

DOUBLE: BILL 10

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ARTWORK

COVER and HEADING by JONI STOPA*

pages..4 & 45..Barbi Johnson
page...15.....Juanita Coulson*
page...17.....George Barr

page...20.....Dian Pelz*
pages..22 & 28..Robert E. Gilbert
page...25.....Dick Glass
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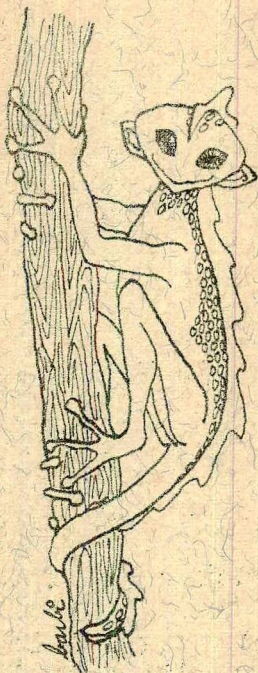
BACOVER by BJO TRIMBLE

NOTE: Artists labeled with an asterisk stencilled their own illo's--Thanx!

DOUBLE: BILL is published irregularly by two regular fellows: Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers. Copies are available for trade, material, or printed loc's; also money. Regular price: 25¢ per; 5 for \$1. Single copy price for #11 (2nd Annish) will be 50¢; \$1 subs received before Oct. 15 will include #11...subs received after that will start with #12 unless there is an overabundance of #11's. Send all this stuff to the Editor in Charge of Most Everything--BILL MALLARDI, 214 Mackinaw Ave. Akron, Ohio 44313. The Editor in Charge of Waiting to Serve His Country is BILL BOWERS who resides at 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio 44203 for those of you who are Really Interested. Our Agent in London (in '65!) is CHARLES E. SMITH, 61 The Avenue, Ealing W. 13, London, ENGLAND. He'll sell you copies at 1/9 each; 5 for 7/-, and copies of #11 for whatever twice 1/9 is.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC APOLOGIES: Ye Ed in charge of misspelling made a big one on page 6 in lettering Lloyd Biggle's name; much sadness is expressed.

WE WERE to have included with this issue a flyer announcing Cleveland's withdrawal from bidding for the WorldCon in '66, and making public apologies to Don & Maggie Thompson, undeservingly downgraded in our last statement...it hasn't been received yet, but will be distributed when we do.



the BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL

by Bill Mallardi

Many things have occurred since last issue:

There was the Midwestcon in Cincinnati June 26-28, where I learned many new things. Like this from Bob Tucker: I am "Immortalized." Yes, I really am. Seems like Bob sold a new spy/mystery novel to DOUBLEDAY that will be out around January, in which he used my name as one of the characters. Well, actually, a 'bastard' version of my name. This Spy, you see, is called "Bullardi!" Nothing else. (All the characters have only one name, according to Bob. Bowers seems to think its apropos, the

rat fink.) I asked Bob why he didn't use my right name instead of changing it like that...his weak reply as I let him up from the ground was that he didn't want me to sue him. Hell, Bob, you know me better than that! I wouldn't have sued you -- I'd settle for only 10 per cent of the check.

The plot of the tale is a strange one, indeed. "Bullardi" and his spy friend go to Europe to steal a certain secret super weapon that no-one has ever thought of before. (I thought maybe it was Gina Lollabrigida but Bob said no) We are befriended and joined by a third man who secretly plans to steal it from us. And THEN, another nut enters the picture to try and steal it from him..., thus the plot sickens..uh, I mean thickens. Things DO get rather complicated, so stay tuned in January for the explanations. I'm curious to know myself. Bob did inform me that later on in the story I end up dying, though I don't get killed -- which has me dying with curiosity.

Then there was the Wilcon. While at the Midwestcon Jon & Joni Stopa invited us up to Wilmot, Wisc., for a 4th of July Picnic. We stayed two days, sleeping in a new addition of the ski lodge that was really nice. But it was very discouraging to wake up at dawn (5:30 A.M.) to a loud twittering of birds and funny bumping noises, sit up, look out the window, and come face to face with a whole herd of cows looking back at me with their baby brown eyes. (They had the run of the place outside, and one had to watch where one stepped at ALL times.) The birds followed the cows in flocks, (the birds were in flocks, not the cows, stupid) so apparently they were Tick Birds, or somesuch. At any rate, as soon as the lead cow saw me she'd walk right up to the window and nuzzle it, no more than six inches away from my nose. After drinking-in the sight of a sleepy-eyed BEM in his underwear, she'd nonchalantly turn away and amble off, and the second cow in line would walk up. This occurred until the whole herd of cows (and flock of birds) were finally gone around the corner of the building, ready to bug Bowers. Oh, the things a Bem goes thru on this planet! Dean McLaughlin, when informed of the cows peeping at me,

Guest Editorial by
LYNN BIGGLE, JR.

"THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM"

An Introduction By Way Of An Epilogue

"Once in a while you find yourself in an odd situation. You get into it by degrees and in the most natural way but, when you are right in the midst of it, you are suddenly astonished and ask yourself how in the world it all came about."

Thus the opening paragraph of Kon-Tiki.
Thus the Double:Bill Symposium.

Summer, 1963. The day may have been hot, but I insist that the weather was irrelevant. In my mail was a letter from Bill Mallardi asking, among other things, if I had anything for the Double:Bill Annish-- then on the drawing boards, or in the ink tubes, or wherever it is that an annish spends its gestation period. I didn't, but my subconscious twitched, I put paper to typewriter, and wrote out the plan for the Symposium.

Whence the idea? Without a psychoprobe it is probably too late to determine; but its conception no doubt derived in part from the irritation I have felt with convention panel discussions. Despite occasional brilliant individual contributions, these never quite seem to come off. The scheduled participants too often fail to appear, and their places are filled with protesting innocents hastily drafted from the audience, who must pause when they rise to ask what the subject is. The discussions meander, become entangled in arguments, spread out senselessly or contract unreasonably. The panel may be dominated by one garrulous personality while the other members hover mutely in the background like a Greek Chorus waiting for a cue (which does not come). None of this makes for the kind of illuminating discussion, the highlighting of various facets of a subject that is, or should be, the real purpose of a panel discussion.

Why not, I asked myself, a kind of written panel discussion, which would group together a number of brief comments or answers to questions. The participants could mull over their responses at their leisure; the brevity would keep the discussions to the point and impose a minimum of inconvenience on those taking part; and, because none of the participants would know what the others were saying, the arguments would be left to the readers.

So I typed out the plan.

There had to be ground rules. First, and most important, the project needed a Worthy Cause. The answer sheets, completed and signed by prominent writers, would constitute a valuable collector's item. We agreed at the beginning that these sheets would be bound and offered at

auction, with the proceeds pledged to TAFF.

The other rules were routine: that the addresses of the participants would be confidential (having taken the trouble to answer the questions, we did not want them to suffer the further inconvenience of becoming embroiled in correspondence with individual readers. The readers could harass the editors with their comments--which is what letter columns are for); that the participants would receive copies of the number(s) of Double:Bill containing the Symposium; that the answers would not be cut (entire answers could be dropped if space required or if repetition made this seem desirable, but any answer used would be used in its entirety); and so on.

"You furnish the questions," I told the editors, "and I will try to get them answered."

The editors responded enthusiastically with a list of twelve questions.

The questions deserve more than a passing comment. Obviously the eventual success of such a project must depend to a considerable extent upon the questions asked. To answer one participant's query--"Who composed those devilish questions?"--this is how they evolved.

The trouble with questions--and I speak as a former college teacher who has asked more than his fair share--is that too often they fail to elicit the type of answers the questioner has in mind. Ideally, the best question for the Symposium would be one that encourages, or even demands, the exposition of different viewpoints. It should be aimed at a subject upon which the participants are likely to have varying opinions, the stronger the better. At the same time, the question should be composed with the Symposium's audience in mind. We wanted the right kind of question, but we also wanted the sort of question our readers would like to have answered--the question they themselves would ask professional writers if they had the opportunity.

We were under no illusions, either before or afterwards, that our list of questions would actually satisfy those ideal requirements. Producing even a workable list of such questions is a formidable task, and the editors were probably aware of the likelihood that their questions would please no one. The finest tribute to their efforts, I think, lies in the fact that in all of the commentary on the Symposium that I have seen, no reader has criticized the questions. (Several writers were highly critical, but their viewpoint was entirely different--they had to answer them!)

The editors furnished the original list of twelve questions. Dean McLaughlin and I worked over the questions and tossed answers at each other. Then we threw out some of them, noted suggestions for reworking the others, and sent the list back with a request for revisions. The editors provided a new list of twelve, Dean and I subjected them to the same treatment, and asked for more revisions.

As an example of the problem we faced, one of the original questions read, "What do you as an individual and as an author consider your best S.F. book or story?" Dean answered immediately, "The one I'm working on now." My own answer was that I piously hoped that I hadn't written it yet. Few writers would take this question seriously, or care to commit themselves if they did; and at best it could only produce a list of titles. While such a list might not be without interest as concerns the individual writers, the question could not be said to provide the basis

for an interesting discussion, so we eliminated it.

