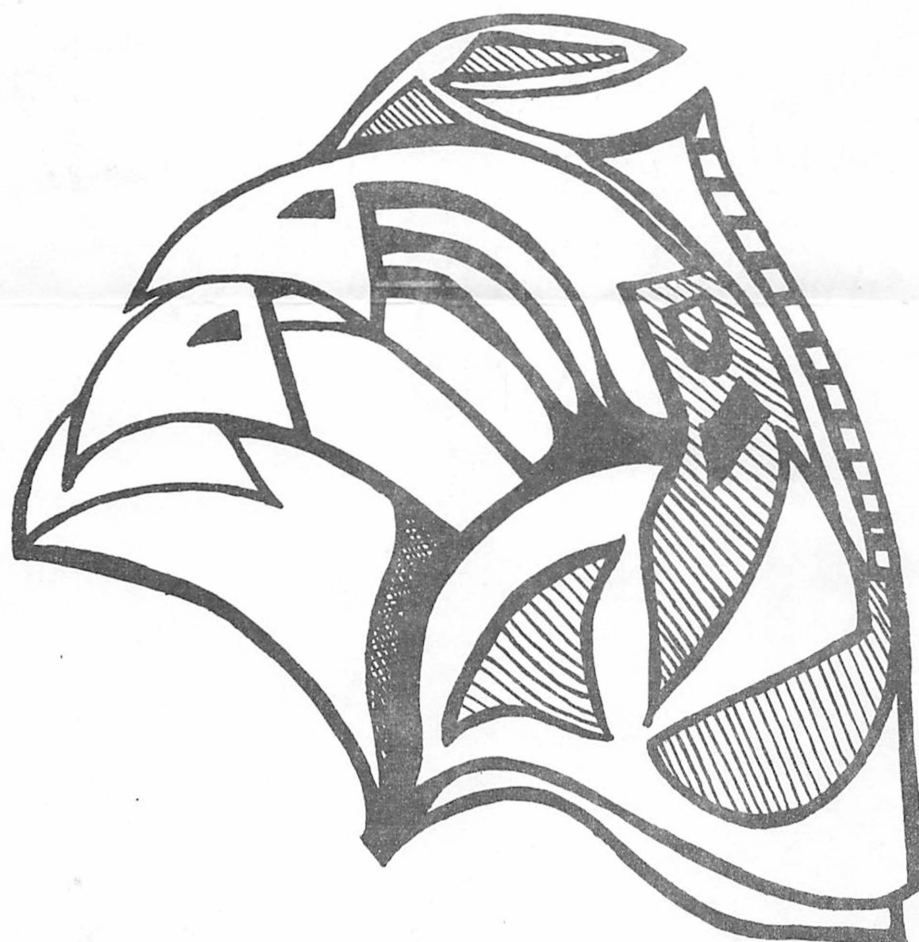


GOODLESS



G972





## THE KING IN PLURAL

Mike Shoemaker's letter in "Mindspeak", later in this issue, was quite a surprise to me also. I felt disbelief at first, then, after I'd actually seen the issue of OXYTOCIC mentioned, shock and disappointment followed. I wondered how such a mix-up could occur.

Well, there's several possibilities. As Mike says, Rotsler may not have realized that the drawings had already been published, and sent them out with totally wholesome intentions.

Or, it may be that Rotsler thought that I was a hoax of Shoemaker's, and decided to get the last laugh on him by sending drawings Mike had already used in his normal identity.

I wish I knew why so many people consider me a hoax. The last time I went home to Phoenix on leave, I went around to the OAFS and Cosmic Circle meetings, and the reaction of some of the newer fans who'd come into being since I left the area was, "You're who? Gee whiz, I never knew you were for real. I always figured you were just a hoax made up by Terry Ballard and the other old fogies, the way they kept talking about 'the legendary Bruce D. Arthurs'." (It is nice to be a living legend, I must admit.)

Maybe I should start going to all the conventions wearing sandwich boards with I'M REAL printed on them. ("Oh, hi there, Mr. Real. Gee, that sure is a big nametag you've got.")

Of course, asking someone to do drawings for your fanzine is just about always some kind of imposition on the artist. If he's a professional/fan, you're taking away from his commercial production time = money = food, shelter, and clothing. And even for purefan artists, the effort expended on artwork only rarely gets back any significant amount of egoboo for the artist. Most comments never get beyond, "Hey, the art was good," or, "Jeezus, what a waste of ink."



So maybe Rotsler did deliberately send used drawings to GODLESS. Maybe he's tired of cranking 'em out for everybody and his dog until a Rotsler cartoon is as commonplace as a Harry Warner loc, a veritable natural resource. And now the well's been pumped dry, as Rotsler decides to go into better things, into the pro writer's ranks.

If that is the case, I certainly wouldn't blame him. Fandom is, after all, only a hobby, something fun, and only a dead end if regarded as a Way of Life. ~~1/11/88/1/11/88/~~ I sent Rotsler an SS/E, asking if he remembered the circumstances behind the drawings. Apparently, he hasn't answered yet. (Horrible Thought: Can Rotsler be...gasp...gafiating?)

But I had another reason for my disappointment. Last issue marked my return to fanpublishing, and I wanted something special, something that would show my gratitude to some of the people I'd met in fandom. So on a number of copies, I hand-colored the Rotsler cover drawing (which I think greatly increased the depth and striking imagery of the drawing), and sent them to people I considered as Friends and/or Influences on My Fannish Life. And while it may be foolishness on my part, I can't help but feel that the fact that the drawing was "recycled" diminished the effect I wanted to create and made my sense of gratitude seem lessened.

