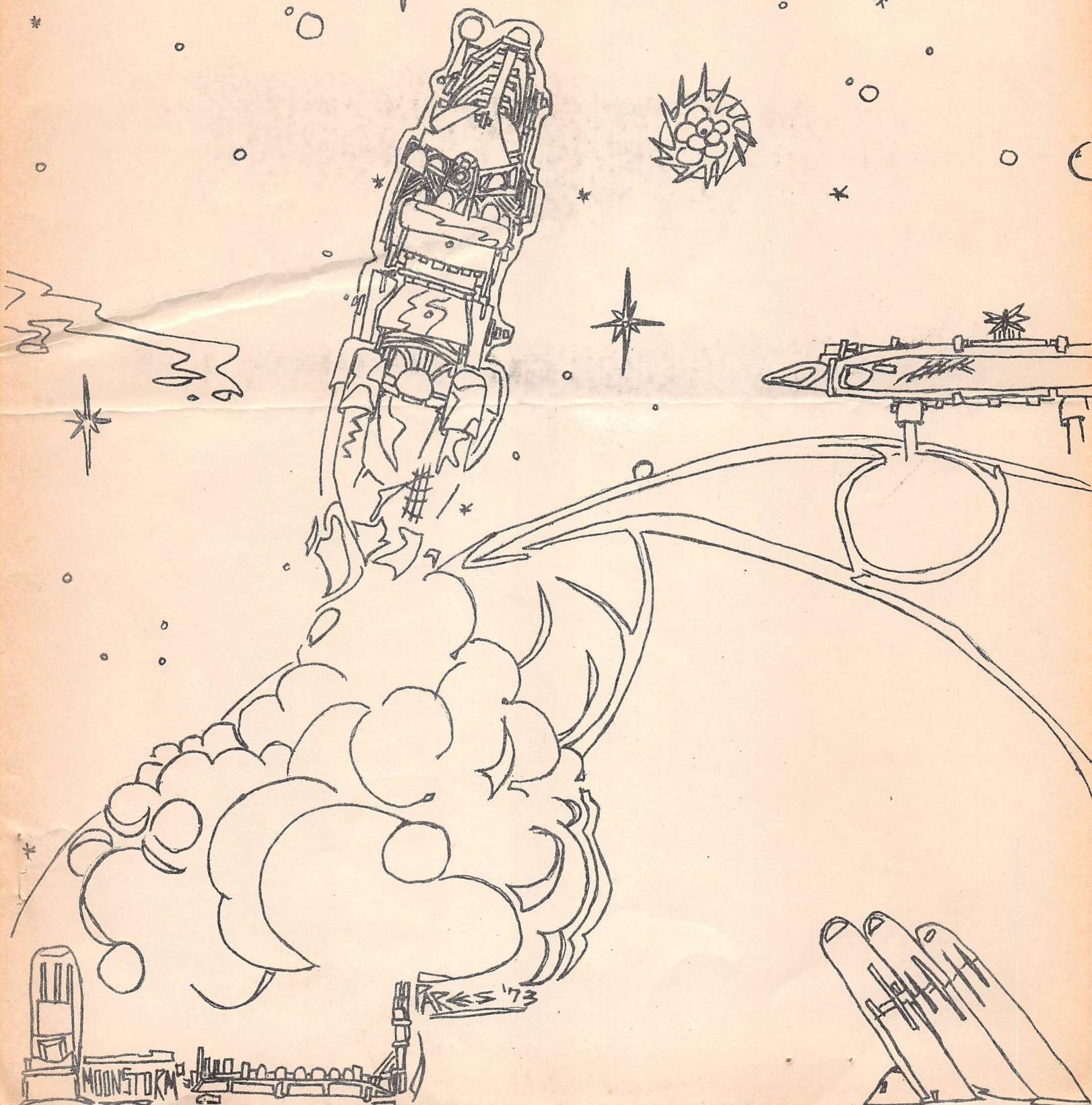


# GODLESS

7











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I am taking a survey to attempt to determine how fast various classes  
of mail travel, on the average. I've already received some data on 1st  
class mail from the readers of POWERMAD, and now I need data on third  
class deliveries. Therefore, it would be greatly appreciated if you  
could make a note on when you received this issue of GODLESS, and drop  
me a card with the information. Many thanks.

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THIS IS A TUCKER FUND FANZINE





# THE KING IN PLURAL

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SUPPORT THE TUCKER FUND: That's a slogan you'll see scattered about elsewhere in this issue of GODLESS. If you haven't yet heard about it, I'll explain:

The Tucker Fund is a special fund being run by Jackie Franke and Bruce Gillespie in order to collect enough money (at least \$1,000) to send Bob Tucker to the 1975 Worldcon in Melbourne, Australia. To the more sercon amongst you, Bob Tucker may be better known as Wilson Tucker, author of The Year of the Quiet Sun, The Long Loud Silence, Wild Talent, and other well known science fiction novels, as well as a number of mystery books such as The Chinese Doll.

In fandom, Bob Tucker is also known under another name, that of Hoy Ping Pong, as well as his own, and has been a Big Name Fan for longer than most fans have been alive! He is one of the mythic characters of fandom, and the legends that have grown around him defy belief. The Tucker Hotel, for instance, was one of those legends, about which I learned the facts only recently...my mind has not yet recovered. Though no longer quite the actifan he once was, Tucker can still be found in an occasional fanzine, usually YANDRO, and can be found gracing numerous conventions.

Because of Tucker's many memorable contributions to both fandom and the science fiction world, someone has finally come up with a suitable way to reward him for his services. The trip to the Australian Worldcon is one that Tucker would never be able to swing by himself; what we can do is supply the experience for him.

To do this, several steps are being taken: In addition to donations being solicited, an auction is being held; I've received the first list of auction items available, ranging from hard-to-get autographed books from various authors to complete years of F&SF and ANALOG to a snakeskin from Mike Glicksohn's fabled boa constrictor. And more.



The official zine in which to find information about the Fund is FIAWOL, the fannish newszine edited by Joyce & Arnie Katz, 59 W. Livingston, Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201. Send them a stamped, self-addressed envelope. They'll be carrying TUCKER BAG flyers and other info from Jackie Franke, such as progress reports and lists of auction items.

In addition, several zines are offering all money received for their issues. GODLESS is one of them (please note new rates). This does not mean that I'll be ceasing trade and review copies. However, if you find it in your heart (and wallet) to send money as well, rest assured that it'll be quickly forwarded to the Fund Administrators.

In addition to GODLESS, my personalzine POWERMAD will also be available, for 20¢ in coin or two 10¢ stamps (which also go to the Fund). On the other hand, if you'd rather not get "free" fanzines and would rather donate directly to the Tucker Fund, send your money to: Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401. (Unless you live in Australia, in which case donations go to the Aussie Administrator: Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA.)

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MONEY As you may have noticed, sub rates for GODLESS have risen to 50¢ each, or two for \$1.00. I'd decided on this before news of the Tucker Fund arrived, for a very simple reason: when I figured out the costs of last issue, I found that they'd cost me 37¢ apiece to produce and mail (over half of that for postage and envelopes), or 2¢ apiece more than I was charging! So since it looked like GODLESS was going to get larger and larger each issue, I decided to raise the price. After I'd decided on a price raise, it began to look like even a wiser decision than I'd planned on: mimeo stencils rose 10% in price to \$5.50 a quire, paper prices rose as its availability went down, and the postal increase arrived. Of course, I wasn't about to make a profit from the new price, since the number of subbers on my mailing list has never been even near 10%. But it would help cut the losses.

And then the Tucker Fund came along, and in a moment of weakness, I promised to donate all money received for these zines. Oh, that cursed day.

You have to understand, see, that a person who was prone to gross understatement would describe me as a money-grubbing miser. I haven't tipped in a restaurant since before I joined the Army. I pick pennies up out of the gutter. The most money I've ever loaned anyone in my life was ten dollars (wouldn't do it again; he never paid it back). Except my parents, of course. Yes, I'm the type of guy who loans his parents money, instead of vice versa; sickening, isn't it? Take heart, though; at least I didn't charge them interest.

So now GODLESS and POWERMAD are total loss productions. \*sigh\* If fandom weren't so much fun, I'd gaffiate. But that's what fandom is all about, isn't it?

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HUGO TIME is drawing near. By the time anyone gets this issue, it'll be too late to send in nomination ballots (deadline May 1st), but you can still join Discon and vote for the final nominees. Cost is \$3.00 supporting and \$5.00 attending; send money to Discon II, Box 31127,



A quick run-down on the nominees I'm sending in:

**BEST NOVEL:** Trullion; Alastor 2262 by Jack Vance. Since this will probably be up against Clarke's Rendezvous With Rama and Heinlein's Time Enough For Love, I don't have too much hope that it'll win. However, it remains the most fully satisfying and best written of the three, to me. Clarke's book, while utterly fascinating on a technological basis, was rather dull in its characterization and political extrapolation. Heinlein's TEFL was badly marred by being a multi-part novel where the sum of the parts was less than their individual values; I think that if he'd divided the book up into separate stories, novellas, and novel, Heinlein might very well have walked away with all the Hugos this year.

**BEST NOVELLA:** "Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind" by Philip Jose Farmer. I fail to see how anyone who's read this could manage not to vote for it. It's one hell of a lot better than his Riverworld series and the genealogical extrapolations of the pulps that he's been writing lately. However, it's only been published in a hardcover anthology so far, Harry Harrison's Nova 3, and it's possible that not enough people will have been able to read it for it to make the final ballot. I hope that won't turn out to be the case. Other possible nominees include "The White Otters of Childhood" by Michael Bishop, "The Defenseless Dead" by Larry Niven, and "Junction" by Jack Dann. I still haven't been able to make sense of Dann's story, but some of the imagery he describes is so overpowering that I'm almost certain it'll make the ballot.

**BEST NOVELLETTE:** "Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison. Though I don't think this is the best Ellison story I've read, it's certainly an impressive work. In fact, it's the only story in the novелlette category that I can remember at all strongly.

**BEST SHORT STORY:** For some reason, none of the stories I picked were by "Big Name Pros". And I keep changing my mind about what order I should put the stories I picked. Ah well, list them alphabetically: "Droodspell" by Paul Boles, in the February 73 FSF; "The Jungle" by Karl Hudgins, in the August 73 ANALOG; and "The Guy With the Eyes" by Spider Robinson, in the January 73 ANALOG.

**BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:** Woody Allen's SLEEPER. Other nominees will probably be SOYLENT GREEN, WESTWORLD, and FANTASTIC. I didn't list any of those last three, though. Instead, I put down "The Moon and Marchak", a playlet by Joe Haldeman that was hilariously performed at the 73 Ball-ticon and at the Disclave. I certainly remember it better and enjoyed it more than anything besides SLEEPER.

**BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:** Har hum...the choices are getting harder to make. Try this: Gene Szafiran, Kelly Freas, and David Hardy.

**BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR:** Terry Carr, Ed Ferman, and Ben Bova. I wish Terry Carr would produce more, I'd feel better about placing him first if I'd read something more besides his Best SF anthology and An Exaltation of Stars. And I really wish that he'd somehow have been able to keep the Ace Science Fiction Specials going.

**BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE:** THE ALIEN CRITIC by Gets, OUTWORLDS by Bowers, and MOEBIUS TRIP by Connor. That seems like a pretty safe choice, tho'



one might switch TAC and OUTWORLDS around.

BEST FAN WRITER: Hoo hah.... First place goes to Milt Stevens. Second place to Paul Walker. Third place would be either Dave Locke or Gregg Calkins. Locke, I guess, since Calkin's material only appears in FAPA.

BEST FAN ARTIST: This one was the hardest to choose; Rotsler's no longer as omnipresent in fanzines as he used to be, and Canfield's work seems to have a more hurried look about it now than it used to; maybe it's my imagination. My final choices: Steve Fabian, Jim McLeod, and Dan Steffan.

THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (best new writer): F. M. Busby, Spider Robinson, and Lisa Tuttle. Busby will win, I hope, though I'm not sure he meets the criteria, having his first story published less than three years ago. I'm not sure about Lisa Tuttle, either. If someone wanted to do fandom a service, he could compile a list of all the new writers that have appeared in the last three years, to serve as a guide for this award, and update the list each year.

THE GRAND MASTER OF FANTASY AWARD: Mervyn Peake, E. R. Eddison, and Fritz Leiber, in that order. Stop that screaming, you LotR fans; I know just as well as you that Tolkien will get the award, but these are my choices. Maybe next year....

What? No more awards? Tsk. Now what'll I fill the rest of this page with?

+ + +

I'm not sure how well Jackie Franke's illo to Dave Locke's article will come out. The original was highly detailed, with many fine lines, and some of that detail got wiped out on the electrostencil. So I've also hand-traced the drawing onto another stencil, and will use whichever one looks better coming out of the mimeo. If it doesn't come out as well as I hope, though, I apologize in advance. (Nuts to you, Schweitzer.)

+ + +

A correction: On page 4, under BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION, the second sentence should end "...SOYLENT GREEN, WESTWORLD, and FANTASTIC PLANET."

+ + +

Looking thru my contribution file to see what's presently available for next issue, I see it's time to beg again. All I have on hand is a possible reprint of an article in an old issue of the unofficial Army newspaper THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY, concerning how to defend against an invasion from outer space, and a piece of fiction. Don't worry, though; it's not amateur science fiction. It's amateur pornography.

That's not a joke; the story, "Snow White and the Seven Pimps", is porno, believe me. Back last year, one of the other guys in the company was getting drunk in a bar with some friends, and he wrote the story on a bar napkin. Later that night, he and his friends came staggering into my room and had me make a typewritten copy of it for them and staggered back out again, leaving the original "manuscript" behind, which I slipped into my contributions file, thinking that if I were ever truly desperate for material, I could publish it, though I'd have to gaffiate in shame afterwards. I'm not quite that desperate, yet. But if you want to keep me from making an utter fool of myself, it's up to you to keep contributing! Thanks.



# fighting words on astrology



-----  
by D. Gary Grady, Box 25,  
AERTS, FPO NY 09571  
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One book I have been meaning to write for some time is a critical debunking of astrology. I have no delusions that one book will convert the adherents of that money-making pseudoscience to the pursuit of sanity, but I can at least make an effort.

If a book won't do, there is certainly no way to demolish the belief in so brief an article as this. There are so many salacious but seemingly sound arguments thrown up by its defenders that it is almost impossible to formulate a broad, understandable contradiction.

Given time to prepare an argument, anyone with imagination can "prove" that the Earth is flat - or anything else, for that matter. This regrettable fact is one thing that keeps quacks in business.

To demonstrate my point I will digress a second and offer two examples of sensible sounding nonsense. The first comes from basic algebra.

Hypothesize:  $a=b$   
Multiply by  $a$ :  $a^2=ab$   
Subtract  $b^2$ :  $a^2-b^2=ab-b^2$   
Factor:  $(a+b)(a-b)=b(a-b)$   
Divide by  $(a-b)$ :  $a+b=b$   
By hypothesis:  $2b=b$   
Dividing by  $b$ :  $2=1$

Which is a rather upsetting result, unless we are dealing with a stock split.

If business math is more your



bag, chew over this one: Messrs Addams, Brown and Clark rent a room in a convention hotel for ghu knows what evil purpose. They are charged an outrageous \$30 per night, which they grudgingly pay. The hotel manager thinks things over, though, and decides to charge them only \$25. He summons the bellhop and sends him up with the \$5 change. Foolish man. Said bellhop altruistically decides to save the guests the horrors of dividing 3 into \$5 by keeping \$2 for himself. He delivers the \$3 to the men and goes happily about his duties.

Now, the original sum was \$30, right? Each customer paid \$10 - \$1 = \$9 for a total outlay of \$27. The bellhop's pocket has \$2 of the money.  $\$27 + \$2 = \$29$ . WHERE IN HELL IS THE EXTRA DOLLAR? (No, I don't have it.)

Both the arguments seem intuitively rock solid but both lead to obviously WRONG conclusions. Why? Well, the fallacy in the algebraic example lies in the fifth step (counting the hypothesis as a step). Since  $a=b$ ,  $a-b=0$  and dividing by  $(a-b)$  is equivalent to deviding by 0, decidedly a mathematical faux pas. Accountants will recognize that the whole statement of the second paradox involves leap-frogging from one side of the ledger to the other, gleefully adding debits, credits, and red herrings. Although it seems intuitively likely that the amounts paid by the three stooges plus the bellhop's trust fund should add up to \$30, there is no real reason why they should. All \$30 of the original money stands accounted for: \$25 in the hotel safe, \$2 in the bellhop's possession, and \$1 each in the hands of the three guests. Since  $\$25 + \$2 + \$1 + \$1 + \$1 = \$30$ , there should be no complaints about missing dollars.

Similarly convincing doubletalk is part of the stock-in-trade of quack practitioners everywhere. Even some reputable scientists are not above falsifying evidence and producing illogical arguments when they feel pressed. No less a person than Isaac Newton falsified some of his experimental results, and his mathematical theories, like differential calculus, went for some time without a rigorous proof that they work. It turns out that Newton was right, or at least close, in the majority of his theories. But this does not justify his occasional foray into questionable ethics.

Getting back to the subject of astrology, we all know that it is a hold-over from the Wisdom of the Ancients. And we all know how Wise the Ancients wert. They (Wisely) concluded that birds spend the winter under water, that men have fewer ribs than women (and experimentally investigating this myth, which is supported by Aristotle and the Bible, can make an excellent pasttime for a rainy day), that the Earth is flat, cylindrical, or (in the opinion of a scoffed few) spherical, that there can be no more than seven planets, and so on. The fathers of sun sign astrology, the Babylonians, were less brilliant than the rest, even. In view of this, I fail to see how an endorsement by the Ancients can be regarded as an indication of validity.

Modern astrologers jump on anything that makes astrology seem less incredible. If a study shows human responses to magnetic fields, it is trooped through astrological publications like as SS-11 in Red Square.

The truth is, there are all sorts of possible ways the stars and planets could influence our lives and personalities, but there is absolutely no reason to believe that the way they do it - if they do - has anything to do with traditional astrology.

First of all, what is so signifivant about the date of birth anyway? Louis



XIV figured the time of conception was more important, and he kept a royal astrologer in his bedroom to take notes (this being in the days before home movies).

Moreover, anyone acquainted with any identical twins knows that even when heredity, environment, and astrological charts line up together there is still little likelihood of identical personalities resulting. And there is very good reason to believe that any similarities which do exist grow from the first two more than from the last.

For one thing, considerable systematic experimentation has established a vast bedrock of evidence to support heredity and environment as influences on people. Geneticists and environmental psychologists have proposed theories, experimented, modified or totally discarded their ideas, and so on. It is this search for, rather than dogmatic insistence on, the truth that distinguishes science from pseudoscience. Astrologers support their claims with arguments; scientists support theirs with evidence.

Well, IS there any evidence that astrology works? I am yet to see it. Astrology fans are just great for pointing out how perfectly astrology describes an individual's personality. Even if they are working with an incorrect birthdate, it still works. That can probably be attributed to astrology's two great defense tactics: vagueness and interpretive license (given one date and place of birth and two astrologers, there will be two different horoscopes).

It's fun to try and spot astrologically-induced similarities in well-known people. For example, Peter Sellers and Cliff Robertson were born a day apart, in 1924. Bob Newhart and Arnold Palmer were born just five days apart, still well away from cusps and such. All the above are Virgoans, as are Lauren Bacall, Leonard Bernstein, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and the late Lyndon Johnson. Make note of the amazing similarities!

Fortunately for astrologers they have an out or two left. If your character doesn't jive with your sun sign, they declare that it's because your Venus is in Capricorn (and therefore trying to get your goat?). If that doesn't account for everything, they can always observe that Jupiter is in the shop or Pluto is in Louisville this week. What with the ascendant, the planetary positions, the basic sun sign, and half a dozen other astrological influences conflicting with each other, a given horoscope can be interpreted to mean almost anything. It is up to the astrologer to make sure the information is what is expected.

My favorite astrological prediction is: "This is the year that astrology will be accepted by the scientific community. How do we know? We see it in the stars!" That was in 1969.

- D. Gary Grady

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"I bent over and took hold of the room with both hands and spun it. When I had it nicely spinning I gave it a full swing and hit myself on the back of the head with the floor. This made me lose my balance temporarily and while I was thinking about how to regain it a wet towel began to slap at my face and I opened my eyes."

- "Pearls Are A Nuisance", by Raymond Chandler



# STORIES REMEMBERED, OR - BRAZIER'S REVENGE

compiled by yer humble editor

Donn Brazier, in last issue's "A Story To Remember", ended his reminiscences with a TITLE-like challenge to the GODLESS readership: he asked that each of you make a list of the first stories that rose to mind, using memorability, not necessarily quality, as a guideline, and send the lists in to me.

