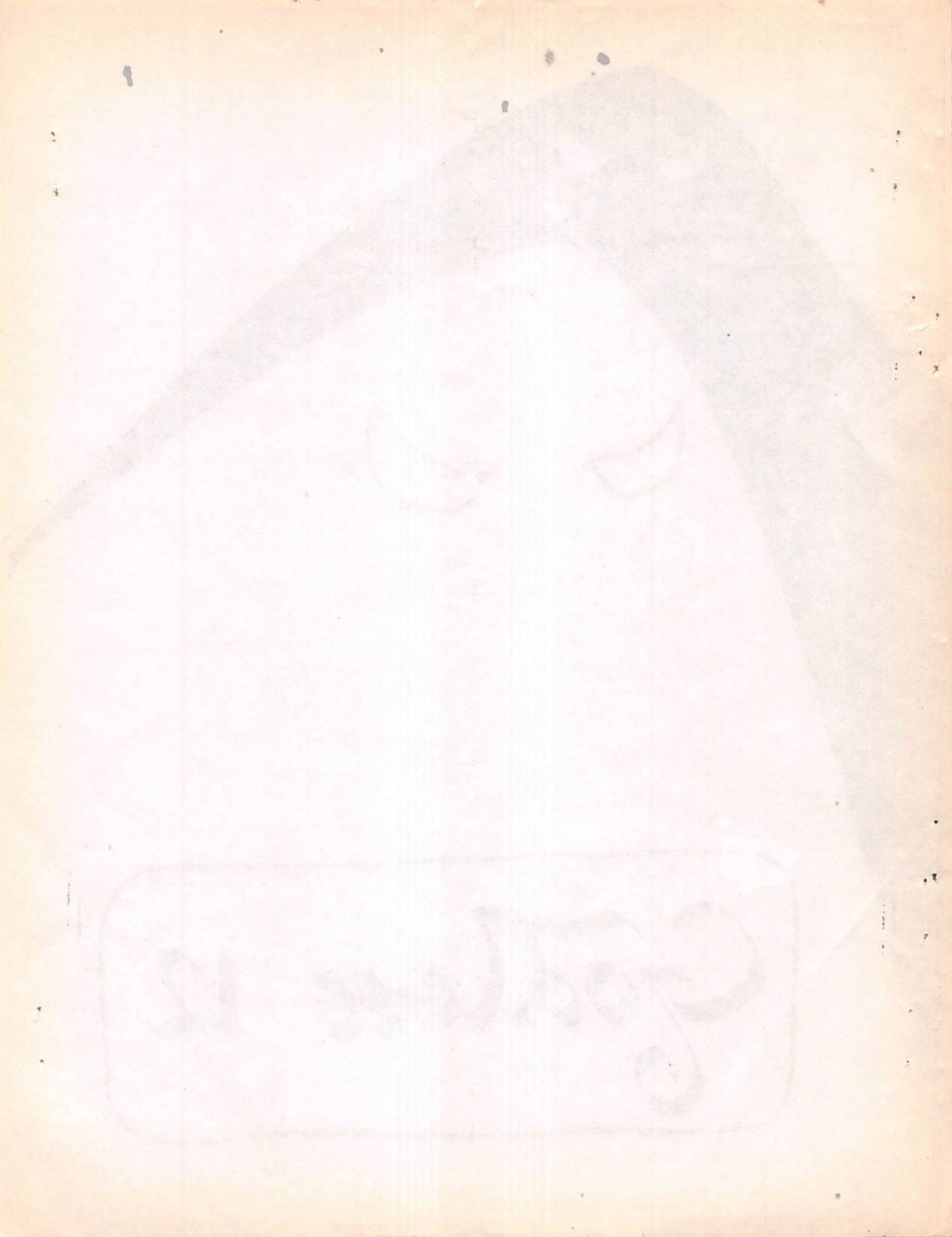


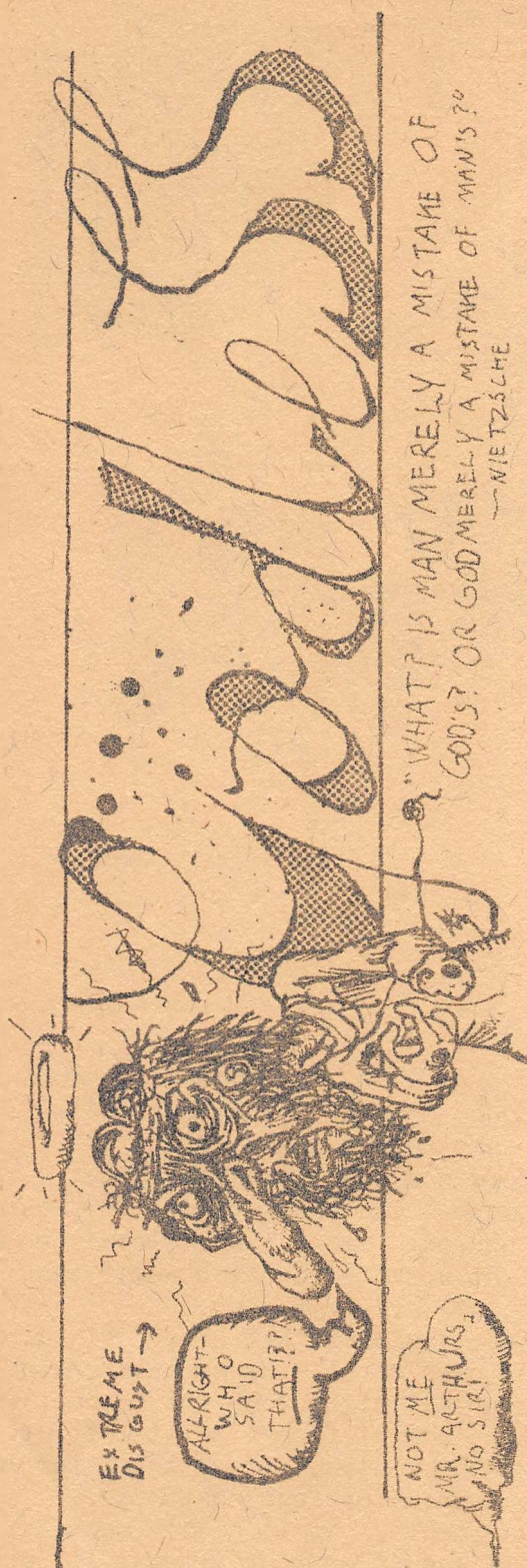


Godless 12









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## CONTENTS

THE KING IN PLURAL (editorial).....2

MINDSPEAK (letters)

Sometimes A Great Commotion.....7-12

page 7 -- Linda Johnson

page 8 -- Dave Szurek

page 9 -- Bill Patterson, Michael Carlson, Mike Glicksohn, Lord Jim Kennedy

page 10 -- Laurine White, Terry Whittier, Mike Shoemaker, Alyson Abramowitz, Harry Warner, Brett Cox

"He HAS Improved" "Rubbish!".....12-15

page 12 -- Wayne MacDonald, Mike Glicksohn

page 13 -- Lord Jim Kennedy, Tony Cvetko, Bill Patterson, Jodie Offutt, Dave Szurek

page 14 -- Tim Kyger

Pretty Please With Sugar?.....15-17

page 15 -- Victoria Vayne, Wayne MacDonald, Tim Kyger

page 16 -- Lord Jim Kennedy

God Is Either Jewish.....17-18

page 17 -- Don D'Amassa, Don Ayres

...Or Maybe A Brand X Stencil.....18-19

page 18 -- Harry Warner, Curt Stubbs

page 19 -- Mike Glicksohn

Leftovers.....19-22

page 19 -- Wayne MacDonald, Jodie Offutt, Mike Shoemaker, Mike Glicksohn

page 20 -- Harry Warner, Dave Locke

page 21 -- Mike Glicksohn

page 22 -- Eric Lindsay

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## ARTWORK

Bruce Arthurs -- cover, 7

Tim Marion -- cover logo

Bruce Twonely -- 1

Mark Hanly -- 2 (reprinted from ASU State Press, 1 Oct 75)