The fourth or fifth revision produced the final list of eleven questions. Of these eleven, Dean McLaughlin contributed one, I contributed one, and the editors furnished the other nine. Of their original twelve questions, eight, variously revised, survived in the final list (though two of them were combined into one question). The editors can regard that as a testimonial.

Once the list of questions was agreed upon, I designed question sheets with three or four questions per page and space left between them for answers. Asking writers to take the time to answer a questionnaire of this kind represents at best an imposition and at worst a damned imposition, and the objective was to arrive at a format that would at least enable them to suffer the inconvenience conveniently. I reasoned that they could quickly and easily answer the questions by running these sheets through their typewriters, and the format would likewise provide the uniformity that was essential if the answer sheets were to be bound as a collector's item. In most cases this worked out well. A few participants wrote their answers by hand; some answers need more space than was provided and were, in accordance with the instructions, completed on the backs of the pages. For those with a morbid interest in such matters, page one of the questionnaire is reproduced here. —————>

The editors mimeographed the answer sheets, and I set about compiling a list of names and addresses of professional writers.

The original intention was to invite twenty-five or thirty to participate, and to hope for fifteen or twenty replies. This sounds like a simple practical objective until one is confronted with the question, "Which twenty-five or thirty?" We kept thinking of important omissions. Those to whom I wrote asking for addresses kept adding names, saying, "These weren't on your list, but you may want them." The list grew. And kept growing. I typed up the names that I had collected and circulated them, asking that they be checked for omissions, and it seemed that almost everyone could suggest some. The list grew. To more than a hundred.

Addresses are much more difficult to obtain than names, but thanks to Dean McLaughlin, Howard DeVore, Earl Kemp and Ted Cogswell, who generously culled their files for me, my collection of addresses also grew.

A persistent question has been, "Why wasn't So-and-so included?"

So-and-so may not have been on my list. In spite of all the checking and rechecking, embarrassing omissions occurred.

Or So-and-so's address may not have been available, or may have reached me too late. I am prepared to offer evidence that no one lacking the full resources of the F.B.I. could determine the whereabouts of some writers. There are also a few writers whose addresses are known to everyone in fandom and prodom, or so it seems, except those one chances to ask. The questionnaires were mailed out as I obtained the addresses, as long as the supply of questionnaires lasted. The list could have been extended by another twenty or thirty names without too much difficulty, but by the time the last questionnaire was mailed the project had already gotten out of hand, there were more replies than could be included in even two issues of Double:Bill, and we decided not to run off any more questionnaires.

Or the addresses furnished to me for So-and-so may have been incorrect. Because I don't want to discourage young would-be writers, I am withholding my statistics on the number of professional writers who

QUESTIONNAIRE

FOR PROFESSIONAL SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS AND EDITORS

Answer sheets returned by October 15, 1963, will be used as the basis for a symposium, to be published in the fanzine DOUBLE-BILL (Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers, editors). All answer sheets returned will be bound as a collector's item, the same to be offered at auction at a future World Science Fiction Convention for the benefit of TAFF.

Please feel free to answer these questions as briefly or as extensively as the spirit -- or the question! -- moves you; or to pass over any question which you consider inapplicable or about which you have no comment. Please don't omit your signature at the bottom of page 3. If you need more space than is provided, use the back of the page.

1) For what reason or reasons do you write Science Fiction in preference to other classes of literature?

2) What do you consider the raison d'être, the chief value of Science Fiction?

3) What is your appraisal of the relationship of Science Fiction to the "Mainstream" of literature?"

abandon their abodes in the dead of night, leaving no forwarding addresses. It is sufficient to say that more than a few questionnaires went astray because of incorrect or obsolete addresses. I attempted to reach some writers through agents or editors, but I have no way of knowing how many of those letters were actually forwarded.

Or So-and-so may not have had the time or inclination to participate. Some writers kindly wrote explanations as to why they could not or would not; a few ignored the questionnaire. Knowing only too well my own probable reaction to such a request (a damned imposition!), I cannot bring myself to criticize anyone for not wanting to take the time (the only capital a writer has to work with) and trouble to answer a questionnaire; and I have taken such precautions as were possible to ensure that no one else does.

So-and-so, whoever he may be, was not included for one of the above reasons. No one, So-and-so and myself excepted, knows which one--or, as far as I am concerned, will know.

For the record, the replies received totaled nearly 80% of the questionnaires mailed to known addresses. All of these mailings produced only one refusal that could be termed vituperative. Call that one per cent. Let those figures ring out resoundingly the next time you hear fans criticizing the pros for their lack of interest in fan projects and fan causes.

The volume of response quickly produced an unexpected problem. When the number of replies passed thirty-five I suggested to the editors that they consider running the Symposium in installments; they had already made that decision.

There remained only the problem of how to organize the Symposium. The editors have been criticized for the arrangement by which the responses were broken up to place the answers to each question together. This was part of my original plan, and though we laboriously exchanged letters discussing other arrangements, in the end I typed up a specimen page and the editors followed it faithfully. The whole responsibility was mine. Criticize me--c/o Double:Bill.

A few fans were kind enough, or perverse enough, to inquire as to why I did not take part in the Symposium. Originally I planned to do so; but before I quite got around to filling out a questionnaire, the deluge of replies was upon me. The original plan was that each participant would answer the questions without knowing what the others were saying (and with a very few exceptions all replies were received before the first installment of the Symposium was circulated). My own experience would indicate that this was one of the Symposium's soundest features. I was in the unique position of seeing all of the answers first, and after reading seventy-plus answers to a question one naturally shrinks from any attempt to say more on the subject. Considering in addition my role in shaping the questions, my own participation seemed inappropriate, if not (assuming that there are ethics in such matters) unethical.

Finally, I offer my personal tribute to Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers --my thanks for their whole-hearted cooperation and my congratulations on a job well-done. They made no complaint when I requested second, third, fourth and fifth revisions of the questions. They did not even growl--at me, anyway--over the endless stream of suggestions and comments that I sent their way, though there must have been times when they felt like

shipping me their mimeograph machine with the suggestion that I do the job myself. All of this is even more remarkable when you consider that many of these suggestions involved spending their money.

Through the many weeks of work and the voluminous correspondence that the Symposium required, I cannot recall a single disagreement. I have never been associated with a project that remained so faithful to the original plan throughout. The only significant difference between the published Symposium and my first conception of it was one of size-- and in that the editors weren't the only ones who were faked out.

But the ultimate tribute belongs to the seventy-two professional writers and editors who took part.

What did they think of the Symposium? Here are a few of the things they thought about it and their own contributions at the time that they answered the questions:

"These things are always hell"

"Thanks for giving me the chance to talk about myself so much."

"Long may TAFF prosper!"

"Strictly off the top of the head."

"I hope my comments will contribute something. In any case, I enjoyed writing them."

"I think this is the first thing of this sort I've ever answered, since I don't feel I have any right to mix in with the writer crowd -- However, here it is!"

"What's TAFF?"

"I'm all in favor of such projects, and am only sorry that distance keeps me from participating more often."

" . . . it was a good idea."

"How on earth are you going to bind these sheets with the margins allowed?" (This astute question will be referred to the professional bookbinder who gets the job.)

"I am afraid I'm not being very profound, but perhaps in lieu of that a quick answer, without too much thinking about it, does insure some honesty."

And so it went

It was fun while it lasted, eh, editors?

And now we three will join hands for one rousing chorus:

"Never again!"

—Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Due to many, many other important events and occurrences, (such as being late on the past three issues of D:B; working on the Symposium, etc.; going up to Cleveland countless times re: Committee affairs; attending the MidWestCon, Wilcon, and Coulson Picnic, etc.) we are NOT going to auction off the DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM's Original Answer Sheets, c/w Biggle's Introduction, etc., at the 1964 Pacificon, as announced earlier. We just didn't have the TIME to get it all bound up properly. So we will wait until later, and have it done for a future con -- probably around 1966, at whatever city gets the bid. Save up your money 'til then -- it'll benefit TAFF. Until then, we'll keep it safe for you. Bills Duo.

□□□□

phoenix #9

(Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y. 12842 - free for comment, no schedule listed) But he says that #10, when and if it appears, will be the last issue, and in company with other fanzines which have expired on or about their 10th issue, PHOENIX will go out in a blaze of glory. Or at least a modest bonfire of glory. Also, he doesn't want money, he wants letters of comment. This issue is mostly letter column, and most of the discussion is on that rare topic, science fiction artwork. (It seems that some fan who doesn't know a Vestal from a virgin wrote an article on the subject and the readers are erupting in protest.) If you hurry, maybe you can put in your two cents' worth. There is also other material; mainly an article, an editorial and some verse. Paul Zimmer's effort isn't bad at all; I didn't bother to read Jennings' effort. Dave is busily defending himself against charges that his fanzine looks like YANDRO. (If he'd seen what fans used to say about YANDRO --before it somehow got in fandom's good graces despite my efforts--he'd be even more vehement in his defense.) You could do worse than write Dave a letter--if you haven't seen a copy of PHOENIX to comment on, write him all about your reactions to reading Tom Corbett Meets Billy Whiskers, or some similar fannish experience.

