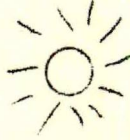
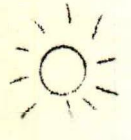


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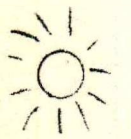
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(NO. 1)



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A CAST OF THOUSANDS  
(AND NO AUDIENCE?)

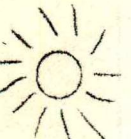


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BJO TRIMBLE

IN




"THE HOTEL MURDER




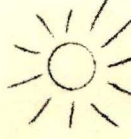
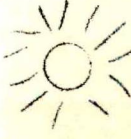
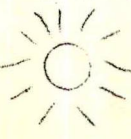
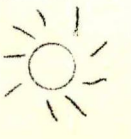
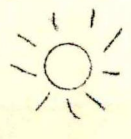
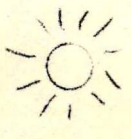
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AL PICK"



(A "FAST-TALE" PRODUCTION)





# → DOUBLE-BILL ←

\*\*\* VOLUME 1 OCTOBER, 1962 NUMBER 1 \*\*\*

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 DAIGLE: 25, 32;  
 BACOVER by BEM & BOWERS

-oOo-

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 N.W., Apt. 2,  
 BARBERTON, OHIO



# JUST PLAIN BILL...

AN EDITORIAL BY

bill bowers

A TIRED and slightly bemused greeting to you -- you oh so favored of the Ghods who are recieving this, the first issue of that most magnificent fanzine -- DOUBLE-BILL. At least that's what BEM keeps telling me it is, and as I'm sure you know, BEM always tells the truth, if you can understand him thru that flood of things he calls "puns". And believe me -- I know -- his puns are worse than Ackerman's, and every trufan knows how bad they are! If BEM was out in L.A., the LASFS Pun Fund would have enough nickles by '64 (like we're for LA in '64) to put on the World Com without having to charge any membership or regristration fees at all.

But let that be as it may be. BEM is here, and I'm the only one of you that has to suffer constantly. (He keeps wondering why I've purchased a pair of ear plugs!)

Being exactly one half (I claim no responsibility for the other half -- let that be clear at the beginning) of the Double-Bill mentioned in the title of this zine (clever, aren't we?), I am supposedly to be in charge of the more serious, stf-slanted material that we hope to get for this zine. That Other Half (Ghu rest ~~its~~ his Dear Departed Soul), is controlling the sensitive fannish ~~face~~ material and humorous stuff.

So, (even tho all material should come to my address -- Great Ghod Rex has so kindly chosen my apartment as his throne room, so you might as well send your beautifully pro-quality stuff to the seat of things) I might as well get started on my sermon on WHY YOU, kiddies, should contribute to DOUBLE-BILL -- for there is no other fanzine with such freshness and vitality, no other fanzine that leaves the taste of Blog in your mouth. For each and every sheet of this ~~mag~~ is soaked for four days in genuwine Jim Beam -- and no, it's not Tucker's cats this time.

Now you see BEM, why I can't stand your brand of ~~horror~~ humor. Let's be serious for awhile, o.k.?

First we're interested in artwork -- both serious and cartoon wise. If your name is ATom, Prosser, Joni, Juanita or Bjo, your work will be welcomed with shouts of cheer and gulps of bheer. And Ruth, I hope that you will contribute further -- I'd hate to be responsible for sicing a BEM on you. Others are invited too, to join the parade. Just one request: Please, Please, my eyes are bad enough now. So do your masterpieces in black ink or dark black pencil, or else BEM's going to be doing all the stenciling from here on in (and out, for that matter). End of sermon on artwork -- Cheers!

(Continued on page 26)



# THE

# BEMS'

(An Editorial....  
Of Sorts....)

## corner

BILL MALLARDI, THAT IS.

((NOTE: From here on in, to avoid confusion in referring to either Bill Bowers and myself, especially in the Lettercol, call me "BEM", and Bill, Bill, or anything else you may want to call him! --huh!-- "keeps me under the table,"indeed!))

"The Birth Of A ~~Crude~~Zine".....or, "How This Whole Mess Started!" To tell the truth, (as Bill sez I must) this fanzine has been a personal wish of mine even before I knew him...Back When I Was A Neofan. And when I heard from the late, GREAT, prexy of N3f, Ralph Holland, that there was actually another fan in the Akron area, it was just a matter of gathering up my bemmish courage (I keep it in a trunk, the one on my left side), and I called him up. And what did I get? Guess! It finally happened that I oozed over to his house in my ~~rusty~~ white Valiant( tho it DOES ooze rather speedily!) and got better acquainted with what turned out to be the other (better?) half of the fanzine. Well, after babbling for over an hour or so about things fannish, without Bill getting a word in edgewise, I told him of my secret desire to put out a fanzine, and that anytime he wanted to go in with me in buying a duper & pubbing, to let me know. After deciding to go to the CHICON together, I oozed back home and more or less forgot about it.....

After the convention,(we DID go, as those of you who were there can testify) we loaded up the car, and, still unsuspecting, headed for the turnpikes to go home. No mishaps occured on the pike, until from out of a clear blue sky Bill pops up with:"You know, I've been thinking about what you said a couple of months back about getting together on a fanzine..."

THAT DID IT!

We had the name thot up before we'd gone more than a few miles or so, and no sooner than two days after we'd got home we were the proud and broke owners (After all, the con took our money too!) of a used-but-looks-like-new REX ROTARY, for \$65. We bought stencils, paper, etc., and after testing the thing a few times, to get the feel of it, and all, we started the first page of Deckingers' story. One thing led to another, and:

HERE WE ARE! (?)

You pore pipple, you!

(Continued on page 28)

# MIKE DECKINGER

his

first

day

out

The major sat on the bed and smiled a close, secretive smile to himself. His motionless body tingled with excitement and he was aware that today would be a different day.

He carefully got to his feet and rubbed his neck. His muscles were cramped and tight. He permitted himself the luxury of a long, drawn stretch.

The window by the wall was closed, locked as it had always been, but it could not confine the major's vision. He saw the long, expansive, glistening rows of grass, the tall, upright swaying hedges, the multi-colored flowers, lining the walks. He could see the brilliance of the sun overhead as it bathed the scene in gold, impressing it like acid into his mind.

The major has spent long sessions, wondering how it would feel were he to go unaided thru the grass; be permitted to freely drink up the sun. He had never done so before, but he had a premonition that soon, perhaps very soon, he would be free to do so. And he knew more than anything else that this is what he wanted to do, this is what freedom meant for him.

He skipped lightly back to his bunk and seated himself. But will I, he thought, ever be permitted to go out? He could not believe that they would allow him to view the beckoning scene, and yet never give the major the pleasure of participating in it.

A quick click roused him from his thoughts. He turned around in time to see the door carefully being opened. The major nervously got to his feet and rubbed his eyes.

Was it now? He thought frantically, am I ready to go out now?

A man, whom he knew only as Doctor Willis, approached him. The doctor was wearing a full length white jacket, all the doctors did, and was flanked by two heavy set guards who accompanied him wherever he went. Doctor Willis was beaming.

"How are you feeling, major?" Doctor Willis asked.

"Fine, I am fine," the major could not keep the expectation from his voice, "I feel very fine...how else should I feel? I hope you are well, Doctor."

"I am," the latter acknowledged.

The major stood there for a moment, awkwardly staring at the others. The doctor, sensing his embarrassment, approached.

"I think you know why I'm here," he said. The two guards accompanying him remained passive, never letting any hint of emotion creep into their stolid countenances.

"I...I have hoped many things," the major admitted in a hushed tone, "most of them never happened, yet I continued to hope for them anyway. Am I.... am I to go now...out? Are we going out now?"

The doctor looked away, out the small window. His eyes seemed to be searching for something, restlessly searching for something that was inexplicably hidden from view. His brows furrowed and he avoided the majors' gaze.

"Yes, we are going."

"That is the truth," the major bumbled, "I am to go now, really to go?"

The doctor nodded. "Yes, you are to go. We...the other doctors and I, have decided the limit of your confinement has been reached, further stay here might result in some undesirable results. Therefore, you are to be released."

He approached the major and gripped his shoulders tightly.

"Take ready to leave."

The major sobbed and sank down on his bed. He scratched his head joyously, because he could think of nothing else to do.

"I had hoped...oh I had hoped so long for this. You know doctor, sometimes one should not think of the things he wants, or it may be denied him. It's a foolish thought I suppose, but then I've been here so long it's difficult for me to distinguish between fact and folly."

"But you do feel better," the doctor questioned, "the memories, how about the memories, can you recall them anymore vividly?"



The major shook his head. "I've tried, beleive me I've tried. At nights I am often troubled by nightmares, scenes of wars and shootings and awful sounds, sounds so loud and lights so bright I feel they will swallow me up. All I know about them is that I'm, in some way, a part of these sounds, of this killing and madness. I was, wasn't I, once?"

"You were, many long years ago."