Brad Parks -- 8

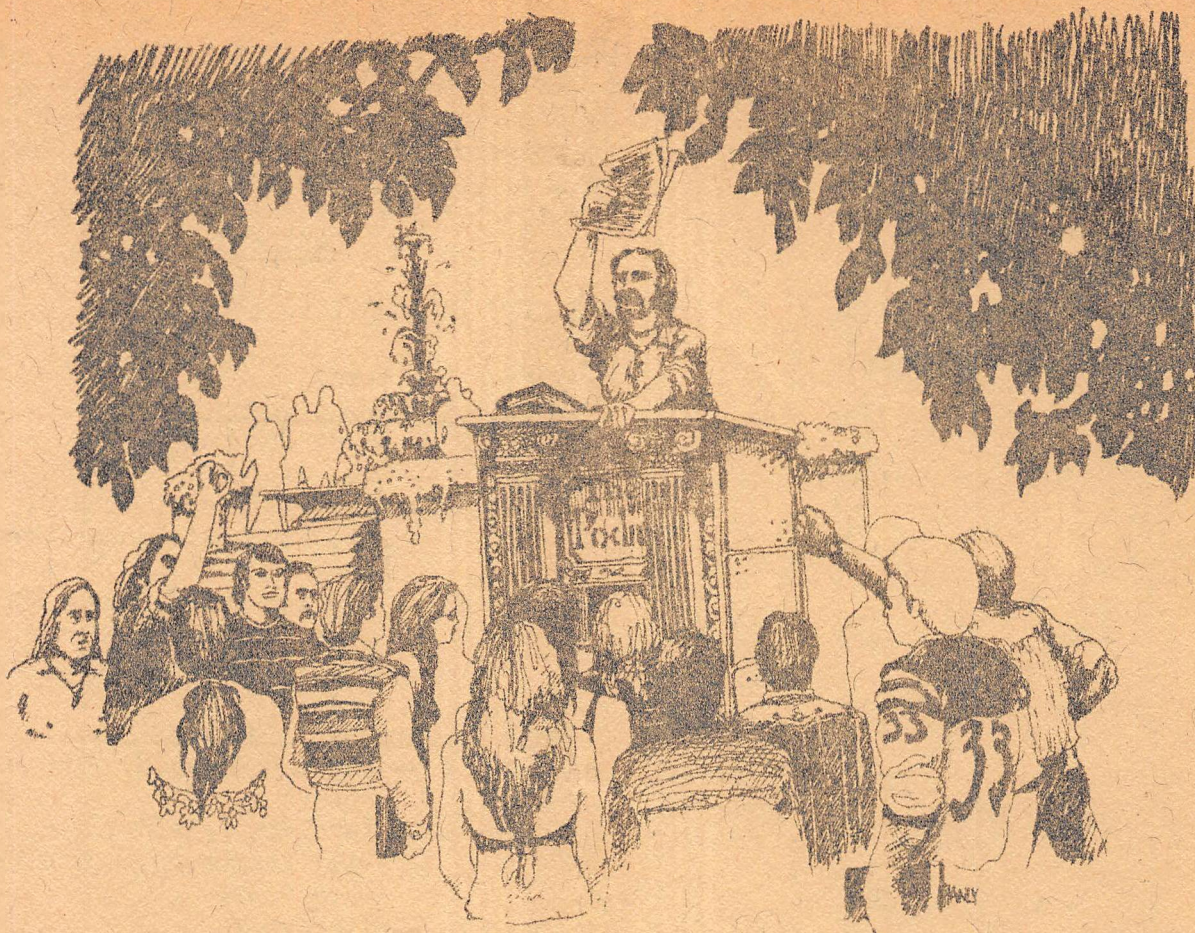
Todd Bake -- 9, 14, 17

Mike Bracken -- 11

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This is Malacoda Press Publication Number 38





## THE KING IN PLURAL

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IT'S BEEN LONGER THAN USUAL... ...between issues of GODLESS. Nearly six months since the last one, come to think of it. Well, I've got plenty of excuses; if I run low, I just make up new ones.

The main obstacle to getting out an issue before now was that until about a month ago, I was working full-time nights and going to school in the daytime. The Postal Service rehired me in October for another 90-day period. Since I was already registered at ASU and attending classes, I opted for night work. This also meant that I received night differential, 10% more, for a total of \$6.19 per hour.

And don't think I didn't earn it. The work itself wasn't that hard. (I was working in the Parcel Post Division, taking proper care of all the parcels coming thru the Phoenix office. Swinging that sledgehammer all night long got to be tiring after a while.) The hardest thing about it was the lack of free time it left me. Fanac, except for essential apa activity, went out the window, and my total loccing activity for those months probably wasn't more than three or four postcards.

I also didn't have much time to prepare regular meals. If it hadn't been for my trusty slow-cooking Crock Pot, which cooked while I was at work or asleep, I'd probably had to depend on TV dinners for the whole time. Sometimes I didn't even have the time to prepare those; at one point I suddenly realized that I'd been ingesting nothing but stale popcorn and Pepsi for three days.

The lack of sleep was a bit of fun also. It gave an extra thrill to driving, not knowing if you were going to be able to stay awake. I developed a routine for when I got out of work in the mornings and drove back home: I'd merely slap myself every



few seconds, while singing bawdy songs to myself. "Ohh, Cathy was a horny lass, she balled six kings and a duke...."

Halloween morning I was driving along home, merrily singing and slapping away, when the car in the lane next to me decided to make a right-hand turn. I suddenly found myself heading straight towards the passenger side of that car. I said something along the lines of "damn it" to myself, slammed on the brakes, and tried to swerve to the right. This put me into a skid, but that was actually good, because instead of the front left corner of my car really tearing into the other vehicle with great damage, we struck broadside to broadside, with the collision force spread along the sides of our cars. To my surprise, there was no structural damage to the Lime Jello, only body damage along the entire left side (though I'm glad to say that the stinking little Rambler that caused the accident was damaged too severely to be worth repairing), much like a bad sideswipe.

Eleven hundred dollars worth. But no sweat, I was able to borrow my parent's station wagon for a few weeks, and my collision insurance would cover all the repairs in case the other party wasn't insured. Wouldn't it?

Well, now, that's a funny thing. See, the car I owned previous to the Lime Jello had been too old to be worth insuring for collision. When I got the new car last year, I went over to my insurance agent and requested that the new policy include collision coverage.

Guess what? My insurance agent...forgot. I was not covered for collision. This was a great surprise to me, since my payments had more than doubled with the new car, and I'd assumed that collision coverage was somewhere in all those dollars I was sending off to State Farm. My insurance agent (and as soon as I get a bit more free time, ex-insurance agent) is now on my official Shit List.

Fortunately, the other party was insured (may his premiums triple) and I managed to get full payment out of them after only a few nasty notes and threatening phone calls. Even managed to make a small profit. I'd gotten a bit bruised in the collision, so the first thing I did after the police finished their report at the scene of the accident was hurry on over to the ASU Health Service Center (free examinations for full-time students) and get checked over. The doctor prescribed a few muscle relaxants after finding nothing serious, I paid a buck for the bills and then left. When I called the other party's insurance company and mentioned that in addition to the repair costs, I'd also like an extra dollar for the costs of the pills. Their response? "Uhh...\*ahem\*...well, I'll tell you what, Mr. Arthurs, seeing as how this accident has caused a lot of trouble and expense to you, we're going to give you a hundred dollars, just out of the kindness of our hearts. All you have to do is sign this little piece of paper stating that we have fully settled all damages in this case and that you have no further claims to submit now or in the future." Fine with me; I knew that even if I did have back or neck pain, I'd have a hard time in court proving the accident caused it, since my work involved lifting and carrying heavy packages and I also worked out with weights on occasion.

But as for the Post Office...I don't really have as much to say about this stint as I did for for the 90 days I worked earlier in 1975. In fact, there's only one really notable subject that I'd like to cover a bit -- BMCs.

Bulk Mailing Centers.

The idea behind the BMC plans is simple: instead of a bunch of medium-size loads of packages and parcels being sent to all the separate states and larger cities from one office (like Phoenix), they'll send big loads to mammoth, centrally located processing centers serving large areas. Once there, the mail will be subdivided into states and cities and sent on to its destinations. Now, this plan has some merit -- mail to some areas will have to go thru an extra processing step, but a lot of mileage will be saved. At least, it seems to have merit until you take a closer look and find out just how this plan will work in specific examples:

For instance, parcels going from Phoenix to northeastern states were all being sent thru St. Louis when I first started handling them in October. When the new system is fully implemented, parcels for the northeast will be sent thru...Los Angeles! Right, packages heading east will be sent west.



For another instance, mail for Albuquerque now goes to Denver. Thru what cities does the mail truck pass on its way to Denver? A check of the map shows that one of them is...Albuquerque! The truck carrying the Albuquerque mail from Phoenix goes right thru the city...without stopping.

A truck also goes from Phoenix to Salt Lake City each day. What mail does this truck carry? It does not carry packages for Salt Lake City and environs. Where is the mail for SLC sent? Why...to Denver!

I'm sure you can see the massive amount of intelligence and planning that's gone into this new system. I'm sure you can also see that whoever devised those plans has to have been a complete, utter, Grade-A, Class-1 moron...or a beauracrat.

But what it all boils down to is that any possible advantage to the BMC idea is wiped out by the stupidity of its execution. And that's what should be done with it, too. I swear, sometimes it drives one to despair.

There's another PO bit of information I want to impart, but this one I came across independently of the job. We're all aware, I'm more than sure, that mailing a letter now costs 11¢ per ounce, and 2¢ extra for the first ounce. Did you know, though, that you can pay as much as 14¢ per ounce for first class mail in some instances.

Really and truly. See, above a certain weight, first class mail enters a new category -- Priority Mail (which is actually Air Parcel Post, but gets treated like first class...supposedly). Anything more than 10 and less than 16 ounces falls into the Priority class. (Over 16 ounces is plain old Parcel Post.) There's only one price paid to mail anything in that range: \$1.58. Now if you've got a package that is just barely under 16 oz., you'll only pay slightly less than 10¢ per ounce. But if your package weighs 11 ounces, you still have to pay the full \$1.58, or over 14¢ per ounce...or substantially more than the regular first class rates. How I managed to discover this discrepancy in the new rates is that I found myself in just that situation with a mailing of AZAPA that weighed in at slightly over 11 oz. It would actually have been cheaper for me to split the mailing into two volumes and mail each half separately, at 68¢ apiece! (And that's what I'll be doing with any future mailings in that weight range.) What's particularly irksome is that under the old rates, Priority Mail didn't go into effect until a weight of 13 oz., costing \$1.25 to mail -- hence actually saving the customer money.

But enough of this shit. On to a differnet substance -- crap.