WALLABY STEW

enclave #6

(Joe Pilati, c/o Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave., Omaha 11, Nebraska - irregular - 35¢) ENCLAVE seems to have inherited the mantle of XERO; the big wide-ranging fanzine with semi-professional material. After the editorial excoriating Edwin A. Walker, Bill Donaho, and people who send him long-term subscriptions (he prefers comments and refuses to accept anything over 35¢), Bob Tucker takes up ways and means of livening World Conventions and simultaneously reducing fandom to a more manageable size. Naturally, I'm behind Bob on all his proposals--way behind, where it's safe--but I do think that the Pacificon will be gory enough without additional bloodshed. Maybe next year. Tom Perry objects to various literary practices such as odd punctuation and incomplete sentences. Objection is all very well, but as long as the "inaccuracies" reproduce the way people talk--and his examples do--he isn't going to get far. Writing, after all, is simply preserved speech. In between he has at the Zip Codes, not so much because of their uselessness but because he doesn't like the name. Korzybski, anyone? There are reviews of out-of-the-ordinary science fiction books by Marion Bradley and John Boardman. Harlan Ellison tells all about why he refused to let Joe change a single comma in his story in the last issue, after which comes the letter column in which six readers agree that the story in question stank to high heaven. Skip Williamson defends cigarettes, including the beautiful line: "I realize, of course, that cancer and heart disease are horrible, but then, so were measles once." Now, of course, measles are fully tamed and it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to go out and contact a case, to give the doctors something to do and keep their minds off socialized medicine. This is the sort of thing that keeps me in fandom; one never knows what new hilarity will be forthcoming. This seems

to have turned into a derogatory review, and I didn't intend it that way. I thought the material by Pilati, Tucker, Bradley, Boardman, Ray Nelson (a defense of rock-n-roll music), Norm Clarke, Dick Lupoff and the letter writers was excellent, and if I liked jazz I would probably have enjoyed Ted White's column. In fact, I rather liked it anyway, even though I don't like jazz.

I have here an ad for something called the International Hobby & Collector's Yearbook, to be published annually by Niels Augustin, J. Veltmanstr. 30, Amsterdam, Netherlands. As the title specifies, this is supposed to cover all hobbies and be world-wide, including an alphabetical listing of all hobbyists who wish to be represented. Niels is also selling hand-painted Dutch tiles and other antiques, if you're interested in that sort of thing. He explains that he isn't a dealer, and is primarily interested in building his own collection and disposing of duplicates-- he sounds like even more of a packrat than I am. Write him for more information, because I don't expect to get any more.

haverings #15

(Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - bi-monthly - two for 50¢ - USAgent, Redd Boggs,

Fanzine Reviews by robert coulson

P.O. Box 57242, Los Angeles, California 90057) This is for all those fans who enjoy fanzine reviews; here are 14 pages of the things, and pretty good ones at that. This particular issue was notable to me because in a review of STARSPIKLE Ethel seems to be saying that YANDRO won the Fan Poll this year. First I'd heard of it, and if true it's the best joke of the year (and this is a year when fandom needs a few jokes).

N3F Publications: Write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754 for membership information; I don't feel up to spending half a page on it here. Basically, dues are \$2 a year, which isn't bad at all. THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN is the official organ of the group and is primarily concerned with club news. However, it also has Don Franson's "Information Bureau" column, which is one of the best things in fandom, and a page or so devoted to advertising for fanzines, books for sale, etc. TIGHTBEAM is the club letterzine. In this issue everyone is having fun stomping on Phil Kohn, but overall the items for discussion seem to vary about as widely as in any other fan lettercolumn, and this one has 20 pages of letters. AN AUTHOR INDEX TO ASTOUNDING (Sept. '45 thru May '64) is one of the indexes compiled by Don Franson for his own amusement and distributed to members. If the club had another 30 members like Franson, it would be the greatest thing in fandom. Unfortunately, it doesn't have. GEMZINE #4/40 is a N'APA publication and was sent to me as a prospective member of the publishing group. Gem has evidently forgotten, or possibly never knew, that my interest in publishing is almost non-existent; Juanita is the publisher of the Coulson family, and Juanita isn't an N3F member. Gem is still beating the drums for public support of Catholic schools, I see; now that she's out of FAPA she has a whole new audience and so doesn't have to think up any new

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defenses for her ideas. From what I've seen of N'APA, GEMZINE is probably one of the best mags in it, and certainly one of the most controversial. Arguing with Gem keeps you on your toes.

the pulp era #60 and 61

(Lynn Hickman, 706 Scott St., Napoleon, Ohio - irregular - 35¢) Actually the title of #60 is JD-ARGASSY; he changed titles again between issues. (How many different ones does that make, Lynn?) This fanzine is 14 years old; Lynn wonders if any zines besides S F TIMES are older, and if any at all have been published from more different addresses. (I dunno about that, but I'll bet that none have had more different titles.) SHAGGY is up there in years, I think; it might be as old, but I wouldn't want to bet on it, either way. One of the fans with a multilith, Lynn is the only one to approach--and occasionally surpass--AMRA in artwork. The art in #60 is particularly outstanding; WEIRD TALES in its palmiest days never had a better illustration than George Barr's heading for August Derleth's recollections of that magazine, and the Eddie Jones artfolio is excellent. In written material, Lynn is raking over the old pulp mags. In addition to the Derleth article, #60 features Eric Bentcliffe and the editor talking over the Good Old Days, while #61 presents an article by John Phillifent (sometimes known as John Rackham) on differences between US and British literary tastes, one by Terry Jeeves on the British tuppenny bloods--some of which seems to contradict some of Rackham's statements--and a reprint of Dean Grennell's wonderful article on THE SHADOW, with additional information that Dean has collected since the original publication in GRUE in 1955. All in all, this is one of the best fanzines I've seen in a long time. Unfortunately, after settling down long enough to produce these two issues, Lynn is moving again and it will probably be another year before #62 comes out. But be sure and get it when it does.

Kipple #60 and 61

(Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 - approximately monthly - 20¢ per issue) Starting out about 9 years after Hickman, Ted has equalled him in number of issues (not counting several issues of other fanzines which he published before KIPPLE) by keeping to an extremely strict monthly schedule for two or three years and then, while announcing an irregular schedule, stepping things up to a trifle more than monthly publication. (This is strictly guesswork, since I haven't kept track and I'm not about to go look it up, but I think he's been coming out at an oftener than monthly clip for the past year or better.) Unfortunately, further comparisons are impossible, since Lynn publishes a fanzine devoted almost exclusively to science fiction and borderline items such as THE SHADOW, while Ted puts out a religious and political journal with occasional references to science and science fiction. Lynn uses lots of good artwork; Ted doesn't bother with any artwork at all. (If you're one of those jerks who wanna look at pitchers, he's got no use for you.) Politically, Ted is well to the left of me; religiously, we're about equally damned, so we agree and disagree in about equal portions. Whether I agree with him or not, he generally has very well-thought-out arguments for his side. Only rarely does he make an amusing slip, as in #60 where he is incensed over the fact that "A suspected deviate is ostracized and reported to the local police authorities..." I'm not sure what he thinks is the proper attitude towards suspected

criminals, but since he has previously objected to taking the law into one's own hands, and now objects to reporting the case to the police, I gather that he feels that nothing whatsoever should be done, and our American judicial procedures of making suspected individuals stand trial is reactionary and unduly cramping of individual freedoms. Ostracism of a suspect is not particularly in keeping with our ideals (however much it is in keeping with our practices), but I always heard that reporting suspicious activities to the police was a civil duty.

qx #1

(Ken Kreuger, 332 So. Abbott Rd., Hamburg, N.Y. - irregular - 10¢) This is a combination catalog and fanzine; Ken not only reviews books, he's ready to sell you copies if you like the sound of the review. If you don't like the idea of paying 10¢, you can get the fanzine free by ordering a few books from Ken, or if you're a fan editor, you can trade. Material consists of book reviews, publishing news, and associated news items, such as the fact that Lord Of The Flies is now on the required reading list in New York.



science fiction times #416

(James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th Ave., College Point, New York 11354 - monthly - 15¢) Along with this came its associated publications, MONSTER-TIMES #7, BARSOOMIAN TIMES #2 and FANTASY COMICS #18. (I've never quite understood why the S F TIMES editors get so furious over the Shaver Mystery and other Palmer promotions. A copy of the MANTONG TIMES would fit right in with the rest of their publications, along with SAUCERIAN TIMES and maybe SPIRITUALISM TIMES.) This is the news magazine of science fiction. Mostly British, this time, with stories about the publication of the resurrected NEW WORLDS and the folding of the British Edition of F&SF, and the raise in price of the British VENTURE. Some US news sneaks in, however, along with even a few words on fandom.

