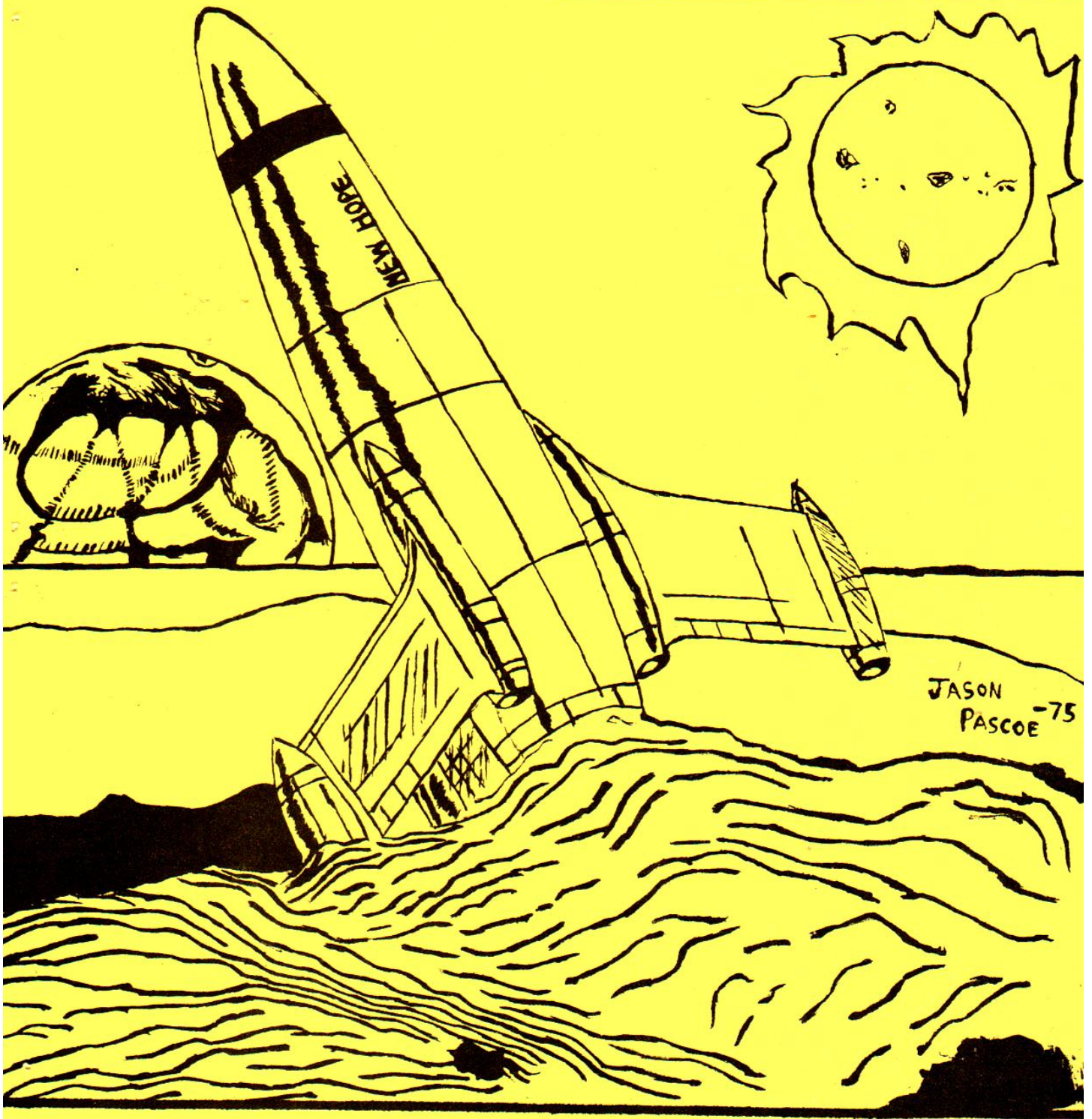


# WINDING



NUMBERS

2

---

WINDING NUMBERS 2 is edited and published by Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; R2J 1S1. Phone: 1-204-256-2637. Copies are available for 50¢, or articles, locs, artwork, or trades. I'd prefer the latter over 50¢, but that's up to you. If you send artwork, please submit it in black ink on thin white paper, as all artwork is electrostencilled on a very touchy machine. Vol. 1; No. 2, whole number 2. Winter 75-76 issue. Happy New Year, and Happy Bi-Centennial, U.S.A.

---

TABLED CONTENTS:

RANDOM THOUGHTS: "...Again, Dangerous Recipes? The Last Hurrah of the Golden Chefs? The Chefs Look Up? Cookbook's End? New Recipes in SF 27?), by Randy Reichardt....2

SOME THOUGHTS ON WALTER MILLER'S A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ: "This is not conventional science fiction. It is not acceptable to many. But that is the harmony of Miller's canticle.", by Tony Dalryn.....4

TERMINAL MORaine: THE DENIAL OF WILSON TUCKER: "It is this sense of continuity and hope that sets Wilson Tucker apart and above so many of the hackers and dilettantes that infest science fiction.", by Jason Pascoe.....9

WHERE IN HELL DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?: "I could see it now. In some fanzine, "I pissed right next to Xavier Coldfuss!" Even in my thoughts I couldn't use my real name.", by Donn Brazier.....11

THE MAP. Have you ever picked up a fantasy or science fiction novel, turned the cover, and found a map of the area, continent, or planet on or in which the novel takes place?: "The Upside-down Mountains...".....(by who?).....13

A CHECKLIST OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS BY CANADIAN AUTHORS (Manitoba check): "One of the most important modern science fiction writers was born on a farm south of Winnipeg in 1912.", by Chester D. Cuthbert.....14

A DISCOVERY: "...who is alledged to have been expelled from Britain in 1786 for having attempted to blow up parliament with a sack of flour.", by Stu Gilson....16

SOME THOUGHTS, ETC.: "...for modern man, seen in the light of technology, is Promethean, engaged in the changing and creation of the world. This is a glorious and tragic undertaking.", by Andris Taskans.....19

HAS BEING IN FANDOM AFFECTED MY MIND?: "There is something definitely mind-refreshing in eating your favorite brand of pretzel after dipping it into a nice cool bottle of your favorite brand of beer...", by T.S.Bradshaw.....22

WINDING LETTERS. You got a better name?: "I thought everyone was aware that warm mineral oil is the single most toxic substance known to students of Martian bio-chemistry.", by A. Lockir.....(one of a few).....24  
and a few closing comments.....

---

Editor: Randy Reichardt Contributors: T.S. Bradshaw, Donn Brazier, Chester D. Cuthbert, Tony Dalryn, Bob France, Stuart Gilson, James A. Hall, Jason Pascoe, Bern Roy, Johnston Smith, Andris Taskans.

Art Credits: Sheryl Birkhead: 25, 28. Stuart Gilson: 7, 10. Barry Kent MacKay: 18, 21, 23. Jason Pascoe: cover;

a winding number tells you whether you're in or out of (a) space.....

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

RANDY  
REICHARDT

Um, let's get something straight before we venture any farther. When I named this fanzine, I had no idea the problems that would be caused in trying to pronounce the name, WINDING NUMBERS. W-I-N-D-I-N-G is pronounced the same way you would say The Long and Winding Road. Not good enough? Winding rhymes with binding, as in bookbinding. Perhaps I'm making a mountain out of a molehill, but every second person who saw the cover of #1 thought it read WIND (as in the north wind blows). It was, and still is, rather frustrating. It seems the main reason for the trouble was the lettering style on the cover which made it difficult to read (it was the Letraset style known as American). I've employed a more readable style this time.

Since last issue, I've done more things and met more people. One such person is Corcen Coz, a librarian at the University of Winnipeg. Last issue I mentioned that the University of Winnipeg has the largest library collection of science fiction in Winnipeg. Well, through my talks with Mrs. Coz, I discovered a number of things. The collection was built up with the assistance of a Winnipeg collector, Mr. Chester Cuthbert, and a former student, Roy Hunter (who, by a strange coincidence, worked in the same library I do now some years ago). Apparently, it was, and is still believed that the University of Winnipeg will eventually offer a course or two in the field, and this collection will obviously come in handy then. I was also given the chance to browse through their collection, and among other interesting things, I discovered a copy of The Forever Machine. Again, in the last issue, I mentioned that in the catalogue I found some Mark Clifton novels, but not a copy of They'd Rather Be Right. Well, no one informed me that the name had been changed, but I checked it out, and with it, began what might be considered a reading binge, if you read as fast as I do. Within 8 days I read The Forever Machine, The Einstein Intersection, To Your Scattered Bodies Go, and A Case of Conscience. The aware observer will note that these novels have all copped one award or the other. It's a personal project of mine: to read all the Hugo and Nebula winners. It's been difficult sometimes. I'm not one who likes to put down a book and start something else if I don't like it, but it's happened twice, and the two books were award winners: Dune and Lord of Light. Perhaps in the future I'll try them again, but during my first attempts they gave me fits.

The turnover of science fiction in my library is poor. We have about five shelves of it out of 35,000 books (it's a branch library). Anyway, I got brave last November. Picking out about 30 of the best sf our main branch had to offer, mixed them with a few of our gems (and I emphasize the word few) and set up a display near the entrance. I took a large blank poster, listed every Hugo winner along with some explanatory notes, and placed it behind the display. Well, after about six weeks, the books have not turned over too well. Some of our regular sf patrons made use of it, but with the odd exception; that was about it. The rule is when you set up a display you have to have a popular topic. Science fiction is popular, but not here; in our library, it ranks well behind biographies, mysteries, cookbooks, handicrafts, and romance (in no particular order). I would be interested to hear from some of you on this. What's it like in your library? Good selection? Good turnover?

Speaking of turnovers, an idea which started out as a joke some time back now doesn't seem like such a bad idea after all. When I was rounding up contributors for the first issue, I tried to sound desparate and asked them to write anything, even a cooking column. Get the idea? To the point, does anyone out there have any

interesting recipes they'd like to send? With enough of them, maybe the Fandom Cookbook (The Bakery Shops of Isher? Cookbook; Cookbook and Empire; Second Cookbook? To Your Scattered Cookbooks Go? Again, Dangerous Recipes? The Last Hurrah of the Golden Chefs? The Chefs Lock Up? Cookbook's End? New Recipes in SF 27?) Sorry. As I was saying with enough recipes maybe something could be printed up vaguely resembling a cookbook. Or maybe not. Who knows. Tune in next issue for more developments. Meantime, send in your recipes. Be serious, now.

LOCAL PLUG: As Winding Numbers is not the only fanzine in Winnipeg at the present time, I thought I'd inform you of one other that I'm aware of. It's called BOOWAT, and it's a personalzine relating the happenings of one Garth Danielson. It's available for 20¢ or 6/\$1.00 from Boowat Publications, 616-415 Edison Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3G 0M3. Trades acceptable.