Twelve people responded; not as many as I'd hoped, but a fairly respectable figure, about 10% of the readers. Counting my own responses and Brazier's remembrances in his article rose the count to fourteen. The ones who responded:

- |                                 |                            |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Bruce D. Arthurs (6 stories) | 8. Brett Cox (4)           |
| 2. Don Ayres (9)                | 9. Mike Glicksohn (8)      |
| 3. Frank Balazs (8)             | 10. D. Gary Grady (6)      |
| 4. Sheryl Birkhead (1)          | 11. Doug Leingang (10)     |
| 5. Ray Bowe Jr. (5)             | 12. Dave Locke (7)         |
| 6. Donn Brazier (8)             | 13. Darrell Schweitzer (5) |
| 7. Bill Breiding (5)            | 14. Mike Shoemaker (14)    |

In making up the following list of stories, the person who nominated the story can be identified by the number in parentheses following the story title, which corresponds with the number in front of their name above. (That should leave everyone suitably confused.) I took the editorial responsibility of cutting some of the lists; I eliminated the few mainstream books and movies mentioned, and I also eliminated answers that said "All of \_\_\_\_\_'s stories," as being too vague. Since not everyone sent in a nice neat orderly list, I may have left out one or two that should have been mentioned. Otherwise, the list is as follows:

ANTHONY, Piers: Cthon (7), Macroscopic (11)  
ASIMOV, Isaac: The End of Eternity (10), Lucky Starr and the Rings of Saturn (10), "Nightfall" (9)  
BASTON, Alfred: The Demolished Man (2 & 5), "Fondly Fahrenheit" (5), The Stars My Destination (1)  
BLACKWOOD, Algernon: "The Willows" (3)  
BOND, Nelson: "The Monster From Nowhere" (14)  
BRADBURY, Ray: The Illustrated Man (11), The Martian Chronicles (7), "Ylla" (6)  
BROWN, Fredric: Martians, Go Home! (12)  
BRUNNER, John: Stand On Zanzibar (3 & 7)  
BUDRYS, Algis: "For Love" (1)  
BURROUGHS, Edgar Rice: A Princess of Mars (2)  
CAPEK, Karl: War With the Newts (11)  
CLARKE, Arthur C.: The City and the Stars (12), Pendezvous With Rama (6 & 10), 2001 (10 & 11), "A Walk in the Dark" (8)  
DELANEY, Samuel R.: Nova (11)  
DISCH, Thomas: "Descending" (9)  
DUNSANY, Lord: "Where the Tides Ebb & Flow" (13)  
ELLISON, Harlan: "Dunderbird" (9), "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of Forever" (8), "'Repent, Harlequin!' Cried the Ticktockman" (9)  
FARLEY, Ralph Milne: "Liquid Life" (14)



FARMER, Philip Jose: "Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind" (1)  
 GODWIN, Tom: "The Cold Equations" (8)  
 GUIN, Wyman: "Beyond Bedlam" (14)  
 HALDEMAN, Joe: "Hero" (9), "I of Newton" (9)  
 HASSE, Henry: "He Who Shrank" (14)  
 HEINLEIN, Robert A.: Orphans of the Sky (13), "Requiem" (2)  
 JAMESON, Malcolm: "Tricky Tonnage" (14)  
 KELLER, David H.: "The Ivy War" (14)  
 KEYES, Daniel: Flowers for Algernon (9)  
 KUTTNER, Henry: the Gallegher stories (14), "Home is the Hunter" (14),  
 "A Logic Called Joe" (14)  
 LE GUIN, Ursula K.: The Left Hand of Darkness (11)  
 LEWIS, C. S.: Out of the Silent Planet (11), Perelandra (13)  
 LEWIS, David: "The Epoxy Goat" (4)  
 LOVECRAFT, H. P.: "The Colour Out of Space" (2), "Fungi From Yuggoth"  
 (6), "The Statement of Randolph Carter" (6)  
 McCLARY, Thomas: "The Terrible Sense" (14)  
 MYERS, Howard L.: "Psychivore" (3)  
 NORTON, Andre: The Beast Master (2)  
 OLIVER, Chad: Shadows In the Sun (12), The Winds of Time (12)  
 PANSKIN, Alexei & Cory: Son of Black Morca (5)  
 PEAKE, Mervyn: Gormenghast (11 & 13)  
 POE, Edgar Allan: "The Pit and the Pendulum" (9), "The Tell Tale Heart"  
 (5)  
 RAND, Ayn: Anthem  
 ROBINSON, Frank M.: The Power (12)  
 RUSSELL, Eric Frank: "Allamagoosa" (14), "Basic Right" (14), "Now Inhale"  
 (14), "Plus X" (14), The Space Willies (12)  
 SILVERBERG, Robert: The World Inside (5)  
 SIMAK, Clifford D.: Way Station (7)  
 SMITH, Clark Ashton: "Necromancy in Naat" (3), "Return of the Sorcery"  
 (3)  
 SMITH, E. E.: First Lensman (1), Skylark of Valeron (10), Spacehounds of  
IPC (2)  
 STURGEON, Theodore: "Bianca's Hands" (3), "It" (6), "Microcosmic God" (1),  
More Than Human (7)  
 TOLKIEN, J.R.R.: Lord of the Rings (13)  
 TUCKER, Wilson: Time Bomb (12), The Year of the Quiet Sun (2)  
 VANCE, Jack: Eyes of the Overworld (3)  
 VAN VOGT, A.E.: World of Null-A (6)  
 WANDREI, Donald: "Colossus" (6)  
 WEINBAUM, Stanley: "The Adaptive Ultimate" (6), "A Martian Odyssey" (10)  
 WYNDHAM, John: Day of the Triffids (2)  
 ZELAZNY, Roger: Creatures of Light and Darkness (3), Isle of the Dead  
 (1), "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" (8)

Eighty-eight stories by fifty-four authors are listed. Any conclusions drawn from what is really too small a survey to be anywhere near accurate might not be very conclusive...but interesting. One would surmise that Clarke is the most memorable author going, with four stories mentioned by five different people, and Sturgeon close behind with a four by four. And I certainly expected Heinlein to be mentioned more often, as well as Farmer. And Cordwainer Smith is completely absent! It's things like that that prove that the results don't cover a large enough area of response; if more people had responded, I'm sure there would have been a lot of writers mentioned who are neglected in this list. As I go over the list, I keep finding myself thinking, "why didn't I think of that writer?" or "That reminds me of another story by that writer...". What does it all prove? Not much. Anything else to say? Nope.





# A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON MY WAY TO THE TYPEWRITER

by Dave Locke

Animals are almost a way of life in this country. From cradle to casket there are animals throughout significant portions of your life. Dogs, cats, fish, parakeets, employers, canaries, rabbits, mothers-in-law, snakes, turtles, skunks. Skunks?

Sure, skunks are excellent pets. One of the few ways to have a domesticated cat is to locate a baby skunk and have it descented. It keeps lifting its tail a lot, but nothing ever comes of it. Skunks look something like cats, but they can be trained like dogs. Sort of.

A fellow I know captured a baby skunk over a year ago and still has it for a pet. One day he took it into the local beer hall with him. He sat down at the bar and waited for the bartender to approach him. Then he took the skunk out of his pocket, put it tail-first onto the bar, and said: "Kill."

Once in a while you'll encounter a cat that can be trained. This doesn't happen too often. When I was a teenager I had two kittens out of the same litter. Both had black and white markings, but each was like a film negative of the other. I called them Hal and Louie. Louie thought he was a dog. On command he would roll over and play dead, walk on his hind feet, fetch sticks, or bring my slippers. When he was still a kitten he would have to bring my slippers one at a time, but then he would crawl into one of them and fall asleep. I could never figure out what to do with the other slipper.

In the meantime, of course, Hal was very disdainful of the entire performance. Hal was 100% cat, and whenever Louie rolled over and played dead Hal would raise his tail up in the air and leave the room. They never got along too well together.

One day I rolled up a newspaper and swatted Hal as the result of some evil doing or other. Hal meowed, and then just sat there looking at me for a minute with his ears pasted back to his head and his tail switching around. Suddenly he made a mad dash and exited the kitchen, heading into the living room. He poured on the steam and crossed the living room in two seconds flat, coming to a screeching halt underneath the television stand. Under the stand was coiled the antenna wire, the cord to the television, a cord to a nearby lamp, and the cord to the electric logs in the fireplace. A lot of wires, in other words. Hal squatted down amongst them and did the biggest cat turd I've ever seen, then got up and commenced to bury it amongst all the wires. While this was going on, and it took less time to transpire than to tell about it, I stood slight-



ly unbelieving at the entrance to the living room. When it was over, Hal lept off the wires, dashed across the living room, and screeched to a halt at my feet. He then proceeded to stare at me, with his ears pasted back and his tail switching around. In the meantime, Louie was a few feet away, rolling over and playing dead.

Animals take up a lot of your lifetime. If you like animals, there's probably not too many years of your life when you don't own at least one. At the very least, you visit friends and play with their animals. If you don't like animals you tend to notice them more, and so they still take up a lot of your attention.

It's interesting to note the age-old feud between dog and cat lovers. Dog lovers say that cats are useless except as mousers, that cats have no intelligence, and that they do nothing for you as a pet. Cat lovers maintain that they appreciate a cat's individuality, that cat intelligence cannot be measured because cats are too uncooperative to be tested, and that the reason dogs are willing to do man's bidding is because dogs are more gullible rather than more intelligent. As the old maid said when she kissed the cow, it's all a matter of taste.

Personally, I prefer tarantulas.

I've seen pictures in old issues of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC where kids in some tropical countries would have the bite taken out of their tarantulas and would walk them around on leashes. Some of these spiders grow bigger than a few dogs that I've had, not to mention the cats.

Think of it this way. You leave on vacation and Harry stays behind to guard the house. Harry is basically quite stupid, even for a tarantula maybe, but unlike Lassie he doesn't require any brains at all. All he has to do is move a little when a burgler slips through your window. One glimpse of a spider as big as a king-size pillow, and it's all over. Hopefully the burgler doesn't faint dead away until he has placed sufficient distance between himself and your house, or you may return from vacation to find that Harry has gummed someone to death.

I can't think of a better watchdog, if you'll pardon the misnomer. Of course, I don't know for sure because I've never owned one. I'm scared to death of spiders.

