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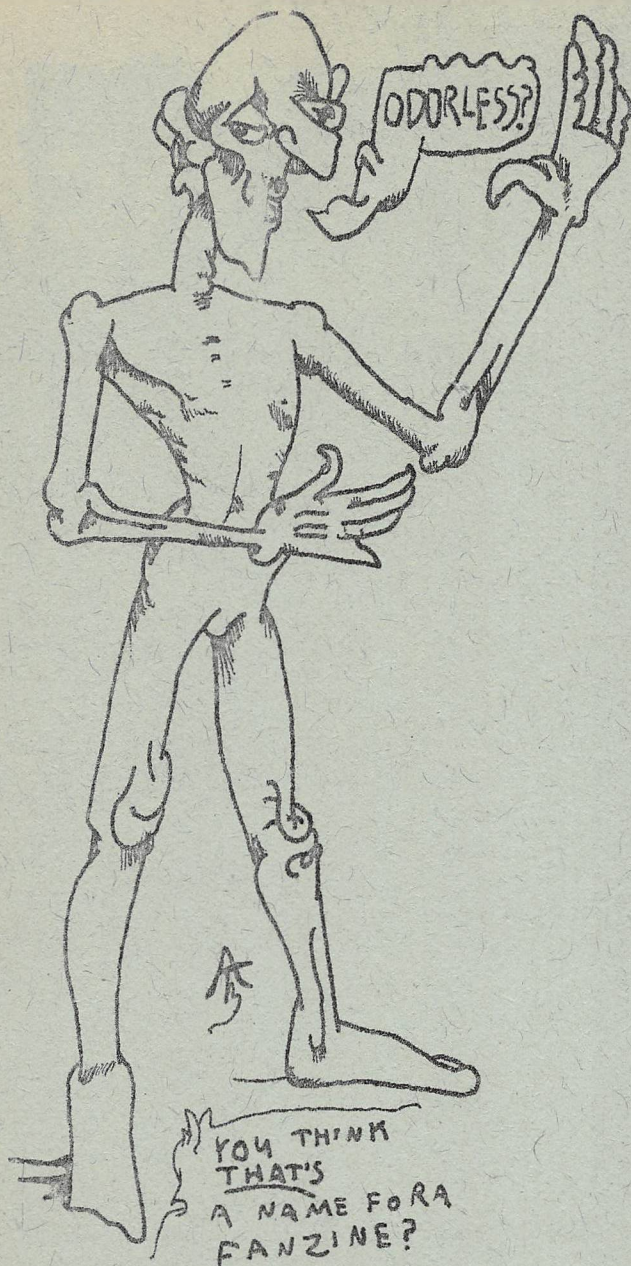
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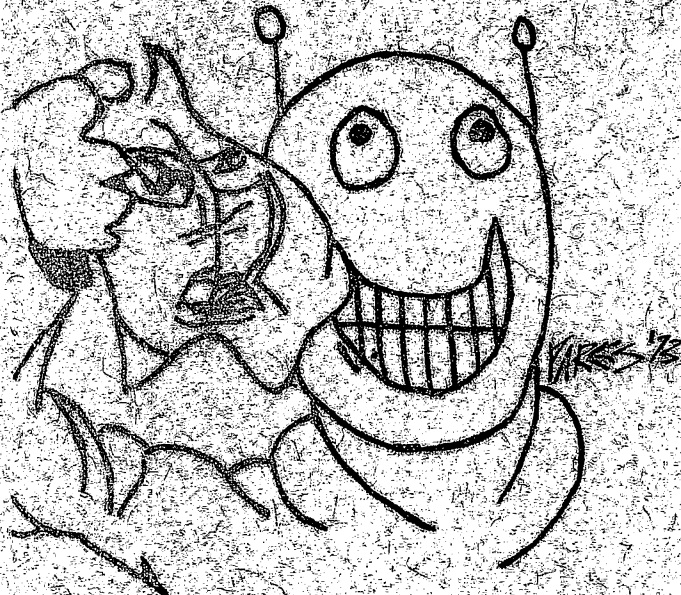
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AND NOW...

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the
king
in
plural

INTRODUCING
THE REAL

BRUCE B. ARTHURS

Quite a few readers mentioned in their ltrcs that they thought Sheryl Birkhead's cover last issue was quite well done. I fully agree, and must apologize for the fact that that cover was a horribly botched reproduction and came nowhere near the quality and detail of the original.

Sheryl's original drawing did not have the large black areas on the knife handle and blade that were on the finished cover; those areas were originally a striped halftone, with lines indicating where the hilt and blade had been carved decoratively. It was a very impressive drawing, and I'm extremely sorry that I wasn't able to show it to you in the manner in which it was presented to me.

I took the cover drawing down to the Quik Print shop in Petersburg, where I was told that it would be ready in about an hour. I spent the time at the Colonial News bookstore (which, I happily discovered, had come under new management and now carried a much larger selection of sf than previously). I returned to Quik Print, where the printed covers were laid on the counter. You can imagine my dismay when I saw those marvelous, "carved" areas of the drawing reduced to solid black.

"The reason it came out like that," the clerk explained, indicating the striped halftone on the original, "is that this striped stuff isn't ac-

tually black and white; the areas between the black stripes are actually a very light gray. And my plate-making machine can't tell the difference between gray and black, so it came out solid black." He put the covers into a plastic bag. "That'll be three dollars."

I was rather perturbed, not only at the repro on the covers, but also at the fact that the clerk had gone ahead, printed up the entire batch and made out the bill, without waiting to see if I was willing to accept work so drastically different from the original.

This in itself was enough to make me think twice about returning to Quik Print, but this was not yet the last straw. Those (two last straws? a contradiction in terms, maybe, but true) occurred when: 1) I flipped thru the stack of covers and found that many of the copies near the bottom of the stack were smudged all across the top of the paper, and 2) when collating the issue, I flipped over the covers, and discovered on several dozen copies that the back side of the paper had, already printed, stationery from a motel! That bastard had printed part of my work on his waste copies! Needless to say, this issue will have a new printer.

So, to Sheryl and to all the readers, my apologies. I'll try to keep an occurrence like that from happening again.

+++++
As you may have noted, this issue actually contains advertising! I'll add a word or two of my own: There's some damn good bargains in Hyperion's ad; many of their books have previously been almost unattainable and commanded quite high prices on the collector's market. I myself will be placing an order for The Immortal Storm and Stapledon's Darkness and Light, and possibly one or two more.

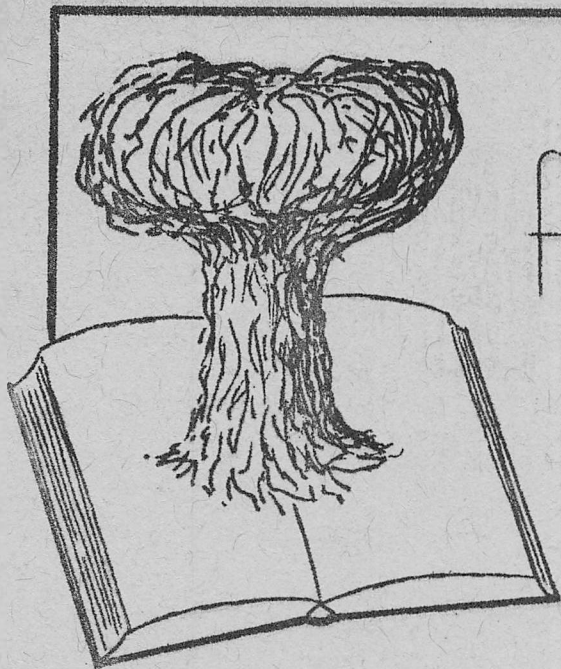
Also, Hyperion Press had previously had a deadline of February 15, 1974 on their pre-publication discount. However, upon learning that this issue of GODLESS would probably not be out until February or March, they were kind enough to remove that deadline. Therefore, if you receive this after February 15th, you can still buy their books for the lower prices. (Though, of course, one must be reasonable about it; don't wait til 1989 before sending in your order, for instance.) I think that's a mighty nice gesture. They must be trufans at Hyperion.