menace #95, 96

(Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - bi-weekly - 10¢) And here's issue 94, hiding under the others. And #94 includes the account of the LASFS Hugo balloting. As I get the picture--I'm sure Sapiro will correct me if I'm wrong--the club takes its own Hugo poll and then bloc-votes for the club's nominees, each member trading his independent vote for the comforting assurance that he is part of a Vast Influential Group. (The only other explanation that I can think of is that the club ballot has no purpose except to find out what nominees are preferred by club members, and considering the juvenile imitation of

power politics described, this would be even more fuggheaded than my primary assumption.) This time, Lee, I am attacking the entire club, for an activity which is fuggheaded, moronic, detrimental to science fiction, and of questionable ethics. (Of course, in #96, they're still talking about the Hugo candidates, so I may have misunderstood an example of good clean stupid fun. I may have.) In general, MENACE describes the meetings of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (or the Los Angeles Science Fathead Society, as funloving editor Bruce Pelz occasionally describes it). Whether or not I appreciate the issues seems to depend more on my mood at the time than on contents. Occasionally there is a note of exceptional interest, generally hidden under such beginnings as "So-and-so reported that....." Occasionally there will be something included which actually annoys me, tho this is pretty rare. In general, if I'm feeling bright and cheerful and ready for light entertainment on the day MENACE arrives, I like it. When the temperature and humidity are both approaching 100, I haven't slept much the night before, and I have a sheet of typing paper covered with odd jobs to be done before nightfall, I tend to throw the mag into a corner with a vicious snarl. (Guess what today is like, kiddies.....)

differential #23 & 24; transmission #1

(Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada) DIFF is a monthly two-pager retailing at 3¢ per copy; TRANS is an irregular 10-pager that somehow runs to 16 pages this time and sells, I believe, for a dime. #24 consists of verse, the outstanding one being a sort of Ogden Nash with sex by the editor. In #25, Paul argues both sides of the humanism-vs-religion question, and does it quite well. TRANS is a combination of fanzine reviews and letter column--with all the direct quotes from fanzines in this issue, it reads a bit like a fanzine READER'S DIGEST.

—Robert Coulson

.....
TERRY JEEVES *reports on:*

NARTAZ OF THE BABOONS

"Hooo....oo.....ey!" The spine-curdling battle cry of Nartaz of the Baboons ricocheted through the jungle glades, cannoned off the breadfruit trees and finally vanished into a pocket in the rocks.

N'Godli the savage quivered in his kraal at the sound. N'Tidi, the water buffalo winced in his water hole, and even N'Fare, the cheetah, quivered among the cumquats which lined the banks of P'Tooley, the river. Full weel did the jungle denizens know and fear the mighty call of Nartaz, for that call presaged a mortal combat to the death which would prove fatal to the one luckless enough to lose his life, or even die in the encounter which was to come.

Nartaz himself did not tremble--paralyzed by emotion, he stood rooted to the spot. Raised from a child by a faithful wart-hog, the young Lord Branestroke faced his fearsome opponent, Kaput, the bull-ape. For years, rivalry had existed between these two, even as children, they had clobbered one another with stone-axes, or playfully pushed each

other into the crocodile infested streams which fed the mighty P'Tooley.

Kaput had long coveted the treasured miki stone which hung in polished sleekness from a thong around the neck of Nartaz. Today, the thong had parted and Kaput had taken the miki from Nartaz. The jungle Lord had invoked the ancient law....he and Kaput must fight.

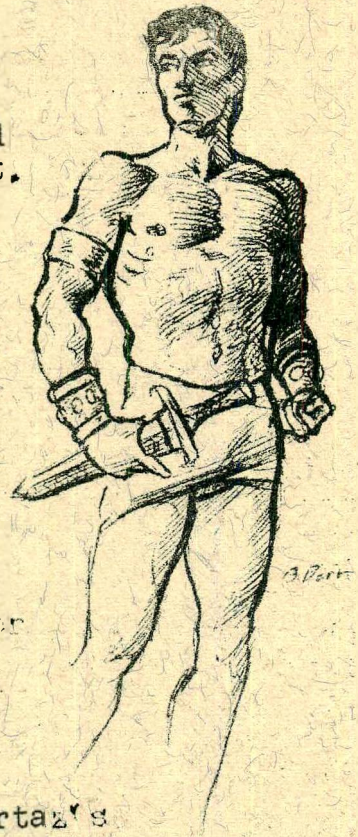
"Aa...u...gah", Kaput's cry shook the whispering grasses, and the bull ape charged. His mighty arms opened to crush the young Lord Branestroke. His yellow fangs gaped ready to scratch and rip. A very depressing sight indeed, but even as his arms closed, his fangs snapped and his claws raked out...Nartaz acted. Mighty thews creaked and twanged as he leaped upwards with all his might. At the peak of his flight, he performed a quick entrechat followed by an Immelmann turn and landed squarely on Kaput's round shoulders. His powerful jungle-trained fingers sought for, and found holds in the shaggy hair which grew in scattered patches over Kaput's body. All animal now, Nartaz buried his teeth in Kaput's shoulder --little, many legged wriggling things squirmed to find safety from the slashing jaws; but Kaput was equal to the attack. Stocky legs galvanised into action and he hurtled backwards into a nearby Wonkli tree. There was a sickening crunch, Wonkli berries scattered in all directions, and the bull ape felt Nartaz's grip relax. Like a flash, Kaput turned, seized the half-stunned jungle Lord by the ankle and flailed him round and round against the hollow trunks of the Wonkli trees. Something about the 'Tink, tonk, tunk' made by Nartaz's skull on the tree trunks appealed to the primitive mind of the bull ape.....he did it again. 'Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle' went Brabestroke's teeth as they scattered to the floor. Fascinated, the bull ape began to extemporise variations on his primitive tune.

Many a lesser opponent would have succumbed to this treatment, but not Nartaz, no not he. From some inner well of strength which is known only to the simple-minded children of Nature and which sets them apart from mere animals, Nartaz rallied. He reached within his pouch and withdrew his .75 Mauser automatic, and with the last of his fast failing strength, flipped the button to 'Full Automatic' and fired all 27 shots into Kaput's skull. It was enough, the dying bull-ape's grip on Nartaz's ankles relaxed. Centrifugal force from Kaput's spinning carried the jungle Lord high into the air, and splat into the muddy waters of P'Tooley the river, where N'Kindli the alligator slid smoothly forward and gave thanks to N'Holi the Provider for this unexpected breakfast. The polished miki stone with its broken cord was lost forever...which only goes to show that such things aren't worth making a thong about. - - - - -

CHILDREN OF TWILIGHT

Death is a dark-hued twilight
That stretches out its cool arms
And gathers its new-born destinies,
To caves, to deep and darkling graves.

-Bill Wolfenbarger-



THE BREAST POCKET

REVOLUTION

The merry merry month of June 1964 brought a small revolution which we can describe as, literally, no bigger than a man's two hands. I suggest that it is but the prologue to great changes in the next few years, changes which will shake, rattle, and rock all aspects of our lives.

This revolution was the sudden shift in the Judaeo-Christian nudity taboo that I discussed last year in "The Future of Clothes", and the name of the chief revolutionary was Rudi Gernreich, designer of the topless swim suit, or monokini.

I am deeply interested in this "breast pocket revolution" not only for the reasons your dirty mind might surmise, but also because I believe it is symptomatic of the dramatic changes to come as we swiftly pass from the Protestant, inner-directed, Modern era of history, to the Darwinian humanistic, other-directed, Post-Modern or Terrene era. Our world view is violently changing, and clothes tell us much about the world view of a society, since they are so intimately connected with the mask or "persona" that the holders of that world view display to the outer world, and because their selection is so often unconscious instead of conscious. The fact that the monokini has appeared this summer of 1964, and the reactions to it, tell us quite a bit about our times.

Rudi Gernreich started his campaign about the first of June. The issue of Look which appeared on June second illustrated his topless suit. It was a "modest" back view, but it started a nationwide buzz of conversation, and the newspapers and their columnists and humorists quickly took up the challenge of saying something original about the topless suit.

They worked away at the challenge so well that every single day since June 12, one or more mentions of the topless swim suit, the totally absent swim suit, the frontless dress, or some other topic of similar nature has appeared in some publication in Chicago. What little I have seen of papers from New York, San Diego, Cincinnati and Milwaukee suggests that this was a nation-wide phenomenon. Rudi Gernreich has achieved one of the publicity coups of the decade. As a top fashion designer, every time his name is mentioned, he can put it in the bank, and for well over a month now, the average American has been reminded daily of the existence and occupation of Rudi Gernreich. I am sure that nudie Rudi has received

over two million dollars worth of free publicity in the past month, and the solid line of stories on the topless suit et al hasn't broken yet. How's that for a few hours work with scissors and sewing machine?

Some people disparagingly referred to the two straps on the Gernreich suit as non-

LEWIS J.

GRANT, JR.

functional. They assuredly are most functional. Their function is making money for Mr. Gernreich. Any moderately brave young lady can achieve a certain measure of notoriety by discarding the top of her bikini. But only the possessor of a genuine, original, world-famous Gernreich special has the authentic straps to prove it. For instance, a recent Chicago Sun-Times has a Mauldin cartoon showing Senator Dirksen in a topless bathing suit. How do we know that it is a topless suit, and not just a pair of trunks? By the Gernreichian straps, of course. Similarly, when they put a genuine Gernreich original in the Smithsonian, (and I am going to suggest that Rudi send them one immediately), ye shall know it by the straps.