"If only I could remember it now, if only I can drive the shadows from my mind so that the truth will enter, then perhaps I could tell you more." He lowered his voice to an almost inaudible whisper. "I don't even know my own name...not my own name."

"You will," the doctor said tersely, "you will someday. I promise you that."

The major bestlessly moved away from him. His eyes were aglow with an inner compulsion, the spark to free himself from the room that had enslaved him for such a long time; to actually be among the grass, under the sun.

"You are very eager to go out, aren't you?"

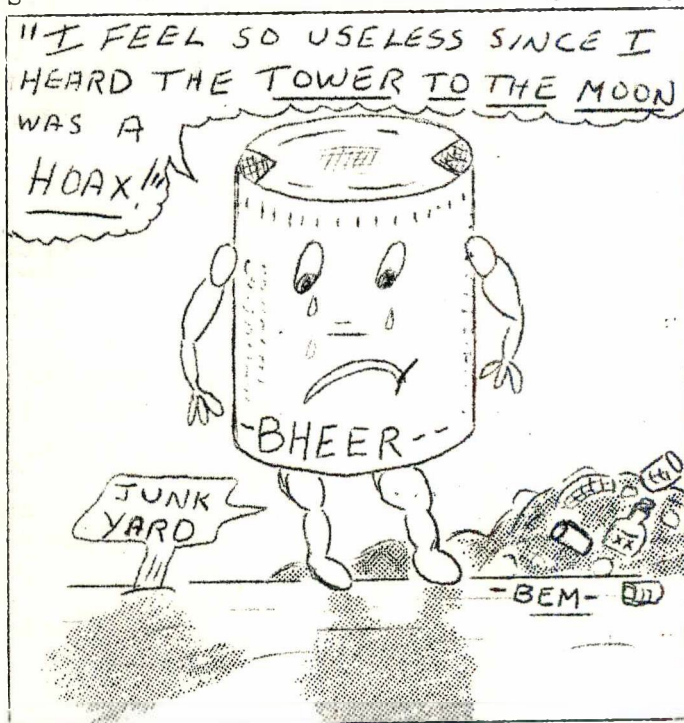
"Very."

The doctor nodded to his assistants who quietly withdrew from the room. "Let us go then."

The major felt a grin break out over his features as he followed the doctor to the door and then went thru it, into the large, well lit corridor. He saw other doctors, all clad in white, scurrying along like starving mice searching for some scraps of cheese. Other persons, like him, were ushered along, always in the company of two stern guards. The major felt proud that he was free of this treatment.

"Follow me down the hall," the doctor ordered. The major did as he was bidden, feeling excitement well up within him as they neared the end. That was the door to the outside, he knew, the door he had observed others passing through, but never traversed himself. The doctor took a long slender key, inserted it in a lock and twisted it noiselessly. He gripped the handle and pulled the door inward.

Feeling suddenly very small and insignificant, the major followed the doctor.



And he was outside now.

The sun hurt his eyes. He found it was too strong and had to shield his eyes with the flat of his hand, as the doctor did.

"You've been wanting to see this for a long time," the doctor said.

"Longer than I know."

"Perhaps you'd like to cut across the grass?"

"Oh yes," the major said, "oh yes!"

He pulled away from the doctor and darted down the hard, concrete steps. He reached the end of the path and experimentally extended his foot onto the grass. It was springy, almost resilient. He knelt down and ran his hands through the moist foliage. It was comforting, more comforting than he had ever imagined it would be. He gently tore a clump of grass from the ground and held it in his hand. He rubbed his palms together till his hands were darkly stained and warm.

The doctor caught up with him and smiled weakly. The major did not say anything for at times words are ineffective in conveying certain emotions. The doctor motioned him to move further.

"Where are we going?" the major asked puzzledly.

"To the building at the end of the walk, there are still some things that must be done before you will really be free. Do hurry."

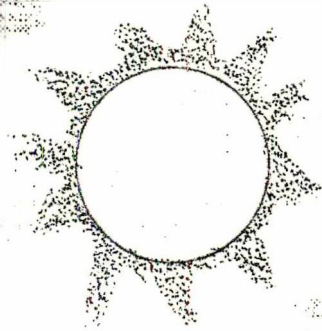
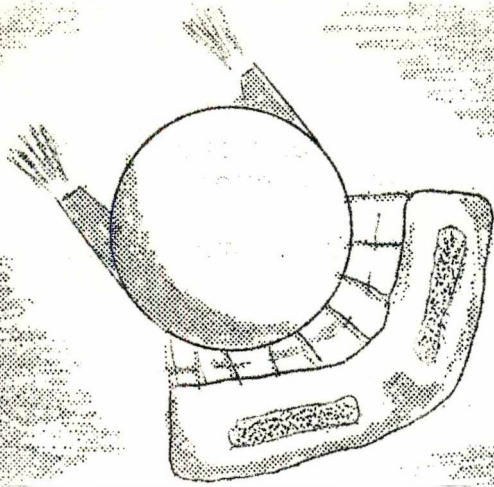
"I'm sorry," the major said, deliberately slowing his steps, "but I am not used to being out here so thoroughly. It's warm, quite warm, but the heat does not bother me at all. I find a sense of exhilaration to be able to sink my feet into this wet grass. I shall never be sorry I left the room, never at all."

He darted forward, and then suddenly lost his balance and slid. Laughing to himself, the major got to his knees and prepared to regain his footing once again when an odd sensation coursed through him. Suddenly, for a brief few seconds the veils that clouded his mind were flung away; the deep, buried, unknown past had been revealed to him. He had been crouching like this somewhere before, somewhere many years ago. It had been deafeningly noisy, noisy with the shouts of men and the thunder of explosions. There was light flashing all around him and noise, unbearable noise shooting through his skull. The major clutched his head and moaned.

"Is anything wrong," the doctor asked, hurrying over and helping the major to his feet.

"Wrong, no, no nothing is wrong. I fell, and I was trying to think





BOWERS  
12

of something, something I was trying to remember but could not. It's devilishly cruel to know there's something you must remember, and yet simply cannot."

"That's very true," the doctor agreed, "we had hoped that through time and care you would regain these memories."

"And I have not?"

"Only partially so. But we feel you have progressed far enough."

The major looked up at him. "Far enough? What do you mean?"

"It will all be explained to you in good time, all in good time. Now please hurry, the building's right ahead and we must conclude one more thing."

"Yes," said the major a trifle sadly, because he realized he was going in now, "but will I be able to come out again, to be free by the grass and the trees and the moist dirt?"

"For as long as you'd like," the doctor said assuredly.

Together, the two strode up gleaming marble steps of a new building the major had never seen before and entered a small, dark room. The major glanced around in alarm for a moment, but realized the doctor was right by him. The doctor motioned him to seat himself and he did so. It wasn't until he was seated that he realized how tired he was.

"You see Major," the doctor was saying, "we feel that your treatment has accomplished all it can. In time, you would fully regain your memory and realize where you are, and what you are doing here. There is no sense in continuing it any longer."

"There was a war," the major said slowly, "a war...."

The doctor nodded. "It was a war, a huge war, a war that people said would never come about, but did. Everyone suffered through it, some people directly, others, indirectly; I lost my wife and family in the first day of the bombing. The enemy was strong, strong and fanatical but we beat them back. The losses were extremely high on both sides. And the war did more than kill or maim men, it injured



them mentally, as well as physically, it attacked their minds as well as their bodies. When we found you major, you had shot down a handful of civilians, civilians who had unintentionally blundered into the wrong zone, civilians who died because of their error. But the sounds and the killings did something to you. You were never hit directly by a bullet or shell, but your mind was damaged by something more. You were in an almost complete catatonic state, totally unreceptive to outside stimuli. If you had been left alone you would have died out on the battlefield, but we couldn't do that. We brought you back here and treated you, just as if you were a member of our side."

The major looked up sharply and fear crossed his face. That the doctor was speaking the truth, he knew.

"You see major, you came from a depraved, almost mindless country, a country that believed might and tyranny justified conquest, a country that thought nothing of destroying innocent people to achieve its aims. Our countries are different, yours and mine, we think differently and we act differently. The war was long and hard but we haven't forgotten the basic rules of human decency."

The major suddenly cried out and tried to rise to his feet but instantly strong hands gripped his shoulders and held him down.

"You see major," the doctor explained, "we have many rules here, ideals that we learn to live with in practice. You were a criminal, a war criminal when we found you, but first we had to treat you. One of the rules here is that we can not execute insane men."

The major screamed once as heavy hands bound his limbs to the chair and someone fitted the metal dome over his head and slit his pants legs while the doctor stood before him, laughing and laughing as if it was one, big joke.

---

"END OF INDIAN SUMMER"

I wander down the dismal street  
The rain falls on my upturned face,  
Wet leaves sticking to my feet,  
The winds blow everywhere.

Clouds pass swiftly overhead  
Dark and gloomy as the night.  
Winters chill fills me with dread  
Rememberings cold and white.