+++++
A few more apologies for repro are in order: I see upon examining the stencils that the lettercolumn, especially the 2nd and 3rd pages, is rife with punched out o's and p's and other letters. Sorry; I switched typewriters on those two pages, saw what was happening, and switched back to the first typer, which only gave me trouble with the left margin, and not too much with the letters themselves.

Also, I neglected to include the Zip Code on Brad Park's address. It's 06095. As you have no doubt noted already, not only does Brad write weird letters, he also draws weirdly. But good. It's a tossup between him and Bruce Townley for Weirdo Fanartist of the Year.

+++++
NEXT ISSUE: Cover by Brad Parks, and a hilarious article by Dave Locke (which I'm going to try to get Jackie Franke to illustrate) are scheduled for sure. The rest hasn't been decided on yet, or written yet for that matter, though several people have promised me reviews.

- Bruce D. Arthurs



A STORY TO REMEMBER

by Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, MO 63131

Why is one story remembered in vivid color while another languishes in a pea-green fog?

First, there's the story that brought you in out of the cold, into the fireplace warmth best expressed by, "Man! This is it! This is what I was looking for!" Perhaps for the gradually awakening fan, there is no such first story, but for the fellow or gal who led a normal, mundane youthful pursuit and then was shocked into glaring awareness by one, brittle, incisive exposure (as I was) the moment of happening will never be forgotten.

So it was in the summer of 1934 when a copy of *ASTOUNDING* was stuck into my hand by a friend as young as I (17) accompanied by the words: "Here, read this, you'll like it." What an understatement! That first story I read sent my mind spinning, so much so that I couldn't fall asleep. Like it! Man, I loved it! *THIS IS IT!*

I will never forget the story: "Colossus" by Donald Wandrei. Of course, the story was the right one - it dealt with a scientist in a world (later revealed to be a super-world), looking through a microscope (which I had fun doing myself), and the hero popped through the glass slide while travelling in his spaceship at the distant end of the universe. I see now the debt the story owed to Fitzjames O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens" and also to the Ray Cummings atom stories. The story combined scientists (my boyhood idols), atoms, and the cosmos. There are any number of other authors, other stories, that would not have had the same effect. All the other stories in that particular issue of *ASTOUNDING* have faded completely from my memory.

So that's one way a particular story is remembered. Now, as I write this, I call up other stories that stick on the surface. And I am forced to state that the second way is mechanical; it is simply a

matter of recency. And thus, I remember Rendezvous with Rama, and I keep remembering it because of the comet Kohoutek. What if...what if, just for this moment of fantastic pleasure, Kohoutek was not a cosmic ice-cube but instead a cylinder, a globe, a cube measuring ten miles in "diameter"? The interesting fact that it is 100 to 1000 times larger than the nucleus of most comets, and supposedly last approached Earth 10,000 years ago conjures this hypothesis.

The astute reader will have gathered from that last paragraph that a third reason was given for remembering a story, i.e. something in the tale related to an external reference. This reference might be a mundane situation in society: politics, war, pollution, an invention, et cetera, but something about which the reader of the fiction might have had an intense interest. Then, again, the reference might be strictly personal, though external in structure. For instance, the story might relate to the first airplane you flew, the ham radio you made, or the day your hand got stuck in the pickle jar - who knows in what strange and twisted ways a particular story will thus be forever engraved in your memory.

A fourth way: the story contained a gimmick or an idea so powerfully developed that the reader can hardly forget it. I am thinking now of Stanley Weinbaum's "The Adoptive Ultimate". Perhaps the reason I cite this particular story is that the idea was an extension of all the biology books I had read. If your field was chemistry, say, you would perhaps cite something different.

If a story stimulated you to engage in a non-fiction study of a, to you, new field of interest, you could hardly forget that stimulus. And, lo, we have the fifth way. In my case I think of A. E. Van Vogt's The World of Null-A, and how it said to me: "Brazier, go forth and buy Korzybski's Science and Sanity and see what this semantics thing is all about. And so I did. And, as a result, I will never forget Null-A."

There are some who would remember a story for the unusual, the lovable, the detestable, the beautiful character the author portrayed. Remember Jack Williamson's Giles? Remember...? Frankly, this sixth way does not act too strongly for me. For instance, I will never forget Ylla, but I remember Bradbury's story of that same name for more than just a character. And that brings me to the seventh and final way a story is never forgotten.

There is some emotional effect, either consciously recognized or not, and derived from any element or combination of all the fictional elements, i.e. from plot, character, style, theme, etc. Perhaps this way is broad enough to require sub-divisions, but I will let several examples suffice to show that this final way is multifaceted.

First, there's the story that scared the bejabbers out of you. I immediately remember H. P. Lovecraft's "The Statement of Randolph Carter", a story whose last few words sent the hair creeping up my neck, literally. HPL achieved the same effect with one of his "Fungi from Yuggoth", a sonnet that ended with a line which memory alone tells me went, "And from below he heard those clumping feet." The memory of both of these is clear; not so clear as far as what actually transpired in the story is Sturgeon's "It". Forgive me if this story was written by Kuttner, but as I told you, what I remember is that "It" shook me up, and I recall the shaking but not the shaker.

Second, there's the story that gave you dozens of belly laughs. Robert Bloch is the guy who used to do that to me.

I stuck the preceding short paragraph in there to take your mind off any nightmare story you had hoped to forget and haven't. So now, if you've chuckled over a remembered bit of humor, let's return to the emotion of fear. I have just read a story scheduled for the first issue of DORIC which has given me the frights. It is called "Menace", and it's written by a fan, Eric Mayer. And what scares me is that the menace is real, and acts, but I don't know what in hell it is! Whatever it is, I'm deathly afraid of it.

Earlier, I mentioned "Ylla". This is a story I have read at least seven times, and for some unconscious reason it demands, again and again, to be remembered and to be re-read. Possibly there's an empathy involved, an empathy generating so much sympathy that I submit myself to torture which, for some perverse reason, I enjoy.

Would you do this experiment? Without refreshing your mind by looking at lists of stories or book contents, jot down some stories that you remember. Opposite each story place a number from one to seven; take note of the way in which you remembered a story. Perhaps you will find an additional way. In case editor Arthurs is not interested in further exploration of this idea, send the material to TITLE.

((Arthurs speaking. Don't send it to TITLE! I'd be very interested to see what sort of stories you come up with. Remember, though, that this is not any survey of the "Best" of anything; you might come up with some truly terrible, atrocious story that you'd be ashamed to admit having read under any other circumstances, but put it down anyway. And don't wait until you make out a loc before writing the list: this is something that depends on your immediate and spontaneous responses, before you can do any mental sorting of candidates. DO IT NOW! I've left an empty space on this page; pull out a pencil or pen and jot down your lists, right now, no waiting!))



HAVING FUN

with Douglas Leingang
PO Box 21328 LSU, Baton Rouge, LA 70803

My eye caught a peculiar advertisement in the society section of the newspaper. I read it: "Are you paranoid? Call 123-4567 and leave name and number..." I rang the number and got a recording. After the beep, I gave my name and phone number and hung up. A few minutes later, an uneven but nonetheless friendly voice said on the other end of the phone, "Are you Douglas Leingang?"

I said, "Yes, I am. Who is this?"

The man on the other end did not answer for a few seconds. "Can you prove it - that you are Douglas Leingang? I mean, I've got to know for sure."

Ignoring this, I said, "I'm answering your ad about being paranoid. I'm paranoid and I want to find out what you're trying to do." I waited a few more seconds and said, "Well?"

"Er, can you prove that you are a paranoi~~ac~~ - wait, what's that? I hear something. I hear something, a buzz of some kind. Listen, hang up and I'll try some other pay phone. We may be bugged, I'll get to you later." He rang off.

During the next hour of silence, a cat which always came to my doorstep for food landed on the front porch. I immediately opened up a carton of milk and stirred in a few grains of strychnine. Unfortunately, the cat was not hungry. Also, I stared at every male who passed the house with a curious glance.