Last issue I told you the story of my attempt to start some sort of regularly meeting group of sf fans. Most of the people who I talked to knew little or nothing at all about fandom. We met a couple times, but little ever came from those meetings except discussions about this magazine. I met Stu Gilson via a phone call, and saw him in person the following week at Chester Cuthbert's home. That day I also met Garth. It was here that I learned that for many, many years there was in existence the Winnipeg Science Fiction Society, which published, among other things, the Fantasy Classification System by Alastair Cameron. Now, however, the group exists in "name alone". Perhaps that's a bit harsh, but one way to look at it is that there is no official group in existence. But there has been a small group of fans, that's right, fans, ones who are aware of fandom, who meet semi-regularly at Mr. Cuthbert's home; we gab, buy books, and whatever else comes up. I am the "newest recruit", so to speak; there are about 7 or 8 of us. This seems to be the extent of active Winnipeg fandom at the present time. This issue features some of them: Jason Pascoe, Stuart Gilson, James Hall; Chester Cuthbert, and myself. The others featured in this issue are not into fandom, all by choice.\* When I sent those letters I told you about last issue, one reply questioned, and rightly so, whether there was a need for a club. The reply also mentioned that if I should find any fans in town, the number of them would probably not reach double figures. So, my original plan of forming a group has been scuttled, since there already is one. It's a solid group, albeit locally there are no activities, such as conventions, but give us time. We'll be holding a regional within 5 years, hopefully.

It's certainly a relief to see the mail flowing again. Of the postal workers who participated in the vote, only 51.8% of them voted to return to work, so quite a few of them are still bitter. 42 straight days without a piece of mail is torture. Apparently, American postal workers don't have the right to strike. Our post office needs a complete overhaul. Last issue, I gave an address in North Dakota to send correspondence to. Naturally the strike ended before I could get there, but a few items came, and I picked them up on Dec. 6th. But the unrest in the post office remains, and most Canadians are foreseeing another confrontation at the end of 1976, when this contract ends.

I'm still not accepting subscriptions as yet, but we feel Winding Numbers has a good future. I've got regular contributors in Winnipeg, and hopefully the mailing list will slowly grow to a respectable number. Response to #1 hasn't been overwhelming, but it wasn't discouraging either. If I make it to Grad school next year in September, Stu Gilson will temporarily take over the local controls, while I perform some long-distance editing. To be perfectly honest; nothing could discourage me right now. I'm enjoying it too much to give it up, and that's what it's all about, right? (How about The Pot Holder of Darkness? The Bakery My Destination? The Cook in the High Castle? Recipes of Known Space? I Have No Cake and I Must Eat?) Sorry. Au revoir.

-Randy Reichardt

\* The Winnipeg fen, of course.



# TONY DALMYN

## SOME THOUGHTS ON WALTER MILLER'S A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ

Matthew 10:14 (See also Mark 6: 7-13, Luke 9:1-6)

"If anyone will not receive you or listen to what you say, then as you leave that house in that town shake the dust of it off your feet."

Walter Miller, Jr., in A Canticle For Leibowitz, chapter 30: "The last monk, upon entering, paused in the lock. He stood in the open hatchway and took off his sandals. 'Sic transit mundus', he murmured, looking back at the glow. He slapped the soles of his sandals together, beating the dirt out of them."

The Biblical passages cited differ. Some say that the shaking off of the dust is a warning. The passage in Matthew has it as a damnation. The passage from Canticle appears in the last chapter, at the departure of the monks for the human colonies in space, just before the second Flame Deluge reaches its climax.

It has been twenty years since A Canticle For Leibowitz first appeared as a short story in 1956. It re-appeared as a novel in 1959, winning the Hugo. Since then, it has had a certain following among academics some of whom have used it to illustrate Spengler's or Toynbee's studies of the rise and fall of civilizations. It had a following among the generation that found itself on the "Eve of Destruction" and sought its answers "Blowing in the Wind". The paperback version is probably into a twenty-first printing by now.

A Canticle For Leibowitz is not, however, simply a piece of the literature of pacificism or pessimism. It cannot be summed up and dismissed as a topical and dated, or as an interesting piece of historical speculation. Rather, it should be examined as a study of our society and its values, particularly its glorification of technology and scientific technique, its attitude towards progress, and its so-called liberal humanist tendencies. It should be read as a political book - political in the broadest sense as dealing with the nature and purpose of human society and the right use of power in a society. But most of all, A Canticle For Leibowitz should be read as a religious and moral book which asks of our civilization some fundamental questions.

Those questions do not relate to power, wealth, social equality or social justice. They go beyond such issues as the end of poverty and disease and ask of the assumptions upon which our society bases its values: are these assumptions right? Can a society which elevates the satisfaction of human needs and the gratification of human desires and wishes into the keystones of its morality ever escape from the struggle for dominance as one man or group seeks to assert its own needs, desires and wishes over those of the rest?

Many cannot accept the answers which Miller gives to those questions, and are unwilling to look at them. Or, looking at the questions, they struggle to substitute different answers. Hence, Canticle is swiftly put away and forgotten with the other relics of the sixties.

Before considering exactly what questions Miller asks and what answers he supplies, it would be convenient to recall the setting and events of the story. Leibowitz was a scientist or technician of some sort in the early 1960's. An atomic war devastated the world and destroyed the advanced civilizations. The world col-

lapsed into a new Dark Age. Leibowitz became a monk, and then founded his own religious order which had its own special task: the preservation of what knowledge could be salvaged from the ruins of civilization. The survivors of the Deluge lashed out at the remnants of culture, including the new Albertian Order of Leibowitz. The Order set up monasteries in remote locations where the work of saving knowledge could be safely carried out. Leibowitz himself was caught and killed by a mob.

In the following centuries, the Church becomes one of the few stable institutions in a chaotic world. The monasteries were self-supporting, going about their daily routines of work and prayer, and preserving ancient knowledge. Leibowitz had taken his first step towards sainthood, being beatified. Six centuries had passed since the Flame Deluge.

This is the setting for the short story and the first part of the novel. A novice was making his Lenten retreat in the desert around the abbey. He discovers relics of the founder, Leibowitz, including a blueprint of a circuit design. These relics provide evidence in support of the canonization. The brother undertakes to produce an illuminated copy of the blueprint and works on this task in his spare time for fifteen years. When the authorities in New Rome decide that Leibowitz was indeed a saint, this brother, Francis, is sent as a delegate and takes his copy as a gift to the Pope. On the way, he encounters a robber who scornfully asks why he spent all his time on this task. At New Rome, the brother thinks of his answer: he is part of the process of recivilizing the world in his role as preserver of knowledge.

This is as far as the short story goes. The first part of the novel goes no farther, although it introduces themes that will come to fruition later and emphasizes a different set of characters.

The novel then shifts ahead five or six hundred years into the Renaissance and Reformation. Life at the abbey has gone on, following daily and yearly cycles of prayer and work. Outside, political authority has become centralized in several warring monarchies and lesser principalities. There has been a revival of the natural sciences which has led interest in the materials which the monks have preserved. The leading scientist of the day arrives at the abbey to inspect the records. This scientist comes into conflict with the abbot. The scientist is the illegitimate half-brother of the ruling monarch's cousins and is close to the seat of power. But he prefers not to comment on his cousin's conduct, or to discontinue his work. (Among his cousin's more civilized acts: running diseased cattle in among the herds of nomadic tribes to starve them and break their confederacy - but making it appear as the act of a rival kingdom). And when he realizes the value of the preserved knowledge, he is angered that it has been kept from the world. In turn, the abbot reminds the scientist of the Fall and its consequences. Is the scientist too proud of his discoveries to accept the responsibility? He asserts his belief in man's heritage of reason readily enough. Will he accept the heritage of unreason and violence as well? The monks had not worked to preserve knowledge simply for the sake of knowledge itself, but because that knowledge revealed Divine Providence.

The third stage, Fiat Voluntas Tua (let Thy Will be done - a response in several of the prayers in the Tridentine Mass and other parts of Catholic liturgy) is set at the same abbey six hundred years later. Man has rediscovered atomic power and this time has managed to keep from using it as a weapon for two hundred years. Man has reached space and established colonies on planets around different suns. - But war is in the air. And war begins, slowly at first. The authorities, to the dismay of the abbot set up a euthanasia station near the monastery. This brings him into conflict with the medical authorities, who are men acting in good faith but on

wrong principles. They consider pain to be the only evil, and society the arbiter of good and evil. And the government supports them. It makes the problem of too many corpses much easier to deal with. The war gathers momentum.

The church has prepared for this eventuality. A starship staffed by monks, carrying the accumulated knowledge of humanity and bishops to carry on the church has been prepared. As the war explodes into radioactive destruction, sufficient to destroy all life on the planet, the ship leaves and the new abbot shakes the dust off his sandals. The people would not listen.

Miller never questions that science and technology are legitimate human activities. But every step upwards implies an increased responsibility which no one seems willing to accept. Responsibility, by the way, does not mean a committee of concerned professionals discussing ethical problems. Responsibility means resignation to the truth. Man is not God; not perfect, not perfectable by human acts alone. The only hope is in the Lord, and the only perfection in the Cross!

The religious theme is not a novelty in science fiction. You don't have to be a theologian to see the Islamic foundation of Herbert's Dune, the pantheism in Stranger in a Strange Land or the militant humanism of Clarke's Childhood's End. Christianity appears strongly in many writers. For example, C. S. Lewis has the Silent Planet trilogy. And who is not familiar with James Blish's Hugo winner A Case Of Conscience. And then there was Anthony Boucher, who incidentally, was editor of Fantasy and Science Fiction when Canticle appeared there as a short story, and who received the author's acknowledgement in the novel.

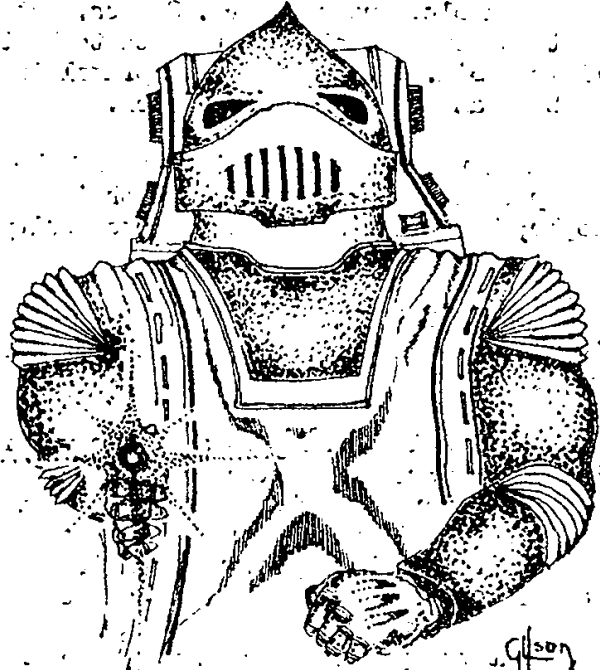
I will confess that I am not familiar with the critical literature on Canticle, or with any information on the state of Faith in fandom. But I think that you will agree with me that most fans would not call themselves devout Christians, and are somewhat embarrassed by the intrusion of Christianity into science fiction. It involves a drastic questioning of normal scientific thought, involving belief and action based on faith alone. And the faith is, unlike, for example, Heinlein's pantheism, inconsistent with scientific technique. Heinlein's martian religion, you will remember, involved simply a different approach to understanding and manipulating the physical universe. It did not suggest that man was not master of his destiny.