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Last issue I announced that people would have to respond in some way in order to get this issue. This action was mainly in order to cut some of the deadwood off the mailing list; people who've been with this fanzine since #1 and haven't responded. About 140 copies of GODLESS 3 were sent out (plenty copies left, since two hundred copies cost the same as one hundred forty and I figured why not?), and the print run for this issue is going down to about 100. At the same time, of course, I'm adding new people, new fanzines, to my lists and sending them a sample copy. So there's a fairly high turnover, though I expect it'll stabilize more if I'm able to continue GODLESS fairly regularly.

I think I'm pretty fair about sending sample copies. If a person appears to be a fairly active fan, I may send him two issues before dropping him from the list. It could be that one issue just didn't "take". A number of people wrote that they had difficulty finding much to say about last issue, and the letter column is shorter this issue, despite a greater number of people locking. A greater variety of material in this issue, though, should help to keep that situation from being repeated. And, as always, I need more stuff for future issues. For the first time, though, I do have some material that I'm holding over till the next issue.

Where was I? Oh yeh, sample copies. Sometimes it's a little harder to decide if a person should be dropped from the mailing list. I've sent Frank Denton all three previous issues, and never gotten so much as an OCCASIONAL PAPER from him. But a few weeks after I mailed his copy last time, I got a letter from James Nyle Beatty; "Frank Denton said I should be interested in your GODLESS..." So, dammit, Frank Denton is still on the mailing list. THANKS FOR THE RECOMMENDATION, FRANK, BUT WHAT DOES A GUY DO TO GET ONE OF YOUR FANZINES WHEN HE'S TOO DAMNED CHEAP TO SEND MONEY???

Ted Paul's case is a bit different: What I got from him was an advertising flyer for his T-K Graphics business. I finally decided that this did not constitute a response, so I prepared to knock him off the list. My file system runs like this: I take out the address card when I mail a copy out and write down the # of the issue sent. If I get a response, I take the card out again and draw a circle around the number, which indicates  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12...)



# STOP SHAKING THE BOAT — — YOU'RE MAKING A NEW WAVE

This short article will help you to create a new wave masterpiece. The first clue is hidden in the title of this piece; the word "shaking". Ordinarily the command is "Quit rockin' the boat"; and, as you can see, I have avoided this cliché. In new wave writing the author is strongly advised to avoid clichés, and, whenever an obtuse variation of a word can be found, use it! If you can't find an obtuse word, try one that's obscene. Better yet, replace a simple phrase with one that takes some study on the part of the reader. Example: never write such a simple sentence as this (from an old wave writer, John Collier, and a master at old-style directness): "Next day, of course, we were married." Take three pages, and be sure to give the length of the vacuum cleaner's hose. I refer you to Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" for the technical details.

Now, I assume you've got that phase down pat; okay, on to the next point. Avoid all semblance of struggle to solve a problem; in fact, don't even hint at a problem. It's even better if there are no characters in the story, but if there are, make them as vague as possible. Don't give them anything vital to do. Example: put one or two out in a boat (of some kind, watch it that you're not too specific) on a lake or bay or river or some kind of water, make the surface dim and fog-covered, and let them sit there awhile deciding a) why they're there, b) how they got there, c) where they might go, d) and then end the story. You might even have one of them watching for the North Point, but for heaven's sake don't say anything about the South, East, or West Points. And don't you dare bring anything in scientific like a magnetic compass or the North Star; just let them sit there awhile.

Now that you've gotten past the **cliche** of plotting a problem and the hero's solution to it (Oh, God, if you must have a problem like two giant reapers coming at each other across the giant wheatfields, let one of them hit a rock in the field so they miss a collision and your non-hero doesn't have to do a damn thing more but go down and schlep the stewardess again.). Well, as I say, now that you've washed silly plotting out of your head, it's time to take up characterization (if you really feel you've got to have somebody in the story). Give each character a crazy hangup; allow absolutely no normality, unless your story has a villain, which, if you've followed the directions so far to eliminate plotting, you will not have. At least one character must have a sex problem - welllll, not really, since he simply gives in to the urge and does whatever it is that he feels like doing. Perhaps he wants to shove all day suckers into the toaster, collect navel lint, or run his tongue over sandpaper. Humor him! After all, the normal thing is for him to give in to these urges; you'll end up with a lovely casehistory, which, if you're smart, can be sold as a story.

This is highly important. Write your story on more than one level. This is only important if you want to win a Hugo, because many of the voters will see only the first level. You must, in this case, violate the rule given heretofore; you are permitted to have a plot (of sorts) on the first level. But make it clear on the second level that the spacecraft is a phallus; and, well, you get the idea. However don't stop there. Bring the second level up to a higher reality of personified principle. STOP RIGHT THERE! If you turn that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12...)





## REVIEWS!

"I don't make the laws;  
I just enjoy them."

---

WITH OUR OWN IMAGE, a review of John Updike's Rabbit Redux (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1971)

"The side of right", what has become of it? Can't things just be "nice"? In the mad melodrama of today's world, there can be no complacency; in a world where individualism is revered, there can be none - only different molds of madness.

The character, Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, might be what many picture as the norm, or the "common man". He is a former star athlete slowly fading from his prime. An upright, idealistic man, who whole-heartedly, and somewhat fanatically, believes in himself and what he sees as the world. He supports his government; it can do no wrong. A true, blind patriot. However, Rabbit has a lot to learn. He lives and works in a small Pennsylvania town. He is a printer and has a wife who also works, a son, and a pleasant little home in suburbia. He couldn't ask for more; he knows of nothing more, and is almost perfectly content in his bliss of ignorance. This is where the novel begins, and where Rabbit's life and quaint concepts of the world start to undergo a strange metamorphosis.

Rabbit's wife, Janice, is dissatisfied in her husband's way of life. His petty insecurities, bigotry and inhibitions annoy her. She sees that he will never become greater than what he is. Feeling suppressed in Rabbit's static



world, she reaches out to take comfort from the words and the arms of a fellow employee of her father's business, one Charles Stravos. Sex and the excitement of change keep her seeing him, until eventually she runs away to live with him, leaving Rabbit to face the vultures that would come.