The phone rang again, and I took my time answering it, knowing who would be on the other end. "Yes, Howard Hughes residence," I grumbled in my best servant voice. He immediately hung up and called again. "Hello?"

"Is this Douglas Leingang?" It was my paranoid friend. He sounded anxious, and panted through the phone. Upon asking the nature of his demeanor, he remarked confidentially that he had been followed by a Negro, but fortunately had escaped and found the nearest phone booth.

"Now, what's this about that advertisement in the paper?" I asked. He explained that a special organization, like a fraternity, was being formed, and that all paranoiacs were invited to meet at a parking lot downtown. He would call me a half-hour before the meeting that night to tell me which parking lot he would choose.

I got dressed for the meeting, wearing special shoes which upon pressure would release a squirt of red liquid, not unlike blood, on the floor. If that would not work, then my trick glasses would. It would look like my eyes were always focused on the person within a two foot periphery. Luckily I had a bad cold and would be able to sneeze on the other guests.

Before leaving, I dug a large hole in the back yard and placed the sleeping cat inside, quickly covering the pit with mud and grass. On the way to the parking lot, I yelled out the window to passing motorists and stopped abruptly at red lights, making the cars in front to advance.

Just as I had expected: no one was in the parking lot. Maybe there aren't any paranoiacs in the city. I thought, entering the pizza parlor near the parking lot. I winked at the waitresses and bumped into the customers, squirting red liquid over the brick floor, and sneezing into the oyster, cheese, onion, and pepperoni pizzas. Looking at the check later on, I questioned aloud to the waitress her ability to add. She turned around and cried toward the cash register.

Life is but a passing spasm
In an aggregate of cells;
Kiss me, pretty protoplasm,
While your osculation dwells
Glucose-sweet, no enzyme action
Or love-lytic can reduce
Our relations to a fraction
Of hereditary use.
Nuclear rejuvenation
Melts the auricle of stoic:
Love requires a balanced ration -
Let our food be holozoic;
Let us live with all our senses
While anabolism lets us
Till - with metaplastic fences
Some katabolism gets us,
Till, potential strength, retreating
Leaves us at extinction's chasm;
And, since time is rather fleeting,
Kiss me, pretty protoplasm.

- from Pinnley Wren, by Philip Wylie, 1934

DARKOVER

AN INFORMAL APPRECIATION

by Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

Every time I've heard the Marion Z. Bradley Darkover books mentioned, the spiel begins with a mention of the sun and the world itself. Well, without hunting the books up, I couldn't tell you much on that score because that simply isn't what interests me about the books. Let me first (one and only time) say that the books aren't and never will be classics - but to me they have something - which quite bluntly hasn't been in a lot of the classics and is also unstateable.

The Darkover books are basically the stories of a world steeped in tradition where mental powers are bred into (and breeding done to get!) the aristocracy. I believe the sun is dying and the world is subject to changing weather - cruel elements and a variety of storms. In this world there also live a variety of older forms, most of whom are legends and only seen infrequently - but do exist! It is the saga of interpeoples strife and of new ways breaking/fighting with the old - and above all, a world fighting for existence.

What draws me to the books is the portrayal and handling of aliens - both human (so to speak) and the indigenous peoples of Darkover. I've always been fond of alien stories wherein the aliens are "people", not just props to be moved from scene to scene. They live and breathe.

Too often I've found that science INTRUDES on a story - and too frequently in an unnatural manner - but this isn't true of the Darkover books. In fact, they might lean a little to the other extreme. I'd hazard a guess that the books at some time may be classed as juveniles, EXCEPT - one notable exception being the DAW book of the series which is the only compassionate rendering I've ever seen of a man's love for another man. I was very surprised with the book, and VERY pleased that such a feeling story had been printed.

Then too, I like the idea of mental powers and the jewels to focus them - not a particularly new or novel idea, but I like the way it is tied into

the genetic makeup of the Darkover aristocracy. (Of course, it may also be partly due to the fact that the powers are all associated with red hair and both my brother and sister have that.)

Perhaps it is just that I've been away from a good old fashioned adventure story for too long. Whatever the reasons, I thoroughly enjoyed the tales.

See, I can't analyse why I liked them and I'm not trying to be an authority on them; I don't have the information necessary for a real article right here at the fingertips. Unfortunately, I do know several people who are authorities on the subject, but neither of them has gone into active fandom and I'm not sure how they would react to being queried on an article.

Well - that's about it. I'm sure that everyone who has read any of the books may feel differently about them and I'm dredging thoughts up from memory, not from the books themselves, so I might (very probably) be wrong anywhere along the line of my information. I found a few of the circumstances a bit too contrived to be believable, but not so much so that it destroyed my enjoyment of the story as a whole. There is definitely room for more books - many a loose end begging to be woven, and I can only hope they are forthcoming!

I think that's about all I have to say about the books - as you can see, I don't write in a very disciplined manner and I'm afraid about anything I tried to call an article would just be a target for hoots of laughter by anyone who read it with an analytical eye! Hence, the "informal appreciation" of the title. But, I do hope I've expressed a bit about how I feel about the books and why!

+++++

AN INFORMATIVE ADDENDUM

by Marion Z. Bradley, Box 352, Berkely, CA 94701

The Darkover novels are as follows:

STAR OF DANGER, Ace, circa 1965.

SWORD OF ALDONES/THE PLANET SAVERS, Ace Double, circa 1961/2. It was, I think, nominated for a 1962 Hugo.

THE BLOODY SUN, Ace, 1964.

THE WORLD WRECKERS, Ace, 1971.

WINDS OF DARKOVER, Ace, 1969/70.

DARKOVER LANDFALL, DAW Books, 1972/3.

There is one other due to be issued some time in 1974, called, in my working title, SPELL-SWORD OF DARKOVER. It will also be DAW Books. Wollheim has indicated that he may change the title to SWORDSPELL OF DARKOVER.

There has been a great deal of controversy as to whether THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE is, or is not, a Darkover novel. It was written before any of the others, published in 1957 or thereabouts, and I used some of the background - the Dry Towns, etc. - which was later to be used in the Darkover

novels. I personally think of it as belonging to the series, but it doesn't really "fit in". But it does have many things in common with the Darkover books.

The proper chronological order is; DARKOVER LANDFALL, STAR OF DANGER, WINDS OF DARKOVER, THE BLOODY SUN, THE PLANET SAVERS, SWORD OF ALDONES, and WORLD WRECKERS. SPELL-SWORD will fit between DARKOVER LANDFALL and STAR OF DANGER.

Yes, there will be others. I am working on one to be called FREE AMAZONS OF DARKOVER, but no data available.



"Anything can happen. Suppose the Martians come? Suppose - suppose my brother Tom, while hunting for heathen to convert, runs across a race of people more handsome than human beings we know, who mature in six days, who are immune to venereal disease and cannot impregnate or be impregnated by any other race? Suppose he brings these folk to America and Europe as curiosities and in a year the world is overrun with perfect gigolos and whores? What then? Are our schoolchildren ready for it? Are our bankers prepared for it? Are our churches in shape to cope with it? They are not. God's round eyes! Our novelists would write about it after the fact, but how many would attack the problem in advance of its discovery? Ah, how few!"

"No doubt if the first men to reach Mars find absolutely nothing alive there they will nevertheless have many and many a bad moment just because of their own nerves. I had plenty in Canada. I don't mean unpleasantnesses - such as getting caught in a whirlpool that had no place to be where it was, or being bayed by wolves; I mean - the psychic kind. If you knock around the unpopulated regions long, you'll soon see why Mr. Kipling's invention of the Red Gods was plausible, and why people believe in white things under the sea, and why Mr. Poe's Mr. Pym embarked southward on a highly credible junket."

