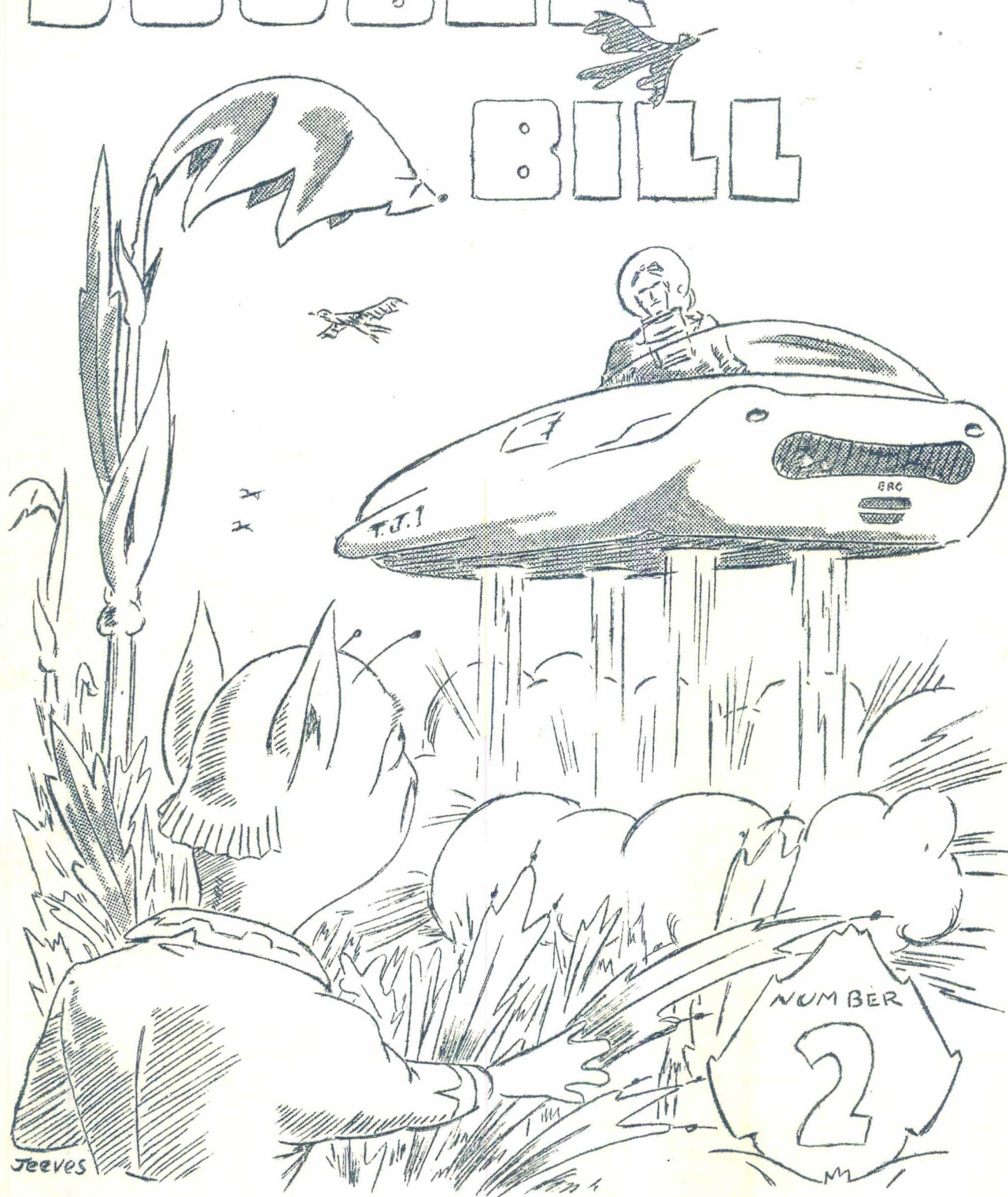


DOUBLE BILL



I N M E M O R I A M

This issue of DOUBLE-BILL is dedicated to:

CHUCK DEVINE,

who was a good fan friend of ours until he died on September 30th, 1962. We learned of his death just recently when we received the last issue of his fanzine, "PILIKIA". It was mailed by MIKE JOHNSON, KENT JEPPESEN, & GUY TERWILLEGGER after his death, and was "protected" by a duplicate of the front cover with the notice of his death on its back. I now quote it in full:

"Dear Reader, - - - - -

This is the last issue of PILIKIA
you will ever receive. On September 30, 1962
Chuck Devine died of a self inflicted gun
shot wound.

Aloha,
PILIKIA"

- - - - -
I (Bill Mallardi, that is) am deeply grieved at the passing of Chuck, as he was a good friend and correspondent of mine for as long as he was in fandom. I even had met him in person last year on the way to the Seattle Convention, and he traveled the rest of the way from Boise to Seattle with Jon Stopa & I. How distinctly I remember that night we first met....Jon & I were one of the last one's to arrive at Twig's house, of the Chicago Caravan, and it was pitch black out. Someone walked out of the house to greet us, and stopped in front of me. I couldn't make out his features...but I KNEW who it was...."Chuck", I said, "Chuck Devine?!", holding out my hand..... I now shed a tear for him.....Good-bye, Chuck, it was nice knowing you..

DOUBLE-BILL

DECEMBER,

1962

VOL. I, No. 2

Edited by: BILL BOWERS & BILL MALLARDI
Columnists: Robert Coulson & Clay Hamlin

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-)(-

A R T W O R K

Cover by TERRY JEEVES

Richard Schultz (RIP): 9, 14, 16, 32, 34; Karen Anderson: 21, 26;
Ruth Woehrman: 38; Brad Daigle: 41

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sent to:
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214 Mackinaw Ave.,
Akron 13, Ohio

SUBS, MATERIAL and COA's should
be sent to:
BILL BOWERS
124-6th St., NW, Apt. 2,
Barberton, Ohio

NOTE: Don't make too big a production out of the above. Like, if you're going to send both material and a loc (then you're a Good Faan), there's no use splitting it up into two envelopes and using twice the postage -- just send it all to one or the other of us. It all ends up down by King REX anyways....

THE BEST OF THE HOLIDAY'S TO ALL OF YOU!

the

bems'

corner

An Editorial by BILL MALLARDI

Well, here we are again, two single Bills that bring out a DOUBLE-BILL. (SORRY that we're so late, tho. Bill & I've been getting overtime in our respective jobs, and besides which the issue sort of snowballed on us! But maybe its just as well seeing as how the postal rates are going up after this issue, and we're "celebrating" the passing of the old with a BIG, BIG issue.) At first I was at a loss as to what I wanted to talk about in my editorial, but it turns out now that I've got more to talk about than my two allotted pages will give me! We were gratified by the response to D-B #1, and actually happy that it did go over as well as it did. Kind of surprised us, even tho it was what we tried to do, and tho we were fairly satisfied with our results. I was also croggled by the response my "ham" article got -- it was the item MOST mentioned by those that wrote in, and was favorably received by most everyone. In case anyone is interested, of the 136 copies mailed, we heard from around 30 people or so, which isn't bad at all. I had hoped we'd get even more letters (fool that I am), but I suspect that the Cuban Crisis had some affect on the letterhacks, who probably figured: "why bother to write if there's a nuclear war?"

It seems that DOUBLE-BILL is a catalytic agent! No sooner than 2 weeks after it came out, the Crisis started. I mean, we figured D-B would get SOME world-shaking unfavorable opinions, but nothing as B*A*D as a WAR! Maybe we should fold?! After all, who knows WHAT will happen when this issue gets out?! Frankly, tho I was as scared as bad as any one else, deep down inside I figured (hoped?!) that Khrushchev would back down & have his ships change course to avoid the possibilities of war -- and even take out those missiles & planes -- but (to quote Busby in CRY): "that Tuesday was the day I was frightened half out of my wits" more than any other. When nothing happened the rest of the day & next day, I figured it never would. But the top local radio station in Akron started broadcasting its news every 15 minutes, so you KNOW everyone else was scared too. However, in a time like that what can one do, but go on with his everyday actions & living as he knows how, even tho at the time they may seem senseless and silly, when at any minute he knows he could be blasted to kingdom come by someone, somewhere, coldly pushing buttons. ## Let it be known tho, that I agree with Kennedys' actions 100 per cent (as does just about everybody else in the free world) and am only sorry that he didn't step in a lot earlier than he did.

Like I said above, I was satisfied with our results on D-B #1, in the main -- but I was rather peeved at all the typos and other mistakes we made thru-out the issue....and we're trying to correct that thish. Bill sez I'm too much of a perfectionist in trying to have an issue without any major mistakes in it, and I suppose it IS impossible, but I can't help it, thats the way I am. I like to have the thing neat, readable, and typo free as much as possible -- since I want to be proud of the thing, not ashamed of it.

Another thing: In regards to the contributions, what Bill may like I may not, since my tastes are a bit different and demands something of quality as much as possible rather than quantity. In other words, its got to fit my opinion of what I think is good. But don't let that scare any would-be contributors away from sending us material -- on the contrary, it should encourage you to send us contributions, and to keep trying and improve yourself at the same time if we happen to reject or don't use it. We'll use material from anybody that we think is good enough to print, be he a neo or a BNF. Mike Shupp thish is our prime example of a young fans ability to improve and do something worthwhile.

As mentioned on the inside front cover, this issue is dedicated to Chuck Devine, who apparently died Sept. 30th. I'd like to get more info on the happenings etc.; of his death, and would appreciate it VERY MUCH if his parents, family, and /or friends would contact me immediately. Chuck was a good fan & a friend of mine....and as a matter of fact, after the Seacon (he had a way home with Ken Hedberg, since I wasn't passing thru Boise on my way back East) he forgot to take his sleeping bag out of the car. I STILL have it, and would also like to hear from Chucks' family RE: returning it to them. (I even brought it with me to Chicago to give to Chuck but he didn't go, so it was all for nought.) My deepest sympathies do go to the Devine Family -- and I beg of them to please write to me.

On the lighter side, I have just bought a new G.E. Stereo Console record player/ AM-FM-Multiplex radio combination, for \$300.00 --- and is it great! Of all the stereos I heard in town, the G.E. seemed to have the best tone & clarity. One of the first stereo records I bought was a LONDON lp, with its new format & tremendous separation called "phase '4' stereo", whereby they use 20 different mikes thruout the orchestra that can be individually monitored by a big control board. Each and every song is a masterpiece in itself for the engineers & musicians. The first time I played those LONDON discs I wasso touched I got the goose-bumps... So listen to me: Fans Who Have Stereos.... GET yourself those LONDON label records - if you haven't already - they're the MOST! (Just call me a one-man-recruiter for London records --- you Britishers are lucky, having something as great as that originating from your country!)#Speaking of records, "THE FIRST FAMILY" & "THE OTHER FAMILY" comedy albums are very popular around the nation now. I first heard them some weeks back at work when an all night Cleveland disc jockey played them in the wee small hours of the yawning. For spoofs & satires of the Kennedys & Khrushchevs they're pretty good. As a matter of fact, I've got "THE FIRST FAMILY" record myself, seeing as how I'm a true lover of good satire. Another "comedy"(?) album this d.j. played was a very S*I*C*K thing called "DROP DEAD". I forget the name of the clown who does it, but, unless your tastes are very poor, AVOID this horrible thing at all costs! If you ever do hear it, you'll know what I mean by sick. Man, its the sickest. But DO get those LONDON records, hear?? You won't regret it.

(End of musical report for this month!)

I had planned to include a picture of the Chicon in each copy of D-B, by stapling them in as a "rider", but decided against it since we're late and have to get this thing out soon; plus the fact that the cost would be too great. Those people that I've pictures of WILL get them one of these days, free. Any others who want color photos of the con, write to me. IT'S #127 film, adaptable to slides too. (PELZ? HAYES?)

GUESS thas' it...hope you like thish. bemmishly, Bill Mallardi

JUST PLAIN BILL

EDITORIAL BY
BILL BOWERS

Once more, from the depths of the House of King REX, a DOUBLE-BILL comes to you. And it just about drug us along with it, too. A 44-page zine, Great Ghu! D-B was originally intended to be a small 20-24 page zine--but it and our ole buddy Rex seem to have taken over this time, so here we are. Future issues will definitely be smaller, probably averaging around 30 pages (knock on wood).

And I might mention here, before I forget, that approx. 160 copies of this issue are going out--and next time D-B might not be going out to exactly the same people. In other words, we are going to cut out the deadwood on our mailing list right at the beginning. We feel, that two free copies should bring some sort of response from most of our mailing. So if you recieved the first issue and didn't let us know that you did in some way, better let us know this issue to be on the safe side. We want a mailing list of interested fans; if you don't particularly care about D-B, let us know and we'll cut you off. See bacover for your status (if any).

Our thanks to those of you who have so kindly contributed, and we hope that our presentation of your material is to your liking. Special thanks go to Karen Anderson, Dick Schultz, and Terry Jeeves for some fine artwork to grace this ish. Also to ATom who sent some beautiful illos which will be presented on electronic stencils next time around. Also, we would like to take this opportunity to express our thanks to Dora Holland and Janie Lamb who have made available to us the art files of the late, great Ralph Holland. Much appreciated all, and also to Messers. Coulson, Deckinger, Hamlin, Shupp & O'Neil. You're all GOOD people!

A few comments on the contests/listings mentioned here lastish: The Best Novel idea has been dropped for the time being, because, needless to say, the variety of choices is too wide, and fans are too diverse in their cherished opinions to get together and select one novel as being the best. But the Basic Stf Library is coming along fine; to be frank with you, it is coming along quite a bit better than I had ever hoped it would. The final tabulation will be published nextish. So, if you forgot, or didn't get the first issue, we would appreciate it if you would send in what you consider to be the 25 books that you think should be on every fans library shelf...any book that is generally considered under the term 'science fantasy' that is. Please, those who are interested, try and get all the lists here by that last week of January, even tho I realize that doesn't give you too much time. But it will take a little bit to combine the results and we want to get D-B #3 out a little more closer to schedule. And again, thanks muchly to those of you who have already sent in your lists...they were appreciated.