I wander down the lonely street  
Passing thru the unfriendly town,  
With only strangers that I meet  
As cold as the snow coming down.



-Bill (BEM) Mallardi-

# STILL another FANDOM

Whats that?? Did I hear someone grotch about another article concerning "other fandoms"? Ahh, but wait: Read on and I'm sure you'll find that besides being an interesting one, the fandom I'm going to talk about is rather closely connected to ours in the area of communications and in-group languages. (At least it is in my opinion.) It is a hobby, like ours, (Yep, FIJAGDH!) and is even the more fastest growing of the two. But besides being a hobby it is also very important and can be very helpful at times. Ever since its beginning it's fascinated the normal, unexposed-to-it-type man; If you haven't guessed what it is by now, I'll tell you: I'm speaking of S/W FANDOM, or Short-Wave Radio "hams", to be more specific.

I first became interested in short-wave radio like most others do, when I was a kid and saw them used in movies, or reading about them in stories such as the "HARDY BOYS", and in newspapers when they were instrumental in saving peoples lives when they were in distress.

The interest smouldered deep in my subconscious as I grew older, but I never could scrape up enuff neccessary cash to purchase a receiver and transmitter. And lets face it, they do cost a considerable amount. ( I wouldn't have bought a duplicator for the same reason, if Bill hadn't of gone in with me on it.) However, my interest in electronics and radios were slightly renewed lately when I happened to buy a 9 transistor radio at a bargain price, equipped with a short-wave band, (along with the regular M/W band) and began to listen in on the hams' conversations and unusual jargon. Of course, this put me in the category that most hams distdainfully call a "BCL", or broadcast listener, which I'm sure is their counterpart to our neofan!

As for what they talk about..... its also closely in line with what s.f. fen talk about, except for the fact that they are fortunate enuff to communicate directly by voice (Or code) while in most all cases we are stuck with a cold, impersonal letter. Besides talking about THEIR hobby, the equipment and how clear each others signals are, they also converse for hours on end about world affairs, the weather, their personal lives, gossip, beliefs, other hobbies they may have, in short, things the same or similar to what we discuss in our fanzines.

There are six bands used mostly by the hams that were set aside for them by the FCC. The main ones are:

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*

BILL

MALLARD



80	METER BAND	(3.5 to 4 megacycles)
40	"	(7 to 7.3 mc)
20	"	(14-14.3 mc)
15	"	(21-21.450 mc)
10	"	(28-29.7 mc)

Each bands effectiveness varies according to conditions, time of day, and the distance to be reached. The lower the frequency bands the more stable they are, but they don't reach as far as the higher frequencies, such as the 10 Meter band, tho the higher frequencies are more susceptible to atmospheric conditions.

Most hams get to know each other fairly well, as do us fen, by sticking to one particular band & getting familiar with the others that frequent that particular band. And like fans, when they travel they hardly have any worries about being a stranger in a strange town, since there is usually at least one ham in each vicinity and he is sure to be welcomed.

Recently I've heard on my radio a certain clique of hams that have full-fledged discussions between the group, that numbers more than three hams at the same time. This of course, reminds me of our Round Robins & discussion zines. If I'm not mistaken, they also have a group they call "the family" set up, and to complete the allegory, there is a group in FANDOM called the "FAMILY", of which I'm proud to be a member!

It's particularly interesting to hear the female hams talking, no matter how old they happen to actually be, they always sound young to me! Of course I hear hams from all over the U.S.... Ohio, Indiana, Texas, New York, Maryland, South Carolina, West Virginia, etc. Sound familiar?

They also have their fannish counterparts of feuds and conventions, tho the former is a bit rarer than our fandoms' feuds, due to the fact that there is little room for misinterpreting the spoken word than the written word such as we use. The "HAMFESTS", or conventions, are usually arraigned just a few months ahead of time by specifying a certain hams' house for the others to meet at, or they hold picnics at parks. They are usually just informal things with no pre-set schedule or program, they just get together and discuss their equipment and other things, and have bheer bhusts 'til all hours of the night. (Doesn't that ring a bell?). No doubt they have a lot of fun, and it makes me wonder soemtimes why we couldn't discuss OUR hobby, S.F., with as much vigor and enthusiasm as they do theirs.

Just as we have the fanzine fans and convention fans, so too, are there two kinds of ham. The first is the "CLIQUE AND DISCUSSION" hams, mentioned above; while the others are called "DX HOUNDS", or long distance hams, whose sole interest is reaching uncontacted and far corners of the world. He is distdainfull over the "Trivia-Talking hams as a bunch of old gossipers, and contents himself with trying to reach hams from all over the world; even if it takes all day over the set just to make a few minutes contact, exchanging addresses.



Then begins what we often go thru, an impatient waiting by the mailbox, for a "QSL CARD". This is a special card printed with the stations' call letters and other info, which they exchange to confirm a contact and either pin up all over their ham "shack" or file away for future reference. While in Pennsylvania one year on vacation I happened to meet a teenage ham, and he showed me his "shack" up in his attic. It was just loaded with equipment, wires, lights, switches, etc, all over the place and I was fascinated by it all. The walls of his shack were just covered with "QSL CARDS", and tho it may sound funny, I actually envied him somewhat. He tried to make a contact just for my benefit, but at the time his "CQ'S" got no replys, which rather disappointed me.

Hams even have amateur radio clubs, with different activities to do. For example, they have "Field Days" and "Transmitter Hunts". Basically field days are meetings of hams out in the country with portable sets, which they use both in fun and to see if their sets are working properly for use in disaster work. Transmitter hunts are for fun too, whereby a few hams set up a portable rig in a secret place and broadcast, while the other hams try to locate them with "mobile rigged" card and directional antennas. The hidden units have been found every where, from the backs of trucks to small caves. The mobile rigs are very common, and can be identified by the long whiplash antennas on the cars, plus sometimes even an unusual liscense plate that matches their call letters. Lots of the hams in the cities are in civil defense work with the portables, too.

The hams even get QSL cards from remote sections of the world where there are no short-wave sets, by the simple expedient of once every year or so a group of hams set sail for a spot barren of hams. Then they set up the equipment when they arrive, broadcast for 24 hours a day, day after day, giving their address while hams from all over the world battle fiercely to contact them in order to receive the rare QSL card.

Actually there are two ways to broadcast: by morse code and by voice. Most hams can do it either way with their rigs, tho the majority favor the voice method. Some hams tho, take pride in the fact that they can send 40 words a minute by code, and think it's the only "pure" way to send. All hams are in favor of the ruling that says to get a liscense one must be able to send 13 WPM by code, since it makes it harder to become a ham, thus keeping out the excess from the already crowded bands. (There is a beginners class liscense only requiring 5 WPM, but it is only good for one year, is not renewable, and doesn't include voice sending.) The hams have a national organization called "The American Relay League" that helps them get set up, starting local clubs, and even pubbing a few ham-type fanzines, one of which is monthly, called "QST".

- It is well known that when a neofan joins fandom, he is confused by all the unusual language we fans use. Such is the case also with the hams jargon, called "hamlish".



Below are a few of the interpretations of their language:

CQ -Calling Anybody	88 -Love & Kisses
QSO-A Contact	RIG-Equipment
QRT-Stop Sending	SHACK-Where Rig is set up
QRX-Stand by	HANDLE-Another name for "name"
QRM-Interference	TVL-Television Looker
YL -Young Lady (Girl Friend)	TVI-Television Interference
XYL-Wife	GDI-What TVL'S call TVI!
73's-Best Wishes	

As for those last three items on the right, they are a nuisance to both the hams and t.v. owners. If the ham is broadcasting on one of the higher frequencies like 21 megacycles which some t.v. sets happen to pick up, and thus jams the programs. If the ham and t.v. owner can get together tho, before the tvl blows his fuse, the whole problem can be straightened out!

One thing in setting up a rig, besides the importance of good receivers and transmitters, is the antenna. (A lot of hams like to build their own sets of equipment, tho an average receiver/transmitter would cost about \$185.-\$200. and gets decent response.) But without a good antenna, the most powerful set can't do a thing. It's more than a piece of wire, since it is important in its length, design, and location. The average is about 20-40 feet high, tho some hams really go ape. A Texas ham uses 14 miles of old telephone line; one in Peru apparently uses a thin cable 2,000 feet long, strung between two mountains, and who knows how many use their wives clothes lines?

The most wattage an amateur can use is 1,000 watts, but most use 200 or less since a good but small rig with good antenna and conditions can reach almost anywhere. However, a rig of 600 watts is not uncommon.

Summing it up, it seems that hams have quite a bit in common with we fans. If any fen out there have the inclination, and the money, it isn't too hard to get the license and rig, and you're all set. Who knows, it could be that's the next step for us to use in correspondences! I mean, why not? Many fen already taperespond, hamming could be the ultimate! Mebbe we should combine with hams and take over the world!! Then, instead of FIJAGDH, for sure it'll be FIAWOL. And if not, hamming is still a lot of fun. As for me, I'm still not in the position to get a rig, so I guess I'll stay in the neofan stage and just listen to the hams on my radio. But when and if the revolutions and hams ever takes place, I'll be ready!