-selections from Finnley Wren, by Philip Wylie, 1934

a dearth



This is going to be an angry article. Angry because I am sick of seeing high-handed, elitist "critics" like James Blish, George Turner, John Foyster and others, denegrating some of the small-fry "critics" and book reviewers among the fannish ranks. Why is it that "critics" of such great renown have such a remarkable preoccupation with asserting the worthlessness of the peanut-gallery "critics"? The answer, it seems, is that this process of belittling others is the best way for them to maintain their own tenuous claim to the title of CRITIC.

It is amusing to observe that even the upper echelon of "critics" can not resist sniping at one another. Thus, one finds Jame Elish making the outrageous statement in More Issues At Hand that "...it is profoundly dissatisfying for a creative writer to find that half the informed technical criticism he can find in his chosen field has been written by himself under a pen name." To which I can only reply: "Yes, but only for a writer with such an over-inflated ego that he would actually believe such drivel." At the same time, one finds Franz Rottensteiner dismissing Blish in favor of Stanislaw Lem, which is understandable since he is Lem's agent.

In GODLESS 4 Paul Walker articulated an idea that has been kicking around in my mind for a long time. That is, that almost no interpretive criticism of SF exists. My intention is to discuss this point because I think it is extremely important and that it is generally unrealized by fans. Notice, for instance, that no one in the lettercolumn of GODLESS 5 commented on

of criticism

by Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early Street, Alexandria, VA 22302

this point.

Literary criticism can be divided into four categories: historical, theoretical (by which I mean, that which attempts to answer such questions as "What is SF? What is SF's appeal?" etc.), technical (the sort of criticism that Blish writes for the most part, in which he analyzes the mechanics of a story with little regard for content), and interpretive (which attempts to understand the structure of meaning within a story and to discuss the ideas presented).

The historical has, I suppose, a nostalgic, antiquarian appeal and serves to keep the entire field in perspective. This is nice, but of what practical use is historical criticism to the reader who has no interest in such matters? The answer is, it serves as a record of which stories have been considered good down through the years. Thus, it is possible that the reader will benefit by using it to guide his choice of reading matter.

Theoretical criticism can be interesting, but its appeal seems to be that of esoteric trivia. The analogy to certain primary philosophical questions is inevitable: both are involuted probings that are doomed to inconclusiveness simply because people differ in perception. So, theoretical criticism is a nice mental exercise, but of little use to the reader.

Many people have tried to build a great case around the idea that technical criticism is instructive to writers, but I have never seen an attempt to prove this assertion with facts. Even if the theory was proven by a specific example, I would still be dubious of the widespread effectiveness. As a matter of fact, I do not think very much of a potential for instruction even exists in technical criticism. I say this because although technical criticism may be a very fine thing for telling a writer how not to write, it hardly helps solve the far more important concern of how he should write. The only value of technical criticism lies in its use as a semi-objective substantiation of the basically subjective value-judgement that is rendered when reviewing a work.

Of the four forms of criticism, interpretive criticism functions on the highest level. This is because interpretive criticism is the most useful to the reader in that it has the capability to enhance one's enjoyment of a work by increasing one's understanding of the work.

A quick categorizing of most of the professional critical literature reveals the source of my displeasure with the so-called "critics". Each work is categorized according to its primary slant:

HISTORICAL CRITICISM

1. Explorers of the Infinite and Seekers of Tomorrow by Sam Moskowitz.
2. A Requiem for Astounding by Alva Rogers.
3. Lovecraft: A Look Behind the Cthulhu Mythos by Lin Carter.
4. Billion Year Spruce by Brian Aldiss.

THEORETICAL CRITICISM

1. "An Experiment in Criticism" by C. S. Lewis.
2. The SF Novel - a collection of essays.
3. New Maps of Hell by Kingsley Amis.
4. "On Fairy-Stories" by J. R. R. Tolkien.
5. The series of articles in FANTASTIC by Alexei and Cory Fanshin.

TECHNICAL CRITICISM

1. In Search of Wonder by Damon Knight.
2. The Issue at Hand by James Blish.
3. Of Worlds Beyond edited by Lloyd Eschbach.

TECHNICAL-THEORETICAL

1. More Issues at Hand by James Blish.

TECHNICAL-HISTORICAL

1. The Science Fiction Handbook by L. Sprague deCamp.

HISTORICAL-THEORETICAL

1. Pilgrims Through Time and Space by J. O. Bailey.

HISTORICAL-THEORETICAL-TECHNICAL

1. Imaginary Worlds by Lin Carter.

INTERPRETIVE-HISTORICAL-TECHNICAL

1. Heinlein in Dimension by Alexei Panshin.

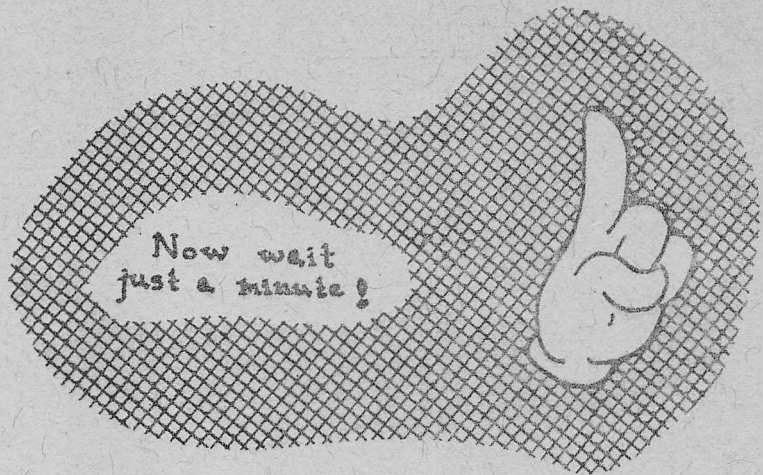
Three works do not appear in these lists because I have not read them. These are Reginald Bretnor's Modern Science Fiction, Sam Lundwall's SF: What It's All About, and Jack Williamson's H.G. Wells: Critic of Progress.

The only interpretive criticism I know of in the professional field consists of one chapter in The Issue at Hand, in which Blish discusses Stranger in a Strange Land, and Alexei Panshin's Heinlein in Dimension. Despite what some people would have you believe, the best criticism published to date has appeared in fanzines. A few examples of superb criticism functioning at its highest level, that of the interpretive, are: Steven Dimeo's brilliant essay, in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, vol. 5, #1, "Psychological Symbolism in Three Early Tales of Invisibility"; "Challenge and Response: Poul Anderson's View of Man" by Sandra Miesel (RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY 4-2); "Science Fiction As Will and Idea: The World of Alfred Bester" by Jeff Riggensbach (RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY 5-3); and Bruce Gillespie's series on the novels of Brian Aldiss, which has appeared in SF COMMENTARY.

At this point the inescapable question of "Why?" arises. Why is there so little interpretive criticism in the SF field? True though it is that interpretive criticism is more difficult to write, I hasten to point out that there is no lack of it in mainstream literature, therefore the answer lies elsewhere. I do not know for sure what the answer is, but at the moment I would hesitantly suggest that perhaps science fiction offers little to interpret. Which brings us back to what Paul Walker said in GODLESS 4. I like science fiction, but if you will excuse me for now, I have an appointment to keep with Joseph Conrad in Costaguana.

"The conquest of three unicellular organisms - spirochaetes, gonococci, spermatozoa - will put a period after the word society. It will lead to changes greater than the transition from empire to soviet. It will slay bigger organizations than the Catholic Church. It is of the magnitude of the first word of articulate speech or the first use of fire. And how are you today?"

from Finnley Wren, by Philip Wylie, 1934



roger replies

185-U Explorer Cove
Linwood, NJ 08221
December 17, 1973

Dear Sir:

Normally I don't respond to reviews and such, largely because I don't have time but also because I feel reviews reflect one person's opinion and aren't really all that important.

But I am responding to your review of Ten Tomorrows. Charlie Brown of LOCUS feels that this is a top-notch anthology, and other reviews I have seen concur. Your final comments are strange because my anthologies are generally regarded as either quite good or, even, superior. Reviews from PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY, LIBRARY JOURNAL, ANALOG and so on use such words as "masterful," "frightening," "Not to be missed," etc. can be found about the stories and/or the books as a whole.