Rabbit was aware of Janice's affair even before it became a huge problem for him. His wife's overlong business hours combined with his dying mother's harping gossip told him the story. But he knows not what to do. His "wealth" of experience and knowledge holds no answer, so he waits. With his teenage son Nelson, he awaits the satisfaction of his wife's curiosity.

While waiting, his world, his life disrupted, he finds no solace in pursuits of bygone days. He, too, becomes curious, and begins to wonder what else there is. Rabbit, while in this frame of mind, accepts an impromptu invitation from a Negro co-worker. He sees a different kind of freedom, and is undone. Through this he finds an 18 year old mistress, Jill, and an unwelcome Negro named Skeeter living with him in his marriage's home. Rabbit knows no way to say no.

Jill is a typical cliché of our time - a "poor little rich girl". Hungry for Life, with the determination to find it, she searches with drugs and with sex. Any path or chance is not overlooked. Skeeter almost appears from nowhere, after jumping bail on a drug charge, and becomes, with Jill, a semi-permanent fixture in Rabbit's swiftly changing life, something Rabbit can hold on to. Here, the deeply bigoted and self-pitying massive ego that is Skeeter, finds the safety and fuel to keep his fire of hate burning.

So it goes. What can be said that could echo the seeming travesty of the American Way of Life (as Rabbit fancies it) that unfolds? Suffice be to say that Rabbit finds more than he ever suspected he'd find.

John Updike, with this novel, has constructed more than the usual "story" of our times. Here is much food for thought, skillfully garnished with real people and the real world. Enlightenment flows easily from Updike, and the novel's pace reflects its setting, reflects us.

Who could not see himself here, somewhere?

- James A. Hall

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The Forest of Forever by Thomas Burnett Swann, Ace Books

Billed on the cover as, "An unforgettable fantasy of prehistory and the last minotaur," The Forest of Forever by T.B. Swann is a mythological fantasy of great depth and a wealth of humanism in unhuman form. In fact, man is the least human of Swann's characters and generally is quite thoughtless and unfeeling in comparison to Swann's Beasts.

There is little message in Swann's writing other than to live each day as its own day, to live life to the fullest for it is brief at best and very brief at worst, and to take friendship and happiness where and when you find them. Actually Swann's messages read more like philosophies without the harsh and blandly text: Swann masterfully disguises them in fiction.

The Forest of Forever is itself a tale of prehistory Crete and its "Country of the Beasts" as told by an aged but still beguiling Dryad, Zoe. Basically, the tale is about Eunostos, the last Minotaur; Kora, the prettiest Dryad and most ill-fated heroine I've yet read; her lover and the Cretan prince,



Aeacus; their children, Thea and Icarus and a whole host of their unbelievably but believable characters. The plot is very complex and lengthy and I dare not attempt a synopsis - mythologies like fairy tales lose something in the abbreviation. Suffice it to say it has something for everyone from action to love and is the most jammed packed 158 pages you may have ever read.

Also by way of recommendation is the nicely packaged way Ace Books has done things - a most beautiful wraparound cover by George Barr as well as some even more appealing black & white interior illustrations also by Barr

For those who become as enchanted with Swann as I am, there is a sequel to TFOF - Day of the Minotaur, which amazingly enough was written before TFOF. Once you've finished those, you might wish to look for Wolfwinter, Green Phoenix, The Dolphin and The Deep, Moondust, The Weirwoods, and Where Is the Bird of Fire?, all of which I heartily recommend as light or deep reading, however you care to read them.

- Rose Hogue

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What Entropy Means To Me, by Geo. Alec Effinger, Signet, 95¢

This is a hell of a book to review, you know. It's a book within a book, for one thing. Seyt, the narrator, is writing a book about the adventures of his brother, Dore, in quest for Our Father, gone these many years. Since no one's seen Dore since he left, Seyt has to make up the truth.

What Dore's quest turns out to be is a multi-faceted parody of sword-and-sorcery and other literary cliches. It's got mad scientists, a Guiding Angel, a magical sword, giants, femme fatales, and other stock characters. It uses elements from Shakespeare, the Odyssey, The Pilgrim's Progress, "He Who Shrank", and many more which I can't place.

The other parts of the book, in "real life", are even stranger. The planet is Home. The people are the First family. The River is the source of all life, and can be made to do tricks by sacrificing old books to it. The books come from the First's spaceship, around which the vast, sprawling house is built. It has to be vast and sprawling, since Our Father and Our Mother have literally hundreds of children. Of course, most of them aren't quite right in their bodies or their minds, so they're lobotomized and put in the back-yard pens. Which means they can't attend the services held by Our Mother, who sits on her throne in the yard, weeping eternally.

And that's just a few facets of what must be one of the strangest creations ever to leap from the warped mind of Effinger. And he tosses in a religious war between members of the Firsts, caused by the book Seyt is writing.

It's certainly an ambitious book, and for that reason I feel it's not totally successful; it has its uneven spots where the course of the book (correction: books) slows or lags. But it's still one of the best I've read this year.

Read the damned thing already.

- Bruce D. Arthurs





# PROFAPEMI

They all said aye,  
In the meeting by the bay  
Twas aye they did bray  
While playing in the clay.

Said Olivia the fay,  
"I think I have a fey,  
And to cure it I must flay  
And make the time go gay  
While my hair is turning gray.  
I will be eating hay,  
While playing the bluejay."

Answered Huckster as he lay,  
under a tree, "If you may,  
I disagree, and say nay.  
You must take your cash and pay  
For the privilege of your play.  
Get on your knees and pray  
For some raw and juicy prey,  
To be found at the quay  
By light of a starray."

Said Olivia, "What you say  
Is enough to make me slay.  
I will toss you into the spray  
Of the falls, where you will stay,  
And not ever try to stray.