Miller, in A Canticle For Leibowitz "comes out" as a Christian. He creates a world that has arisen from the ashes of one nuclear holocaust and shows us its growth. He sets up a tension between the abbey and the world outside. This is the first major Christian theme. St. Augustine, in the early part of the fifth century first used the theme of the two cities, those of God and man in his Civitas Dei. The notion actually goes back much farther. It appears in the idea of a chosen people in the Old Testament and in tribal religion generally. But in St. Augustine it found a new expression. The division was no longer made on the basis of class or race, but on the basis of faith and works: The Christian lives a normal human life but is set off by his dedication.

That is the situation in Canticle. The monks go about their tasks, educating, studying and assisting the world to rebuild. They have the special task of saving the old books. And they have their prayers. The double call is developed slowly. In the first part, we see the monastery as a seemingly integral part of the world. In the second part, the secular scientist offers one of the monks a scholarship outside the monastery, which he refuses. And in the third part, we see the abbot of the missionary group given his choice between the cross of leadership, and remaining a follower, a crew-member without priestly duties. The distinction between the monks as teachers and scientists and the monks as disciples of Christ is drawn

more and more clearly. They offer the world two gifts, knowledge and salvation, and it accepts only one.

There is a theme of suffering. Pain is not pleasing to God in Christian Theology. But pain borne well and offered up to God, pain for which God is forgiven is God's test of faith. There is a steady examination of the way in which the world treats pain and God treats pain. The world regards it as absolute evil. God regards it as transitory, as part of the human condition. The underlying evil, the true pain is separation from God in man's fallen condition. The Christian should not tolerate human misery, but he should not mistake alleviation of physical misery for human fulfillment. This theme is treated quite explicitly in a dialogue in the second part between the abbot and scientist shortly before the scientist leaves, and also in the third part when the euthanasia team seeks permission to advise refugees in the monastery to seek official release from their pains.



There is the theme of the dust - a biblical image that I have already mentioned.

There is the desert, which is a prominent Christian image. For example, consider the story of the temptation of Christ by the Devil. Christ was fasting in the desert when the devil came to him and offered him power and wealth if he could do certain acts. So too did the world come into the desert seeking not only knowledge, but to draw the monks away from their contemplation into full-time scientific research. Or consider John the Baptist, the voice crying in the wilderness: prepare ye the way of the Lord. He was executed by Herod. When the monks protest the death camp's existence, the ruling authority uses the process of law to have them removed. The monastery is itself a voice in the desert of modern society.

But most prominently, there is the theme of Pride. This is a theme that appears most clearly in the conversations of the abbots. In the second part, the abbot discusses with Benjamin/Lazarus the burden of being chosen and carrying the sins of a people. Their conversation drifts across the topic and the abbot finds himself meditating on the way Man accepts as his birthright, human dignity, but protests at accepting his birthright of guilt for the sins of all men. Man claims to know good and evil, but will not see the evil in himself. And in the third part, the abbot also reflects on human pride. Man continually destroys the imperfect, never realising that perfection is not in his power. When man's anger at imperfection (always another man's fault) becomes great, there is destruction and violence.



But Christianity asserts forgiveness and redemption. And Miller uses two images in Fiat Voluntas Tua to complete the story. One is the bicephalous woman. Old Mrs. Grales has grown a second head. In a dream, the abbot sees the growth as an Immaculate Conception. Mrs. Grales constantly seeks to have the second head baptized. At the end, Mrs. Grales comes to make her confession, and to forgive God. At the end of her confession, the holocaust begins. The priest lies trapped in the rubble, and sees Mrs. Grales. But the second head has come alive and the first is now dormant. He attempts to baptize her, but realizes that she is free of Original Sin. God has restored primal innocence and perfection at the end: there has been an Immaculate Conception.

And the other image is that of the dust. The disciples leave the village where they preached unheeded and make their offer to others; God does not abandon his people; he gives them another opportunity. The monks leaving on that starship are that opportunity.

So at the end, God restores primal innocence to a dead world. There is forgiveness. And God gives man another chance to hear His word; forgiving man once again.

Good science fiction asks the important questions: What is a man? What is his true nature and perfection? What is a good society? Miller undoubtedly asks these questions and gives answers. I have suggested that attempts could be made to read pessimistic answers in: man is a creature doomed to destroy himself; a good society is one which prevents him from doing so. I have suggested that for various reasons, that answer is easier to accept than the one I have outlined.

But the pessimistic view has no explanation of the incident with Mrs. Grales, or for the illusion to the mission of the Apostles. It has no understanding of forgiveness and redemption. Miller supplies answers based on faith. I have tried to show the themes and images in which he supplies those answers. Agree or disagree with those answers - do not doubt that those answers are the ones given.

Miller asserts that man is a creature of God (and let us not quibble about how this creation was accomplished) who has free will. In the exercise of free will, Man has chosen to deny God. To deny God is to deny man's true perfection. Consequently, the values of our societies are illusory and meaningless. In seeking to do good according to those standards, man inadvertently does evil. But God through his Church and through his own intervention in human history in his Incarnation has given Man an opportunity to redeem himself. God will forgive and redeem those who accept Him. This is not conventional science fiction. It is not acceptable to many. But that is the harmony of Miller's canticle. Man's sin is counter-pointed to his accomplishments in the scheme of history. There is no music without it being both heard and played.

...Tony Dalmyng  
...the theme of Fiat Voluntas Tua is the theme of Fiat Voluntas Tua. In the second part, the abbot discusses with Benjamin the idea of being chosen and carrying the sin of a people. Their conversation differs across the topic and the abbot himself indicates on the way man accepts as his birthright, human dignity, but protests to accepting his birthright of Fiat Voluntas Tua. In the third part, the abbot and Tony Dalmyng see the evil in human history. And in the third part, the abbot also reflects on human dignity. He continually destroys the imperfect, never ceasing that perfection is not in his power. When man's power is imperfect, (as ways another man's Fiat Voluntas Tua) becomes that, there is destruction and violence.

Picture a great glacial ice sheet moving slowly down from the top of the world. With movement great shards of rock are scraped from mountain ranges falling to the glacier surface to be carried off to some different time and location. Suffering climatic change, the sheets recede leaving the terminal moraine, an ageless reminder of the glacier.

Consider now, the field of science fiction. Not only the fans and conventions, or even academia with its countless and pedantic dissertations. Examine the group instead that truly supports (sic) science fiction, the casual reader of SF. The group that has read "everything by Heinlein and Asimov" and "can really get into Pournelle, Russ, Coney, and countless other less capable writers flooding the market." The group that "has seen" Analog and Galaxy but has "never heard" of Extrapolation or Science Fiction Review. If asked the question, "Have you read anything by Wilson Tucker?", they reply with blank stares and generally, "Who's he?"

This wonderment must be an enigma for the long time reader of SF. Science-fiction, like some rubble stream glacier has been moving, slowly evolving, carrying with it the works of Heinlein, Asimov, and YES, even Wilson Tucker. The evolution has ceased; SF has become a form of literature. The terminal moraine has formed and Wilson Tucker must form a segment of the manifold that is science fiction.

Tucker's new book Ice and Iron only reinforces this notion. Although it is marred by the use of pseudo-science (a new ice age before the turn of the century) and cheapened by carrying woman's liberation through to its ultimate conclusion, it remains a readable and entertaining novel.

The protagonist, Fisher Yann Highsmith, yet another of Tucker's immensely human characters, is the leader of a group of scientists investigating glacier phenomena. Towns, cities and all other signs of man's civilization are obliterated as the sheets progress southward. The investigations proceed as expected until objects are found on and near the glacier that have no reason being there. Hand formed mud bricks, fish, water, and eventually primitive man. With the Ice pressing and politicians urging the stop of all such investigations, Fisher must provide an explanation.

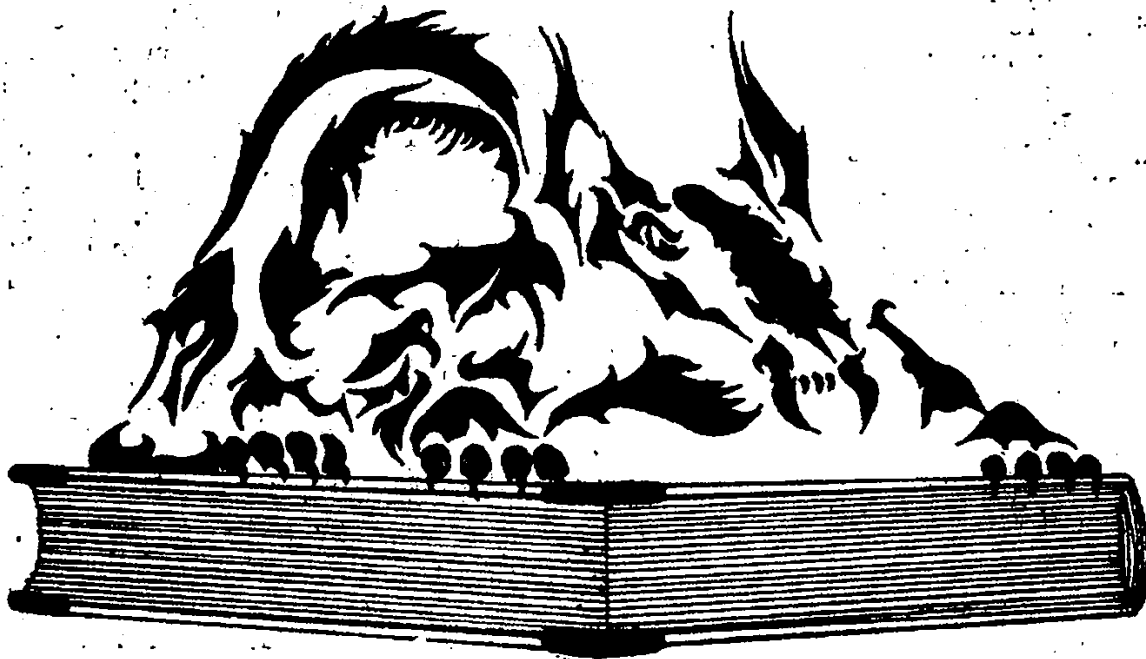
By cross cutting back and forth between the here and now and the "place" from which the objects and men seem to be coming from (Iron), Tucker provides the explanation. Progressively, the world of Iron becomes more understandable. The world of Iron is earth's future, that time after the glaciers' recession and men return to the northlands. It is a world of dominant civilized women and subservient men. This section of the book tends to detract from the success of Ice and Iron, and one must wonder why Tucker structured it the way he did.

It is, however, the weapon utilized by the women of the future that provides the central theme of the novel. When the weapon is fired it seems to act as a "disintegration ray". Played upon an object, whether it be mud block or man, it causes apparent total destruction. The effect is only apparent. The blasted object is actually projected backwards in time, materializing somewhere above the glacial sheets where it plummets downward to be found by Fisher and his team.

In this way, Tucker demonstrates not only the continuity of the universe but of man also. Fisher's civilization will be decimated but it will return at some point in the future. It is this sense of continuity and of hope that sets Wilson Tucker apart and above so many of the hackers and dilettantes that infest science fiction.

The glacier of science fiction has receded leaving the terminal moraine, the artifact of science fiction, and Wilson Tucker must be a part of it.