In particular your comments about Blish's play are very frustrating since this is considered a classic, and the reactions elsewhere that I have received have been generally enthusiastic, with one response congratulating me on publishing the play for the first time. That it is not original and not a story is not a deception on my part or the publisher's; that it was labeled this way is merely a mistake on the copywriter's part. I never saw the cover proof or else would have corrected same. But, seriously, I did not use the Blish just because it was Blish; and as for using inferior stories by big name authors, I could give you a list of the superior stories I have used (11 of which have recently received Nebula recommendations), and these would far outweigh the inferior ones, at least those you might consider inferior.

But let's take some of your other comments: I found the Silverberg to be devastating, and the fact that it has no plot per se is not a short-coming; the central premise substitutes for the plot and is quite effective in its own right. This is prime Silverberg - and I am not the only person who feels accordingly.

You admit that you felt the Janifer was poor on first reading but a second reading convinced you that it was well-crafted, and worth a Hugo nomination. Now, REALLY, how could you change so drastically? Doesn't this leave your negative conclusions about other stories - which apparently weren't accorded second readings - somewhat suspect?

If all anthologies were comprised entirely of well-written, nicely told stories, it would be just great but your comments along such lines about the Sargent story seem almost an accusation, as though you expect each story to be a Nebula contender and when it is simply "well-written and nicely told," you are upset. I want such results, too, but out of all the stories written each year, only a small percentage are nominated - and yet that doesn't mean that all un-nominated stories are valueless.

The Gerrold story was a story I liked - it was clever, romantic and bitterly downbeat but written with word-rhythm and a feel for emotion, whereas so many stories today are cold and clumsy.

Your concluding comments should really anger the authors - more than I am angered. You have accused them of doing less than their best. If you only knew how prolonged the birth process was for the Silverberg, how carefully he wrote it. If you only knew how well-honed the Sargent is - the version that appeared was the second or third one - I worked carefully with the author to get it just right.

I don't need verbiage desperately. And in many instances - for example, for Epoch - the material comes in unassigned. An author writes a story, decides to send it to me, and if it is right, I buy it. But if not me, then it would probably have been bought by Ben Bova or Silverberg or Foran or Terry Carr or someone else. Can you accuse them of deliberately purchasing inferior material?

What you don't mention is that, since I signed 75 anthologies in three years, I have been able to purchase stories that were unique and pioneering and so on; a group homosexual sex story in Future City was probably far too daring for any of the magazines and was written for me because I promised no restrictions so long as it met the theme of the book - otherwise would it have been done? Probably not.


I have purchased many "first stories" by beginning authors. I have bought stories from long-time pros. Authors now have a genuine choice of an assortment of themes which they didn't have before. Furthermore, since starting a program of novels at Bobbs-Merrill and re-energizing an old program at Pyramid, I can now encourage top-notch material to the extent of 18 novels a year, and that figure will grow shortly, believe me.

I have never heard with conviction the statement that an expansion of markets is bad for authors. What is bad is a shrinking of markets. For example, occult-horror stories. Few good ones are being written because few markets exist. The more encouragement an author gets in the form of finding a market eventually if he writes a good story, the more we will see new blood in this genre and attempts to break new ground.

I carry no animosity and I hope you will see that this letter is simply meant as a reply to your review. You have a right to your opinion: I just felt that you would want to learn of mine.

Thank you -- and all the best.

Cordially,


Roger Elwood

+++++

57th Trans Co
Fort Lee, VA 23801
13 Jan 74

Dear Mr. Elwood:

What the hell are you thanking me for? I should be thanking you for clearing up some misconceptions and taking me down a deserved peg or two.

I now see that my review of last issue could have been much better written. I made assumptions, failed to think lines of thought thru to their conclusion, and failed to fully explain myself in numerous places. A sentence placed here, a new paragraph there, edit out that line over there, and I think the review would have been more satisfactory to both of us.

HOWEVER...in your reply, you also have made assumptions and failed to think things thru. I'd like to point these out and also try to explain the opinions I failed to fully explain last issue.

You assume merely because I failed to state so concerning all the stories, that the only story I bothered to read twice was the Janifer. I try to take my reviewing seriously, Mr. Elwood, and all the stories were read at least twice, several three times, before I put first word on paper. (The reason for the admittedly drastic turnabout on the Janifer story was due to the fact that on first reading, the surprise ending failed to make itself clear to me; quite simply, I didn't know what was happening in the story. The second and more careful reading *snapped* everything into place, and I was able to see just how good it really was.)

As for the Blish play...ah yes, the Blish. I went so far as to call Blish a hack in regard to this story. For this I apologize. As I said, I am prejudiced against works of this type (this fanzine wasn't named GODLESS on mere whim, after all), but I can see that Blish was creative and disciplined in his writing, and doubtless many people would find it enjoyable reading. What irks me, though, is that this work was published in this anthology! You have nine stories dealing with time-travel, legalized murder, organ transplants, electronic personality storage, atomic war, and other themes which any mundane pulled off the street could point to and say, "Yeh, that's some of that there sci-fi stuff, yessir-ee." Then, right in the midst of all this SCIENCE FICTION!, you place a religious allegory! Not only that, but this allegory doesn't even use sfnal ideas for its elements; it could (and should, I think) have been presented much better in a mainstream religious anthology, where it would have fitted much better. Possibly you did purchase the Blish because you thought it was a classic and deserved to be published, but does that play really fit into the context established by the nine other stories printed in Ten Tomorrows? I think not. Publish it, okay, but not in an sf anthology, for Christ's sake! (Now what was that I just said...)

I should have made clear in my comments on Pamela Sargent's story that what I was saying applied specifically to Ms. Sargent, and in no way to the sf field as a whole. Pamela Sargent has undeniable talent; she knows how to write well. Her stories that I've read have always been solidly built, well written, and meet all the requirements of great stories...except that they're dull. I have yet to read one of her stories that has the "pizazz", the inherent energy that makes a story stand out from all the other "well-written, nicely told" stories. There has to be something more than just skill to make a story memorable.

You chastize me rightly for my remarks that your anthologies have caused inferior material to be published. You have published quite a few excellent stories, I admit. I apologize if I gave the impression that you or any other editor deliberately print second-rate material.

However...let's take another look at the market situation. Your payment rates are, I believe, about three to five cents a word, correct? In other words, you're right up there with ANALOG, and you don't have the "image" worries that ANALOG does. These rates mean that most writers will tend to give you first choice of their work. You buy more of it than any other single individual in the field, I'm sure. The cream has been skimmed off.

Now, this means that the other markets, the ones that get second choice, don't have quite the choice that they would have had without you. A re-adjustment takes place all down the line. Marginal stories that a market would have considered before but not published are now bought. And finally, this situation works its way down to the lowest paying market.

AMAZING and FANTASTIC, of course. Over the last year or two, I think that there has been a definite decline in the quality of the stories, particularly the short stories, that Ted White has been publishing. I used to read an issue of AMAZING or FANTASTIC and there'd usually be at least one story per issue that would grab me out of my seat and shoot me full of that ol' Sense of Wonder. Can it be that due to the proliferation of original anthologies and other markets (not you alone, Mr. Ellwood; you're merely the most prolific), that Ted White's manuscript pile, never the best under any circumstances, has been reduced even further?

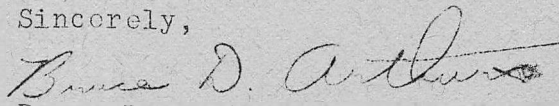
Of course, the increase in markets may inspire some authors to write more than they have previously. And there are the new authors coming into the field. However, I think that, with about a half-dozen exceptions (Gene Wolfe, F. M. Busby, Joe Haldeman, etc.), most of the newer writers have not written or sold enough to make up the difference in markets.

As a result, Ted White, stuck in the bottom of the market, must buy stories that a year or two ago he would have rejected, because he no longer has as much of a choice as he did previously.