A brief word, before I go onto subjects other than that of THE MAGAZINE: We would like to state for the record that praise and criticism are equally welcomed by both BEM and I. We want to know just what you do think of DOUBLE-BILL--not just what we would like you to think of it. Hope you like thish, what say?

POWERS
'62

Truly, I say unto you, the Day of the Boom is upon us once again. You think I'm jokeing--the signs are all about us. LOOK: 1) an average of close to fifteen stf & fantasy paperbacks are coming out each month; true, still over half are derived from the specialized mags in one way or another, but the number of originals are one the increase; 2) The LANCER Science Fiction Library scores again--first THE DYING EARTH (a classic in any fan's language), and now A MARTIAN ODYSSEY by Stanley G. Weinbaum (the third and fourth choices of LANCER I do not consider to be classics of any sort, so we will leave them for now); 3) Regency Books is making noises about a new p-b stizine, ala the STAR Series (the first three of which have been reissued this year) and Hamling is publishing Aldiss and Leiber in ROGUE since its special fantasy issue; 4) IF is now readable (the printing,

I mean--not necessarily the content--has two-colored interiors, and claims added wordage; 5) the new GALAXY Novels, now under the title of MAGABOOK's; 6) GALAXY & IF's new companion zine, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, sounds like a winner, but I'll reserve judgement until I see it; and 7) rumors of a new stfzine out of the West Coast heard at the CHICON. And perhaps best of all to some, THE TWILIGHT ZONE is returning with a new one-hour time slot on Thursday nights. Yes, the Boom of the '60's is upon us.

What say you?? Any comments?

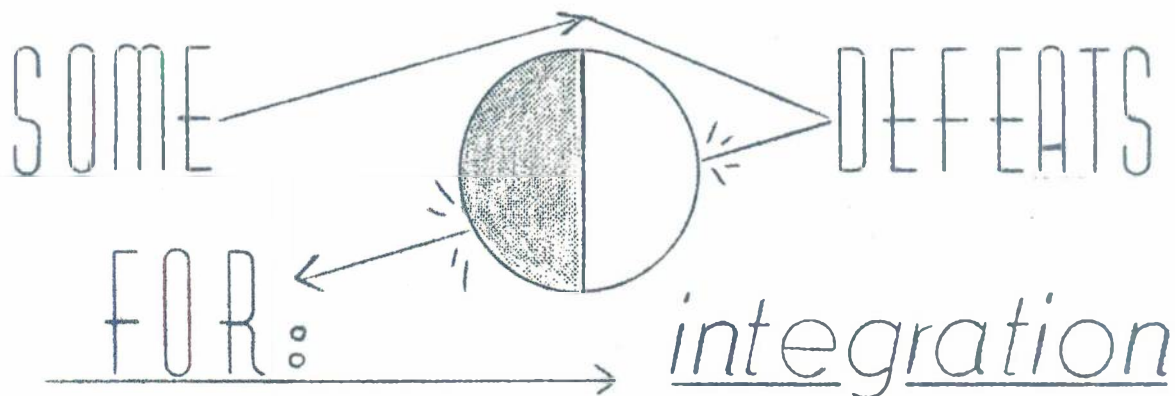
And what the hell ever happened to that COSMOPOLITAN article? All we would like to know is what stamps have to do with stf fandom, Mrs. Camper.

AT THE HOUSE OF KING REX DEPT: As most of you probably know by now, I moved shortly before the CHICON III, from the old place with the funny address down to the present place, to get closer to work--but mainly to get out away from my parents. Now, please understand me, I didn't leave with a flight right after I graduated from school like many teenagers; in fact, I stayed at home close to a year and a half after I began to work. But my parents are very strict in what I consider to be a rather old-fashioned way, and they have certain opinions regarding right and wrong. Opinions, needless to say, that I didn't always agree with. I respect my parents and their opinions, and I still go out home a couple of times a week, but I figure that I have my own life to lead as best I see fit, and that it would be better for both sides if we were seperated. So here I am...

(More fascinatin' tidbits on life at THE apartment nextish.)

The BEM, he of the nimble wit, has asked me to send out a plea for more humorous material. So John Berry, where are you? Please?

So be good, and until the next issue.... BILL BOWERS & Co.



by Bill Mallardi

I'm teed off, really I am. Matter of fact I'm so mad, inwardly, that I don't know whether or not I can get it across to you in words as to why, or even communicating clearly to you about it. However, I'll try, and before I do go into why I'm as angry as I am, let me explain this about my views on integration/segregation, those two words that have really been stirring up a storm in this country, more-so lately than I think any other time in our history.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm going to tell you now and I want you to remember this all thru this article: I DO believe in integration, and am violently opposed to the views held by the segregationists. (At least, I believe in integration of the schools down South, and other things of that nature, tho more drastic measures such as inter-racial marriages I'm not too keen on). But at any rate I want you to understand that I'm about as broad-minded as I or anyone else could possibly be concerning the rights of the Negro.

I'll also tell you now, that WHAT has made me so angry and anxious enough to write about integration/segregation, are things that have happened here in the Akron area over the past few months or so. As a matter of fact, the news may have been carried over your wire services and newspapers, so you may have heard about these happenings yourself:

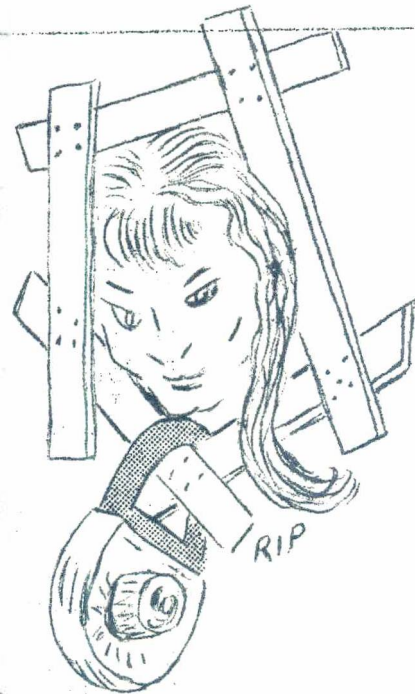
ITEM #1: A negro man....a manager of a funeral home in Akron, was picked up by police for questioning when a negro family, one of his so-called customers, complained that they couldn't find the grave of their dead young baby in the cemetary, when they went to pay their respects, and they had already paid for the burial. The police investigated, and while searching the funeral home found the remains of eight negro babies bodies, wrapped up in a sheet, and piled up in the corner of a back room!! Some were badly decomposed, and it was evident to the coroner that some of them had been there for from one to three years! It seems as if this creep had been pocketing all the money he was given to pay for the burial of the children, and at least two-three of the eight were positively claimed as being paid for. Now if that isn't the lowest thing for a human being to do, just for a few extra bucks, and especially to his own people, then.....hell, I don't know, I'm spe@chless, and I give up hope! But thats not all, now get this:

The very next day after he was questioned, the police went back to the "home" and I'll be damned if they didn't find nine bodies in that pitiful pile, and the investigating officers were very sure that there were "only eight" there yesterday! It was evident he had slipped another one into that pile OVERNIGHT!! All I can say is, he must be sick... or he'd better be!

As an aside, personally I wouldn't doubt but that at least two or three of those nine babies were illegitimate, though the papers never mentioned it, and that's one of the reasons why he could get away with it as long as he did. It's also my personal belief that negro girls, generally speaking, have just about the lowest morals (in the U.S.) than the white girls would ever have, which brings me into an appropos lead-in to:

ITEM#2: A 19 year old negro girl was arrested by the Sherriff's office after murdering a one year (Or so) old white baby that she was paid to baby-sit with! The reason? I guess you could call it revenge, of a sort. You see, she was angry---yes, that's what I said--- just mad, at the mother of the baby, who had fired her for shacking-up with her 21 year old negro boy friend while she lived/baby-sat at the white womans home!! The details, as far as I can gather, are these: The girl worked and lived in the white families' home, and baby-sat when the parents went out. This particular evening, the boy friend drove up on his motorcycle before they had gone, so the girl was told that he could stay there for a while, BUT THAT HE HAD TO GO HOME BY MIDNIGHT. After midnight the lady called up the house to check on things, and asked if the guy had gone, and the girl hemmed and hawed around before saying "yes", making the mother suspicious. When they got home later on in the morning, they found he was still there, and that she had had intimate relations with him. When asked as to why he was still there, the girl explained that it "was too chilly that night, for him to go home on his motorcycle with only a jacket", so of course she let him stay the night! The lady told her she was fired, etc., and could no longer live with them. During the day while the lady and husband worked, she baby-sat for the last time. According to her, the baby was lying on the couch, and to "get even" she took the mothers silk stocking, and wrapped it around his neck, pulling it tight until she choked him to death. Then she very calmly walked over to the phone and called the sherriff, telling him she thought she just killed a baby. And all this, just because she was hurt and angry, and wanted to get back at the poor child's mother!!

SO, now you see. That's the reason I'm so mad; that the negros scream for their civil rights and better treatment, while all along stupid individuals FROM THEIR OWN RACE pull down all their attempts of being



respected and getting results integration-wise, by sick and sometimes violent actions like the two mentioned above. Of course, I am also personally angry at the two individuals involved, but that doesn't help matters one way or another, even though the acts were deplorable. I mean, there isn't anything I can do, the law will take care of them; even though when I first heard the news (incidently, both had happened within 7 days or so of each other) I could almost agree to getting a lynch mob together and taking care of them personally. Which, I realize, would just bring me down to their level of lowness. So its actually the end results those two creeps brought about that I'm mad at. Integration would never come about if things like that occur too often. Just about the time the people of the nation (both North and South) would start getting used to the thought of giving the negros the rights they deserve, some boob would come along and undo all the good by letting his greed, emotions, etc., get the best of him, and commit such deplorable acts that the people would switch back to their segregationist views again.

I guess this whole article could be boiled down to one rather well-used word: Education. Until the Negro leaders wake up, and pound some sense into their peoples' heads about how to help instead of hinder their movements toward a better understanding between the whites and the blacks, they're STILL going to have one helluva long, hard fight.

THE
N
D

M O N U M E N T

The golden rays of a strange sun,
Glimmer upon a distant planet;
And gleaming bronze lads have fun
In the shadows of the Monument.

In that strange and faraway land,
I found true happiness at last;
If I too join the lads when I can,
It is because time flees fast.

Soon I must leave, as all men have,
And journey over beaten paths;
And when I finally take my leave,
I'll have torn my soul in half.

For back beside that great Monument,
With the great sun shining bright,
On my lovely uncontaminated planet,
After wandering, I found the Light.

—BILL BOWERS

= = BOOK REVIEW = =

"A FOR ANDROMEDA"

FRED HOYLE and JOHN ELLIOT-cl962- Harpers (206pp, \$3.50) and SF Book Club (191pp, \$1.00)

In Greek mythology, Andromeda, daughter of a mighty king, was bound by her people to a rock as a sacrifice to a monster, but was saved at the last minute by Perseus, a young man currently on the outs with the rulers of his nation. Fred Hoyle, prominent astronomer, both theoretical and populizer, and science fiction author; and John Elliot, English script and play-wright and television producer, have combined to write a good novilization of the myth-cum-allegory in A FOR ANDROMEDA. There are some slight differences; for example, Medusa's head has become logic, but people react the same to both, and the plots are parallel in many respects.

Sometime in the late 1960's, the worlds most powerful radio telescope, recently completed at Bouldershaw Fell, a bleak portion of an English moor, begins to receive a message from space, a message from the constellation of Andromeda sent a distance of two hundred light years.

John Fleming, cobuilder of the 'scope with Dennis Bridger, and a mathematician and pure physicist, interprets the message as being a computer program, a program needing a computer many thousand times faster and larger than any computer of the present time. So the British government builds one, possibly because it can be used in tracking unidentified space satellites, a number of them passing over Britain in a modernistic saber-rattling.

The computer is built and the program fed in. The results are another program - the computer wishes to know if we understand the hydrogen atom. Since we do, we tell it so, and the computer asks another - what is the bio-chemistry of his builders? Then the computer asks more questions and finally starts to tell us things.

Such as how to build a man.

So one is built by the computer and Madeleine Dawnay, an Edinburgh bio-chemist. Fleming isn't very helpful: he suggests that the computer be overhauled immediately, preferably with a sledge hammer. The 'man' isn't very successful, but the computer isn't bothered; quite casually it electrocutes a woman technician and somehow comes up with all the data needed to build a perfect human being.

The perfect human being happens to be a beautiful girl who reaches maturity in four months. The perfect human being has the brain of a computer and apparently has no emotions or feelings beyond those of logic. All in all, the perfect human being is a most beautiful monster.

Andromeda, or Andre', as the girl is called, is an intermediary to the computer. A data collecting device of organic matter instead of metal; a secondary machine to convert human thought to computer programming, somewhat like the calculating machines that convert dinary to binary arithmetic for the computers of today. And like a good calculator should, she is abedient. But to whom?

The computer and Andromeda have their own plans, programmed into them by their mysterious designers in Andromeda, which differ from those of the various Earth governments. Questing and abitious, the Andromedians are bent upon conquest, even if senselessly and through others. The first step in the computers master plan seems to be corruption of governments. And just what corrupts absolutely?

So England gets power in the form of interceptor missiles, and things begin to get rotten. Then, surprisingly enough, Fleming, already a target for assassination by Andromeda, gets help from a Permanent Under Secretary...

The end is melodramatic, perhaps, but good melodrama nontheless, and with a touch of tragedy that redeems it.

