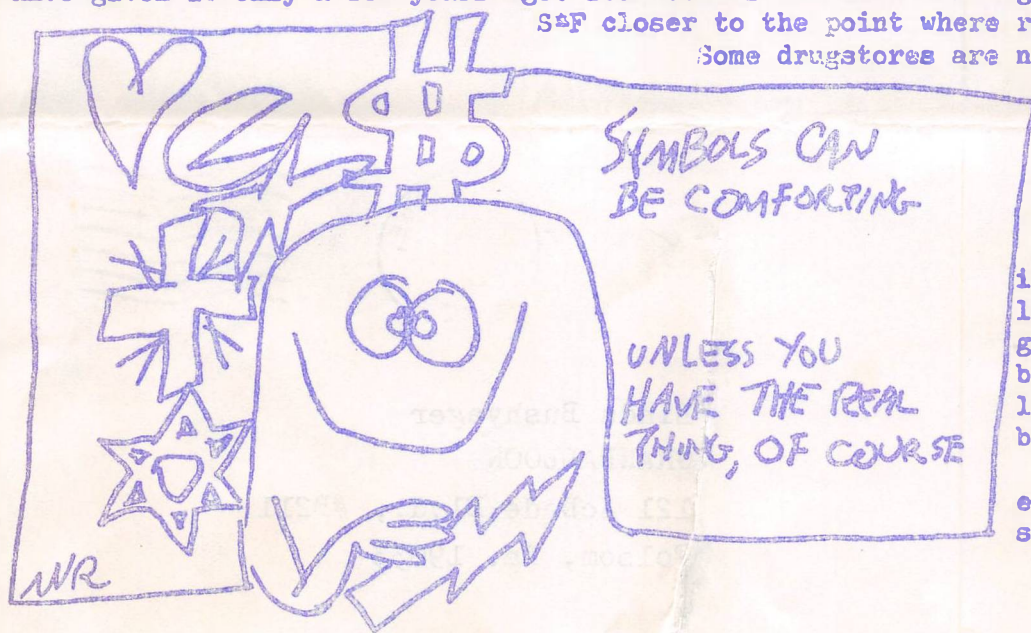
Most fans have heard the reasoning behind why novels such as 1984 and Brave New World, by Orwell and Huxley, are taught by English teachers. The novels are too good to be considered Science Fiction, and therefore they are examples of good literature. This whole phenomena is also happening to such great novels like A Canticle for Leibowitz, by Miller, and to Spinrad's Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde. Even Spinrad, author of Bug Jack Barron, is getting called a good author by people who never read science fiction.

This growing popularity, or at least some sort of respect, among the so called 'straight' people is resulting in some things which many fans would not have believed possible about 10 years ago. Not only has the amount of degrading given to Science Fiction gone down in intensity, but there is even some support of the genre from people who would not have given it only a few years ago. Book stores are more willing to put their their S&F closer to the point where readers would see it.

Some drugstores are now more willing to ~~put~~

carry the magazines, and place them where they can be seen, instead of behind everything else. The biggest jump has probably come in the way of university level classes and the growing number of S-F books available in public and university libraries.

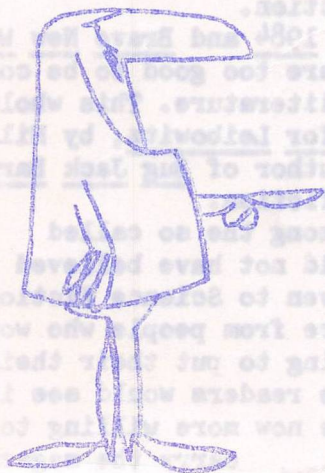
Science Fiction has entered the classroom in such classes as Modern



American and English Literature, some discussions in Sociology and Psychology, and, of course, in some science classes. Occasionally, an entire Literature class will be devoted to the reading and studying of S-F. Most large universities should have one or more instructors capable of and willing to teach a class in the field. About the only thing stopping this type of class from appearing on class schedules is the paperwork necessary to get it accredited by the Department for credit, and the funds to pay the instructor. Readers who are interested in seeing such a class on their campus can help tremendously just by talking to the teachers, and when one is found who is willing, helping out. This can be done just by showing support, and by making suggestions as to what should appear on the reading list, and why.

The case of Science Fiction in libraries is another matter. Here, it is a lot easier for an interested reader or fan to convince the library director to order recent titles. Some libraries have as a standing policy to order books from certain publishing houses, such a Putnam or Doubleday. This is only a start though; some good books are published by other companies, and therefore are not even considered. If a reader or fan feels that the library that he uses is seriously deficient in Science Fiction, then the first thing he should do is try to find out the policy for ordering books. Many libraries are willing to order recommended titles if the worth of the book can be shown. This sometimes applies to non-fiction only, but the same title recommended by two or more people should be enough to convince the library that the book is wanted. Another helpful hint is that the fan can recommend books that have not yet been released. Naturally, it always helps if the person making the suggested readings know somebody on the staff who is in power to order books.

Much can be done to help the cause of Science Fiction. As more and more of the concepts and ideas talked about in Science Fiction become true people are going to be willing to start classifying the field in something else other than 'trash'. All it takes is a little bit of effort on the part of the dedicated people.



Rotsler is God!
(yes, he is, literally and truly)

GODLESS

B. D. Arthurs
815 N. 52nd St., #21
Phoenix, Arizona 85008

third class

printed matter only



Linda Bushyager

GRANFALLOON

121 McDade Blvd., #B211

Folsom, Pa. 19033