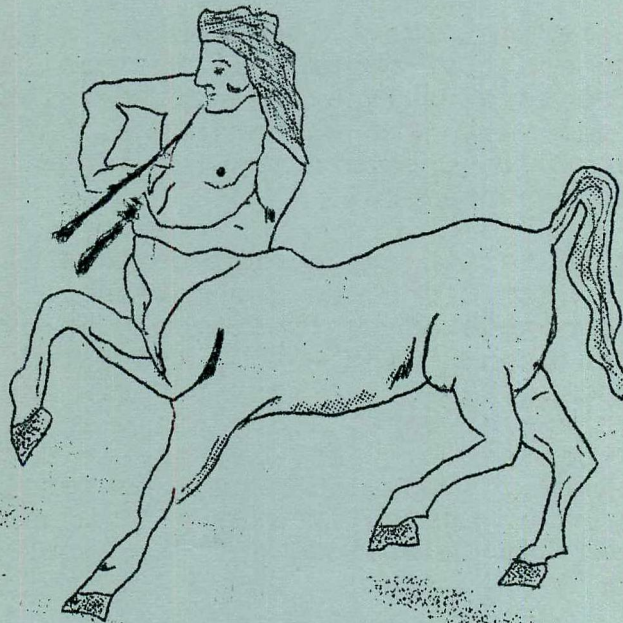
LAST closing thot: Can you imagine having a discussion about science fiction with two or three other fans over a short wave set? I can. It's the next best thing to doing it in person.

THE END



RICHARD AMBROSE

# THE CENTAUR



Perhaps you have heard it said of a good horseman that he rides "like a centaur." This simile refers to the mythical creatures of the Grecian legends found on vases and bronzes and in reliefs as drawing the chariot of Dionysius (the god of wine) and accompanied by cupids, satyrs, and nymphs; as being ridden by the god of love Eros; or as fighting with a human being. I believe them quite singular among the many creatures found in ancient civilizations. Many of the creatures or demons possess animalistic qualities and the only human facet about them is their intelligence, which is little if any, while the centaur has a remarkable partial resemblance to human beings.

The centaurs were fabulous monsters, half men and half horse. From the waist up they were shaped like human beings; below they were like horses. They are mentioned by Homer as gigantic savages covered with hair, while the poet Pindar refers to them as half man and half horse. The ancients were too fond of a horse to consider the union of his nature with man's as forming a very degraded compound, and accordingly the centaur is the only one of the fancied monsters to which any good traits are assigned.



They are said to inhabit the mountain regions of Thessaly and Arcadia and have their main center of activity on Mount Pelion. The country, in earlier times, was quite mountainous and uninhabited by civilized folk. When the thought arose in men's minds to explore the mountains, they came upon some wild horsemen and did battle with them. Now these people who came to explore the country were unacquainted with the uses of the horse, and when they were attacked by the horsemen the result was a hasty retreat in any direction but that of these demons. When these men returned, they explained to their countrymen that these creatures bore a fancied resemblance to the shapes of clouds and were the spirits of rushing mountain torrents. Like the defeat of the Titans by Zeus, the contests with the centaurs typified the struggle between civilization and barbarism. As mentioned before, they are said to bear a resemblance to clouds and to have sprung from the union of Ixion and Nephele (both clouds).

The most celebrated of the centaurs was Chiron. He was skilled in archery, medicine, and music, in which he had been instructed by Apollo. To this wise centaur Apollo instructed the charge of his own son Aesculapius, who became the patron of the physicians. Many other famous heroes were Chirons' pupils, notably Jason, Hercules, and Achilles. The Romans, who also believed in Chiron, thought that at his death Jupiter placed him among the stars as the constellation Sagittarius, which is in the southern hemisphere located below the Southern Cross.

The expulsion of the centaurs from Grecian lands took place at the marriage of Pirithous, who was king of Lapithae. Theseus was one of the guests and was exceedingly useful there. The centaurs were related to the bride and came to the wedding feast quite uninvited. They proceeded to get drunk and to seize the women. Theseus leaped to the defence of the bride and struck down a centaur who was trying to carry her off. A terrible battle followed, but the Lapithae conquered and finally drove off the whole race of centaurs out of the country. This battle was depicted in some of the sculpture in the Parthenon in Athens.

These creatures of the Greeks are fascinating subjects for reading because of their singularity in the field of monsters. Think for a minute, how many stories have you read about a centaur? So you see; you writers in fandom have a gold-mine at your finger tips. Next time you have the urge to write, keep the centaur in mind. It is guaranteed to bring ideas of the most unusual and rewarding, yet to be found in the World of Fantasy.

Finis

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the

STILLNESS

of

the

NIGHT

BOLL

BOWERS

The sun went down, and with it, gradually, the sounds of the daylight hours. First, as if stilled by a mighty hand, the songs of the lilting birds ceased. Then came for a brief time, the padding sounds of the nocturnal predators venturing forth, warily passing by their more adventurous comrades of the waking hours. And yet it was not quiet—even though it seemed so. For briefly, now and then, the stillness was rent by the agonizing, mortal scream of an animal in its death throes. After which, quietness reigned again.

Briefly, the boy shivered, then lay still. And as he lay in his bed, his hands clenching tightly the sheet, the small and thoroughly frightened youngster understood for the first time why some of the "book-people" felt a n urge to pray at a time like this. But he rather doubted that any of them had ever felt the need to do so as badly as he did right now.....

Desperately he strangled the scream rising from the depths of his throat, but his breathing increased to such a degree that he wondered why it didn't awaken the others slumbering in the mountain cottage. But the stillness continued unabated, except for the periodic snoring which drifted in from the adjoining room. Even the earlier cries of the predators had vanished.

This, however, was not the worst.... Back at the little suburban house he had never heard an animal in the night, save the occasional lonesome dog, lifting



His head in mournful cry to the ascending moon. Even there though, had the night-chorus of the insects and the whispering, sighing breezes come to sooth him on his way to the land of blissful dreams. But here -- here -- not even those fondly remembered friends came to comfort him.

Now, even the once annoying snores of Uncle Jim were gone.... Or maybe he was just missing them? He rolled over onto his side, then nearly fainted as the creaking of the bed-springs hit his straining eardrums with a roar. His already sopping pillow received a new deluge as the sweat rolled off his forehead in a steady stream.

Oh, God! What's wrong....

He could feel his pulse leaping, and his heart throbbed so that it was only with the greatest effort that he kept it from racking his whole frame. His eyes, unused to the strain they were relieving, were dimming....

He closed his eyes....

And forced them open as a terrific surge of energy went coursing through his reclining body, and shot him up to a sitting posture without regard to or thought of, sound. Holding his aching head, which had suddenly seemed to splinter into an uncountable number of pieces, his gaze wandered to the window....

And he reeled back to the pillow, gave a quiet sob, and was still....

They found him the next morning; his blood-shot eyes fixed on the window, a grimace of terror on his face, and flecks of froth speckling his lips....

And in the dew-soaked ground outside the window, they found the tracks of a deer where it had wandered up to the salt lick located beneath the window.

---

"P E O P L E     W E R E     T O O     I N V E N T E D     B Y     T H E  
D E V I L . . .     A S K     M O T H E R !"

Sorry, appealing as the idea is, Satan has to admit that he did not invent people! But Satan did invent today's most sensible way to earn eternal damnation: It shows how Satan thinks in terms of people and their worries when good fortune strikes. Out of this has come Satan's unique "Personalized Temptation". It means temptation surrounds you all the time, rather than in a small daily temptation allowance unrelated to your religion or influence. You can see why our damned souls get more agony than others. (1½ billion shrieks worth last year.) You won't find a better enemy in the world! Ask your local Demon all about it. SATANIC ASSOCIATION, DISCORPORATED, 840 LOWER PIT SHORE CENTER, HELL 0, INFERNIS.



# "THE SEACON SONG"

((To the tune of "Battle Hymn Of The Republic"))

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the great Seattle Con,  
We have joined in all the drinking and the other goings-on,  
We have stayed at all the parties 'til the neofans were gone  
And the drinks flowed on and on!

(CHORUS:) Fandom, Fandom Is A Way Of Life,  
fandom, fandom is a way of life,  
fandom, fandom is a way of life  
As the fans go drinking on!

2. We attended the banquet and we heard Bob Heinlein speak,  
He said the Russians were too strong and that we were too weak,  
And if the commies were to come we'd fight them on the sneak  
And join the underground!

(CHORUS:) Fandom, Fandom is a way of life,  
( 3 TIMES)  
As the fans go fighting on!

3. We saw Wally Weber sold off at the auction hall  
The femefans got together to precipitate his fall,  
He crogged and he grotched and then his skin began to crawl,  
And he tried to climb the wall!

