



Double-Bill #5

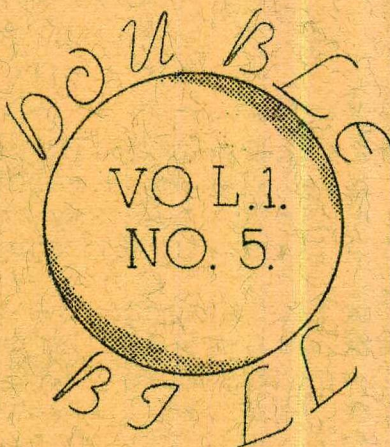








Edited by BILL MALLARDI  
and BILL BOWERS



COLUMNISTS: Robert Coulson,  
Clay Hamlin, & Mike Shupp.

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## Artwork

COVER: BJO TRIMBLE

Electronic stencils (Gestefaxed): COVER, 19, 21, BACOVER (BJO, ATOM, RIP, and WOHRMAN in that order). ROBERT E. GILBERT: 7, 9, & 12; JUANITA COULSON: 14; TERRY JEEVES: 17 & 31; AL KRACALIK: 28 & 40.

BACOVER: RUTH WOHRMAN

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Send those SUBS & MATERIAL to:  
BILL BOWERS  
3271 SHELLHART RD.  
BARBERTON, OHIO

And the TRADES & LOC's to:  
BILL MALLARDI  
214 MACKINAW AVE.  
AKRON 13, OHIO

D-B --- the only fanzine with a missing page 31 --- (see #4, you unobservant people, you!). Wondering about your status with D-B? A "T" on the mailing label means TRADE; a "C" means Contributor, an "S" with a number is a SUB telling you the last issue you get; "R" means your Zine is reviewed inside; a plain "S" is a SAMPLE, and if you want more, act accordingly.



# JUST PLAIN BILL

editorial by Bill Bowers

## Born to Die — Revisited

(AN ASIDE to Buck Coulson and Others--you are requested to read the lettercol before attempting this mish-mash rebuttal against certain slanderous remarks directed against me and my poor article in D-B #4. Well...I just couldn't let BEM take all the rough treatment; now could I?)

Two general questions raised against the validity of "Born to Die" can be disposed of quickly enough. 1) It did not presume to a "factual" status, per se. Rather, BTB was a simple ~~extrapolation~~ of some of my personal opinions about fans, and was labeled and presented as such. 2) "It's been done before." So? And just what, may I humbly ask, just what the hell hasn't been done before? An oldcliche, and true--"There's nothing new under the sun." I find the subject of fans, what they are, and what makes them that way, an extremely interesting (and unsolved) question. I'd hoped that others would express a similar interest (and indeed some did), but that really wasn't necessary to the presentation of my case.... We didn't have any articles that we could use that issue, and I had some ideas about fans, BEM agreed to presenting them, and that's how the article came into being....

Onward, then, to some specific questions:

Firstly, to answer BEM's query in his editorial lastish: I meant both fans and faaans. In other words, anyone who was considered a part of "fandom" (and an ill-defined term that is, too!) by others or by himself. Perhaps I was wrong in the basic premise of BTB in that I attempted generalization where there is none possible. I mean putting eccentrics (perhaps you like that term better than "misfits"?) in their realative places, even when semi-bound together by a common eccentricity such as science fiction, is well nigh impossible. Under this arguement, if someone brought it to bear, I knew my article would collapse immediately. However, it was not my intention to say that this is a fan, and nothing else can be considered such. In presenting my personal opinions on the subject, I hoped (and partially succeeded) to give others an excuse to present their opinions on fans, thus beginning what I beleive can be an intresting discussion within these pages. Since the integration/sexual mores ruckus created by BEM in #2 is dying down to a somewhat stable uproar; since apparently nobody wishes to discuss science fiction in any great detail; and since I do not propose to become involved in any heated discussions on politics and religions (or lack of same), what better avenue than that of fans and fandom?

DAVE LOCKE--like I said, I am speaking for myself, and no others.

RICHARD KYLE--If the world makes misfits into the 'fit', then they were not really "misfits" in the beginning. I'll agree that a vast amount of the world's progress (tho there is still the question if a lot of this progress is "good") was induced by misfits in relation to the general society at that time, but they (the misfits) are in these instances, the victors, and not the world. I like your idea of the world developing into a "multiplicity of fandoms", tho I never thought of it in just that way before. It brings to mind the old gambit of future "men"



being comprised of massive domed heads (bald, of course), with tiny weak bodies. Perhaps you'd care to develop further the premise you've presented here. And please! Another Pohl novel! The ones with Kornbluth I could stand, but other than that....

HARRY WARNER--You seem to have the almost unique ability to put simply, in a few words, that which it takes poor souls like me, pages to do. You presented your feelings on the subject well, and I can't find anything to argue with, so we'll go on to:

BILL PLOTT--When I was speaking of misfits, I didn't mean out and out nuts like Marx; other than that I'll agree with your first paragraph. By pulling in Red Skelton, I was not trying to label said RS a fan. Rather, I was trying to show in my poor way that while most people with "fannish personality" do come under the term fandom, there are a few (maybe more), that I consider to have this type personality outside fandom's bounds. And what do you consider "perfectly normal lives in the mundane world?"

Dear Elder Fan REDD BOGGS--Perhaps it is disloyal of me to say so, but I strongly object to the overall tone of your letter. In fact, I am strongly tempted to say "the hell with you" and go on, but I suspect that is exactly what you want, so I'll restrain myself. I am the furthestest from perfect of anyone, I'll be the first to admit, and I welcome true criticism, but superior lecturing from a self-appointed ghod irritates me. I have already stated that I attempted generalization where none is possible, and there you have a point. You get your terms mixed up there, tho Redd, in regards to "misfits" and "Slans". Misfit is an action or lack of action in relation to the conformity of the majority, and has absolutely no relation to the relative intelligence of said misfit. Slan, pn the other hand, regardless to its original meaning in van Vogt's novel, has come to mean in the jargon of fandom, an exceptionally high degree of intelligence; supposedly most fans are thus endowed, which theory I doubt. The world pays Skelton very well precisely because he is a misfit. You think one of the masses could stand up there an hour a week and be even remotely funny? That statement sort of shoots to hell my concluding statements lastish, but not completely. I was referring to the fan misfit, and not his outerworld counterpart. Figure that out! I admit that I was wrong in pulling in Skelton, and not mentioning any fans by name, but I used Skelton merely as an example to prove (to me) a particular point, and citing fans by name to prove my opinions didn't occur to me.

BETTY KUJAWA--You are of course entitled to your own opinions of Red Skelton's relative merits, and I respect your reply all the more because you didn't say I was wrong, but instead said what you thought of him. I would object to the name Jack Douglas in this mag, but since BEM controls D-T, it wouldn't do me any good. Just let me say that I found Boggs letter thish more humorous than anything of Douglas' that I've ever read. As to Peter Ustinov, there we are in complete agreement--he is one of the most versatile and utterly talented men in this mess they call the "modern world". Of course, he's so far above what any fan could hope to reach....

I agree, PAUL WYSZKOWSKI, with one of your statements wholeheartedly, and think it bears repeating: "A fan is interested in s-f because he is a fan, and not vice versa." This is what I was trying to say, but didn't get across to some people. All you have to do is wonder how come all those thousands of readers who support the prozines are not fans, and you'll see what we mean. The rest of your comments speak for themselves, and I agree with them for the most part.

JOHN BERRY--Do you realize that you are the only one to realize the true worth in \$\$\$\$ of BTD? This will surely be remembered in worlds to come.



ED COX--I didn't write 'The Essence of a Fan' to start controversy. I did hope to stir up some interest and discussion, and I seem to have succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. Your comments have for the most part been made before by others, and needless to say, I don't entirely agree with them, but thanks for writing and expressing your thoughts on the subject.

And that is "Born to Die: The Essence of a Fan" for this. My thanks to all those who wrote in concerning the article, even those who disagreed with me. Your further comments are welcome, and anyone who has the nerve to do an article on the subject of fans, let us know, eh?

#### MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE TRIPEWRITER

I'm glad to see that some of you are finally commenting on the artwork--fan artists are just as much in need of egoboo as fan writers, so how 'bout it? Re: Robert E. Gilbert's illustrating Mike McQuown's story this; we realize that it's been done before, but we think REG did a particularly fine job. Any other artists interested in illustrating specific stories?

Book reviewing is Mike Shupp's job (and he'll be back with his reviews nextish), but I have one novel here that I'd like to mention in passing--Pat Frank's ALAS, BABYLON. I've heard of this novel before, but never had the chance to read it. To my mind it is one of the best entries in that rather unique category of mainstream/science fiction, ranking on a level with George Stewerts EARTH ABIDES, and far above the hack work that is ON THE BEACH and the satire-cum-novel called 1984. If you get the chance to read EARTH ABIDES, by all means, do so. The only thing wrong with it is its ending, but then I think most stories have lousy endings.

You perceptive readers will by now have noticed that Mike Deckinger isn't with us this issue. He had previous commitments to another fanzine for a column on stf films, which fanzine had folded when he promised to do a column for us, but has since been revived to life. So more than ever we need some good articles to fill the void on all these reams of twil-tone. How 'bout you doing your share?

On the Quiz on page 15: the answers will be published nextish. But to see how smart you all are, lets do it this way: Send in your answers to the quiz by July 27. All those who attempt to answer the quiz will have an issue of D-B added to whatever they are due now, and to those lucky ones who get all the answers right, will go two additional issues of D-B. If you don't even attempt to answer the quiz, what are we to think, but that you don't know a damn thing about stf, and you wouldn't want us to think that, would you?

On the subject of Quizes & Polls & suchlike, LLOYD BIGGLE suggests: "What one science fiction novel and one collection of stories would you recommend to the person who has never read any science fiction? Not the "best", mind you, or the irreplaceable cornerstones in an SF library, but the ones most likely to be enjoyed by the reader who has no previous contact with SF--the ones most likely to lay a firm basis for the development of a new fan." We're not going to make a legit poll out of this, but if you'd like to discuss it and your reasons for your choices in D-T, O.K. We'd like it.

See ya in August, all right? BILL BOWERS



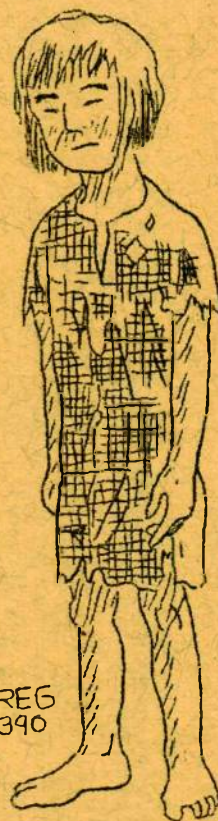
# CYCLE OF RETRIBUTION

Illustrated by  
ROBERT E. GILBERT

BY MIKE McQUOWN

The shadows of another empty, back-breaking day lengthened. Will, the six-year-old serf child, played aimlessly in the dirt, not aware of the events in progress which would soon reshape his whole life, hardly begun as it was. His was not a life of promise; Will was a serf, son of a serf, whose father was a serf. There had been no other life as far as any of them knew except that of the great lords in the castle.

It was a grey and dismal world in which the serfs lived, filled with an endless cycle of toil from morning to night, and cold starvation in the English winter. Even beauty was lost on them: too weary were they, too frightened, too numb from the back-breaking endless round of plant, harvest, pay tribute, go to mass, pay the Church, lie to hold back enough for their own meager needs, to see the glory of nature's artistry in the changing seasons. Their life was the Earl's taxes, the almoners tithes, the lords' punishments and the priests' hell-fire--truly Dark Ages.



The Earl was in a restless and quarrelsome mood. The Baroness, he knew, had taken up with one of the knights, and he was deprived of her company many a long, cold evening. There were other women, of course, but they could not satisfy his cruel nature--they would surrender willingly, out of fear--but the Baroness, in her calculating, masochistic way, could make him fight for her favours. The Earl liked violence and cruelty, and flogging a woman was as much satisfaction to him as other relationships. It was for this reason that he so enjoyed the it de seigneur, whenever the occasion rose to practice it. There was never a peasant bride who did not go to her true husband without marks of the lash on her back as well as other, ineradicable scars on her spirit.

There was one woman, though, the one called Marion, who had been different. She had robbed him of his conquest--she submitted, but did not surrender; she gave the Earl nothing, not even the satisfaction of crying out under the lash.

For six years this event had rankled deep in the Earl's mind, but until now it had stayed there, coming to the surface only under the pressure of the moment.

Slamming his wine cup on the table, the Earl called out:

"Hugh! Hugh, come here! Roust your bones, or I'll hide you!"

The Earl's son entered the room. Except for the lines of age, they might have been brothers.

"Yes, Sire?" Hugh's tone was amused; his father never shouted for him in that manner unless some cruel sport was in the offing.

"Are there serfs about to wed? Things have been quiet for a long time; your father's bed has been cold these nights."



"No, Father, not one. But I think there is a woman needing to be brought to the Holy Office for the Question."

"Aye?" The Earl's eyes lighted like those of a hawk about to strike his prey. "Why say you so?"

"I have been observing the woman Mariom, the quiet one. She often steals away from the others on nights of the full moon to gather herbs; she bathes at least twice in a fortnight; her smile is a secret thing, full of hidden meaning. I think it best if you deal with this woman first, perhaps persuade her to forsake her ways and avoid the Question--ordinary and extraordinary."

The Earl laughed.

"You are wise and compassionate, Hugh. Commendable qualities in a Christian son. Have the woman brought to me at once, and then--and only then--send for Father Damien."

"Of course, Sire." He whirled and strode out of the room.

Marion returned from the fields that day, thinking only of the meal to be prepared and the possibility of having new clothes after the next crop. She had worn the ones she had on for nearly a year, and Alf, her husband, had voiced the hope that there might be sufficient left from the taxes to buy a yard or two of good wool for themselves. Tonight, though, she must go into the forest to gather more of the mushrooms which added to the flavor of the stew she often prepared. Stew. With real meat--for serfs, these people lived well, indeed.

As she entered the hut, the horsemen galloped up, raising a cloud of choking dust. The other serfs began to gather to see what was happening.

"Marion, serf, wife of Alf," the voice rang out, "you have been summoned before a hearing of the Holy Office on the charge of witch craft. You are to be taken to the castle to plead your case before the Earl and the holy fathers."