Secondly, the straps added a certain touch of mystery that attracted everyone's attention. Exactly how did they meander down the unseen front? This made the suit far more titillating than a plain bikini bottom. I had three persons mention the mystery of the hidden straps. Eventually Life and Time magazines ran a picture of the front view.

Thirdly, I doubt that Rudi Gernreich would have gotten one tenth of the publicity if he had just told a model to walk out in a bikini bottom. That would probably have been interpreted as a fast attempt at some shock publicity, whereas, a suit deliberately designed to be topless was much more interesting, especially when the publicity suggested that you could go right out and buy one. Moreover, the straps suggest that the suit is "all there" rather than that half is missing. The Gernreich straps may be the equivalent of the Cadillac tail fins, but Cadillac seems to be doing pretty well, too.

I imagine we will have lots of young ladies wearing strapless topless suits soon, but the Gernreich suit broke the ice, if that is the figure of speech to use with a swim suit. A new word, the monokini, appeared in June, and I imagine that it will get a lot of use, since it is descriptive, euphonic, and has a etymology based on a better-known word. (Even if it is false. A bikini is not so named because it is a two-piece monokini.) The Germans have gone to the shorter word "ini", which, as they logically explain, is the rear end of a bikini.

The most interesting aspect of the Gernreichian revolution was the lack of any important opposition. Few clergymen received headlines by attacking the monokini, and I have suspicions that some who did so were invited to by a reporter. The Archbishop of Canterbury, presumably the perfect paragon of Victorian prudery, tradition-minded-thought, and anti-disestablishmentarianism, allowed that he wasn't really shocked by the frontless cocktail dress. He felt that young people often did things to be different, and this was just one example of the genre; perhaps a little more different than most gestures, but not really shocking.

In Chicago, at least, few comments were received from the "constant reader", and the only editorial on the subject, in the Chicago Daily News, took it as a matter of course. The news commented that a law making women's pay equal to men's was now in effect, and if the ladies were going to stride around in trousers, drink in saloons, play pool in pastel-painted pool halls, and take to topless suits, they might as well receive equal pay.

One of the pockets of opposition in Allentown, Pa. was rather amusing. A photograph depicted two women carrying signs that said: "Keep it clean", and "We rebel! You can't force topless bathing suits on us." The attractive young lady carrying the second sign was dressed in black shorts exposing the knee, and a sleeveless blouse. Just how many years ago would a window display of her costume have been picketed by sign-carrying women protest-

ing its indecency? Not very many, geologically speaking.

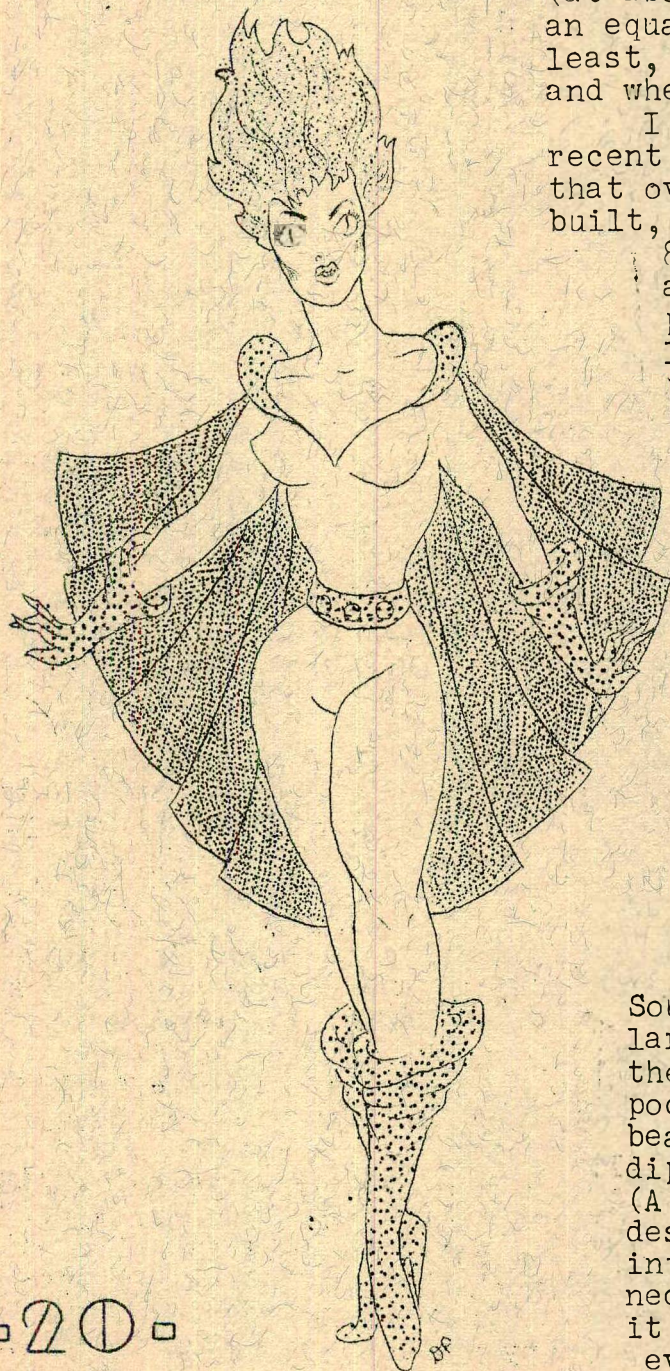
Actually, the change in American mores can be illustrated by the many newspapers and magazines which ran pictures of the Gernreich suit, with the front views slightly camouflaged by diaphanous veils or rippling water. Twenty years ago, such views would have been found only in barber-shop magazines, the kind men like. Today we are shocked, but not much.

My press book now contains seventy-six clippings on the topless suit which appeared since June 2, plus half a dozen before that. There were only six letters to the editor, four opposed, two in favor.

Since a Life magazine stated that well over 1,000 Gernreich suits have been sold (at about \$24 apiece), and we may postulate an equal number of home-made monokinis, at least, we may ask just who is wearing them and where.

I think the answer is revealed by a recent Saturday Evening Post, which revealed that over 300,000 swimming pools have been built, and the industry expects to install 80,000 more this year. A large percentage of these, perhaps a third, are public or semi-public pools. Another large percentage are small portable pools or so situated that they are open to the gaze of strangers passing by. This leaves, I estimate, perhaps 100,000 pools where a woman might wear a topless suit. Even if only 10% of the pool owners bought a monokini, Rudi Gernreich can look forward to selling ten times as many suits for this purpose alone. Moreover, many women will buy monokinis to wear on sun decks and roof tops, at secluded beaches, etc.

I predict that quite a number of women will swim in topless suits in their own pools this year, while a few will wear them in friend's and neighbor's pools, especially in Southern California. Next year, an even larger number will wear a monokini in their own pool, and more in neighbor's pools. A few will show up on private beaches, and some women will try skinny dipping (with a skinny dipper or without). (A skinny dipper is a floating poncho designed by Martha Sleeper. You wear it into the water. After you have reached neck depth, you slide out of it and let it float while you swim unencumbered by even a monokini, and anyone who has



tried it will tell you that that is the real way to swim. You re-enter the skinny dipper (assuming it hasn't floated away) when you want to come out. This may become known among swim suit designers as Sleeper's sleeper!)

The third year, I predict, will be marked by almost universal use of the monokini in one's own private pool, if that much, while quite a lot of women will be wearing them in other pools. They will be worn at the more ritzy resorts and country clubs; (the upper classes have always been distinguished by their unconcern about silly things like the nudity taboo), and a few women will wear them on public beaches in the better suburbs, especially at night.

In about four years I expect that the topless suit will be seen on public beaches. I don't say that "everyone" will be wearing it. A lot of women will have the medieval nudity taboo ground into them so well that they will feel uncomfortable in a topless suit. A lot of women will look better with supporting framework. Fortunately for those women who are worried about "bag sag", there is a ray of hope on the horizon.

Experiments are being done on a new fluorocarbon, which, when mixed with an accelerator and injected under the breasts, turns into a highly inert but rubbery foam. This may be molded into the proper shape as it foams into place. Remember the pneumatic bodies Alfie Bester predicted in The Demolished Man? In the 1970's we may have "remolished" women, and the average young lady may have a 36 bust, or bust. Another track that is being worked on is the use of hormonal birth control pills to prevent the menopause, and give women firm, outstanding bodies well into their fifties.

While I predict the public wearing of the topless suit will come in about four years (give or take an order of magnitude), I also expect that the high point of the topless suit will be reached soon after. What comes after them? The sensational, ultra-chic, no top-no bottom suit, unrivaled in the fashion world for purity of design and naturalness of line, as Chicago columnist Jack Mabley describes it. Of the seventy-six clippings I have collected, seven, or nine percent, mention that the topless suit won't last long. If women are ready to go without tops, they will soon be ready to go without bottoms.

I suspect that this is quite true. The nudity taboos we had for nearly two thousand years have been disappearing rapidly in the last few decades. This is probably because the nudity taboos in all cultures have been religious taboos, and religion has been fading as a force in American life since the last century.