.....Jason Pascoe



I will admit I was surprised that this issue came out as fast as it did. I had originally planned to have a second issue completed by the end of January; nonetheless, this is starting to get a wee bit expensive, my fanac, so I'll probably slow down. Next issue should be out by the end of February (ha!). Don't trust me, however. It'll probably be sooner than that.

Some of you may have noticed the absence of Johnson Smith this issue, after announcing in his piece last time that he'd follow up with something. 'Tis obvious he hasn't yet, but the chances of him reappearing next issue are good. He says he "hasn't done enough research yet." I've heard it before. (Sorry, Johnson. Now get to work!)

Would I make it down to the lobby, I thought as I stepped into the empty elevator on the sixth floor. I was sure that none of the fans swarming through the halls of the hotel would recognize my face, for this was my first appearance at a Worldcon. I had a deadline to meet, something that had come up at the last minute, a hurried call from that editor whose name I won't mention had caught me just before I left home. And so I tossed the devilish portable into the car, along with a ream of paper, and now I was skulking down to the lobby for a pack of smokes while the typer cooled off in my room.

I pushed the button, catching a glimpse of my tousled hair in the shiny brass plate where the buttons lived. That won't do, I thought, some fan will note my short but mussed-up hair and say ah-ha, an author! I ran my hand through it, picking out a half-way decent part.

Oh, crap, I muttered. The elevator was slowing to a stop at four. The door slid open, and in stepped a youngster, oh, maybe sixteen years old. I directed my eyes nonchalantly toward the ceiling, right after I saw the rocketship name-tag on the kid's T-shirt.

"Sir," I heard the tentative, slightly squeaky voice. "Sir?"

I sighed inwardly and brought my eyes down from their examination of the elevator's ceiling panels. "Yes," I said, dryly.

"Would you sign my program?"

I decided to play it stupid. "What program?"

My attitude was having the proper effect, for the fellow withdrew the booklet he had tendered and his eyes lost that rapacious glint. "I'm sorry. I thought you were an author."

"What gave you that crazy idea?" I laughed.

The glint came back into the kid's eyes. I could see that he was wise to me, that he had seen through my game, but wasn't as yet really positive of his new insight because the program still dangled at his side. "You have three pencils in your jacket pocket," he said. "They've all got good erasers on them, and besides, there's a carbon smudge on your thumb."

For Christ's sake, I thought. Another little genius of a fan. Were they all that smart? I decided to switch tactics, play it cool. "Okay, I'm an author. Of sorts," I added diffidently.

"Well, would you sign my program then?" he said, shoving it at me again.

I shrugged. "But you don't even know who I am."

"Well, who are you then?"

I was getting nowhere. I dare not shuck him off any longer, for we were already in the lobby. Already I saw several other fans looking our way, eyes alert like hunters catching first sight of their quarry. What else could it be, an older man pursued by a teenager whose teeth, like a worrying dog, were fastened in the animal's hide; what else but an author on the loose?

I ducked into the men's room, the kid right behind me. At least we were out of sight of the pack. I pretended to relieve myself. The kid stepped up right beside me; I could see it now. In some fanzine, "I pissed right next to Xavier Coldfuss!" Even in my thoughts I didn't use my real name.

I decided to be honest. I told the fan about my deadline, how I just had to get a pack of cigarettes and get back to my typewriter, that my life depended on it. I let a slight sob emphasize the spot I was in as I threw myself upon his mercy.

The fellow zipped up his pants. "Okay," he said. "I understand. I have deadlines like that myself. Already TWISTING NUMERALS is a month behind schedule."

"Twisting numerals? What's that?"

The kid's face lit up like a neon sign. "That's my fanzine."

Since I had received some of these things in the mail, I knew what he was talking about. "Tell me about it," I said.

As we walked out of the john and over to the tobacco counter, he told me all about it.

"Sounds marvelous," I said, and I meant it. I really had respect for these fans knocking out fanzines, for free yet.

On the way back to the elevator, he told me more about his TWISTING NUMERALS, which I now mentally set up in caps.

At the elevator door, I said, "Send me a copy will you?"

The door slid open. I stepped in. I said, "Remember now, I got to get to work, but can I ask you one question before I go back to my room?"

He nodded, a big smile on his face.

The door began to slide shut. I had just a moment to deliver my question.

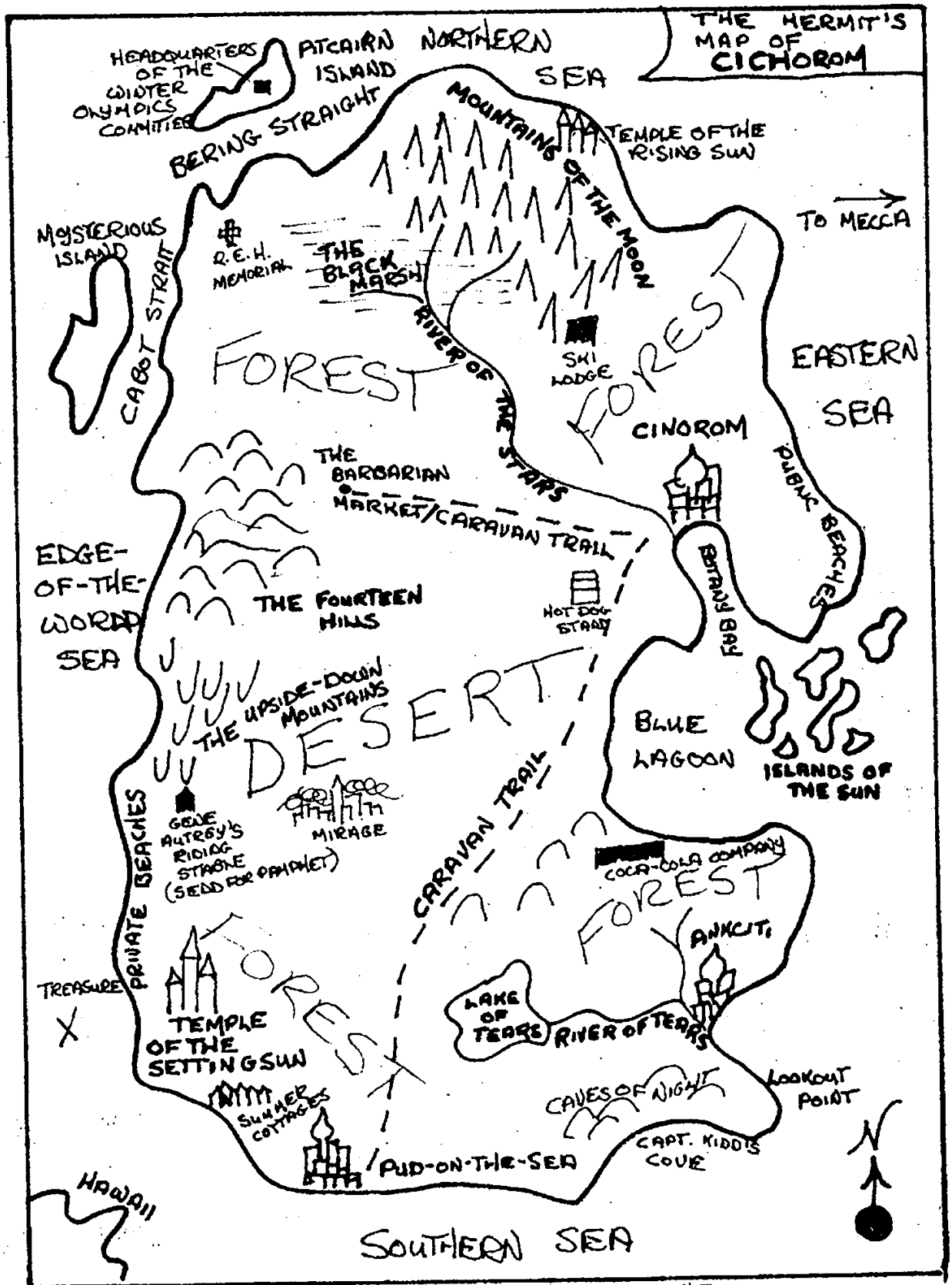
"Where in hell do you fanzine editors get your ideas?"

.....Donn Brazier

{} What you have just read never occurred. Only my age was changed to protect the innocent, namely me. - R{}

\* \* \*





PRINTED BY THE  
CINOROM BOARD OF  
TOURISM & RECREATION

# CHESTER D. CUTHBERT

A CHECKLIST OF FANTASY AND  
SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS BY  
CANADIAN AUTHORS (Manitoba check)

During the past nine years my principal project has been this checklist. The main obstacle to its completion is the difficulty in locating the books to be read in order to ascertain that they qualify. At the conclusion of this article, a list of these books will be appended. I should like to purchase or borrow any of these which may be available.

The checklist will not include anthologies edited by Canadians, or in which Canadian writers appear; only collections of stories or novels are considered.

As a test of the scope and accuracy of the checklist to date, I am setting forth my information concerning books by Manitoba authors. Any additions to this list will be welcome.

One of the most important modern science fiction writers was born on a farm south of Winnipeg in 1912. A. E. van Vogt has contributed over thirty books, among them Slan, which is considered a classic. His late wife, E. Mayne Hull; was also born in Manitoba; she collaborated with him on two books, and wrote a third, Planets For Sale, herself. van Vogt's work is distinguished by complicated plots, a profusion of super-scientific ideas, and an interest in the mental sciences. The Violent Man, a story of Red China, is his only novel outside of the fantasy classification.

Although he is probably next in importance, Frederick Philip Grove is represented by only one novel. Consider Her Ways is about a colony of ants and their views of life and man. It has not achieved the recognition it deserves, probably because it was published only in Toronto and is little known outside Canada. Because this book is so rare as to be almost unobtainable, it is fortunate that an excellent summary and appraisal of it is available in Frederick Philip Grove by Ronald Sutherland (Canadian Writers #4, New Canadian Library, 1969).

Robert J. C. Stead, known for his novels of prairie life, tried his hand at a science fiction novel about the control of minds by an ingenious device. The Copper Disc was a Crime Club selection.

Douglas Durkin, with a similar though more melodramatic appeal than Stead's, entered the field with Mr. Gumble Sits Up. It is a whimsical work, a gentle, and somewhat ironical novel, in contrast with his other work.

In New Secret, Lillian Beynon Thomas described the effect of the atom bomb on a Canadian family. Her sex is also represented by Irene Fennell, in whose rural novel Ghost Light only the title phenomenon is unrationalized; Mildred Matson, whose The White Tribe is a modern version of the "Garden-of-Eden" story; and Linda L. Metcalf, whose Widening Trails is a spiritualistic novel.

Bertram Brooker wrote two novels involving psychic phenomena: Think of the Earth and The Robber. The former won the Governor General's Award in 1936, and the latter is a story of Barabbas, and is more historical than fantastic.

William Hamm's The Gray Shadows of Death is a more sensational science fiction story, published only in paperback form, as was The Adventurers From Mars: The World's Fate by John Johnson. The Dybbuk by S. An-sky (Shlome Zanvil Rappoport), was translated from the Yiddish by S. Morris von Engel, and published in Winnipeg in paper-

back form in 1953. This is a myth narrated in the form of a play, and it may be of interest to mention that the cover was drawn by John Hirsch.