On his feet, Huckster, with a sway,  
Said, "No matter which way



Your arguments I do weigh,  
I very am afraid'  
They serve only to allay  
Your evil weapon array,  
Which I shall assay  
Before I go astray  
And forever am away."

Cried Olivia, "Belay!  
This talk of betray.  
You will not bowray  
Till I give you a bouquet  
So that you may convey  
My wishes for croquet  
And for fluoride tooth decay.  
There are war costs to defray,  
So you see if I delay  
There will be some great dismay  
Among the populace display.  
I will write my own essay  
Against your black and bleak gainsey."

Removing his tooth inlay,  
Huckster said, "My talk I shall mislay,  
Your orders I obey,  
A fool I portray  
For your pleasure to purvey.  
If my message you relay,  
I always will repay  
With jokes that are risque,  
And perhaps a small satchet.

This Olivia did survey,  
And finally did say,  
"Oh, recent emigre,  
Take me to a matinee,  
And buy me black negligees.  
I will make you my protege,  
And teach you a roundelay."

So Huckster, that very day,  
Swept Olivia away.  
They after lived in Mandalay.

-- William F. Swanson

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is, as you may have noticed by now, a nonsense poem. It has no Message, no Inner Meaning, no intentional similes, metaphors, and allusions, and no lasting importance. But it was fun to write. (And to read?)

If you did find some kind of obscure meaning within the poem, you have either an overactive imagination, or a sick, sick mind. See your analyst immediately.

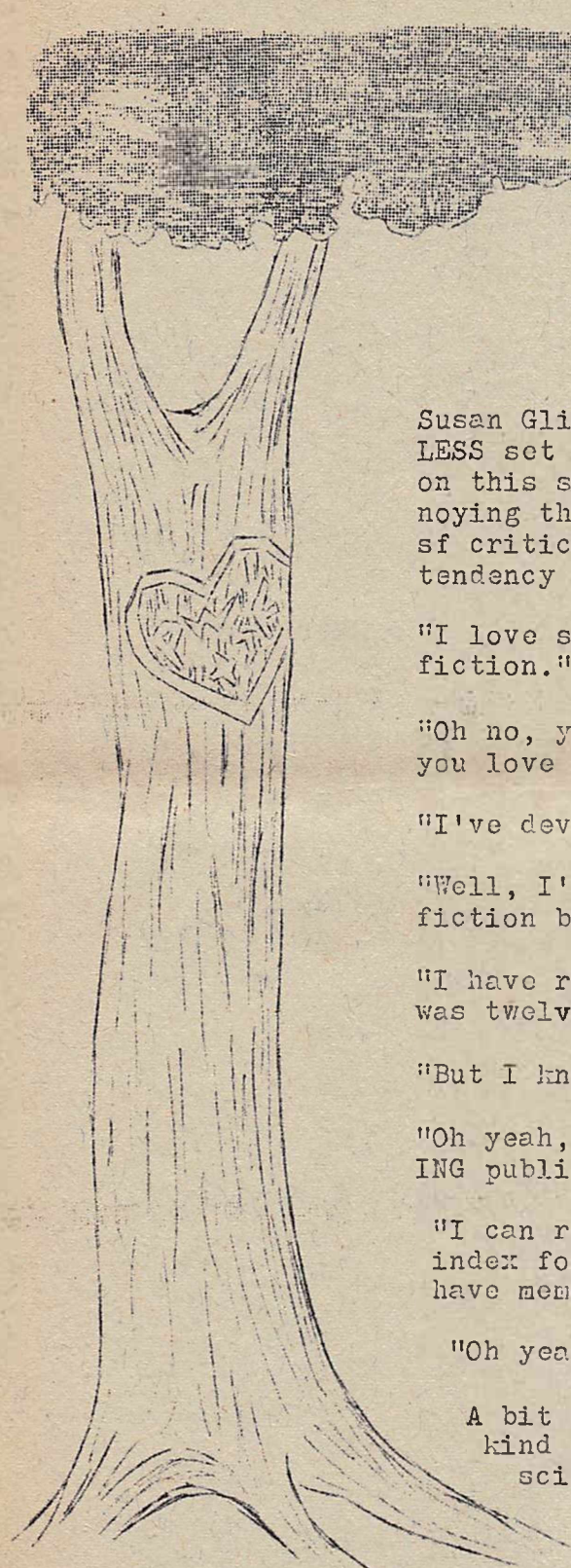
I should also note that Huckster in the poem bears absolutely no relationship to the fan word "huckster". The poem was written long before I knew such a thing as fandom existed, and Huckster's name comes mainly from Huckleberry Finn, which I'd just finished reading shortly before I wrote "Profapemi", and a spontaneous grasping of something that sounded "right."

"Profapemi", the word itself, does have a hidden meaning, which will remain so.

- WFS



# FOR LOVE OF SF



Susan Glicksohn's articulate letter in the last GOD-LESS set me thinking about other letters I've read on this subject of academic criticism. The most annoying thing about fans who complain of critics, or sf critics who complain of their colleagues, is their tendency to get into one of those one-person debates:

"I love science fiction more than you love science fiction."

"Oh no, you don't. I love science fiction more than you love science fiction."

"I've devoted half my life to science fiction!"

"Well, I've made arrangements to have my science fiction buried with me, so don't tell me --"

"I have read nothing but science fiction since I was twelve years old!"

"But I know more about science fiction than you do."

"Oh yeah, well I can quote every word of every AMAZ-ING published between March 1928 and April 1937!"

"I can recite the complete science fiction book index for the past twenty years! And besides, I have memorized every bibliography ever printed."

"Oh yeah?"

A bit exaggerated, but not that exaggerated. What kind of a credential is it to offer that you love science fiction? Or that the mainstream critics don't? Love is not something you bring to books; love is something they bring out of you; and bad books can bring as much



contempt good books can bring respect and admiration. Once, I could have said I loved sf. When I was fourteen-fifteen-sixteen, it was my passion. Not today. I like it. I enjoy it. Some of it interests me very much. I've become very fond of some fans, and some fanzines. But never all of anything. And I don't feel this disqualifies me from being an sf fan, or a reviewer.

