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odless



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#### ARTWORK

Sheryl Birkhead.....front cover, page 1, and back cover

Bruce Townley.....page 2, page 13

Bruce D. Arthurs.....page 8, page 9, page 20

GODLESS #1, #2, and #4 are SOLD OUT. #3 is still available for 40¢.



# the king in plural

I think this is a pretty weak issue of GODLESS.

Now that's a hell of a thing for an editor to say about his own fanzine, isn't it? "Whaddya mean, weak? A piece of pseudo-fanfic by Jim Kennedy, a long and interesting review of Ten Tomorrows ((you'd better say it's interesting, rewrote the damned thing three times)), a shorter review of Jack Vance's new book, and a meaty, commentable letter column, mit good illos and repro? You call all that weak?"



Yeh, and for one reason. Too much of this issue has been written by me. Not that I haven't been getting contributions; it's just that I haven't been getting the type of contributions I want.

GODLESS is, primarily, a sercon zine. That is the editorial position I chose when I first started this publication, and I intend to stand by that position. Not that there isn't any place in GODLESS for fannish or off-beat humor; Kennedy's piece, and another by Doug Leingang I'm saving for next issue, prove that.

But, that type of humor is what I've been getting, and not the more serious material I'd prefer. Yeh, right, you guessed it, this is a thinly disguised plea for the type of stuff I do want.

First of all, it doesn't have to be superserious, pedantic, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY type stuff. A light touch is always recommended. All I really ask, tho', is that it be well written with a good amount of care, flow smoothly, and of course be interesting.

So much for style, on to content: As I mention in reply to Warren Johnson's letter later in the issue, any material sent to GODLESS need not necessarily be concerning science fiction. I have wide tastes in my reading (or as



some might say, no taste at all), and I know that most fans read more than sf; mysteries, mainstream, historical novels, it's all open for discussion in this forum. Express your views!

I'd like to make the "Reviews!" section quite a bit longer. I'd like good, in-depth articles on authors ("Why I Think Hugo Gernsback Was Really A Dirty Old Man"), sub-facets of sf (time travel, near-future stories, far-future stories, parallel worlds, the modern-day-man-in-sword-and-sorcery-type-surroundings stories, etc.), and just about anything else you may be able to think of. I've suggested a few ideas to get the brainsap flowing, and I'm sure that you'd be able to think of many more by yourself.

Movies, records, plays? Certainly, just about any type of creative expression could fit into GODLESS.

What I want is for GODLESS to have an air of general "goodness" about it, something that will make people stop short at the sight and say, "Hey! It's a GODLESS!"

One last thing: remember that all the above aren't stiff and unbreakable guidelines for contributions; there's still a place for humor and whimsy. By all means, continue to send such material. But if you have something more serious on hand as well, send that first, please. Much thanks.

+ + +

By now, I'm certain, ninety-nine and ninety-nine hundredths percent of fandom has seen Ken Ozanne's questionnaire for his proposed WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM. However, just in case that portion of a percent still ignorant is in the audience, I print it here:

1. Name:
2. Address (may be withheld if desired):
3. Age (may be withheld if desired):
4. Year you started reading sf:
5. Year you entered fandom:
6. Fannish activities:
7. Fannish claims to fame, if any:
8. Name as many Big Name Fans as you can (minimum 10):
9. Which prozines do you read?:
10. How many fanzines do you get?:
11. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES/NO/MAYBE:
12. Are you willing to fill out a more detailed questionnaire? YES/NO/MAYBE:
13. Add anything else you wish known: ((OK, Ken, I will. It would probably be a good idea when making up the index to also note when the questionnaire was filled out by a person; this would help to avoid any discrepancies or complaints caused by the passage of time and events.))

Results of this questionnaire will be used to compile an interim WHO'S WHO. It is hoped to include all actifen - but if you don't reply you don't get included. Faneds are asked to repeat this questionnaire in their zines, but nobody reply more than once, please. And no hoaxes, folkses. Deadline is 31 December 73, but please reply soon for possible earlier publication. SEND TO: Ken W. Ozanne, The Cottonwoods, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, AUSTRALIA.

+ + +

A FEW CORRECTIONS: 1) In my review of Barry Malzberg's "Yahrzeit", I stated that "his stories are always in first or second person, never in third."

This is a stupid error on my part, since he has written stories in third person, though not usually. What I should have said was that his stories are always in present tense. 2) When I replied to the last paragraph of John Robinson's loc, I was under the impression that Wolfwinter had been published in early 1973. However, thanks to a bibliography of Swann's works published in Dennis McHaney's MESMERIDIAN (3883 Goodman Circle, Memphis, TN 38111, for 50¢ or the usual), I've learned that the novel was published in late 1972, and that the "lone published work" Robinson mentioned was "The Stalking Trees", F&SF for Jan 73, which I have read. Afraid it didn't particularly impress me. 3) And as I look over the stencils, I note a number of rather strange typos. "All much the sam" in Glicksohn's loc, and "You can't everyone" in James Hall's. I think there was supposed to be a "please" somewhere in that last one. Please forgive these and any others you may find. I try my best, really I do.

+ + +

The Rotsler Situation: Sheryl Birkhead asked to be kept informed on this. However, there's nothing to tell, I'm afraid. Never have gotten a response from either my letter or the last issue of GODLESS that I sent Rotsler. But, judging from notes in LOCUS and other fanzines, he's apparently been very busy the last few months, traveling all over the country and having his luggage stolen. ("Ah ye, Mr. Rotsler. And will you be staying at our hotel for long, sir?" "No, just long enough to have my luggage stolen.") I think probably the best thing to do is declare the whole schmeer a Dead Issue and forget about it.

I do, however, have one Rotsler drawing, dating back to the first batch he sent me for GODLESS #1, which I will probably use next issue. I have never used it before this for reasons of humility, a mental condition which has since gone the way of the dodo.

+ + +

In the latest TITLE (#20), Paul Walker has an article stating some of the gripes he has about fans, and faneds in particular. One of his gripes is that some faneds print his letters as articles, then neglect to print his address as well. And since his address isn't listed anywhere in the zine, other faneds looking for people that they want to put on their mailing lists won't know where to send their zines. Chagrined, I realized he was talking about me: My humblest apologies, Paul, and herewith, for all those drooling fanzine editors who've waited so long for this blessed day, is...PAUL WALKER'S ADDRESS!!!!

HALLELUJAH!!

PAUL WALKER, 128 MONTGOMERY ST.,  
BLOOMFIELD, NJ 07003

HALLELUJAH!!

sincerely,

*Bruce D. Anthony*



# BLACK FEDORA

-the letters  
of lord jim kennedy, master  
of time, space, and other  
eldritch terrors

((The following "article" is taken from a number of letters that have gone back and forth between Jim and I in the last few months. You may gain the impression from these excerpts that Jim Kennedy is Weird. You are correct. The lack of my replies to Kennedy might, I think, cause some confusion, so where I've thought it necessary, I've inserted explanatory notes or recreations of my replies. And now, your eyes shall see the glory of the coming of da Lord...))