A FOR ANDROMEDA is Hoyles' best novel to date. There's action, but done intelligently, without the constant dashing around of OSSIAN'S RIDE. There's love, both the tom-cat variety of previous Hoyle novels, and the more adult type of the heroine. There's good characterization, from Judy, to Fleming and Osbourne, even to Kauffman and Andromeda. There's even a bit of sex, to complicate the love but not the plot; Hoyle appeals to no voyeurs.

The politics are both interesting and intregal to the plot, from Vandenberg who was "air commander of a friendly but dominant occupying power to whom this country was one square on a large chess board", to Kauffman and Intel, the large and unscrupulous trading and spy agency, to the antics of the Cabinet with their new interceptor missiles. I would like to know, though, why it was necessary to plant two undercover agents at Bouldershaw Fell; perhaps all govemnments are this way?

Flemings' character is the most developed, but it's hardly strange. After all, Hoyle's had lots of time to develop it in. Fleming, Kingsley (BLACK CLOUD) and Thomas Sherwood (OSSIAN'S RIDE) are all the same person with three names, it would appear; same tastes in politics, occupations, women, etc.

I was surprised to find - not find?-that this novel had no narrative "frame" in it; no prolog and epilog. This is an un-Hoyleish trait and I suspect that Elliot had something to do with it - as a whole, the style is more even then in Hoyle's previous novels, and I suspect that Elliot had something to do with that, too.

This is a Good Book. Now, just when will Hoyle and Elliot collaborate again? I'm looking forward to it.

THE END

DREAM of a BEGGAR

FICTION BY WILLIAM L. BOWERS

The shore is long and endless in the heavy gloom of twilight. Above it, oblivious to the desolate scene about him and the crashing roar of breakers far below, the lonely figure of a man stands on the edge of a weather-worn cliff.

His head is flung far back as he stares upward, trying hopelessly to pierce the heavy overcast. The pacing clouds, as if with some malicious intent, have hidden the glow of the moon and stars behind their vaporous curtains. And with every freezing breath of the gusty wind, it seems that they are jeering at him, taking vengeful pride in their ability to hide from him that which he seeks.

The vast sea in front of him is heaving heavily, and in the thickening darkness the rolling waves are growing higher and higher. They splash into dribbling foam against the rock-strewn shore, and vanish before the endless legions of new waves which instantly replace them.

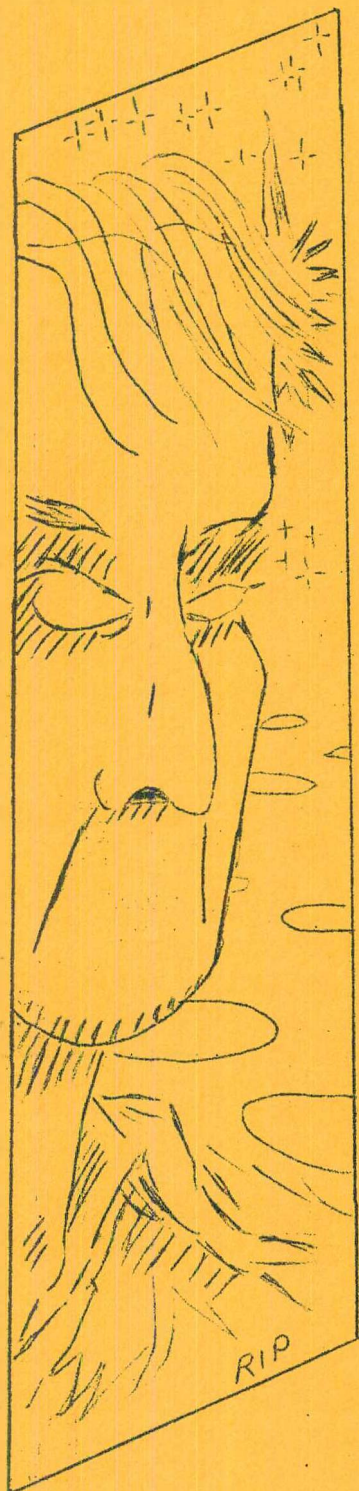
He feels the hostile air of October biting through his threadbare clothes, as it tries to invade his body and his soul. It breathes into his veins, making his body shiver in tempo to the monotonous music of frost. It plays in his soul a melancholy tune, accompanied by the gnawing pangs of his unsatisfied hunger.

His body shakes leaf-like with fatigue and he tries unsuccessfully to fight the penetrating coldness by waving his arms at his sides. His eyes are still fixed on the hostile sky, as if he might by some miracle of the gods, pierce their uncaring veil—for beyond them lies Venus. The beautiful, peaceful, warm planet that is so near to the Sun; the mysterious, miraculous Venus where there is no misery such as his.

But the veil is not rent, and he sighs sadly as he turns and starts the long walk home. It is a familiar walk—he has made it many nights in the past.

*

By refraining from the comforts and many of the necessities of existence, he had been saving money for most of his unfortunate life, slowly building up a pitiful hoard of small coins. He had not permitted himself the luxury of a movie in many years; instead he would go to the Public Library and read fanciful tales of far places. And sometimes, when his body thirsted for a cool bottle of beer, he would take out his chipped old jug, fill it with sparkling water from the



spring and lean back in his creaking chair. There he would empty it slowly, his fancy turning the water into beer and sending it down pleasantly warm to circulate in his withered stomach.

And when one of his few and temporary friends would question him as to why he wore those old and ragged clothes, he would cheerfully reply: "I'm saving up money to go to Venus; it's warmer out there."

He would never have understood even if he had seen it, the half-mocking, half-pitying look that they would give him as they turned away, shaking their heads slowly.

Although he lived in a small and dingy room, it was good enough for him. Once, long ago, he had dreamed of living in a large house with plush furnishings and servants to take care of his every need—but that was long, long ago. That was before he had overheard by accident that fateful conversation which was to change his life completely, blotting out all previous dreams to reach toward a new and bigger quest.

*

A thin, pimpled youth, he had entered the small, dirty tavern with nervous haste. Eighteen, registration card and first legal drink. Now he laughed with fond remembrance of the semi-bitter taste that had trickled down his throat, and the wry grimace that had twisted his face. One grows old, he thought with sudden longing, when he begins to recall the foolishness of his youth.

The faded details of the dusky bar with its sweetish-sour aroma failed to come back, but he still remembered with startling clarity the ramblings of the grizzled old spaceman. He had told others while the boy listened eagerly, that Out There in the nearness of the Sun there was a planet called Venus. It was a cloudly world, but it was covered with beautiful forests and jungles of mystery, and it was a world that was always warm and peaceful.

And every year, a fortunate few hundred colonists went Out There to settle down and build their small, happy colonies....

Ever since that fateful day, he had been saving money by what means he could. He tolerated the ever increasing mockery of the townspeople, worked harder and let his optimistic

fancy compensate for the lacking nourishment and rest his dream entitled.

Long ago, he had sold the moldy furniture of his room out from under the prying eyes of his landlord. He had left intact only the decaying bed, a tottering wooden table, and the creaking chair. In a corner of the ancient room was a small decrepit hearth, which he warmed with coal stolen from the plentiful cellars of his neighbors. He had no light for he spent the long nights in scavaging and gazing when he could, at the small pinpoint of whitish light that was his dreamworld. Besides, even candles were too expensive a luxury for him.

And when his weakening body permitted him, he collected and stole rags, paper and junk, selling them for what meagre funds that he could. Then, endlessly, he would start the cycle again.

He did all this without complaint, living only in his dream of another world that was nearer to the Sun, a world nearer to the source of all life. He dreamed of another planet where the birds were singing forever and contented colonists were working cheerfully in the warmth—because there was enough food for all and summer was eternal, for there was no winter. And as he dreamed, he was grateful that he was born into the twenty-first century, a century when the gargantuan, gleaming rockets make possible for at least a select few the opportunity to reach a better world.

*

Why? Why did he long for Venus so? He didn't know exactly, he only knew that he lived with a painful desire that wouldn't be satisfied, and that whispered persistently, continuously in his mind—Sunward! Sunward!

And with every recurring autumn, he felt his death like that of the falling leaves coming nearer, ever nearer. In the darkening autumn nights he saw death's blood-thirsty, clutching claws; in the frost-tinged winds and sleeting rains he felt its broodful, hovering presence; and in the slush-strewn asphalt streets he smelled its nauseating, putrid odor. He would tremble and scream with the fear that death would claim him before he had achieved his dream.

Moaning with the misery of his sorrows, he would run wildly through the streets to the spaceport, and there would cling tightly to the rusty wire safety fence that surrounded the vast plain of scarred and pitted concrete. There he would watch with growing envy the distant stick-like figures of those fortunate few who were departing this God-cursed world for a far better one. His entire body would tremble with barely suppressed anger and hope—anger that those unknowns out there should for some reason be more fortunate than he; and a never-ceasing hope that some blissful day soon he would be out among those whom he now so despised.

At moments like those his dream was not solely his own, but rather it was in reality the age-old dream of all mankind—a dream that had existed as long as had man. It was the relentless and unchanging dream that had driven the desperate men of Earth into space at its command.

On every clear night and many that were not, he and his dream would go down to the familiar shore and stand on the brooding cliff overhanging it. There, with a strange and unexplainable happiness, he would gaze with tear-filled eyes at the tiny, flickering dot that was Venus. And sometimes as he stared at the faraway glow, it seemed almost as if the dream had become reality, and lifted his unresisting body and transported it far away from the clinging bonds of Earth.

As if through some multi-colored, pulsating curtain, he would gaze out upon strangely shadowless trees brooding under the milk-white fleeciness of the world-spanning clouds. Their leaves would be swaying gently in a soft breeze, and their many-hued leaves would be whispering low songs of peace in their crests. His body would recline lazily on the soft springiness of the grass, soaking thirstily the warmth and energy, and he would look dreamily up at the arching crescent of whiteness far above him. Just beyond, he would remember, just beyond the mass of clouds was the great bulk of the Sun, eternally warming this gentle planet.

Then, as always at this point, he would suddenly feel the torturing bite of frost, and the sky would turn within itself into a black shell covered with sharp, brilliant pin-points of light. And he would weep bitter tears of frustration, because the reality of his dream had been snatched away from his grasp.

*

Today! Today is the day!

He felt the rising excitement pulsing in his body and his blood racing faster, as with trembling hands he at last took up the tin box heavy with the weight of coins. He had counted them over and over, until at last he was convinced that it was true. He had enough money! Enough to get to Venus!

Once more he ran wildly through the streets. But not, this time, to the spaceport. Oh, no! That would come later. Instead he ran swiftly, and somewhat unsteadily from weakness towards the Colonization Board downtown.



The birds sang with him as he shouted to the startled world: "I'm going to Venus! I've got the money. At last I'm going to Venus!" And to him, it seemed that even the passing people caught his mood of gaiety. They all seemed to smile and nod at him, as if saying one and all; "Good luck, lucky one! Have a safe and happy voyage!"

He smiled happily at them as he ran by, positive that they were for him and not against him. The misery that, like winter, had shrouded his soul in darkness had faded, and was replaced with a joyful anticipation that now his dream would certainly come true.

Still running, he burst into the offices of the Board. He brushed past startled officials, smiling at them as if they were his everyday acquaintances, and stopped short before the ticket booth. There he eagerly spilled his box full of gleaming coins onto the smoothly polished surface of the counter.

"A ticket to Venus! I want a ticket to Venus!" he shouted proudly to the astounded man behind the counter.

Never, no never on this world, would he understand the smooth smile that crinkled the lips of the official looking at him—a smile at once half-mocking, half-pitying. The man shook his head, slowly.

That shabbily dressed beggar that stood in front of him, that old bum known to half of the town for his foolish dream, would never take the trip that he had longed for so. He was simply too old and weak; his ageing heart would never take the strain that would be imposed on it by the tremendous acceleration necessary to free the mighty rocket from the bonds of a greedy Earth.

He was slightly sorry but he had no choice. He could only refuse passage to the pitiful figure so eagerly poised before him.

*

That winter was colder and more dreadful than any before. It was as if the seemingly outraged elements—angered at the refusal given him—took out their fury on the helpless land.

In the cool dawn of spring, they took his hard-earned savings—those which were to have taken him to Venus—and buried his wasted body in the swampy lower reaches of the cemetery. And today, in that nameless, cruel-hearted town, there exists a legend. A legend that will beyond a doubt be passed down to future generations.

And it is simply this: That when Venus, white mystery that she is, is in her glory in the evening sky, she casts her brightest and yet gentlest light over one weed-covered patch of ground. It is the grave of he-who-shall-go-nameless, but who dreamed the dream of them all.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

—THOMAS GRAY: "Elegy written in a
Country Churchyard"

T H E E N D

WALLABY STEW

FANZINE REVIEWS

G², Vol. 2, #1, 2, 3 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, California - monthly, mostly - 3 for 25¢, British Agent, Colin Freeman) Oh yes; I should mention that their policy is cash, no trades. This could be subtitled "The Magazine Of Sound And Fury"; Joe uses the exclamation point on his typewriter almost as much as Betty Kujawa uses the period on hers. Of course, by the time most of Joe's statements have been hedged with exceptions, denials and further explanations it usually turns out that he hasn't really said anything, but it all makes for good fun for the by-standers and an amusing mental exercise for anyone who wants to pin him down to a positive statement. (I get my own kicks from extracting the literal meaning of what he has put on paper -- a technique learned when I was debating with Gem Carr -- and then watching him deny that he meant any such thing.) It's almost as much fun to sit back and watch the fur fly, though, as it is to join in the fracas. And I'm not intending to imply that Joe is being fuggheaded, though the above statements may sound that way; he's undoubtedly getting more fun out of the general aura of confusion than is anyone else. All in all, I suppose you'd call G² a personality zine -- and boy, what a personality!