Of course, I may be assuming too much and jumping to conclusions again. Ted White will be receiving a copy of this, and I would certainly appreciate a corroboration or refutation of my argument from him.

Until next issue, perhaps, all the best.

Sincerely,


Bruce D. Arthurs

Brad Parks It was night.
562 Kennedy Rd.
Windsor, CT Shadows loomed gloom-
 ily over the brick
houses.

I stood in one of those shadows.

With fleeting feet I sprinted across the grimy sidewalks to the next corner. Breath rushed out of me in torrents, when suddenly a small revolver came up against my head and I heard the hammer click back.

I threw a quick side kick into the man's gut, as his gun went flying. One silenced shot of my .38 had him drowning in his own blood.

I walked on.

After walking through moonlit shimmers, I ducked behind a herd of garbage cans in the front of the hideout.

Three grimy hit men stood in the front door, submachine guns nestled in their arms. I thought and prayed for a moment, then I jumped.

A quick shot had one guy looking at his heart from the outside. Machine gun fire spurted my way, but with a jerky shot, one hit man had no hands to hold the gun with. The last hit man fell dead on the sidewalk from a bullet through the skull.

I ran up, jumping over the corpses, and started up the stairs.

The door swung open, and there he was.

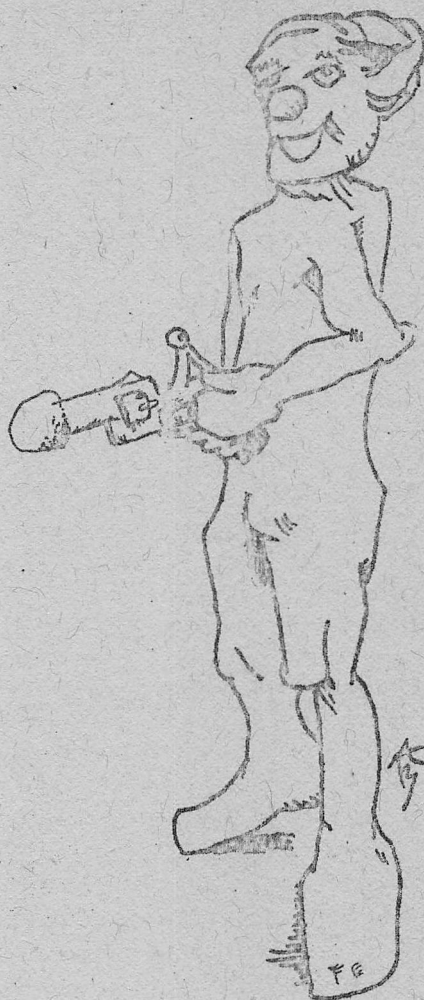
He was a tall, lanky man, smoking a putrid cigar. "Alright, Beau Koch, give it to me!" I yelled.

Before he got to his .22 I shot him once, twice, thrice.

The first shot blasted a finger, the second his leg, as he tried to run towards a window my last shot made a mess of his spine.

I saw it.

I took it off his desk and walked out



MINDSPEAK

with it.

I now had GODLESS #5.

Peace.

((I think there's a maniac on my mailing list.))

Doug Leingang
PO Box 21328 LSU
Baton Rouge, LA
70803

Well, the reason
why you keep get-
ting humorous or
sick articles for
GODLESS might be...

may be...that your tone has been funny
from the start. Besdies locs, you had
those Army stories (Starbird!) in #3,
Brazier's sidesplitting article in #4,

Kennedy's thing in #5. What do you want next - political polemics? Godel's proof? One must admit that the name GODLESS itself is tongue in cheek. And your style of writing is, besides being well-written, provokes laughter.

Hahahahahaha. See? Off-beat humor - you call "Having Fun" off-beat? No humor is off-beat, it is either funny or not funny. Or both. Or neither. You see the point I'm trying to make? Neither do I. Of course, you wouldn't want another KWALHIOQUA (and one is quite enough), but humor isn't wrong. Or is it?

I see your problem in getting adequate contributions. Your slant hasn't been as, er, slanty as it should be. I've got no answers for you.

Just got finished writing Bruce Townley. Talk about off-beat, that character is. His artwork is odd, but good, and there is a great future for him designing toilet paper.

As for Jim's article, it's faanish. Tries to be funny, but it doesn't quite come off. A problem has arisen in this, however, since you have noted that the article came from various letters. A caution: never use locs as article material. Locs are more often than not written person to person, not person to fandom. If you changed the above to a humorous, riotous article, it would fail. "Having Fun" was meant for a general audience, while this is "eyes only."

As for the book reviews, they were well written, but neither wild horses or pickles can get me to spend money on books, except postage for my own stuff. With the minimum price of a thinny book to be 95¢ plus tax, it isn't easy to keep a good library of sf books. The last sf book I bought was in March 73. Heinlein. Fear No Evil. Waste of money.

Kevin Williams I usually like serious discussions of
2331 S. 6th sf, even though, most
Springfield, IL of the time, I haven't
62703 read the books
being discussed. Of the books talked about in GODLESS #5, I haven't read Ten

Tommorows (sounds like a ripoff of Asimov's Nine Tomorrows), Wolfwinter, and Time Enough For Love. The last really surprised me since I had thought I had read all of Heinlein's books except for Starman Jones. TFFL must not be in paperback yet. ((Just out. Costs \$1.95. Eeeyyyaaaaaahhhhhh....))

I did read Trullion: Alastor 2262 in AMAZING. I thought it was alright, but I wouldn't give it a Hugo. For one thing, it was too complex. I like complex stories, but only when the characters are strong enough to provide sort of a reference point. I can't remember any of the characters in Trullion very well. ((Strange, I thought that the characterization was brilliant. Dat ol' debbil, personal opinion, again.)) The Foundation Trilogy, on the other hand, while much more complex by virtue of its size, is not so complex as to bury the characters. Who can forget Salvor Hardin, Hobar Mallow, Ebling Mis, the Mule, etc? ((Who?))

As for the people who are against the "New Wave"; what exactly are they against? I have never seen anyone define the difference between "Old Wave" and "New Wave", they just make up this label and stick it on various writers. It's a very interesting fact that all the writers who have been labeled "Old Wave" have denied it. Certainly, there are some differences between "Old Wave" and "New Wave" (I prefer, if labels are necessary, "Traditional" and "Nontraditional") but they're not integral differences. It's all sf. "New Wave" is a particularly stupid name, since nontraditional stories are not new, and there is no such thing as just one "wave" of them. Each separate story is a wave, or at least a ripple, in itself. Alfred Bester was writing stories in the Fifties that, if they were published in the Sixties, would have been called "New Wave", but I have never heard Bester called a "New Waver" because of such stories as "Fondly Fahrenheit", "The Pi Man", "The Starcomber", etc.

I like sf, damn it, and I'm not going to dislike some portion of it just because it's a little different.

According to Tony Cvetko, I guess I love sf. Since it is an integral part of my life and I wouldn't be happy without it, but I hesitate to apply the word "love" to anything except people.

Ben P. Indick Altho I would have
428 Sagamore Ave. preferred the til-
Teaneck, NJ le page title of
07666 the zine reading

from left to right and not upside down, that certainly is a beautiful G. Sheryl has outdone herself for this lovely contemporary version of an antique art. Her cover is interesting as well. She must be one nice person....

Otherwise, page 5...doggonit, Bruce, a "number of letters have gone back and forth between Jim and" - ME! Not I! Shame!

No, Jim hasn't written to me, BPI, but to you, accusative case object of a preposition you. ((Who?))

Otherwise, the grammar is impeccable, and the article is cute.

Your review of the Elwood book is good. Personally, I appreciate such complete, summarizing reviews, since they tell me specifically whether I'll care to bother with a book. In this one, I am tempted by Malzman's story, since it uses the Hebrew term (Yiddish really) for commemoration of the anniversary of a death of a loved one. Each such annual anniversary is remembered by reciting a memorial prayer. I don't know how much the story has to do with it really, and I shall not be looking into it either; however, it is interesting to contemplate. Malzman, by the way, apparently lives about one block from me! He was written up in a local newspaper a while back; a fecund, prolific writer, who knocks out at least as much porn as sf. I have not ever looked him up; but then again, he has not looked me up either, so we're even. It is not a matter of breathlessness wondering which will crack the ice.