#### CREATIVE ~~TYPING~~ WRITING

Yes, this semester at ASU I actually signed up for a course in Creative Writing. Maybe I'm naive, but I always thought that anyone who signed up for such a course would have some basic knowledge of how to use the English language. So much for that illusion. The work turned in so far has been rife with misspelled words, improper punctuation, fuzzy logic and even...\*shudder\*...comma splices!

My own work has been somewhat better, I'm glad to say. The instructor would probably be glad to say it too.

But I've got a few criticisms of him, too. First of all, the work he requires of the class members is a paragraph a week. That's right, a paragraph. Hell of a way to teach fiction-writing, since my greatest problem with writing, and the greatest problem of a lot of amateur writers I've met, is actually finishing a story. I could write paragraphs from here to the millenium with not much trouble.

And he seems to have some pretty unusual ideas of how we should write swell. For instance, about a week and a half ago, he told the class that we should distinguish our characters from one another by, for instance, having one of them wear an unusual hat....

Now I had to smile at that one. If he had realized what sort of a person he was speaking to, I'm sure he would have refrained. As it so happened, the weekly assignment due last Thursday was a paragraph of character description. So naturally, what I turned in was:

Across the room stood the fabled Harry Glick. His Australian digger hat added a few inches to his short stature. A pebbled



snakeskin band added a distinctive touch to the headpiece. Beneath the hat, a cascade of shoulder-length wavy brown hair came forth, the ends resting on a faded pink-and-green-striped sportshirt. Sheltered between the cascades, small bright eyes shone from beneath bushy eyebrows. His mouth twisted up on one side to give a silly grin. On one shoulder a small boa constrictor poked his head from beneath the hair, forked tongue flicking curiously at the end of Glick's beard. The rest of the snake's body, except for a foot or so dangling in front of Glick's other shoulder. The tortoise tucked under his left arm squirmed slightly. With his other arm, Glick held a large glass, partially filled with a pale-brown liquid and ice. He'd spilled some of it earlier, or perhaps he'd been standing there too long and lost control; there was a large dark spot on one leg of his Levi's. He raised the glass to his lips frequently, and there were beads of the liquid in his moustache and beard.

I've changed a few details, but I'm reasonably sure that most readers will recognize the figure described. Yes, indeed, a class in Creative Writing can be fun on occasion. Wonder what the instructor would think if my next character wore a propellor beanie?

The major reason I'm taking the course is, like I said, because I have so much trouble finishing stories. I have to have a nag, a man with a whip at my back to urge and pester me on. And, even if he only requires a paragraph a week, the instructor is still the symbol of the Man With the Whip (kinky, kinky), and my writing has increased since beginning the course...tho not fiction, unfortunately. I finally seem to be getting back into the loccing habit again -- in the last couple of days I've written three locs totalling seven pages -- and of course I've finally managed to get working on GODLESS again.

And, more and more, I find that I enjoy the construction of my weekly paragraph for the class, trying to build and construct something that can stand on its own, that can be admired by other people. And, compared to the rest of the class at least, I seem to be pretty good at it, judging by the instructor's comments on my papers. Ahh, egoboo....

FANZINE PLANS Work on the FANTHOLOGY '75 has progressed a bit. I finally finished going thru all the 1975 fanzines I received, and came up with a list of 23 articles and other fanzine pieces that I wanted to include. I'm presently in the midst of writing the authors and editors concerned for reprint permission. I'm trying for a pre-Westercon publication date, but considering the other major fanzine I'm planning, perhaps a pre-MidAmeriCon date would be more reasonable.

That "other major fanzine" is GODLESS #13, which will be the Fifth Annish. First of all, it'll be at least twice as large as the last few issues, and I'll be using a lot of material and art I've been saving for a special occasion. One of those special treats is a rather remarkable folio of artwork by Glen Brock, which has been sitting in my file for nearly three years now. Also on hand is a new Rich Bartucci parody, "The Frog In God's Throat". Also material by Mike Kring, Neal Wilgus, book reviews by Eric Lindsay and Wayne Hooks, and other material either on hand or promised.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO UNDULANT FEVER? Well, I did get about 6 pages of my personalzine's third issue typed on stencil before the PO job fapiated me. But I haven't had the chance or inclination to get back to it yet, and most of the typed material (mainly a Westercon report) is somewhat outdated. But there will be another issue eventually (I've got all these locs and an "unusual" cover illo to print), and there's one section of the typed sten-







# MINDSPEAK

## SOMETIMES A GREAT COMMOTION

((For the first time in a few issues, I'm using a segmented format for the lettercolumn. Letters in response to last issue just naturally seemed to fit being cut apart this time around. As well, I want to bunch together the comments on particular subjects. This first section concerns replies to Gary Grady's article last issue. All editorial comments are in double parentheses.))

\* + \* + \* + \* + \*

Linda J. Johnson  
674 Elm St.  
New Haven, CT 06511

Every once in a while, like two or three years, I feel sufficiently irked about a particular article (read: TV show, public statement, etc.) to write in and state my mind. It seems you asked for it in GODLESS #11.

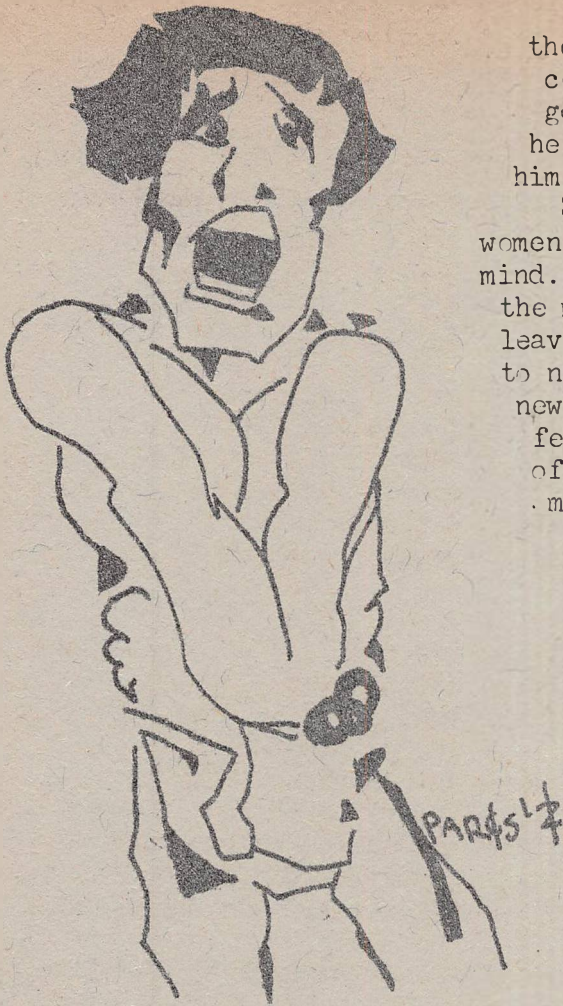
Frozen Salt Pork. Yes, that self-same piece of tripe. Was beyond insulting. Grady raves on and on about how ugly that woman was. If she was so bad why did he lower himself by being seen with her? Much less mention the fact that he went out with her.

"I'll put a paper bag over her head if I have to," he says. Indeed you may and look like the idiot you be talking to a paper bag. Or worse, screwing a paper bag.

If you stop to think you may notice that there exists today more good looking women than good looking men. ((Yes, I've noticed, and believe me it's driving me crazy.)) Which means we women have to constantly look beyond the physical and judge the mental to a higher degree. So, my male friends, if you do meet some knock-out beauty, she may not want you. ((Yes, I've noticed, and believe me it's driving me crazy.)) Even if you pass the first glance test.

Grady's sexist attitudes are very plain for all to see. The article gives me





the picture of a seventy-five year old fart who couldn't get what he wanted if he tried. I'm not getting personal. I don't even know Grady. If he doesn't change his views I don't want to know him.

Some men may find these jokes funny but it gives women the word: Stay away from this man, he has no mind. Grady also manages to insult our sisters in the military. "...there are no prostitutes. This leaves the WAVES and WAFs." ((I think it only fair to note that the second sentence you quoted began a new paragraph, and that second sentence is not referring to prostitutes, but to the true subject of the first paragraph, to wit: what types of women are there in Iceland?))

Before a male member of fandom writes something like this, consider that there are now more women in fandom. And we are not the little chippies who come into a society on men's coattails.

In Chapter II Grady got what he deserved, but maybe he should have gotten a dose of something to teach him a lesson.

As to We Also Spay Cats, by Rich Bartucci, I didn't get past the first page. "Some kind of dish." Shit men get it together! Where are your goddamned brains? "...a set of teeth a man would pay five dollars to get bitten by." Yeah, I bet I know just where he'd like to get bitten too: The same place his brains are and I don't mean his ass or the head on his shoulders.

"Say, Doc, I just met this girl named Linda Johnson and, uhh, I was wondering how good you were at sewing things back on."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dave Szurek  
4417 Second, Apt. B5  
Detroit, MI 48201

((I think I'll condense down the first two pages of Dave's loc.)) I am thor-

oughly turned off...sexist attitude...a bag over his head?...his personal slab of meat...an adult of allegedly decent intelligence...quite absurd...trite, unimaginative and downright stale jokes...less than admirable...Grady is a bonafide asshole. ((End of condensation, back to regular editing.))