Getting back to dogs, the only dog I knew that acted like a cat was a hound dog that belonged to my high school business teacher. I saw the dog around a few times, but it never really impressed me until I saw a film of it one night at a meeting of the local fish and game club. My business teacher had taken some home movies of his hunting trip. He was after pheasant, or partridge, or some other good tasting bird. Now he ever had the guts to show that film at the fish and game club is something I've never understood.

The film was rather boring until it came to the part where it showed him bringing down a bird. My business teacher lowered his smoking shotgun, turned and smiled at the camera, and sent his hound dog racing after the bird which was now slowly floating around in the middle of a small pond. The dog leapt into the pond and paddled out to the bird, then grabbed it in his teeth and swam back to shore. Upon getting back to shore, he ran up to within a few feet of the camera and then proceeded to eat the bird.



The camera continued to show the dog being busy at his meal until, not quite out of range, you could see my teacher frantically waving his hands and approaching the person holding the camera. At this late date I couldn't accurately translate what his lips were saying, but it was something like: "Cut!" Something like that.

When the projector was turned off, boos, hisses, and jeers filled the meeting hall. Plus a few stray comments like: "Why the hell don't you feed your dog once in a while, Nick?"

I said up above that this was the only dog I knew that acted like a cat. I was mentally referring to a specific cat, to be more precise. The cat's name was Balls, and I called him that because he had more than any other cat I knew, including Louie. Under the same circumstances, Balls would probably have done exactly what the hound dog did. Even to the part about going into the water. Balls loved the water. We had a lake next to our house, and Balls loved to run out on the dock every morning right after waking and stretch himself. Then he'd jump in the lake and swim around for a while. He couldn't get enough of the water. One morning I almost stepped on him in the shower.

I've owned a few dogs, too. As a pre-teenager, though, there was one long stretch of time when we didn't own any animal. This was due to the fact that most animals on our street wound up getting chewed quite severely. There was a large, black, formidable dog who lived across the street from us, and it had a wholly unfriendly attitude towards life. Frankly speaking, it didn't like anything that lived. Why it took so long to prod the police into coming and taking it away is a real mystery, but it finally caused enough damage to someone so that the police came code three and took it away to that great dog house in the sky. Until that happened, however, the dog was a real terror to people and to other animals on the street.

One day my father got tired of looking at this large black dog and decided to do something about it. He had a friend at the police station, who pulled a string and gave my father the use of a police dog for one day. One day was all my father figured he needed, when you consider the vicious reputation that police dogs rightly had. And this one was a big mother.

My father brought the dog home and took it around to the front of the house. Sure enough, the black dog spotted it and came trotting over. Fur started flying. Their fight carried them to the side of the house, which unfortunately was the side where we had no windows. And we weren't about to go outside and watch.

We did, though, finally see the black dog trot back across the street. He didn't look too much the worse for wear. However, when we went outside we found that the police dog was minus one ear and one tail and a lot of fur, and couldn't walk on either his left hind leg nor his right front leg. I don't need to tell you how popular my father was when he returned the dog to the police station.

I think my favorite pet, though, was a chipmunk. We tamed a lot of them, as well as a number of gray and red squirrels, but this one chipmunk in particular was my favorite. He had absolutely no fear or caution around anyone in our household. He's eat at the table with us. He's ride around



in my shirt pocket or on my shoulder. He'd roll over on command. If you hid a peanut in your fist he'd do his damndest to get it without hurting you (chipmunks can place their teeth around your finger and chomp down straight to the bone). At first he would try to force his nose between your fingers. When that failed he would jump up and down on your fist. When that failed he would gently take your thumb between his teeth, look up at you, and very carefully apply pressure until you decided to forfeit the game.

I was sleeping in a hammock one time, and woke up to find a squirrel sitting on my head. When I told someone about it, they remarked: "You know what he was looking for, don't you?"

Currently the only animal in our household is a six year old boy, due to a restriction against having pets in this apartment building. Shortly after we moved in, however, they instituted a restriction against small children, too. I tried to talk my wife into complying with this new regulation, but she told me it didn't apply to people who were living here at the time.

"Maybe we could classify him as a pet," I said, hopefully.

She disagreed. "Nobody keeps a tiger for a pet," she said.

A tiger. Now there's an interesting idea for a pet. However, I hear they're man-eating.

Maybe I can get a smaller one.

- Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr., #9, Duane, CA 91010

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OBSERVATION: Politeness, rooted in the soul, is the only true politics.

REPETITION: There will be no perfect democracy until every citizen is an aristocrat.

QUERY: But how are we to obtain this citizenry of such a quality that an Almost Perfect State is possible?

ANSWER: Bring up your children to read, reverence, and worship the present writer.

COMMENT: Say, isn't that rather cocky?

ADMISSION: Of course it is! But isn't it also what every projector of an Almost Perfect System consciously, or unconsciously, tells you to do about his work?

QUERY: But what are we to do when all these philosophers tell us different things?

ANSWER: Do what you damned please. Most of us never do anything else anyhow.

- from The Almost Perfect State by Don Marquis

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Some editors will use any type of material to fill up an empty space in their fanzine.

- Bruce D. Arthurs

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# REVIEWS!



I'm Yehogo of the  
Combined Intergalactic  
Police Corps and E.E.  
Smith Fan Club, and  
this is a bust!

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ELEPHANTS CAN REMEMBER by Agatha Christie, Dell, \$1.25, 237 pages  
reviewed by Raymond J. Bowie Jr.

Dame Agatha Christie has always been one of my favorite mystery writers. Ever since Murder In Retrospect and Murder In Mesopotamia, I've been hooked onto her intriguing characters and twisting, ingenious plots. Unlike some of the hard-boiled writers such as Gardner and Halliday, Christie is an author who depends on character and atmosphere. There is much more beneath the surface than is shown above. What starts out as a simple case of suicide can turn into a case of murder. In Murder In the Calais Coach, Hercule Poirot investigates the murder of a client he had turned down simply because he does not like his face. What looks like a motiveless murder in a locked train compartment turns out to be a case of execution by everyone in the same coach. Hercule Poirot solves his cases by the use of his "little gray cells" while another Christie sleuth, Miss Marple, utilizes knowledge of people she knows that are similar to people involved in a case to come to a conclusion. Christie's world is a fascinating one.

Elephants Can Remember concerns a 20-year old suicide pact of a well-to-do couple that left the police puzzling over the lack of any motive. It begins with Mrs. Ariadne Oliver, a mystery writer of several books who hesitantly attends a literary luncheon for female writers and who encounters Mrs. Burton-Cox.

Mrs. Oliver finds Mrs. Cox an aggressive, bossy, domineering woman and what she asks of Mrs. Oliver offends the authoress even more. She would like Mrs. Oliver to inquire into a suicide pact involving the Ravenscrofts, a loving and devoted couple who were found one night, side by side, dead, a pistol clutched in their hands. Mrs. Burton-Cox desires to find out if the husband shot the wife and then himself or if the wife shot him and then herself. Her reason is because Celia Ravenscroft, daughter of the doomed couple and goddaughter of Mrs. Oliver, wishes to marry Desmond Burton-Cox, Mrs. Cox's son.

In a dither and confused, Mrs. Oliver calls on the famous Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, with whom she has worked in the past. Poirot thinks



should do nothing but Mrs. Oliver doesn't and so they begin an investigation into the questioning of "elephants", people whose memories stretch back to the time of the tragedy. Poirot searches via the police, by way of Superintendent Galloway, while Mrs. Oliver, after conferring with Celia Ravenscroft, starts with persons she knows who may have had thoughts at the time and who knew the Ravenscrofts.

As Poirot digs into the case he finds it stranger and stranger. Galloway, now retired, confides that although the facts in the case all seemed to fit, there was an air of wrongness, of something not quite right. General and Lady Ravenscroft were a loving and devoted couple. Although the General was considered a little ill and the Lady hospitalized for a case of nerves at the time, there were no serious maladies.

Mrs. Oliver's inquiries bring out conflicting motives, illness, infidelity, jealousy and suicide pacts. Did the General play around with a secretary? Was the Lady seriously ill? Rumors they remain for nothing can be confirmed. It becomes known that among the facts was that the family dog did not howl over the bodies and that the Lady's twin sister, who was considered mentally unbalanced, was at the Ravenscrofts Manor. The question of four wigs being obtained by Lady Ravenscroft is also brought up. These are all things that add up to a puzzler.

Desmond Burton-Cox calls on Poirot and implores him to find out the truth. He also reveals that he is not Mrs. Burton-Cox's son but was adopted and he bitterly resents her interference. After Poirot talks with Celia and Mrs. Cox, who is scared off inadvertently by the Belgian detective, he decides that for the happiness of Celia and Desmond the truth must be known. What follows is startling and entertaining.

This is as good as other Christie mysteries, although all the action deals with delving into the past and digging up the truth from conflicting testimony. The characters are realistic, Celia and Desmond are folks you want to be happy, Mrs. Burton-Cox is like an interfering mother-in-law that I know. The plot twists and turns and, par Christie, the ending is unusual.

The book is flawed, nonetheless, because it keeps referring to other books and it might be hard for neo-Christie readers to get into. But stick with it, you may like it. A good introduction to Christie is Dell's 13 For Luck, a short story anthology featuring stories of Hercule Poirot, Miss Jane Marple, Harley Quin, Tommy & Tuppence, Parker Pyne, and Inspector Evans. Each detective has a good introduction given him or her and the collection is enjoyable.

- Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.

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Some Thoughts on October the First is Too Late by Fred Hoyle  
reviewed by Jim Zychowicz

It was on a whim that I purchased the book October the First is Too Late; when I walked into the bookstore I never intended to buy anything - it was just a browsing venture into the store. I poured over stacks and stalls of various new books, both paperback and hardcover, and time wore on; it was getting late, and I did have to catch a bus in order to get home. Passing over the science fiction section, I speedily sought out any of the titles that I'd already read; on my way out, I grabbed one of the books that was not too familiar to me: it just happened to be October the First is Too Late.



This novel tells a very strange tale of time travel; the tale is rather odd because it is not in the tradition of Wells. The trend which started with the publication of H.G. Wells' The Time Machine always put the time-travelers in complete, or almost complete control of the device which allows them to manipulate their bodies in time; and when the travellers arrive at their temporal destination, they have only two or three alternatives: if they arrive in the future, it is not a very hopeful future - either it's a routine dystopia or a boring utopia. And if they arrive in the past it's a routine adventure historically set - potboilerish and totally predictable. Few stories vary from the norm; one of these is October the First is Too Late.