With a cry, Will sprang to his mother's side, only to be kicked away by a well-aimed boot. The last he saw of his mother, she was being carried away across a saddle bow, never to be seen again.

The days passed. The story of Marion's resistance, the Earl's cruelty, the breaking of her body by the use of the wedges, the rack, the hot irons, became widely circulated. After ten days, she was seen kneeling in front of the chapel, holding a ten-pound taper. The next day, she was burned at the stake for witchcraft and heresy.

Marion's agonies were over, but her son's had just begun. Along with all the other serfs, he had been made to watch the burning, and the picture of his mother, consumed by flames, screaming, without even the respite of the strangler's knot to ease her pain, was burned into his brain even as the fire consumed the faggots beneath her.

In the next two years, Will began to piece together enough of the truth to know that the Earl had a lot to answer for. By the time he was eight years old, Will knew that the Earl was to blame for his mother's death for some obscure reason of something she would not give him.

A few months after he turned eight, Will ran away. He spent two years living in the forest, managing to survive on berries and what he could steal. By the time he was ten years old, he was an accomplished thief, forager, and poacher.

One day, while picking berries to eat with the pheasant he had shot down on some lord's property, a voice caused him to whirl. By this time, Will had developed all the instincts of an animal, and was surprised that



anyone had come upon him unawares; he was shocked and angry as well as frightened. Then he saw who the speaker was, and his tension disappeared.

"Did I frighten ye, Laddy? Old Gana never intended to do that. Come here, boy, let me look at you."

The woman looked to be very old, and quite harmless, but one could never be sure. Will turned and ran.

As he turned the bend in the path, there stood the old woman!

"What's the matter, boy? Shy are ye? Come, come, I've waited four years for this day, and I can afford to wait no longer."

After three more attempts at flight, Will clearly saw that it was useless to avoid an old woman who could outdistance him without even running; no matter which way he ran, she was always waiting for him--behind the next bush, around the next turn, always she was there.

Finally, shoulders sagging in resignation, Will agreed to follow old Gana.

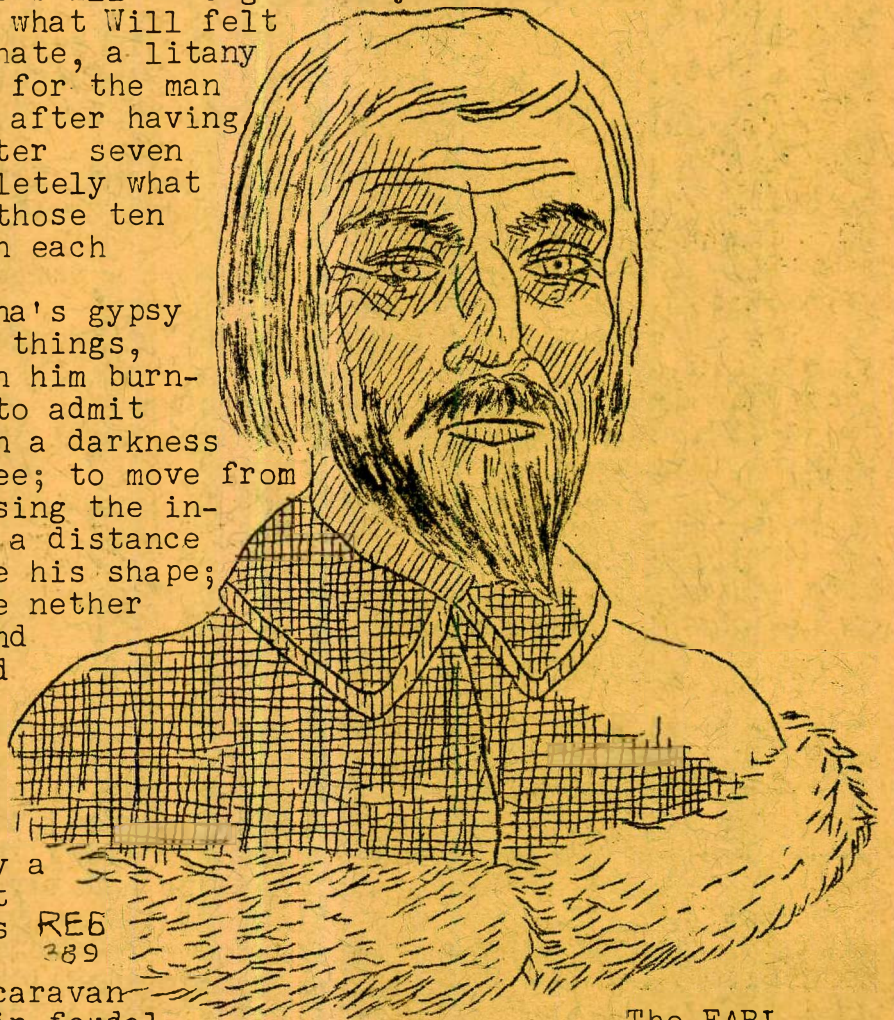
Seven years passed, and Will learned who Gana was and how she came to seek him out in the forest that day.

"See, lad, the little cup tells me all I wish to know and see. Your mother and I are kin in a way I can't exactly explain, but I knew of what happened to her and swore to invoke the cycle of retribution. I knew you'd be where you were when you were, and I came in answer to your prayer, the prayer which even now is still strongest in your heart."

Prayer? Could one call what Will felt a prayer? Yes! A prayer of hate, a litany of death, a novena of agony for the man who had murdered his mother after having done so much worse. For, after seven years, Will understood completely what had happened in the castle those ten days, and his hate grew with each passing day.

In seven years with Gana's gypsy band, Will had learned many things, things which would have seen him burned at the stake if he were to admit them: the ability to move in a darkness which no mortal eye could see; to move from place to place without crossing the intervening space; to see at a distance in a cup of water; to change his shape; to summon the spirits of the nether regions; to curse, wither and blast; to enhance, build and fortify; to bless or damn what he would--all within limits. Will could not create life, nor destroy it, but he could conjure up elementals which could carry a man's soul to the nethermost regions of the outer circles of hell.

The wanderings of the caravan had taken Will many places in feudal



The EARL



Europe, and he had been forced to learn some form of art to make a living for himself. At Gana's behest, Will had become a fair troubador, learning the songs of many nations and playing the lute as well.

It was no accident, then, that the next few months found him crossing the moat into the castle where his mother had been legally murdered. As a troubador, Will was welcomed, for there was a great festival in process, a round of parties and dinners for the purpose of celebrating the wedding of Hugh, the Earl's eldest son, to a lady of a nearby household. The Baroness, had, for the time, ceased her own prowling to settle down to the role of a doting mother--for the time being.

Will was welcomed, and commissioned to sing for the gathering the next three nights.

On the third night, the moon was full, and Will was ready to put his plan into effect. The Cycle was about to turn again.

"And now, Milords and ladies, a song which I learned at my mother's knee."

Hugh twisted in his seat. There was something about that fellow's eyes--a way they had of looking at a man that seemed to go through him, to his inmost soul. It was uncomfortable.

"Sire, does not the the troubador put you in mind of someone? Do not his eyes seem strange?"

Over the sounds of the lute and the foreign words, the Earl answered his son.

"Aye, they do. I wish to the devil I knew where I'd seen these eyes before. I like it not. But parhaps we imagine things."

"Perhaps. But still... Hh! Troubador! What mean these words in English?"

"Nought that I could explain, Milord. The melody I thought might please ye, but the words in your tongue would not fit. It is a hunting song--the song of a wolf."

"Wolf, eh? I suppose you think it a dangerous beast?"

"Extremely, Milord. Do ye not also?"

"Nay. I've hunted the creatures in France, and I find them craven beasts indeed."

"So, Milord? And how would you or your son deal with one?"

"With the longbow!" Shouted Hugh impulsively. "No creature is a match for an English bow."

"Hear hear!" came the voice of one of the guests.

"Seconded!"

"Absolutely!"

It became the general topic of discussion around the great hall, and was generally decided that there was no creature formidable enough to match the English gentleman and his longbow.

In the small hours of the morning, one of the guards saw it. In those hours when the tapers had burned low and the guests had gone to bed in the damp, drafty rooms of the great castle, the form, black, huge, with red tongue lolling out of its drooling jaws, its hell-fire eyes burning with hate and hunger, padded silently along the lower balustrade. Before the guard could cry out, the creature had torn out his throat.

Before anyone had the slightest idea anything was wrong, the wolf had entered the bridal chambers and torn the bride to ribbons.

For three mor nights, the creature continued to ravage the inhabitants of the castle, despite all the precautions that could be taken. Finally, the Earl determined to capture and kill the beast himself.



At his order, a pit was dug in the central courtyard and concealed. Ten bowmen were posted on the walls and a young shoat staked out.

That night, the lady of one of the knights was killed, the trap wholly ignored.

The following morning, the Earl questioned his sentries very closely; he was by now a badly frightened man.

"This creature is no ordinary one. Wolves, especially wolves of that size and power, do not inhabit England. Nor do ordinary beasts ignore easy game; I believe this creature to be a werewolf, a supernatural creature. I have had the gypsies camped in the great ring of stones watched, but never do they stir from their camp after dark. So, tonight, there is only one solution: a woman will be placed in the courtyard instead of the shoat. One of the serf women will suffice, I think."

And it was done. And again, the bait was ignored in favour of one of the ladies of the castle.

Then it was that the Earl conceived a clever and cruel plan. As revenge for her unfaithfulness, he would put the Baroness out as bait and himself stand watch on the walls. There would be great pleasure in watching her agonies as she waited for the great wolf to appear, and if he stayed his bowhand a moment too long, who would be the wiser?

When the Earl announced his intention, the people of the castle applauded the courage of the Earl and his lady, some speculative of his true intention, and very sceptical.

Night fell, and with it came a cold, damp wind, a bone-chilling night, one that made men shiver in their beds - or was it the presence of a more eldritch wind, a draught from the darkness of another world?

After several dreary hours of waiting, a howl split the night air, piercing the very hearts of the watchers on the walls. Even the Earl blanched at the sound.

Moments later, the wolf appeared, padding forward, toward the baroness and the pit.

A crackling of boughs, a howl, a thud. As suddenly as it had begun, it was over. The wolf was caught!

Clattering down the steps from the balustrade, the Earl and his party roused the whole castle; even the serfs came into the courtyard to witness the dispatch of the wolf.

"Now," the Earl proclaimed, fitting an arrow to his bow and casting a baleful glance at the unharmed Baroness, "see how those who violate my roof are dealt with!"

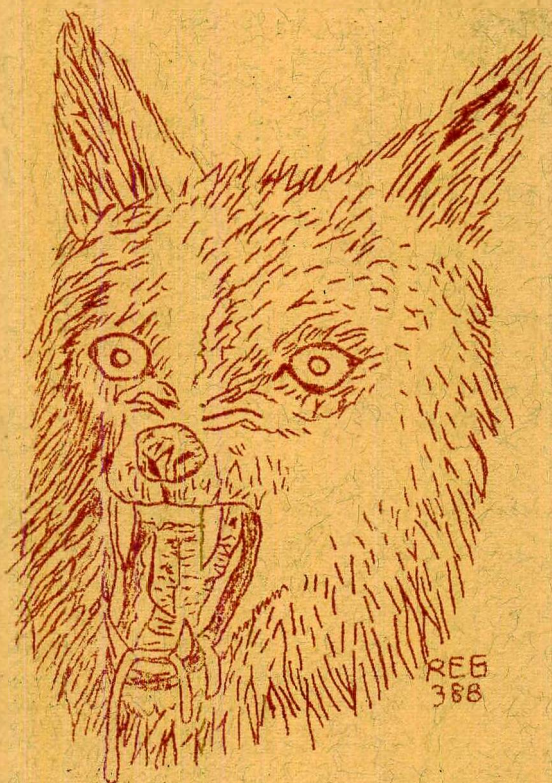
The bow was drawn, the string tightened in the nock; the feathers brushed the Earl's chin. A hush fell over the crowd. The Earl blinked his eyes. He seemed to see another figure in the pit, standing next to the snarling, snapping, captured animal; the figure of a woman dead for almost ten years. A woman whose eyes seemed to stare into the depths of his soul and pluck it out - the serf-woman whom he had so cruelly used twice!

The Earl blinked, shook his head, and lowered the bow. There was a murmur from the crowd, a query from the game-keeper.

"Are you ill, my Lord?"

The Earl looked again. Nought but the wolf did he see. He drew again.





"Nay, I am all right."

He loosed the arrow. It struck the wolf in the throat. A faint gurgle, a gasp. Silence.

"Bring torches. We shall burn this monster!"

The Earl raised the torch to hurl it into the pit. He screamed.

"No! No! Not...Hugh, my son."

And on the ring of stones, looking at strange shadows in a mirror, Will watched the closing of a cycle, and laughed, and laughed.

THE END--

## WALLABY STEW

*Fanzine Reviews by Robert Coulson*

The other day I received a catalog from a local "discount" store. Among the items for sale was a 25 lb. bag of cattle manure, priced at \$1.44. Presumably this is the latest thing in fertilizer, and it gave me an idea. Considering the amount of b-s produced by fandom over the course of a year, think of the profits we could all make if we bagged this stuff and sold it for 6¢ a pound!

On to the reviews, though I still think that selling the stuff for fertilizer is a better idea.

KIPPLE #38 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - irregular but generally monthly - 20¢) Comments on religion, segregation, petty tyranny in schools, atheism and various other social questions. Generally entertaining, provided you believe in the worth of fanzines which don't discuss science fiction. This particular issue isn't one of Ted's better ones (partly because nobody seems to be disagreeing much with anyone else; the disagreements are with outsiders who won't reply. Ted gets inspiration for a large part of his comments from various newspaper accounts.) For a change, I found nothing in this issue which inspired me to write a hot letter of rebuttal; generally I run across at least one item which absolutely demands a reply.

POINTING VECTOR #15 (John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y. - monthly - 5 for \$1) There may be a greater than usual wait between issues 15 and 16,



16, however, since John has finally given up on spirit duplicating and is shopping for a mimeograph. I think every one of his readers is hoping that the change will provide a bit more readability; to date PV has been one of the poorest-duplicated fanzines currently published. Material is largely political, ranging from segregation and the rise of Naziism to the problem of farm subsidies. (The only practical answer to the "farm problem" is to eliminate subsidies entirely. So some farmers can't make a living. So? What makes them superior to anybody else who can't make a living? All this twaddle about the "independent farmer" is just that--twaddle. A farmer living on government handouts is no more independent than anyone else living on charity or "relief".) The writing quality is excellent, and Boardman's opinions are stated with a maximum amount of irritability, carefully calculated to raise the hackles of any individual who disagrees with them.