If having read his viewpoint earlier on hadn't prejudiced me against the guy, I could have felt more sympathetic toward Grady's disappointment with the underage girl. If a sixteen year old girl wants to ball, there's no justice in legally prohibiting she and her partner the pleasure. My own closest call came in San Francisco, at age nineteen. A girl (whom incidentally was no identity-less machine like Gary's young ladies) and I had found lodging at a place which could best be termed an "amphetamine dope house." The law staged a raid just as we were getting it on. Inasmuch as we had been given the key illegally, I had unpleasant visions of a trespassing charge. But she expressed apprehension at being sent back to her parents. This was my first knowledge that the girl underneath me was a sixteen year old runaway. I nearly shit in my pants (except that I wasn't wearing any). But, probably aware that "our" room was supposedly vacant, the cops never bothered to kick in the door, thank God.

\* \* \* \* \*



Bill Patterson  
1700 S. College, #23  
Tempe, AZ 85281

Grady's column on women in Iceland stimulated my blood pressure by about 20 points. I'm positive this one will get mucho comments by femmelibbers and fellow-travelers (does that insult anyone?), so I won't go farther here than to say that that kind of "humor" was unfunny in the Thirties and has not improved with age. Nor is it necessary to go into hyperbolic paroxysms if a woman's appearance does not please one. The stink of putrefaction is too great...and it's not coming from Iceland.

\* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* +

Michael Carlson  
3577 Lorne Ave., #9  
Montreal PQ, CANADA

i do like yr zine, you know that, & ive never complained abt brad parks even, but i was actually offended, me, of-fended, i cdnt believe it, by Gary Grady's column. not because its mcp at its worst, because gary has argued that in mythologies, though he was misinformed abt a number of things going on in the rest of the world...but because it is basically puerile, i mean my own stuff is often silly, but this is puerile.

specifically

a. since poor gary has no where on which to lay his army \$ & us sperm, we have to listen to every joke which service men have been telling each other as one bends over in the shower ever since soldiers first noticed that there were women & they cdnt have them.

b. icelandic women are indeed beautiful, & somewhat american wary (after gary's friend deserted the girl -- "it really hurt the girl, I think"; i wonder if he does think -- can he blame them) but they are not impossible to approach, no humans are, even the french if you dont speak french. theyre only impossible to approach if youre into some sort of game, for it shows through. I'm seeing this again in Montreal, i speak minimal french.

c. I guess cause gary's a real man he couldn't handle the 16 year old girl. shit. alex joseph's 10th wife was barely 16.

i don't know, gary is funny at times, but he tries way too hard & it lets his bad streak show through. do i really want to sound this angry? no, but i seriously question yr printing that stuff, bruce; it belongs in a 4th grade classroom newspaper, under the careers section, join the navy & see the world.

& salvo tablets in the fountain. haha. my students at my very 1st job in va. did that & thought they were the pig's bladder. hahah.

\* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* +

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3  
CANADA

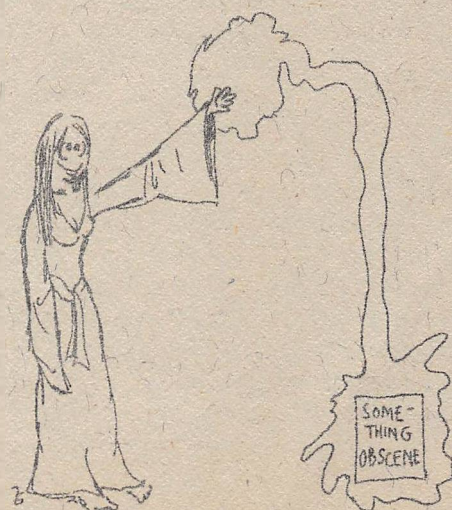
D. Gary Grady's  
article struck me  
as annoyingly  
sexist. Does  
this mean I'm

getting old? I quite honestly wasn't able to enjoy the obvious attempts at humour because of the way the material was being treated. A shame to find someone whose work I've enjoyed sinking to these sort of cheap shots for a few crude laughs. He's capable of much better and more intelligent work than that.

\* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* + \* +

Lord Jim Kennedy  
1859 E. Fairfield  
Mesa, AZ 85203

No question about it:  
D. Gary Grady is a  
raunchy, fannish ver-





sion of Henny Youngman. "Frozen Salt Pork" was fun to be sure, but holy Herbie! Look what fandom's going to. Why, tayke my letterhacking...please.

Laurine White  
5408 Leader Ave.  
Sacramento, CA 95841

Laurine White  
5408 Leader Ave.  
Sacramento, CA 95841

You want to know why the subject of breasts keeps coming up when you reply to my letters? I've been considering that while I was reading the rest of the issue, taking into consideration the ugly women jokes in "Frozen Salt Pork" and the end of the story "We Also Spay Cats." True, you didn't write them, but you did publish them. One possibility is that you are a male chauvinist. ((By George, I think she's got it!))

((Despite all that was said in the previous pages, there were a few people who actually liked "Frozen Salt Pork." Some samples below:))

Terry Whittier -- "very nicely written"

Mike Shoemaker -- "provided a few chuckles"

Alyson Abramowitz -- "enjoyable"

Harry Warner -- "highly amusing"

((And one somewhat longer comment...))

Brett Cox  
Box 542  
Tabor City, NC  
28463

Brett Cox  
Box 542  
Tabor City, NC  
28463

Gary Grady's article was, in a word, excellent. I actually found myself laughing out loud in spots, which is something I very rarely do when reading. I have no doubt but that it will give rise to cries of "Chauvinist" from all quarters, but when the cries arrive I hope that both you and Gary will ignore them. After all, don't women view men in the same way, namely, physical attributes first? One thing that did surprise me a bit, though, was Gary's statement that there are no prostitutes in Iceland. I kinda thought that was pretty much a universal thing. And I'm still not sure as to the significance of the title.

((Well, I suppose now is as good a time as any to start responding to you and all the other loccers, Brett. I'm not really sure that women do look for physical attributes in a man; note Linda Johnson's remarks on this matter. On the other hand, I'm not sure that women are looking for intelligence as Linda indicates either. In fact, Tiptree's "The Women Men Don't See" strikes awful close to home; women are alien. They think differently than I do, they have different priorities and desires...or at least it seems that way. I can't identify with or get into the thoughts of any women, I can't make an accurate guess of how they'd react to something (usually, sad to admit, the question "would/do they like me?").

I don't know. I've never really been close to anyone, male or female. The whole deal of the American courting system is something I've always found revolting and artificial. I'm an idealist, and I've always thought that two people should be friends first, then start the whole dating shebang, instead of using it to size each other up and find out if they can stand each other's company. You might ask, "How are they going to become friends if they don't date?" I don't know, but there must be something better.

Anyway, getting down to more general comments. First of all, was Grady's article last issue really sexist? Yes. Even I think so, and I thought so even before I published it. So why did I publish it? Because...it gave an accurate, really accurate account of what the attitudes of the military are.

Now, as most of you should know, I spent three years in the Army myself not too



long ago. And, by Ghu, I could identify quite strongly with some of the experiences Grady related. Remember the mention he made of the girl who went around showing off her gum disease? I must have met her sister, the one with the black and rotting teeth and a big smile for everyone.

Here's the way the military works: When a guy is assigned to a post, he isn't intending to stay there the rest of his life; he's probably going to be there a year or two before being transferred to a new post. This means that he isn't going to be looking for a permanent relationship with any local citizens. He can't; he's the next-best thing to a transient.

So, what kinds of relationships does he look for. Temporary ones, naturally. When he meets a girl, he's not interested in having her as a lifelong friend. (In fact, most of the guys I knew in the military had regular girlfriends back in their hometown.) The local citizenry soon become aware of just what it is these men are looking for, and begin to -- in that shopworn old phrase -- "pulling their daughters off the street."

Now there comes onto this military base a sensitive and understanding young man, undoubtedly with broad mental horizons or some such, who is not like the rest of these savage, lusty beasts wearing funny uniforms and drooling after anything that looks female. This young man is perfectly willing to have a good, an equal, relationship with a woman. So he tries to get acquainted with some. What happens? Odds are that the local women either tell him to go fuck himself or he finds himself escorted from the girl's vicinity by her shotgun-toting daddy. After all, the locals know what this nice young man is really like under the skin. Just an animal like the rest of them, yes indeed.

So this guy can't meet the local women, thanx to the vast majority of servicemen who don't want and aren't looking for any kind of satisfactory-to-all relationship. This leaves...just as Gary said...either women who provide "companionship" as a business (prostitutes) or his female co-workers (WACs, WAVEs, WAFs, etc.), if any. It should be obvious that prostitutes have numerous serious handicaps to developing an understanding relationship, so let's take a look at female servicemen for a moment.

OK, why do women join the military? Now I know that there are a good many women who join the service for education, for the money, for travel, for fun (?), etc. Still, what is the major life goal of many women, despite Women's Liberation, despite increasing freedom, despite increasing opportunities? They want a husband. And what's the best place to go to find a ~~sucker~~ catch? College, that's where.

And what if you're not bright enough for college? What if you don't have the money? And what if you're somewhat plain-looking or overweight, and have no chance in competing with the Virgin American Princesses wandering all over the campuses? Well then, you might consider joining the service.

And that's what a heck of a lot of servicewomen are like. Don't get me wrong, please, I know there are some very nice ladies wearing uniforms, I've met some of them. But I've also met some really gross creatures, ones who (dare I say it?) deserve the type of comments such as Grady applied. I'm sorry, I've been overweight for most of my life myself, but I don't have any sympathy for the type of gross obesity Gary described in the WAVE. In my latest stint with the Post Office, there were two female workers with just that type of, uh, mass. Mentally, I referred to them only as "Monster #1" and "Monster #2."