BY:

ROBERT COULSON

THRU THE HAZE #18 (Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - monthly - no price listed) Another fan news-

letter. This one is especially valuable for Don Franson's "Information Bureau" column (which is unfortunately absent this issue). In place of it is a list of fan birthdays, which bothers me a bit. I'm quite willing to believe that a fair segment of Hayes' readers are interested in such a list, and I wonder why? What possible good does knowing the birthday of Libby Vintus or Bill Mallardi ((Ahem!--BEM)) or even Dave Hulan do me? I'm not going to send them cards (especially Libby), and if for any reason I did need to know their birth dates I could always ask them. Knowing the age of a fan is something else; it provides a clue to his behavior. (Actions which can be shrugged off when performed by a 14-year-old are something else again when done by a man in his thirties, for example.....one case is juvenile enthusiasm, the other is a lack of manners, or worse.) But birthdays? Nonsense! There's also a long letter from Alma Hill, commenting on N3F business. Since I don't know the cause of the outburst I can't deny that she has a valid gripe, but in some cases her proposed solutions are worse than the problem. "Waiting around for other people to make up their mutual minds" is exactly what the N3F did for years, and why it became an object of ridicule to the rest of fandom -- the officers were so eager to let every-

one have his say that they wound up having all talk and no action. Now it's quite possible that the slate of officials Alma is griping about is trying to prod the membership into moving too swiftly, but we have proof that if it wasn't exposed to some prodding, it wouldn't move at all.

DIFFERENTIAL #3 (Paul Wyszkowski - rider with THRU THE HAZE) A two-pager containing a column of clichés ("Truth is precious; do not waste it" -- that sort of thing), an article asking "where are we going?" without giving us a hint of what the writer thinks is the correct answer, some fair blank verse, if you care for that sort of thing, and an editorial commenting on an unnamed group which is experimenting with a "group welded principally by bonds of affection". Since he never states exactly what he means by "mutual affection" this could mean anything from a slanshack to free love -- and in either case the idea is neither as new nor as original as the author thinks it is. Hell, I belong to a group which is held together primarily by mutual affection; it consists of four adults, embraces almost any concepts Wyszkowski intends (short of free love, that is) and it doesn't have a name and doesn't go around advertising itself as something new. In short, Clay Hamlin may think Wyszkowski is a loveable cynic, but I just think he's either very young or a bit slow on the uptake. (An instance where knowing his age would help.)

PELF #2 (Lt. David G. Hulan, 288-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Ala. - irregular? - 15¢ - co-editor, Dave Locke) This issue is being sent thru the ISFCC apa -- Gad, I didn't know the ISFCC was still in existence -- but future ones will be genzines, according to the editors. This is a personal opinion zine, the general format being that one editor writes the editorial while the other handles the letter column, with the editors trading jobs on each succeeding issue. Aside from some bad reproduction in the editorial, it's interesting enough (tho maybe that's just because I agree so well with Hulan on almost everything except L. Sprague deCamp's place in the hierarchy of stf writers). Nothing extra, since fans spout opinions at the drop of a hat anyway, but a good zine, average or better in entertainment quality.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #55 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, California - bi-weekly - 10¢) All the doings of the Los Angeles fan group, with occasional news notices cleverly inserted into meeting reports so that only a sharp reader will catch them. Like the comment that the American-International Poe movies have done so well that they're scheduling more, and "may write some completely new Poe stories to film" -- but from what I've seen of their movies, I thought that's what they'd been doing?

POINTING VECTOR #11 (John Boardman, Apt. D3, 166-25 89th Ave, Jamaica KNOWABLE #1 32, New York - irregular - 5 for \$1) That price applies to each fanzine; if you want five copies of both, send \$2. POINTING VECTOR has been a combined political journal and science fiction fanzine, like unto WARHOON but with more -- and more extreme -- politics. Now the stf content has been split off into its own zine,

KNOWABLE, and PV is strictly political and personal-commentary. (Though I seem to detect a quote from "Edison's Conquest of Mars" in the last issue, plus one from a post-civil-war story from F&SF whose title escapes me.) Boardman's politics are very far left and very anti-fascist; though he claims to be a non-Communist I note that in his frequent comparisons of the early Nazis in Germany to the present American Nazi Party, he carefully avoids any mention of the anti-Nazi role played by the German Communist party of that era in comparison with his and his friends Liberal activities. (John believes that all Conservatives are proto-Nazis, but that not all Liberals are proto-Communists, among other interesting bits of doublethink.) KNOWABLE this issue contains a con report which I didn't bother to read and a mildly amusing article on "Science Made Too Easy". I have a feeling that the fans who enjoy this sort of humor would also enjoy POINTING VECTOR, even if they didn't agree with it, so if you get one zine, you might as well try both of them. The humor is there in both places.

SKYRACK #47 (Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢ - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md.) The British newsletter, providing about an equal amount of space this time for convention news, fanzine reviews, and a list of books and magazines that Bennett has for sale. The best way to keep up on British fan doings -- providing you want to keep up, that is. Oh yes; cash only, again; no trades.

SCRIBBLE #10 (Colin Freeman, 41 Mornington Crescent, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - irregular - 10¢ - USAgent, Bob Pavlat) A small humor fanzine. Until recently, the old joke would have been correct; I meant a fanzine devoted to rather small humor. The last few issues have improved greatly, however; mainly, I think, by having the editor write more and including fewer outside contributors. Freeman himself is a humorist equal to John Berry, but the best examples of his with have appeared in PANIC BUTTON rather than his own zine. Some of his funniest items are newspaper accounts, however, which reminds me of a remark attributed to Mort Sahl: "I'm not a comedian. All I do is stand up here and read a newspaper, and people laugh." (It's not quite that easy, however; Sahl is an excellent comedian, and Freeman is a good fan humorist.)

SO WHAT #4 (Fred Norwood, Bellingrath Hall, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis 12, Tennessee - irregular - 25¢) I seem to recall previous issues coming from a different college, but no matter. The item that matters to me in this issue is a defense of Bob Jennings. Whether Norwood really believes Jennings or feels that he has to defend him because Jennings is publishing his fanzine for him is irrelevant (he doesn't even state that Jennings is doing the publishing, but the repro has the distinctive Jennings touch). He accepts the whole Jennings line that Berry was wronged, that Kemp is being defended because he is liked (it couldn't possibly be because Berry's claims are not only ridiculous but factually in error), etc., etc. SO WHAT isn't a particularly bad fanzine, but mainly I feel somewhat relieved at knowing that here's someone else I won't have to bother sending trade copies to in the future. From my own selfish viewpoint, I wouldn't mind if a

dozen other neo-editors took up with Jennings. I'd love to cut them off my trade list. However, I'm a trifle sorry to see Norwood being played for a fool -- even if he is one.

KOTA #3 (Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas - bi-monthly - 20¢ - British Agent, Alan Dodd) Oops; here in the inside he says "irregular." Oh well; irregularly bi-monthly, then. Ted White reviews a book on child rearing which almost tempted me into the dangerous practice of disagreeing with a book reviewer on a book I hadn't read; I suppose that now I'll have to read the blasted thing. (Certainly I can disagree with the proposition that "self-regulation is the only thing which can lead a child to grow from a happy childhood into a mature, happy adulthood, truly at piece with himself and confident in himself." Certainly my childhood was anything but self-regulated, but it was happy, and I'm pretty well satisfied now -- nobody is happy all the time -- and I doubt that Ted would debate the statement that I'm confident in myself....cocky is the technical term.) The major item in this issue is a reprint from PSI PHI (Ben Singer's Farewell To Fandom, in which he scourges fans as immature, neurotic, etc. -- the usual contents of Fannish Farewells), coupled with articles in rebuttal by Art Rapp and Dave McDaniel which have not previously been published since they arrived after PSI PHI had folded. Mainly, this publication makes me wonder why so many fans -- most of them the type who made a Big Deal out of fandom when they were in it -- seem to feel that fandom is vitally interested in their reasons for leaving. Laney wrote the most famous diatribe against fandom, Dick Geis was the most persistent, writing 3 or 4 "farewells" for various fanzines, and -- hopefully -- Rich Brown has managed to turn the whole thing into a joke with his good-by letters to CRY. Personally I couldn't care less why Laney, Geis, Singer and all the other farewell-writers put together left the field; I'm just happy they're gone. (The writers who were serious about their farewells, that is; Brown is specifically excepted.)

KIPPLE #31 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 15¢) All sorts of political and social questions here, from the Cuban Crisis to abortion to the moral concept of self-defense to whether or not an atheist can get married in Maryland. (Since marriage is generally called by such euphemisms as "united in the sight of God" there might be some question as to whether an atheist would want to get married, but I suppose he's interested in the legal rather than the theological aspect.) Dave Hulan keeps sounding more and more like me -- I tell you it's strange, sitting here and reading my own opinions that someone else wrote. Lots of fans write things that I agree with (yes, they do, too!), but nobody else comes out with material that sounds like I'd written it myself. (Comments to the effect that I couldn't write this well if I tried will be ignored.)



FARRAGO #1 (Larry Crilly, 951 Anna St., Elizabeth, N.J. - monthly? - 20¢ - British Agent, Alan Dodd) Mike Deckinger exposes the reasons behind Wally Weber's irresistible attraction to women -- though he used Joni Cornell as a prime example, and from what I've seen of Joni all one needs to attract her is to be an adult male who looks interested. I have a long article placing me in the extreme middle of the discussion on fanzine review columns in the prozines, and Alan Dodd's resume of the exploits of Rockfist Rogan should be enjoyed by the various comics enthusiasts in fandom (personally I like the episode where he sneaks into a German prison camp disguised as a snowman -- you wouldn't have a duplicate of that issue, would you, Alan?)

CRY #164 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - mostly monthly - 25¢) The usual Crycrew; Wally Weber, Ted White, John Berry, F.M., and E. Busby -- sounds like a railroad; the FM & E, an old Washington line.... -- and the letterhacks. White quotes from a Raymond Chandler book to show Chandler's skill and power at handling prose -- unfortunately, it also shows he doesn't know any more about guns than Ian Fleming; possibly not as much. The Busbys talk politics and books, Weber tells how to write for fanzines, and Berry reviews an astronomy book, circa 1900. The letterhacks discuss the usual subjects, from Mohammed to Ben Bernie, the old mousetrap.

WARHOON #17 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, New York - 20¢ - quarterly) Dick starts out with an article on Picasso, including comments on Rotzler's indebtedness to Picasso (which prejudices me against Pablo right there) and a short resume on how to appreciate Fine Art, which strikes me as considerably more trouble than it's worth. This is followed by a 44-page con report by Walter Breen, which may or may not be interesting; I'll tell you sometime, if I ever read it. Plenty of room left for material by Charles Wells, John Baxter and James Blish, plus a 20-page letter column. Oh, it's a big fanzine for the money! (And a good one, as evidenced by a Hugo award and first place in the possibly mythical FANAC poll results.) It isn't my all-time favorite zine, but it's certainly one of my favorites.

LUNA # 2 (Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y. - quarterly - 15¢) This one is devoted to reprinting speeches from previous conventions. (Since it could hardly reprint them from forthcoming cons....) Doc Smith's speech on critics from the '55 Clevention comes across much better in print than it did verbally. However, while I agree with him that critics are biased, I fail utterly to accept his statement that he has proved it mathematically; for one thing, he is apparently assuming that the writing quality of all science-fiction writers is equal, which is nonsense. (And if he doesn't assume that all writing is equal, then he is being a critic and biasing his own results.) In short, the speech and article is a quite entertaining piece of rubbish. A discussion of sf artwork by Campbell, Emshwiller and Moskowitz from the '60 Pittcon loses much of its effectiveness by the enforced omission of the slides which sparked the discussion in the first place. (I suppose I could look them up, since I have most of the covers, but it's hardly that important.) However, it's still a valuable article, particularly regarding Campbell's

comments on why certain artists and techniques simply can't be used. (The excellent artist who consistently fails to meet his deadlines, for example; no matter how good he is, a promag simply can't use him as an illustrator.)

ISCARIOT #4 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Ala. - bi-monthly - 15¢ except for next issue which is an Annish and costs 20¢ - co-editor, Richard Ambrose) Unfortunately, this issue isn't very inspiring. Editor Ambrose's article on the supernatural is remarkable mostly for its misuse of the word "it's", and even that isn't very remarkable in fandom. Dale Walker spends 4 pages in telling us that the Edgar Rice Burroughs stories which haven't appeared in book form are pretty bad writing --since the ones that have appeared in book form are pretty bad writing, the information about the others is hardly startling. About the only valuable part of the article is in the last half-page, which gives a list of the publications containing unreprinted Burroughs, which is some value to completists and fans who enjoy bad writing. Carol Murray does a Sunday-supplement type article on the theme that most "solid" material is mostly empty space, when you get down to atomic structure. Unfortunately, the Sunday supplements have already worked this over pretty thoroughly, leaving Carol with nothing to do but rehash the work of professional writers, leading to comparisons which naturally aren't very favorable to the amateur. Mike Deckinger's fiction and Bill Plott's movie review are the best parts of the magazine, and I'd class both of them as below average. (The only above-average feature is the reproduction, which is quite good.)

MAZE '63 (Thomas Schlueck, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, West Germany - annual - 20¢) This is the first of the 1963 fan calendars. As a calendar, it's next to useless, but it contains some very nice artwork, by German, Austrian, US and British fans. My suggestion is that next time Tom should just publish an artfolio and let it go at that. Pick it up if you like art.