In the novel, it seems, after a hasty reading, the people who just happen to be plunged into a time trip reach a world that is a unique composite of varying period's of earth's history. England is involved in the first world war; Greece is in its Golden Age under Pericles, just before the war between Athens and Sparta; the Sino-Russian land mass is thousands of years into the future when the earth has been melted by the explosion of a dying sun; and America is about five thousand years ahead of our present. In other words, those from our present who travel in time do not drive forward or backward through it as they would drive forward or backward on a street.

The people in the future America have a hand in the time shift, and seem to have done the switching with a sort of ray that was aimed thru the sun; at a cataclysm in the year 1966, the duo who travel thru time are first jostled into this composite world of varying times. And it is these future Americans who have the upper hand in the time-changing.

The book itself starts off rather slowly, although in an interesting fashion. The narrator tells of his part in a music festival, and speaks of his inspiration as if the inspiration had come directly from the future. Taking a vacation from music, the narrator joins a friend who has some business to attend in the United States and in Hawaii; it is in the latter place that the pair get jostled into the mixed-up world, the aforementioned composite world of time. The various adventures are quite interesting, and too complex to merely summarize: it should be said, though, that music is the link, in the novel - music makes the book a unified whole.

In retrospect, October the First is Too Late is a message from Fred Hoyle. The author seems to say by means of the novel that time, life itself, a life, the world, cannot be viewed apart from its components; a piece of music cannot be judged only for one measure of that piece - all of it must be played before it can be judged honestly as a whole. One measure does not comprise a sonata - one note doesn't make up a song - a single grain of sand is not a world - a letter of the alphabet does not make a novel. The whole is the sum of the parts, to be succinct.

In the terms of this science fiction novel, a single age, a single day or moment for that matter, does not make up time; time is all its subdivisions, and not just a part of itself as a whole. Even this novel is an example of Hoyle's philosophy - it would have been foolish of me to judge this book on the first few rather slow chapters alone - I can only judge this novel after reading all of it, and then deciding for myself what to think of the work as a unified literature form. Consciousness of time must take in time for more than the present moment; one must have a consciousness of the past and of the pregnant future in order to be fully



conscious of the present in which he can exert his influence most directly.

- Jim Zychowicz

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS, screenplay by George MacDonald Fraser, produced by 20th Century Fox  
a movie review by Don Ayres

I saw THE THREE MUSKETEERS for the second time last night...the new one with Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Charlton Heston, etc. It's a beaut of a film despite being so different from every other version I've ever seen. It is, in fact, a better film, since it's carried more by visuals than dialogue, but I wish Oliver Reed and the other musketeers had had more of a chance to be on camera than they did. Reed's studied performance gets more out of the little bit of time that he's on screen than any I've seen of late; he is certainly one of the finest actors ever to don the cape of Athos. Most of the moments I remember from the film center on him...the battle with the Cardinal's Guard, the scene where he's wounded on the ride to England, the scene where the Musketeers arrive to aid the beleaguered D'Artagnan (which got applause at both showings). Only the beginning of the film, with its sword fight and demanding overture by Legrand, and some of the scenes with Simon Ward's very aristocratic Buckingham can compare. The Women's Lib people will hate it and Raquel Welch's Constance because of the very much historical setting, with no efforts made to coddle them by hiding the "chauvinism". The odd thing, though, is that this is one of the finest presentations of action as hero in a long time and characters are certainly secondary to plot. Give you any ideas?

Another interesting thing (in light of a Chicago reviewer's comment that this is the fifteenth group of actors to adopt the roles) is the absolute obsession that The Odyssey and The Three Musketeers have for writers and readers alike. Aside from the myths, what other works of fiction have so dominated our culture? I know of none.

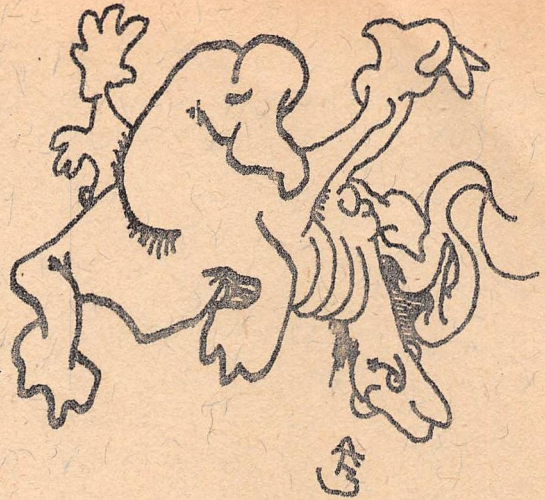
((I feel compelled to add a few remarks of my own to Don's review. Like him, I've seen it twice in a period of days, and intend to see it again, when it comes back to this area. The film is a tour de force for everyone concerned; I can't think of any other film in recent times that has left me so satisfied, where I could find nothing that I would have changed in it. I fully expect it to be up for numerous Oscars next year. After seeing it, in fact, I tried desperately to think of some way I could claim that it was science fiction or fantasy, so I could nominate it for a Hugo.

((In addition to Oliver Reed's magnificent performance, keep your eyes open for the comedic skills of Spike Milligan, who plays Raquel Welch's husband in a way that you will remember long afterwards and be able to laugh over. In addition, the film has the added novelty of Charlton Heston playing a villain, and Christopher Lee playing a role without fangs (and proving that he is yet another excellent actor typecast into horror movies; hopefully, this film will enable him to break into other roles).

((Don is right about it being a visual film; despite it showing scenes of squalor and wretched poverty, it is one of the most beautiful films I can remember seeing. The sequel, THE FOUR MUSKETEERS (already filmed and in the can, to be released next year), promises to be even more spectacular and visually oriented. See it, by all means.))



# MINDSPEAK



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((For the sake of variety, and because the locs this issue seemed to fit cutting apart, I've decided to use a segmented letter column this issue. Whether I'll keep on doing it is another matter, cause it sure seems like a lot of work.))

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COMMENTS ON: Mike Shoemaker's "A Dearth of Criticism"

PAUL WALKER Interpretive criticism is indeed the hardest to write, and one reason is the lack of source, or reference, material. When I did that long-long Lafferty piece ((in MOEBIUS TRIP)), I read the book twice, then went back to Lafferty's earlier work and read as much of it as I could bear - which, incidentally, was much of it - then tried to apply what I saw in it to The Devil Is Dead. I was told there had been a few analysis of Lafferty works, the best by Sandra Meisel, but I could not find it, so I was pretty much on my own in the matter of interpretation. Mainstream critics who tackle someong like Joyce - and Lafferty is as, or almost as, complicated as Joyce -- work not only with the books, but with the work of other critics; specialists who have studied various aspects of Joyce and can clarify obscure points. Interpretive criticism is largely a matter of "reading the writer's mind", of matching up a variety of statements and themes that run through the writer's work and then trying to add them up to make a comprehensive synthesis of the writer's basic themes. The problem is that the thematic statements a writer makes in his work (i.e. having a character expound on this or that point) are insufficient to clarify those themes that are implicit in the work (i.e. apparent but not spelled out) so the critic must try to spell them out in the same language as the statements and give them their proper weight. It is almost impossible to match the writer's sentiments exactly; although it has been done, I think it is a large part sheer luck. I tried this sort of thing on Aldiss (see MT), and he disowned the whole essay.

Since I wrote the Lafferty piece (there were actually two essays written months apart), I have been discovering errors in it, and expecting any issue to contain a wholesale critical slaughter of it, but none has come. While such anxieties are unpleasant, I would have appreciated more of an expression of interest simply to find out how many mistakes I made. The value of interpretive criticism is to expose the ideas that are the essence of the works, to make them more useful and "meaningful"; sf is a literature of ideas, and its readership should judge individual works on



the merits of their ideas first before considering their literary merits. As sympathetic as we are to the pros, none of us expect them to produce anything on the level of Hemingway or Joyce, but we do expect them to produce interesting ideas, or at least interesting exploitations of ideas. But little is said of the ideas in sf in fandom. One reason may be that most of the ideas in modern sf are more fashionable than thoughtful: pollution, race, Vietnam, crime, etc. And most of the ideas are really very familiar and rather talked-out like the emptiness of the middle-class society, the corruption of government, the surrealist-Kafkaesque version of reality, etc. There is really nothing to say about these subjects. A second reason is that most fans today, I assume, are not science buffs the way an older generation was. They really don't know what to say about esp or time travel or paradoxes. The more technical ideas are beyond them, and the old standbys, travel to Mars, etc., have been talked out. If science has not passed sf by, it has overtaken its complexity of possibilities with a complexity of technical data which is more wonderous than the possibilities ever were.

Although it is insisted that modern fans and writers are more interested in the social consequences of technology than in technology itself, or "how it works", modern history has shown that the most serious social consequences of technology result from the utter ignorance of sociologists about how technology works. The conflict between the environmentalists and the energists is a recent instance of this.

But I want to cut this short. Interpretive criticism is a lot of work, Bruce. I've done a few interpretive pieces: "Love in the Ruins" (MT) took me over two months; the Lafferty piece took me almost as long; the Aldiss piece took me at least a month, and the question arises: is sf worth that kind of work? Are the rewards of three months work on Lafferty equal to the rewards of three months work on, say, Kipling, who I also wrote a piece on? The answer is no. The more I delved into Kipling, the better I understood my own time; the more I delved into Lafferty, the less I understood about Lafferty. At this point I would like to say it is better to read sf strictly as entertainment and leave the delving to others, but damn it, I read everything for entertainment, and what used to entertain me most about sf was the ideas in it. Without good ideas, fresh, wondrous concepts, the thrill of discovery, and so forth, sf is as devoid of pleasure as nurse stories.

What I'm saying above is that I do not think sf is as entertaining as it used to be. If the idea is the essence of the sf story, then the idea is best served in the short story; one idea, one effect, with the novelette or short novel the second best treatment of it. But short stories do not pay anymore, and the pros are writing novels, and the quality of the ideas - their entertainment value - has gone down.

CY CHAUVIN Mike Shoemaker, while being angry at "elitist" critics like James Blish and John Foyster, seems to display a lot of arrogance himself - I mean, he puts down every sort of criticism except for the kind he likes, interpretive criticism. How about a little more tolerance? There's more than one way to look at a piece of fiction.

Mike says, "What particular use is historical criticism to the reader who has no interest in such matter?" What practical use is any sort of criticism if you're not interested in it?

Personally, I read and write reviews and the like simply because I enjoy



doing so, and not because any of it has any "practical" benefit from it. And I suspect that most other people read such stuff for the same reason. I know Paul Walker does.