Does all this make me a sexist? Just because I'm relieved that Jessica Salmon-



Forget it girls,  
Arthur's'll never  
make the 10  
most eligible  
bachelor list.



son, Sheryl Smith and Joanna Russ weren't on my mailing list last issue, does that make me a sexist? Just because my Playboy calendar has had all the ink licked off, does that make me a sexist? Just because I drool and perspire over the naked women Grant Canfield draws, does this make me a sexist? Just because I consider Jack Wodhams a great wit and a wonderful person, does this make me a sexist?

Yeh, I guess it does. ~~And/boy//it/it/it!~~

But I try to be a nice guy...err, person. Really. Maybe I can't help but take the whole women's movement somewhat less than seriously. (After all, they take themselves so seriously.) But I think that on an individual basis, at least, I'm not too offensive. I haven't been kneed in the groin lately, at any rate.

Really though, I'm sorry that last issue offended and angered so many people. I don't want to offend anyone, and when people write in to say how little they enjoyed an issue of GODLESS, it hurts, even when I don't agree with their views. All I can do is give my regrets and hope that future issues will be less controversial.

And one final note: Please, people, if you respond to this section of the lettercolumn, keep your comments short. I've already seen too many lettercolumns in other zines get swallowed up in interminable discussions of sexism and women's rights to want to see it happen to "Mindspeak."))

"HE HAS IMPROVED"

"RUBBISH!"

Taral Wayne MacDonald  
1284 York Mills Rd., #410  
Don Mills, Ont. M3A 1Z2  
CANADA

What about  
Brad Parks?  
Is he really  
the worst  
fanartist to

afflict an innocent fandom since Schalles? Or is he a harmless doodler doing his thing in a medium suited to just that self-indulgent purpose? Myself, I agree with Tim Kyger that Brad needs time to develop. Up until now I wasn't sure whether Brad had any measurable amount of talent at all. Nothing you could have said would have changed my mind on this point, but something you did changed my mind. You ran Brad's cartoon-loc. Well, well. He has improved. Except for the two figures at the bottom of page 17 (which were very bad) the "loc" was a good deal like Jay Kinney's drawing style, something you point out in your response to Tim Kyger.

No, Brad Parks is not the best fan-artist around. He is not even the best fancartoonist around. But he's got a start, a good one.... There is no question that he has eradicated or at least eased his earlier deficiencies. If he can learn to use his textures to create a better impression of depth I could even like Brad's work. Let us look into Brad in a few months and see what he has learned then.

Mike Glicksohn I'm afraid that my reaction to your impassioned defense of Brad Parks' artwork -- for lack of a better term -- can be summed up in one word: rubbish! The points you make may be valid, but they are hardly germane. Parks may have improved his range of subject, his shading techniques, his line width by several hundred percent but the simple fact of the matter is that in all of these areas he is still grossly inadequate by current fanart standards. On the whole page in this issue there are possibly two small areas that reveal any degree of artistic competence; the rest is crude, simplistic, uni-dimensional and inept.

The most valid point you raise in his defense is that you find his humor sufficiently appealing to overlook his obvious deficiencies as an artist. I don't, but I can understand your view: a couple of fans whose art is inferior yet whose drawings often appeal to me for what they say rather than how they say it are Alexis Gilliland and Jeff Schalles. If you want to defend Brad as a humorist, that's commendable: but let's not suffer permanent deformation of the spine in bending over backwards to discuss a talent that just isn't (yet) in evidence.



Lord Jim Kennedy  
Rm 208, Mary Ward Hall  
San Francisco, CA 94132  
(NEW ADDRESS!! Please  
disregard the address  
listed a few pages ago)

Bravo for your castigation of Kyger & Co. Frankly, I don't think much of Brad Parks' artwork, but it's blatantly wrong to simply say "No more! No more! Don't use it! Don't use it!" It will be a long time before Parks is one of my favorite fanartists (if ever), but you are certainly right in that he's better now than when he started, and it is certainly very good of you to encourage him, even if it does make your zine look cheap. Art, I've found, is very much a matter of taste, especially in styles that are to some degree abstract (i.e., virtually all fannish cartoon work), as their appeal lies in a difficult-to-define subconscious level and thus must affect different people in different ways, either positive or negatively. I was given excellent training in this fact when I did AR-RAKIS #1...nearly all the locs received commented on the artwork, and excepting a universal liking for the front and back covers, virtually no two commentators agreed on what was "ghood" and what was "bhad". Mike Glicksohn hated nearly all of the art. Harry Warner liked it all. Tim Kyger criticized randomly, and in most cases, what he said stunk, I -- try as I might -- couldn't find fault with.

Tony Cvetko  
29415 Parkwood Dr.  
Wickliffe, OH 44092

About your answer to Tim Kyger: No, you weren't too strong. You said in print what I've already told 2 or 3 people in private correspondence. Obviously, if you or I or Donn Brazier thought Brad's art was poor, we wouldn't print it, and I have yet to see a meaningful criticism of Brad's art. The amount of comments I get simply saying "Park's art is terrible, don't print it" is incredible. Not only is that type of comment worthless, but I also resent them telling me what to print in my fanzine. So I again applaud you on your comments.

Bill Patterson About Brad Park's "art": A greater variety of media and line-widths, a larger range of subject choices, etc., cannot change a graceless doodle into a graphic design...and Parks' loc demonstrates my point. I cannot say, even after reviewing all of Park's art, that I find any single merit in it at all. And that is the honest word of someone who tried for several days to think of something nice to say about it. Usually, I don't say anything at all, reserving my comments to the contrast and printing problems of the graphics, rather than "art criticism," but your pillorying of Tim Kyger in print makes this something of a cause celebre. My principal objection to your reply to Tim's certainly justified and relatively innocuous criticism is that, not content with replying to his arguments, you went on to lambaste him for criticisms he did not make in his letter, to wit: gratuitous criticism (and I mean you implied he was taking pot-shots) of the entire gamut of GODLESS' art from Jeeves to Grant. Perhaps my copy was missing something, but I didn't see anything of that nature in Tim's loc.

((Here's what Tim remarked about the art in GODLESS #10: "...the art in this -- uggh!" Is that gratuitous enough for you? And, incidentally, when did I publish any of Grant Canfield's art? I'd like to see that myself. And as for Tim's "certainly justified and relatively innocuous criticism", see Jodie Offutt's loc below, which expresses my sentiments exactly.))

Jodie Offutt  
Funny Farm  
Haldeman, KY  
40329

I quite agree with you for coming down on Tim Kyger. Nobody deserves to have another say his work sucks. That's terribly ugly and unnecessary, and who knows? -- it might even hurt a little bit. Most of us in fandom are amateurs and should treat each other better than that. If we can't be helpful and constructive and supportive of each other's efforts, we should keep our mouths shut.

Dave Szurek I really don't understand why everybody's so down on Brad Parks' art. Sure, I've seen better fanartists -- a lot of them -- but I've also seen worse, and few if any of them inspired such commotion. Is antagonism (for whatever reason) toward Parks-the-person perhaps as much or more responsible than antagonism towards Parks-the-artist? If so, and I don't know if any such



dislike is justified, it's a pathetically shallow person who can't separate the man from the works. Whatever the case (or any possible case, meaning that if his art really was that horrible), it's a real crock when people like Kyger not only suggest "moratoriums" but issue "orders" for your rejection of Parks. I called Grady an asshole, but by no means am I going to tell you to cut him off. Nor have I suggested a blacklist of Kyger because of some of the stupid things he says on occasion. ((Tim says stupid things on occasion? Why, let me tell you...no, on second thought, I'll let Tim speak for himself....))

Tim Kyger  
801 E. McKellips, #25-B  
Tempe, AZ 85281  
NEW ADDRESS!!

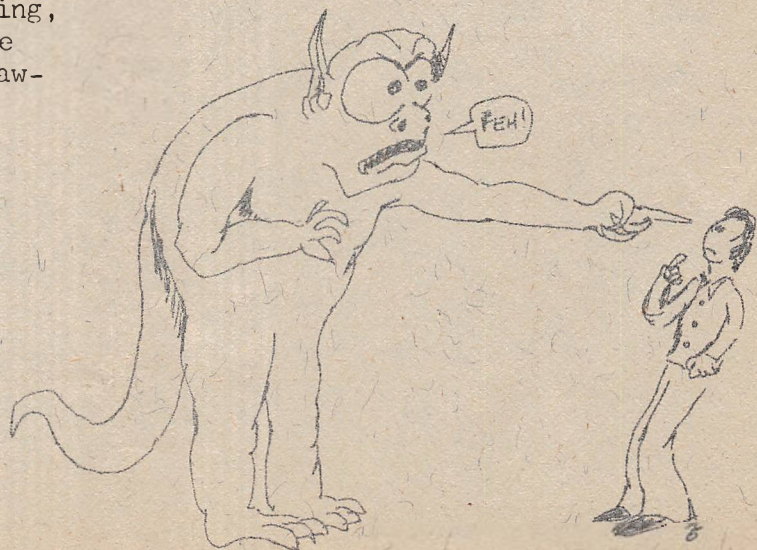
My Sullivan! I didn't think that my loc would stir you up that much! I only write the things to get the zines, and I don't expect them to get published. Sullivan knows that they aren't worth it to pub them. ((You won't see any disagreement from me with that sentence.)) But you

have, and so I am minded to defend myself a bit, and amplify myself to your comments

To illustrate how bad Brad Parks is at this point in time, I've enclosed some illos of mine. They are direct, freehand lifts of Brad's illos in G11 and the back cover of G9. The purpose of my doing those is to show that any jerk can do that sort of thing. I have no talent whatsoever and neither do my drawings. Yet that mimeo man of mine almost looks as good as the original Parks mimeo man. ((Not in my opinion, Tim. In fact, your stuff is so bad that I haven't printed it. And I hardly think it fair for you to submit two pieces that almost look like tracings out of G11. You already think the work is bad, so naturally you think that your near-duplicates are bad as well. It's still just a value judgement. Your mimeo man sketch was visibly different from Brad's version, but your composition is much worse and your line control is non-existent. I suppose it's rather a dirty trick to lambast the stuff without it seeing print, but I'm fairly certain that most readers would agree with me in calling it a waste of space.))