CORSVAJO (Dian Girard, 4620 Twining St., Los Angeles 32, Calif. - no price or schedule) I don't believe in anyone named Grass Green, not even a comic book fan living in Suisun. Otherwise, this little half-size zine is unremarkable except possibly to people who enjoy accounts of fan visits. (Some day I'm going to put out a fanzine entirely devoted to one of our visits to the DeWeeses and then I'm going to save it and use it entirely for trading with fans who send me this sort of thing.)

the end, thank God

-o-

LIKE...IT'S D.C. IN '63 □ □ □ FOR SURE!

L.A. ONCE MORE IN '64 □ □ □ □ WE HOPE...

LONDON'S ALIVE IN '65 □ □ □ □ □ "DIT TO"

CLEVELAND'LL BE KICKS IN '66 □ □ □ □ □ □

the DEPARTURE OF THE BAD

Article/Review by MIKE DECKINGER

From all noticeable indications, s.f. films appear to be on a decline, resulting in an unmistakable lack of all the facets that fit into the term "s.f. film", from the cardboard, neon-lighted monsters toppling cities in their relentless unswervable paths, to the somewhat more adult, in content, if not in aim, type of motion picture. Even the kiddie-packed Saturday matinees are feeling the decline, and as a result are being forced to rely on westerns and cartoons to satisfy Junior's cravings.

For a number of years there was a sizable increase in the amount of films hitting the markets and packing the movie houses, spurred on by the ubiquitous monster trend which eventually reached ridiculous levels with every form of menacing insect in creation transformed to gigantic size. Quickie film producers eager to cash in on the craze soon discovered that it was just as easy to create a monster from a minute entity, transformed to gargantuan proportions, than it was to use a monster fully developed, as an alien or a dinosaur. The insects and the dinosaurs had their share of success with such a degree of monetary feedback to the earlier filmmakers, that most archeologists nearly wept at the way history was warped whenever some slumbering dinosaur was awakened from a nap of thousands of centuries, and set about devastating the Earth with an almost intelligent intent. But the kids loved them, and as long as they had the money (or were sufficiently influential in obtaining the money from their parents) the producers were willing to keep them happy. Most of these filmmakers seemed to have been endowed with consciences that could be shut off at will, and thus desisted from reminding them what swindlers they were.

These juvenile sf films greatly outnumbered the select minority of more intelligently directed films, even though they were so far inferior to the latter category that comparison is needless. Every once in awhile an sf or fantasy motion picture will be released which has a thoughtful plot, backed by competent acting, adequate special effects, and a plausible story. In the thirties the British proved that this was not an unworkable combination with the magnificent adoption of Wells' "Things to Come", without a doubt a science fiction film classic. Of special note were the several parts Raymond Massey played, all with smooth skill and grace, as well as the unbelievably realistic future settings that are far superior to many of the effects viewed in future films today.

Shortly before "Things to Come" was released, Merian C. Coopers' "King Kong" made a tremendous impact on American audiences. In this instance too, the special effects were years ahead of their time in the usage of excellently simulated animation. The portrayal of King Kong (which was sometimes mechanical and other times human) was unusual to the point of actually generating a dose of sympathy for a misfit (beast though he was) trapped in an inescapable civilization that sought to destroy him. Unlike many of the more current beasts, Kong's rampage was not for the purpose of sheer destruction and carnage, but motivated by a compulsion to possess a woman, coupled with the instinct of self-preservation. He rarely indulged in wanton killing, displaying traits which are superior to a number of human beings.

As the fifties progressed, monster films began to appear with startling rapidity. At first they were good. George Pal, a highly skilled director, began a list of impressive features (marred only by "Conquest of Space" and "Atlantis") with "Destination Moon", "When Worlds Collide", and "War of the Worlds". The films were made with knowledge and skill, and the hope that an adult audience could find enjoyment from them as well as juveniles. Around this time "The Thing" was shocking audiences too. "The Thing" was not a particularly superior film, and it's difficult to point out any truly superior features to it. It's main success lies in the fact that it was a skilled compilation of all the factors needed for any good film; acting, direction, effects, etc., with an overdose of suspense, and the result was an unearthly and uncommonly good weirdie, again far superior to much that is shown today. Only one film deviated from an ultra-destruction or menace tale in the early days of the fifties, and that was the slightly altered version of Harry Bates' "Return of the Master", more commonly known as "The Day the Earth Stood Still". There was an alien but he appeared as human as anyone else. He did not arrive on the Earth as a harbinger for some outer space invasion, or any such nefarious means. He rarely displayed force, and any menace was in his robot Gort. Most of the film was concerned with the alien's attempts to escape detection and communicate with a high official. It was a commendable departure from the death and destruction type of sf story which was soon to become traditional. The villains in this tale were the Earthmen who were unable to comprehend the importance of Klaatu's mission and sought to destroy him because of his alienness.

George Pal is still around and still making films. After hitting a high point that hadn't been achieved since "War of the Worlds", in "The Time Machine", he dropped to his lowest level by turning out easily his worst film, "Atlantis". His latest picture "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" is unashamedly for juvenile consumption, displaying many of his eye-catching effects, even though it serves more as a vehicle to introduce Cinerama to the audience, then as a film by its own merits.

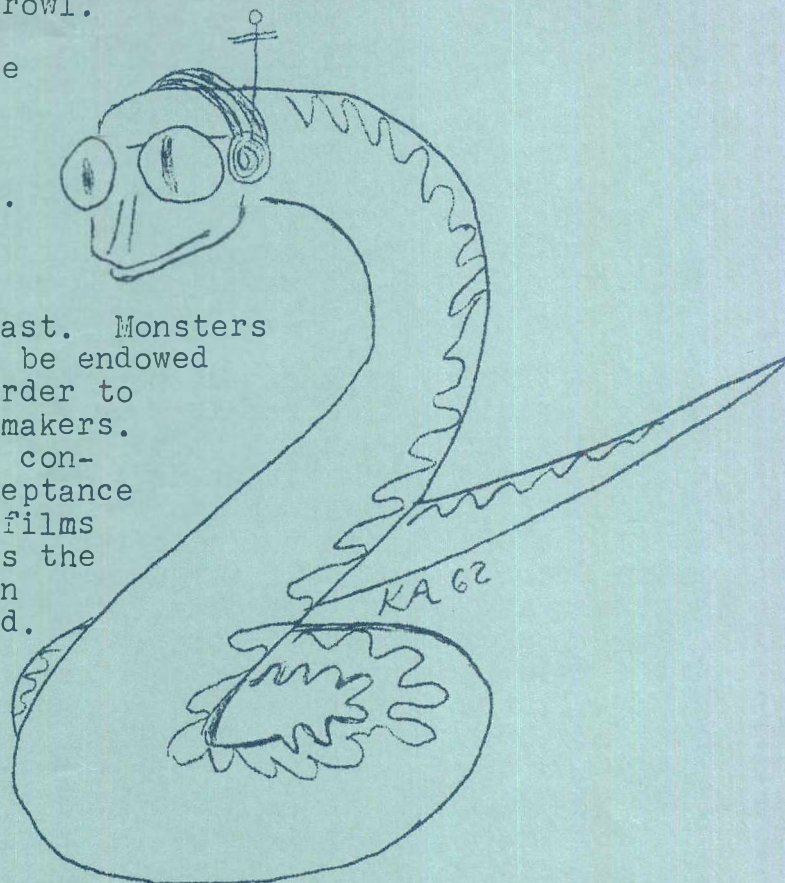
Perhaps one of the most adult concepts was embodied in the excellent "Forbidden Planet", which, despite a flock of Space Cadets who seem better suited for a Saturday morning tv show, displayed a monster conceived from an idea that had never been utilized in quite that way before. The other-worldly effect was further enhanced by some remarkable alien landscapes, and the electronic music throughout the story.

There was a monster in it, to be sure, but a monster that was far more palatable to sophisticated tastes than the typical giant insect on the prowl. "Forbidden Planet" was a step in the right direction and one which (regrettably) has not been taken very often.

The giant insect craze has just about run its course. Independent film makers are unwilling to tackle the subject with the same zeal that they approached it in years past. Monsters that do reach the screen must be endowed with some gimmick today, in order to assure their success as moneymakers. The public is gradually being conditioned against passive acceptance of the shoddily made monster films of several years ago, which is the inevitable (and best) reaction that could have been displayed.

Even the mighty Hammer productions of England, and the Japanese Toho films have suffered. Hammer has all but abandoned straight sf, even though its limited ventures (notably two of the three Quatermass stories) were quite competently done. Nowadays the accent seems to be on older settings, and remakes, as was formerly done. Despite the fact that Hammer has never equaled its version of Dracula, titled "Horror of Dracula" (with Christopher Lee in the title role), it has a commendable score of box office smashes, displaying lavish productions and a keen attention to special effects. Independent British films are appearing now and then, some of them, like the adoption of Wyndham's "The Midwich Cuckoos", filmed as "Village of the Damned", superbly done. The portrayal of the malevolent, unearthly children in this low-budget thriller was a triumph for the pre-adolescent thespians who created monsters far more terrifying than the shambling paper-mache creatures.

At this writing, the number of sf/fantasy films in release is small. American-International has just about milked all the available Poe works dry, in their four releases, which were generally superior to the usual fare. William Castle has abandoned his low-budget, low-intelligence horror quickies for horror/comedy quickies which may be worth a yawn or two. The cycle has run its course and the public is no longer tolerating the shoddy flicks intended primarily to rake in the money with no thought to customer enjoyment. It's a good sigh that this is occurring, and its inevitably was apparent years ago. Those who were caught by it simply lacked enough foresight to look out



for themselves.

There will always be sf films, obviously, and there will always be audiences eager to see them. The amount of success they gain will be determined by the temperament of the audience and the quality of the film itself, not just the subject matter. The disappearance of the low-budget quickies indicates an encouraging trend in sf film-making, with the thought that possibly, someday, sf films will be produced with an adult, thinking audience in mind. The few ventures into this realm were enough to show that they are possible, if the movie-makers decide that these are what they want to turn out. The audience, which for the most part has remained quiescent and unobtrusive, owes it to themselves to raise some hue and cry if they do expect to see better pictures.

We've reached a brink now, in the cessation of bad films. Let's hope that care, perseverance, skill, and the determination to turn out a good film, outweigh any notions of cashing in on low-budget flicks.

It's about time the science fiction film audience was treated as anything but a score of howling, starry-eyed, indiscriminating juveniles.

T H E E N D

O

FROM ETERNITY TO INFINITY

There were the gods and the demons. Adana the snake mother in her eternal struggle with Nimir. The Silent Ones, the Taithu, gazing forever into Earth's depths at the abode of their child, the more than human, but less than robotic Shining One. Rak the Wonder Worker. Nabu. Khalk'ru.

There were priestesses. Firey Yolara. Lur, the witch woman. Norhala, serving the metal emperor.

Satan was there, with his seven steps, Madame Mandilip and her dolls, and the Demoiselle D Y's.

There were men and their women, struggling against fate and powers to try their courage. Larry and Lakla, Kenton and Sharane, Leif Langdon and Evalie.

There were places of unearthly beauty and horror. The Pit and its monstrous people. The Abyss and its face weeping golden tears, the Cavern of Lost Wisdom. Nansur Bridge, shielded beneath the mirage. The Moon Pool and its dweller. The garden of Nimir.

There was the King of the Two Deaths, and the woman of the woods. The Drums of the Yunwi Tsundi, and the Ship of Ishtar.

And overshadowing all, there was a man, their creator. Conjuring with words dreams vast beyond those of his creation, the Dream Makers of Yu Atlantchi. A man of courage equal to his greatest characters, and a man of compassion as he knew that too was a part of man as he knew him. An adventurer who could create adventure in the mind of his reader. A dreamer and a philosopher who could show life in its simplest terms and give purpose to it. A man as men should be and can be.

His name was Abraham Merritt. A man with an imagination exactly as long as eternity, and as broad as infinity.

The King is Dead. Long live the King.

—CLAY HAMLIN

classics,
etc.,

A
COLUMN
BY
CLAY
HAMLIN

It doesn't happen very often, that a story can be said to be important. Even in science fiction a person can pretty well number them on one hand, the ones that could realistically be considered as having strongly influenced the evolution of this type of story. There is probably no question that "The Moon Pool" (the original novelette) was quite instrumental in the development of the scientific romance. Then again, though there are few today who remember it particularly, there is little doubt that SKYLARK OF SPACE by Doc Smith was pretty much responsible for the gadgeteering space opera, which is what stf was for a good many years. Then again, it is eminently possible to consider that Heinlein's "Green Hills of Earth" was largely responsible for taking stf out of the speciality publications and

putting it into what might be called the quality magazine.

Oh, sometimes you can find an author who put over a special type of style, and radically influenced one magazine. Lovecraft and WEIRD TALES for instance, as well as the Palmer AMAZING and Richard Shaver. But since this never spread to a larger audience, they can't be considered important.

There is one story though, that just might have been the most important of all. The name was "TWILIGHT", and the author--John Campbell, Jr. Campbell was no more than a so-so writer till then; he did his own imitations of the space operas, ala Doc Smith, and did them well, but one does not gain much of a reputation on imitations of a style. This one was different though--it was so out of the usual that it was turned down by every single editor who was publishing in those days. The reason, one might imagine, was simply because that was the era of the action story, where the action, and the pseudo-science, and the gadget, was considered by the reader as the fundamental part of the story. Then, as now, emotional impact was a relatively unsaleable thing, and this was an emotional story carried to its greatest extreme. The author set himself to the task of creating a specific series of emotions, and though he succeeded in a way that has hardly been equaled since, it was such a new idea that the editors didn't dare take a chance on it.

Yet this alone is not the most remarkable thing that the story did. The truly remarkable thing here was in showing its reader that pure idea fiction had its place even in this type of story. That

no action worth the name, no gadgets, and even no characters were really necessary. A downright heretical concept back in those early days, you can be sure.