In 1952 the Canadian Science Fiction Association published Fantasy Classification System. Copies are to be found in various library schools at universities in the United States and Canada; and anyone who wishes to know the ideas which compromise the basis for all fantasy and science fiction will discover them to be conveniently summarized and indexed therein. Its author, Alastair Cameron, a Winnipegger then attending university in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is presently a Professor of Astronomy at Harvard University.

Although not eligible for inclusion in my checklist, Dr. Jack McKenty, a urologist presently practising in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, had two short stories published in GALAXY MAGAZINE, one of which was reprinted in an anthology chosen from its pages by its editor, H. L. Gold. The only other known Manitoban, aside from the writers mentioned above, to have contributed to the magazines, is Chester D. Cuthbert, who had two stories printed in WONDER STORIES magazine in 1934, both of which were reprinted, one in a hard-cover anthology by Sam Moskowitz.

APPENDIX: CURRENT WANT LIST. Fiction books wanted by Chester D. Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3M 1J5. Condition is not important, as long as the text is complete.

Austin, Lillian Edna.....	Shudders	Powe, Bruce.....	The Killing Ground
Blanchard, Henry Percy....	After the Cataclysm: A romance of the Ages to Come (N.Y., Cochrane, 1909, 136p.)	...The Last Days of the American Empire	
Brennan, Anthony.....	The Crazy House	Rohmer, Richard.....	Exodus/U. K.
Crowley, John.....	The Deep	...Exxoneration	
Dickson, Gordon Robert...	Secret Under the Sea	Royal, Matthew J.....	The Isle of the Virgins: A Romance. (Buffalo, Wbourne-Summer, 1899, 328p.)
Eaton, Evelyn.....	The King is a Witch (London, Cassell, 1965)	Starrett, Vincent....	The Escape of Alice
Edwards, David.....	Next Stop—Mars! (Greenwich Books, 1959)	...Snow For Christmas	
Fisher, Leonard E.....	Sweeney's Ghost (Juvenile)	Sullivan, Alan.....	Mr. Absalom
Gilman, Dorothy.....	The Clairvoyant Countess	Templeton, Charles...	The Kidnapping of the President
Higgins, David William...	The Mystic Spring	van Vogt, A. E.....	The Battle of Forever
Jackson, Basil.....	Rage Under the Arctic	...The Book of van Vogt	
Kerby, Susan Alice.....	Gone to Grass	...M33 in Andromeda	
Koch, Eric.....	The Leisure Riots	...The Proxy Intelligence	
Merril, Judith.....	Survival Ship	Willer, Jim.....	Paramind
Muddock, J. E. Preston...	The Sunless City	Hargreaves, H. A.....	North By 2000
Myers, Martin.....	Frigate		
Nitsua, Benjamin.....	The Mystery of Ashton Hall (author's real name: Benjamin Fish Austin)	.....	Chester D. Cuthbert
Osborn, E.M.....	A Short Visit to Ergon (Victoria, B.C., 1971)		
Pendle, Walter Henry.....	Poems, Short Tales, Phantasies		

\* \* \* \*

"No generalization is wholly true, including this one."

— Disraeli

In the course of prolonged searching through many rare bookstores, I've stumbled across what must be certainly considered a rarity in the annals of science fiction scholarship: Reflections, by Reginald Crowley, a slim privately bound volume of random observations on science fiction literature and fandom. Apparently a reclusive and largely unknown fan, Crowley is believed to have resided somewhere near Poughkeepsie during the past quarter-century. Biographical information on the man is scarce, and little assistance could be encouraged from the dealer from whom I obtained the volume, although his concentration was somewhat diverted by an alarming preoccupation with my jugular vein. It is suspected, however, that Crowley is remotely descended from the English snail magnate, Fadius Thadwicke, who is alleged to have been expelled from Britain in 1786 for having attempted to blow up parliament with a sack of flour. The relative importance of Reflections is, of course, questionable as is the balance of Crowley's mind, and yet in the interests of historical completeness, the relevant portions of this obscure work have been quoted below in their entirety.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most fanzines are published at great material expense to the editor; the rewards are strictly emotional and intellectual. It's an activity that involves considerable self-sacrifice and self-imposed responsibility. Taking this into account, one can understand the basis behind the wound that hurts only when you laugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who persist in retaining a lingering devotion for "science fiction" per se, are mistaken in labelling modern "speculative fiction" as such. Science fiction always has and always will defy categorization.

\* \* \* \* \*

The function of science fiction art should expand to a point where it ceases being merely decorative. It should incorporate legitimate science fiction themes and concepts into itself, develop a sense of awareness as to its capabilities by capitalizing off the dramatic power it enjoys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the sour taste of Shakespearean scholarship that repulses us so, Shakespeare's works are the first examples of fantastic fiction treated with a social relevance; an assortment of ghosts, witches, intelligent animals, lost islands and swordplay, in the best tradition of Howard...evidently, science fiction is where you look for it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some individuals have viewed fandom as a microcosm, self-congratulatory, and tenuously self-sufficient. In that respect, it's closely akin to politics.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bibliophile is a strange breed; as an infant in the budding stages of his intellectual growth he thrives on books with pictures. Later, for fear of ridicule from his peer groups, he shuns illustrated books because they represent a childish obsession. When he finally matures, he's willing to sacrifice limb and life for a finely illustrated volume.

\* \* \* \* \*

The art of book-making has degenerated from a demanding craft into an assembly line routine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long since the first fanzine emerged, countless polls have occurred and been taken in an attempt to establish general recurring patterns of fans' tastes, occupations and interests. After all that labour, little more has been concluded other than that the only consistency in fandom is its inconsistency.

\* \* \* \* \*

Traditionally, the purpose of science fiction has been to evoke a sense of wonder, to entertain. With today's "social relevance", the big thing behind the genre is to remind us of our present responsibilities by showing us the consequences of our actions, and suggesting an alternative to the insanity we now live in. In many cases, entertainment has been sacrificed for relevance. Case in point: The Sheep Look Up.

\* \* \* \* \*

Science fiction has always been remarkably prophetic: Michelism foreshadowed the Communist scare, Hiroshima was long before realized as an inevitability of technological progress, and today we only begin to appreciate the full significance of the ecological dilemma as seen in science fiction a half-century ago. Small wonder the writing is such a pleasure to read.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the beginning fanzines were intended as vehicles by which a bridge of communication might be established between isolated fans, in effect, an extension of the prozine letter columns. Today, fandom has gained an independence from the professional publications to the point of self-sufficiency. Presumably, if science-fiction ceased to be, fandom as a functional entity would hardly suffer by its absence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The measure of an author's popularity is directly proportional to the area consumed by his/her name on a book's cover.

\* \* \* \* \*



The writing of both Lovecraft and Ellison is properly considered as horror fiction. The only difference between the two is that, firstly, one reserves the final punch-line for italics while the other prefers upper case letters. In addition, one deals with destructive horrors that originate outside our sphere of existence while the other is more concerned with horrors that lurk within us.

Academics, and those who have an affectionate devotion for science fiction feel a sense of triumph in its apparent resurrection from the ghetto. With several typical examples of the new wave that immediately come to mind, it appears to me that science fiction has but managed urban renewal.

Controversy breeds response, which probably explains why science fiction fans are never at a loss to communicate. \* \* \*

.....Stu Gilson

...the new wave... urban renewal... science fiction fans... communication...

...the new wave... urban renewal... science fiction fans... communication... the new wave...

...the new wave... urban renewal... science fiction fans... communication... the new wave...

...the new wave... urban renewal... science fiction fans... communication... the new wave...

...the new wave... urban renewal... science fiction fans... communication... the new wave...



Three or four words seem to occupy a key position in any discussion of this sort: "science fiction"; "religion"; "God"; and, probably, "technology".

"Science fiction" has been interpreted in many different ways by numerous critics, both in broad and narrow terms. Any attempt at defining science fiction must consider its relationship to the "sense of wonder" (and philosophy begins with wonder!) and to myth-making. The redefinition of SF as "speculative fiction" or, better yet, "speculative fabulation"; is particularly significant in that it implies that science fiction is a modern, conscious myth-and-meaning-making, based, however, on something other than a stable, static cosmology; it is based, rather, on the realization that "meaning" is itself not simply "actual" (albeit hidden), but is open to limitless rediscovery and redefinition. Reality is nature, tradition, history, but it is also the human capacity for redefining reality. Man is change. Meaning is a possibility. Our meanings are extrapolations, enquiries, hopes and fears; they should not be definitions. SF maps the human soul by mapping the "not yet" and the "maybe never". In that sense, it finds man in utopia, in "no-place". Hence it is wrong to speak of SF as prediction. It is process which is aware of progress and it gives due credit to potentiality and possibility. SF should recognize, in Professor Vahanian's phrase, that "man consists in the humanizing of that which is alien to him, whether it be nature and society; or whether it be technology." And science fiction should further recognize that "today it is technology which constitutes the matrix of the humanizing process." Hence, Brian Aldiss is correct in calling Frankenstein the first science fiction novel, for modern man, seen in the light of technology, is Promethean, engaged in the changing and the creation of the world. This is a glorious and a tragic undertaking. Meaning is not to be discovered in another world. Rather, all possible worlds wait in potential (one might also say, in trembling abeyance) until man summons them, deliberately or with unconscious blunder - most often, with both. In such a situation, the actualization of meaning cannot be equated with its attainment. And the search for meaning (even if defined as "the sacred") consists of its continual overthrow and relocation.

Therefore, we will adopt as a provisional working model of "science fiction" the first part of the definition given by Aldiss in Billion Year Spree:

Science Fiction is the search for a definition  
of man and his status in the universe which  
will stand in our advanced but confused state  
of knowledge (science).....2

And we will also note that "the science fiction search for the 'definition of man' is often playful. And what the definition does not do is determine whether the end product is good, bad, sheer nonsense, or holy writ...." 3

The word "God" we will leave undefined for now. Nevertheless, we propose that there is something which is, for want of a better word, the content of a "religious (or relevatory) experience"; and that such an experience is a "disclosure of Being" which cannot be reduced to the language of scientific discourse, whether the critic wishes to call it a psychological aberration, an illusion, or the misapprehension of scientifically-explainable phenomena. These may all apply, but, we will assume, there is something more. That is, the "disclosure" will be considered as a valid or authentic event, although its subsequent interpretation may not be so immune. For our immediate purpose, such a discernment will

be called "religious", provided that it is accompanied by an appropriate commitment to the something or someone that is disclosed. Religion, so defined, is one's attitude towards "Being" and the pattern of behaviour which follows such a unique perception of meaning. The definition of "a god" in Cordwainer Smith's "Under Old Earth" may be of help at this point: "A person or an idea capable of starting wholly new cultural patterns in motion." 4

In the light of this understanding, the non-religious claim or attitude may be seen either as the negative or inappropriate response towards the unique perception (e.g. resentment at being 'thrown' into the universe), or as the assertion that one has experienced no such 'perception', and, indeed, finds the idea itself meaningless.

Of course, all of these "definitions" are simplistic, but they will serve as a starting point.

\* \* \*

Aldiss notes that SF is a creation of the Industrial Revolution, during which Western man

began to alter his attitude towards his God.