Look, Brad is a cartoonist. Cartoonists exist at the edge of visual art, for they are not primarily constructors of pictures for their own sakes. They are purveyors of wit, who use paper to make a point. They input their wit in a general visual manner, but they are not primarily picture oriented but print oriented. The essence of a cartoon is not the image that cartoon has, but the idea behind the image. The drawing is secondary to the idea, the concept, the joke/humor/wit/commentary. A cartoonist is a writer more than a graphics artist. So you end up with good cartoonists who are ghod-awful artists. Rotsler, for instance. ((What was that I said above about letting Tim speak for himself...?)) He scribbles, for Ghu's sake, but the ideas that he conveys transcend the actual "art" and you don't notice that it is a simple line drawing. ((I observed Rotsler working on some cartoons at the '75 Westercon, and he does not "scribble.")) The same goes for, say, Sam Long's doodles. They are doodles -- but the idea's the thing, and the idea comes out. It's the point of the cartoon, not the drawing.

And that's why I do not like Parks' art so much. He's not backing the cartoon with strong ideas. Instead of slicing edges, I get styptic pencil dulls. I chuckle at a Rotsler; I just stare at Parks. I would not have published mimeo man, but Brad's loc I would have. But really, Bruce, are there any great great amounts of humor or art in that loc? Sure, the





expressions are amusing, somewhat. I can wear a funny hat and get the same reaction, tho. ((You don't need to wear a funny hat, Tim.)) ((I'd like to publicly state here that Tim Kyger is one of the finest straightmen I've ever met.))

Looking back at G10, I can't honestly see what's wrong with your layout. I have no idea what prompted that remark. Amazing how much my foot needs salt. But the cover on G11 is still ugly, in my opinion, when compared with the cover on G8 or 7 or 6. ((Uhh, if you'll check back, Tim, you'll find that the cover to GODLESS #7 was done by...Brad Parks.)) ((I suppose that I should also apologize to Tim Powers for the incredibly bad repro on his cover for last issue. Almost everyone mentioned it, and I'm sorry now that I sent it out in that condition. The original artwork was much more impressive, by numerous orders of magnitude.))

## PRETTY PLEASE WITH SUGAR?

Victoria Wayne  
PO Box 156 - Stn D  
Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8  
CANADA

You mention that you don't send out requests for art, but just see what people send you because they want to send to you. I can't say I go along with this -- since artists, I would imagine, like to be flattered too. It's flattering to a faned when an artist he admires sends up

work unsolicited (I've had some come in this way) but it's also nice for an artist to have an editor of a zine he admires ask him for work. The way I see it, the editor and the contributor are both doing each other a favour, and there should be egoboo in it for both. The artists that I know personally pick out a zine that they feel would be appropriate for sending an illo to, but also occasionally get requests and suggestions. If I were an artist I would feel I was doing an editor a favour if I sent them something I was particularly proud of, but the editor has to reciprocate in kind. My personal philosophy is that if someone sends me art, I feel obliged to print it in the best way possible, i.e. suitably placed and well reproduced. I will be going the request route real soon now, even though I'm fortunate in having people like Barry Kent MacKay around who are all of prolific, generous, and good. Or Taral Wayne, who is good, but not nearly as prolific as Barry since every piece of art he does is so painstakingly wrought.

Taral Wayne MacDonald Grant Canfield responds to being asked to provide art. I know, I've done it, and I've gotten work from him that way. It is a boost to the artist's ego to know he's wanted. It behooves the editor of a fanzine to dunn for material. It's his fanzine overall, and if he wants to improve it it's up to him. He will get the credit for having a good fanzine, not the contributor, who, especially if an artist, may get no egoboo at all from his work if the editor won't give it to him by asking. Grant may also, like me, not immediately think of contributing to a fanzine just because it is sent to him. How many fanzines must he get? Can he contribute to all of them? He probably first contributes to those he already contributes to, then those who look especially good to him, and those who ask. GODLESS does not come off as the best showplace for painstaking artwork, either. The paper is fuzzy twiltone, the layout is casual, the repro only adequate. This is average or above average for the majority of fanzines, and doesn't harm written text at all. But it does nothing for artwork. Artists will not likely think of GODLESS as a place to submit illos spontaneously. Brad does because you accept his art. The others probably contribute by habit also. Break down; ask somebody; if he responds you'll still know its because he wants to, because he could have always said he was too busy.

Err, by the way. Presently I'm too busy. Perhaps RSN? (I like to take my time and perfect my work, and this takes more time than a half-dozen locs. Excuses I've got more of than time, I'm afraid.)

((I use Twiltone paper because it's cheap (tho the price just rose to \$4.25 for two reams) and because I don't have to slip-sheet with it. Patrick Hayden tells me Twiltone is unavailable in Canada, and so you Gals up there just about have to



slipsheet, you poor damned souls. Well, I suppose the extra activity helps keep you warm during the winter....))

Tim Kyger You are content to let the artwork fall on your head from heaven as it were. Well, I suppose this is a world-view that has merit...but not for me. I am 180 degrees apart. As a faned, I'd be out there making a damned nuisance of myself selling my zine in terms of getting contribs and such and cajoling and pleading with anything that moved to submit ("Submit! Submit!" Crack! the whip went against the steel manacles....) to my zine. I suppose that this is the same attitude that has earned me a moniker of Phannish Used Car Salesman. But I digress. I cannot see a zine getting good art/articles by sending people the zine alone. Some soliciting has to be done, and depending on who you solicit it can be fun. ((To give a measure of explanation to that last remark, maybe I should say that Tim is acquainted with more femfans, all across the country, than just about anyone else I can think of.)) From there on it gets to be a positive feedback type of thing. To get to the stage where one puts out a zine that people want to contrib to it with no solicitation whatsoever you have to solicit the hell out of people. This gets you "seed" articles for the first few issues, it gets you ~~hated~~ known, and it gets you acquainted. After this point, assuming that you're putting out a good zine with that material, then people will freelance you. Even then you'll have to solicit. Does Bill Bowers grovel for material/art? You damned betcha. And I bet that...well, take a look at ALGOL. That man does not solicit articles...and that's the type of article he gets. Shit and dreck. Porter waits for the articles to fall from the heavens, and what he gets is soot. ((Funny, I could swear I remember Bill Bowers stating somewhere that most of the material he prints comes in out of the blue. Bill? And I seriously doubt that Andy Porter doesn't solicit material; I don't think, for instance, that Robert Silverberg just up and gave him permission to print his autobiographical sketch in the latest issue. Andy?))

Rob Carver is overrated, true, but Rob is, nonetheless, good. He could be every bit as good as, say, Canfield, if he worked at it. But he won't, and I don't think he's done a single bit of art for the past six months...he doesn't give a damn. It is truly impossible to get any art out of him. I sat on him for three months to get that MAC ad art, and he whipped it up in 15 minutes the day before deadline... and that's why it looks like shit. But, Bruce, Skip Olson's itching to do art for people. But only if they solicit him! I wonder how many other fanartists are like this that lie about unknown? (Skip's address is 1818 E. Cypress, Phoenix, AZ 85006. He's willing for faneds to contact him, nay, hungry.) ((OK, I'll put Skip on the mailing list for a few issues. What are your opinions on all of this talk, Skip?))

Lord Jim Kennedy Your "double standard" where commissioning art & writing is interesting, to say the least. You're violently opposed to "begging" for artwork (have you ever considered just asking?), but you indicate you've asked writers to do particular pieces for you. So how is it that you can "humble" yourself before Don D'Ammassa, but not even ask D or Liz for a favour? ((When did I ever say that I was consistent? But I have solicited art on occasion: Jackie Franke's illo for the Locke article in #7, for instance. I've also asked Alexis Gilliland to do most of the illos for the FANTHOLOGY '75, and at the last Westercon I asked Bill Ratsler if I might publish the series of cartoons he was doing during the Elwood panel -- unfortunately, they'd already been promised to various other faneds, and the best of those cartoons still haven't seen print, to my knowledge. And sorry, but my sense of rugged independence has always made me reluctant to ask anyone to do anything for me. Not to mention my paranoia: I just know that if I depend on someone else to do something, they'll louse it up every time. I realize that sometimes I louse things up, too, but I look at it like this: If someone else louses up, it's because they're an utter fugghead; if I louse up, it's because of unavoidable circumstances.))

Actually, most of the local artists are simply more trouble than they're worth. Rob Carver -- whose stuff I've no more respect for than you -- reputedly demands that one ask at least twenty times, lick his heels, sacrifice a bull, and promise



to marry his sister before doing any artwork. The others must simply be repeatedly nagged. Skip Olson is the only one who is so good that the end result is always worth the struggle. You've admired the art in my FANTASY REVOLUTION, I believe. ((The stuff not done by you, yes.)) Well, virtually everything therein is done on request; in fact, in working with Skip, I often do the basic layout and let him take it from there. Sure, you've gotten along without much effort in your graphics department, but with a little work, you could have a much nicer looking zine. And looks are important...granted, less so than the text content, but still not to be overlooked. It is the care and time that one puts into the look of his zine that distinguishes a genzine from a large apazine.