June 6, 1973:-

I've been searching in vain for Phoenix fandom. I've seen the OAFS ((Organization of Arizona Fans of Science Fiction & Fantasy - BDA)) organ (is that the proper term?), but still haven't been able to track down a living representative of it. A guy I know claims to have discovered their secret lair, so mayhap will see if I can force him to tell me where and when they meet...

"...No...please, m'Lord...I can't tell!"

"But you must!" The short, lean man in the flowing black cape and sinister black fedora pulled a rolled up copy of RAVING PARANOID FASCIST #1 from his hip pocket. "Do you know what this is?"

"My god...please...you can't..."

"I can, and I will, unless you tell me the exact tyme and place of the next OAFS meeting!!"

"No...no..."

"What? What are you doing with that cyanide capsule?"



"I'm...sorry . . . your Lordship . . . I just . . ."

"Curses! Foiled again!"

((At the time, I, like Jim, had only the PO Box number of OAFS and no personal addresses. However, I did send Jim the address and phone number of Terry Ballard, an old-time Phoenix fan (as Phen go), whom I thought would be able to give Jim a better lead. I received the following reply - BDA))

July 1st, 1973:

The short, black caped figure loomed over the crumpled form of the badly battered soldier. His eyes, hidden in the shadow of his dark fedora, gleamed with satisfaction.

"So!" he cried, "At long last! The secret telephone number of OAFS agent Terry Ballard! Now I can finally infiltrate that nefarious secret organization!"

"Fiend!" hissed the soldier, "You'll never leave this page alive!"

"Don't count on that," chuckled the short stranger, "As Master of Disguises, Tyme, Space, and my trusty scimitar, I can control any evil."

Through swollen lips the soldier chuckled evilly. "Yes, but you've never tangled with the OAFS before, heh heh heh heh..."

\* \* \*

July 2nd, 1973:

With the crash of smashing wood and the shriek of rending metal, the door was flung violently open. In the darkness stood the stranger, his drooping mustache and goatee bristling with fury, his grey eyes blazing with an unholy fire. In one hand he held a dripping scimitar.

"SO!" he cried, stalking into the tiny room, "You thought you could deceive me, eh?"

"What?" asked the cowering soldier.

"I checked into your so-called 'Terry Ballard'," the dark stranger replied fiercely, "and found he's nothing but a small-time Syndicate hood...and has nothing to do with the infamous OAFS!"

"Ha!" sneered the soldier of that nefarious secret organization, "Did you really think that I would give away that nefarious secret organization's secrets?"

"I don't think Mrs. Ballard will find it so amusing, when she finds her husband."

"Crom! You didn't...?"

The stranger nodded grimly. "I don't like being toyed with, Arthurs."



((To which I could only reply with the following:

No! Please! I'll tell! I'll tell! I swore I didn't know myself when I told you about Ballard! But...but since then, Bill Patterson wrote me a letter, and foolishly put his home address on the envelope. I have it right in here someplace...someplace...oh my god, I can't find it! No, no, not the scimitar in the guts! WAAAAIIIIITTTTTTTT! Here it is! Here it is!

Now how about cutting me down? It's very painful to type when you've been strung up by the thumbs. - BDA))

August 14, 1973:

Wyth two deft strokes, the dark intruder cut through the taut cords. There was a loud thump as the enemy soldier, his thumbs suddenly released, dropped to the floor. His tormenter sheathed his wickedly curved scimitar.

"Alright, Arthurs," he growled, "I'll check this one out, but if you're sending me on another wild goose chase..."

"No...no! I swear you'll find the sinister leader of that sinister secret organization, the OAFS, at that address!"

"Very well." The stranger lifted his black fedora from the cot he had laid it on and placed it back on his mysteriously brown-haired head. "Just remember: short of gaffiation itself, THERE IS NO WAY TO HIDE FROM THE WRATH OF THE ONE THEY CALL 'LORD'!"

((Jim continued his letter...)) I didn't want to just barge in on Patterson, especially since it's a pretty fair trip from here to there and he might not be home, so I secured his phone number from one of my operatives working under cover in the phone company, and tried to call first. And tried again. And again. And again. And I've been trying for about two weeks now, but no one ever answers. The only explanation I can think of is that someone betrayed me, and told him I was on his trail. Bruce...

Wyth a sigh of relief, the sub-private hammered the final nail into the wooden door frame. "Well, sir," he said, "it's all fixed; a brand new door. But try to go easier on this one, huh?"

His battered superior, reclining on his cot in the small room's opposite corner, chuckled and began a reply, when, suddenly, there was a shrieking roar, a shattering crash, and the iron plated door, ripped from its hinges, was thrown aside with an appalling violence.

"Ulp," said the sub-private.

The dreaded stranger in the wide-brimmed fedora and flowing cape burst into the room, drawing his scimitar from



its sheath. "ARTHURS, I WARNED YOU..."

((But despite all, I managed to survive (by jumping out the window and running like hell) and all turned out happily, as the latest letter testifies.))

AH HA! I've infiltrated the OAFS! And they don't suspect a thing! Caught Bill Patterson on the phone two Sundays ago, broke into a meeting last Sunday.

Whoever supplies your doors will be most pleased to hear of this.

- Lord Jim Kennedy, 22nd August 1973

((And OAFS will never be the same. - BDA))



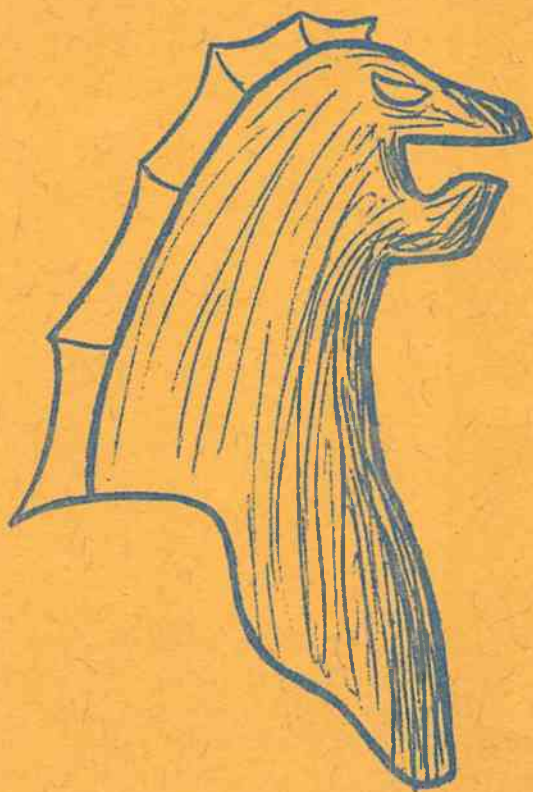
## SCOOPI BOB HEINLEIN READS RHODAN!