(CHORUS:) Fandom, etc.,  
(3 TIMES)  
As Wally climbs the wall!

4. Ella Parker came from England to the U.S.A.,  
She visited with lots of fen who lived along the way....  
We liked her company so much that we would like to say  
"Ella Parker, won't you stay??"

(CHORUS:) Fandom, etc.,  
(3 TIMES)  
So Ella, won't you stay?

5. We swam in the swimming pool, sung folk songs all nite long,  
Played Interplanetary for 6 hours and no-one won!  
We rambled thru the art show that our own Bjo put on,  
And the fans went fanning on!

(CHORUS:) Fandom, etc.,  
(3 TIMES)  
As the fans go fanning on!



6. Ben Jasons' Hugos went to all the "dirty little pros",  
Who wrote the years best s.f. stories, everybody knows...  
And Chicago's got the next convention--thats the way it goes--  
As Earl Kemps bid was unopposed!

--Written by: Bem Mallardi,  
Joni Cornell, & Jon Stopa--

t h e   t a s t e   t o   e n d   w i t h

[illegible]

CLEVELAND IN '88





## "REBIRTH" by THOMAS CALVERT McCLARY

A classic without a doubt, by any definition you care to use. The most unbalanced story ever perpetrated under the name of stf. Superb development of its original premise. Astonishing empathy with its many characters. Spectacular action sequences. Brilliant concepts that the reader never even conceived of.

Sounds good, eh? Well try this then: A prime motivation, on which the entire story is based, which is one of the oldest and most boring cliches ever consigned to print. The author preaches, and you won't be able to force yourself to believe a single word of his sermon. Characters that the politest description would have to call unrealistic.

Doesn't sound possible, does it? Well, it is true in spite of

CLASSICS, ETC.

that. The reader will be held spell-bound until the end is reached, and the ending itself, tho poetic in a sense, is obvious almost from the beginning. Not that anyone will mind. There are some fine ideas, enormously fast paced action, utterly de-

lightful humor, and a little bit of everything one might desire. Fundamentally, the plot is based on what happens when everyone forgets everything, the very first use of this plot to my knowledge. And that means everything, including how to eat, the necessity for drinking, and, as the story develops all the other habitual patterns of life. They can still learn, and this is the story of how they learned. The concept of tools, the idea of the relation of dreamers, or theorists, and engineers who make use of the ideas. The use of surprise, and of superior weapons in a war, and at the bottom the philosophical basis of a civilization; the relationship between people and state.

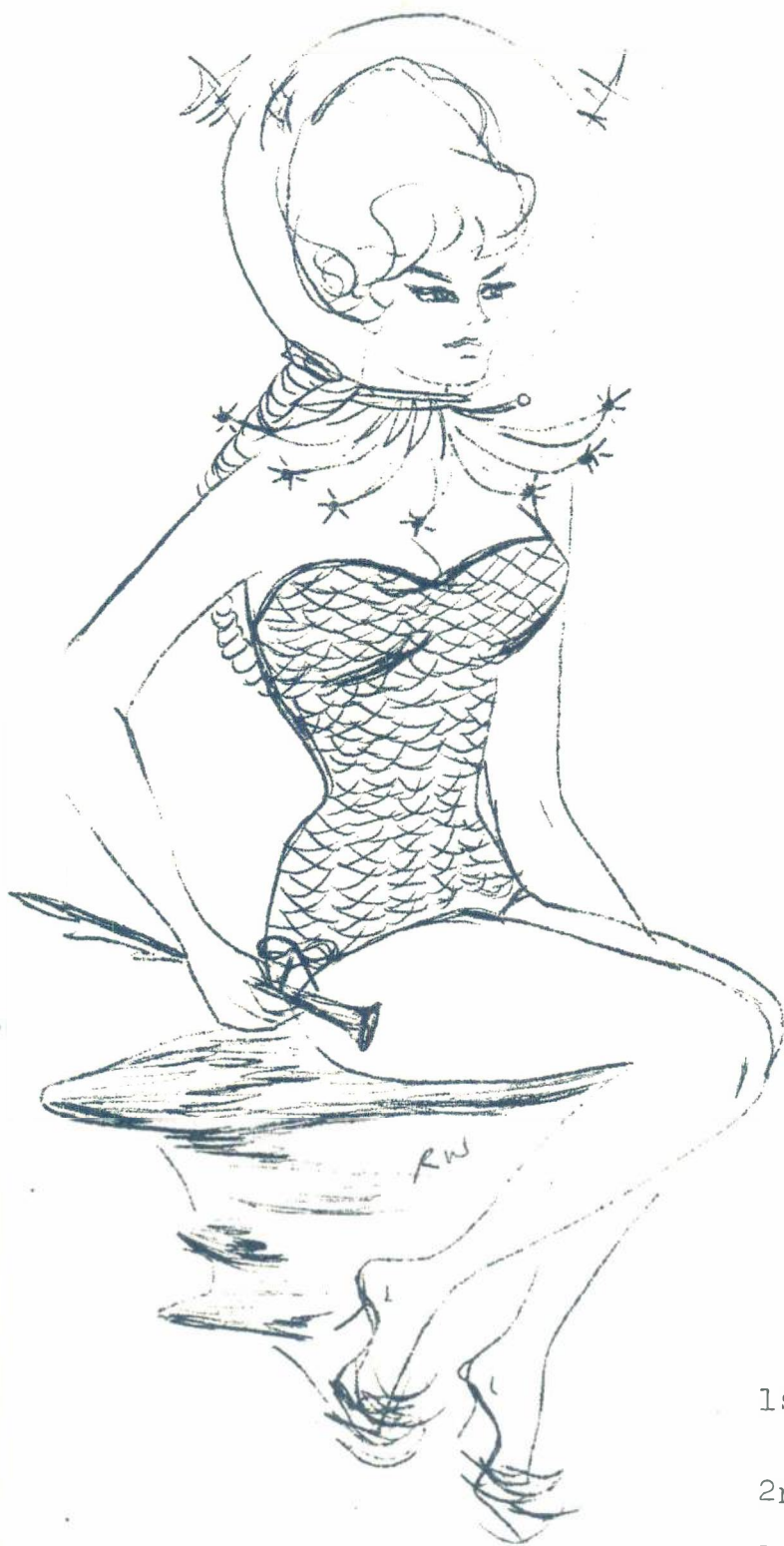
The humor is a deep-down-kind, in its way it shows the utter absurdity of many habits, and how it is completely ridiculous when transplanted to a different culture; one in which experimentation and change is the order of the day. The dawn of fashion for instance, and the woman who adorned herself with an enormous cut glass chandelier. The utter consternation created in a battle when a brand new weapon is used, nothing less than a bagpipe. The acclaim won by a complete nonentity who ate a bar of soap and blew bubbles. And other downright hilarious episodes. There is a plentiful supply of humor, along with everything else.

A  
COLUMN

BY

clay  
hamlin





The story has a little of everything, most of it very good indeed, but some things that would be laughable if it wasn't so completely boring. Most of this fortunately occurring in the first few pages of the story. Even so it will demonstrate thoroughly the premises used in many of these very earliest stories, that today no one would even dream of using. It may be (not may be, IT IS) the only story by Mr. McClary that is worth rereading in this day. But one can't take that away from him, it holds exactly as much interest now as it did when it first saw print, and no classic can ask more than that.

You shouldn't miss this if you ever get a chance to read it. Publication was in paperback (Bart House and almost impossible to find today) and later in one of the very last issues of FFM ~~Ever~~ published. I suggest strongly that you get it if you possibly can.

\*\*\*\*\*

NEXT ISSUE: One of the most important stf stories ever written---  
"TWILIGHT"

\*\*\*\*\*

CHICON SIDELIGHT:

1st Fan: Bhoy, service here at the hotel sure is lousy!  
2nd Fan: Oh, yeah?

1st Fan: Yep, once I waited half an hour for an elevator, then got mad and called room service for one!

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# WALLABY STEW

## FANZINE REVIEWS -O- ROBERT COULSON

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #391, 392, 393 (Science-Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - irregular - 12 for \$1.75). The editors say that they publish twice a month; recently they've even come close to doing it. SFT is devoted to news of professional science fiction and occasional long commentaries on stf conventions; very few concessions are made to "fanzine fandom". The mag's value in the past few years has been decreased by the fact that there hasn't been much professional science fiction news to report; a good share of the pro news has consisted of the contents of forthcoming stfmag issues--about as worthless a service as it's possible to think of, considering that the magazines themselves maintain departments for forthcoming items, and that these magazines are usually on the newsstands well ahead of their duplication in SF TIMES. However, the zine does provide news of editorial changes, price changes, new magazines, etc., on the rare occasions that they do occur.