## GOD IS EITHER JEWISH...

Don D'Amassa  
19 Angell Dr.  
E. Providence, RI 02914

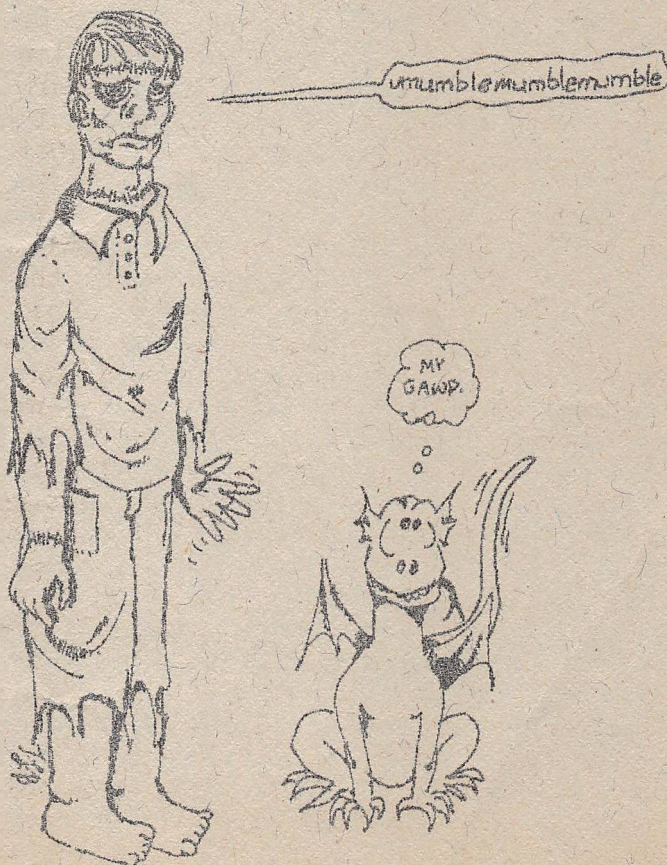
Dave Romm continues to spew nonsense forth. Confession is peculiar to one sect of Christianity, not all of it. His peculiar ignorance destroys his own arguments.

Neither do all Christian sects believe you will go to Hell if you do not believe that Jesus was the Messiah. Even in Catholicism, people who were born before or lived ignorant of Jesus were allowed to work their way eventually into Heaven. I'm not a Christian myself, and dislike a lot of things about Christianity, but Romm's attitude is incontestably bigotry, and he, of all people, should be sensitive to that. I'm embarrassed for him.

Don Ayres  
5707 Harold Way, #3  
Hollywood, CA 90028  
NEW ADDRESS!!

My principal complaint with the Jews I meet (especially in a business or casual acquaintance relationship) is that many of them are so into the whole schtick about being Jewish that they leave common sense behind them, attributing all manner of

accomplishments by individuals to the fact that they are Jewish, which I personally find ridiculous. The same way, the preoccupation of the literary world with the plight of the "modern Jewish experience", a la Roth, et al., has already surpassed nova proportions; it bores the hell out of me to hear yet another jackass shooting his mouth off as though this were the most important, crucial thing in the whole damn world rather than the minor effect of a subculture or expression of a subculture which I find as having little relationship to either myself or what I perceive as the eternal human verities. This sentiment is not limited to Jews, and I'm certain someone will see that the remarks can easily be turned around and dis-asterously applied to SF. This doesn't bother me; I'll simply tell him it's my considered opinion that he's wrong, that I find more vitality and interest in SF than in the rest of the "approved literature", that it's





the only field of literature in which I find adequate freedom to engage in the themes which interest and challenge me, and that it's tough shit if he doesn't believe me because I'm convinced history will prove my view the correct one. I don't need to say anything more; it's an opinion, presented as one.

Incidentally, Dave, it's an interesting anecdote about the two priests, but I really see no evidence to prove that the one wasn't a jerk or that his views were those of someone versed in the intricacies of the religion; incompetents (in particular areas) get through everywhere. and there is no reason to assume that the clergy are different. Secondly, an impressive performance, but I hope you don't expect us to commit the logical fallacy of transferring this specific experience to the status of general case. My personal conclusions on the matter are that Judaeo-Christianity developed as a religion for slaves, thus incorporating certain postulates as axia which I find unacceptable, particularly bloating the role in the universe of mankind, Jews, and gentiles to a point which I find biologically suicidal. Bertrand Russell's delightful little essay "Why I Am Not A Christian" (or Jew, for that matter) should prove insightful at this point.

For myself, I'm an agnostic, willing to understand anyone's point-of-view, but I reserve the right to observe that there are more than two sides to any argument; the real world is complex, and we tend to neglect the realm of possibilities for explanations in favor of an either-or hypothesis, forgetting that the either-or hypothesis is an aid to conceptual understanding rather than a statement encompassing reality.

## ...OR MAYBE A BRAND X STENCIL.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I was a mite disappointed in you for your undynamic handling of the Crisis of the 240 Stencils. Why didn't you strike out boldly with an entirely new concept for fandom?

You could have produced on one of those inferior stencils a manifesto that might have gone down in history with the little Damon Knight essay which resulted in the NFFF or the leaflet which got the Futurians thrown out of the first worldcon. Its theme would have been rejection of the bourgeois, pedantic assumption that the o must have an inkless center. Why shouldn't the o be chopped completely out when it's stenciled? The increased consumption of ink would be minimal, and might be offset by saving all the amputated little centers of the o's and grinding them up when enough were accumulated and mixing the resulting fine powder with alcohol and using the resulting concoction as homebrewed corflu. ((You've been talking with Jon Singer, fandom's Mad Scientist, haven't you, Harry?)) If you don't feel yourself enough of a pioneer to take the initiative in this manner, you could always hunt through your fanzines until you've found an issue in which the lettering for some article or department had been done in a fancy manner that left the o opaque. You might even have created a permanent and conspicuous place for yourself as creator of a new fannish tradition, if all other fans began filing down the o key on their typewriter to make it sharp enough to cut out the center of that letter on the most expensive stencils, so they could imitate your example.

Anyway, it sounds as if you got seconds rejected by the quality control people at some stencil factory before they'd received the imprint of the manufacturer. It's hard to believe that there's a market for stencils made inferior as a matter of policy by some firm that hides its identity. I've found, incidentally, that stencils begin to lose quality as they age. I used to buy five quires at a time by mail order from Montgomery Ward, which meant a delay of a year or more before I used the last box from an order, and there was a definite worsening in the reproduction from that last box. Rate of consumption was unchanging because I used them only for FAPA and kept my activity uniform there from mailing to mailing.

Curt Stubbs  
940 E. 8th Ave., Mesa, AZ 85204

Luckily, I saw GODLESS, and tried to use one of those damned stencils from Lord Jim before you



tried to sell me a quire. I won't go into the ancestry of anyone who would knowingly sell a product like that, but Jim's comment about a "possibly insane fugghead" would be mild by comparison. I bet you eat erasers also. Actually, the preceding is my hostilities over your fifteen dollar mimeo. I hate you I hate you I hate you!

Mike Glicksohn The tale of the \$15 mimeo will surely drive fans all over the continent crazy! How these things seem to happen to everyone else except me I don't understand. But from reading other people's fanzines, the four hundred bucks I shelled out for my Gestetner would have kept a good three dozen other fan in duplicators. Is it any wonder I tend to get paranoid?

## leftovers

Tara Wayne MacDonald I can't say I'd like to have to pay the postage on fanzines I receive. If someone wants me to see or have a copy of his zine, why should I have to pay for it anyway? Potential contributors will become impossibly inaccessible to most fans. What beleaguered fan will willingly pay to be beleaguered? It would kill fanzines as we know them since only the already established and/or expensively produced zines could compete for the "paying market". I couldn't afford to receive fanzines in the volume I'm accustomed to.

Jodie Offutt Hey! I like Ben Indick's idea of COD fanzines. You think the editors would suffer? Can you imagine the writer: "I wonder if he ran my LoC or put me in the AHFs? If my letter's printed, I'll 'buy' it, but if not, well...." And: "Is this the issue my article is in, or the next one? Mr. Postman, you won't mind standing right there while I take out just one staple and peek at the pages, will you?"

After that, we could send our LoCs postage due.

Mike Shoemaker As a matter of fact, I have never insisted that the West Virginia school board was forcing people to read books, although I have stated it; world of difference, the one is fuggheaded, the other a simple error of misinformation due at least in part to the unreliability of our news media. I think Don's analogy with medicine is spurious. Medicine is a far more objective field than education. I too would like to get rid of the current public educational system, but then, what about those rights of all the others which Don is so concerned about? The alternatives: education by an autonomous elite (very dangerous in our present unstable culture, too many intellectuals each with his own hobby-horse who want to proselytize for The Cause), or education as a form of tyranny by the majority (but the culture of the majority is hardly ever better than mediocre, and ever subject to fads). None of the answers are without problems. I am left wondering about the psychology of Don's arguing over this utterly trivial point of obvious misinformation, while totally ignoring the rest of my original paragraph to which this point was completely irrelevant.