Yes, no shit, people, really, it's the honest-to-goshall truth! Take a peek at the back cover photo of Heinlein on Time Enough For Love. See that stack of books near the left edge of the cover? Now get right down next to the paper, and take a close look. Whaddya see, huh? Right, a...a...a PERRY RHODAN book! Robert A. Heinlein reads Perry Rhodan books! Wow!

Remember, you read it here first, folks. You'd never learn something like that from LOCUS. Or even ORG/NLEGGER.

-BDA.





## REVIEWS!

Ten Tomorrows, edited by Roger Elwood, Fawcett, 95¢, 224 pages  
reviewed by Bruce D. Arthurs

Judging from several other anthologies of Elwood's that I've seen, I'd say that Ten Tomorrows is about average for him. By this I mean there are one or two excellent stories, a number of fair ones, and others which are very disappointing.

Robert Silverberg's "Ms. Found In An Abandoned Time Machine" was one of those disappointments. It is completely plotless and lacks any necessary or memorable characters. It is not a story, but an emotional outburst, almost an essay. Silverberg is crying out about the horrors of modern civilization; the Indian plight, Nixon, militarism, violence, the whole gamut of society's ills. His point is that there are no magic wands, no Marvelous Machines that will solve these problems in a puff of smoke or beam of light, no matter how much we may wish for such a solution. Humanity is limited to what he can actually bring about or devise. And I'm pretty sure that Silverberg thinks mankind won't be able to solve his own problems, that his own barbarian nature will defeat him. Silverberg's fine imagination and undeniable skill do manage to reveal some bright spots in this disjointed, downbeat effort, particularly the magnificently implausible plan to sink the Pentagon building. But I've always considered him to be one of sf's best storytellers, and the lack of one, for me at least, was disappointing.

Barry Malzberg has one major fault: he is predictable. His stories are always very short; his protagonist is usually insane; there is always a reference to hatred of parents; the protagonist usually kills or beats another person with enjoyment; and his stories are always in first or second person, never in third. "Yahrzeit" meets all of these criteria. It is about a future where the



method of population control is legalizing the killing, for sport, of persons above a certain age. It examines the thoughts of the protagonist as he bludgeons to death an old man, in celebration of the anniversary of the Leopold-Loeb killings. Frightening, gruesome, and pretty damned good. But still...predictable.

Laurence M. Janifer's "A Few Minutes" is a story that improves upon rereading. I confess that I thought this pretty poor the first time around, but a second reading enabled me to see how well crafted it is and how much work has been placed into it. Janifer has written a sensitive story about love and choice, fate and the destiny of the individual. It may even be worth a Hugo nomination. Read it...twice.

"The Freshman Angle" by Edgar Pangborn, was another of the disappointments. Set several hundred years after Davy, when science has started to make a comeback and institutes of higher learning once again exist, it concerns struggling college freshman Elmo obDavid Hunnington, who is faced with three problems: 1) he must buy his sister a birthday present, but has foolishly spent all his money; 2) he must decide if he wishes to continue his studies to become a historian; and 3) he must write a two thousand word essay concerning the twentieth century for class. He decides to do the latter first, and his writing it is the plot of the story, with asides and chatter with his roommates. Gosh, but they certainly are Cute and Witty when they talk together. Also damned unrealistic and stilted. Real people just wouldn't talk like that! However, how they talk and what Elmo finally decides to do don't really matter, because the characters and plot have the sole purpose of providing a convenient vehicle for Pangborn to present his essay. And the essay is very interesting, indeed. Neverthe less, this remains a very minor story, and not at all of the quality I've come to expect from Pangborn.

Sexism in science fiction? I suppose a case could be made for it, what with all the old stories about the handsome, bemuscled he-man rescuing the weak, helpless, beautiful woman from the clutches of The Thing From Planet Glorpp. But a sexist story nowadays? And written by a woman? I find it hard to believe that Anne McCaffrey is a male chauvinist pig, but that's the impression "The Rescued Girls of Refugee" leaves me with. The all-woman society of Refugee teaches its citizens to hate men, even though they've never seen one. Well, one day, the Men land in their rockets, and of course they are "well muscled and strong-looking and clean." Not to mention blue-eyed. So the Men brainwash some of the girls (the good looking ones, I presume?) into fallin in love with them and fly away, leaving the rest of the women to rot in their own warped society. The problem is, I don't that either society depicted is desirable, either the man-hating illness of Refugee, or the Men's society, where women are brainwashed to serve males. This is the second most irritating story in the book. Bah.

Pamela Sargent's "Matthew" is about a gifted, crippled child who learns that he is doomed to be one of the last survivors of an Earth where all but about 75,000 people have died off, and almost no children are being born to continue the race. The last survivors, decadent and spoiled among the leftovers of man's technology, spend their waning lives attempting not to face man's inevitable extinction. But Matthew does face it, and his reaction is perhaps an inevitable one. A well written story, nicely told, but nevertheless not one that is remembered for very long.

The first Larry Niven story I ever read was "The Organleggers" (aka "Death By Ectasy") and it made me a steady fan of his. Niven's is one of the most fully developed future societies by any writer, with its own history, laws, and cus-



toms, all logically and consistently developed. I was quite pleased to find that "The Defenseless Dead" was a direct sequel to "The Organleggers". It is another of that sf rarity, a full-fledged, competent mystery detective story, and once again follows Gil Hamilton, the man with the imaginary arm, as he tries to find out why an assassination attempt had been made on him for no clear reason. Niven is able to pull together seemingly unrelated incidents and background details, until the story comes to a shattering climax. The only thing that marred the story for me was a rather weak denouement, as Niven had the main characters chatting in an office, tying up the loose ends. But this story still stands vastly higher in interest and quality than Niven's recent and disappointing Protector.

What can you say about a David Gerrold story that flops? That it's a weepy-weepy, sob-sob piece of nonsense? That one can hear the sad violins in the background with almost every sentence? That it makes Love Story look good? All of these things can be said about "An Infinity of Loving". It may be that it is my own feelings and opinions which make me dislike this story; I have never experienced, or even seen, the kind of love Gerrold tells about, a perfect fitting, a matching, of two individual souls. I don't think it is possible for two individuals with different lives behind them to get along perfectly. Even in the best of relationships, there is always some point of friction where people go against each other, no matter how small or minor. What Gerrold describes are people who are perfect for each other, one hundred percent, and I don't think there are, or ever will be, any such people.