Issue #393 is devoted to the recent Chicon, and in general is a very good piece of work. There are one or two instances of sloppy reporting -- Margaret Brundage is listed as one of the judges of the costume ball; she was supposed to be one of the judges, but Leigh Brackett substituted at the last minute. Also, the writing style is certain to put off anyone remotely acquainted with English -- "the audience could but get only a rare sight now and then" -- but then this sort of thing appears regularly in SFT and one gets used to it.

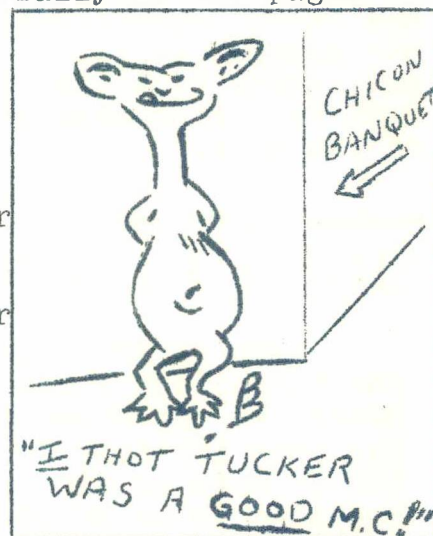
In general, SFT is worth the money to anyone seriously interested in reading and collecting science-fiction; the news contains errors and misspellings, but it's reasonably complete. The editors occasionally give the impression that they feel that nothing worthwhile has been published in the field since T. O'Conner Sloane left AMAZING, but one learns to ignore the opinions and writing style, and glean a few facts from each issue.

AXE #30,31 (Larry and Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - sometimes bi-weekly -10¢) The newspaper of fans and fandom, giving such important news as changes of address, proposed Grand Fanzine publications, who's married to who this month, (and the page total of FAPA mailings? Oh, come on, now...) There are a few items of professional news, fanzine reviews, a revival of magazine criticism by William Atheling, Jr., and one of Walt Willis' humor columns. Axe is definitely on my list of Ten Best Fanzines (so are a dozen other publications; nevertheless, AXE is an excellent buy and I recommend it.)



XERO #9 (Dick and Pat Lupoff, and since they don't have extra copies for newcomers I'll just ignore the address, schedule, and price bit and suggest that you steal a copy from someone on the Lupoff's mailing list -- only don't try it with me because I keep loaded guns in the house) Here is the ideal example of the Overly Successful Fanzine. XERO started out rather modestly, but the Lupoffs have the personal charm required to get material from Big Name Writers (and they live in New York in close proximity to Big Name Writers), so the fanzine grew. And grew. And grew. The current issue contains 100 pages plus front and back covers, colored mimeography, foldout photo pages, electronic stencil work, a front cover guaranteed to leave one stone blind for 30 seconds by the clock, and a lineup of fabulous contributors. (Including me, but then I only take up 3 pages so don't hold that against them.)

The next issue is going to be the last one, and I keep wondering what they can do to surpass this issue and go out with a bang. (You see, the better material you have in your fanzine the more fans want to read it and the higher the circulation goes. And the more copies you run off the more work it is -- especially if the page-count keeps growing, too, and it probably will because writers like to contribute to a fanzine with a good reputation. And after a while it gets to be so much work that it isn't any fun any more, and you say the hell with it and quit publishing, which is about where the Lupoffs are now. So it doesn't pay to make your fanzine too good -- consider the fact that XERO is folding after 10 issues while YANDRO has gone for 116, CRY for 162, and SF TIMES for 393.)



HAVERINGS (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California - monthly - 10¢) Here is a fanzine ideally suited to those misguided souls who demand more and more fanzine reviews. HAVERINGS contains 13 pages, and 10 of them are devoted to fanzine reviews -- 50 different issues being commented on. Ethel believes in reviews in quantity rather than in depth, which is a view I agree with.

KIPPLE #28, 29 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) As befitting a serious constructive journal of opinion, approximately half of each issue of KIPPLE is devoted to commentary by the editor and an occasional outside contributor on various subjects, mostly science and humanity but with occasional views of politicians, science fiction and other items thrown in. The other half of the mag is devoted to letters commenting on material in past issues -- and occasionally commenting on other letter-writers, their ideas, ancestry, relative intelligence and probable future.

The results often appear to be overly serious and lacking in humor (which is probably why Ted occasionally has to come out rather

Coulsons' fanzine reviews, concl.:

violently in print and assert that he does too have a sense of humor -- he has one, but it's overshadowed in KIPPLE.) They are interesting if the reader is interested in science and discussions of humanity. You don't have to be much interested in either subject -- I'm not, but I usually enjoy KIPPLE -- but fans who expect fanzines to be concerned with science fiction and/or fandom may very well dislike the mag.

BANE #7 (Vic Ryan, Room 308, Lindgren Hall, 2308 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois - 25¢ - irregular) Major item this time is editor Ryans' long article on the ethics of fan publishing. Some enthusiastic editor should pick up this article, one by Marion Bradley on the same subject, and one or two others along the line, and reprint them in a booklet on "What Every Beginning Faneditor Should Know". (Franson, how about putting it in your Fandbook line for the N3F?) Vic's article is to be concluded in the next issue; be sure and get both sections, if you get it at all. Bob Tucker and Don Thompson essay humorous items; and rather surprisingly, Thompson does much better. It isn't often one manages to top Tucker in fan humor. Vic and I comment on various and sundry books, and the letter-writers comment on almost everything. BANE is a good magazine; another one of the fifteen or so on my list of Ten Best.

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JUST PLAIN BILL. (CONT'D FROM PG. 4)

Next is articles. Now lets not make my function useless from the beginning; I need some stf-slanted articles. We've hooked Clay Hamlin -- for whose help we're both duly grateful -- but lets give the poor guy some company among all this fannish prattle that the BEM is sure to dig up from some unholy grave. Now you're all supposed to be science-fiction fans, so lets try and live up to the name once in awhile. Let's try to pratice what we preach. Ed Wood, my address is on the contents page. End of sermon on articles -- Jeers!

Fiction isn't too much of a problem right now since we have the STAR\*DUST files (more on that later). However, we can always use stories. I do the sermons, or you can do one in an article, but I read stf for entertainment (someday I'm going to do a sermon on that) and so I want stories that are of the "escape" variety, and not merely essays in fiction form. Incidentally, that piece of mine in thish is not a story, but a sketch -- see, I can defend myself here before you start bombarding me with messages to the effect that I should practice what I preach. (Didn't you know that I'm infallible? Just ask BEM. I keep him chained beneath my table so that he can say nice things like that whenever anyone visits me. He's such a nice BEM -- aren't you bhoy?) And that's the end of my sermon on fiction -- Whimpers.

BEM just informed me that I'm not Theodore Sturgeon. No, BEM -- Theodore Sturgeon is me.



(Sorry folks, but I don't have any secret manuscript by my wife to send Bloch, Boucher and Davidson rolling on the floor between my talks -- next time, maybe.)

If you don't "get" the above, you weren't at the Chicon, poor soul. I was and it was great! Maybe I only thot so because it was my first con, or maybe it relly was -- I don't know. Rest easy, Buck, I'm not going to write a con report -- thish isn't going to run over fifty pages if I can help it, and that's what would happen if I started a con report. So I'll merely say: Hope to see some of you in June at the MidWesCon, and many more of you again in D.C. And remember: LA Once More in '64; LONDON (RainCon) in '65; and

!!! C\*L\*E\*V\*E\*L\*A\*N\*D !!!

(JasonLand)

I N

'66

And in '67...? Well, I could say something, but I'd better quite while I've still a head.

STAR\*DUST IS NO MORE -- at least for awhile.. I don't have enough money (or, more to the point, enough time) to publish two genzines, plus a N'APazine and a printed paper for the mudane National Amateur Press Assoc. I still like the idea of an all-fiction fanzine, and may revive S\*D later on. Meanwhile, the material collected for the second ish, including some beautiful artwork by Joni Cornell, will be in this and future issues of DOUBLE\*BILL. And comments on Jack Chalker's hell-raising "You're Stepping on My Sense of Wonder" will be incorporated into "Double-Trouble" (the lettercol, you fool!). Incidentally, anyone who hasn't recieved a copy of the fifty page, multilithed first ish of S\*D can send 10¢ to pay for postage and envelope. And if you think you should have gotten a copy free, let me know, please. I moved right in the middle of mailing it out, and my records are shot to hell.

#### SOME ODDS AND ENDS TO FINISH THIS THING UP:

BEM and I hope to issue a booklet of fannish filk songs for the D.C. con (whatever its offical name is). Both original songs and reprints are wanted, so Les Gerber, Jock Root, and All, please start sending them in so that we don't get rushed next August.

I just picked up a copy of the new edition of Jack Vance's THE DYING EARTH (Lancer; 75¢) the other day. I read it, and thot it magnificent in spots while rather crude in others -- the whole coming out better after twelve years tho, than any but about ten novels published in the last decade. I haven't time or space to go into a complete review, but when the out-of-print classics like this one start coming to life, I say that stf is on the way back to a somewhat higher level of popularity than it has been in the last five years or so -- even with AMAZING cutting pages. Anyway, Three Bloch's and a Tucker (for good measure) to "The LANCER SCIENCE FICTION LIBRARY" and may they continue to make as good a choices as they did with this one.