ENCLAVE #2 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. - bi-monthly - 25¢) Another journal largely devoted to politics. Future issues, however, will provide material on politics, science fiction, comics, folk music, and presumably other interests as well. Reproduction is amazingly good, always an advantage in a fanzine. Material in this issue isn't outstanding, but it's all reasonably good. Most interesting to me was an article on the British "Goon Show", since I'd heard references to it previously without getting many details. This does not mean that this article was the best written; indeed, it probably displayed the poorest writing, on a purely technical level, in the entire mag. Involved sentences, non sequiturs ("Harry's diminutive size was the target for many spoofs during the shows, yet he was an accomplished operatic tenor..."), and examples of the show's humor which aren't at all funny when seen in cold print. Still, it does have some details that interested me.

DIANOURA #1 (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - irregular - 50¢) Harrell is one of these fans who puts out one or two issues of a fanzine, waits a year or two, and then puts out another title. This is not a first issue, despite the numbering. For the high price you get 54 pages plus an 8-page artfolio by Tim Dumont, done with electronic stencils, plus a beautiful multilithed Prosser cover. Material is (surprise!) devoted almost entirely to science-fiction and fantasy. There is an original story by Marion Bradley; as expected, it's several notches above the average piece of fan fiction. Tom Dilley defends Lovecraft, Clay Hamlin provides some mildly humorous twists to typical stf plots, I write a three-page plug for SCIENCE FANTASY, and Mike Elm looks critically at some of the stf "classics". On more fannish topics, Betty Kujawa explains what she's doing in fandom, Ed Wood complains that fans don't pay enough attention to the history of either stf or fandom, Dean Grennell contributes advice to would-be fan publishers, and August Derleth provides a two-page "Wisconsin Diary" which doesn't have much to do with anything, really, but is entertainingly written. The Grennell article is one that should be put out in an N3F Handbook one of these days, Marion shows what can be done with fan fiction, and the rest of the contributors manage to be average or above. Considering the material, the 50¢ price doesn't seem out of line at all.

XERO #10 (Dick and Pat Lupoff, 210 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - last issue - no price listed) Write Lupoff about price and availability. While you're writing, you might want to inquire about the forthcoming READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR, priced at \$2. per copy. This final issue is



perhaps not the best XERO in history, but it's certainly the prettiest. Previous use of color has been in some idiotic candy-striping; this time there is genuine two-color work and some excellent illustrations to carry it. The best-looking fanzine of the year, certainly. Material, as usual, is pretty evenly divided between science fiction and comics. (That is, it's evenly divided if you consider Fu Manchu in the science fiction category..... Bob Briney gives a pretty complete rundown of the published works of Sax Rohmer.) It's another big 100-page issue; well worth whatever Lupoff charges for it--unless, of course, he gets carried away by all this egoboo.

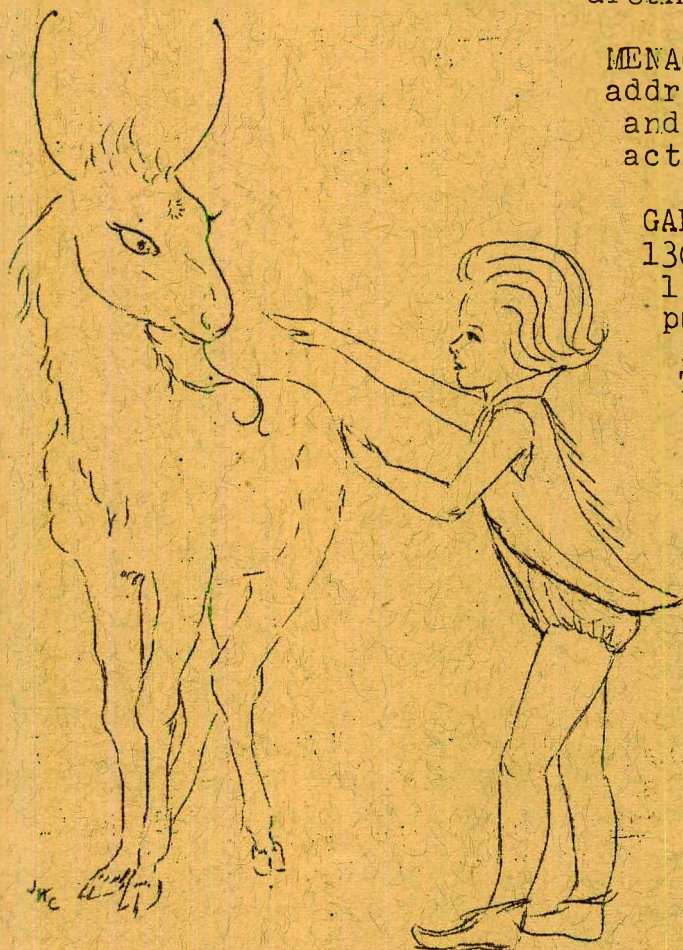
AXE #36 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois - 20¢ - monthly) Although this is the second annish, The Shaws seem to be taking things a bit easy with the annish bit; a sensible precaution for editors who intend to be around for awhile. Aside from the current news, including the first complete list of Hugo nominees that I saw, there is an installment of the Willis trip report and some movie and fanzine reviews.

SPELEOBEM #19 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 24, Calif. - quarterly - no price listed) I'm not sure of the availability, but since he offered copies of the last issue, containing the first installment of Madelaine Willis' trip report, he should in fairness provide the remaining installments to those interested. Aside from this, and some nice artwork, there isn't a lot to interest non-members of SAPS this time around.

MENACE OF THE LASFS # 67. (Bruce Pelz, address above - monthly - 5 for 50¢) News and comments on Los Angeles fan activities.

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE #15 (Gary Collins, 1302 Linden St., Scranton 10, Penna. - 15¢) The current issue is edited and published by Dave Keil, but future issues will be in the hands of Collins. This is mostly for horror movie fans, but there are a few other items, on Burroughs (who is pretty horrible at that), Mike Moorcock's "Elric" series in SCIENCE FANTASY, and some fantasy verse by Raymond Clancy. Recommended for younger fans.

HYPHEN #32 (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - more or less bi-monthly - 15¢) It's worth 15¢, just for the back cover quotes. In addition there is a con report (oh well...), an explanation by Ted White of why he left the Village, and columns by Bob Shaw and George Charters. (Charters has an unfair advantage; he can





be funny just by relating the plot of a British paperback because he has a strong enough stomach to let him read the book all the way through. I always give up in the middle.) HYPHEN will undoubtedly be considered by future generations as one of the alltime great fanzines (despite the contradiction in terms).

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #8 and 9 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1) The best and most prompt coverage of professional sf news, with a fair amount of fan news added. When you want to know what's going on in sf publishing.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #401 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - irregular - 15¢) This still gives you the most complete professional news coverage, although it generally gives it well after the event. A good mag to use as a checkup on past events, to see if you missed anything when it happened.

SKYRACK #53 (Ron Bennett, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 6 airmailed issues for 65¢) The British newsletter. Mostly concerned with fan news, but there is some professional coverage of both Britain and the Continent. This issue was mostly concerned with the British convention at Peterborough.

A short column this time, but I can't wait to get the rest of this stuff chopped up and stuffed into 25 lb. bags.

## S F & Fantasy Quiz:II—*Compiled by Clay Hamlin*

Let's try something different here. A simple (?) multiple choice quiz. All you have to do is pick out the story that does NOT belong in the group listed. There are LOTS of tricks tried on you here, so good luck-- you will need it....

1. DOC SMITH -- A. Tedric; B. The Mightiest Machine; C. Spacehounds of I.P.C.; D. Galactic Patrol
2. ALFRED BESTER -- A. The Demolished Man; B. Hell is Forever; C. Tiger, Tiger; D. History Lesson
3. ROBERT HEINLEIN -- A. The Devil Makes the Law; B. Logic of Empire; C. Fullfilment; D. They
4. A.E. van VOGT -- A. Asylum; B. A Can of Paint; C. Defense; D. Lifeline
5. RAY BRADBURY -- A. Million Year Picnic; B. Errand Boy; C. Referent; D. Ylla
6. HENRY KUTTNER -- A. The Blue Flamingo; B. The Misguided Halo; C. Fury; D. The Devil We Know
7. TED STURGEON -- A. Brat; B. Yesterday Was Monday; C. It; D. None But Lucifer
8. JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR. -- A. Victory Unintentional; B. The Elder Gods; C. Night; D. Frictional Losses
9. ERIC FRANK RUSSELL -- A. Somewhere a Voice; B. Take a Seat; C. When the Bough Breaks; D. The Timid Tiger
10. CYRIL KORNBLUTH -- A. That Share of Glory; B. Mewhu's Jet; C. The Words of Guru; D. Take Off

(ANSWERS NEXT ISH -- See Page 6 ((Bowers' editorial)) for explanation).



# SPACE WARS: TACTICS OF THE DOGFIGHT

MIKE SIMP

## HARBINGERS

In 1911, one of the first men to foresee the use of the airplane as a weapon of war, Captain Ferdinand Ferber of the French army, was interviewed in a French aviation magazine, and asked among other things, "But how could a fight actually take place between two airplanes?" Ferber answered:

"In the same way as all fights between birds have ever taken place. When a falcon, for instance, wants to attack a raven, it first pursues it; and, as soon as the raven finds itself overhauled, it ascends slowly, in spirals, and the falcon starts to rise in a parallel line. If the raven can rise higher than the falcon, it is saved; if it cannot, its resource is to drop to earth, although during the descent it is liable to be hemmed in by the falcon. Every time the falcon darts upon the raven the latter will try, by means of a clever sideslip, to avoid the impact. If the falcon has been dodged, there is a respite, for, carried beyond its aim, the falcon loses an elevation which it must painfully regain. The race for altitude may recommence, but now the flight is no longer doubtful; the raven will finally come to the ground, and will be vanquished. In a like manner, will aerial craft struggle."

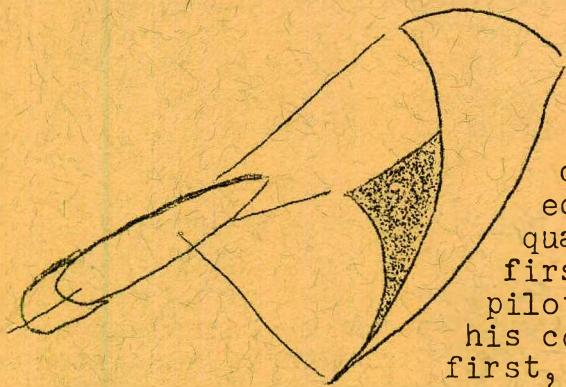
— from Quentin Reynolds' THEY FOUGHT FOR THE SKY

These tactics will be just as effective in space, substituting 'gravity' for 'ground', as also for the majority of World War One and Two air combat maneuvers. During the first world war, an ace would dive from out of the sun, at an elevation of ten to twenty thousand feet, towards the tail of his intended victim, get within range of his machine guns, and start firing. If he was skilled, he would either kill the other pilot or set his plane afire within seconds. If he wasn't, or for some reason was unable to do this (machine guns jammed easily then), the other pilot would go into a loop or circle around and fire at his tail. Both pilots would then go into various maneuvers till either the other was shot down or both had fired all their ammunition.

## IN ORBIT - Raven and Falcon

Most spatial dogfights occurring in orbit could be fought in the same manner. One ship would circle the earth at twentytwo thousand miles (thus simplifying course calculations, for relative to the earth, the ship would remain in the same position.) till the pilot spotted another ship orbiting below him. Then he would spin the ship on its gyros and spiral down towards the other, firing one short blast on his braking rockets to lower his speed sufficiently. He would next put his ship into orbit a few miles above the other's orbit, and wait till he was a few miles above and behind the second. Now he will simultaneously fire braking rockets, fire





his missiles, and alter his course so that he will now be in an orbit that will intercept his extrapolation of the other's orbit on the other side of the planet.

Here the procedure will be repeated, unless the second pilot has either a) decided to fight back, b) drastically altered course himself, or c) informed his headquarters so that a third pilot will tackle the first. Should he desire to fight, the second pilot has several choices to make. He may alter his course to intercept with the new orbit of the first, but at a place the first pilot has not expected; he may maintain his present approximate course, but at a higher altitude, to place him above the first, or he may simply maintain his course and present velocity, slowing down somewhat before interception with the first ship's new orbit, to ensure being behind the other. Under no circumstances must he wait and loose altitude, for if he does so, he chances the possibility of the first pilot's coming over him to take pot shots as he occupies himself with piloting his craft through the upper atmosphere, without fear or reprisal.

#### NEAR PLANET - Ambush

To attack a ship bound towards a nearby planet, the best strategy would be an ambush. An attacking pilot would lurk around near a satellite, or lie in an orbit several thousand miles from the primary, until the ship he wishes to destroy was between him and the planet. He would next approach the second ship, in a course directly behind the unsuspecting second pilot, and maintain the same speed as the other. Then he would launch his missiles and duplicate any course changes the other would make to avoid the missiles. However, as he will always be a bit slower to react to the others maneuvers, the second ship will have a chance to make more complicated evasive patterns. These maneuvers will likely use the planet's gravity well to advantage.

Rather than slowing down, the ambushed pilot might well maintain his present velocity, or even increase it, and skim over the planet, as near as he can approach it without being ensnared in its atmosphere, and thus use the planetary mass to pull his ship around in a tight parabolic curve. This would give him a greater speed, so that he could circle the planet and come out of his trajectory in back of the first ship, thus offering him a chance to fire his missiles. It would also increase his ease in maneuvering, for the rapid turn would multiply a course change many times. This would make it even more difficult for the first pilot to follow him, for a small deviation would become a large one under these circumstances. This would go on till either ship was destroyed, or till one ship retreated to the depths of space.