It was in this changeable cultural climate that science fiction first emerges - with a discretely blasphemous nature that it still retains. 5

That this "blasphemous nature" is characteristic of most of science fiction will no doubt be immediately evident to anyone familiar with the field. Indeed, my opening remarks in the previous issue were prefaced by two quotations from Dangerous Visions, the former of which, part of Harlan Ellison's introductory comments, had just that blasphemous tone - with the "discretely" left out! Nevertheless, it is significant that even Philip K. Dick's rather sympathetic attitude towards religion should be accompanied by a compelling story, "Faith of Our Fathers", that aptly illustrates Aldiss' contention that "Science fiction writers have brought the principle of horrid revelation to a fine art". 6

We are all aware that religion and technology do not "mix". Indeed, in the modern experience they seem to stand quite at odds with each other. The paradox of technological man is that, engaged in "humanizing that which is alien to him", he discovers that the something, Being, "God" is most alien of all. This is our dilemma.

At the risk of misrepresenting his thought, I propose to take Professor Vahanian's opening remarks for my thesis. He proposes that "man consists in the humanizing of that which is alien to him." This process he calls technique; the technique of the human. Today the matrix of such a technique is technology, although in the past it has been "nature as depth of the soul, of being" and it has also been "history as the unfolding of the spirit, of becoming." 7 What must be recognized is that

every technique must at first seem somewhat bent on obliterating religion; the truth is however, that it releases a new type of religiosity. A technique mediates, not the dislocation of the sacred, but its relocation. 8

The quest will be to examine science fiction, the myth-literature of technology, and analyze the agonies of the "dislocation" with an aim in mind of identifying the signs, if any, of the "relocation".

finis  
-20-

NOTE: In the previous issue, I promised to provide a preliminary bibliography of science fiction dealing with "religious" themes. This bibliography will not be forthcoming in the near future, I am afraid, due to the immensity of the task and very few hours I am able to devote to it. However, I have not abandoned the project and welcome any suggestions.

.....Andris Taskans

FOOTNOTES:

1. Vahanian, Gabriel. "Technology as an Ecclesiological Problem." Union Seminary Quarterly Review. Vol. XXIX, No. 3 and 4, Spring and Summer, 1974. p. 261.
2. Aldiss, Brian. Billion Year Spree. (London: Transworld Publishers, 1975) p. 8, italics deleted
3. Ibid.; p. 9
4. Smith, Cordwainer. The Best Of Cordwainer Smith. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1975) p. 218
5. Aldiss, op cit., p. 13.
6. Ibid., p. 21.
7. Vahanian, op cit., p. 261
8. Ibid.

\* \* \*

while grace killed herself

while grace killed herself the sun  
the moon and stars  
were dreams above the clouds  
the city's breath was a measured white  
in the crisp December air  
time was the bus downtown with frequent stops  
for the dying whose heavens are  
christmas lights and santa claus.

grace was a dreamer in this land where  
the young die more swiftly than the old  
and as sure  
living between heartbeats smiling  
at old laughter born of circumstance  
and fears she knew as life  
her words were blankets for her soul  
and beauty

while grace killed herself i  
watched helplessly  
realizing my death would be as much  
and as little  
lost in the outskirts of my mind  
i have watched myself take that bus downtown  
to heaven

while grace killed herself the wind  
laughed in the trees and fed the darkness  
an offering of snow



.....james a. hall

Certainly, my initial reaction to this topic is not at all serious. I doubt most sincerley that I could concieve of this topic on my own, let alone leave out typoing mistakes; and if I did, it would be discarded as quickly as a ten-dollar bill, being totally unworthy of even the slightest consideration. However, my initial reactions being overcome, I find that perhaps there is some merit in this topic after all. Perhaps fandom has affected my mind.

At this point, I feel that it would be in order for me to define my terms. What do I mean by saying "BEING IN FANDOM"? Well, I would define that as participating in any fannish activity: reading, loccking, writing for fanzines, attending conventions, and the many other aspects of fandom of which we are all aware. As for "AFFECTED MY MIND", this could be best described by illustrating my mind before I entered fandom, but I must refuse to do this. Not for fear of it coming to light that I did not have a mind to speak of, and, indeed, still suffer from this lack, but because I have never really stopped to consider my mind; a statement which may or may be totally redundant. Before this discussion carries me away, I hereby submit that I had a rather highly-developed mind - quite apart from the average-in the ways of all things, except of fandom.

Ah, how well do I remember (it was in a bleak December and I was suffering a rather fearsome attack of cabin fever) those first few weeks in fandom, which were almost exclusively spent cursing the Post Office, as I was during this last mail strike (yechh). Slowly fandom trickled and was eventually crushed, by an over-zealous postman, into my mailbox. I was jubilant. Hastily, I answered mail, sent requests for fanzines and waited patiently. And waited. Certain fears began to fester within me. These fears turned out to be unfounded. I learned later that this was merely an attack of neo-fanism with a slight touch of Twonk's Disease (this latter a most fascinating malady which has been likened to a falling of the ampits).

It seems I have yet to shed some light on the topic of this article, so I think I will take a coffee break in order to collect my thoughts. I would suggest that you do the same; for all I know, you may need one more than I.

\* \* \* \* \*

INTERMISSION

\* \* \* \* \*

There. That was good. There is something definitely mind-refreshing in eating your favorite brand of pretzel after dipping it into a nice cool bottle of your favorite brand of beer, be it Michelob, Oly, Carlings, or root. Sure, I remember distinctly saying "coffee break", but what the hell. If one cannot be allowed the liberty of lying occasionally, there is no worthwhile freedom left in the world. As a matter of fact, lying is one of my favorite pastimes. Often I can be found lying around about anything that comes into my head. Most people find this a distressing fault to find in a young man with so many other fine attributes. It saddens them.

Speaking of my attributes reminds me of another fault, that being my egotism. I do not believe this has any relevance in this article for fandom has not effected



my egotism; I have always thought I was the greatest.

Randy, if you print this trash I'm going to be the most surprised person in the world. ¶¶ Surprise, T.S. - R.¶¶ But talking about the world, I really have to get back to it. Can't let history get me down. So I will conclude by stating that fandom has not affected my mind, never mind how I reached this conclusion. Ridiculous topic anyway.

signed,  
Napoleon Bonaparte

¶¶ Editorial intervention: methinks this article, if you may term it so, speaks for itself. But it's disclaiming time. The stunningly lovely yet remarkably untalented Mr. Bradshaw has allowed me the option of including his address, an option I will now exercise. Anyone wishing to further question T. S. re: his sanity, or any other brilliant topics, should address his/her letter to the following address: #5 - 202 St. Anthony Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.¶¶



\* \* \*

I've been reading in latest issues of Karass and Locus about this professional convention that's going to be held in New York in June. Linda Bushyager discussed the consequences of such an event, all of which I can't help but agree with. It all boils down to whether or not we want commercialism in fandom, and I would hope that the majority of us would say no. Linda published an excerpt from a letter from Charles Ellis, a spokesman, to Ken Keller. The one paragraph that ticks me off the most goes like this:

"Once proven by having run Expo, we will get into producing SF instruction films, possibly a prozine..this is where we are headed. We're setting up a business that will be of particular interest to fen and help spread the "gospel" of literary SF to the general public."

SF instruction films? What the hell is that? And for who? Oh, I suppose...  
Instructo-Film #24: How To Organize A Regional Convention of a Low-Keyed Nature.  
Instructo-Film #66: How To Start A Fanzine and Keep It In Operation For Under \$35 a Month. Do we need this? Do we want the "gospel" of literary SF spread to the public? I, too, "hope this Expo falls flat on its face". Perhaps the definition of "filthy pro" should be revised before the next edition of the Neo-Fans' Guide appears; it seems that there is now a whole new meaning to it.

.....R

You know, I originally planned to, in this space, feature the words, or rather, the title WINDING LETTERS in big black Letraset. I electrostencilled it, and cemented it into a stencil, added a few words, and started typing the locs. But when I finished the stencil and withdrew it from the typewriter, I discovered a lovely gaping hole in the title, as well as in the middle. So, in effect, it was ruined. So I have no electrostencilled title for the letters column. Why don't I go and get another one? Because: 1) It's 10:50 p.m.; 2) It's Christmas day; 3) Why should I make one electrostencil for one title; and, 4) based on #3, it would be a waste of \$1.75. Next time, folks. And now, the lox:

---

Don D'Amassa      Enjoyed your fanzine very much. I also remember COSIGN and  
19 Angell Drive    CROSSROADS. The first fanzine to publish my material was CO-  
East Providence    SIGN -- and Bob Gaines and I remain good friends. He was out  
R.I., 02914        here to visit a few months ago. CROSSROADS was the first I  
                      had a regular column in (book reviews). Al Snider use to live  
near us at Brown University, and has been to visit us several times as well. He  
has, unfortunately, dropped from sight. Enough nostalgia.

Tony Dalmy's article was interesting, but would have been far more successful if he provided more supporting evidence, particularly examples to illustrate his points. ¶¶ Tony did provide three examples, but admits that he hasn't read enough Dickson to provide more - R¶¶

Bern Roy makes some good points, but believability does not make a good SF film alone. Real life is frequently dull. Would a dull but believable SF film be good? ¶¶ Probably not - R¶¶

Andris Taskan's note is pointless. He should have waited and written the actual article. Previews of coming attractions serve no practical purpose.

Johnston Smith makes some statements I can't agree with. Heinlein really can't be said to have declined in popularity after Stranger, Time Enough For Love and Glory Road were both on the ballot, The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress was on the ballot twice, and won. I do agree in general he has declined as a writer, even though I think The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress is his best novel. He has become increasingly preachy and self-indulgent, acting out in print a variety of sexual hangups. I notice that Johnston, like so many people lately, goes to great lengths to defend the juveniles. But I've never heard anyone criticize the juveniles, so why bother. And I found I Will Fear No Evil immensely boring, as I did "Free Men". Heinlein can be boring when his message gets in the way of his story.

peace, don.

¶¶ I have to plead ignorance here. In my younger days, I "cut my teeth" on Clarke, not Heinlein. - R¶¶

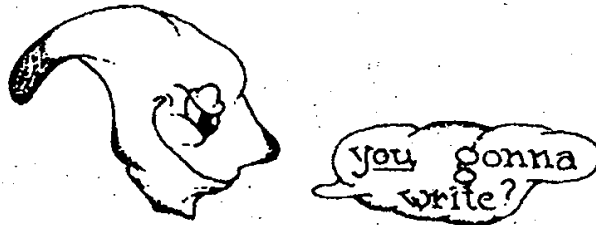
Mike Glicksohn      I think it's astounding how you were somehow able to end  
141 High Park Ave.    the postal strike so that I could get a reply to the first  
Toronto, Ontario      issue of WN off to you! I hope you will not bring these  
M6P 2S3                awesome powers into the Toronto teachers' strike until at  
                          least Christmas as I'm rather enjoying the time off. ¶¶ What  
powers? What did I do? Please let me know, Mike; it could come in handy next time -  
R¶¶

WN is quite good indeed: attractive cover, a sense of layout inside, competent material and adequate reproduction. More than a good many fanzines achieve

that by their fifth issues! The basic composition of the issue is a little too for me, a little too academic; but that's purely indicative of my own preference for fannish material. Overall, I think you're to be congratulated for a job well done. ¶¶ Thank you. - R¶¶

I like the way you set up the table of contents (despite the one big typing mistake!) and can't recall having seen this done before. Harry Warner would probably know, but you may well have a first there, which isn't a bad accomplishment for someone just beginning. (Again.)