I'm sick of this defensiveness on the part of fans toward the mainstream. You can find the same defensiveness, the same arguments, in old Groff Conklin anthologies. "At last, science fiction has come of age! It is finally getting its due recognition from the mainstream." If they love science fiction so much, why are they so concerned with what the mainstream thinks? What I think science fiction needs is a more isolationist approach. It needs to stop catering to foreigners and begin enjoying itself for what it is. It needs to be more of what it always has been for its own sake.

For all the talk of sf as a literature of ideas, I think the quality of ideas in sf has gone down. Possibly this is due to an emphasis on stylistic innovations (ideas in themselves) rather than content. And for all the reviews, and lengthy critical essays published in zines, few of them attempt to interpret, or to argue, sf author's ideas. Sf criticism has largely been reporting or paraphrasing the book with a value judgement tacked on. There is little or no confrontation with the writers' ideas, especially not the scientific ones. So what difference does it make if X loves sf better than Y?

-Paul Walker

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(STOP SHAKING THE BOAT, CONTINUED...)

third level into spacecraft and characters in a higher dimension you're right back into hardcore, old-fashioned fiction. Preserve the murk!

One last hint. Use adjectives, etc., in oppositely paired couples. Examples: the oblong cube, simultaneous sequentialism, dessicated hydrogen oxide, amorphous crystal, he stopped-went, sat-stood, cried-laughed, a simple complexity, and the events were ordered randomly by purposeful chance. String a bunch of these together...

...and goof-luck.

- Donn Brazier

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(THE KING IN PLURAL, CONTINUED...)

that he should be sent the next issue. When I pulled Ted Pauls' card out, there was no number on it! I'd have sworn I sent him #3! Maybe I did, but forgot to mark his card. So, since I'm not sure, Ted Pauls also remains on the mailing list.

This is the first issue of GODLESS to be mimeographed, so it's also the first time I've ever used electrostencils. Is it always such a shattering experience the first time? Some of the electrostencils bulged oddly after I patched them in. ("You nasty son-of-a-bitch, lie flat!" WHAM!) I hope they'll come out all right, anyway, but if not, the blame is all mine and not the artists.

- Bruce D. Clark



# MINDSPEAK

Jackie Franke      It was mind-  
Box 51-A, RR 2      boggling to  
Beecher, IL 60401      read all the  
                         letters you  
ran! Not because of their won-  
drous quality or countless num-  
bers, but simply because they  
existed at all!



Think of it - with all the slurs and aspersions cast on the noble letterhack, how all they seek is egoboo for themselves by seeing their names in eternally enduring mimeo ink or notoriety of sorts by causing fannish feuds or postulating the One Way to Peace, Health, Happiness, and Hugo-garnering...and here are nine printed contribs from souls who are convinced that their words shall never see the pages of a zine. They wrote out of the kind-ness and generosity that abides so warmly in the fannish soul (surely you've noticed that obvious trait?).

They wrote because they cared about communicating, not for any base desires like making the WAHF column - simply because they had something to say to you, provoked by the zine you created.

Personally, I think that's great.

Ben P. Indick      Well, I never saw GODLESS before,  
428 Sagamore Ave.      but your locs indicate it was some-  
Teaneck, NJ 07666      thing quite special. This issue, be-  
                         ing more than half locs, cannot reach  
such heights; I presume you are trying to fulfill loc obligations, & also feeling your way back. Well, it isn't a bad effort: neat layout, good review, amusing recollections of a nut (and less amusing of trying days). Presumably, resumption of your zine will flood you with a variety of work and this will lend color to your next issue. I happen to be in favor of restricting loc pages to 4 or less, and not more than one or two paragraphs each, these being either con- or des-structive...and never just friendly! Friendly people should put their mind where their mouths are and WRITE articles, stories, poems, illos, etc! ((But...but...you didn't write an article, etc! Does that mean your letter wasn't friendly? And how does one write an illo?))



Aljo Svoboda            So GODLESS has risen from the grave, huh? You realize, of  
1203 Buoy Ave.        course, that by so doing you are bucking a fully approved  
Orange, CA 92665      fannish Trend? At the moment, as any second rate fan his-  
                          torian could tell you, we are entering a new age of fandom,  
and while most Eighth Fandom-type fanzines have folded up gracefully, here you  
are, reviving a fanzine. You trying to make trouble or something? In any e-  
vent, I'm sorry to have to do this, but...Mr. Arthurs, you are under arrest.  
Report immediately to one of our Fan Recycling Centers (in Hagerstown, Brook-  
lyn, Boston, and Falls Church - whichever is nearest), where vanguards of  
Ninth Fandom will purge you of your unclean thoughts and replace them with  
only the highest trufannish morals and ideals. If you resist arrest, I'm a-  
fraid a warrant will have to be put out, identifying you as a Fugghead at  
Large, and those of us with squirtguns will be ordered to shoot to fafiate.  
I'm sorry it has to be this way, Mr. Arthurs, but our organization has heard  
rumors of your fakefannishness for quite awhile now. It will be to your ad-  
vantage to come along peacefully.

Harry Warner, after all his experience in the microcosm, obviously still has  
not yet grasped one basic fact about fandom (one that has to be discovered,  
whether accidentally or purposefully, because almost no one has the courage  
to tell you about it): Fandom is a Jest, an Experiment on the part of those  
On High. Claude Degler; Laney; Pickering; Fredric Wertham; along with many,  
many others, all were planted by Them to guage our prejudices and fears, to  
see whether the farsighted and broadminded could, under certain pressures  
and influences, act just like Normal People. The N3F, Coventry, and the Boon-  
doggle were even more clearly defined experiments. The first determined that  
even normal people, Kiwanis and Rotarians, could under certain circumstances  
be made to act just like Normal People. The second let fans project their  
fantasies until they became a perverted sort of reality. And the last was  
probably just an unsuccessful attempt to end the experiment. I don't think  
the results have been published yet on anything but a fannish scale, but I  
doubt there is much information they haven't gathered yet. The end should be  
in sight.... ((My ignorance may be showing, but I haven't heard of either  
Coventry or the Boondoggle. How about a little fanhistory lesson for next  
issue?))