"A True Bill" by James Blish, is the most irritating and enraging story in the book. Why? Well: 1) It is not a story, it is a play. With very few exceptions, plays cannot be read; they must be seen in performance before any real judgement can be made. 2) Not only is it a play, it is a Christian allegorical play. I have no love even for the best of that type, and this is a particularly forced and obvious example. 3) It is not science fiction, by any stretch of the imagination. (Tho' some cynical village atheist might try to dub it fantasy.) Also, the title of this anthology is Ten Tomorrows, remember, and is blurred as being stories about the future. No way. And 4) it is not, strictly speaking, "original". It was written back in 1966, and performed at a number of churches in the Washington, DC area. I got the distinct impression that the only reason Elwood bought this is because Blish is a Big Name, and would help to sell more copies of the book. This mercenary attitude, though, doesn't bother me as much as the fact that Blish seems to have gone along with this, and submitted a poorly written piece that in no way could be construed as fitting in with the rest of the stories included in the book. I was highly disappointed, and feel that I have lost some of the respect I hold for Blish and his works. Dammit, Blish, people warned you those Star Trek books would turn you into a hack! And maybe they were right.

Gardner Dozois gives a strong ending to Ten Tomorrows with "In A Crooked Year", a last-man-on-Earth story, as an army deserter and sole survivor of an atomic war tries to forge a living from the blasted wilderness, all the while becoming more and more insane. A detailed and frightening story. Dozois' deserter is the most vivid and realistic character of any of the stories. The only fault that I found was that I do not really appreciate Dozois' ultra-wordy and "arty" (damn, I wish I could think of a better word) style. Sentences like, "Behind him, his companions burned and smoldered like fitful tallow candles, and the flames of their burning stained the night sky with dancing scarlet and molten gold, ghostly chemical green and white-hot blue, blotting out the stars," may be okay in moderation, but when an entire forty-page story is written like that, it gets a bit much. (Though I must admit that he does pick some very



strong imagery.)

In conclusion, a few general words. The thing that struck me about this anthology was how many first-rate writers (Blish, Silverberg, Pangborn, etc.) were represented by second-rate stories. And it led me to wonder: has Elwood done a disservice to the science fiction community by contracting for so many original anthologies in such a short period of time? I believe that he may have created a demand that is larger than the market can supply while maintaining high quality. As a result, we see the spectacle of highly talented writers like Blish dusting off an old, best-forgotten piece, unsellable anywhere else, and have Elwood buy it for what I feel is its name value only. We see authors writing a rushed, unpolished story because they have to write another story for Elwood the next day. I can't help but conclude that a disservice has been done, that some writers are not caring enough about their work, for they know that Elwood needs wordage desperately to fill his massive commitments, and if it's second-rate, why, hell, the author's a Big Name, isn't he? And there aren't too many people who'll dare to complain because a - gosh wow! - Big Name's story isn't up to his usual standards, are there?

Yes, there are.

+++++

Trullion: Alastor 2262, by Jack Vance, Ballantine Books, \$1.25  
reviewed by Bruce D. Arthurs

So far, this book is my choice for next year's Best Novel Hugo. It is the best Vance work I have ever read, outranking even "The Last Castle" or "The Dragon Masters".

It is set on Trullion, a watery world of the Alastor Cluster. The complex plot centers on Glinnes, who has just returned to his home planet from years in the military, in order to take over the family affairs for his vanished brother, Shira. However, he finds that his family has turned against him, and has even sold Anbal Isle, the family's most valued possession, to a stranger from off-world! To get the Isle back, he must raise enough money to pay off the new owner, so he goes back to the one thing he knows well; hussade.

Hussade is a fascinating sport, part football, part water polo, part imagination. It is played on catwalks above water tanks, as opposing teams try to smash their way thru each other to reach their goals; virgins, who can be stripped naked by the tug of a ring.

Subplots are numerous and complex: the merlings, underwater natives of Trullion who may capture and eat any humans who get careless near the water; the starmenters, fierce, planet-raiding space pirates; the Fanscherade, a political movement devoted to hard work and ambition, qualities which go directly against Trullion tradition; the Connatic, the ruler of the entire Alastor Cluster, who wanders anonymously among his planets; and those are just a few.

What is great about the writing is how Vance never for a single moment loses grasp of what he is doing. Despite the complexity, the plot always proceeds smoothly and logically to future events and developments, and the conclusion ties them all together satisfactorily. All characters, even the most minor, are sharply etched and memorable. In fact, this book has all the good qualities commonly attributed to Charles Dickens; a complex but controlled plot, brilliant characterization, and a meaningful theme. Read, by all means.



# mindspeak



Sheryl Birkhead  
23629 Woodfield Rd.  
Gaithersburg, MD  
20760

I just now got  
GODLESS #4 and  
haven't really  
read it -have-  
n't gotten far-

ther than the first two pages or so  
and the letter you mentioned. Now, I  
don't know the actual reason for the  
mixup and double pubbing of the Rot-  
sler pieces, but I had a few things  
to say about the happening.

FIRST (and yes, I already know this  
ISN'T the case and doesn't really per-  
tain)- some of the overseas fanartists  
I have written to have mentioned in  
passing that they ask for artwork back  
after it has been used and feel free  
to send it abroad for printing.  
Granted, these two audiences are prob-  
ably unlikely to intersect, still I  
imagine it does happen.

SECOND- whenever any work of mine is  
returned - and only two faneds have  
thought to do so (after it is used,  
I assume it is "discarded"?) - it is  
because it has been rejected. Hence,

I probably have developed a tendency to mere-  
ly see a piece is in an envelope and "Geee,  
guess he didn't like this doodle, wonder who  
else might want it?" Now, this situation -  
of not reading the letter and therefore sim-  
ply assuming the stuff was turned down and  
not used - hasn't occurred yet THAT I KNOW  
OF. In all probability, if it DOES occur, I  
won't be aware of it until too late. At that  
point, all the apologies in the world won't  
undo the printing.

THIRD- is it possible there were actually  
two copies of the drawings? Personally, I do  
a pencil sketch and the final copy is taken  
from that - so occasionally I have the pen-  
cil "original" lying around - but 99% of the  
time I destroy it - after all, who wants a  
mangled doodling of a doodle? I don't keep  
records of who gets what or what it looked  
like - or even when - so it is a complete  
surprise to me when anything gets printed.  
I imagine that if I had a duplicate piece  
lying around and simply hadn't seen it in  
print for umpteen weeks/months/\*\_\_\_\_\_, I  
might be tempted to think the material had  
been lost or destroyed and redo it - might,  
I said.