Mike Glicksohn My reaction to D. Gary Grady's remark about Canada and the US armed forces was a healthy "Jesus fucking Christ!!" Does he really believe that? Are there actually intelligent people who still buy that "Guardian to the world" US imperialistic bullshit? It is to laugh! The only thing our unfortunate proximity to the rapacious US military-industrial complex is likely to gain for Canada is early devastation in any nuclear war with either Russia or China. In fact, as Angus Taylor has recently provoked a mild hornet's nest in



GEGENSCHEIN with, a good many Canadians are a hell of a lot more concerned with a possible military take-over by the US than they are relieved by the thought of having Big Brother standing behind us. (Ready to rip off our oil, water, nickel and numerous other natural resources that the US casts covetous glances northwards for.) Don't delude yourself, Gary; we're not riding along on your militaristic coattails: ask your friends in fandom; who would want a military friend like the United States of America has proven itself to be? ((I think it's not a question of whether you want this "protection", but whether you have it. And I think you do. Suppose, for instance, that a Polynesian war fleet was sited paddling across the Pacific, headed straight for Vancouver. Let us further suppose that the entire Canadian Navy was in the Atlantic at the time, fighting off a fleet of Vikings or something. I'm fairly certain that the US Navy would be kind enough to blast the Polynesians out of the water to prevent them from sacking Vancouver.))

Your support of Roytac for TAFF is a clear example of regional chauvinism of the very worst kind. Arizona...New Mexico...we all know they're really the same place, and in all likelihood the insidious anti-fan Tackett had a loaded gila monster to your head as you typed those depressing words. (I too have met Roy a few times and he is too that old; also that horrible...of course, Bowers looks older and acts horribler, but that's the beauty of these democratic fannish institutions. Anyone can run, no matter how decrepid, despicable and undeserving. Bowers for TAFF...if only to spare the rest of us an issue of OUTHOUSE while he's away.) ((As you undoubtedly know by now, the TAFF race ended in a tie, and both Bowers and Tackett will be going to England. And you know who was responsible for that, Mike? Me, that's who! Why, if I hadn't forgotten to get my ballot in before the deadline, Tackett would have won by one vote! How about that, eh?))

Strange that you should feel you've become argumentative and nasty since arriving in the US southwest. Local fen here in formerly-placid Toronto have attributed the veritable Vesuvius of vitriol to erupt here recently to the arrival of Arizona fan Patrick Hayden. Before he got here, "feud" was Peter Gill's way of spelling what we ate. There must be some terrible disruptive influence in the air of Arizona that permeates the atmosphere and corrupts even the best-intentioned fans, which heaven knows you aren't. Your only chance is to move to some healthy climate like Billings, or North Platte or maybe Sault Ste Marie. Perhaps you'll find a job classifying blubber, and maybe get ridden off the road by a moose with delusions of virility....

Harry Warner Jr. Maybe I should write another article for some fanzine or other, disclaiming this reputation for peaceful behavior that people keep imagining for me. It must be about four years since Geis ran the last article I wrote on this topic. I've been in some exciting fannish combats in my time. If I'm not conspicuous as a warrior, it's partly because I usually try to restrict the arena to correspondence or to a small circulation publication, partly because it's usually done via mail and so there are no people crowding around to watch and listen the way it is when fans get to fussing at a club meeting or con. ((I remember the old, feud-ridden issues of Geis' SFR quite well. I'm referring to the issues printed in human blood, of course.))

Dave Locke You're right, you are turning into a shit. Welcome to the club. Meetings are held on Tuesday nights, on Flushing, Long 819 Edie Dr. Duarte, CA 91010 Island, after which we retire to a pub and get ourselves wiped out.

I shouldn't really respond to your "as long as I'm talking about reproduction problems (I don't care if it's not properly fannish material; I enjoy it!), I should mention my new mimeograph," because my response presupposes that your parenthetical remark is aimed at my "Apples & Oranges & Editorials" article in OUTWORLDS, wherein I had humbly presumed to talk about editorial content. There's no doubt in my mind that you are indeed referring to that article, but the fact that I'm paranoid doesn't mean that people aren't really out to get me.

I think you've misinterpreted me on the subject of what makes poor editorial content. It's true I suggested that remarks about repro and typos and poor layout



and all other manner of mechanical problems should be avoided, if only for the reason that you shouldn't force yourself and your readers to live thru the same problems twice (first I have to see them, and then I have to listen to you telling me about them), but don't interpret this too rigidly. A story about getting stuck with ten quires of an anonymous, self-destructing brand of stencils, and a story about scarfing up an almost new electric mimeo for \$15 -- these are interesting stories, and any comments about the effect of these things upon your fanzine are normal by-products of the stories and not the sole purpose for telling the stories in the first place. I found your editorial quite interesting, and I don't see anything here which points to a disagreement.

Just so you don't think you've gotten away Scot free, I'll question the purpose of the last paragraph on the last page of the fanzine: "...there's a possibility that I'll switch over to pubbing yet another zine, devoted to short zine reviews and comments..." Switch over? Does that mean you'll drop your genzine GODLESS in favor of a fanzine review zine? Other than the fact that this would be an act comparable to switching from top sirloin to Gainesburgers, you're telling your readers that any LoCs on this issue will get flushed down the tubes, and the contributors in this issue will have to live without egoboo. I'm sure they're thrilled at the thought that their articles have just dropped into a vacuum, and it's for this reason that I question the purpose of your announcement. It's your fanzine and you can hint that it's the last issue if you want to, but is that fair to your contributors? You could have omitted that announcement, and passed along the letters to them as a note of thanks.

"Yet another zine." Does that mean you're considering another zine in addition to GODLESS? If so, what does "switching over" mean?

It's obvious that you were hacking away to fill up the stencil, but precisely what information were you trying to impart? This isn't in your editorial, but it's an editorial pronouncement nonetheless. It isn't clear what you're saying, and one would have to question the purpose of either of the two possible interpretations of what you were saying.

That's what I mean when I talk about proper editorial material. ((DESPERADOES, which was going to be a zine review zine in addition to my other stuff, got dropped for lack of time when I found myself working full time and going to school. See "The King In Plural" thish for a few more details.)) ((Oh, and by the way, Dave, I'm afraid it wasn't your OW article I was reacting to. Actually, I was thinking of criticism given to one particular fanwriter who often wrote about his mimeograph...Arnie Katz.))

AHF on G11: Todd Bake, Rich Bartucci, Sheryl Birkhead, Denny Bowden, Mike Bracken, Charles Burbee, Ed Connor, Steve Domeman, Terry Floyd, Alexis Gilliland, D. Gary Grady, Ben Indick, James Mann, Wayne Martin, Pete Presford, Ron Salomon, Steve Sawicki, Al Sirois, Bruce Townley, Paul Walker, Bud Webster, Elst Weinstein and Terry Whittier. Due to space considerations, I left out comments on "adulthood." Due to considerations of sanity, I left out the many comments disagreeing with Wayne Martin re wrestling.

A few excerpts from late letters on G10 will be printed below:

Mike Glicksohn     Apart from the monstrous egoboo to be garnered from being the subject (even shared) of a D'Annunzio column, there's the delight in observing a rather delightful example of how a "critic" can "read" into an author's work a load of superficially-reasonable sounding rubbish. Taken seriously, one can almost hear a reviewer somewhat new to the game actually saying that stuff. It is to chuckle into one's martini, then move on to more significant matters...such as the olive....

There was a time when I thought the height of fannish fame would be to have a cartoonist draw a cartoon about you, but having just now encountered the drawing by Al Sirois, I'm not sure that the realization lives up to the anticipation. Of course, I did say a cartoonist, not a paraplegic with muscle spasms and tooth decay so I guess I'll have to wait a while to see my dream come true.... (That's an artist? Huh! He's not fit to wipe Wally Wood's nose...welllll...maybe he's that fit,



Bruce D. Arthurs  
920 N. 82nd St., H-201  
Scottsdale, AZ 85257  
USA

Victoria Wayne  
PO Box 156, Station D  
Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8  
CANADA

THIRD CLASS MAIL  
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but not to hold his pencils!) (Take that, Sirois, and that, and that!)

Eric Lindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave.  
Faulconbridge, NSW 2776  
AUSTRALIA

andy offutt  
should take  
heart. This  
year John Bang-  
sund presented

the awards and his speech was a model of brevity -- in fact, may have set a record for fastest presentation speech. I was impressed, but later on heard all sorts of people moaning and complaining about the brevity and presentation detracting from the seriousness and profundity of the Hugo awards. Of course, that couldn't be expected to impress me very much -- I was the person who bought the balloons, tin whistles, streamers and confetti that were flying about...and all the GoHs (including Ursula LeGuin) and fan fund winners were either in on it or originators of it.

((I also have on hand a letter from David Ginsburg, detailing research he did to try and determine if Thomas Crapper, reputed inventor of the flush toilet, ever actually existed. I'll try and get it into next issue.))

Other late loccers on G10: Frank Balazs, Steve Beatty, John D. Berry, Denny Bowden, Kynne Holdom, Hank Jewell, Jodie Offutt, John Purcell, Steven Sawicki, Steve Simmons, Paul Skelton, Mae Strelkov, and Neal Wilgus. If I've left anyone's name off this list or the one on page previous, sorry.

22

OOPS! DEPARTMENT I blew it when I put Jim Kennedy's new address on page 13. I left out a whole line, in fact. Between the "Rm 208" line and "San Francisco", there should be another line of address, reading "800 Font Blvd." Jim's now taking course for a degree in Film at San Francisco U, and the new address is his dormitory. A recent letter tells me his roommate's name is Abdullah, who is insisting Jim learn to speak Arabic. Stay tuned for further installments of "As the Infidels Burn."