The cultures of the world have generally had some sort of nudity taboo, although many of the versions seem quaintly bizarre to us. Apparently the idea goes back to the dim beginnings of human society, when, as JWC says, Man was concerned about how to tell the men from the monkeys. One way to solve that problem was to insist that since animals never wear clothes, men must always wear clothes. Lawrence Langner, in his book The Importance of Wearing Clothes, says that one of the most important uses of clothing is to indicate just what role in life a person is playing at that moment, and the role of human being is a permanent and important one, calling for some sort of clothing symbol, usually to cover the more animal parts of the body.

The Christian culture of Europe has had a rather strong nudity taboo, which it took over from the Jews, along with much of the hebraic world view. (The Jews, like other desert races, had a strong nudity taboo.) While this taboo was strong, it had a number of strange exceptions, and

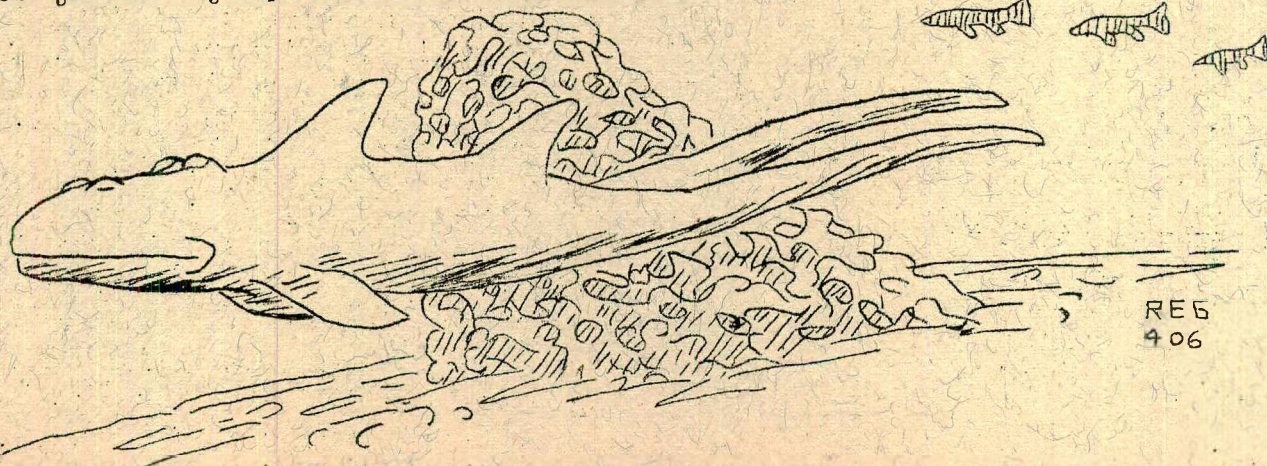
broke down several times in European history, usually during some humanistic period. For instance, the medieval ladies who wore long gowns with long sleeves and elaborate headresses often joined knights in a companionable bath. The Directoire fashions of the French revolutionary era featured the transparent, topless evening gown. However, in general, the nudity taboo was connected with the Christian view that the body was both simultaneously sinful and corrupt, and God's holy temple, and it stood up fairly well until the end of the nineteenth century.

In 1859, however, a gentleman named Darwin published a best-selling book which suggested that we were the highest form of animal evolution, and not a special form of creation. Darwin's theory, together with a few other shocks administered by Copernicus, Freud, Einstein, etc., has resulted in a gradual breakdown of the Christian world view, and its replacement by a new world view called Darwinian humanism.

Darwinian humanism, in its several forms, has no nudity taboo. On the contrary, it thinks of the human body as a handsome, well-designed piece of apparatus--a product of over two billion years of extensive experimentation--and is rather contemptuous of the Christian fear of the naked body as evil, corrupt, and better hidden. The new humanistic world view, like other humanistic philosophies of past periods such as the renaissance, thinks of the female form as highly decorative, and one symbol of the dropping of the Christian world view is the ever increasing use of nudes and lightly-clad females as objects d'art. People may still be shocked by the monokini, but they are shocked by the idea; few Americans would turn away in horror from a picture of an unclad young lady. Our newspapers like to convey the impression that they are conservative, religiously oriented, and suitable for the most prudish family, but our mores have changed to the point where many newspapers would publish a "modest" back view of a monokini-clad woman, and perhaps even a side view, showing an unclad breast.

Yet this is the reaction of the present generation, many of whose members were raised in homes and churches and schools where indecency was linked with hellfire and damnation. What is the next generation going to do? In four years, young ladies of sixteen will be twenty. Will the nudity taboos seem important to them? An article in the August Esquire on sex in southern California (ah ha! No wonder so many fans are moving out there!), mentions that it is the leader in the disintegration of the nudity taboo, and that one new magazine now on the stands there is "The Teenage Nudist." (N.B. If some kind California fan will send me a copy I will be grateful.)

We can look forward, in the future, to telling our children and grandchildren of the quaint old days of long ago, when people put on special clothes just to jump in the swimming pool.



REB
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THE NEW PLEASURE

FICTION BY *Roger Zelazny*

Having successfully essayed most vices known to man, James Andrew Dinker III was understandably eager to try something new. Offhand, it would be difficult to detail his last two decades without becoming mightily repetitious. Repetition, in general, is soporific. Therefore, it is easier simply to describe the physical appearance of James Andrew Dinker III and throw in a couple attributes:

Five feet eight inches in height, perpetually in need of a shave, possessed of amazingly innocent blue eyes while wearing tinted glasses, and bloodshot, watery ones when going unglassed, he weighed one hundred fifty-six pounds and hated dogs, children, and his father, James Dinker II.

His father is worth several paragraphs of his own, but they may be skipped over, inasmuch as he only maintained the family fortune--whereas his father, James Dinker I, had single-handedly hewed the whole Dinker Empire from out of the kingdom of videoland.

James Dinker Number One did this thing by introducing a new standard of quality into mass-entertainments, so that everyone came to love and respect him. He pioneered in audience-participation broadcasts. That is to say, he peddled romances possessed of the added dimension of tactile sensations. So successful was he in promoting the present quality of the medium known as feel-o-vision, that he left an exceedingly fat fortune to his son--whose heir, our hero, could do little to further improve the industry's standards. The family imagination had been exhausted and was put out to pasture by the third James on the dynasty chart.

Be it noted that means and a lack of notable ideals often give rise to wantonness. Accordingly, as our story opens, Jas. Three is about to patronize (incognito, of course) a former competitor of his grandsire's:

"Madam," said he, addressing the tiny lady whose hair matched her faded eyes, "can you give me positive assurance that there is no danger involved in a Body Vacation?"

"Scarcely any danger at all," she observed, "which is why it was such a wicked wicked thing for James Dinker, our old competitor, to use his political influence to have Body Vacations declared illegal and immoral."

"By Act of Congress," added J.D.3 knowingly. "Still, prohibition makes things ever more intriguing. Is it true that when one's consciousness has been transferred to the body of an animal one then experiences all sensations just as that creature would, and not as a human being?"

"That is true," she said, smiling, "all the delicate feelings of our furry and feathery friends can be known to a sensitive young man such as yourself--the moist morning as seen through the eyes of a fawn, the taste of crisp lettuce to a nibbling bunny, the patchwork earth fleeing north beneath the wings of the migrant mallard, new pleasures all--for only fifty thousand dollars, cash."

"Any animal?" he asked.

"Why yes," she stated, following his walletward reach. "If we don't have what you want here on the farm, we'll make arrangements to obtain it."

--And tell me, where did you get that lovely ring with the picture-tube stone?"

"It was my dear old granddad's. Here's your money. I want to be a stallion for a day," he declared, "and turned loose in a herd of mares."

"Oh my!" She reddened.

"I suppose you lack the facilities," he jeered.

"No, that's not it. It's just that with those amazingly innocent blue eyes you did not impress me as..." Her voice trailed off as he removed his glasses. "Yes, I can see," she noted. "Well, as a matter of fact, we are prepared to make such an arrangement--here, today, if you wish."

"Fine and gamey, and like let the thing swing," he observed.

She pressed a button. After a short time a young man in a laboratory jacket entered the room.

"Conduct our client to a Transfer Chamber," she instructed him. "He is going to be a stallion on the north forty."

The young man smiled as she deposited the bills in a quaint and amazingly innocent handbag--for he knew that there was no north forty.

Dinker awakened, puzzled. He tried to remember where he was. In a flash, it all returned to him--the electric skullcap, the spinal leads, the injections. But where was he? It was so dark...

"...You are awake by now," he heard her saying.

He tried to answer, but he lacked the vocal facilities.

"I should have known you were a Dinker," she said, "without seeing my ex-fiances's ring. Your grandfather was a very wicked man. That is why I jilted him. Then he bankrupted my father and drove him to suicide.

"And your father is a very very wicked man," she continued. "He has tried to drive me out of business.

"And you take after both of them," she concluded, "in your own small way. Too bad."

The lights came on then, and he saw her far below him, and she was smiling.

She was black-and-white, as in an old newsreel. He had a hard time focussing his eyes on her.

He seemed to be astride a tightrope. Well, not exactly. It was more like some kind of a net,

It began to sway beneath his feet then.

All of his feet, he noted uncomfortably.