Note about the article on page 5 - darn, wish I could remember exactly who it was that said this and when, but I can't - it was at a convention - and it was a young newwaver - who was heard to proclaim loudly: "I AVOID CLICHES LIKE THE PLAGUE!!!"

absolutely fascinating thing about and called Contemporary Erotic Cinema, by someone called William Rotsler, who, according to the accompanying biography, is by profession a maker of pornographic films and by hobby a cartoonist ("... mostly for his own pleasure...") and dabbler in SF writing, including an upcoming novel called Patron of The Arts. Is this the same Rotsler who contributes 2nd hand cartoons? You know, I've got some of his stuff (inherited from Gail Sutton - the only other lone fnz publisher that I know of in the state - when he decided to give up on his MOUNT TO THE STARS) awaiting usage, and now I'm scared to do anything with it. ((The one and only.))

And you know, although he was trying to be sarcastic, Donn hit upon some striking imagery for use in a story; the two "vague" characters on a small boat in the middle of some dark, mist-enshrouded body of water. Frankly, I think someone

Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A, RR 2  
Beecher, IL  
60401

Mike Shoemaker might have  
avoided the entire mess if  
he'd included separate  
sheets from his fanzine  
with the Rotsler illos on  
them in a letter to Rotsler. Maybe Bill  
thought the drawings were being rejected,  
and the zine was an apology. I have trouble  
recalling some of my drawings, and consider-  
ing Rotsler's output, it's certainly under-  
standable if he did!

If Ned doesn't like the way Rotsler draws, he obviously hasn't seen a very wide range of his work...that man has it all together! His cartoons seem simple, but try to duplicate that simplicity - it's an art all by itself!

Walker's right, right, right! Lovers of sf (no matter how fervent) all agree, basic concept in plot, not style, is what sets the field apart. Let's criticize content, not style (or lack of it), or who likes sf better. ((Ah, but then you'd have to judge New Wave stories on content, instead of criticizing them for an unusual style. Admittedly, a large portion of such stories don't have much content either, but such a charge could probably be placed against a lot of Old Wave stories, also. "Ninety per cent of everything is crud", which means that some of it, New or Old Wave, will be good. How about dividing the genre into three categories; Old Wave, New Wave, and Standing Wave, sf that doesn't get outdated and is still enjoyable to read years after initial publication?))



I think "fans like sf" motivations/reasons fall between (combine?) Warner's & Ayres. Some fan like Science and scientific ideas, others hate the entire schtick. Asking "Why" readers read sf is as fruitless as asking "What is sf?"

I have one gripe. List the writer's name with the title of the article, review, whatever. It helps a lot. ((It was an experiment that didn't go over too well. Sorry, it won't happen again.))

-----  
George Beahm                      Rotsler does re-  
13 Gainsborough Place       cycle his art-  
Newport News, VA              work, and for a  
23602                              good reason: he  
                                    is deluged with  
requests, both from neofan editors, and  
from "professional" editors like Dick  
Geis & Mike Glicksohn. Even I have asked  
him for artwork, and when I did get in  
return a sheaf of drawings, all had been  
printed before. That the stuff in GOD-  
LESS was printed before, the Rotsler art,  
shouldn't bother you that much; it's the  
thought that counted, right? ((Well, yeh,  
but it was such a surprise to me; I just  
wish I'd known about it, is all.))  
-----

Norm Hochberg                  On any piece of art  
89-07 209 St.                  that I use I mark  
Queens Village, NY          "Used" and put the  
11427                              name and number of  
                                    the fanzine it ap-  
peared in. I've bought a few things at  
sketch tables that have turned out to  
have been previously used only after  
I've published them. As I'm sure you  
know, this can be embarrassing.

Fan subscription files must be a wonder  
to behold. At various times I've used  
a simple address list, a complicated  
system of file cards with abbreviations,  
and an orderly list of responses. Irvin  
Koch has such a complicated system no  
one, I'm sure, could decode it. Don Mil-  
ler used to have about ten different  
symbols, now the number is fewer but his  
trade system has gone beyond the range  
of audience comprehension. I guess fans  
run the gamut from orderly to horribly  
confused.

Sigh. I see Donn Brazier is up to his  
old polemics against new wave writing

again. I thought even he had given up on  
this. Whether there even was a New Wave is  
questionable. Whatever, it has left us with  
some damn fine writers. Your mention of  
George Alec Effinger is particularly apt in  
this respect. Piglet, I'm sure, would refuse  
to classify himself as a New Waver but What  
Entropy Means To Me could never have been  
written without some sort of change in sf  
writings.

Methinks Darrell Schweitzer is putting nails  
in the coffin of unrespectable sf too soon.  
The reaction against sf is not confined to  
academics nor to illiterates but prolifer-  
ates among readers as well. I see an in-  
creasing academic interest in sf but very  
little matching increase among the general  
public.

-----  
Cy Chauvin                      You did an excellent job of  
17829 Peters                  combining your own letter-  
Roseville, MI                  ing and the linework with  
48066                              my drawing, and the cover  
                                    really turned out first  
class. ((Sheer luck, and several hours worth  
of scrap paper, trying to find a lettering  
style that satisfied me.)) I don't really  
know what I drew, to be honest - it really  
looks more like two fish jumping out of the  
water to me than the hawk you mentioned, but  
I had no subject in mind when I did the draw-  
ing. If you'll turn the cover sideways, you  
will see a giant R - that's all I started  
out with. Maybe it's sort of like one of  
those ink blot tests, you know?

A lot of what Donn Brazier says in his semi-  
humorous article is true, but I'm afraid  
that I must regard the avoidance of cliché by  
any writer to be a good thing. Who wants to  
read a story which is like one of those tv  
situation comedies, when you can practically  
guess everything the characters are going to  
say and do before it even happens, since you-  
've seen the same thing done so many times  
before? And isn't it rather dumb for some-  
one in the 21st century to go around saying  
"Quit rocking the boat", "Until hell freezes  
over!" - present day clichés/idioms? (I re-  
call one of the characters in a Cordwainer  
Smith story saying the latter phrase, and  
another character replying, "Hell? Isn't  
that a planet near Orion? Why would anyone  
wait until that froze?" It's those sort of  
weird details that make me such a rabid  
Smith fan.) Clichés are bad because that



means the writer isn't original, he's merely copying material from other writers. Myself, I'm sick of space opers/blue-eyed space cadets/overpopulated, polluted futures/romantic dead Mars/et cetera. You can have them.

As far as Farmer spending three pages on a marriage in "Riders of the Purple Wage" and John Collier only one sentence, well, perhaps Farmer had some point in spending that much time on the wedding. Certainly the mere fact that you can condense a section of a story doesn't mean it's good or bad; I could condense a novel about WWII into "Once upon a time there was a war between Germany and the world, and nobody lived happily ever after. Perhaps Farmer could be criticized for overdoing it, but Donn's comment seemed overly vague to me.