The letters were nice, and I won't

necessarily disagree with Mike Glicksohn either. Of course I do not really opt for loc-less issues, especially when they are interesting, as your selection this time indeed is.

Bratt Cox GODLESS 5 was a good
Box 542 issue - an improve-
Tabor City, NC ment, I think, over
28463 the previous one. The
 art is all good, repro
is very legible - all making for an ex-
cessively easy to read-and-enjoy zine.

However: the zine was a bit thin in co-
contents, as you pointed out. I real-
ize that this isn't your fault, but I
hope you can make some improvement in
the future.

As for what there was: your editorial
was interesting. I applaud your at-
tempts at making GODLESS a more serious
minded zine. You can't hardly find
them kind no more.

I perceived "Black Fedora" as boring.
Sorry. ((You sure will be. Jim's get-
ting his scimitar sharpened right now,
after hearing that opinion.))

I haven't read the Vance book, but I
strongly - STRONGLY - disagree with
your review of the Elwood anthology.
The stories that you found to be the
worst in the book - by Silverberg,
Pangborn, Blish, and Gernold - I found
to be the best in the book.

Silverberg: You say of it, "It is not
a story, but an emotional outburst,
almost an essay." OK - what's the com-
plaint? It's a good outburst, and ex-
cellent fictional-essay. I loved it.

Pangborn: You say, "Real people just
wouldn't talk like that!" Says who?
The story is set in the future in a
society way, way removed from ours.
Who are you to say how the people
would or wouldn't talk? The characters
were not stilted. They were not unreal-
istic. The story was good!

Gernold: Who are you to comment on
probability? How do you know that two
people can't have a perfect love? You
don't. So, since it's not proven, you

should give the author the benefit of the doubt. You probably don't know of anybody who can build a starship, but is that any reason to criticize Tau Zero?

Blish: There's not a lot to say here, except that I like it and though it was very well done. And as for it not fitting into that anthology: who cares? The one thing that struck me about Ten Tomorrows was that it had no theme; the stories in it weren't connected in any way at all.

If you print this, I hope you'll take the time to answer my criticisms and not pull a Ted White cop-out (a la his non-reply to Ellison's charges in OUT-WORLDS). I am truly interested in what you have to say.

((Sigh. Silverberg: I felt that it would have been more enjoyable in a more traditional format. Pangborn: The society was not that far removed from our own; with few changes, it could have taken place on campus today. And I object to people from the future talking in 20th century Cute and Wit-ty. Gerrold: show me. Sorry, but I'm a cynical bastard, and I still find it unrealistic. Blish: see my comments to Elwood. Ten Tomorrows had, if not a theme, at least a context established by the other stories published in it, and Blish's paly violated this context.

((The reason for the emphasis on the I is because I'm trying to make the point that book reviews are never Holy Writ, but merely the opinions and/or reactions of a single individual. O-pinions differ; there are some books I've enjoyed which almost everyone else has derided as the worst trash of the decade. But their opinions don't keep me from enjoying the book anyway, and my opinions usually don't change their minds either.))

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

Yes, this was a weak issue (though still very enjoyable and relaxing) but it was quite a shock to open to the first page and read "...this is a weak issue..."

That's just not a good way to start off an issue since it's likely to put the reader in the wrong frame of mind.

The review of the Elwood book was very good, but I disagree with your comment that most plays cannot be read. Some plays are actually better read than seen. The most eminent example of this that I know of is Mourning Becomes Electra by Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill infuses profuse moody description and introspective psychology which is virtually impossible to convey in any staging, but very effective to read. Also, critics generally agree that Shaw's plays are plays to be read rather than staged, and indeed, Shaw's are rarely staged. ((I did say most plays, Mike....))

To my mind your description of the Vance book does not coincide with the high praise you heap on it, but I will read the book nevertheless on the basis of your recommendation alone. You say it outranks "The Last Castle" and The Dragon Masters, but what about The Eyes of the Overworld and The Dying Earth, which in my opinion are Vance's best works. ((Haven't read them yet. Did pick up a copy of The Dying Earth a while ago, but have a couple of other dozen books waiting to be read first.))

I very much resent the way Jackie Franke tries to place the blame on me concerning the Retsler illos. Fact is, I returned the Retsler illos with a short note of thanks in which I stated clearly that I had published the illos in OXYTOXIC 6 and would be posting that issue to him that very same day (as indeed I did).

Mike Gluckschn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 2S3
NEW ADDRESS!

Personally, I don't see anything to be particularly put out about in the fact that some of the

Retsler pieces you used had appeared elsewhere. Assuming you used them because (a) you liked them and (b) they were appropriate in some way, it doesn't seem important that they were not appearing for the first time. I've

often used illos more than once if I liked them, although I admit this is a somewhat different situation. I once published an article that appeared in a British fanzine just prior to appearing in my own zines because the writer, a pro who really should have known better, had sent it to two people without keeping a record of that fact. I didn't really mind, though. It was a good piece, our mailing lists didn't overlap that much and I was pleased to have the opportunity to use it. ((I note an identical situation just occurred with a Cy Chauvin piece that recently appeared in two fanzines almost simultaneously, ANTITHESIS and GRANFALLOON.))

Me, a "professional" editor? Hmm.... But George Beahn is still wrong. Bill never sent me anything other than original material, and I very rarely asked him for stuff. He'd occasionally send us a package of cartoons, which we interpreted as his way of saying thanks for the fanzines we sent him. And in this way we acquired a file of Rotsler cartoons that saw us through many difficulties in layout and design. In fact, I still have large amounts of Rotsler artwork on stencil and will use it in whatever publishing endeavors I'm involved in in the months to come. Bill is the most generous artist in fandom; I've never heard of faneds receiving previously published artwork from him before, although one must assume that George knows of what he speaks. It's strange, to say the least.

As for Sheryl's thoughts on the Rotsler situation, I doubt they apply here. Few faneds fail to use Bill's work, simply because most of it is superb. (I never "discarded" artwork when I was a faned. I had a stated policy of returning artwork on request, and if artists didn't ask for their work back, I kept it. I'm using that backlog now for my new zine, and the best pieces are a valued part of my art collection. Terry Carr used to throw artwork away, he told me, and I was appalled at that fact. Of course, in those days, the fanart was not as complex or as well executed as much of

today's work. I hope no current faneds simply discard used work, though; that is inconsiderate as well as selfish.) Bill doesn't work from pencil sketches, either, so it's unlikely he's inadvertently recreate the same cartoon. He does explore themes in a series of related cartoons, but this is an entirely different matter.

There isn't a lot I can say about the Jim Kennedy letters other than they are mightily well written and extremely amusing. A very fine contribution and I hope we see more along the same lines in future issues. ((Yeh? Wait till you see the Dave Locke article I have scheduled for next issue!))

It seems to me that Phoenix now has a fairly active fan group and published at least one zine. Or did, anyway. And Gail Sutton was a guy, huh? I'd always thought he was a female, although I only ever had the name to go on.

Good for Tony Cvetko! I like him, and the way he thinks so clearly and accurately.

Buck Coulson Route 3 Hartford City, IN 47348	Note to Jim Kennedy: Yes, this is the very same Rotsler who.... I'm rather surprised that he recirculates artwork. There aren't any laws against it, but it really isn't the Thing to Do. Most "recirculated" art in fandom goes by way of the Fan Art Show; YANDRO and other fanzines do- nate used art to the sketch table. Ju- anita always marks out donations as "used" but I don't know that everyone does, and anyway it's easy enough for an editor to buy sketches to use in- stead of cherish as original art. (Ad- vantage of sending used art to the HAS sketch table is that the artist gets <u>paid</u> for any sketches that are sold there.
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Subscription files. I wonder how many fans use a double file system? We have to, because bulk mail must be sorted geographically by the mailer. So our address cards are filed geographically while I keep a separate alphabetical file in a loose-leaf binder. (So that

when George Smurg writes a postcard saying "I just moved to 12345 Tolkein Way" I can find where the hell he used to live and locate his card.) The address card - actually a small ditto master in a plastic frame - contains name, address, and expiration number. The binder contains one sheet per name, covering payments, issues included, changes of address, (handy when someone writes "I'm moving back home for the summer" and lets it go at that) and any other pertinent information that I chance across.