Oh, it got printed, all right, but not until its author became an editor himself, and even then it was printed under a pseudonym of Don A. Stuart. It was a remarkable success too, as is quite evident from the fact that the name is still quite familiar to even a casual reader today, all these years after its first publication. But the important thing is that it directly influenced many other authors to write the pure concept type of story. No one can say surely, of course, but it is quite possible that "SLAN" and the "Weapon Shop" series by Van Vogt, for instance, might never have been printed in any other magazine. The direct influence of John Campbell has been stated many times and hardly needs to be stated again; and this story was the one that exhibited his willingness to accept and print something new and different. Granted, he does work an idea to death, the most recent proof being a rash of psi stories; and it was anything but the first time he did it, anyone recall the uncounted numbers of After Atomic War epics some ten or fifteen years ago?

However, even though one can find fault, full credit must be given for the attitude that quality writing, even though completely out of bounds of the usual plots and styles, did have a place in this type of story.

The story itself is not extraordinarily fine, though it is still the basis by which others of this nature must be judged. It surely is not out of date in the most modern collection that could be compiled today, by its nature there can not be any sign of aging. The twilight of man on Earth is a plot that quite surely science is not going to catch up with for a good many years to come. And for actual influence on the history and direction of science fiction, it is difficult to think of any other story which even approaches this one in importance.

Next issue: Versatility without imitation....Murray Leinster.

oOo

oOo

oOo

T H E S T A R S

The stars in the sky
Are blazing balls
Of Hell's heat.

The stars in the night
Are sources of light,
Light-years distant.

The stars in the heavens
Are Gods
Of the ancient world.

The stars in the Universe
Are countless
As the sands of Earth.

—DICK O'NEIL

Did ya hear? They want to eliminate the exclamation mark from the English language, because no-one's surprised at anything anymore....

"DOUBLE TROUBLE"

{{Being Ye Olde Lettercol, controlled & hacked up by the BEM-Hack!
Hack! HACK! Whee, this is fun! Enter my lair at your own risk.}}

SHARON TOWELE
325 GREAT MILLS LANE
LEXINGTON PK., MD.

Guess my favorite things thish were Deck-
inger's vignette, Clay's book review, and
Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews. Deckinger's
story is excellent for shock-value, though as
hideously skeletal as most short-shorts. Why not try something longer
sometime, Mike?? Clay, in future would you please review books a
little bit easier to find?? No use getting interested in a story you
can't read---

Coulson manages as usual to appear leisurely and be concise. He
is about the only fannish writer I know of who knows how to write;
it wouldn't surprise me if he were soon offered a prozine book-review
column. Con incidents were fascinating---wish I'd gone. Bhoth Bhills-
--does every other word really need an extra hhhhhhh? This a fannish
version of piglatin or something? I've been fanning less than a year,
and feel the joke wore out 18 months ago. {{ Huh?!--BEM-}} Hhhhhow
about a hhhhistory of the hhhhhhs? How'd this foolishhhhhness get
started, anyway?

Thot Ruth Woehrman's artwork the best in the zine; like to see
more. Reminds me of JWC, who's work I also like.

Thot info on hams quite interesting, tho I don't think the author
need say "they are very much like fen" quite so many times. Once is
enuff!! We may eventually have a tape recorder as my husband is a hi-
fi fiend; but as for ham rigs---LORD! that static!!

Material both here and in Star-Dust quite uneven. Editorials,
except for con reports, I found very wordy. First drafts??? Kurman's
verses mediocre, if that good. This zine needs a ruthless editorial
hand in regard to quality. It may be impossible to define good taste,
but it nonetheless exists---or something like that---

Sharon Towele

{{Hhhhhehell, I really am not sure as to the hhhhistory of the "h" in
fandom! I guess tho, that it had something to do with the start of
the fannish Ghod, GHU. Or back sometime around the time hhHe was
popular. Or they stuck the "h" in the word GOD so's not to blaspheme.
Can anyone out there help us out?? O.K., we'll try to knock the "H"
out of our zine....Bowers, hand me that sledge-hammer.....
As for the editorials, they weren't first drafts, they were second....
Chalk the length of 'em up to post-con enthusiasm, tho actually I
didn't think they were that long. Most complaints from letterhacks
are that editorials are too short, and they want 'em longer.--BEM}}

MIKE DECKINGER
31 CARR PLACE
FORDS, N.J.

A DOUBLE-BILL was presented last night to an audience that had been waiting in the throes of expectation. After its performance the critics tallied their opinions, and the final result was that the combo seems well on the road to becoming a hit.

Or, to put it another way, DOUBLE-BILL turned out quite well. You seem to have licked all the problems connected with the mechanics of fan-publishing. The repro is fine, the layouts nicely handled, and the only department that could use some bolstering is artwork/cartoons, but as soon as enuff fan-artists become acquainted with the zine that should be no problem.

Reglancing at my story, I find there are several spots I find unsatisfactory, and which a re-write or two should have cleared up. I still like the basic theme behind it, but the actual writing style should have been improved on to some degree. A word of commendation, however, about the heading to it, which was simple, but eye-catching.

Hamlin has a good idea with his column, but I hope it doesn't reach the point that it did in Bob Jennings' zine, where every damn thing he mentioned was a veritable classic, suitable for inscribing in gold and storing in a bomb-proof vault for future generations. Even the classics of old bear numerous structural defects, no matter how prophetic the story may be. How about having Clay first define what he considers to be a classic and why, and then how he applies this criteria to the tales he mentions.

The filler at the bottom of page 23 is oh-so-true. The explanation for the lack of service is very plain, for anyone situated on a floor with even numbered rooms, and had to wait an eternity for that one, damned elevator to make its treacherously slow climb up the building. And every so often it would skip a floor, for reasons known only to the occupants. The odd-numbered floors had two, but one of them appeared to be moving not only up & down, but sideways as well. It was damned unnerving to be descending in something that swung to & fro like a balloon. I liked your CHICON snatches, which seem more readable than a long drawn out account.

With all the talk of fannish skullduggery & underhandedness, it could be that the presence of the clergy kept the incidents down. I was spotted drinking by a nun too, only all I had in the glass was ice-water. I don't know what she thought it was, but I managed to sustain the image by staggering down the hall, clutching the glass tightly to me, and hiccuping a few times. I haven't read THE DYING EARTH yet, but I do think that Lancer Books are performing a great service by re-issuing it just the same, & even at 75¢ it's a bargain, because its unobtainable elsewhere. But why is it that most readers are unfamiliar with the fact that Vance tried to bring a climax to the improbable fantasy world, of the type envisioned in TDE, with a story called THE MEN RETURN in INFINITY several years back? When I read that the only thing I could think of was THE DYING EARTH.

Best, Mike

{{Thanx for the compliments, glad you liked the heading. Clay, how's about it? Care to explain your choices? Sure, Mike, we're still interested in a column, if you can find the time to do one. It doesn't always have to be in every issue, if you like. Long as it's interesting. --BEM}}

{{ And now, a few words from our ~~SPONSOR~~ GHOD:}}

ROBERT BLOCH

4245 VANTAGE

STUDIO CITY, CAL.

Many thanks for Double-Bill #1, which pleased me with its diversity. I regret that current deadlines prevent me from whomping out a contrib, but recent and persistent sieges of strep throat warn me (a) to cut down on extracurricular writing activity, and (b) avoid drinking the kind of liquor they serve at Convention parties. I'm glad to see so promising a fanzine join the publication ranks and hope you keep up the standards without truckling to the prurient and vulgar minority which reads Tucker and Willis. (This minority consists of two people: Tucker- who reads Willis,- and Willis - who reads Tucker.) Both of them would be better writers if they changed their reading-habits -- and stopped moving their lips as they read. All the best to you both --

s/ Robert Bloch

{{ WE'RE happy enuff that you chose to bless us by writing to us; glad you liked the zine. Sure hope you've recovered from that strep throat by now. Take care of yourself. Speaking of liquor, didja ever try MY favorite? 'S called J.W. DANT, CHARCOAL PERFECTED. Sorta a poor man's J.D! And Walt.....and "Bob", are you gonna stand there and let Him get away with that!? --BEM}}

MIKE SHUPP

VERONA, OHIO

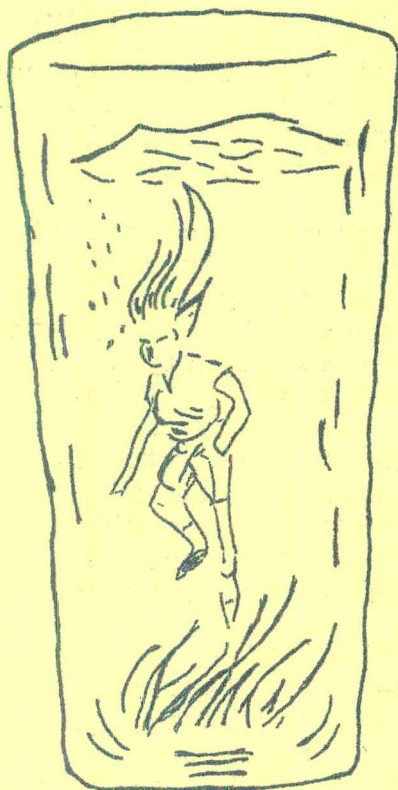
DOUBLE-BILL is a Superior Zine. (See? A good loc right off...)

However, you want some General Impressions, huh? O.K. I didn't care for the front cover much, but the bacover was real good. That sort of thing appealed to me more than something as dead looking as the front. More action on the covers, please???

Cheers for Still Another Fandom & His First Day Out. I read the Centaur article but wasn't very interested. I go for more controversial non-fiction. I felt the same way about THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, its well done, but I fail to see any reason to re-read it. A cheer too for the Seacon Song.

And those ads of mine, to my surprise, don't look half bad (Maybe 49 per cent bad, or 51 per cent bad, but not half bad....). I liked Hamlin's article, and Coulson's reviews were good too. Oddly Yours,

Mike Shupp



RIP

{{ How do you like this cover? Considering the fact that our zine was haphazardly gathered from various points, and our critical lack of artwork, much less full-page covers, I think the cover was adequate....and it sort of sounded like a marquee on a theatre, so we made it into one. From now on we hope to have regular covers. THANX for the contribs. --BEM}}

KAREN ANDERSON
3 LAS PALOMAS
ORINDA, CAL.

Thanks for Double-Bill.

Richard Ambrose is right about it being time somebody did a centaur story, but a little late getting it into print. You see, I just sold Avram Davidson a centaur story. It's about the peace treaty at the end of the war that started at King Pirithous' wedding.

I have to differ with the statement that there is a buyers' market in s-f. It's a sellers' market. Every once in a while Poul gets an SOS from an editor to write a story immediately if not sooner. Campbell buys any old nonsense, no matter how badly written, and it doesn't even have to have psionics in it. When Boucher quit as editor of F&SF, if he was in doubt about a story he accepted it; but when he started, he had so much material he rejected anything he wasn't sure he wanted. Yes, I bypassed the slush pile because I knew the editors; but what about Ed Clinton? Campbell doesn't know him; if you asked him who wrote "Untechnological Employment" he'd probably get the name wrong. Campbell's astrological weather forecast certainly scored a spectacular flop this time around. That "mild" weather the Pacific Coast was supposed to enjoy for the past couple of weeks was running eight feet deep between me and the grocery store.

s/ Karen

44 Merci muchly for the artwork! (Any more would be appreciated too.) It sure is funny that Ambrose's centaur article saw print just after you sold that story. According to Bowers, he's had it here about a year, tho. Yeah, you DID get one helluva storm out there! And it didn't help the Giants, either, even with that three day delay. Did you use your Rotsler-type-water-wings to FLOAT down the street? --You know, the ones you had at the Seacon costume ball?!--BEM}}

DAVE HULAN
228-D NIBLO DR.
REDSTONE ARSENAL,
ALABAMA

Got your zine today - general comment: Fair-to-good. Both of you write pretty well, as does Coulson; I can't say much for the rest of your outside material. Bill's story didn't make too much sense - I mean, I see what was going on, but what about a deer stopping to lick salt would be that terrifying? And was the kid dead, or catatonic, or what? Thanks for D-B. s/ Dave

44 Here's Bill to speak:--BEM}} 44 First, you're assuming that "The Stillness of the Night" was a story, when, as I stated in my editorial lastish, that it was merely a "sketch". It was written a few years back mainly to test my powers of description, and as an attempt to create a "mood" piece. However, as to what was going on, after the turmoil of a night spent in surroundings completely different from any he had ever encountered before, the boy's nerves were quite naturally tense. Therefore, I took the theory that the sight of a deer's head, crested with antlers, was enough to cause a theoretical heart-failure. Unlikely, admitted; but it could be a fantasy sketch. --WLB 44 44 WHEW....boy does that boy ramble---he just wouldn't get out of that chair! Power-mad, he is. Give him an inch, and he'll take two! And I was hoping to start another letter on this page, too, but there's no room left to speak of-----Sheesh, the power-mad people around this place!.....mumble...mumble.....--BEM}}

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 SUMMIT AVE.
HAGERSTOWN, MD.



It's been quite a spell since I wrote a letter of comment on a fanzine on the very day that the publication arrived. But D-B is just about the right bite-size for same day reading (too large and then get put off until I have a day free from work, too small and they get reserved for the next spare five-minute period instead of the current $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of freedom from duties). I suppose that the first thing I should do is to compare this magazine with Star*Dust. I'm ashamed to admit that I can't because I find it as impossible to visualize Star*Dust as to locate that magazine in the attic's chaos. So I'm not able to say that this is a big relief or a big letdown compared with the last fanzine I got from one of you. I enjoyed it for itself, and that's the scientific way to do things, anyway.

I didn't understand the ending of Mike Deckingers' story. If we take it at its face value, something is terribly wrong, because the nation that has captured the major claims to observe "the basic rules of human decency", then proceeds to inflict capital punishment on an individual who has not yet been tried for the crime of which he is accused. Maybe Mike tried to imply in this way that the major has never re-

gained sanity after all, or that no nation is any good, or something whose subtlety doesn't come through properly.