I got a giant poster in the mail advertising Fredric Wertham's The World of Fanzines. ((How come everybody's been getting these posters but me? Sniff, sob.)) Weird, but I agree that he's definitely favorable toward fandom. As far as the academic respectability of sf goes, read The Vonnegut Statement before you get too many wild-eyed dreams. There are quite a number of half-veiled sneers at sf in the book, perhaps some deserved, perhaps some not. Sf is not thoroughly respectable by a long shot, although The Vonnegut Statement may be more of a pop culture viewpoint/attitude than an academic one. (It certainly isn't an academic book.)

Warren Johnson      The cover is not too  
131 Harrison St.    bad. The bold lines  
Geneva, IL          really made it look  
60134                professional looking,  
even if it is just

art for art's sake, and does not represent any recognizable figure. I cannot quite understand why you or the artist who did the lettering, etc., made the border openings. It would have made it look much more balanced if the borders had been solid, I believe. ((Tried it both ways, Warren. Picked the open borders as the better looking.))

I don't know why anyone would consider you a hoax, you seem to me to have a

separate and distinct personality that no one else in fandom appears to have. I don't know if persons that create hoaxes make them like themselves. In fact, I rather doubt that they do, but I think that at least some of their own personality would come through in the hoax. You are not a hoax. (It's nice to get reassurances like that, isn't it?) ((Yes, but who are you, really?))

I do not quite understand the reason for the review of an apparently very mundane novel in the book review section. Fanzines are for the purpose, at least I believe, to bring intelligent criticism of sf, not ordinary type novels, to the sf reading public (for the purposes of this argument, I am ignoring those fanzines that do not attempt to bring any kind of intelligent criticism to the field, such as personalzines and the like). Criticism of ordinary type books can be found every Sunday in the book review section of the newspaper, and there are hardly ever any reviews of sf books. The review in question, however, is of professional quality and I think it would have been better off if it had been submitted to a mundane book review section, rather than taking up valuable room here. ((Sorry, Warren, but I have a wide-open policy for GODLESS. The major emphasis is on sf, yes, but I'm not going to totally ignore other genres. Read a good mainstream novel lately? Mystery? War story? Non-fiction? Even - ecch - poetry? Like to express your opinion of it? Write a review and send it to me; chances are that I'll print it if I like it.))

The poem with all its rhyming at the end would have been humorous if it had been around 10 lines long or so, but in its present form it is too strung out. As the poet mentions at the end, there is no sense or plot to it, so I think a short piece (used as a filler) might be acceptable. ((That was the resounding opinion of just about everybody. So, no more long poems. Ah, well.))

John Robinson      Stories about this fan and  
1 - 101st St.      that fan being a hoax are  
Troy, NY          rampant these days. I  
12180              wouldn't be surprised if  
Warren Johnson starts telling everyone I am a hoax. Seems he was passing thru last week and called me. I gave him my work address and the name of the store right next door as a guide. Yesterday



I received a letter from him saying he couldn't find me at the address I gave and the people in the neighborhood never heard of me. So what happened? He had reversed the last two digits in the number of the address. It is, of course, on the other side of the street and a few doors down the block. Ah well. That still doesn't prove to me that he isn't a hoax.

Brazier should have paid more attention to the Englishman's Syndrome so well catalogued by Buck Coulson already. First, the hero, anti-hero, or practical non-entity must be divorced. Second, he must be impotent or semi-impotent. Third, he should have trouble keeping his shoes tied (even while wearing loafers). Four, it should be his fondest wish to ascend the ladder from semi-entity to anti-hero so he can dream of being a hero. Not that he could ever be a hero, his hand-eye coordination was practically nil in the first place and/or he dissipated it thru evil drugs. Sword & sorcery is definitely out for this character and since he can neither drive a car nor pilot a plane he is probably doomed to ride with other people (superior types who claim superior humility) or live in a city with characters out of Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas.

Someone should tell Rose Hogue to join Frank Balazs in the Swann conspiracy. It shouldn't take more than 50 nominating votes for TBS's lone published work this year to get on the Hugo ballot. Yes, it's really a conspiracy. How else could Swann make it? He's too far into the fantasy field to get that many votes from dyed in the wool sf fans or even the swords and sorcery or Tolkien types. ((Haven't read Wolfwinter myself, if that's the book you refer to. But so far, my own choice for best novel is Jack Vance's Trullion: Alastor 2263.))

Frank Balazs      Das a nice cover you  
Box 1007, SUNYA    have there. The layout  
Albany, NY        of it is interesting  
12222              and the...umm...eagle  
                    or design or whatever  
really catches my eye. Just perfect in  
b&w, tho' suitable for coloring in. I've  
just been considering how the thing would

look all alone on the page or without the border and I think it wouldn't look as good. The whole thing makes a nice effect - no more is needed and less wouldn't be as eye-appealing.

A major reason I wrote the above is because you complain that most people have rather little to say about a piece of artwork other than that they liked/hated it. Well, I'm as guilty of that as anyone, so I just tried my hand at doing more than that. Somehow, I don't think I really succeeded. Actually, the real problem may lie in the fact that fans don't view art the same way as the words. I mean, if you read a fanzine article you often, in the loc, can rebut (not much to rebut on artwork, except maybe pointing out a fault), but just as often you extend on it, perhaps relating anecdotes or thots inspired by the article. I can't recall a time when I've seen the same done of art. There may have been, I'm sure, but it certainly isn't common.

I must say I do agree with Paul Walker. "Put sf back into the hands of fan hacks! Take sf away from mundane hacks!" Actually, that is a rather sarcastic statement opposing the view, even tho I don't. I'm afraid that if sf is truly recognized and accepted by the mundane world (which it won't). sf will lose whatever it has to make us fans and readers. It'll be just another mainstream branch of literature. Popularity really won't help the majority of writers anyway - just a few of the BIG ones like Clarke and Asimov and Heinlein. Of course, there's Bradbury and Vonnegut, but I wouldn't call what they write sf, anyway.

Just look at all those great sf bestsellers like The Andromeda Strain and Slaughterhouse Five. I confess that I enjoyed Strain, but I really wouldn't call it sf - there was something missing, something it had that made it mainstream and not sf. In other words, there is something more than the mere employment of a science-fictional idea to create sf. This is what I meant about Bradbury not really writing sf, except for a couple of cases. Vonnegut is a great one for using sfnal ideas to produce garbage. In fact, in a way, Heinlein's Time Enough For Love was mainstream and I don't just mean the parts of the book that were "just fiction" with no sf elements. And, in still



another way, it was very much sf. It seems to be the step toward mainstream without any loss of the sf element, in that the science fiction in it was not as important as the theme of the novel. The theme, of course, has been stated without the use of science fiction, but that does not diminish this (or any) book's success or validity. I do not mean that the theme was not sfnal (what is an sfnal theme anyway; I doubt that it really exists), but that it was universal or human. ((A thought here. A lot of attempts to define or justify sf have asked, "What is it that sf can do that mainstream literature can't do?" That's an invalid question, an inoperative statement. Sf is merely another way of trying to reach the goals of all literature. Now what those goals are, I don't know.))