Part of Mike's problem, too, is that he attempts to divide criticism into 4 separate types, when probably the best kind is a mixture of all four. Don't you need to have some idea of the history of the field to write well-informed reviews? Otherwise, wouldn't you be likely to praise a book that was an obvious imitation, used tired concepts, etc.? (Note how mainstream reviewers reacted to The Andromeda Strain.) And isn't some idea of what sf is, and what sf is supposed to do, essential also (i.e., theoretical criticism)? Some people think sf still is supposed to predict the future, or that the field only consists of stuff the level of Planet of the Apes.

Technical criticism is needed to balance out interpretive criticism. It is too easy for an ingenious critic to drag all sorts of Great and Significant Truths out of a book in an interpretive article, even if a book is so ineptly written on a technical level as to be totally boring. In sf, this has happened a lot with Edgar Rice Burroughs - look at all those articles in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY about ERB. It is not only important that what a writer say be significant and important, but that he says it well; with good characterization, suspense, style, and what have you. If I was only interested in the message, I could read non-fiction; that doesn't have the trappings of fiction.

If Mike is interested in interpretative criticism, he should read SF: the Other Side of Realism (ed. by Thomas Clareson) and New Worlds For Old by David Ketterer.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER Contrary to what Michael Shoemaker says, technical criticism, that of how the story is written, can be enormously useful. It might not be as interesting in print, and it may not be useful to writers when done by Joseph Q. Phan, but it is of enormous value to writers when done by informed persons, such as editors or other writers. Technical criticism is what Clarion is all about. What do you think we did every day for six weeks? Nobody talked theory, only how the story is or isn't working right. (Like when one says, "This story might work better if the viewpoint were changed to omniscient author. That way you can get your exposition over more smoothly.") If an editor sends a story back for a rewrite, he will include technical criticism and no other kind. Technical criticism isn't for the general public, I don't think. It's a kind of writers' shop talk, to be used by those who create fiction rather than those who read it.

I am not a believer in the if-you-wanna-criticise-my-work-let's-see-you-sell-something approach, though. The other kinds of criticism, historical, theoretical, and interpretive, are for the reader. These can be done by any articulate reader (i.e., you don't have to be a chicken to tell a rotten egg; you don't have to be a writer to tell a rotten story) since the critic in this case is interested in the end product, not how it got that way. Technical criticism though is mostly a writers for writers thing. The book reviewer might engage in a little bit of it, but he still is writing for the reader, not the writer. The book reviewer basically wants to tell the reader if the story makes enjoyable reading or not.

By the way, Mike missed a major work of historical criticism: The Supernatural Horror in Literature by Lovecraft. This is still the best over-



view of supernatural writing yet done, even if it doesn't come beyond the 1920's. Mike has included several other purely fantasy oriented works (such as Imaginary Worlds) rather than just science fiction criticism, so this is one that also belongs on the list.

Probably Sandra Meisel is fandom's best critic. She has written many other good essay that aren't on Mike's list, such as one on Delany's Jewels of Apor which was in KALLIKANZAROS. But then I don't think this list is supposed to be definitive. (O yes, two book length works missed. Someone recently produced a book of critical essays called New Worlds for Old in paperback, not to be confused with the Lin Carter anthology of that name. And there was also a hardcover on religious sf called The Broken Ring (I think) which was out a few years ago.)

NORM HOCHBERG      My only really valuable comment is on Mike Shoemaker's piece. Basically, I have to wonder about his categorization. I suppose a case could be made for such divisions, my point is why does Mike seemingly discount technical criticism? In fact, why does he consider interpretative criticism to be the only valuable kind? I loved Knight's book because of the way he showed how a story works. Listen good: why a story works. Not why the grammar is bad or why he didn't like the story, per se, but why the story worked/failed as a totality. It is these last three words that make me question Mike's article. Knight didn't analyze technique apart from author intention/meaning.

And actually, any work of art exists in its time. It cannot be totally (and accurately) analyzed without reference to other stories of the era and genre. Actually, all of Mike's categories are needed for good criticism. Now, if he were to tell me that no one has done it -- that I might agree with. But to say that only interpretive criticism is worth a damn is just plain silly.

LEIGH EDMONDS      ((Actually, Leigh's remarks are in reference to a letter in GODLESS #5, but they fit in well enough to this discussion that I don't want to leave them out.)) In the latest ANZAPA mailing, Ken Ford had a short column he titled "Books I Have Seen" and it went something like, "I walked past a copy of War and Peace and Crime and Punishment is sitting on my shelf where I often see it." It was the quickest book review column I'd ever seen and I honestly believe they were better reviews than 50% ~~seen~~ in fanzines these day and, of course, they were far more literate than 90%. I don't read all the fanzines but I read enough to feel that the only two real critics in the field these days are George Turner and Stanislaw Lem (though neither of these gentlemen would thank me for putting them into this position and they would thank me even less for including the other). The trouble is that any fan who can put finger to typer key is in a position to write a book review and a lot don't hesitate to do that. There are few enough writers who can write a good book review, let alone actually write a good critique -- which is not surprising I suppose when you consider the rather low quality of sf being written these days. ((Hey, Shoemaker, is that the sort of thing you mean by "elitist"??))

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COMMENTS ON: Donn Brazier's "A Story To Remember"

DARRELL SCHWEITZER. It's interesting that I read Donn Brazier's article right after finishing Lewis' An Experiment In Criticism. Several of Donn's methods of remembering stories are what Lewis classified as "Unliterary". If you remember a story not because of the merits of the story but because of something in you, or because of what



happened at the time you read it, that's unliterary. If you remember a story because it served as a starting point for your own daydreams (Lewis called it "egotistical castle-building") that's unliterary.

While a good story might become memorable this way, so might a bad story, and if it is a good one, the implication is that the reader hasn't gotten everything out of the thing he could have. I think the best stories I have read have been the ones which moved me in some way. ((Try Ex-Lax.)) If a story is really good it leaves you different than you were before you read it. It won't be a major sweeping change, but it will have illuminated something, convinced of something, shown something, or provided an experience which the reader did not have before. One thing I tend to remember from stories is images, things I have not seen before. Like the floating islands of Perelandra, the strange men with the tapers carrying the narrator into the mud in Dunsany's "Where the Tides Ebb & Flow", or Hugh Holland and the mutants floating into the control room in Orphans of the Sky.

Perhaps the best test of if a story is any good is whether or not it is worth rereading. The very best stories can be reread an infinite number of times, either because they are so beautifully written (much of Dunsany) or because every time you reread them you find something new (Gormenghast, Lord of the Rings). Anything can have a novel twist or an outrageous opening, or even be so ghodawful that you remember it, but not every thing can be remembered in the right way. The stories that are in the middle are the competent, run-of-the-mill things that you forget as soon as you finish them.

D. GARY GRADY I think there are a couple of other reasons that people remember stories beyond what Donn mentions. One is the memory of a particular scene in a story which is so impressive -- by itself -- that the whole story is remembered for it. Many van Vogt stories and novels fall into this category because he often comes up with a phenomenal closing scene, even if the book itself is pure garbage.

I'm surprised Donn doesn't specifically mention Sense of Wonder, although I suppose it does technically fall under his catch-all Seventh Reason. In some ways, though, SoW is such a distinctive thing that it deserves a separate enumerated reason.

Some stories I remember out of sheer intellectual admiration. This is something not included under the Seventh Reason (I like dat phrase), since it is essentially non-emotional (or perhaps I should say it appeals to the intellectual emotions, whatever that means). A good detective story often falls into this category, The Last of Sheila being a recent film that comes to mind. A lot of Asimov fits that category, too. Consider the robot stories, The End of Eternity, or even Lucky Starr and the Rings of Saturn. That last is a really fun space opera, by the way. One of the best I've ever read.

MIKE GLICKSOHN I suspect that I may have the very worst memory in fandom. I seem to be almost incapable of remembering story names, character names or authors. So I had trouble with Donn's request. I found myself rather remembering either series of stories or small sections of stories (for example, the first line of "Blowups Happen" I recall as "Put down that wrench!" I don't remember the story outline, though, just that first line.).

I did try Donn's question. The individual stories I came up with were all-



most all recent. If they weren't, I couldn't remember the title, just something general about the story. I also noticed that several of the stories I did recall were humorous. I wonder if that is because there are so few of them about, or because I'm not scared by fiction? I couldn't recall a single story in the horror vein that had scared me to the extent that Donn mentions. And yet most other fans seem to have a wealth of names, and authors at their instant command.

((Considering the rather low number of people who responded, you may not be the only one of your kind, Mike. And even a lot of the people who did respond said they had difficulty. One or two even admitted they had to jog their memories by glancing over their bookshelves. It's certainly not the most successful poll ever taken, but the results may prove to be of momentary interest to someone.))

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COMMENTS ON: "Roger Replies" by Roger Elwood, with remarks by yhe

MIKE GLICKSOHN I haven't read the Elwood anthology you reviewed, so I'm feeling a bit left out of these discussions. But I congratulate you for the material. This is exactly the sort of treatment that makes for excellent fanzine material. I imagine that most people are getting the Elwood books from the library, since I've certainly not seen them in bookstores around here. And few fans can really afford the current cost of an original hardcover anthology. Perhaps I should start checking out the library again, but then again, who has any time for reading anyway? ((Ten Tomorrows is available in paperback, but you're right; I've only seen a portion of the Elwood books that I know are out in paperback on the racks. A hypothesis? Maybe the distributors don't want too many anthologies by one person on any one rack? But if so, why?))

DOUG LEINGANG I haven't read Elwood's 10 Mananas, since it hasn't struck me as being worth much. That is, original anthologies, like Elwood's, put me to sleep, just like chloroform and Mike Glickzzz.... Anyway, that goes for some of the prozines as well, since a recent AMAZING had not much for my 60¢. But then, my 60¢ didn't have much for it, either.

HARRY WARNER, JR. I can't compare estimates of quality with you on Ten Tomorrows, since I haven't read the collection. ((Are all these letters starting to sound alike, or is it my imagination?)) But I think a case could be made in favor of anthologies which print less than the very best stories of celebrated writers, simply because they perpetuate those stories and eventually their existence will help critics to get a better-rounded look at each writer's complete output.

DONN BRAZIER I haven't read Ten Tomorrows. ((I think my typewriter's developed an echo; keeps repeating the same thing.)) Elwood's letter has some points - like providing markets. But are they markets for science fiction? I look at many of his anthologies with a jaundiced eye in somewhat the same way I look at the Orbit series. Having been stung one time with Orbit, I simply look now and don't buy. I realize I may be missing some good stories, but the libraries are full of good stories; what I want is some science fiction (or fantasy ala UNKNOWN).