#### BETWEEN PLANETS - Fish in a Barrel

The third type of dogfight will occur when one ship overtakes another in the spaces between planets. Diving from the depths of space towards another ship, the first ship would assume a parallel course, and launch his warheads. The leading ship would be able only to change its speed or alter its course, both dangerous procedures when interplanetary travel depends





upon strict maintainance of an already planned trajectory, which must not be altered. Still, what choice would you have when some one you can't get at is shooting at your space ship? By risking his chances of making a safe planetfall, the attacked pilot may be able to evade some shells, but till he reaches the vicinity of a planet, he is a sitting duck.

#### ASTEROID DOGFIGHT - Hide and Seek

The most unusual--and equal--dogfights would occur within the derbis of the asteroid belt. While actually within the Belt, ship speeds must be reduced. Major planetoids will be miles and miles apart of course, but at the present time, we have no way of knowing just how much smaller rubble there is. The number of observed asteroids to date is less than two thousand; all of these are at least a mile in diameter. We can not count the city block sized pieces, let alone the basketball sized bits. Certainly no less than a hundred thousand such bodies, at a conservative estimate. Not counting gravel and dust particles that must be even more plentiful.

Because these minor asteroids do not have charted courses, to travel at a high velocity within the Belt, while not impossible, is definitely foolhardy. Russian roulette is safer. These conditions would prevent any of the maneuvers described previously in this article from being carried out, thus giving both ships an equal chance to destroy the other. Radar would be useless at great distances, and at close distances, would be easily confused. Perhaps the best plan for a ship to use, would be to await the other in ambush after dodging through the asteroids. Within thickly congested portions of the Belt, both ships would engage in a deadly game of hide-strike-and-seek, creeping through the derbis at a few feet per second. Missiles would be difficult to use here, for proximity fused missiles would more likely strike an asteroid than a space ship. You might use missiles that would home only on iron or steel or on heated areas, but then, most of the asteroids are probably iron-nickle in the first place, and just how much heat would a space ship produce when it is not using its rockets. A lot of course, but more than a three second blast against an asteroid would produce? Missiles guided from a rocket would be impractical here, for the reflexes of the guider would be slow (thus possibly ramming said mis-guided missile into a planetoid instead of a space ship), signals could be sent only in straight lines (thus making it impossible to control a missile behind an asteroid bigger than the missile), and finally controlling the missile would be as complicated as controlling the home space ship--thus requiring either two pilots or a certain neglect of duties towards both the space ship and the missile. About the only practical weapons would be such beam weapons as a laser, or else elaborate traps, that would neccsitate luring or chasing the opposing craft into an automatic death trap, always with the possibility that the intended victim would chase its would be killer into the killers own trap.

#### ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SHIPS - Trap Shoot

All of these have taken as a basic premise that one ship is actively looking for another, with intent- and preparation- to fight. However, there may be times when two ships will come fairly close together without planning. This chance encounter means that the opposing ships would have but a brief time to see one another, a shorter time for actual combat, and then pass each other into space. The victor of this fight would be the pilot with the best detection devices, assuming that he uses them as he should.

The quick stab and retreat would be the operating procedure here; not



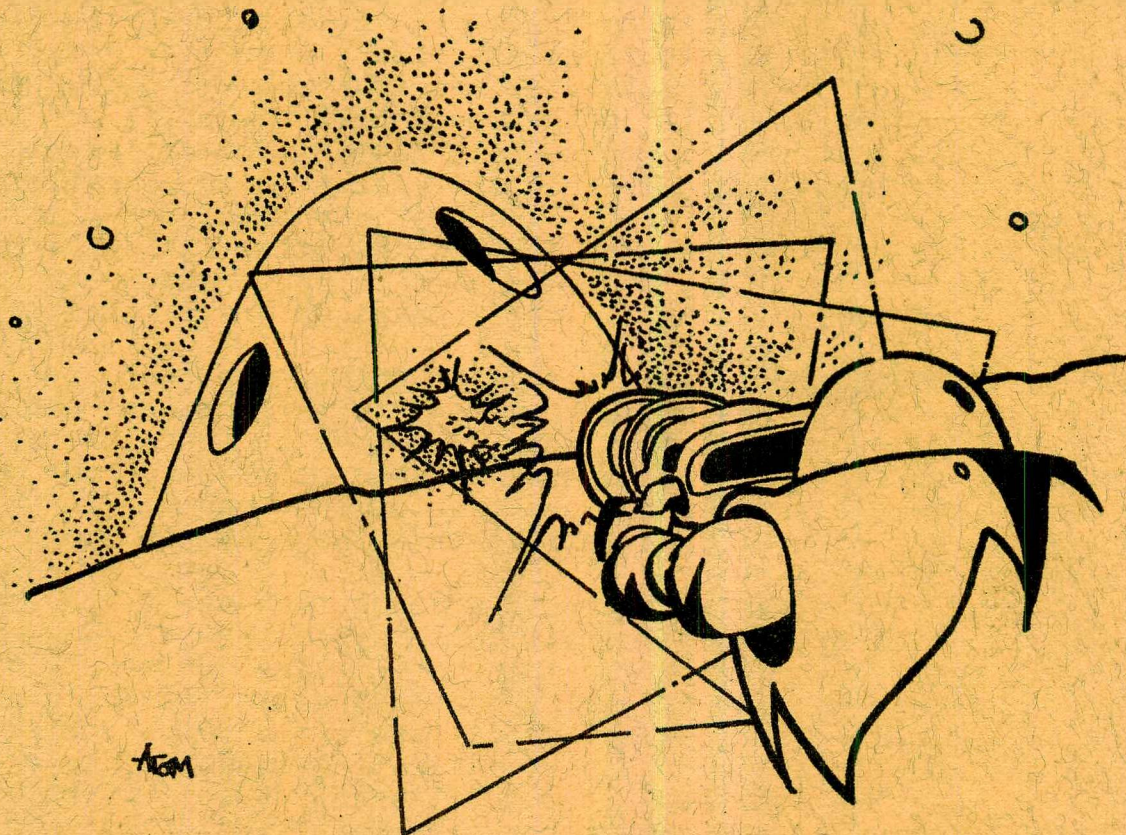
the stalking and assassination attempts of the previous conflicts. Both pilots would have but seconds to fight. Hence I would say that rather than using expensive missiles, they would use beam weapons focused on each other, in hopes that they could do a short amount of damage in a short time; not enough to kill the other perhaps, though that would be worthwhile, but just enough to damage the other ship enough that it would need to be scrapped or extensively rebuilt.

#### DOGFIGHTS AND THEIR IMPORTANCE IN SPACE WARFARE

What with all this combat in the air, the real role of the dogfight in the spatial depths may be ignored.

But the space dogfight is a means to an end, not the end in itself. Control of a planet in a space age, necessitates control of space, and all other organizations desiring to control space, and hence planets, must be eliminated, wiped out. Those who control space must continue to control it or else they will lose their power over it, and hence of their planets. To control space is to control the use of it. Hence unauthorized use of space must mean forthcoming retaliation. Destruction of unauthorized space craft then. And only the space ship can destroy another space ship anywhere in space. Controlling necessitates fighting, which necessitates the space ship.

Which ensures the space dogfight.





# CLASSICS, ETC. | clay hamlin

## WHAT MAD UNIVERSE

Frederic Brown

Perhaps it isn't a classic at all, whatever definition you might use for that word. And surely it is not an important story insofar as affecting the direction that science fiction took. But one thing for sure, and no one can argue the point, is that WHAT MAD UNIVERSE by Fred Brown, is a heck of a lot of fun to read. Who really wants much more?

I recall a statement Fred Brown once made, in an introduction to a collection of his stories; it was just one of the sharp and biting statements that a person doesn't forget, the sort of thing this author is noted for. He wrote: #I hope you have as much fun reading these stories as I had cashing the checks for them." Well, there are few people who can truthfully admit that a story by Brown isn't that much fun to read, be it a one page vignette (the kind he above all other authors has made his own), a sharp and biting short story like "Come and Go Mad", the simple and downright cleverness, and hilarity, of "Armageddon", or the novel called WHAT MAD UNIVERSE.

If there is one characteristic above all others that this author shows every time he writes, it is cleverness. The viewpoint is an odd one, but one that is almost bound to get deep inside your mind and captivate you, even when he is trying to frighten. He surely never attempts to educate his reader, or so you think at first glance. He never seems to create an uninteresting character, or one that you recognize from some other story before. At least it doesn't seem that way until you start to analyse, and look for the basic Brown. Well he isn't just different, until you finally discover that the only real difference is in his viewpoint, not in his stories and plots at all. And that viewpoint, peculiar as it may seem, is in making humorous even the most exciting incidents he relates, an odd and wonderful way of being able to laugh even when he relates the most frightening things. What I mean, no one else quite manages to do that in just this way.

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE, now, is a story that might have been especially written for fans. It even has a couple of fans with prominent parts in the story, of the old time variety that were what made up the old letter columns, a breed sufficient unto themselves. Joe Dopplesberg; why perhaps you know many who could and did act the part of that one. It isn't that he was important to the story though, except that there simply wouldn't have been this story without him.

Exactly what sort of universe would a young teen-age letter hack create? Well, that is the question that is answered here, in a manner that you will never really doubt once you think of it. That universe, with its interstellar space ships (run by sewing machines yet), its Arcturian war, the mistout, its space girls, as all good space girls were pictured in the old days on the covers; its moonjuice (and that, believe me, is one of the most creative things he ever did); the unbelievably heroic Doppelle, who created Mekky, a thinking machine with a personality all its own, and literally dozens of other things, exciting, funny, and utterly fascinating.



It isn't that the story is hurt because the hero is something of a loveable dope, who gets pushed around for practically the entire story, only to finally get so fed up with things that he starts to take matters in his own hands and do something about them. Oh sure, he makes lots of mistakes, just as anyone else in the same fix would be bound to do. But in the end it all turns out quite nicely; he was perhaps somewhat of a dope right up to the end of the story, but you would have done the same too, by gosh. And there surely won't be any complaints about the way he manages to humanize this particular character; maybe stf editors are really like that after all. It would be very nice to think so at least.

Or, perhaps if you discovered science fiction sometime after those wondrous old days, it will all seem a trifle odd to you, but anyone who was reading this stuff back in those days will recognize all sorts of characters here. Keith Winton, the editor of the story, isn't at all different than the real ones who did STARTLING, or AMAZING, or THRILLING WONDER; his letter column, half way between Sargeant Saturn and what you could find in PLANET, will bring back lots of fond memories. The story itself, though it has little to do with stf magazines, except in a few places, still manages to capture the feeling of those days, and memorable days they were, too.

The feeling of mystery that runs through this, the "What really has happened?" well, you can't call it anything less than delightful. Childish, maybe, in the way that even the most sercon fan has a streak of childishness in them, but the kind of plot, and writing, that justly deserves the acclaim: "Just can't put it down till you finish" that has been so overworked on occasion. The story is actually extraordinary in this particular respect.

Perhaps Brown is always extraordinary though. Would that there were more like him. There may be SOME argument that he is the best science fiction humorist--there was after all a Kuttner, and a Leinster, but even so that is mighty good company to be in. And without any quibbling at all, Brown is at his own incomparable best in this particular story, so it's hardly necessary to mention that you should get a copy of the STARTLING, or the Bantam book where it was reprinted, and read this one for yourself. Plain and simple entertainment, you will have to search long and hard to find it better than here. ###

(NEXT ISSUE: Merritt's only equal, the genius named Bok and BLUE FLAMINGO.)





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Lettercolumn, (in case you didn't know,) where the hacks get their whacks, or give them, as the case may be...subject to the BEMs' jurisdiction -- "order, order, the first plaintiff is:"

"A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE:"

DAVE LOCKE, P.O. BOX 335, INDIAN LAKE, N.Y.

I see you've been given the royal KIPPLE treatment, and in an even greater style than most. This makes you a true fan, as well as one whose opinions are most likely worthwhile. To be denounced by Ted Pauls is a wonderful event in the fannish lives of those who have been so honored.

You should wear this denouncement proudly, as a status symbol.

Mallardi: Since you state that most everyone has misunderstood your stand on integration, negro morality, the reflection of the individual on the race as a whole, and such similar topics, I have this suspicion at the back of my mind, tho an idle one, that maybe I misunderstand you the other way and thus am agreeing with something which you actually never said. Let me see if I can get your points straight, and correct me if I'm wrong. 1) You're for integration. 2) You dislike the fact that the individual negro (in the eyes of many whites) reflects on his race as a whole, yet you feel that 3) with such a high amount of racial tension in the air negroes might try to improve their conduct and so cast a better image on their race. But their conduct isn't improving, which tends to make you think that possibly a good number don't care what other races think of them.

4) At one point you felt that negro girls had less morals than did white girls, but Al Lewis' "statistics" changed your mind. In my last letter I pointed out that Al was contradicting himself. I was also trying to get you to re-read his letter, so that you might spot the debateable points in his statistics paragraph. Either you didn't see them, or you're saying nothing about them.

44 To answer, 1) Yes. 2) also Yes. 3) Lastly, again, yes, tho I never actually thought (or it hadn't occurred to me) that they didn't care what others thought of them; and its not what I was trying to say there. Some of them may not care, but I think the majority of them do. It was the negro leaders I was peeved at. (Speaking of which, right now president Kennedy isn't too happy with them because of their getting little children to march in protest, possibly subjecting them to danger & arrest.) As for 4), yes, I read Al's letter over maybe two or three times..even before I got yours, but since you've pointed it out, it'd be useless for me to bring it up again.--BEM--}

I'll see if I can't take things in some sort of order. First, what qualifications does this Jack Jardine have to tell us so much about unwed motherhood? "He writes for the girly magazines, and has edited a whole string of them." Fine; that settles that question. Secondly, Jardine found, somehow, that "the rate of illegitimacy among Negroes is much higher than among whites." This is what you thought all along, tho further investigation by Jardine changed your opinions. Personally, I don't care whether it's true or not, and have no views on this point except to ask how this statement was arrived at. From what I've heard, doctors do not report illegitimate births to any central "statistics bureau" (and indeed, they don't always know when a birth is illegitimate.) Add to this the possibility that negroes may handle their bastard children differently than do whites, and thus the negro bastard child might not be discovered much of the time (of course, this could work the other way: white illegitimacy could be less



DAVE LOCKE, concl:

publically known. But these possibilities cast doubt on Jardine's findings). One thing which I think is quite relevant to these statistics is this: damn few negroes are Catholics or Orthodox Jews. There are quite a number of whites who are Catholics and Orthodox Jews, and thus are not allowed contraceptive measures. Where an affair is concerned, Ca. & O-Js do not carry around contraceptives to use (and should they be planning an affair, they would be fearful of trying to obtain contraceptives). Therefore, 1) many whites are prohibited from using contraceptives, 2) negroes aren't, yet 3) "the rate of illegitimacy among Negroes is much higher than among whites" ("as has been observed by others" than Jardine). I may seem to be arguing against myself, but not so. Up until I brought religion into this debate, I was casting doubt on the reliability of Jardine's findings. When I brought in religion & contraceptives, I was showing you that should those first findings be correct, Jardine's point that "adjusted on the basis of economic groups, the rate of illegitimacy for whites & negroes is exactly the same" is worthless. Until someone comes along with proof, I don't think anybody can say whether negro girls or white girls are the more immoral.