I got into fandom half a year before you, you published three years before I did, and although I've been more or less continually active for seven years, I too occasionally get the feeling that "over the past 5 or 6 years I'd been missing something." There is probably a moral there somewhere but don't ask me what it is.



Bern Roy's advice is rather simplistic, being more or less common sense. Of course, that in no way validates its importance, as numerous "bad" sf movies can attest to. I can't equate the Star Trek style transporter with a cliché, though. A cliché is something that has been used so many times in so many places that it's completely lost any feeling of believability. To my knowledge the ST beam down shot has only been used on that show, and to me it remains a quite acceptable special effect. ¶¶ I think Roy's mention of that effect was more of a warning not to use it. - R¶¶

I'm also rather surprised (and disappointed) to discover a major area of missing knowledge in Bern's sfnal background. I thought everyone was aware that warm mineral oil is the single most toxic substance known to students of Martian biochemistry. ¶¶ Mr. Roy stands corrected! - R ¶¶

Johnston Smith pretty well sums up the typical attitude of many fans to Heinlein. His earlier, non-preaching, stories were excellent because he was an excellent story teller. His later works are mightily flawed by the fact that he is not a profound philosopher with anything much to say about human interactions, sexual or otherwise.

(The fact that his popularity as a cult figure grew alongside his decline in popularity in fandom is hardly surprising. The sort of pseudo-philosophical claptrap that made him a cult hero was exactly the sort of stuff that his earlier fans would find lacking in comparison to the "real" science fiction he used to write.)

Smith (symbolic name, that) is a pleasant rarity among what one fannish wag has dubbed "Heinies" in that he proclaims his enthusiasm for RAH amid an honest awareness of his major (current and long-term) faults. I could have well written this article, in as far as the opinions go, and I suspect numerous other fans will feel the same way.

Stuart Gilson seems to be saying, basically, "yeah, most of the pulps were

crap, but there were extenuating circumstances due to the newness of the form.<sup>u</sup> That rationalization doesn't hold much water in terms of valid literary criticism, I'm afraid. Stuart is bending over backwards to justify the pulps, attempting to give them a degree of respectability they really don't deserve. Let's say the pulps were fun, though mostly poorly done, and leave our admiration and affection for them firmly based in the nostalgic feelings that are really all they have going for them. (Sure there were occasional items of quality, but let's face it, the bad swamped the good and it's silly to pretend otherwise.)

Best of luck with Winnipeg fandom!

Mike

¶¶ The bad did swamp the good; I'll go along with you there. But is nostalgic feelings all they have going for them? It has always been my knowledge that the pulps were responsible, to a degree, for laying the foundation of fandom. In that respect, I think we owe the pulps our gratitude. - R ¶¶

Wayne W. Martin  
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E  
Fresno, California  
93702

Winding Numbers #1 was received a while back. As I've just heard that an agreement has been reached on the Canadian postal strike, I figured it was time to write.

Your editorial introduction was enjoyable and I'd like to say I'm pleased to meet you. ¶¶ Pleased to meet you, too, Wayne. - R ¶¶ I wish you and your club the best of luck. I've never been in any sf clubs so there isn't anything I can say on the subject. ¶¶ Of course, I've mentioned in the editorial that no club will be formed after all. - R ¶¶

Tony Dalmy's article has some merit to it, but is (as he admits) over simplified in places. The same basic points can be attributed to many sf writers. In any event, his commentary maintained my interest.

Bern Roy's article on the don'ts of sf movie making was fairly accurate in the points they make. Indeed, most of them are applicable to stories in general and do not apply simply to the filmed version. I do disagree with his point about avoiding making films that require the special sf devices. Sticking to the near future stuff is too great a limitation to be taken seriously. Do it well, I agree with --but I don't buy the "preferably don't do it at all". Just as easily you can say that one can avoid making bad sf movies by not making sf movies at all.

I can't condemn Johnston Smith for liking Heinlein. I like his work myself. In fact, Glory Road is one of my favorite novels. I might also point out that his Hugo for TMAHM came after SIASL (the time Johnston set for RAH's stock decline in fanish circles.) If you want to know who has enexplainably low stock in the fanish circles along with widespread public acclaim is Ray Bradbury. He's never won a Hugo that I know of.

On the other hand "groovy" or not, I enjoyed Stand On Zanzibar. I thought Brunner delivered a highly entertaining story along with his message. ¶¶ Have to agree with you. SOZ remains one of my all time favorites. My favorite? Presently: The Left Hand Of Darkness. - R ¶¶

Stuart Gilson's article makes a lot of sense and he is quite right. Another reason for the problems with some of the sf pulps was the fact that the writers for them were also writing mystery and western pulp fiction. SF was just another format to tell the same story in, and with editors (in some of the pulp magazines) sharing that view, that's what we got.

I'm not exactly sure why you decided to send me a copy of your zine (complimentary was written on the mailing page), but for the thought I have two closing words: thank you.

Best, Wayne

[[ I don't know how you or any other faneds build up a circulation, but my first impulse was to send out complimentary copies to (a) review it, (b) loc it, or (c) contribute artwork or material, or (d) trade. So far, I've seen 1 review (in our favour), received 7 locs, 1 contribution of material, one contribution of artwork, and two trades; as of today, December 27, I know of two more letters waiting for me in North Dakota. Fanzines survive with the help of their readers, be it in any of the four mentioned categories (or money, of course.) I've received a total of 10 reactions to #1 from over 125 distributed copies, or 8%. It's no secret that I'd like more; let's hope for at least double that this time. And you're welcome, Wayne. - R [[

Taral Wayne MacDonald; Mr. Phil Paine; R [[ says I should take it easy on you, 1284 York Mills Road, Apartment 410 Don Mills, Ontario I was expecting some dreadful little collection of illegible pages of some very bad amateur fiction and naive

reviews or Rollerball, or something. Nothing doing; you disappointed me. What I got was WN #1 and a frustrated critical organ. [[ That's interesting. It sounds as if you expected something really shitty, but you got a piece of crap instead. Still, "frustrated critical

organ" was the best and perhaps the most accurate and realistic description I've received yet. But I'm not in Toronto, Taral. I couldn't send out letters to people I didn't know when I decided to try this, so I had to work with what I had: a solid crew of neos and pre-neos, so what could I expect? Certainly nothing as impressive as, let's say, Simulacrum. With the exception of one other personal zine, there are no fanzines coming out of Winnipeg that I know of, so I couldn't ask any local faneds for help or ideas. Compare the number of zines in Toronto to the number in Winnipeg. But enough excuses. Like I said, yours was the best description yet. Onward.

I've read a small amount of Machiavelli and a good deal more of Gordon Dickson. I never realized that the reason for my distaste of Dickson's characters was because of their real politik outlook on their actions. Dickson does seem to have at least one facet that Machiavelli lacks. Dickson glorifies war, where Machiavelli war was a method for blunderers for, for when supremacy was overwhelming and unnecessary bloodshed could therefore be avoided. Dickson does not say that war is desirable (unlike a certain hanger-on of his named Yang); he even describes war as dirty and dangerous. But it is none the less fun, at least to write about. Nowhere does Dickson ever come out strongly and believably against it. However terrible he professes war to be on the surface, it's interesting to note that as a writer he returns again and again to the subject, painting heroes and victories.

Harlan's quote "My own personal seminal influence for the fantasy that is the basis of all great speculative fiction is the Bible." is, like Harlan, irritating. The implication is that Harlan's is also great, the way Harlan has put it. Maybe God has spared his spleen, but we can always pray to Thor, Zeus, and YHWH.

I doubt that Robert Heinlein is operating under disadvantage. I've read everything anthologized, and all his novels, and have no inclination to put RAH back down as "peurile". It is unfortunate that his Scribner juveniles cast precocious children as the protagonists, but I think that Heinlein might have wanted it that way. He has always written about himself, and probably had a high opinion of his younger personas, so he wrote about them with equal alacrity as his older mentor guises. Public be damned, the reason that fans discuss Heinlein's older writing

very infrequently is probably the same reason that they don't talk about Asimov's or Anderson's old stuff: it's been talked pretty much to death twenty-thirty years ago. Every now and then some author of the period is given a resurrection of interest, like the one Cordwainer Smith is presently enjoying, or the one that Theodore

Sturgeon had a little while ago. Heinlein's recent work gets its fair share of notice, and how many other authors have a separate sub-group of fandom (Heinlein freaks)?

Who's for the thought that Time Enough For Love was or would have been a great anthology of short stories and novellas if the connecting "present-time" passages had been left out?

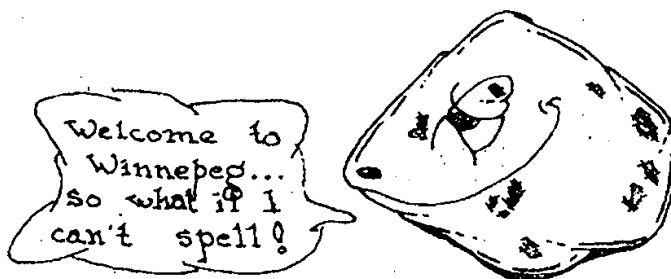
I disagree wholly and fundamentally with Bob France's review of Lin Carter's As The Green Star Rises. I've never read a novel by Carter alone, but I've flipped through Jandar of Callisto, read his Conan pastiches, and read his fantasy anthologies. His introductions are pendantic, boring, and grossly inaccurate. His books on Tolkien are ditto, and also chock full of "gosh-wow-lookit-I-found" about things that have been known for ages. His book on fantasy world's "Imaginary Worlds was all that plus bullshit and lack of understanding of the art. An example of the latter is a passage on coining names where he displays ignorance of the reason for a word ending with "um" sounding like a flower while a word ending with "ite" sounds like a mineral; He transposes the syllables to show how the words would sound wrong as applied, but never stumbles onto the trick of keeping the proper endings with the with the non-sense syllables, which results in words no better but no worse than the ones he coined. In his The Man Who Loved Mars he avers that the moons of Mars are invisible because of their speed and reduced illumination from the sun. It sounded like non-sense immediatly, nor did it take much paperwork to prove it was. With a record like this I think it is inconceivable that Lin Carter could produce a worthwhile book, even by accident. Maybe Bob is easy to please. That would explain his endorsing a theory like "anything worth doing is worth overdoing". Humph. Indeed. I think I'll avoid the other books reviewed on the theory of contagion.

Gæilt<sup>1</sup>æ hæ ilin Taral Wayne MacDonald

Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A RR2  
Beecher, Ill.  
60401

Perhaps you and your group are new to fandom; but already you've displayed the necessary quality, imagination, in being able to send out your fanzine despite the mail strike. Surely anyone who can rise above such trivial hassles has what it takes to function well within "our" group. Congratulations, and good luck.