Real sf is when if the sf element(s) is removed then so is the essence of the tale. This applies in Time Enough For Love, even tho the basic point of this novel could have been made without sf, the theme centering on love and change, neither of which originated with sf.

It would help to have a true definition of sf, but I suspect if that ever happened, no one would have to write it anymore.

Buck Coulson            A brief comment on  
Route 3                   Paul Walker's item  
Hartford City, IN       in GODLESS 4. When a  
47348                    group is in a ghetto,  
                             literary or other-

wise, they are envious and resentful of outsiders, and their most cherished ambition is to be "accepted" by the great society around them. And - in this country, at least - if they wait long enough, they usually are so accepted. And what do they do then? Why, they write all sorts of nostalgic stories, plays, novels and anecdotes about how wonderful it was in the old days in the ghetto, of course. Stf hasn't become fully respectable yet; once the academics have had a bit more time to work on us we'll all be longing for the good old days when the mainstream critics ignored us.

Mike Glicksohn  
32 Maynard Ave, #205  
Toronto 156, Ontario  
CANADA

have made it, but...

Oh well, so I lied and didn't loc your first new issue. If we hadn't gone to California for three weeks I might

Jackie Franke should have known that we letterhacks were decent, honorable, unselfish types long ago. After all, she's met me. But she is right, and the large number of letters received about the last ENERGUMEN with little or no chance of seeing print were a real pleasure for us. People taking time to let us know they'd liked what we did, and it was much appreciated. Made all the hard work worthwhile. ((Say, Glicksohn, how about sending me all those letters and I'll print them in the next GODLESS? I'm unselfish, too, ya know...not to mention humble.))

I'm not sure if Ben Indick is serious or not, but on the offchance that he is, I'll disagree with him. I find it very difficult to write articles, which is why I've only had six or seven published, but locs are easy for me and they enable me to express my reactions to the fanzines. Perhaps they are often destructive, and occasionally even constructive, but I write a fair number of friendly locs too, and these often get published. That reflects more on the editor than the letterhack, and Ben really should blame the ed if he feels simple friendly locs shouldn't be used.

Aljo Svoboda knows more about fanhistory than many long time fans, which is why I sometimes see it said that he's a hoax. Asking such a question as yours is a great way to get inundated with response - all much the same. ((Wrong. Yours was the only loc that responded to that item.)) But I'll give my own answers anyway, just to preserve my fannish credentials. Coventry was an imaginary kingdom or world thought up by certain members of LASFS. For some it got out of hand and became more real than the real world, and a pleasanter place to live. It didn't really upset most of fandom except to reinforce the fans-as-social-misfits idea somewhat. The Boondoggle was an exceptionally nasty split in fandom when a worldcon committee tried to exclude a certain fan from attending on the grounds of child molestation. The charges and countercharges created extreme bitterness and came as close to destroying fandom as any single event in



recent years. Many prominent fans, as I understand it, did leave fandom in disgust. There; a very short fanhistory lesson which fails to give a true picture but does reasonably well for one paragraph.

That's quite a lettercolumn you've got there. GODLESS is on its way to being a healthy fanzine again. Good luck with future issues.

-----  
D. Gary Grady                      At the rate fan-  
702 Francis Marion Dr.        dom is growing,  
Wilmington, NC                worrying about  
28401                            the Prescotts of

Mainstream accepting SF may soon be completely unnecessary. Instead, mainstreamers will be concerned about getting the respect they deserve from fandom. For that matter, we can pull the old Declaration of Victory bit and start kicking mainstream in the balls right now. "I am reviewing three mainstream novels this issue. Do you remember your adolescence when you used to read mainstream. Well, it hasn't changed much. And don't let 'em tell you written Ma-Stre is any better than the Partridge Family. Both deal with marriage, present day problems, and similar garbage. First we'll look at Huckleberry Finn, a novel by a near contemporary of Jules Verne. Unlike Verne, of course, this author is completely inept and unfamiliar with the basics of grammar and spelling. He has the good sense to hide behind a pseudonym, fortunately...." I'd keep that up, but I'm beginning to sound a little TOO much like Peter S. Prescott.

-----  
Bruce Townley                    On the first readings  
2323 Sibley St.                and look-sees and look-  
Alexandria, VA                throughs the old eye-  
22311                            tracks actually look  
                                  pretty good. This is a

pretty good fanzine I say to myself as it fits in pretty good with the vision of the perfect fanzine that I try to promulgate and it seems unseemly to mutter one's truest visions without making people pay for it. Rather: you seem to have done what you want to do without sticking to any too preconceived class. And this of course is what a fanzine is for. You have found it very personal and it is very viable when practiced in

the most individual manner. And it can even be lovely vacuous as in the case of GRANFALLOON. But you already know this.

Hm, yes, nice cover...dumb backcover, though...loveable letters (notable Aljo Svoboda and Ed Cagle) glad to see that Ned Brooks doesn't like Rotsler's stuff immediately - mainly because I didn't either but if he (Rotsler) cannot be destroyed by the inept hands of some hand tracers I know then what the fuck I say he's better than somebody like Fabian - you can always tell a Rotsler I agree with you about What Entropy Means To Me except that the hardcover edition is better cuz it's got a picture of Mr. Effinger holding what appears to be a bowling trophy followed by this wonderfully inane thumbnail history of his life which boils down to "he lives in New York City" all in all a respectable issue I guess you have done what you want because there's no crud here bub. ((A stream of consciousness loc. Wow!))

-----  
James A. Hall                    This loc is being typed  
236 Lansdowne Ave.            with one hand and a  
Winnipeg, Manitoba           thumb. I unfortunately  
R2W OG6 CANADA                sawed three of my fin-  
                                  gers while cutting a  
slice of bread. ((Ahhhh...)) It was a novel experience to say the least, and had I given a bit more thought to it, I would have solicited an audience to watch the bleeding portion of my show. Alas, everyone was out, so I had to patch myself up meself, and quite vainly try to foster some sympathy from within me. I was a damned good audience.

I'm sorry to say I didn't read all of this issue of GODLESS. That part I didn't read being "Profapemi". I enjoy idiocy and nonsense as much as the next fellow, and practice it oftener than most, but after the first four lines of that...well, I suppose you can't everyone.