Clay Hamlin judges Leinster the major author, the top author, because of his pocketbook & anthology sales. That may classify him the most prolific, but hardly the best so far as quality goes.

Mike Shupp put quite a bit of effort into his book review. He's doing a very good job of reviewing, and I hope future installments are just as readable & interesting.

Your cover was good, and I wish you'd use multi-colored pages more often than "every once in a while".

I don't know what to say about Bowers' BORN TO DIE article. Except, maybe, speak for yourself? I've seen handbaskets-full of essays on 'what is a fan & how does he tick & why'. I'm just waiting; sooner or later somebody is going to publish an article about people who write these things.

If you have to own a Fancyclopedia before you can be called a fan (copyright DB3 by Betty Kujawa), then fandom didn't exist until Eney wrote Fancy. Not only that, but Bloch, Tucker, Willis, & Burbee are not the gods of fandom. Eney is, because, by sending someone a copy of Fancy, he creates a fan. Let us discuss morals with Sharon Toweles. It seems to be pretty much a fact that most men prefer to marry a virgin, or at least, a woman who has not had sexual intercourse with anyone else. There also seems to be an accepted theory among men that most women like to marry a man who "knows what it's all about". I've heard that this theory was once substantiated by a poll among unmarried girls, but I don't know whether that's true or not. What does Sharon think about this? (I asked a girl once, & she just looked at me... Maybe she thought it was a proposal disguised as a debateable question; I don't know.)

The quality of a lettercol doesn't have much to do with its length. I've published loooooong lettercols in Nix, & they were very well received. I think the secret of publishing a good lettercol (if there is any) lies in the arrangement of the letters, the editorial comments, & editing where necessary. Perhaps the most important thing, tho, is to create a mood and pattern for your lettercol. 2nd issue lettercols are seldom good. By your editorial attitude and personality you sort of 'condition' your readers as to the type of letter, the attitude of letter, to write. I can't explain it any better than that. (I probably couldn't do any worse, either). s/Dave



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

Thank you for D-B 4.

Physically, this is the best issue yet. The cover experiment was successful, and the logotype --- for the first time --- really fitted the magazine. The inside layout was neat and even clever at times. I'd like to see something kind of splashy in the lettering and art line, to be sure, but your present set-up is acceptable. Gilbert's cover was good (although I suspect it was helped along some by the color work) and Ray Nelson's interiors were excellent; the rest of the art was routine or a little worse.

I don't think anything was really outstanding. Nothing was really bad, however, although the fiction story was old hat and completely predictable. I take that back, upon glancing through the book: Clay Hamlin's column was pretty lousy.

Your editorial was quite interesting. I've noticed myself that fans who deviate from the fan establishment line are frequently the subjects of uncalled for insults and general name-calling. Fandom is a great place for the phrase: "I can't stand intolerant people!" (( So true--BEM ))

Bowers's "Born to Die" has moments of real insight, although I disagree with his general argument. The world does have a use for misfits. It makes a lot of them into the fit. Otherwise we'd still be swinging from trees. The tree-swingers sure weren't misfits in those days, they were the norm. Actually, science fiction fans, fan magazines, and fandom may foreshadow the development of a multiplicity of fandoms in the automated America that is almost upon us. A strong back isn't going to be worth much (except in professional sports) a couple of generations from now; it'll be a nice thing to have, but it won't be necessary. A free society has a way of automatically encouraging the things it requires, and in this country we have shown a strong tendency to make avocations out of future vocations. The automobile fans are the best current example: the country needs people with a trained mechanical ability --- and it has trained them in as painless a way as possible, by making that training a part of the young people's self-expression. Something of the same nature has happened in sf fandom. There are those whose innate talent for using words is not especially great who have become acceptable writers. Sheer practice, of the kind fan magazine writing affords, can do wonders. People who can communicate with others are becoming increasingly important. People who can think creatively, even those on the less elevated creative levels, are becoming more valuable. Fan magazines may be one of the ways our society is encouraging the abilities it will need: nothing impels a person to the task of writing like the need to communicate an enthusiasm.

So we may find fandoms piled upon fandoms when the creativity bug, induced by automation, at last bites the sluggish rumps of our mundane descendents. Comic book fandom is upon us. What is next?

A Fred Pohl novel about fandoms gone wild, probably.

(Bowers' writing, by the way, shows distinct improvement. I thought he did a good job with the article.)

Mike Shupp's book reviews were erratic. That's understandable, of course, if he is only fifteen or sixteen. At that age, I could scarcely write my own name; and I know I couldn't have written these reviews. In fact, I doubt I doubt if I could write his The Dying Earth review right now. It's a fine job. I can't agree on Starship Troopers, however. Heinlein's arguments in that book (as they are in most of his "serious" stories) are as full of holes as a worn out sieve. And Shupp missed the



RICHARD KYLE, concl:

boat with "Remember the Alamo" in Analog 1. It was a morality tale --- and a poor one --- that attempted to show what would have happened to our heroic ancestors if they had behaved in the decadent fashion of modern America. We are decadent, aren't we?

Well, I can't complain about the choices in the "S.F. & Fantasy Library"; for I didn't contribute to it. But some of my favorites are missing: Stapledon's Sirius, Vidal's Messiah, for example (I've forgotten the original rules, but from the books on the list, I'd guess you excluded Wells and Verne, for, surely, some of their titles would be on a really basic library). ((No, we didn't have any rules barring any books, some of the others mentioned had less than 3 votes, Wells & Verne among them. We took the top 25-30, and in it was included ALL those that had 3 votes or more. We were sorry we couldn't list ALL the stories mentioned...but there were so many of them!--BEM--))

I couldn't make much sense out of Clay Hamlin's column this time. His enthusiasm seems to have gotten the best of him.

Coulson's reviews didn't seem quite up to his usual high mark this time.

The lettercolumn was good, although rather long.

I'm not just sure who Buck Coulson calls a fan, or who he calls a professional, but it does seem there are more fans than those he mentions who have done pretty well as writers. Let's see, there is James Blish (unless I'm mistaken, he was a fan magazine publisher for at least a time in his pre-pro days.); Arthur C. Clarke, not an American fan, but a fan; Damon Knight (he published snide --- up in Oregon, I think --- before he went east to draw for the sf pulps & then write for them); both Kornbluth & Pohl, who were fans before they were writers (but I don't know if they wrote for the fanmagazines); Charles Beaumont, who was a fan I believe (and a fan magazine writer); Harry Harrison, a New York fan, & Jim Harmon, who is certainly a fan. And that doesn't include other people I'm uncertain about. Considering everything, I don't think fandom is badly represented.

Bill Bower's column is his best to date. Although he does sound a shade superior lecturing Sharon Towe. As it happens, I think Analog's articles are generally excellent. Campbell has taken an unjustified beating on his fiction, and there we are in complete agreement.

All in all, you've improved considerably since the first issue. The only serious menace is a possible glut of columns. Don't overdo them. I'd like to see more straight articles, and, maybe, more fiction. And better art. And more "professional-style" layout & lettering. s/Richard. ((Well, Richard, we are drastically short of good articles; how about you doing one for us??--BEM--))

DONALD F. ANDERSON, 429 CEDARHURST AVE., McKEESPORT, PA.

Webster says that morals are/is the capability of making a distinction between right & wrong in conduct. From there you have to consider what is right & what is wrong. Everyone had a different idea on what is or isn't. A chief of an African tribe once said that Europeans must be very wicked, unmoral people to ~~kill~~ millions of men in warfare without even the intention of using their flesh as food. No amount of justification on our part for the war, or trying to prove that they are wrong will prove to these people that their cannibalism is more morally wrong than our warfare.



DONALD F. ANDERSON, concl:

Men are not born with morals, but are taught them as a cultural trait. Every man has a right to his own culture, if we could only look at his world through his eyes & understand with his mind, maybe his morals would seem wrong.

My morals? I oftentimes wonder if I have any. I'm lazy, at times inconsiderate of others, & even greedy, completely oblivious of others rights and feelings. I do lots of things others would consider immoral, and I don't feel a bit guilty or ashamed. Every man for himself, that's it.

Bowers hurt my ego, I didn't realize I was a misfit. Guess I'll have to swear off being a fan, I'm too young to die!

I'd like to see Mike Shupp's views on Samuel Delany's THE JEWELS OF APTOR. I'll save my comments till later if Mike will be kind enough to review book.

One thing wrong with Hamlin's column-- not long enough.

I object to Wyszowski's continued use of the word "COP" in the story. The cop's bullet? No, no, it just doesn't sound right to me. Otherwise I liked the story.

Love Coulson, although wasn't as interesting as #3. What's wrong Bob, been sick? (( Hey, how did YOU know?! He was, plus the fact he was behind the deadline & had to rush it a bit.--BEM))

Chuck Wells: You got the plot? I'm willing to try my hand at writing up someone else's idea(s). Want to try?

Good issue, am looking forward to seeing #5 and contents. s/ Donald

(( And here's someone I'm glad to see back in D-B...hope you've recovered from your accident completely by now, Harry. I just wish you could have been in ~~34~~, then you could have claimed to set a record by being in EACH succeeding issue, that no other letterhack could claim!--BEM))

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

About the second D-B: I feel vaguely responsible for your troubles with the post office. Far back in the early eras of fandom, I published a subscription fanzine and I'm pretty sure I was the first to use a primitive subscription expiration system. It has suddenly occurred to me that there would be a good way to sneak lots of information past the postmasters, if fandom would agree on a code that would be uniform for all publications. It would consist of 26 messages, with a letter of the alphabet to symbolize each, and the code would be hidden in the address as the middle initial in the recipients name.

I didn't find anything so terrible about your article on Negroes & integration. Your major point, that episodes like this will add fuel to the segregationists' flames, is indisputable. Apparently the topic is so important to most of your readers that they didn't read carefully enough an article that you hadn't put together with adequate care. (( Very ably put, I doubt if I or anyone else could have said it any better--BEM)) I got involved in a somewhat similar hassle some years back in FAPA, over a single sentence that referred to the Jewish race. My intentions were just as innocent as yours.

I've always suspected that the fannish h derives in at least small part from Mencken's use of bhoys when he refers to politicians.

I tried & tried to figure out why Don Anderson's story in the third issue failed to impress me much. It was well written and wasn't noticeably more stereotyped in events than the usual ghost story. It took a while, but I think I spotted the trouble: Tennyson's poem.



HARRY WARNER, concl:

I am very happy to find that space warfare is gaining respectability again. It's hardly fair to deny the possibility of space war because we currently have trouble building large spacecraft & finding enough taxpayers to finance them. The breakthrough in motive power or anti-gravity measures is almost certain to come within a few decades.

We're up to the fourth issue, now, with it's reference to Red Skelton as a fannish personality. This had not occurred to me, but I think I can see the reason for the feeling. I would rather think of fans & Red Skelton as two manifestations of a trait that quite a few persons possess: dissatisfaction with the average American way of doing things, a half-repressed desire to rebel, a preoccupation with non-conformity, think of it however you will. The things that Bill Bowers finds in fans are not unique to fans but fans express them in a particular & unusual way; by publishing fanzines, and so on. I would certainly not use "misfit" as a definition of most individuals in fandom, unless I managed somehow to clean off that word all the emotional scum that covers it.

I have succeeded in reading none of the books that Mike Shupp reviews. But I like his reviewing methods very much & I hope that you can continue to run his book opinions so that eventually I'll be able to compare opinions on a book we've both read.

The basic sf. and fantasy library contained several surprises for me. The scarcity of recent fiction is remarkable, with only about four of the 30 items possessing less than ten years, as far as I can determine from memories & guessing at certain publication dates. The almost complete lack of weird & fantasy fiction is unexpected. But the topper is the absence of Wells: Seven Famous Novels or the collection of short stories would be high on my list. ((Like I said earlier, Wells & many others were mentioned by one or two fans --- but since the amount of fan voting was small, they probably would have been mentioned more often had more fans sent in their choices.--BEM)) Your compilers seem to be well divided between oldtimers & younger fans, & the group contains several who are quite fond of fantasy & weird fiction. Apparently this is the age when aging but not old science fiction is all the rage.

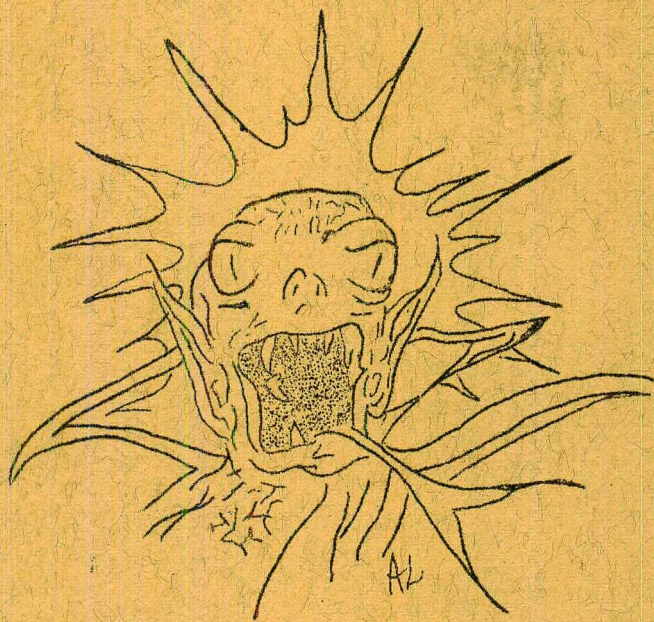
You seem to get Buck Coulson's finest fanzine reviews these months. His columns in other fanzines don't dig into the issues involved as thoroughly as he does for you.