For a first issue, Winding Numbers displayed a togetherness that many fanzines lack even after a lengthy run of publication. Your repro was nothing to be ashamed of, the illos came out nicely, and the articles were short, to the point, and quite readable. A good job all around. Apparently, if your first zine was so terrible that you feel embarrassed even to acknowledge its existence, you have spent



the past eight years wisely in reading and observing other fanzines and learning from what you've seen. Having been the recipient of fanzines so cruddy they were only readable with the greatest difficulty—and afterwards wondering why I'd bothered expending all that effort for so little reward—I can say without fear of contradiction that WN is well along the pathway. Not an excellent fanzine—whose first issue is?—but a good one, and that's no mean feat. ¶¶ Thank you for the kind and encouraging comments. - R ¶¶

Regarding the articles themselves: Dalmyn's piece comparing Dickson's books with Machiavellian theories was fine as far as it goes, but when you consider most SF novels that treat future societies and events, I can't say that Dickson is saying anything new, or in a different manner, than the bulk of SF writers. Heinlein's novels seem to follow the same path; an individual who perceives patterns in the fabric of society that no one else seems able to spot, and is able to use and/or control the forces inherent to the pattern to the "betterment" of mankind. I think it could be safely said that most SF writers were and are Machiavellian in that respect. It was a viewpoint most commonly seen in the fifties and early sixties, and many of the newer writers disavow the concept, but it is still being used as a base in stories and novels being written today. Machiavelli may be considered amoral by idealistic standards, but too often he was superbly accurate in depicting human nature and man's reaction to certain moves by men who desired power. Man hasn't changed all that much since he wrote his treatise, and THE PRINCE holds pragmatically true even today. SF writers who treat politics with a broad sweep in their novels wish to be accurate, and they are therefore apt to sound like Machiavelli because they are striving for plausibility. They may exercise a bit of literary license in depicting events, but, in the main, they portray reactions the way they would be likeliest to occur.

As far as Roy's article on SF is concerned, he didn't go far enough. Even for a non-film-freak like myself, the errors that make most SF films so jarringly unbelievable are virtually uncountable. (I would also make a minor quibble with his definition of a good or bad SF film. SF readers have used a phrase for years that applies equally well to films: the willing suspension of disbelief. Books or movies don't have to be "believable", but they must present their fantastic elements in such a way that the reader/viewer is willing to accept them in context, despite "knowing better". It may seem a slight difference, but it is a difference). I think you could have devoted the entire zine to this topic, and still have only scratched the surface. ¶¶ And probably bored everyone to death, too! - R ¶¶

I appreciate Smith's liking for RAH, but, really, Alexei Panshin pretty well said it all in his Heinlein In Dimension (Advent: Publishers, Chicago, 1968). There is a certain knee-jerk negativism to Heinlein in certain fannish circles. But there are few, if any, readers who are not willing to acknowledge the man as a master in his field. I have many favorites among RAH's books, and many others I can't help but wonder why were ever published. Since few readers' lists would agree on which books and stories belong in which category, such discrepancy only proved that his abilities, perceptions and judgements are varied and variable—a needed quality in a writer who expects his works to endure for any length of time.

Without the pulps, there would be no fandom, and most likely, no SF genre as we know it. Some writers wonder if we wouldn't have been better off without the pulps and the resultant ghettoization of SF, but that is besides the point. SF today is a logical outgrowth of the ideas and standards established in those long-gone days, and the pulp era is honored today as the impetus behind contemporary SF, regardless of how far some of its writings have gone astray from the original directions. People should pay proper respect to their roots, and I believe fandom, and the genre as a whole, has.



Book reviews were well-done, but I'm not really wild about reviews, though I do read the shorter ones, such as you present here. I can't keep up with my reading as it is, and learning of even more books-to-be-read than I already have on hand—unread—on my shelves only increases my frustration. As I imagine you'll discover soon enough; the deeper you get into fandom and fanac, the less time you'll have available for absorbing the literature that got you into this mess in the first place.

Anyway, thanks for sending this issue, welcome and all the best wishes for continuation.

Peace, Jackie

Ben P. Indick  
428 Sagamore Ave.  
Teaneck, N.J.  
07666

I've wearied of your P.O. strike ever ending, and so, even in the absence of my busted typewriter, I'll briefly loc your fine little zine, WINDING NUMBERS

I liked it because you are serious about it. You've encouraged your contributors to think and examine their thoughts well. All this in a quietly ambitious zine—admirable! Not that there is no place for gossip and cute zines—I have them too, but I think WN will be a solid thinking zine if you have time and means for continuing it. ¶¶ I'd actually like a smooth mixture of both: fannish and "thinking" material offsetting each other as I have attempted to do with this issue. My main problem remains not time and means, but material. - R ¶¶

Indeed, one problem with provocative type articles is that they need more space and materials than is possible here. As a starter, Bern Roy's admonishments on SF film making barely scratch the surface. How, for example, is one to convince the public (& TV-newspaper editors) that monster-films are not the be-all of science-fiction film making? Granted they are a part of it, and that hopefully their era is now history, but I note Paramount is about to remake King-Kong (what, for heaven's sake, is wrong with the old one? Will they outnumber Fay Wray's screaming record? And Kong will, apparently, bestride the Twin towers of NY's Port Authority Building ¶¶ spelling? - R ¶¶, thus outdoing the simple phallic symbol of the original into the sex act itself!); will this lead to a revival of all the Godzillas and other beasts? Generally, Bern is interested in the mechanics of simplistic science fiction epics. The concern really should be with filming of more epic SF, such as was in evidence 40 years ago in Things To Come, and recently with 2001. We should be seeing really solid SF films such as could be made from Miller's Canticle. (Dune is apparently being filmed, but with Salvatore Dali in a lead role, one questions anything but its exploitive quality.) ¶¶ I'd like to see Le Guin's books made into films; specifically The Left Hand Of Darkness. Rendezvous With Rama would make a hell of a visual show, as might Ringworld. - R ¶¶

I liked Dalmyrn's extension of philosophic principles into the works of a serious writer of SF. Of course, any writer has to be influenced by major writers and human trends. The measure of his success is how well he uses it, and how significant to our own time it is.

As to Heinlein, I have been less moved by his recent work; however, I would feel he has never been shy about pushing his own views. He had, indeed, always excelled at telling a story, but the gross self-indulgence of his late work is simply the complete elaboration of those views; his already-achieved success gives him the opportunity to do this. The same accusation may be made against Vonnegut, at least in my reaction to the work.

Stuart Gilson brings out the sentimental in me too. A moment I enjoyed

in the new film, "Farewell My Lovely", set in the 30's, is a newstand, crammed with magazines of the period (alas, I saw no pulps, only Collier's, etc.) There was an old Batman on the table of a youngster, I recall. Today's racks of paperbacks seem to lack that wide-eyed adventurous sense of wonder the old pulps exuded, but perhaps today's readers are more sophisticated, and Stuart and I merely old cogders remembering our youth. ¶¶ Ah, this may come as a shock, Ben, but Mr. Gilson is not quite 18 yet. However, you deserve an explanation. The article was indeed written by Stuart and researched by Stuart from his own collection of pulps, which is quite admirable. Stuart, though, has built up his collection by buying them from Winnipeg's member of First Fandom, Chester Cuthbert. Along the way, Mr. Cuthbert has advised and assisted Stuart in building up a solid collection, enabling him to produce such an article as the one you read in #1. But, you know, I always thought Stuart seemed older than he said he was..... - R ¶¶

It is a nice issue. I hope you can overcome the strike, and, even in graduate study, find time, before another 8 years go by, to continue it. ¶¶ I'm giving it my best shot. Thank you. - R ¶¶

Happy Holidays! Ben Indick

Phillipe Paine I like Winding Numbers. Some of the material was weak, but  
206 St. George St. the average was quite high for a first zine. A first issue,  
#910 is, after all, a sort of ceremonial offering, an announce-  
Toronto, Ontario ment that the editor is there and is capable and willing  
M5R 2N6 to put out a fanzine. Future issues will develop the  
necessary fannishness through the lettercolumn and art.

Eventually poor articles will be replaced by the main business of fandom — personal communication — leaving the better articles as a sort of candy centre for the chocolate. Please don't hesitate to write a lot of personal material about yourself. I think most of us read fanzines because they aren't magazines: they are people with third class postage on them.

RE Tony's article: I've always been puzzled by the seriousness with which Machiavelli is usually taken. He was a flunked out politician who lived out an elaborate fantasy life of power politics and courtly James Bondism, much like a security guard taking Detective courses clipped out of mens' magazines. There is little evidence that those princes who read him intrigued any more successfully than those who didn't. It would make more sense to remember Machiavelli for the delightful comic plays he wrote, which remain largely unperformed today. I don't think Tony was able to show more than a tenuous connection between Machiavelli's works and Gordon Dickson's.

I must disagree with Johnston Smith on two points: (1) There is tons of critical work on early and middle period Heinlein, in fact the tendency is to underplay the late period stuff. ¶¶ Johnston, being dragged into this mess known to us as fandom, by me, was unaware at the time of other criticisms on Heinlein, but assumed some had been done. - R ¶¶ (2) Heinlein did not always deliver a plot. Internal evidence indicates that he was much influenced by the picaresque writers of the eighteenth century, as well as American writers like Mark Twain, who didn't emphasize plots. Consequently novels and novelettes like ITGO, 6TH COL, METH CHILD, BTH, RSG, SP CAD, BEPL, STONES, STARJO, are very crudely plotted. Heinlein had no difficulty creating tight plots when he needed them, but it's obvious he did not consider them an essential element of all stories.

I got the most pleasure out of Stuart Gilson's pulp article, and his fine cover. ¶¶ Stuart can be presently found hovering on a cloud of egoboo somewhere over the southwest region of Winnipeg. - R ¶¶

...Phil

And ~~not~~, now, the IAHF's, on this the 29th of December, 1975 A.D., 10:42:15 p.m.:  
Pete Smalley, in Flin Flon, who had the following to say: "Well, Rooney!  
I'm impressed. Quite the magazine..." I should inform all of you that I  
will be tempted not to answer any letters that open: Dear Rooney...

Donn Brazier, in St. Louis, who informs me that "I can tell you're an ed-  
itor, Randy. The contents page with its quotes from the pieces—a good idea  
I will probably steal for Farrago." Be my guest, Donn.

Tana Christianson, in Winnipeg.: "...since I finished the first issue of  
WINDING NUMBERS, I have read 15 sf books; after the first 2, I stopped  
apologizing for them and hiding them behind my French text. I have start- ed  
to glance through other zines, including the Neofan Guide, lent me by the  
editor, which helped me decipher entire passages rendered insensible by  
what I assumed to be typographical errors but which were really a secret  
jargon indigenous to science fiction fen...If nothing else, Winding Numbers  
has won over another convert into the ranks of science fiction fanatics." Yes, I've  
taken a bow, along with another typing mistake.

Sheryl Birkhead, in Maryland, about getting into fandom: "Me, the fall of  
the year I entered graduate school, I saw an ad for the Philcon in a pro-  
zine and...a group sprouted at Penn State and we went to the con and...  
(funny you should mention it!) I got a copy of Locus. That's how I found  
out about fandom."

I received fanzines in trade from the following: Wayne Martin, Tony Cvetko,  
Patrick Hayden, Victoria Vayne, Andy Porter, Mike Bracken, and Linda Bushyager.  
Thank you, all.

---

This is number \_\_\_\_\_ in a run of somewhere in the vicinity of 250. If there is  
a 2 after your name, it means that this is your last issue in all probability;  
unless you respond somehow. I can't keep sending this to everyone for nothing.

---

WINDING NUMBERS  
58 Penrose Place  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Canada  
R2J 1S1