"End of Indian Summer" is as unpretentious as a poem can be, but I like it. {{Thank you very much; coming from you I regard that as a real compliment.--BEM}} It reminds me of something which you may not have read, the poems to which Schubert set music in the cycle known as Die Winterreise. They're in German, but the general directness and simplicity of language that you used are quite like those that Müller adopted over a century ago in a different tongue.

I used to spend much time eavesdropping on the hams before I got interested in fandom. They are fortunate creatures, because nobody seems to harangue them everlastingly about the way they should discuss only this or that particular subject related to radio and communications. Once I too thought I'd like to have my own amateur station, and didn't have the money to realize the desire. Now I could afford it and I've lost most of the desire and all the spare time. One sub-fandom that you failed to mention might correspond more closely to our neofans than the people who just sit there and listen; the latter might be ranked as passive fans of hamdom. The real neofans in a sense for radio fandom are the people who use citizens' band equipment. {{Agreed. I forgot completely about that group--BEM}}

HARRY TARNER, CONT.:

They're looked upon with scorn by the real hams because they didn't pass an examination to operate their equipment and because it has such a weak signal. The man in charge of civil defense here has been telling me about his troubles, trying to set up emergency routines for both the real hams and the citizens' band fans without getting them at each others throats.

"The Stillness of the Night" sounds intense and genuine enough to cause me to suspect that most of it came from personal experience. Once again I don't quite understand the conclusion. But tentatively I've assumed that the boy just got a glimpse of the deer and the unexpected sight frightened him to death. ((RIGHT! As you know if you saw Bowers' answer to Hulan. Now why couldn't Bill have said that? Simple and direct is the best way, I feel.--BEM))

Clay Hamlin's article brings back pleasant memories of a story that I must have re-read four or five times. I never liked anything else McClary wrote and I've never found a story on this particular theme that had any particular interest for me, so it must be one of those freaks of the field: just the right combination of author and topic and treatment. Clay apparently forgot to mention that the story originally appeared in Astounding at either the end of 1933 or the start of 1934. The paperback edition came years later, got extremely poor distribution on a small print order, and I suspect it's the second-rarest paperback sf. edition, or really the rarest if the reprint of "The Dying Earth" has taken that volume out of contention.

The convention notes were more welcome than you might have imagined, owing to the perplexing scarcity of con-reports so far--its most than a month in the past and I've seen only one extensive report. I'm sorry that I didn't see you there; I intended to go until a series of circumstances, fannish and mundane, kept me away at the 11th hour. s/ Harry

((Yeah, we know! We know you're still trying to live up to your reputation as "The Hermit!" No, really, I know you planned to be there, and was looking forward to meeting you---matter of fact I asked more than once at the con about where you were. But perhaps things'll work out better next year, and we can meet then.--BEM)) ?

G.M.CARR
5319 BALLARD AVE.NW,
SEATTLE 7, WASH.

Thank you very much for DOUBLE-BILL #1. It is a nice-looking mag, legible, and adequately illo'd. The contents are good, somewhat on the sercon order, but that is certainly no objection -- quite the contrary. It is a welcome relief from the Goshwowo-boy so-called "humor" that was so prevalent among fanzines for a while.

I think the article by Bill Mallardi on "Still Another Fandom" took #1 place for me this. I shall show it to my husband. He has a shortwave radio that gets the ship to shore bands and also the "ham" bands, so he will probably enjoy the information the article contains. He is not a ham himself, because he does not have any sending equipment, but he does enjoy listening to the hams chatter among themselves.

(Cont. next page:)

G.M.CARR, Cont.:

Second best item, I think, is Harry Warner Jr.'s brief letter, wherein he questions the value of first-rate fanwriters becoming second-rate pros. It is a point worth considering -- although I suppose the "second-rate pros" expect to continue their progress and become first-rate writers in due time. Besides, it would be a rare writer, indeed, who would admit (perhaps even to himself) that his work was "second rate".

Mike Deckinger writes fluently, but I personally find it repelling because of an artificial bitterness. I call it "artificial" because I do not think Mike has come by it from personal experience -- I think it is an affectation of the "Angry Young Man" pose which is fashionable in certain circles. But that is beside the point; the writing is adequate and the problem is Mike's, not the editor's. Bill Bowers' writing is different in that it lacks the pose and the affectation. It is honestly written, and it looks to me as though Bill Bowers is more concerned in developing his fluency in descriptive prose, than he is trying to put across some "message". A very good attitude for a beginning writer. I find, however, a feeling that Bill is depending a little too much on his imagination and not quite enough on his observation. For instance in his sketch "The Stillness of the Night", I get the feeling that Bill is writing what he thinks could have happened, instead of extrapolating an incident that nearly did happen. Bill's story failed to do this because I do not think he was describing an actual evening progression of sights and sounds, but merely an imagined stereotype of what such progression of sights and sounds should be. Maybe I am wrong, of course, and Bill actually was trying to put on paper an experience that he, himself, had seen, heard, and felt. {{ No, he says as far as he knows, he hasn't. And he admits he can write descriptive phrases better than he can narrative and conversational.--BEM}} Maybe it was his inability to get it on paper, rather than his personal observation, that was at fault. But at any rate, this is the feeling it gave me -- and that is why I am writing to tell him so. I guess it is just another version of the old advice to beginning writers, "Write what you know --not what you read about!" I think honesty is an important thing in writing. If a man is honestly angry and bitter at life because of what life has done to him, that's one thing. But this imitation bitterness is something else again... To write honestly what you think and what you see and what you feel is not always easy to do. In the first place, it is often difficult to sort out just which ideas and impressions are your own, and which are imposed on your consciousness by the things you read and hear...

And then, too, there is the constant battle against the "Ellsworth Toohey"ism of the prevailing literary cliches... Young writers are sometimes intimidated from writing what they actually think & feel & believe, because it doesn't follow the popular pattern of the day. It takes courage to be yourself. Sometimes it even takes considerable courage to examine yourself closely enough to find out what you really are in order that you can be yourself & not just another imitation of the current mode. Well, I guess that's all I wanted to say. I hope it helps. s/G.M. CARR {{ It sure does, Gem. Very good advice and criticisms, that I hope helps others besides Bill & I--BEM}}

{{ And here's a letter that should stir things up a bit:--BEM}}

RICHARD KYLE
2126 EARL AVE.
LONG BEACH 6, CAL.

"Let us know what you think of it..."

I can't compare Double-Bill with the average fan magazine. It's been so long since I've read a run-of-the-mill fan magazine that I really don't know what one is like. Maybe Double-Bill is better than average, maybe it's worse. I don't know. However, for what it's worth, I can give you my opinion of Double-Bill as a magazine. My standards for both professional magazines and amateur ones are the same; I insist they entertain and interest me. Good professional magazines, with their fine printing and paper and expensive art and polished writing have one kind of advantage; good amateur magazines, with their ability to appeal to my individual interests, have another kind of advantage. I don't think that either is necessarily better.

Now as a magazine, as an amateur magazine, I don't think Double-Bill is very good. If you're aiming the magazine toward me and toward those with my tastes, you haven't succeeded. On the other hand, if mine was just a spare address you had around, and if all your other readers think the magazine is fine, well, then, maybe you've done pretty well for yourselves.

I don't know what the case is.

But you did ask me what I, personally, think of Double-Bill.

Your assets: legible mimeography, Buck Coulson's column, and (possibly) Clay Hamlin's column. You just about break even on D-B's unimaginative layout.

Your liabilities: Mike Shupp, all of your illustrations and cartoons (although the best of the lot, Ruth Woehrman's, is no worse than the run of fan art and does show some promise), and the two editorial pages.

In my opinion, you should make an effort to improve your layout (there are a few good books on the subject, but you can learn by just looking through the most successful of the professional magazines with a critical eye). Bad cartoons are worse than no cartoons. Yours, Bill, are bad cartoons. The illustrations are little better, and in fact, the shading plate design for "Indian Summer" is the best "graphic art" in the book. The editorial pages are wretchedly written; they are not only dull to read, they are embarrassing. This kind of writing can be forgiven in a personal letter, which is, after all, wholly spontaneous

--- but neither of these editorials are spontaneous: you very carefully wrote them up, transferred them to mimeo stencils and printed them, a pretty deliberate process. By that time, you should have had something of value. You didn't. Hyperbole and pleonasm are not adequate substitutes for wit; nor --- ordinarily --- are ~~strikes~~ and references to bheer with an "h". I'm sure you'd have both come up with better columns if you'd spent more time on composition; if you had, you wouldn't have wasted the time you spent in stenciling them and printing them, --- and more importantly, you wouldn't have wasted my time while I was reading them.

Now, while you're cussing me, let me speak of the good things in D-B. Yes, there are some good things.

"Still Another Fandom", once I got past the first paragraph and a half, was a good, interesting article. I enjoyed it. The grammar and syntax were often weak, and you occasionally used two words where none would have done, but you got the significant facts in where they counted.

"The Centaur" was readable --- although it sounded as though it had resorted extensively to an encyclopedia. (But why "Finis"? What's wrong with the good old fashioned "The End"?)

Bill Bowers' sketch was markedly more well written than his editorial.

Hamlin's column was fairly interesting, though the writing needed more polishing. Rebirth is a good book. I'm not sure it's a classic (in sf, a "classic" is often just a story that's hard to find) but it is genuinely outstanding. Although Hamlin doesn't mention it, the novel was originally published serially in Astounding Stories for 1933 --- and Astounding's editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, was Bart House's editor when they brought out the book in '40 or '41, or whenever. So, for a pulp magazine yarn pushing thirty, Rebirth has done pretty well for itself.

Buck Coulson's fan magazine reviews were excellent, as usual. It takes more than charm and propinquity, however (although I realize Coulson isn't dead serious) to produce a magazine as good as XERO has become. In my opinion, XERO is one of the few creatively edited magazines, professional or amateur, being published today. The reason I wrote for the Lupoffs (and I'm neither next door neighbor or Big Name) is that I thoroughly liked what they were doing; for me, ten issues of a really good magazine are worth a hundred issues of a mediocre one.

"Double-Trouble". There are four magazine editors in science fiction. Try as they will --- and Chalker's wrong, I'm sure, they do try --- they cannot possibly like all kinds of good science fiction. I can't (for example, if it had been up to me, I would have rejected THE DEMOLISHED MAN & all of Brian Aldiss's stories for the simple reason that "the readers would not like them"). And I doubt if you --- or anyone --- can. So, unless the new writer can appeal to the tastes of these four editors, he is bound to have difficulty. A brilliant writer, like Arthur C. Clarke can overcome this handicap. The writer who falls just back of the first rank needs editorial help; but he is going to get little of it from the editors if they are unsympathetic to the story he has to tell, or do not have an instinctive insight into his world and what he is attempting to say. It's not the editors' fault, it's just the way things are. We need a couple of new sf magazines with new editors and fresh outlooks --- we need a new Tremaine and a new Campbell --- and if we

(CONCL'D NEXT PAGE)



RICHARD KYLE, Concl.:

get them I think a lot of people will be surprised how many good new writers we have (and how many new ideas the old writers can come up with). Of course, it'll only last a few years and then everybody'll complain how dull sf is again. Anyway, that's how it's been after the Tremaine & Campbell & Gold revolutions....

That's that. I hope your next issue is better. I'll look forward to it.

I haven't conned you. Double-Bill is, in my opinion, as bad as I've said it is, and it's as good as I've said it is. And don't be irritated with me for pointing out your faults, not too much. My type-written wit is as bad as yours --- that's why yours offends me so.

s/ Richard Kyle

~~44~~No, I'm not that irritated. Your letter is an excellent example of a GOOD loc, I feel. Not only do you say what you do & don't like, but you give constructive advice along with it. I do feel tho, that judging a fanzine like you would a professional mag isn't fair at all. Yes, we got your address from XERO's lettercol, of course not knowing at the time all of your personal tastes - likes, dislikes, etc., or even how active or inactive you were in fandom. # We agree the layout of "D-B #1" needed improvement; but like I mentioned at the end of Shupps letter, the first ish was rather haphazardly thrown together, & as the contributions came in we stenciled them & numbered them, and in some cases even ran them off. The only thing we didn't do we COULD have was separate the two articles -- mine & Ambrose's. Granted those filler/ads by Shupp didn't mean much to you & possibly many other fen, since they were rather in-groupish; but Mike didn't even know we were going to use them - we got them from Hamlin as a result of a desperate SOS for fillers. However, WE feel Shupp is rather diversified in his talents, as witness his review thish; & nextish we'll use an article by Mike. (And he's only 15-16 years old!)