Harry Warner, Jr.        I'm growing too old for these surprises. I think the  
423 Summit Avenue        best course of action would consist of a resolution to  
Hagerstown, MD 21740    believe from now on in an immutable law of of nature  
                          which recently was enacted, to the effect that no fan-  
zine can really die. This would account for the way so many fanzines are re-  
appearing after lapses of years, as well as your resumption of GODLESS. Even  
if there isn't any such eternal verity, a belief in it will help me to stop  
rubbing my eyes and wondering if I've slipped into another probability world  
when a fanzine makes an unexpected appearance. And if the belief should ac-  
cidentally be correct, Mike Glicksohn will be forced to change his publishing  
plans pretty soon.

You had me worried for a while in the opening lines of your editorial. But  
I'm glad that military life took a turn for the better. And even if I was  
wrong about the safety angle, I might point out that civilian status doesn't  
guarantee tranquility, either. In the past few months, I've been hit by an  
auto (no real damage, except a bruised leg that ached for a month) and I've  
discovered that I've been victim of a thief, someone I trusted who made away  
with some things from the house that had little monetary value but a lot of  
sentimental meaning for me.

I feel much as Mike Scott does about people liking science fiction because  
it is scorned by the great mundane world. He might have added something about  
the way fans generally dislike or ignore the occasional science fiction novel



that becomes an enormous success among people who don't normally like science fiction: Time and Again, for instance, or The Andromeda Strain. I keep wondering if Tolkien would have created a subfandom if the Ring stories had been published simultaneously in the United States and England and had grown popular over here at once. The apparent exception to the rule in the case of Tolkien might come from the way fans discovered his stories before first Ace and then Ballantine published the paperback editions that set off the hobbit fad among mundane young people. I think the same rebellious attitude turns up in many other forms of fannish behavior. I suspect that a lot of fans smoke pot and wear long hair because the squares frown on such things, not because they really enjoy doing them. The rebellious attitude even extends to things fandom creates, like the programs at cons which hardly anyone goes to, simply because it's the official part of the cons and standing around in the lobby or attending room parties creates a certain amount of disrespect to that kind of fannish authority.

Scaramouche is one of the 7,664 books that I plan to get around to reading next week. So I can't compare impressions of the book with yours, but I can admire the way you reviewed it. It's too bad that Sabatini is dead, because I doubt if he had a chance to read many discussions of his books as flattering and detailed as yours during his lifetime. Maybe you'll start a Sabatini fandom with this. His fiction is now just about old enough to have emerged from the limbo where books go from the time they're about twenty years old until fifty or sixty years have passed. Look how Galsworthy's novels have been climbing out of the disgrace into which they'd fallen, in just the past few years. ((Personally, I'm usually not in favor of one-author fandoms. I do think, however, that a fandom for historical fiction is a definite and pleasing, to me, possibility.))

Don Ayres                SCARAMOUCHE: Boy that takes me back! I think I read it about intransit from eight years ago in freshman high school. You've given me an college                urge to go reread the blasted thing now that I really don't have time. Fink. Did you see the film? It was a nice piece of entertainment, nothing like the book, but enjoyable nevertheless. As I recall, it starred Stewart Granger and his friend did get kill, but I think he killed the evil vile murdering nobleman. There's also the nagging notion that the nobleman turned out to be his brother (for him to have been his father would have been a bit bold for theater goers of the time).

I'd like to see Susan Glicksohn's SF AND THE UNIVERSITY issue, which I don't think was ever published. It'd be interesting to see what came of it and Terry Carr, whose letter I didn't see. Also in consideration of Mike Scott's comments. I don't think I agree...I believe most SF fans are in it because they like to play with ideas (the ones who are reading), not just to snub their thumbs at establishment literature. SF is the breach between science and the humanities, especially for non-scientists; otherwise, there'd be no connection at all from their point of view, whereas a number of scientists I know are better versed in lit and music than the average slob.

I write and read SF because it pleases me to do so; I see it as the only literary form which offers any hope for originality and future greatness. I could care less if everybody loves it, although I have to admit I want to produce a work (tentatively a film) which will make everybody swallow their tongues and stare in awe at what SF can do without half trying. And I intend to show up 2001 for the pedestrian thing it is.

Darrell Schweitzer    Much of the discussion of what happens when SF gets 113 Deepdale Rd.    "accepted" is now academic since SF already is respectable. As Gardner Dozois said in his Disclave speech, Strafford, PA 19087



the period of isolation is over. We are the last generation of fans to experience the Persecution Syndrome which has been a staple of fandom for so long. SF wasn't respectable when I went to high school, or not at least where I went. Yet in college I was asked by a teacher to help him design his SF course. Times have changed, but we are the ones who have actually witnessed it and are capable of making comparisons. I personally don't think that the institutionalising of SF will do any harm. It will not stifle and mummify the field as it has done with various other areas of writing.

Consider: a mummy is already dead when it is mummified. Academe doesn't kill literature; it unnaturally preserves that which is of no interest and would otherwise be forgotten. Some of the ghodawful things that are shoved down student's throats as "classics" survive only in the classroom. They have no popular audience. If literature was no longer taught in schools most of this stuff would simply go out of print and be forgotten.