And that brings me to my final item, after which both you and I can go to bed.

(JUST PLAIN BILL... Concl'd, finally)

I've heard some people claim that THE DYING EARTH is the best sf novel ever written. Others claim such novels as THE SPACE MERCHANTS, and many, many more hold this honor. So, what I'd like to do, mostly for curiosity, is find out what a representative section of some 140 fan consider the best sf novel ever written. Send in your favorite, and if enough respond, I'll publish a tabulation of the results next ish.

Then one other thing of a similar nature, which will require a bit more time and thought. There have been various lists published here and there (but none too recently, to my knowledge), as to what should represent the basic science fiction library. So, please, send in YOUR choice of the twenty-five books (not necessarily the "best" ever written) that you believe every lover of stf should own or have read. I hope to have enough such lists by the third ish of D\*B to tabulate the results into a fairly accurate list of what you the readers of DOUBLE\*BILL consider to be the basic stf library. And don't complain to me about the results if you don't vote -- I'm afraid that I won't listen very hard.

Send (PLEASE?) in your nominations for the above two categories to either BEM or myself.

And so, we'll be seeing you again in DECEMBER. WRITE and write something for us....

A tired and sleepy *Bill Bowers* bids you fare thee well....

[illegible]

the bems' corner, cont:

I see Bill has covered the PLEAS TO THE READERS fairly well...but let this Bem add his 2 credits worth: Like, send in anything good you've got!! Stories, articles, reviews, artwork, etc.; we promise if its good, it'll see print! Our schedule will be as close to bi-monthly as possible. The format? Both fannish and stef'nish contributions, since we wanna make the zine likable to 'most everybody.

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On pages 21 & 23 we're introducing a new artist, a non-fan from Cleveland...female, by the name of Ruth Woehrman: I doubt very much **whether** we'll get much more artwork from her tho, like I so optimistically claimed on the inside bacover, but nevertheless, let us know what you think of her work. Mebbe....just mebbe.....

THE BEM AT THE CHICON: Seeing as how I mentioned the convention up above, (and to the detriment of good ole Buck Coulson) herewith are just a few of the memorable hi-lites that impressed me at the con:

...The crowded party Thursday before the con in Al Lewis's SMALL  
room....the folksong singing, and Jack Harness dancing around & over  
(Cont. next page..)



THE BEMS CORNER...(ON AND ON AND ON...)

everybody with Virginia Schultheis...and the first introduction of the Seacon Song, which was received very well...

....John Trimble walking up to Forry Ackerman with his "F/M" under his arm; and John sez: "Welll, hello there, and I'm very glad to meet you, MR. HARMON!"...4E'S pained-look-blended-with-frown!

....AVRAM DAVIDSON passing out bagels from a sack that he'd traveled halfway across town to get...then disappearing in an elevator. A few seconds later...elevator door opens, and out strides "Avrams Apostle" Les Gerber, holding the remains of the bag, eating a bagel, and giving me the last remaining "MAN-NA" from AV'M above with the words, "I'm Avram Davidsons official "BAG-EL BEARER!"

....The CROWDED party Friday nite in OUR room (#683) with Sandy Cutrell, Karen A., Lee Ann, Pelz, Buz, (and ~~GOOD~~ BLOCH knows who all else) singing folk songs again.....Phil Farmer was there, as was his lovely daughter(!)...At the height of our singing (yelling?) there comes a knock on the door....everybody shuts up and looks toward the door in the fear that its the house dick....coming to kick them out; the door opens and in the deadly silence a man dressed up in suit & tie stands there, looking VERY official-like, then hesitantly asks: May I come in??" "Who is it?" we ask, still full of apprehension."CHARLES BEAUMONT!" (WHEW!) "BEAUMONT?!" We ask with glee. "Sure, come on in and make yoreself at home!" We all shout in unison. "...How about that..." I sez to Bill, "BEAUMONT came to OUR PARTY! Goshwow!".....  
....The Catholic convention AND Seabeescon on at the same time as the S.F. Con, in the same hotel! Which seemed kind of ill-timed on the part of the hotel!...And at times there were only two operating elevators in the whole place!

....THE CROWDED PARTY the Washington Suite had...2 or 3 WHOLE suites (4-6 rooms?) just packed with fans, talking argueing, drinking....and the overflow of us sitting out in the middle of the hotel hall floor! Den Jim Warren got tired of stumbling over us allatime, and invited us up to his room on the 14TH floor...Bjo, Gerber, Steve & Virginia, the THompsons, and I ferget the rest! Gerber acting like he was drunk (You were acting, weren't you Les?) and cracking jokes and bugging Warren.....Everyone reading the "Wind-up Doll" books, gathered around Bjo discussing..of all things!...RELIGION! All the liquor Jim had available that no-one touched, so in self defense he called room service for coffee & rolls!



Warren narrateing: "Oh, whut happened to me earlier tonite! About 10 or so I was going from one floor to another, waiting for the elevator with a BOTTLE in one hand and a DRINK in the other. It comes, the door opens, and who do I see inside but two nuns and a priest!! (The Catholic convention, explained above).

(p.t.o. for the concl.)

So I'm trying to hide the bottle under my sweater, or my arm pit, and all the way up to the 12TH floor they stare at me in dead silence! As they get out and the door shuts in my face, I yelled out: "I'm sorry!" ...THUNK!" (So whut could he do, offer them a drink?)

....Someone....(TUCKER?) at the banquet saying: "You were all underfed and overcharged!" (Followed by laughter and applause)

....THE UNCrowded, nice quiet party in the WASHINGTON (STATE) suite, seeing slides of past cons and having funny discussions with H. Beam Piper....Thanx again, Seattlites, for a very nice time!

....BLOCH & TUCKER putting each other down each time they got the chance....(TUCKER booing BOB when he was introduced...) (BLOCH: And here is ANOTHER typical example of a hollywood monster of the movies!) ((Photo of Tucker on slide projector!!))

....Staying up all nite...sleeping in the afternoon....playing Interplanetary in the N3F room. ....Having a bheer with Buz and Walt Willis, Madeline, and Ted White in the hotel bar. The Bheer I had with Jim Broderick, Bowers, Franson, and Joe Fekete in "The Elm" bar a few blocks from the hotel.....

....THE Catholic girls avoiding most of the s.f. fans in the halls, shying away and sticking close to the walls! (Hmmm, mebbe they WERE smart; after all!) ...But VERY interested in the Costume ball, and I was too, especially Sylvia,....and Sheila.....and Bjo and Karen.... AND DIAN!! Goshwow!

"The BEM" doing da twist with Virginia while she was still in costume, and she kept losing her bells....(on her costume, of course!)

ON THE MORE SERIOUS SIDE: PROJECT ART SHOW HAVING THEIR MONEY STOLEN (\$51. worth) by a hotel employee, and the hotel not re-imbursing it, making Bjo very mad---naturally. (Thats the reason for the fake ad on the cover). Hope things turned out ok, BJOHN.

The I.Q. & Personality tests that I DIDN'T take...(Didn't wanna ruin the averages, cause I HAVE NO I.Q. or personality!) No, actually, when they gave them I hadn't had any sleep for from 24-36 hours, and I felt I couldn't do my best in the condition I was in.

And the end of the con....saying sad goodbyes to everyone, in a hurry.

All in all, the convention was very nice, and I enjoyed it muchly. The HOTEL tho, was no good at all, in my opinion. I heard many complaints about the service and all, from many different people. Especially bad tho, was the fact that a big hotel chain like that would not do anything to help p.a.s. to get their stolen money back. Very dirty, indeed. and the service WAS poor! Aside from that, I enjoyed everything that I attended, and my thanx DO go to the Chicon Committee for a job well done.

-----000-----

Guess I'd better end this rambling thing, its gotten out of hand, but let us know whut you think of the mag--huh? We know we've made many mistakes thruout the issue, but we're still learning & promise to do better nexttime. 'Til then, write, and

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!  
BEMMISHLY, *Bill Mallard*



## "DOUBLE-TROUBLE"

LETTERCOL edited by BILL MALLARDI

This is an "abbreviated" column this time to get the ball rolling. Mainly, SOME COMMENTS ON CHALKER'S ARTICLE THAT APPEARED IN STAR\*DUST #1.:

BUCK COULSON  
ROUTE 3,  
WABASH, IND.,

Jack Chalker has a nice theory about the lack of new authors -- except that if he's right, where did Keith Laumer and Jack Sharkey and Vance Aandahl and Rosel Brown and Joseph Green and a dozen or so others come from? Terry Carr and Karen Anderson might be put down as "friends of the editor", but the others aren't, and they aren't all pseudonyms, either; I can vouch for the existence of Laumer and Green on good authority and for Rosel Brown from personal experience. Chalker may sincerely doubt that Heinlein and Asimov, et al, might be unable to sell today if they were newcomers -- but newcomers are selling today, in about the same percentage as they ever did, and their stuff isn't equal to the early stories of Heinlein and Asimov by a longshot. It's quite possible that editors today don't read every story submitted. It's even more possible that they never did; that a large percentage of the slush pile was rejected after a hasty glance over the first couple of pages. If the first page looked promising, then the remainder was read. I hope a few pro editors got this issue; I'd like to see their reactions.