Heh! If you thot MY cartoons were bad, you should have seen "L. Garcone's" crud in the old CRY's! I admit, tho, that my artwork is FAR from the best! (Tho I've seen worse, too.) Also, we figured we'd get more art contributions for up & coming issues as long as we showed what we could do & were sincere in saying we'd publish regularly. # In my article, "Still Another Fandom", I assume you mean the last page in particular re: "the grammar & syntax", & that page, at least, can be explained: Specifically the two sentences; top of last page: "If the ham is broadcasting," etc., & bottom of last page: "But when & if," etc. I had stenciled the whole article until the top sentence mentioned, & on the rough draft was planning to change a few words so's it sound sensible. Well, I had to leave hastily that night, as I was being picked up (at Bill's apt'ment, where we operate from), so I rushed out without telling Bill the changes I planned, & he finished stencilling the last page the original way. T'was no-ones's fault, it just happened that way! Thanx for your excellent letter, & if you'd like to do something for us (article, etc.,) then send it in. I'm not mad -- I was on first reading the letter, But thinking it over I realized that most of your criticisms were right, and at any rate you were trying to help. And, "let us know what you thought of thish", too! -- BEM-->

BETTY KUJAWA
2819 CAROLINE ST.
SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

I never noticed before that you live in Akron.
.... Gene is beginning to h-a-t-e that town....
seems like everytime we fly over it its just
about there that I decide I need a Ladies Room

{{ Well, the weather HAS been rather unusual around here lately....but
I don't think....naw...--BEM}} ----and down we come {{ Whew! Thats good!
--BEM}} and off I hurry {{ I'm relieved, I thot you meant...--BEM}}
and then up we go again...losing flight time&irking him no end...next
time on my way in or out I should ring you up,huh? {{ Sure!My phone
number is: TE 6-4846,for you or anyone else who'd like to call--BEM}}

Merci you two Bills for the bright & sprightly fanzine(there is a
sad, sad lack of stuff on the Chicon this year..darn it). Naturally I
relished reports on the Con..always have, & since this was my first
con as a faaan am even more interested.Twas real fine & wunnerful,Bill
Mallardi, when you came up & introduced yourself to me...you look &
seem exactly as I'd pictured you from CRYletters(which is good, you
understand). By the by, I DID find Wally Weber..it was a hard job but
eventually he goofed&came into the bar.....I overturned two tables,
some assorted chairs, Bill Donaho(not an easy job,that) and methinks
Boyd Raeburn or Buz on my charge towards WWW. With arms of steel I
embraced the quivering, terrified lad and kissed him..never SAW such a
struggling,pitifully weeping wreck of a man..& the very next morning
inspired by my kisses undoubtedly he took them tests & got one of the
highest scores recorded...

...what this proves, I do not care to think
about at this time.

Billy...{{ Please, drop the "y", huh? Call me-BEM}} this is news
that there are hamfen who ARE swinging & fannish-hippish.....I am
properly croggled because you see elsewhere in zines I have read all
about how plonking & perfectly square-dullsville hams are... using
radio to converse only on technical jargon-matters devoid of any light-
ness, fun,& spritely chitter-chatter. But iffen you say there ARE
some swingers in the microcosm, honey, I'm glad to hear of it.

Clay Hamlins review was a leetle confusing...not being able to
figure out if he was for or against the book reviewed....big fat raves
in one line & big fat grotches in the next.....all in all I plan to
avoid said book, REBIRTH, so thank you Clay for filling me in, now I
see its not one I'd care to read,nor buy nor spend money to get. Merci.

Well! How unique.....Buck Coulson doing fanzine reviews! Nice to
see these ~~now~~ young fen attempt something different..hah? Seriously, I
always like Bucks reviews & hope to see him here regularly.

The previous Chicon was put on at the same time/same hotel as a
Catholic Youth Convention, you know.....I saw some HolyCross sisters
and was automatically saying 'good morning, sister,'etc.; alla time,
alla time. An olde St.Marys girl Never Forgets....I'd like to...but...
and weren't some of the nuns young??!! My gosh I thot some of them
were little girls in costume..they taking them younger now? Enough,
thanks youse guys....the zine was zippy & Real Great....whats more I
could read it.....Feel Happy on your first issue, kids. s/ Betty
{{ You looked close to how my mind's eye pictured you to look, too.
Just as attractive as Elinor B. Sure the pic of you cameout--I'll
send you a copy if it isn't with this zine.Glad to have finally found
you at Chicon,I asked for you all over the place too.--BEM}}



RICHARD O'NEIL {{ Richard has just notified us he's
937 MAIN ST. joined the navy, but that for now all
COVINGTON, KY. mail should go to his home address}}

I was so interested in your article "Still Another Fandom" that I read it over again. After reading it for the third time I was sure that you're lying to us fen. Come on, you can tell us the truth now! Any one with even one single rock in his head could tell, by reading your article, that you're not a "BCL" (broadcast listener) but a fully equipped member of S/W FANDOM. (Probably president of the club!) {{ Uh....no, really, I'm not.--BEM}} And to back me up is your last sentences. You asked us if we could imagine having a discussion with other fen over a short wave set, on SF, you said, "I can!" You can because you have! {{.....ub...ub...No, I haven't...I'm a truefan, I tell you!--BEM}} So why don't you admit to us truefen that you're really a S/W FANDOM recruiting officer! {{ No.NO..NO! I'm innocent, I tell you! I won't ~~squash~~ admit it...I'm no spy!...babble...babble..-BEM}} But you can still send me my next copy of "DOUBLE-BILL" until you get kicked out of fandom. Hope you'll print more stories like "HIS FIRST DAY OUT" if you never do anything else! I couldn't find it in me to feel sorry for the major at the end. But I did for the other race, because look at all the trouble they have to go thru to execute their prisoners! That Ruth Woehrmans picture (PAGE 23) I like! {{ Hear that, Ruth?? More artwork would be appreciated!--BEM}} s/Dick

MIKE McQUOWN Was quite surprised to receive Double Bill.
BOX 283, 73adiv, Comments: Eds., very interesting; Deckinger story,
TYNDALL AFB, FLA. good; Bowers' piece interesting, but rather anti-
 climactic; the rest was in keeping with the afore-
mentioned. I think you've got a damned good chance of putting her near the top, if you can con {{ sic!}} the contributions out of people.

I usually end up, in writing letters of comment, by doing several pages which turn up as articles. I sent a letter of comment to War-hoon, & it ended up, in extract form, as an article in Serenade. I was shocked, because I had been rambling, and it looked like hell out of the framework of a letter. Bergeron really shook me, I tell you. Sometime in the next 76 days, I shall be trying to almost literally talk my way into Florida State U. If I succeed, there are a number of people who will doubtless presume me dead. Don't believe any rumors to that effect - I'll merely be buried in my work. At any rate, if I do succeed, I'll be a teacher one of these days. Pardon this almost terse note - will try to communicate more at a more propitious moment. s/ Mike

{{ Well, thanx for the encouraging words! Reason we checked you as being "Special" was because you helped us pay for the Chicon Party we held! Hope things work out as you plan--Betty Kujawa's afraid this Cuban Crisis may have messed 'em up & you'll have your time in the service extended. When you can find the time, anything we can "con" out of you would be welcomed.--BEM}}

..Gee, ya know, I'm one of the few who LIKES the smell of corflu....

{{ And finally, the end (Whew, thank 'eaven!)), and last but FAR from least, a STERLING fan who is also a Good Man!:}}}

TERRY JEEVES First off, many thanks for the copy of DB.1. which
30 THOMPSON RD. arrived this morning..as a measure of my interest
SHEFFIELD 11, in it, I have not only read through it, but also put
ENGLAND on to stencil the enclosed cover illo for you.

DB is well duped, but to my little noggin, it suffers somewhat in the art department, and although I'd hate to try to lay blame anywhere, I think it is more the fault of the artists than of the stencil cutter. Anyway, you yourself are aware of this facet of snagging, and are asking for help in curing it. Good.

Material is well varied, and mostly good, even if a spot goshwow-ish here and there...this rather spoilt the otherwise excellent article on ham radio. That, and the grammatical clanger in PARA.1. "...the more fastest growing of the two.." Over here, ham radio seems more circumscribed. Not only must an applicant pass a 12wpm Morse test, but also a technical paper with such questions as.. "Design a MOPA transmitter for x Kc's", or "What is the resonant frequency of a 25uH choke and a 2UF condenser (a) in parallel and (b) series, and what is the impedance in each case?" This last one is a 'trap', since a & b have the same answer...but Z is vastly different. I enjoyed this article, and it certainly took me back some years.

Mebbe my subconscious makes me commit typos on purpose...huh?.....

I liked the fmz reviews, and I'm looking forward to see your comments on the enclosed issue of "ERG". That poem by Michael Kurman ..ugh ugh and ugh...I hope it isn't a pen name for you, but gad, what rubbish. {{ I didn't like it either, but we needed it to fill last page}}}

I liked the idea of the Classic review, and tho it is many years since I read McClary's "After 3,000 Years" in asf, I thought that "Rebirth" also appeared there as well as in pb form. I haven't checked my files on it so don't clobber my quibble with you. This promises to be a good department.

Which about runs me dry, except to say that I thoroughly enjoyed DB.1., and I'm looking forward to future issues. s/ Terry

Do you know what it means to be a corflu-addict?!.....

{{ The cover illo is happily received! Thanx, & you're welcome for D-B, glad you enjoyed it so much. Yes, we're sadly aware of our lack of good artwork---didja hear Terry, fanartists? We could use much more. If you don't see your cover illo on this, Terry, then it'll be on #3 for certain. We've got one promised from Prosser, and if it gets here in time no doubt we'll use it on this. Dave went to New York City a while back, & we don't even know yet if he's back yet. # By the way, Anglo-fen & Terry, we're looking for a responsible-type from over there to be our Overseas Representative & handle the subs, etc., from that side of the Big Pond -- any volunteers?? # Well, Terry, since Buck Coulson does the fmz reviews, we're not sure if he even gets ERG; so I'll tell ya here: We read & liked ERG, and best thing in it in my opinion was Rackham's article --well done, very true, & interesting. All That Jazz & Burn's trip thru Russia tied each other for 2ND--best----
Oops, run outa room---We'll look forward to trading for ERG--BEM}}}

{{ S*T*O*P D*U*P*E*R! Here's a late arrival from Down Under:}}

BOB SMITH
E COMMAND AMENITIES
VICTORIA BARRACKS SYDNEY,
NSW, AUSTRALIA

Many thanks for the copy of Double-Bill 1, which arrived in the mail only yesterday. {{ The letter was dated Nov. 13th. D-B was mailed about Oct. 6th., or so.--BEM}}

Double-Bill was so "goshwowish" in places it reminded me strongly of early Aussie fanzines, and I'm inclined to suspect that you both deliberately overdid it. Anyway, I liked it.

A few fans have compared "hamdom" with our microcosm of late, I note-- "Biff" Demmon is one who comes to mind. In fact I have his QSL card in front of me now; most SAPS would, I imagine, because he included 'em in his last mailing. I think you went out of your way to look for comparisons that aren't really as close as they seem, but then its possible to find 'em in most "hobbies". I spent some time in "hamdom" about sixteen years ago, and was probably the most enthusiastic example of short wave listening creatures available! I still have a pretty good fist when it comes to Morse code, though. Dredging my lousy memory, I don't think I found ham jargon as hard to pick up as when I began sniffing at the fringes of fandom, mainly because in the early days of ham radio there was a reason for all that jargon. I must admit that such terms as "TVL", "GDI", etc., are unfamiliar to me these days! I remember that some of the antenna arrays were almost worth more than the whole rig, and certainly more fantastic! And now I'll tell you something, Bill: I have had a discussion about science fiction with other sf enthusiasts (not fans, mind you) over short wave! In 1948 G5PA and I yarned with about three other hams throughout the British Isles, and the conversation was mainly science fiction.

Much as I'm pleased to see Clay Hamlin's reviews of these old novels, etc., it would be of assistance to those fans who have never read them before if Clay added some information on where the works appeared originally. A reasonable review, then he finishes off with a statement that the book is hard to get! {{ Right! You've got a legitimate complaint, there, alright. His column this is already on stencil, and I note he failed to do so with it, too. Too late to fix it now, but we'll get after him to do so from now on. Hear that, Clay?? # You're the third or fourth fan to inform us that REBIRTH also appeared in Astounding, Feb, '34...you people are on the ball!BEM}}

You are to be congratulated on obtaining the fmz review services of Buck Coulson, who always does a good job. {{ Take a bow, Buck! As far as I'm concerned, we couldn't get anyone better. Originally, tho, his column appeared in Bowers' STAR*DUST#1, so actually Bill gets all the credit for nabbing him in the first place. "Wallaby Stew" was just transfered over to D-B when Bill decided to fold STAR*DUST.--BEM}}

Yes, lets have more artwork from Ruth--there's always room for another female artist, especially if she draws females! s/ Bob Smith {{ Shucks, you mean its NOT a new thing, talking about sf over a short wave set?!! Now you've killed what little I had left of my "sense of wonder". I kind of wondered, tho, what reaction I'd get from many fans who may have owned short wave sets at one time, and whether or not they ever DID discuss sf over them. Glad you told us, now we know.--BEM}}

YOU ARE UNLUCKY ENUFF TO BE RECEIVING THIS ISSUE OF "D-B" FOR ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING EXCUSES:

☐ You sent MONEY for a sub, (and will now be TORPEDOED).

☐ We CON-ned you out of a TRIBUTION, you silly fool, you. But TANKS, anyhow.

☐ We TRADE---YOUR "bomb" for OUR "bomb"--or we'd like to, let us know via note, or sump'in.

☐ SAMPLE--Part two--Cuban-Style: (Slightly Read) Write to get more ish's....

☐ # is your last ish--According to our INTELLIGENCE (which is Slight).

☐ You're SPECIAL, one way or another.

☐ We'd appreciate a contribution from you, care to risk it? You didn't comment lastish--better do something now, or else! WASSA-MATTER, did the "Crisis" scare YOU----(too?)

☐ We'd like for you to REVIEW thish, if you've got the guts to.

☐ You appear in the lettercol.... in a hacked-up form...Heh!

☐ You belong to a "minority group", Tucker & Willis; but we'll send it to you just to show we ain't prejudiced....

☐ You're either a BNF, a LNF, a wee-NF, or a neo, or SOME-THING.

☐ You put out a Hugo-winning fanzine, care to trade one for two? (One of ours for TWO of yours?!)

☒ X We like to make "x"'s

(YOU put an "O" here...)

☒ X HAH! I Win!

☒ X This Fanzine is CERTIFIED by the Better British Bureau!

☐ Your zine is reviewed thish.

THE STAFF &
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EVERYONE WISHES
AND A "FRANTIC FIRST"
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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