BRETT COX I was glad to read the Elwood letter. ((HALLELUJAH, HE DIDN'T SAY IT!!!)) I think that by and large, Elwood's doing a good job as an editor. He's published some real losers like "The Gift of Nothing" by Joan C. Holly in And Walk Now Gently Through the Fire, but he's also published some real winners like Silverberg's "Caught in the Organ



Draft."

CY CHAUVIN Talking about arrogance, your reply to Roger Elwood seems to tend in that direction, and seems almost guaranteed to put him off. You might be interested to know that I have from very reliable sources (who know both authors well) that Dozois' and Gerrold's stories were both old efforts, and neither thinks of them particularly highly.

You underrate Ted White's influence: I'm sure more than 50% of the stories he receives he probably receives for the first time, maybe second. Actually, condemning Elwood for the fact that he can get higher rates and thus making White dig deeper in his slush pile is an odd one, and I doubt even White would think it a valid one. ((That's what I'd like to find out for sure, Cy. There's a lot more sf being published now than in, say, 1968. What I'd like to be able to check is: 1) Exactly how much expansion has the sf field undergone since 1968, and 2) has the number of manuscripts being submitted to editors increased proportionately with the expansion of the sf markets? In other words, if the top 10% of manuscripts were being bought in '68 to supply the then-existing markets, is it now necessary to purchase the top 20% to supply the expanded markets? I think that the middle and late sixties may be remembered as a Second Golden Age of SF, when it was a buyer's market, not a seller's market. SF in the '70's seems to have lost its excitement, its verve that it possessed in the 1960's. I think that Sturgeon's Law may have been amended; instead of ninety per cent of sf being crud, it now seems like ninety-five per cent or higher! But to find this out, I'd have to answer the questions I asked above, and I don't know I can get the information, if it exists. #1 would be relatively simple to answer, but #2...are there any statistics available on how many manuscripts went thru editorial offices in a certain, and where can I find them? HOW DO I GET THOSE DAMNED FIGURES???)

RAYMOND J. BOWIE JR. I'm glad you didn't let Elwood stomp over you entirely. I get the feeling that he's really bull-shit because someone gave one of his anthologies a negative review while everyone praises it to high heaven. I find it curious that he should respond to a no-go review in a fanzine. Getting uptight over a review in a prozine -- yes, a fanzine -- no. ((Tell it to Cy. I note in the May 74 ANA-LOG that Barry Malzberg also has a few worrisome thoughts about the effect of Elwood on science fiction. Verrrry interesting....))

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COMMENTS ON: Sheryl Birkhead's "DARKOVER: An Informal Appreciation"

BILL BREIDING Why, with Sheryl writing, who knows what's going to happen next? Maybe she'll start a fanzine? Let us hope, and speaking of her...I'm going to have to say that she hasn't read around enough. She should read Hesse's Beneath the Wheel and Narcissus and Goldmund, several Thomas B. Swann stories and some Manley Wade Wellman, if she is looking for stories where a love between men is very compassionately and seriously handled. This is one thing that I feel is shunned in most any type of literature, whether it's actually a kind of love where sex is involved, so that it's termed "homosexual" or just a plain love for another being. Friendship. Love is a hard thing to put in words.

MIKE GLICKSOHN I've only recently read a Darkover novel (World Wreckers) but I'd endorse Sheryl's enthusiasm for them. If the rest of the books match that one in quality, I've a lot of good reading ahead of me. I was very impressed with the detail of the novel, with the smoothness of the storyline, and with the maturity of the writing.



DONN BRAZIER I have read no Darkover books; Sheryl now has convinced me not to. I like stories where science does intrude. In fact, I usually notch out the science intrusion and throw the plot down the sink. ((I can't believe you really said that, Donn, and I think you've misunderstood what Sheryl was trying to say. The impression I got was that the Darkover books can be read solely as entertainment, but that they aren't intended for that sole purpose. There's a lot of thinking in the Darkover books I've read, and a lot of meaning, especially in The Sword of Aldones, a terribly complex, deep book (which I definitely intend to read again, because I know I still only understand it partially) which deserved its Hugo nomination, and would, I think, be nominated again if it were published today. Try it, you'll like it.))

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COMMENTS ON: "Having Fun" by Doug Leingang

DARRELL SCHWEITZER Doug Leingang isn't to be trusted. He's as paranoid as all the rest. You see, it wasn't long ago that I discovered that everyone on the whole world was paranoid except for me and Mr. Leingang. Everyone. The paranoids of course resented our sanity, because as long as we were around they could be judged mad, since the two of us would be psychological measuring sticks by which their paranoid tendencies could be detected. But if they bumped us off, well....

That was a month ago. Then I discovered that the paranoids knew that we were on to them! There was only one way this could be: Leingang told them! He's betrayed me! He's as paranoid as all the rest of your people!

Why am I telling you this? Well, since you, Arthurs, are as paranoid as the rest of the world's population, you will never believe anything I say. I must have an ulterior motive. Indeed I do, but you won't believe that either. You see, I am plotting against you. Against the whole human race in fact. This is my plan to cure you all of your paranoia. If you think people are plotting against you and they're not, then you are having paranoid delusions. If they are then you are merely perceiving reality, and are sane, if not downright sharp. That is why I am plotting against the lot of you. Of course I can't tell you what the plot is.

MIKE GLICKSOHN I like the idea on the Leingang piece. In fact, it's brilliant. The second half of the piece doesn't sustain it, though. Still, anyone who can think up an idea like that shouldn't be allowed to run loose...I wonder if it was Doug I saw peering at me from behind that tree this afternoon....

DONN BRAZIER Doug Leingang writes instant dreamdust. As someone remarked: Leingang gets a lot of mileage out of gaffiation. And I'm sorry that his sense of direction led him to the wrong parking lot: we had a heck of a good time before he arrived - which he never did. I'd like to see him "wink" at the waitress; we had paranoiacs winking all over the parking lot. But once again it rained in New Orleans and cleaned off the lot.

((Ahhhhh, all three of you bastards are crazy; that's what reading that Leingang stuff does to you. Sordid, sordid. We'd better start keeping an eye on Ted White and Ben Bova and Roger Elwood and all the rest of the proeds, now that Doug's trying to go big time; no telling when they'll go go bonkers and run ~~streaking~~ shrieking into the night.))

CY CHAUVIN You need more humor in your fanzine. "Having Fun" was not humorous.



BRAD PARKS "Having Fun" is the funniest thing I have ever read, though I haven't read much. We have something like that here, in our local ad paper. It has: Have you called 652-4567 today. At first I thought it was a local hooker's number, or maybe a joke. It was. You call it and it's always busy. Great gimmick.

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COMMENTS ON: "The King In Plural" by the editor

DAVE LOCKE GODLESS #6 came as quite a shocker. In two places you give me stunning egoboo for an article forthcoming in GODLESS #7. You shouldn't do things like that. ((Why not, if they deserve it?)) Better to lay low on the advance publicity, and let your audience encounter my material without advance preparation; that way they might find it at least slightly entertaining. With the buildup you have given the article, your readers will be expecting comedy on the high order of Basil Rathbone or Bozo the Clown - and they will come away disappointed. Frankly, I feel that you have fallen down on the job, Bruce, and I will never write you a serious article again.

I note that 8 out of the 12 paragraphs in your editorial are spent apologizing for something or other. You certainly spend a lot of time apologizing, don't you? Don't you? Never mind - don't apologize. ((All right, I won't. I'm sorry I even thought of it.))

DARRELL SCHWEITZER I could have done without your editorial. The first thing experienced fans warn neos about is filling up editorials with repro woes. It doesn't make good reading, and you're not a neo and should have known better. If you apologize for everything it destroys the reader's confidence in you as an editor, and he goes on expecting the zine to be bad. I would say that if you make some sort of a blunder try and hide it, and if you can't don't draw attention to it. If there are, for example, a couple badly reproed pages, hope nobody will notice. It also leaves space for something more worthwhile in the editorial. ((I admit I went a bit overboard last issue. But I didn't, and don't, see anything wrong with apologizing about the butchering of Sheryl Birkhead's cover on #5; as it is, the only people who've seen that cover as it should have been presented are me and Sheryl. The rest of the readers were deprived of seeing that artwork in its original excellence. And it was for this deprivation that I apologized.))

DAVE SZUREK Sorry to read about how you got ripped off in regards to GODLESS #5's cover. How good were your chances of snatching up the covers and walking out without paying? Of course, you hadn't yet learned about that waste paper shit, so I'll imagine you didn't really want to do anything that drastic. Where'd you find that character, anyway? I'd say he's not just a dishonest bastard, but a damn inept businessman as well. Does he really expect any customer to return, after burning them so blatantly? He'd do better as a slumlord or some other such figure, where his victims are held prisoner by a more primal desperation. ((Er... as a matter of fact, that printshop was located in the slum section of Petersburg. Probably why his prices were fairly cheap.))

MIKE GLICKSOHN I empathized with your printers-fucked-up-again story, since that happened to me many times. After the first time, I learned to check very carefully that the best copy hadn't been used to cover up a pile of junk, and I refused to accept inferior work on at least one occasion. I've never heard of a printer that used discards for new orders, though, and can't help but wonder if these might



not have been the initial copies used to check the quality of the plate and the readiness of the press. When I mimeo anything, I always run a few crudsheets that are blank on one side, just to be sure everything's ready. Could your printer have included these with the rest of the run, thinking you might have a use for them? ((The thought occurred to me, too, so I counted the copies. I'd ordered 150 copies and, counting the several dozen "motel" copies, received 158.))

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COMMENTS ON: "Mindspeak", the letter column

D. GARY GRADY Kevin Williams says, "As for the people who are against the 'New Wave', what exactly are they against?" Most of the anti-New Wavers I know are really not against New Wave so much as they are against New Wavers who consider their breed of sf far superior to the traditional variety. New Wave stories are easy to write but hard to write well, and many authors, I think, fall into the "different is better" trap. Anyway, I think a prejudice against a class of story is rather foolish.