Suddenly he was no longer hung up there all by himself--

For she was jet black and she moved to the center of the web with delicate, dancing steps. She stopped and waited.

Spiders are unable to scream, or he would have.

He stared at her shiny, graceful form. He looked into her waiting eyes.

All of her waiting eyes...

Quickly then, most ideal of all audiences, he tested the web--for it had only taken but a moment for him to realize just how lovely she was.

//The above was written in response to some comments in Bayta #2 on tv. Roger calls it "a brief Zelazny impromptu possessed of a scintillant & typical lack of moral, morals, style & responsibility." Whatever he calls it...we think it's pretty good for a fresh new fanzine writer. BILL //

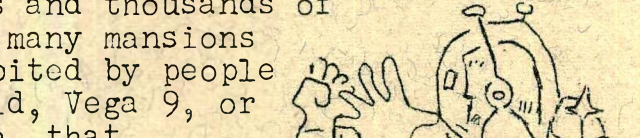
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

One day several months ago, "Dr. Chauncey Clarke" published in his daily newspaper column a religious discourse which I hold to be the capper to his long and honorable career. The favorite subjects of this newspaper practitioner are sex and religion; he usually leaves the hum-drum medical cases to the other, lesser doctors who clutter up the papers. This gentlemen is, by his own admission, a medical doctor, a psychologist, and a minister of the gospel. He also fancies himself a philosopher, with just a touch of the Messiah.

On this day, he was wearing the garb of a minister, consoling a young dental student who was in the dumps. The complaining student was a terrified young man who literally feared the world would end before he could graduate, and begin his dental practice. The youth did not see much of a future for himself with every crazy nation on earth playing around with Those Bombs, and wondered out loud why he should bother finishing school. His question, as near as I can recall it, was "Doctor, what will a dentist do in Heaven?"

Marvelling at the young man's supreme confidence in himself and his destination, I hurried on to the good doctor's answer, and was confounded. The doctor turned out to be one of those crazy Buck Rogers nuts.

"In my Father's house there are many mansions," the doctor quoted, and went on to tell the student of the remarkable work recently done by astronomers: the approximate number of solar systems occurring in the universe, and the theoretical figures on the number of inhabitable planets of those systems. He said those hundreds and thousands of inhabitable planets are very likely the many mansions referred to, and they are probably inhabited by people who have died on earth. (After this world, Vega 9, or Fomalhaut 4.) It would follow, of course, that those other planets would have geographical and topographical problems, just as we do here, so there would have to be scientists and engineers to conquer the mountains and span the gorges.



Those scientists and engineers would develop bad teeth. Yes, said the doctor, there will be a need for dentists in Heaven, to look after the teeth of the people dwelling there. Cheer up, young fellow, and continue your studies. You will have a practice somewhere, come what may.

I took it from there. After first dashing to the window to make sure the world still existed, I considered the evidence.

(concluded on page 29)

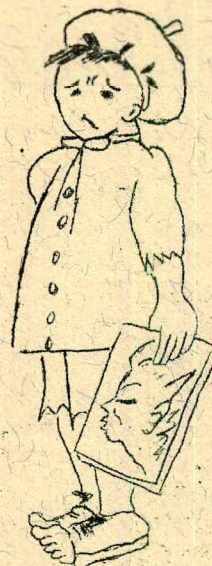
BOB TUCKER





PANART

article by JONI STOPA



Fandom, whatever else it might be, is still just a goddamn hobby. Nobody truly expects to find fannish writing that is equal to that in the prozines, and no one insists that a fan author should have the literary merits of a Bradbury, or should pour all his time and effort into improving his style, and studying grammar.

On the other hand.....fan artists are supposed to be different. Non-artists think they should work like a thousand angry little beavers, studying anatomy, layout, perspective and symbolism. Busy, busy little army of artists, all plotting the overthrow of Emsh and filling fanzines with immortal masterpieces.

This is a cow pie of nonsense.

It takes a number of years and plenty of hard work to be an artist; there is no magic wand that can be waved to produce an overnight genius. This is unfortunate but true. There must also be some incentive to express yourself well in a visual medium.

Therefore, there are several ways that a fan can persue art. First, if he has any talent, he can work very hard to express his ideas, learning as he goes about the mechanics of developing a good visual image. Second, if he has only a little talent, he can use it as well as he can; if improvement comes, so much the better. If he has none at all, he can become an art critic. This is by far the easiest course to persue. It takes no work, and who knows, a lot of people might become convinced he knows what he is talking about.

This type of critic is usually quite truthful; his statements often start, "I don't know anything about art....." It is a cue line for those who don't want a leg talked off to leave the room. Because the amateur critic will not only tell you all about various kinds of art, but will be more than willing to spend all his time criticizing everything that has been painted and brought to his attention. I refer to this type as the Pan-artist.

Fan art has many severe limitations which unthinking Pan-artists do not recognize. The artist and the fanned are therefore unfairly castigated for facts they are not in a position to do anything about.

The first limitation lies within the mimeograph itself. It is a very unsatisfactory way of reproducing art and limits the style in which the artist works. It requires the same technique that can be used in pen and ink, with the exception that it is much more difficult to cut a stencil

than it is to do an ink drawing. The second problem is within the machine. A fan's budget simply cannot stand the cost of a shiny new gestetner complete with automatic inking and color changers. He usually must settle for a battle scarred veteran with plenty of bugs in it. If this is not enough, a lot depends upon the quality and type of paper used when printing. A faned may be doing his level best and still get poor reproduction. Of course there are always those who don't even try to get passable reproduction, but they seldom get any artwork either.

The second limitation rests in the incentive for the artist. People become artists for various reasons: fame, egoboo, money, etc. Fandom offers little fame to its artists, egoboo is seldom forthcoming, and money is simply out of the question. In fact, fandom tends to squash the budding artist.

The major use of fanart is to break up pages of type, or for decoration. There is usually a cry of "I need filler illos" and right away you know that the illos are partially unnecessary. They are a little like un-loved children, simply there to fill in a blank space. The artist cannot help but knowing that they are a little unloved. Another way a fan-artist can be squashed is in the pure indifference the artwork is received. The faneds solicit art like mad, pester like flies, and once they receive it, a great silence ensues...unless they need more. Very few take the time to write a postcard saying that they received the art, and thank the artist. This small amount of decency means quite a bit. A month ago I answered a faned's request for a cover and stencilled it myself; I haven't heard a word, and for all I know it might never get printed. If you feel that your work is not particularly wanted, there is no reason to work harder to do even better work.

Another limitation is the nature of fan art. Most of the artists are doing the work for a hobby, and anybody who works hard at a hobby simply isn't going to have much fun.

Contrary to popular beliefs, doing a fine piece of artwork takes more than a pencil, paper, and eraser; it takes training, practice, and study. A good axiom is that any picture that is worthwhile is roughly 98% sweat and 2% talent. It takes more than a layout book and photos from Look magazine to produce a good picture. It is going to take study, at least several years of it, working at anatomy, texture, and symbolism, and a certain amount of time learning to choose picture elements. Every finished drawing has at least five rough layouts preceeding it and at least ten or more hours on the completed drawing if you have more than a simple line rendering....texture and all that sort of thing eat up one's time. If you are drawing for a hobby it becomes a chore to work like a darn fool, to produce something that will be taken for granted.

If, on the other hand, you are doing artwork, do it well, and are spending the amount of time, money and effort required to become very good it soon seems unreasonable to do artwork for free if there will be people willing to pay for your efforts.

Another limitation is the mimeo stencil itself. It can only be cut in certain ways, and does require a pen and ink technique. There is a certain peculiarity about artists and their works; it is sometimes known as style. Sooner or later an artist finds that he prefers to work in watercolor, or oil, or pastel, or that certain pictures seem to scream out for a particular medium or combination of mediums when they are in the planning stage. Artists who work in pastels sometimes find oil paints a terrible thing to

work with and vice versa. There are those who like and do well in tempora but find ink perfectly impossible. Stencils are a particularly annoying medium that offer not only limitations in the way they are being cut, but also cramp your style if you happen to be one of those artists who likes to do oil paintings. Stencil cutting equipment can run into money, and is hard to get in certain areas. Of course the balky stencil can be cut with improvised stylii and shading plates, in much the same manner that you can do an oil painting with only your fingers for brushes. The stencils, things which tear easily under the best of conditions, are even more prone to tearing with the improvised methods.

Now, providing the fanartist is talented, and that none of the technical faults are present there remains one limitation that can cripple even the best of artists. The redundancy of the subject matter. Science Fiction may open vast new worlds and concepts for the writer but offers very little to the artist. If the critics can't criticize anything else, they can make a disdainful sneer and say that it has been drawn before.