But people do want to read SF. As long as they do, and the field maintains its popular audience (which actually could be increased by the schools, since it will teach students to get over their anti-SF prejudices), it is in good shape. The stifling of the genre will only happen when the people no longer read it of their own will. Then it will be preserved by the English teachers and shoved down students' throats. It is true that English teachers tend to perform autopsies on books, but an autopsy is only possible when the subject in question is already dead.

"Starbird!" I didn't care for at all. It simply is not funny. It reads like millions of lame attempts at "fannish" (i.e. not pertaining to SF) humor that I have seen in hundreds of fanzines. It doesn't work. Either you can't write this kind of thing or you wrote this one hastily. ((Mostly the latter, I think. It was written quite hastily. Back in high school, one of my friends told me that I was the funniest writer since Ralph Schoenstein; since I've never read anything by Schoenstein, I still don't know whether he meant this as a compliment.)) Much of your description is unconvincing. This guy looked like a cross between a Mexican bandit and a perverted chipmunk - well what does that look like? Lots of us have never seen either. And how does a perverted chipmunk look any different from any other? Maybe it's the part of the country I live in. All chipmunks around here are utterly wholesome. The Disney people even recruit movie stars for animal flicks in this vicinity. If anyone ever wants to do a chipmunk porno film I'll give them your address. ((A perverted chipmunk has an unmistakable gleam in his eye, and he usually carries a porno mag in his back pocket, which he takes out and drools over from time to time.))

Besides potential, I think the only other thing noteworthy in this issue is the article on Sabatini. You can write well in this manner, and I suggest you do more of it. And certainly articles on non-sf writers are permissible. As an Approved Precedent, look at the articles on Dorothy Sayers and Raymond Chandler that have been in ENERGUMEN and STARLING recently.

Ned Brooks  
713 Paul Street  
Newport News, VA 23605

I have never read any Sabatini - except part of a book on the Inquisition - but I don't see how you could enjoy anything you understand as well as you seem to understand Scaramouche. Your description does not move me to find the book and read it, which is just as well, as I have at least a thousand books here I want to read already. ((I thought you were indulging in hyperbole with that statement, Ned, until I got down to your house and found out you really did mean a thousand!)) At least it increased your vocabulary, though I doubt you often find need of the word "spadassinicides"! I'm not sure that's a real word, it doesn't appear in the Oxford English Dictionary - tho "spadassin" is in the Supplement, "



meaning swordsman, duellist, bravo.

Ghee, a letter from Mike Scott.... He has owed me one for over a year. I think you and he will be surprised by Wertham's book on fanzines, it is not an expose', but just a book about something he became interested in. Or so I gather from his letters to TITLE and other zines. I have read some of Wertham's books, he really isn't the monster of fannish legend.

Some of the Rotsler art is better than his usual shallow gags. I am not a big Rotsler fan, maybe you can tell. Nothing personal, I just don't like the way he draws - as compared, say, to Kirk or Lovenstein or Osterman or Steffans. I don't draw at all myself, but like Ol' MacDonald said, you don't have to be a chicken to know when an egg is rotten.

Mike Shoemaker  
2123 N. Early St.  
Alexandria, VA 22302

Imagine my surprise when I opened GODLESS 3 to find that all four of the Rotsler drawings previously appeared in the last issue of my own fanzine, OXYTOCIC 6 (May 72). After using them I, of course, returned them to him along with a copy of the zine. Seeing them now in GODLESS makes me think that he never got my zine and consequently thought the drawings hadn't been used.

Mike Scott has hit the nail right on the head about the "charm of being an SF fan," but I doubt that many fans will be honest enough to agree. I think that all the grumbling about "fandom is getting too big" is proof that what Mike says is true. Especially annoying are the large number of fringe fans, neos, young fans, etc., who are coming along who have absolutely no perspective of SF or fandom. Yet they are such damn-know-it-alls. Very few of this type are appearing in fanzines at the moment, but one meets a lot of them at cons and in mundane life. Also, this forms the core of my dislike for a large amount of the academic intrusion into the field. Of course, Forry Ackerman, Sam Moskowitz, et al, probably would look upon me the same way. At least, however, I am nearly as well read as anyone in fandom, and have developed, I think, a "feel", a devotion, a sense of perspective, for SF and fandom.

It has been the fans who brought this wider recognition on SF. As far back as the mid-30's, WONDER STORIES (I think) sponsored a "What I have done to promote SF" contest. Forever fans have been crying out for the recognition of SF, and now that we have it, some of us are not so sure we ever wanted it.

D. Gary Grady  
102 Ann St.  
Wilmington, NC 28401

GODLESS 3 is close to my idea of the ideal fanzine. I don't think that opinion would be shared by too many people, but I'm weird. I like fanzines that are short, enjoyable, and unpretentious. I do NOT by that mean to imply that I like crudzines, but I much prefer good content to good layout, repro, art, and the like.

The Starbird episode with the arcade machines made me think of a close friend and fellow fan who shall remain nameless. Not only does this guy love to pour tons of money into those machines (which is not all that terrible a waste), but if he should score well on one, you hear about it. God, do you hear about it. I am trying my damnest to keep this perversion secret, but I fear any day now he will go into double overtime on Computer Space War or Red Baron or UFO, and we'll see a 400 page one-shot on the subject. Otherwise, I must point out, he is decidedly un-Starbird-like.

Ed Cagle            Your account of the somewhat inept type reminded me of some  
Route #1            of my wife's relatives. Various examples of the breed visit  
Leon, KS 67074    us on weekends when the weather is nice, to enjoy our some-



what secluded and natural surroundings, and the experience is rarely without major destruction. To date I've lost many possessions to one act of incredible ineptitude or another. Having one's barbecue burned down is...unusual.