MIKE SHOEMAKER Kevin Williams never sees anyone define the difference between New Wave and Old Wave because the controversy is dead, just about everything worth saying has been said. John J. Pierce devoted his first dozen issues or so of RENAISSANCE to discussing the differences between New Wave and Old. For Kevin Williams's information regarding labels, I quote from RENAISSANCE V. 2, #2: "The actual term 'New Wave' seems to have been originated in Britain by Chris Priest, one of the Moorcock stable, and picked up in America by Judith Merrill, who later changed it to 'The New Thing' in order to have a handy acronymic symbolism of T.N.T. versus T.O.T. - 'The Old Thing'." I don't find the fact that "all the writers who have been labeled 'Old Wave' have denied it" interesting in the slightest, just natural. After all, if you were a writer and someone told you that what you wrote was "old hat", wouldn't you deny it too? As for Kevin's remark, "It's all SF", the fact is that one can very well argue that it isn't. I quote from Ben Bova's essay "The Role of Science Fiction", p. 12 in Science Fiction, Today and Tomorrow edited by Reginald Bretnor: "The essence of the scientific attitude is that the human mind can succeed in understanding the universe." Therefore, the New Wave, characterized by its nihilistic attitude, is anti-science, and therefore anti-science-fiction. ((Provided, Mike, that you accept Bova's statement as the last word on the subject.)) Kevin's assertion that "Fondly Fahrenheit" and "The Starcomber" would have been called New Wave had they been published in the sixties is ludicrous. ((Not having read either story...I reserve judgement.))

((moving on...))

DAVE SZUREK I'll have to semi-apologize to Ken Ozanne. I did not intend to attack him as a person nor to deride the basic premise of a WHO'S WHO. I might have been more restrained had I not been in a rather down mood at the time I wrote the loc. Still, I personally would prefer a Who's Who having to do with fen's mundane lives (like the kind of stuff that appears in TITLE's "Mundaniac") or perhaps most desirable of all, data personally chosen by the fen themselves with, of course, a few staples like address and age affixed. Talk about BNF's and that sort of thing, unfortunately, make it appear a potential status register, with some fen delegated to the Hall of Fame and others all but derided as members of the minor league. Just for it's own sake, let's speculate what some of it might look like: IAGCARD, Jeremiah-Boy: now this character is



one of the most insignificant of all fans, strictly shrunken peanuts; he reads AMAZING only in his doctor's waiting room; receives those fanzines which the postman delivers to the wrong address; attended one insignificant regional con for a full thirty minutes before he left out of boredom; stopped loccing zines after too many faneds returned his letters with a rejection slip. SHAMROCK, Sam; Beware this man! He's a fakefan incarnate; really just a monster fan who locs sf fanzines because he feels it's the thing to do; greatest claim to fame is publication of the booklet FILMS OF ARCH HALL, JR.; nominated Invasion of the Neptune Men for a Hugo drama award. SNODGRASS, Stanley Harvey III; another real nobody who really wouldn't have been mentioned except that we had to fill these blank spots; seven years ago he took an aptitude test and was handed a welfar application; undaunted, he insists he's a future pro writer, and reports that his first short story is three quarters finished; he began writing it nine years ago. RODRIGUEZ, Pierre; a pen name which is not used for the purposes of humor or hoax, but rather because one Dick M. Nixon of Washington, DC, insists that nobody would believe he's in fandom. SZUREK, David; some stupid-ass card who hates Australians. OZANNE, Ken; Australia's foremost BNF, whose Hugo-destined WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM and the ever popular "Drop Szurek from your mailing lists" leaklets are an inspiration to us all.

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And finally...COMMENTS ON: the art and layout

DOUG LEINGANG Good cover by Townley:(a compliment to him, to be sure); bad illo on colophon page (another compliment, believe it or not); odd illo on page 2, but good. Parks is a fine man, I'm sure. He shows promise (never take promises). I'm not an artist myself, except when the nurse lets me fingerpaint. But there's something common between Parks and Townley. Insanity. I'll let my psyc professor look at this stuff: "Severe schizophrenia, compounded with neurotic hysteria, and a scoop of pistachio on top."

MIKE GLICKSOHN: You know, at one time I didn't think Bruce Townley could draw. Now it seems that maybe he's learning how, and I just don't like what he's doing. I suppose that's an improvement.

BILL BREIDING I am really starting to enjoy Sir Townley's artwork. When I saw it on John Carl's RETICULUM, I sort of liked it and disliked it, plus for some strange reason it was the first time that I'd seen or even heard of Bruce Townley. This time around I really enjoyed his work. It is immediately weird and compelling, but very likable. I think Townley surpasses Brad in weirdness, for sho'!

DAVE LOCKE Good issue. I enjoyed it over morning coffee. Spilled some on the cover, and somehow it made an improvement. Later experimentation showed that decaffeinated Tasters Choice, with three level spoonfulls of Cremora and two  $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain tablets of saccharin, provided the best color balance. Make note of that.

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((AT THE LAST MINUTE...came a letter from Don Ayres, too late to be put into the rest of the locs.))

DON AYRES "Roger Replies" was a most interesting duet of letters and I'm happy to see you adopting the stance you did on it; too many people are willing to quarrel rather than budge their views in the slightest. With my own reviews, I try primarily to communicate 1) how I felt about the book, 2) the type of person I think would be interested



in the book, and 3) WHY I feel the way I do. I try not to respond to people about the reviews unless I think I was misunderstood (unless I had been attacked by the other person, when I would probably attend to the matter in a private letter).

As for Mike Shoemaker's article, I'm not sure I know where one type of criticism ends and the others begin; perhaps it is the definition of "interpretative" criticism that is confusing to me. If, by interpretative criticism, he means the type that interprets the symbols of the story and tells us the "meaning" of the author, I'll voice my happiness that such have stayed away. I take a very dim view of such proceedings and am eternally grateful to Lester del Rey for proving that "Common Time" was about a man eating a ham-on-rye. If Mike means something else, perhaps an example outside the sf field would be more useful in identifying his concept.

---

PAUL WALKER SAYS "DO THIS":  
the loccers list:

Don Ayres; Stevenson Arms 221; 600 W. Mill St.; Carbondale, IL 62901  
Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.; 31 Everett Avenue; Somerville, MA 02145  
Donn Brazier; 1455 Fawnvalley Drive; St. Louis, MO 63131  
Bill Breiding; 2240 Bush Street; San Francisco, CA 94115  
Cy Chauvin; 17829 Peters; Roseville, MI 48066  
Brett Cox; Box 542; Tabor City, NC 28463  
Leigh Edmonds; PO Box 74; Balaclava, Victoria 3183; AUSTRALIA  
Mike Glicksohn; 141 High Park Avenue; Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3; CANADA  
JO3 D. Gary Grady; Box 25 AFRTS; FPO New York, NY 09571  
Norm Hochberg; 89-07 209th St.; Queens Village, NY 11427  
Doug Leingang; unlisted  
Dave Locke; 915 Mt. Olive Dr., #9; Duarte, CA 91010  
Brad Parks; 562 Kennedy Road; Windsor, CT 06095  
Darrell Schweitzer; 113 Deepdale Road; Strafford, PA 19087  
Mike Shoemaker; 2123 N. Early St.; Alexandria, VA 22302  
Dave Szurek; 4417 2nd St., Apt B-2; Detroit, MI 48201  
Paul Walker; 128 Montgomery St.; Bloomfield, NJ 07003

\*line swiped from Donn Brazier's loc

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Frank Balazs; 19 High St.; Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 (good May thru Aug)  
Sheryl Birkhead; 23629 Woodfield Road; Gaithersburg, MD 20760  
Karen Burgett; 2952 Hallmark; St. Louis, MO 63125  
Jackie Franke; Box 51-A, RR 2; Beecher, IL 60401 (Support the Tucker Fund!)  
Rose Hogue; 16331 Golden Gate Lane; Huntington Beach, CA 92649  
Ben P. Indick; 428 Sagamore Avenue; Teaneck, NJ 07666  
Darrell Pardoe; 24 Othello Close; Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU; ENGLAND  
Denis Quane; Box CC, East Texas Station; Commerce, TX 75428  
Bruce Townley; 2323 Sibley St.; Alexandria, VA 22311  
Harry Warner, Jr.; 423 Summit Avenue; Hagerstown, MD 21740

If anyone's name has been left off the list, please believe me, I didn't do it intentionally.

A correction: Harry Warner should be listed in the loccer's, not in the WAHF column.

LAST MINUTE WAHF: Rose Hogue with a change of address: PO Box 2231, Huntington Beach, CA 92647. Please send all fanzines to this new address.





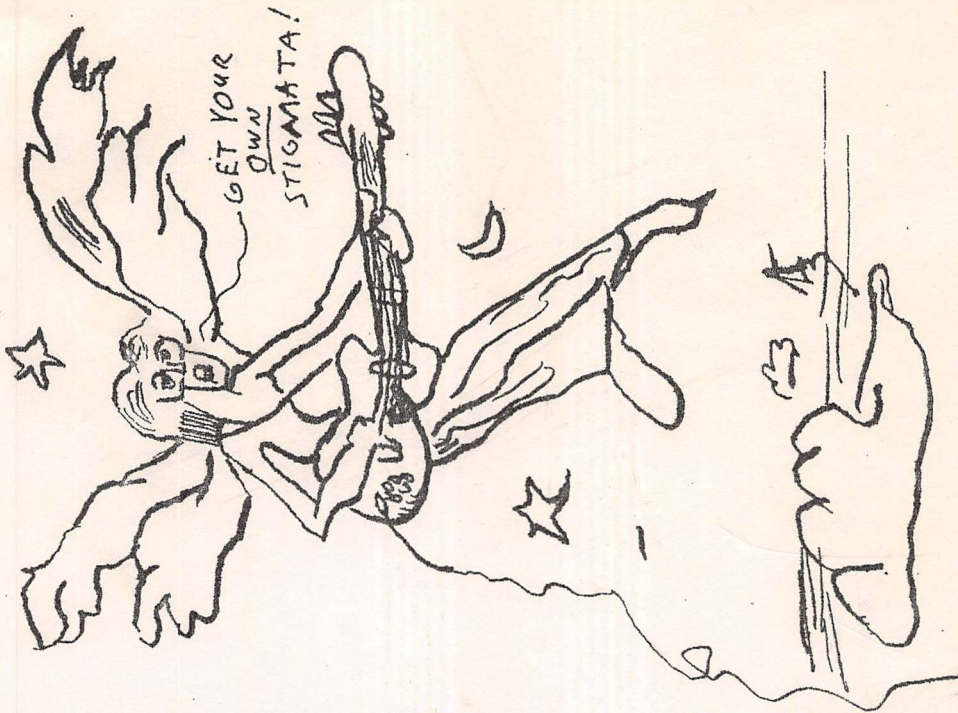
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