Paul Walker strikes a responsive chord in me with his little bit. I agree completely that it is impossible to love sf. I contend that sf will never join or be totally accepted by the mainstream. But who cares? The more sf is popularized, the more crap appears in the bookstores. Right now, things are passable; to me at least, more good than bad appears. I dislike more than anything else in a fan that seeming need to knock the



mainstream. Mainstream fiction is also thought-provoking and often mildly entertaining and enlightening. Curses, that last statement will/could signal my doom, but, nevertheless, it is true. Check The Winds of War by Wouk, or any of his books for that matter.

-----  
Tony Cvetko                      You're right when  
29415 Parkwood Dr.        you say that fan-  
Wickliffe, OH                dom is a hobby,  
44092                          and it should be  
                                treated as such.

But I disagree with Walker that loving sf is bad. I love sf. I don't think I'll ever stop reading sf, and I don't think I'll ever move completely away from sf fandom. But that doesn't mean that I spend all of my time on sf. I love it, but it isn't all. I also love astronomy, and I love to write, and I love to take out a math book every once-in-a-while and work out a few equations and problems, but they don't take all of my life. Loving something doesn't necessarily mean that it takes all of somebody's time and effort. Of course, I haven't been around fandom very long and Walker probably knows a lot more of what he is talking about than I know, but based upon what I know, I have to disagree with him.

Loving something like sf means, to me, that it is an integral part of your life, and you really wouldn't be happy without it. That certainly is not bad.

I enjoyed Brazier's article. He either hates the hell out of new wave stuff, or he really likes it, but wrote this critical article and has some Hidden Meanings and Symbolism meshed or mashed in it somewhere to give it Relevancy and Purpose so that people will be able to see that new wave has shortcomings just like everything else, but the people will realize that there are Hidden Meanings and Symbolism meshed or mashed somewhere in the article to give it Relevancy and Purpose, so it really doesn't mean what it says and new wave is perfect after all and the article proves it. Or like I said before, Brazier may just hate the stuff.

-----

#### EXCERPTS:

Dick Geis: I know you're real. Anybody who sends me money is real. Err... you did send me money, didn't you? ((It was counterfeit, Dick. Do you still beleive I'm real?))

Darrell Schweitzer wrote about attending the Clarion writer's workshop:

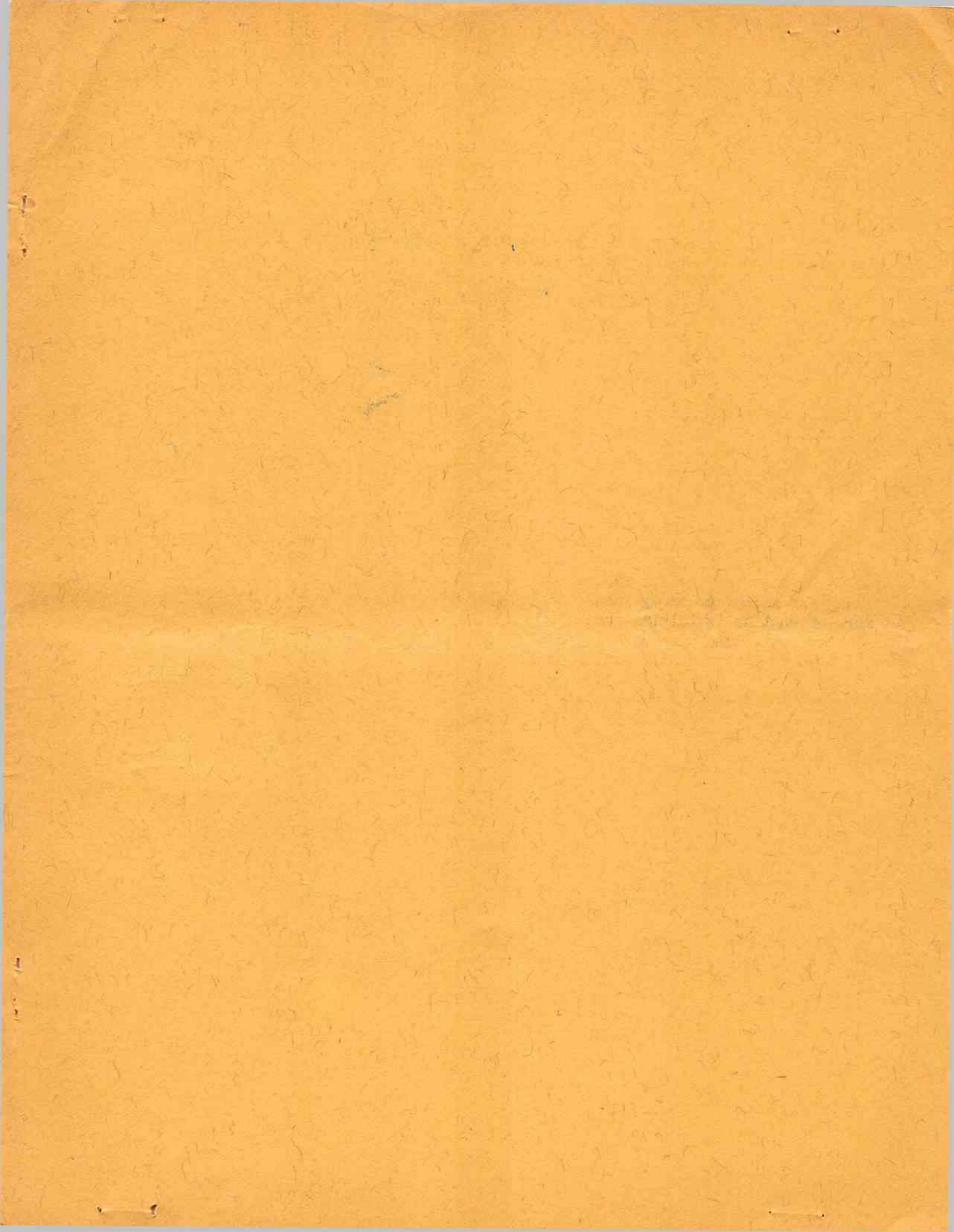
Harlan Ellison even defended a story of mine in class, dis-appointing those who were hoping to meet a shaken Schweitzer coming home with a tale of bloody slaughter. Alas, no such luck.

-----  
WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Frank Denton with a short note just prior to leaving for Europe, and William Wilson Goodson, Jr., Michael Donaghue, Robert Keith Willis, Jr. with sticky quarters, and from Rose Hogue, Doug Leingang, Dick Patten, Ed Lesko, Jr., Dave Szurek, John Carl, and Brett Cox.

-----  
END OF LOCS. NOW TO SEE IF I'M STILL ABLE TO GET UP OUT OF THE CHAIR AFTER TYPING THEM ALL IN ONE STRETCH. WISH ME LUCK.  
-----









Oh... I finally  
found a home.



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