Yours,  
Buck

HARRY WARNER, Jr.  
423 SUMMIT AVE.  
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

You're Stepping On My Sense of Wonder seems to have started to stir up a storm in the review columns already, only a couple of weeks after you mailed out this issue. I'm afraid that Jack Chalker let his emotions prod him into overstating a case which isn't totally unfounded. There is no doubt that this is a buyers' market for stf., with only a half-dozen magazines, each of which contains one-third to one-half the wordage that the pulp magazines used to offer. It is hard for the new writer to interest the editors when so many established authors are attempting to sell stories. I don't doubt that there are times when editors are overstocked and mail back unsolicited mss. with only the briefest of glances. On the other hand, is there any particular reason why fans should try to add to the enormous bulk of mediocrity that has predominated in the prozines over the past decade? I'm guilty; I tried to sell to the prozines, finally succeeded, then realized that I wasn't likely to write classics and wasn't being paid enough to give me any good reason for continuing to continue to write stf. An hour's work on an item for a syndicate brought me as much as a story on which I'd devoted a week's spare time. I know it's traditional for fans to step up from amateur to professional status in stf., but I wonder if there's any reason for maintaining that fine old custom when it's obvious that the fan is not going to be a Bradbury or a Heinlein. We may have lost some good mainstream writers when certain fans found they could make a good bit of money out of large quantities of second-rate stf.

Yrs.,  
Harry Warner, Jr.



1975:

"U.S. Spaceship Reaches Pluto!"  
Was the headline in the Times.  
"Gromyko Assassinated  
While Inspecting Russian Dimes!"

This brought on the terrible War  
That ended all other wars;  
U.S. beaten, Russian leaders  
Restored all their ruined stores.

2000:

Portugal became a nation  
To be proud of, yessirree!  
First men landing on Centauri  
Were from good ol' Portugee.

Russia, torn by revolutions,  
Asked the big "P" to lend aid.  
But the nation was too busy  
Restoring our U.S. trade.

2025:

This year I was "heated" to life  
From the pile of embryos.  
Meanwhile Portugal was trading  
With tripeds from Xacfono.

Now the U.S., armed and ready,  
Took its place among the world.  
We were soon a mighty power;  
Russia then to death was hurled.

2050:

Now the Earth is automated.  
People now can soar and fly  
To the tops of every building,  
Even the ones five miles high.

Daily I go to the spaceport  
Where I've worked all of my life.  
Here I toil till noon and then come  
Home and kiss my robot-wife.

# WORLD PROGRESS



MICHAEL  
KURMAN



You are receiving this of DOUBLE-BILL because:

- ☐ You subbed (!?)
- ☐ Contributors copy, thank muchly.
- ☒ We'd like to trade--How 'bout you?
- ☒ Sample--Let us know what you think of it. (But keep it clean!)
- ☐ You're SPECIAL!
- ☒ #2 is your last ish, unless you sub, or contribute, or something.
- ☒ We'd like a contribution from you in the form of:
  - ☒ Fiction
  - ☐ Artwork
  - ☒ Article(s)
  - ☐ Column(s)
  - ☐ Verse, etc.
- ☒ Review, please?
- ☐ Your name is BLOCH (Oh, Ghod!)
- ☐ Your name is not BLOCH, Mr. TUCKER!
- ☐ You put out a monster mag, ~~JIM HANMON~~...uh, I mean FERRY ACKERMAN!
- ☐ Your name is Mud
- ☐ Your name is Santa Claus, and you like BIG SUITS---uh, HI! CHRIS!
- ☐ We've nothing else to do with it, our toilet paper supply is high enuff now!
- ☐ Just for the halibut!--(Sounds fishy, doesn't it?!)
- ☐ Your initials are WAW...poor fella!

-----oOo-----

Well, we hope you've enjoyed the rag...oops, I mean mag...and whether you did or didn't, write in and tell us so; and/or contribute something to raise its' standards higher. Yon BNF'S, we mean YOU too! WE'D like to see the thing go places. (WHERE, we ain't sure just yet!)(No wisecracks, pleez!)) and it can with your help. It may not please everybody, but with our fannish & STEFnish format we are aiming at most of you.

We'd also like to hear what you thot of Ruth Woerhmans artwork; Mebbe in D/B#2 we'll have a portfolio of art by her, and if enuff people like her we can encourage her to contribute to P.A.S. next year!

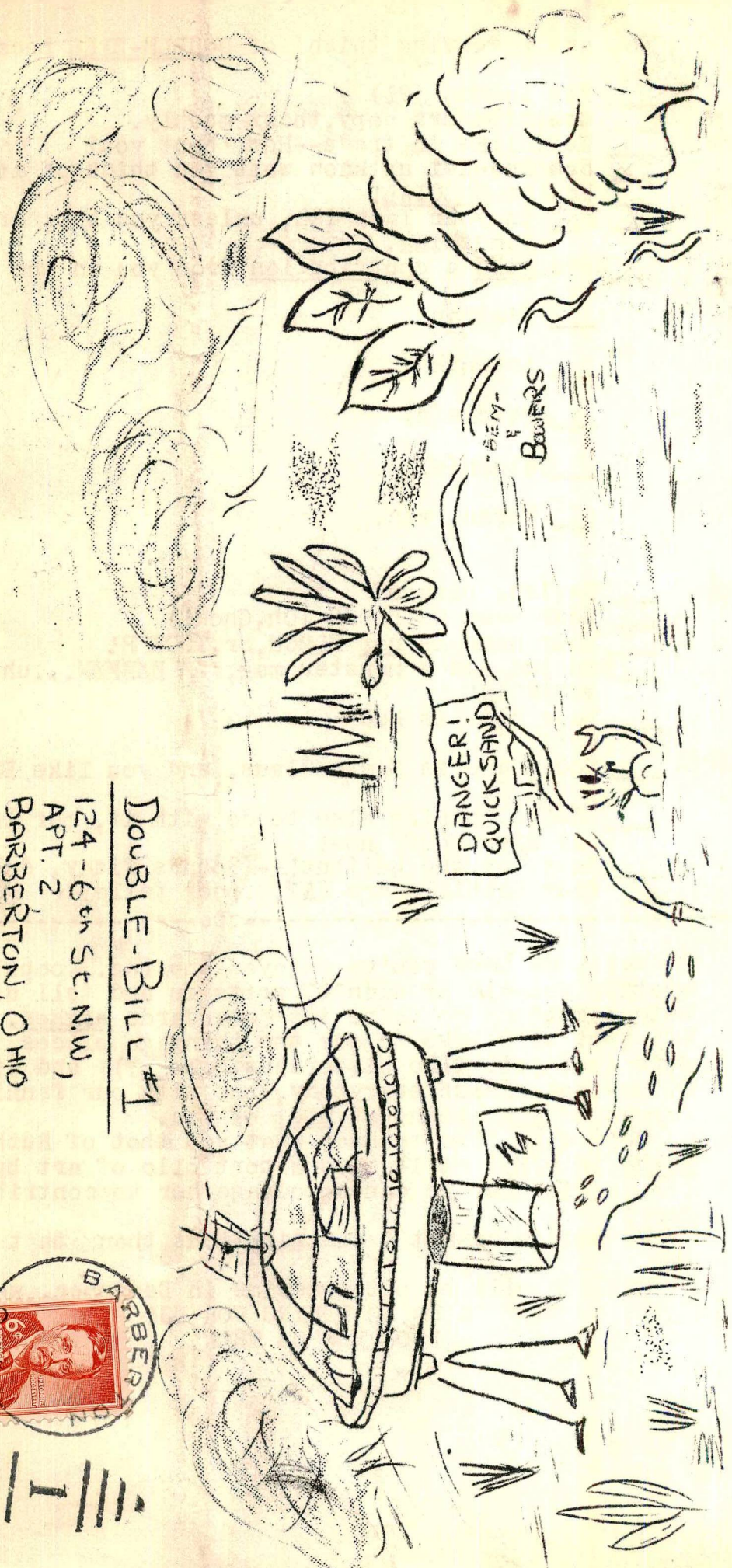
We need more art & contributions than that tho, so send 'EM IN!

NEXTISH will be out sometime in December, we hope, SO YOU'VE LOTS OF TIME TO DO SOMETHING FOR US!

LOOK FOR US THEN!

BYE-- BEM & BILL





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