Does Barry Malzberg ever write in the second person? I wouldn't know, having given up reading his stuff (though I just got Phase IV for review so I suppose I'll have to read that), but second person is pretty rare. The only author who used it regularly was H.J. Campbell. (British; edited SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY for years as well as turning out several paperbacks.) He wasn't all that great a writer, but I always rather enjoyed his books because the second person style sounded so weird.

I'd send you some reviews, but I keep them all for YANDRO. I want to keep the publishers convinced that I'm the sort of reviewer they want to send books to, and perhaps convince a few more. (Which I attempt to do by reviewing books that I buy as well as the ones sent in, and sending copies to the publisher and/or author.) When you aren't making a lot of money, every little bit of savings helps.

Chris Sherman I found one major point which
700 Parkview Terrace I hasten to
Minneapolis, MN disagree with.
55416

You think that you have too much presence in GODLESS; I think there should be more. (I learned very quickly after putting out the first issue of ANTITHESIS that I liked the people who do zines better than the material in the zines. I am trying to write much more as a result. There again, we could have drastically differing viewpoints, I don't know.)

Your book reviews are very well done.

I haven't read Trullion yet, but you make me want to. What is the real title of Trullion: Alastor 2263? I have heard or seen it spelled Trullion Alastor 2262, with all sorts of variants. I think a loc in AMAZING pointed this out. I'm assuming that the title on the book is correct, and those in the serial in AMAZING were typos. ((I don't have the book right here to check but I'm pretty sure the proper title is Trullion: Alastor 2262. Or was it 2263? No doubt that one material will drive indexers mad for decades.))

"Mindspeak." About 10 etymologies there. "mind" most probably from Anglo-Saxon gemynd, akin to Old High German minna, which is love or memory; also Danish minde, to consent or vote. "Speak" most likely from Anglo-Saxon specan, also Old High German sprechan, and Sanskrit sphurj, to thunder or crackle. Therefore, the obvious conclusion: consenting to thunder or crackle out of love or memory.

Handy Andy Yahweh Even if the material is a little bit
aka Bruce Townley too light for your
2323 Sibley St. tastes I find it a
Alexandria, VA relief myself. Usually
22311

zines (which, I suppose, is the market you're trying to back into) try to be heavy to such an extreme that they bludgeon to death any more expertly engineered stuff (lighter). I suppose these happy mediums that you strike are pretty much the result of accidents and they should be. TITLE and QUACKACKRACK-CAGLE, um, KWALHIOQUA are also examples of designs through accidents and they are as important as fanzines should be. Like the lettercolumn is something the editor can't consciously control what he gets but you have a very nice one, lotsa meat (porn?). And anyway the age of the heavy fanzine has just about come to an end as that LONG-HAIRED foreigner Bruce Gillespie (ever notice how all the neat people in fandom are named Bruce?) so cogently points out what with all the insane postal hikes and all.

Mike Indick and Ben Glicksahn bring up many interesting points. Unless one is to lapse into Leingangian mysticism and

try to separate friendly letters from serious locs one has just gotta rely on the whims of the editor and why not. I, myself, do find it harder to write letters cause it seems to me that letters are more open to rebuttal and, as everyone knows that is a very uncomfortable situation. Or to put it in the words of Frank Denton: "Send word again when the crocus come up or whenever the fancy strikes (does it leave bad bruises?)." In an article, I feel secure from any shit. "Simple, friendly locs" are a good enough reason for fanzines though.

Another thing, you get some good covers. Ms. Birkhead presents a very arresting design which I refuse to comment upon the Freudian implications of.

Dave Szurek As for reading
4417 Second, Apt B-2 sf, I try to get
Detroit, MI as much of the
48201 stuff that I

want from the li
library - until a few years ago, this may have been more difficult - but the main branch, situated only a few blocks from me, has, in the past few years, gotten into the habit of stocking nearly everything in hardback. This includes almost all stf (though I make no claims to have read "almost all stf") within a month of initial publication. That I don't pay for, keep, and read over and over into infinity, doesn't, I feel, make me any less of an SF fan.

All this hoax bullshit involving fans pretending to be more than one person is growing less than amusing to me. Okay - maybe a few eccentric characters were alright - but when it grows into a fad for everyone and his brother to engage in, and for most of the "respected" "trufen" to view as something outasight, it does tend to become tiresome. Maybe I'll think up an alter-ego when I want to say something good about Dave Szurek. Perhaps I sound like a fakefan grouch and a dumbass, but it does seem the appropriate loc to say a few things I've been thinking about lately. But there aren't any persons I'm trying to insult personally, and I don't even feel I'm insulting that many people generally. Neither am

I sick of the whole affair, nor do I want to gafiate. Okay with that?

Guess I won't be sending Ozanne questionnaire answers - why travel all the way to Australia when I can't tell him all that much in the first place? Haven't kept perfectly filed records of everything I've done and exactly the day I did them. What sort of stuff does Ken regard as "fannish claims to fame"? How many people keep lists of exactly how many fanzines they expect to receive each month? How often a certain person reads any individual prozine isn't really that relevant. I, for one, read fanzines more often than I do prozines - pick up a prozine now and then, but I don't wait at the stands for 'em. The tone of Ken's questions strike me as that of a person so concerned with fannish "prestige" that were I to tell him the prozine I try to follow the closest is CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, he'd say I was the ultimate "fakefan" and deliver flyers asking fanzine editors to cut me off their mailing lists. The "how many BNF's do you know?" question is the one which sets this tone most strongly. Seems Ozanne must be just trying to find out whom are considered the biggest names in American fandom. Or is there something more sinister behing it?

I might have thought up a pleasanter loc were I in a calmer mood at the moment, but I am feeling slightly bitchy and maybe that's it. Ain't usually this way, you know. Cancer fluctuates with the moon and the sea and I don't know what's happening out there tonight.

((Well, Dave, I wrote Ken Ozanne and informed him of your views about the "Who's Who In Fandom". His reply follows.))

Ken Ozanne
The Cottonwoods
42 Meek's Crescent
Faulconbridge, NSW
2776 AUSTRALIA

Sorry about Dave
Szurek's feelings
about the questionnaire. I certainly didn't intend it to be overserious and am perfectly happy with

approximate answers where precision is difficult or impossible. The idea is that a real "Who's Who" would be a service to fandom and that I probably had no chance of producing anything of long-term worth unless I produced an interim edition first to show fandom in general that I have enough tenacity of purpose to carry the thing thru to a conclusion. (After all, I'm just a neo.) Boy, "Fannish prestige"! Wots that? I did give Dave the wrong impression with a vengeance! I hope it is not shared by too many others. Come to think of it, it might be fun to send around flyers asking faneds to cut someone off their mailing lists - but I'd want to do it to someone who knew me well enough to know it was intended as a joke. (Watch out, Bruce!)

I don't think a "Who's Who" or any other book for that matter can give a true picture of what people are like. Hopefully, the eventual volume (not the interim one) will contain as much of the kind of info most fen would like about one another as reasonably possible. In fact, I'm in the market now for advice as to what people would like to know about other fen. It is also clear that I will need collaborators if the big volume is ever to become a reality.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Don Ayres
Frank Balazs
Sheryl Birkhead
Raymond Bowie, Jr.
Tony Cvetko
Buzz Dixon
George Fergus
Eric Ferguson III
Jackie Franke
Ken Gammage, Jr.
Norm Hochberg
Jim Kennedy
Eric Lindsay
Paul Walker
Elst Weinstein
Joe Woodard
Donn Brazier (a bit out of order there; sorry, Donn)