Someone is liable to get insulted when I admit that neither you nor Bill Bowers has succeeded in detaching himself from the other Bill in my mind. The writing styles seem fairly similar, I've met neither of you, & you're as completely homogenized in my thoughts as Terry Carr & Pete Graham used to be.

I haven't said much about the artwork, an old failing of my letters of comment, but I enjoyed it most of the time and thought that Bjo's little sketch on page six of this latest issue was one of the best things she's ever done. Apologies for the delay, and I hope more fervently than you do that I never fall back on letters of comment in the future for a similar reason. s/Harry ((That's for sure, glad you're well.... Well, you're one of the few lucky ones who hasn't met Bill or I yet --- but it won't last long...just wait 'til Discon, then you won't be able to worry about telling us Apart! --BEM))

((A change of address on this next letter coming up: (Effective after the middle of May) BILL PLOTT, P.O. BOX 654, OPELIKA, ALA.))





BILL PLOTT, Somewheres in ALABAMA  
Bower's "Born To Die" article has a lot of material that I disagree with completely. He says, "...the world has no use for misfits no matter how brilliant or well-meaning they may be." Societies quite often ostracize their misfits and nonconformists, but there has also been a great deal of toleration for misfits. A misfit named Jesus launched one of the world's six most populous religions. A misfit named Karl Marx changed the course of history literally. Galileo and Spinoza were outcasts in their elements, yet look at their contributions.

When we speak of a "fan" we are almost always speaking of a science fiction fan, particularly one who par-

ticipates in fandom. To say that Red Skelton is a "fannish personality" is a form of collective egomania of which all of us have been guilty at one time or another. We all feel that fandom and its constituents are unique in themselves. There is a definite in-group flavor that appeals to us in fandom, otherwise we wouldn't be involved in it. If a mundane personality impresses us because of his uniqueness we have a tendency to classify him as a "fannish personality". I think this stems from the fact that we would like to see him in fandom or can easily imagine him in fandom. In reality that person probably has no interest in science fiction, worldcons, fanzines, building beer can towers to the moon, or any other fannish activity.

Most of the fans I know live perfectly normal lives in the mundane world. To them fandom is a hobby, much like stamp collecting, coin collecting, model railroading, etc. They seem to get along very well in the world in which you say they are misfits. If you want to consider Red Skelton as a fannish personality call him a quasi-Bohemian or some such. You are trying to project universal individuality on a tiny scale encompassed only by our microcosm.

Sharon Toweles is right inasmuch as both parties are guilty (or innocent) in promiscuous sex relations. It takes two to tango, yet you can't deny that the basic drive lies in men, not women. Therefore men often entice females into submitting to situations that would possibly never consider entering of their own initiative. s/Bill

REDD BOGGS, 270 SOUTH BONNIE BRAE, LOS ANGELES 57, CALIF.

Thanks for Double-Bill #4 and for previous issues as well. Unfortunately, the fanzine is still, after four issues, too neofannish to be considered entirely on its own terms, although it has traces of a distinctive personality.

The format is pretty mediocre and could stand some changes. A full unparagraphed page like page 5 is unforgivable, and many other pages could profit from a practice of skipping a space between all paragraphs.

Your artwork is certainly undistinguished, to put it gently, and the headings are really pretty awful. While your account of its printing was quite fascinating, the front cover was so bad that the three-color method



REDD BOGGS, concl:

didn't help any. At least not used in streaks as it was.

"Born to Die" makes the pretense of being logical, following a reasoned line of development from the first sentence to the last. But as a matter of fact it all depends on a series of wild generalizations and leaps in the dark. "This is not to say that fans are always slans," says Bowers in paragraph two. This remark is supposed to follow from paragraph one, in which he says every fan "is essentially a misfit". This is probably contrary to fact or else true in such a general sense that one could show that every person is essentially a misfit, lost in a world he never made. But the point is, it might be more accurate to say that no fans are slans; anyway, that fans are misfits has no demonstrated relevance to fan intelligence.

Anyway, Skelton is "an oddball", according to Bowers. But "the world" pays Skelton very well indeed, not only in cash (before taxes) but in admiration and respect. The world has no use for misfits? Go to!

I went to such lengths to point out the absurdities of Bowers' reasoning because that is really all this article pretends to. Bowers doesn't bother to buttress his arguments with any inductive evidence. He writes this article about fans without mentioning any fan by name or citing any illustrative material. The only person he refers to specifically is Red Skelton, and even here he depends on wild generalizations. Skelton, he says, has an "utter disregard for some of the most cherished precepts of television." Yeah? Name one of these precepts he has utter disregard for. Name two. Name three.

Maybe Bowers can do so. But if he could answer such objections, why didn't he?

Mike Shupp's book reviews are solid enough to offer me too few openings for comment. Very fine stuff, for the most part. Bjo's pegasus on page 12 is the only outstanding piece of artwork in the issue, and is badly wasted as a filler pic.

Clay Hamlin's column is full of generalizations almost as indefensible as Bill Bowers', but it's an acceptable bit of nostalgicking, I suppose. Here again, the flaw is that the author didn't really do any work. This is just chitter-chatter off the top of the skull, and if Bowers failed to awe us with the power of his reasoning, Hamlin fails to awe us with the range and extent of his sf reading. He may have read more sf than some of us have, but even so, he ought to do just a little more with this background of his to rate more than passive respect. s/ Redd

((The reason my editorial page was so crowded was because of the many things I had to say that happened at the last minute, plus my rebuttal to Pauls & Boardman; and since we had the rest of the zine already run off I couldn't extend my number of pages for the editorial to three or more. So I had to crowd. As for any misspellings -- I plead the 5th amendment! When we first started the zine I knew Bowers wasn't too hot as a speller -- and I hoped to influence him & correct him in time. Instead, it's backfired! His misspellings have rubbed off onto me. We'll keep trying, tho.--BEM--))

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

Colorful cover, kids.....remember it elsewhere as well... Yours, though, is neat and clear and clean (leastways my copy is) and it came out very nicely indeed...congrats. Which one is Bowers and which Mallardi on the cover? And Bem if you are the taller one have you tried the New Gill-



BETTY KUJAWA, concl:  
ette Super-Sharp blades?

I await news of any reply from Pauls or Boardman, Bem.....annnn.....lots of luck. You, I feel, stated your case quite nicely and rationally and in good taste...leave us see now wha hoppen....

Look, Bill Bowers...I gotta protest(mildly) about Red Skelton being so all-fired fannish.....not in MY book, Buster. In earlier, happier times Red was g-r-e-a-t.....in his 'Whistling in Dixie' and 'Whistling in Brooklyn/the Dark' and other nutty films of that series..his films were swell. BUT I object to his tv style.....why?

I thought you'd never ask...

because, Bill, his humor is mainly based on handicaps, disabilities and the like... and that is not funny. A punch-drunk old prize fighter with his brains half-gone staggering about mushily muttering simply is not humor nor an object to snicker at. Same for his alcoholic tramps, etc.... surely one can create comic characterizations without stooping to poking fun at brain-damage? I object to Peter Lind Hayes's rendition of an ex-pug for the same reason and to Frank Fontaine on the present Jackie Gleason Show for this type of tripe. These men are truly the 'sick comics' of today.

You want examples of a fannish personality...you can check with your Britifen, they will agree I know...the top man of this type is Spike Milligan....Formerly of The Goons.. you can't find 'em more fannishly oriented than Spike. Aussie fen know him as well and can attest his genius. Here stateside we can list Peter Ustinov, nutty writer Jack Douglas (ghod yes!), the writing staff of The Bullwinkle Show, Jack Lemmon and Tony Randall.... anyfen who've a copy of that Tony Randall album know what I mean. In a way, I find Dick Van Dike close to the fannish type, don't you? Almost next to Spike I must add one other name...the late and very sorely missed Ernie Kovacs.

This, Bill, is all a matter of taste, eh? But I feel demeaned and cheapened by having Skeltons questionable comedy listed as being "fannish.". I feel we are a hell of a lot more hipper than that...with far better taste ....I see fannish personalities as being famed for their own wit and taste in sharp, quick, nuttiness... not as a clown mouthing shoddy stuff written by a crew of hack-comic-writers.....you know what I mean?

Hmmmmmmmm, Basic SF & Fantasy Library and no 'EARTH ABIDES'??? Put 'CITY' or 'SINISTER BARRIER' ahead of that or of 'BRAVE NEW WORLD?'...no.

Re Dave Lockes death and resurrection...mebbe we should pass some Fan Law barring any death or dying hoaxes no matter HOW clearly marked as such.

Sigh...as to Sharon..she brought this all up grotching over fan terms..but she don't wanna know the info,grok the terms, or grasp the rules of the fan-game.Well then okay Sharon darlin', you play it your way and I'll play it mine, but I still say DON'T gripe when you don't know the score and have no intention of learning it.....I agree life is too short for this-fandom vs that-fandom....I don't dig that any more than you do.. but you speak of reading and enjoying stf and exchanging news about same, right? So whats that got to do with complaints as to fannish terms in fan-zines where, like it or no, a mess of fen DON'T read stf and haven't read stf and are fandom-fans? I loves you girl, even if this does sound all bitchy and huffy.....and I wish you well and all like that.

Sheesh, the McKeesport one griping about all those darn letters using up space in DOUBLE-BILL...him I wouldn't like with that attitude...humph! Damnrigh, Bem, most fen do like lettercols... s/ Betty



AL KRACALIK, 1660 ASH ST., DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS

Mr. Coulson will kindly retract his uncalled-for remarks on my writing ability. He is totally unqualified to judge same, as he has never seen so much as one sample of my written work. I know this, for the simple reason that I've never had anything published in fanzines save for a few letters and scant illos. My first fan-published story will appear in LUNAR LOOK #2, and if Buck would hold his criticism until then, would appreciate it muchly.

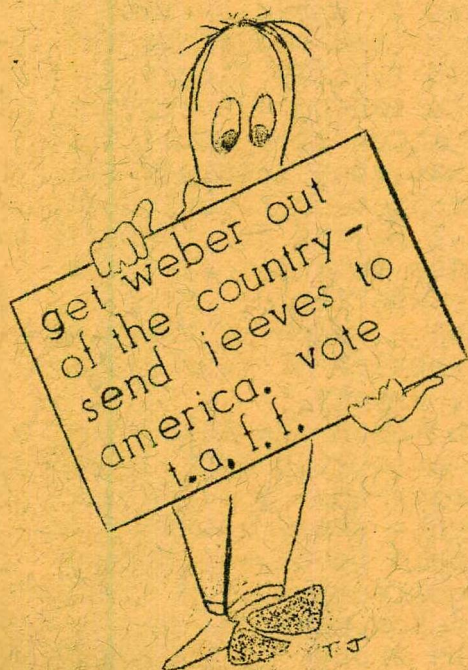
Don't like that cover -- the colors are fine, and I hope you continue to experiment with this type of thing on future covers, but the drawing....

D-B #4 good as usual, but try to keep it a little -- nay, a lot -- less faaanish in future issues. s/Al

How do you figger that?! How much "faaanishness" was there, and where? Damifino...I'll bet you that science fiction gets mentioned more in our zine than most any other around today. (Cept mebbe yours..) However, we will probably get a bit more faaanish in future issues...remember what we said in D-B #1, about this being a genzine and trying to cater to both fans & faans? It still holds true, even tho lately the stf elements have been the more dominant.--BEM--}

COLIN FREEMAN, WARD 3, SCOTTON BANKS HSP; RIPLEY RD, KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

Your zine is improving muchly and fastly - and is developing a definite personality of it's own - a personality that I like a lot. Particularly noteworthy is your lettercol: you've got some damned good correspondents there, and also Buck Coulson's review column. If it's egoboo you want then you are wasting your time with Buck, but if you prefer interesting, constructive (and destructive) criticism then he is your man. Personally, I derive some sort of masochistic pleasure from having my zine pulled to pieces, and in the interests of fairness I like to see others getting the same treatment.



Your D-B #4 cover was most effective - and like you said, well worth the trouble you had with it.

I don't like this alternating editorial set-up. Not having had any contact with either of you before, I find it difficult sometimes to distinguish one Bill from t' other. One of you should stick to the front and the other to the back - toss for it - especially as you each intend to remain separate entities and develop separate personalities in the zine.

Enjoyed "Born to Die" - and agree with much you had written - but not the conclusions. Just about all the characteristics you attributed to the fan I found applied to me to a T. It was a bit queer reading it. The fan won't die because he is a misfit. The more conventional and uniform our civilisation becomes, the more it will have need of such misfits. s/Colin



PAUL WYSZKOWSKI, P.O. BOX 3372, STATION C, OTTAWA 3, ONTARIO, CANADA

I agree with the basic premise that a fan is a misfit, to a greater or lesser degree. He not only fails to integrate into his society, he definitely refuses to integrate. I also agree with the obvious fact that interest in science fiction is not the primary characteristic of the fan. Rather, a fan is interested in s-f because he is a fan, and not vice versa.

I would like to add this to Bill's remarks: Fans are not the only intentional misfits in the society. (I say "intentional" advisedly, because there is the class of misfits who fail to integrate because of mental deficiencies, and not by choice. Fans are usually mentally competent and, in fact, usually of above average intelligence). There are other groups, the most obvious of which is the beat crowd, which also refuse to adjust, to integrate, to accept and become accepted. In fact, there is no distinct boundary between the beats and the fans. The two groups overlap. However, they are not entirely identical. As Bill points out, a fan armed with a tripewriter is an almighty ghod, but when faced with direct experience he tends to be a failure. He can't cope with direct personal contacts. He tends to shun reality and seek escape in fantasy. The beats, on the other hand, have no difficulty with interpersonal relationships, and they are keenly aware of the reality about them. The beats are interested in real personal experience. The fans are interested only in a vicarious, indirect experience. I think I would sum up the difference thus: Beats are actively refusing to integrate, fans only passively, relying on the written word to vent their feelings rather than direct action. It is necessary that majority of human beings be reasonably well integrated into their various societies and limited by custom, tradition, religion, government; and lack of imagination. Otherwise we would not be able to build pyramids, highway networks, control the rivers, and send spaceships to the moon. All these projects require a mass effort on the part of humanity, an organized, orderly, obedient, blindly believing, optimistic mass effort. But the spiritual progress of the human race is in rebels like us, who dare to be different, to question the accepted, to search for the unforeseen, the unimagined, to look into the future and prepare the masses for things to come. We are only a handful, but when men land on the moon they would do well to erect a monument dedicated "To those who came here before us and showed us the way --- the science fiction and fantasy fans". It would be only simple justice.