But my most cherished memory is of a time when one family-film freak came prepared to stultify us all with his filmmaking triumphs. Realizing I would have to undergo the exquisite torture of 2 hours of idiotic cavorting and fuzzy closeups of incredibly ugly babies, I managed to slip away during the afternoon and splice a segment of extremely porno porno film in the middle of two reels of idiocy. The result was instant silence, thence to a mad scramble for the cord to unplug the projector. Of course, we lost a lamp in the shuffle, but it was worth it for a change.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE ALSO RANS: BDA speaking. This is still part of "Mindspeak", folks. This portion is for those locs that don't go on at great length, but do have a line or two that I don't want to leave out, or merely list as WAHF. So, "The Also Rans" was created!

ROSE HOGUE: "A premature resurrection is better than an early demise."

DAVE SZUREK: "The dangerous life you mentioned at Fort Lee reminds me of a typical night in Detroit."

NORM HOCHBERG: "By a strange happenstance I got a GODLESS 1 in a pile of old fanzines last month, so I read it and GODLESS 3 one right after another. Not much continuity which was good since it denotes hefty improvement."

DICK PATTEN: "I liked 'Starbird!' altho if the blond posed for the picture you described I would hardly call her parts private anymore."

ED LESKO: "GODLESS looks like a good sf fanzine for sf readers who want a break from sf!"

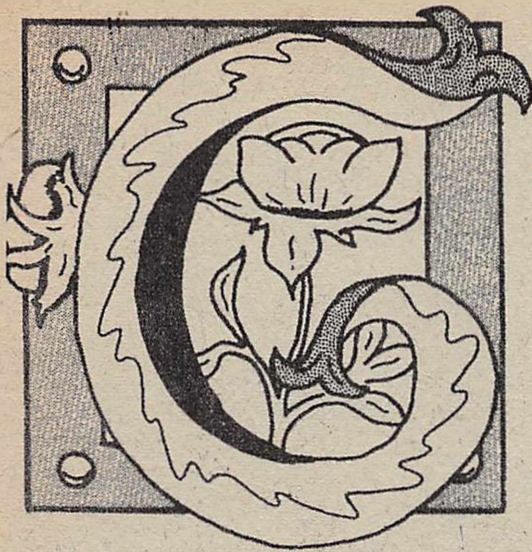
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And now, the genuine...

WAHF: Meade Frierson III, Doug Leingang, Donn Brazier, Terry Ballard, James Hall, Sheryl Birkhead, James Nyle Beatty, Cy Chauvin, Paul Walker (whose article this issue is excerpted from his letter), Gary Arthurs (yes, there is a relation; he's my fringe fan brother), Doug Howard (Doug, I'm holding your article over until the next issue; sorry if you're disappointed, but I promise it'll get in eventually), and a long letter from Lord Jim Kennedy (hey, Lord Jim, I want to excerpt the "Black Fedora" episodes from your letter and run them in the next issue; they're great!). Also, Terry Lee Dale sent for a copy earlier this week of GODLESS #3; however, I haven't been able to get off work earlier than 1700 hours this week, and since the Post post office closes at 1630, I haven't been able to mail it yet. Sorry, try again next week.

AT THE LAST MINUTE, WAHF: Eric Lindsay, Ken Ozanne, Jim Meadows, & Bill Patterson.





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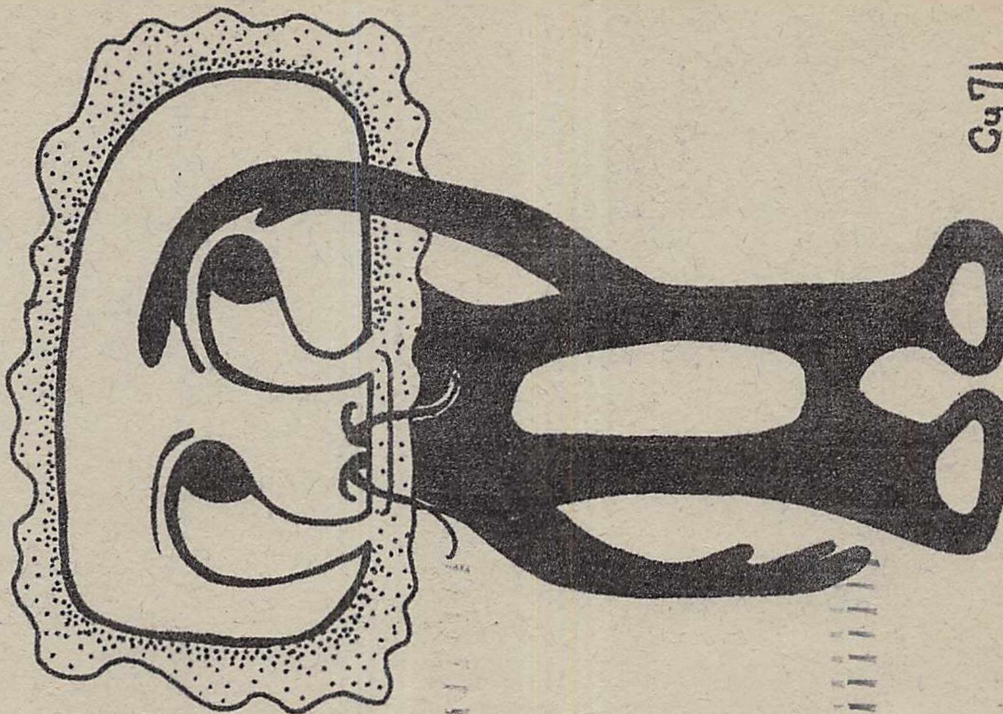
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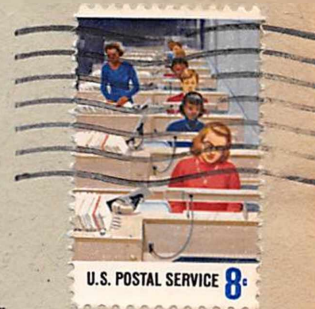
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Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs  
527-98-3103  
57th Trans Co  
Fort Lee, VA 23801



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1614 Evans Ave.  
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