A vote of thanks to the BEM for introducing to fandom a new technique for color reproduction. This is another one of my interests, and I think, if this has not been already done, or even if it has, that somebody should go to the trouble of publishing a handbook of reproduction techniques for the fanned. I'd do it myself, as a matter of fact, I may if no one beats me to it. I am in graphic arts business and have access to a lot of trade "secrets", though I have rather limited practical experience.

"The Mimsy Borogoves" is pretty good. Mike has a talent for impressionistic style of writing. The first lines of his review of "The Dying Earth" sounded familiar. Coincidence? They're good, anyway.

Hamlin's column has that unmistakable Hamlin touch (he likes to use the rhetorical question and the intimate "you" to establish empathy in his readers). It's a good column, the sort of reminiscing that goes on when a bunch of fans meet. I wonder just how accurate is his statement that in 1960 there were just under 800 paperbacks which could be classified as science fiction or fantasy. Bunia has a complete collection of paperbacks from about 1952 on, and while I don't know exactly how many she had in 1960, I'd swear there were more like 1500 or so. I may be wrong.

It has been generally agreed that Buck Coulson is one of the best, if



PAUL WYSZKOWSKI, concl:

not the best fanzine reviewer. I shall not challenge that statement for the time being. There is no doubt he is consciencious.

Lettercols. I like lettercols, provided they have had most of the crud chopped out. When they are printed verbatim, I just skip along, looking for juicier bits. In either case I look them over even if I don't look at anything else in a fanzine. Sometimes the letters provoked by a piece in a fanzine are far more interesting than the original piece.

About the matter of "h" as in "ghod", "bheer", etc., regardless of Bob Coulson's thesis that it is just showing off by neofans-once-removed, I find that there is a certain satisfactory amplification, or a subtle change in meaning accompanying insertion of an "h" in a word. I think anyone will admit readily that the words "god" and "ghod" conjure a different set of associated ideas in his mind. Therefore, using the word "ghod" is not an affectation, but a valid means of expressing an idea subtly different from that conveyed by the word "god". Somehow "ghod" is more expressive of a fannish idol, mere "god" just wouldn't do, it has too many mundane connotations attached that swamp out the fannish character which we wish to imply. Similarly, anyone knows that a beer drinker is a clod. "Bheer" on the other hand is the ambrosia of a fanned mounted on his Olympian seat before his tripewriter. True, sometimes the neos catch onto these fannish slang tricks and repeat them parrot fashion to show their belonging to fandom. But I claim they also have a valid use in fannish selfexpression and are not fully replaceable with conventional word-symbols.

All in all I'm enjoying DOUBLE-BILL. Repro is good, art from unobnoxious to very good, contents well above average in general. s/ Paul  
(( Re: publishing a handbook on repro procedures, you won't have to do it yourself. There's one in the planning stage, to be done by the L.A. fen, Al Lewis, The Trimble, Ron Ellick...and lo & behold, Bowers & I have volunteered to do the dummieing up & layouts of the Zine, as well as get all the info concerning various ways to publish from many fans. We Never Learn! As I say, it's in the planning stage now -- dunno WHEN it'll actually see print. It'll be a while. ### I rather agree with you re: the 'h' in fannish words. They just don't seem fannish sounding without them. Tho I admit it isn't good to overdo it's usage, either. --BEM))

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. CROFT AVE., LOS ANGELES 56, CALIF.

I must say that for all the pain in the neck aspects of this striped-ink technique when applied to a Rex-Rotary, it hardly seems worth the effort. Maybe it is because I am used to seeing such works of mimeography-art, but it doesn't turn me on too much. If you want to try soem real hot experiments in mimeography using multiple colors, you might try to adapt the Vicolor method of mimeographing colors to the Rex-Rotary, if it will adapt at all. The Vicolor method consists of painting the inkpad (a new one) in colored inks that line up with the desired color combinations you want from your stencilled drawing. For examples of this technique at its best, see Shelby Vick's Confusion from about 1952.

The Basic Library sort of surprises me, in these latter days when I view s-f and fantasy with an eye towards literary value. Admitted that the Foundation series is a ripsnorting adventure perlue, it has no literary value. In fact, damned little of what has been picked does. Where are Sturgeon's Dreaming Jewels, a beautiful book? Where is Frederic Brown's What Mad Universe and Martians Go Home, which are not literature but are damned funny and plenty-worth-reading? I will tell you a secret -- I cannot



BOB LICHTMAN, concl:

stand, nor have I ever been able to finish, anything by Doc Smith. Also, I thought Mission of Gravity was far inferior to Needle. And, for Christ's sake, where is A Case of Conscience (Blish), which is another work of literary merit, I think.

Speaking of "white/colored friction", Mike Deckinger, I wonder what you think of the race riots in Birmingham which are currently (as I write) in the headlines? I see that tiresome ol' Dick Gregory got arrested with those 866 other people, and on the local Negro radio station today I heard that Jackie Robinson, former star catcher for the Dodgers, is going to go down to Birmingham next week to see what he can see. I think these riots and arrests are doing some good in waking up the country to problems on fronts other than school integration, though it is a pity that people are being subjected to the sort of brutality dealt out by the Birmingham P.D. and their fire hoses. A couple years ago, the late Art Castillo predicted race riots in Oakland and Berkely by 1968. At that time I didn't believe him; now, I'm not so sure.

I liked your comments, Buck Coulson, about fan use of "h" as an instant slangifier. Good on you, sir!

I agree, Dave Locke, that a united Negro uprising in this country is very unlikely. However, I feel that we are going to see more of these semi-isolated incidents such as Birmingham and the Black Muslims here in Los Angeles as the Negro people become more and more aware of a desire to be treated with the same deference as other people. There are lots of Negroes I know who are perfectly satisfied, who have nice houses, cars, families, and the like; there are others who are very much in need because they are unable to get good jobs in their fields owing to discrimination.

Generally speaking, your format is shaping up nicely. I never have cared much at all for Robert E. Gilbert, but the other artwork is pretty good. s/ Bob

44 No doubt the reason many of the stories you and I and the others would have liked to seen mentioned didn't appear is because of the small number of fans who voted on the poll. If more fans would have voted-in their choices no doubt the results would have been different. Some of the stories the letterhacks have asked about actually were mentioned -- but only got one or two votes at most. And of course, since we'd asked for 25 choices we couldn't mention the ones that only got the one or two votes --there were so many! As it was we had to stretch the 25 to 30 in order to list ALL the stories that had a minimum of 3 votes. Maybe the next time we try a poll like that more people will vote -- thus killing many of the gripes from the non-voters. --BEM--

JOHN BERRY, 31 CAMPBELL PARK AVE., BELMONT, BELFAST 4, NORTHERN IRELAND

Liked the front cover, this time, Bills. Subtle transition of shade from sky-blue, via puce and a sort of bilious brown-red to green. I sort-ed out a pair of those old red and green 3D glasses...looks dead funny. Neat, well balanced illo, though, I liked the combination of symbolic ruins and futuristic BEMS.

Coulson as always can be relied upon to dissect fanzines with all the skill of a Richard Chambermaid or Raymond Messy, scalpels rampant, face-masks inscrutably covering their faces as they get to the root of the trouble...Coulson is an old hand at this reviewing biz, and I'd like to put it on record that he is the best fannish revooer at present operating.

Interesting to read Bowers theory that fans are the possessers of unstable personalities. Just think, if we'd all gone along to see psychiatrists, they'd have told us just the same thing, and it would have cost



JOHN BERRY, concl:

oodles of \$\$\$ to find out. That's what makes DOUBLE-BILL such a stupendous bargain. Has anyone ever introduced a psychiatrist into Fandom, and given him free rein to find out what is actually wrong with us? I've heard this misfit theory before...it's been suggested in print that we're all cuckoo. What spoils this theory for me is that there are millions of cuckoo's who aren't in fandom, or are we the severest cases of maladjustment? Personally, I think that we fans are highly intelligent individuals, cultured, intellectual, discerning, shrewd, and wonderful manipulators of the English Language. Yeah, that's what I think. Of course, I'm the sucker who took crockery out of a drying up machine in Fond du Lac, and dried 'em by hand with a tea towel. Don't let that put you off, though. You see, the way I calculate things, you just can't win. I was reading this book the other day on psychology. If you are a neat drawer, it says in effect, you are trying to assert yourself unconsciously to prove how good you are.....if you are a writer, you're really revealing some latent mental trouble, if you don't write or draw neatly, you show evident signs of being slipshod and weak. I mean, how can you win??? Half a sec, whilst I take my Napoleon's hat off, then I'll tell you more.....

Seriously, bhoys, you're both doing a good job. Best wishes, s/John  
(( Thanks for the kind words, and thanks too for writing. Glad to see someone finally commenting more on the covers we have...artists need the egoboo just as much as the writers. Wait'll you see the unusual cover Jeeves did for #6 --- gad, do I like it! Yum. --BEM))

JOHN BAXTER, BOX 39, KING ST.PO., SYDNEY, NSW, AUSTRALIA ((Comments on #3:))

Mike Shupp's article seems very sound - extended a little more, it would have been well on the way to competing with Clarke's pop.science items in PLAYBOY. This is the sort of subject that Clarke prefers to work on, and I doubt that he could produce many more points than Shupp does. This business of tiny meteorites doing as much damage as a bomb is interesting. but surely Mike has it around the wrong way. Instead of hitting the ships with the meteorites, why not hit them with the ships? The devastation when a fleet tore through a cloud of particles would be only slightly less than if the particles were propelled towards the fleet in some way, and there would be immense savings in time and money. Instead of shooting at the enemy, one could afford to spread around a few hundred pounds of finely divided dust, hide behind it, and make faces at them through the haze.

Where on Earth did Al Lewis get his incredible figures about Australian illegitimacy? They are so far out that this must represent some kind of record for inaccuracy. Just to put things straight, the official illegitimacy rate for Australia is something like 4.77%. Double, triple this even, and it's still somewhere short of the figure the paper set. I don't blame Al in the least for wanting to check that estimate - despite my admiration for Australian male virility, even I wouldn't care to make a statement like that. Cheers, s/John

(( Could it be, Al's figures are rather old, say from the WW2 period, when many Yanks were Over There?? That's what first crossed my mind on first reading Al's letter, since I thought I had read something similar a few years back.## Glad you like Shupp's article -- hope you like his follow-ups to it in this issue & either #6 or 7. It'll be run as a series --- all of them related to each other, so to speak, but with different themes each time. --BEM))



ED COX, 14933 $\frac{1}{2}$  DICKENS ST., SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.

Thank you for the copy of DOUBLE-BILL#4. I was surprised to receive it since I get few general fanzines these days. However, it looks like a well-rounded collection of material from the clean color cover through to the cartoon on the mailer page. I say it looks since I haven't read all of it. Yet. I feel in an argumentive mood today.

If Bill Bowers wrote 'The Essence of a Fan' to start controversy, he did right well.

Let's realize that a fan is only a small fraction of a great number of people who have inquiring minds combined, possibly, with a negative way of thinking. This "negative way of thinking" might possibly be an attempt to synonymize the concept of being unwilling to accept anything at face value, etc. I find little basis in fans in general for classifying them as essentially troubled personalities. They should all be getting psychiatric help if this is true! Let's get it straight, fans are no different from other people. Fans have a hobby different from other hobbies. Many people indulge in their hobbies to the point of obsession. Some fans do this. Many fans have other hobbies. A great percentage of fans are happily, family types whose main difference from other people is that they are perceptive, do have education, imagination and inquiring minds. All such people aren't fans.

Along with fans, a great number of people visualize something different from the accepted norm and realize that the world (and universe) is always changing, that nothing is static. They to look to the future and many of them take active part in changing and shaping that future to be a better place for all of us. They too are interested in literally everything, etc. The point is, many fans are also like this. A great many are not. The rank & file NFFF member certainly gives evidence to the contrary!

At the end, what we both lead to finally, is the culminating statement of the article. Buddy, fans are no more misfits than coin-collectors. There may be some misfits among the members of fandom. I'm sure there are people just as unsuitable to society in other hobby areas, other fields of interest and avocations. I'd venture to say that the members of the American Nazi Party are really misfits in the true sense of the word (and I'll bet they don't really know the basic philosophy of the National Socialist Party).

So I guess we'll have to remember once more that with only a few exceptions, fans aren't so different from everybody else. Sorry, but as a fan, a person isn't so different, so unfitted to society, so martyred as all that Bill Bowers would have it in his article.

One other item I would mention while I'm at it...is Operation Terror, which is among those books reviewed in this issue. Actually, it doesn't start good. One of the small incidents on which the whole thing hinges is the fact that there is only one operator on duty at a huge radar base in Alaska and is one of the three BMEWS sites. There is no relief man. It isn't going to happen that one man would be the only one on duty. There are too many consoles, too many duty officers and maintenance people that have to be there all the time to keep the site at minimum functioning capability. And any deviation from that would cause all kinds of hell to erupt at SAC, PENTAGON, NORAD, the United Kingdom and like that. Even though it could be all arranged, too many people would have to know about it.

Okay, this is it. Gad, I wonder how long this would've been had I read the entire fanzine first. I guess, with age, comes verbosity. At any rate, I would like the next issue of your fanzine and thank you again, for this issue. Yours, s/Ed



BILL R. WOLFENBARGER, 602 WEST HILL ST., NEOSH0, MO.

I truly hope you can get more covers like this one. It is unique, tho not original, and boosts the art quality of the zine.

The marvelous "Born to Die: The Essence of a Fan" by Bill Bowers is the most frank and absorbing inspection of the "fan" I have ever seen. I found it to be most acute, because every sentence reveals my personality. Thank the Lord I am a fan.

One thing that rather startled me with the Basic SF & Fantasy Library, is that no-one seemed to mention Edgar Allen Poe. Or Clarke Ashton Smith. The only fantasies mentioned in the listing were "Lest Darkness Fall," "The Incomplete Inchanter," and perhaps, "The Martian Chronicles". "Gather Darkness" with "The Dying Earth" are science-fantasy.

There's really not much to be said for "The Tragic Error of Angel Blackie" by S.W.P. Wyszowski, except that it was a little different from most fan-fiction; and that it didn't try a "shock" ending which, 88 per cent of the time, is ridiculous to attempt because 88 per cent of the time they fail so miserably. With time and practice I think Wyszowski could become an accomplished writer.

A fanzine lettercol can be a fascinating topic. But for me, ten pages of loc's seems enuf.

Buck's col this ish seemed a little cut-and-dry, as if his deadline had passed him up. (( HEY! How did you know?? He actually was late in getting his column to us!--BEM--))

Rob Coulson: Don't forget to include John Baxter in your list on page 24, as one of the "fans turned pro."

NO ONE can become Another Bradbury. If Al Kracalik or E.E. Evers make it, really "make it", they'll be the first, the only Kracalik or Evers. There's only one Ray Bradbury, just as there is only one Heinlein and Campbell and Leiber. Sincerely, s/ Bill W.

VIRGINIA MARSHALL, 120 LOCUST AVE., NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

I agree with Bill Bowers that one almost has to be an oddball to be a S.F. fan but I do not agree that the fan is born to die. There will always be odd balls and the intelligent ones will just naturally gravitate to S. F.

I liked the story about Blackie the Angel although that theme has been done before. To me, an eternity of boredom would sure be Hell. Actually, I guess, it would be hard to find an S.F. theme that hasn't been done before.

I think Mike Shupp could be a little more objective in his reviews. What he likes or dislikes may not be the same for everyone. I always thought that a book reviewer should give a general idea of what the story is about and whether it was well written or not. s/ Djinn

(( We realized that Wyszowski's tale had a rather overused theme to it, but it was well-done and rather whimsical, and we liked his presentation of it. The whole issue was on the whimsical side, come to think of it... could it be that's what Kracalik meant by being 'too faanish'? ## IF you other people out there would rather see things in D-B you like better than anything with overworked themes, then contribute them yourselves! We are kind of low on good fiction & articles right now, and if you want to see this mag continue then for ghu's sake send them in... we'd sure hate to see it fold due to lack of printable material! By the way, Virginia, this was not meant to be directed to you at all, tho if you'd like to contribute anything, it'd be welcome. This just seemed like a good place to mention it.))



LENNY KAYE, 418 HOBART RD., NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

You misunderstood me, as most people do when I write at 2 A.M. and use my normal coherency. Here at least I was half-correct. I said that Negroes don't want integration in schools, but I neglected to add that they would have to be as good as any white schools. There are those who fight integration as much as any white you might have heard of. (Malcolm X of the Black Muslims comes to mind.)

In fact, most Negroes, or many at least, don't even want to go through all the fuss of integrating. Or else they don't want the trouble that will come to them if they try to initiate something. James Meredith isn't getting a good education at Ole Miss, much as the government would like to tell us he is.

Double Bill has improved greatly. The Twil-tone has improved the layout and mimeographing, though it could just be my imagination. I'm prejudiced against any other paper. Twil-tone seems so fannish. Somehow.

Best: s/Lenny

44 I'll be honest with you, and tell you that if it wasn't for the twil-tone, DOUBLE-BILL would not be on a regular schedule at all. Any other type of paper would require slipsheeting, and it'd be so much work for us dividing the run off copies from the crud it wouldn't be worth the trouble, considering the high standards we try to set by avoiding offset. We'll try other colors of twil-tone, too, later on.--BEM}}

.....and so, with a holding of our bemmish noses with a hairy hand, we jump heads first into a vast sea of.....

..... WAHFS! (plop!) Gee, it's awful dark in here...I'll just reach out .....uh...blindly, and see what I come up with: The first person We Also Herd From is:

DICK LUPOFF, who sez: "That cover on DB4 went "bang!" in my eye when I saw it. "Rextripe?!" I said to myself, "only better Rextripe than I ever got." "Then I came to your explanation of the double-stencil technique (somehow that is peculiarly appropriate to your fanzine) and said to myself, "I gotta try this." Unfortunately, all the striping for Xero 10 is already done, but there are a few patches of plain color that I may use it for... just to save cleaning and remounting the screen, which is a messy and time-consuming task." {{Speaking of which, Dick, hast thou any spare copies of Xero 10 left?? You sent Bowers a copy, but not me..and I feel left out! And Bowers won't part with his copy for anything. Would appreciate it if you sent me one.--BEM}} .....We also got paper missives from PHIL HARRELL, who's a Bem after my own heart..but he won't get it! Phil closes with:

"It was a very highly polished issue from Bill Bower's editorial to the BEM'S corner, and all the facets inbetween. I only hope you guys can keep it up Clap clap. Double Bill let's hope you always stay a team." {{ We appreciate your kind words & thoughts, oh Harrelling One, and as long as we get contribs we'll keep going. And where's OUR copy of "DIANOURA"??}}

.....TERRY JEEVES sends artwork & filleros, and wishes we'd correct our spelling more. Your wish is our command -- tell me, is it better this ish? Hope so. (Hoo Kan't spel?) And my bemmish blessing be upon you, Terry, for that wunnerful cover you sent us. Damn, but I'm spellbound by it. Hope you like our treatment of it on #6, and that everyone else does too. As for us reviewing ERG...din't I tell ya before that since Coulson does the review column you'd best send it to him if you'd like it reviewed? We do enjoy it, of course, but we couldn't find the time to review it ourselves, continuously. Lack of time & space in D-B, you know. Thanks again for the contributions. Bless You. -- (More WAHF's next page)



WAHF's concl:

The fans who "Don't give a (CENSORED) for a Greenback dollar" are legion this time: \$1. subs have come in from REG SMITH, GEORGE FURGUS, VIRGINIA MARSHALL, BRUCE ROBBINS, & SAMUEL D. RUSSELL. Thanx, all, for your faith in us -- we plan to put all the money from our sub fund ~~to buy us some~~ ~~money~~ into a surprise for our Annish (#7), so the more subs the better!

And WALT WILLIS sent us \$1. for copies of any pictures I had of him at Chicon., but Walt, I said I'd send those pics to fen FREE, so I hope you don't mind if we use that dollar as a sub for you instead?

ROBERT GILBERT liked Bjo's drawing on page 6, and sez: "I had wondered what was wrong with Red Skelton. He's a fan, eh?"

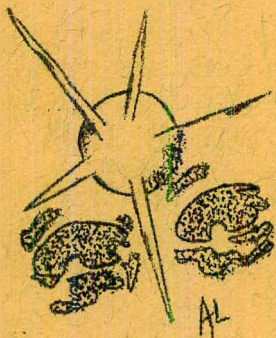
POSTCARD-WISE, we heard from GARY DEINDORFER again; also JOE PILATI who wonders: "On the basic library: Missed Bellamy, Miller (Canticle), Clarke (Childhood's End)!"....also: "Shupp is a fairly good reviewer but one gets the impression that he writes one draft of a review and lets it go -- either that or he works on stencil. Rewrite!" No, he doesn't work 'on stencil', Joe...dunno if he does more than one draft or not. Mike? Be looking for ENCLAVE #3.. we enjoy it very much.#### JOHN TRIMBLE is another Postcardite, and he likes the zine. Kind of puzzles us tho, when you say you haven't been getting D-B since #2 or so. We've been sending it out to you two all along -- whar's it going?? Is there Some Void out there somewhere where D-B gets lost between here and California??

RON ELLIK thinks we've improved a lot from #1...you know, Ron, we're afraid to look at our old copies of #1 ourselves..gad, what crud! Repro-wise especially.

And surprise, surprise, we've also got some comments from Pro author: LLOYD BIGGLE, JR., who remarks: "I do not pose as an authority on fanzines -- or on anything at all relating to fandom, for that matter -- and since I make no effort to seduce fanzine editors into sacrificing their cherished productions to my mailbox, any opinion I have developed of fan publications is of necessity based upon haphazard and sketchy evidence. "Some time back I thought I detected (on the basis of the few examples available to me) a strong trend away from science fiction in "science fiction" fanzines. There were fanzines that required an active imagination for one to trace any connection at all with science fiction. It was, however, a matter worth pondering -- the science fictionless SF fanzine, which seemed in grave danger of being replaced by a near relative, the anti-science fiction SF fanzine. But as I said, the evidence to me was both haphazard & sketchy, and therefore it may mean nothing at all when I say that BILL is the most thoroughly science fiction SF fanzine I have yet encountered. I found it reassuring, and I enjoyed it." ## Well, thanks for the kind words, Lloyd, hope you continue to like D-B.

Hang on to your Rusty-Dusty, folks, we're almost done. To close out the WAHF's are two late letters that just arrived --one from KENT McDANIEL who lists many names of fans he thot made good -- too many to mention now... & also congratulates Gilbert & Bowers on the cover. #CHARLES E. SMITH likes lists too; he wonders about lots of stories that didn't make the Library. Sorry we don't have room to print your letters, boys, but you got credit to get DB anyhow. # Oh, almost forgot, BJO TRIMBLE sent art & likes the mag, she sez. Thanx, everyone, for the praises & criticisms! WRITE again?--BEM}}





"Hello, folks. I'm back in the sad 'ole again!" (As Gene Autry used to say.) Looks like this 'bad' Bem can't go to the Corner today -- at least on this page -- so I'm forced to stay in the middle, I guess.

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THE BEM VS SUPERFLY -- It's that time of year again. Yup. That thought hit me while at work just the other day, where I work as a full-time nite-stocker at a supermarket. It's getting on toward summer, and my yearly fight with SUPERFLY and his legions will be renewed with great vig-

or. But perhaps I'd better explain? You see, a few years back one of our ex-workers on nights -- one with a great imagination and intelligence -- (I always wondered why he wasn't a fan, he even read some stf at times) spotted a particularly huge black fly buzzing around the store one night. Our store has a peculiar affinity toward breeding these huge monsters.

"AHA! SUPERFLY!" he exclaimed with glee. We all ran to his aisle, to see this thing. Sure enuff, there was a gigantic fly zooming over his head.

And so, that's how the thing got started. A Legend Was Born right then & there, and from then on all those big flys were promptly dubbed: "SUPERFLY". It even got us to consider making a movie about it...and since I'm known to have a big disliking for creeping, crawling, & flying insects & things, it also was immediate war. War between the Bem & Superfly, and all his relatives. Many was the nite when all you'd see of me was running around with a bug bomb in my hairy hand, spraying unmerci-fly in all directions.

But Superfly was a tough breed, and tho I fought Valiantly it didn't seem to diminish the supply of his kind in the store. But of course, if he grew immune to the sprays, I sometimes resorted to more violent measures -- flyswatters & even cardboard lids from cases of stock.

Back to the movies we so originally thought of --- along with the title that heads this column, we thot of ones like: "SUPERFLY RETURNS", "SON OF SUPERFLY", and even such sick ones as "I WAS A TEEN-AGE SUPERFLY". The possibilities were practically endless. The main themes of these would-be movies would naturally center around my efforts to rid the world of this horrible menace, Superfly....'twould be a classic battle, don't you think? Why with just the sprays I alone almost asphyxiated my working cohorts. Just imagine the damage this Bem could do with the powers of the U.S. Government behind him!

I remember one night in particular, a hot summer evening, and all of Superfly's smaller relatives were out in force, reconoiterring ahead of Him. I succeeded in shooting down 'most all his scouts, and waited for Him to attack me, sooner or later. Sure enuff, a little later I heard a yell from the 3rd aisle over:

"SUPERFLY is coming your way!"

"Where?" I asked.

Bill Mallardi



"Over the tops of the counters", was the reply.

Grabbing a box lid, I stepped onto the lower shelf of the counter, muttering as I did it, "Mhghod, it's the worst kind of Superfly -- the U-2 model -- going to fly overhead at a high altitude -- the dirty Counter-Spy!"

My "intelligence" was just as good as His tho, because I got a running report on his progress: "He just flew over the napkins"....."heading for the aisle next to you..." "Here he comes over the SAIL soap...he's still headed your way!"

Steeling myself for the big blow, I raised my arm, weapon poised, ready to strike at the right time. Now usually, Superfly, because of his huge size, is not as fast as his smaller counterpart...matter of fact he's kind of sluggish and clumsy most of the time, making him an easy target. But this one wasn't. Not Him. I listened for the tell-tale noise -- aloud buzzz -- but I couldn't hear a thing, until it was too late. As I peered over the top of the counter, ready to strike the death-dealing blow, he suddenly appeared from out of nowhere....

ZZZZZOOOOOMMMM....

BUZZZZZZZZ! Right past my ear! He dared to buzz me so close. I swung with all my might....but it was too late, I had struck out, missed completely. I respected his courage tho, and apparently he respected mine also, because he never bothered me for the rest of the nite. But the battles will continue. I can't stand flys, and will continue to try to kill them 'til I die. I've killed more than my share the past few years, and won't be content 'til I kill 'em all. So thats why I say, its that time of year again....I saw my first Superfly a week ago -- tho he was dead. Bring on the SUPERFLYS! Or is it the SON OF SUPERFLY this year?? No matter. I'm ready. But I just had a horrible thought. Do you suppose when I do die, SUPERFLY's ancestors will get their revenge?? Someday you people will erect a monument to me, when you realize the sacrifices I made during all those nights when you were all asleep, unknowing of the dangers lurking, waiting to take over the world. But it will be too late --I'll be gone, and if you aren't careful, the SUPERFLYS will rule the world!

\*\*\*\*\*

#### BACK TO MORE SERIOUS SUBJECTS:

Regarding the Jeeves illo on page 31, just in case some smart fella gets the idea to write in complaining about Terry "tooting his own horn for TAFF", so to speak, for the record let me state its not so. Terry sent us the illo, of course, but WE put the ad on it, not him. As for the others running for TAFF, they're all good people, & we like them just as much as we like WEBER & JEEVES...but these are our choices, and we'll stick by them 'til its over. OK? We don't care who you vote for tho, as long as you V\*O\*T\*E\*!

Betty Kujawa: Don't recall if I answered your query in the lettercol or not; re: Pauls & Boardman, but I'll answer it here anyhow. You (and others, I suppose) will be interested to know that we haven't rec'd one letter or note from either of them re: apologizing...tho we got Boardman's KNOWABLE, and apparently HE wants to trade; one issue of D-B#4 came back to us, with the mailing label section torn completely off -- & we didn't have to pay return postage on it or anything. Mysterious, isn't it? Any-one out there supposed to get #4, who didn't? Let us know, huh?

As a last word, again let me plea for more written material? --BEM