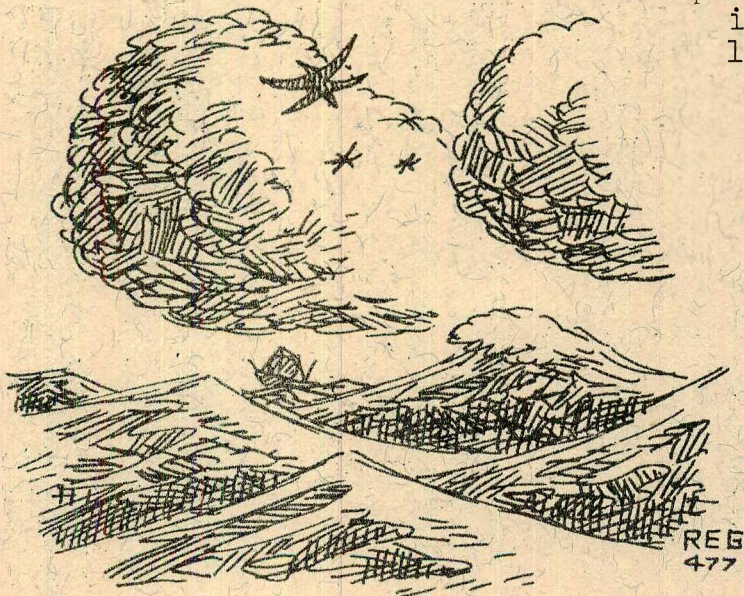
Just how long can an artist continue to draw spaceships, beams, and pretty girls and remain original. Kelly Freas did a few very original paintings, and Emsh managed a few. Finlay is a good artist, and hasn't managed to do wildly original art. In fact, after looking at the things these artists have done in the magazines over the years, you can only come to the conclusion that on a general design, technique and handling basis each one of their drawings looks much like another....and pushing the point even further and neglecting style or ability you will find that they resemble each other in content. If the professionals can't be highly original, why should the amateurs receive a brickbat for their lack of original subject matter.

In my estimation, there has been only one true artist of the genre, and that is Hannes Bok, and his is a talent that is not developed but was given him at birth. A power to completely visualize and paint in his fantasy worlds creatures that are wholly alien in such a manner that they are believable. Unfortunately, not many have the Bok imagination.

These are simply a few of the reasons why fanartists are not putting Picasso out of business. There are other reasons too, but the primary cause is that they are

persueing art for the fun of it, and if the fun is removed there is no longer any reason in this world why they should continue with what they are doing. Amateur artists have an advantage over the professional artists in many ways... they can enjoy doing every picture, for itself. If they don't feel like painting something they don't have to, and they can pick their own subjects and take all the time they want to in finishing them. Often as not the enjoyment comes through.

Professional art often looks cold and slick, and the mere technical ability of the artist cannot save it. Amateurs often make up for their poor



REG
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In the meantime, if you find the magic wand that turns mere mortals into great artists, please let me borrow it for awhile.

Reductio Ad Absurdum (concluded from page 25)

- Bob Tucker

It is such a relative thing
that I am loathe to explain
this brightness as being of the sort
once attributed to the breath of a goddess
dozing just over the horizon. However,
it is a shame to talk
of ionization and light refraction
(even if they do sort of rhyme)
when something is pleasant to look at.
These terms smack of the magical,
of the incomprehensible--
while it does seem much more likely
that somewhere a billboard-scale Princess
sleeps within a circle of flame,
dreaming kleig light coronas,
breathing plumes of neon mist. This,
somewhere beneath an almost but not-quite
familiar sky; and that she is waiting
to be awakened by the kiss
of a handsome and tireless Prince
about twenty feet tall
in his handsome and Hollywood armor.
Nice thought.

- 29 -

DOUBLE-TROUBLE °°°

LETTER COLUMN
EDITED BY BEM

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 MOHAWK, CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

The Special Book Review by Bill Glass is funny ha-ha and so close to reality, but it could have been a review of so many we read that I didn't laugh out loud at the end. It was more of a sniggering type of appreciation. I can see the right kind of advertisement for it!

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The Symposium? It would be inane to attempt any reaction in depth from this one portion. A beginning writer could learn from the differences in each author's reaction to a question.

As a musical mugwump of long standing, the "conflict" pop music vs good music or trashy music vs music of good taste has always annoyed me. It could be just an excuse for writers to exercise their skills at logic or composition. Of course, the obvious (which would kill the discussion) is that it is wrong to evaluate unlike things except by such criteria which are applicable to both.

Listening music is not for dancing....unless you happen to be a creative and thoroughly trained tap, ballet or modern dancer. Dancing music is not really for listening. It's the rhythm - the beat - that makes it Right for those who enjoy it....and this enjoyment is via a physical empathy....the feel of the beat. And the melody line is almost irrelevant.

There are times when listening to Bach's Toccata And Fugue is most satisfying for me. The loveliness of a summer evening can be enhanced when a Beethoven symphony is on. Folk music gives me the opportunity to share a mood. For more empathetic experience, there're the musical comedies (you should hear me belt out "I Can't Say No" or "The Gloccamora Song."). But when physical empathy is most satisfying (or is it the distraction of physical "listening" that does it?), a good bit of beat music - with or without dancing meets that need.

Many needs of an individual can be met with music. The limited individual can recognize only a few such needs and gets satisfaction from limited areas of music. The less-inhibited and more musically aware will be able to get satisfactions from every category of music - whether it be heavy or light opera, symphonic or baroque, "sweet" pop or the latest dance beat.

My only area of intolerance is with inept conductors, inadequate performances, and lazy composers. ((Which is why I don't like the Beatles--BEM)) This is where I stand, Bill:Bill. Such a position does permit me to avoid arguing with those who MUST identify with just one

ROSEMARY HICKEY, concl:

variety and who must also condemn all other mediums of communication in music.

((I'm not condemning all other mediums of communication in music, I like SOME of the pop music, but there is just too much poorly done stuff in the medium, too. §§ When I said I liked 'good' music, by the way, I didn't mean "classical" only -- I like almost everything, from the old 'standards' to jazz, folksongs to hit songs from musicals. About the only kind I really DON'T dig is hillbilly music.--BEM))

JIM HARKNESS, 803 BELL AVE., GREENWOOD, MISS.

You react to rock 'n roll like I react to smoking. (Bill Gibson says I react to smoking like Laney reacted to homosexuals. We're all a bunch of faanatics, I guess.) Personally, I like rock. I suppose my favorite type is the west coast variety -- the Beach Boys, Jan & Dean, the Rip-chords, etc. -- followed by the Liverpoolian music: the Beatles, the Searchers, the Dave Clark Five, and all the rest. Instrumentals are usually a good bet, especially those by the Ventures and the Markeys. Why do I like the stuff? Couldn't tell you. I think there is something about adolescence and early maturity that responds to this type of music, possibly an instinct that is as deeply buried as the sense of rhythm and beat exhibited by Africans. It might even be that there is an anthropological and emotional parallel between those two feelings, just as evolution is paralleled by the physical development of a child in its mother's womb.

I like other varieties of music too -- some classical (not much, and not long), some jazz, some Broadway, and occasionally folk music. (Most of the last is too close to country music for me -- only the very best songs by groups like Peter, Paul & Mary and the New Christy Minstrels appeal to me.) So I'll tolerate you if you tolerate me...okay?

Nonetheless, I wonder muchly where you get the idea that 14 year old kids don't buy beer. In this supposedly dry state, the only requirement for obtaining liquor is money and the self-possession required to point to what you want. Most of the people I know started drinking at about 13. In fact, I don't think a night passes in Greenwood that someone doesn't have an accident caused by being drunk. Someone under the legal age to buy liquor, I mean. Maybe you have a different situation.

The Symposium ended at last. I was particularly impressed by those answers given by Gordon Dickson, Roger Zelazny, and Robert F. Young. Mr. Dickson is my favorite author (in the stf field, I mean) and his views were the ones I studied the closest. They coincided with my pre-formed opinion of him pretty closely; maybe that is an answer to question 9, in a roundabout fashion. The main theme reflected in Mr. Dickson's works, it seemed to me, was the superior, or even superhuman, man. This idea is borne out by Necromancer, Naked To The Stars, On Messenger Mountain, Home From the Shore, and most of the serious material he has turned out. I would have been interested in a discussion of this, but I realize the symposium couldn't be allowed to be slanted to any particular author, no matter how intriguing his themes.

Roger Zelazny and Robert Young appeared honestly to care what the symposium was about. On the other hand, E.F. Russell so obviously didn't give a damn that I wouldn't have blamed you if you had edited his material completely out. Arthur C. Clarke bore out his nickname of "Ego" ("Because most other literature isn't concerned with reality," indeed!). Marion Zimmer Bradley revealed a total ignorance of contemporary literature and bared her immaturity for all to see. (Certainly

JIM HARKNESS, concl:

some contemporary novels are trashy and concerned only with perversion. City of Night would be a good example. On the other hand, a very great majority of modern novels and short stories are equal to or superior to in all ways and values anything stf turns out. I think Mrs. Bradley finds trash mainly because she looks for it.)

I was surprised to note how many pros admitted they wrote stf because they weren't good enough to sell anything else.

"As Others See Us" was good for quite a few chuckles. Hey, Buck. Maybe that book was a satire on books that aren't well enough researched...

ANDRE NORTON

I'm afraid your informant "J" was rather off in his information concerning the third Witch World story--it is now in the hands of ACE--but I never count on any sale until I see the white page of a contract--so I will not say that it is going to be published unless I temper that with if and when.

However, the subject deals with the three children of Simon and Jaelithe--as told by the eldest son--when they save their sister from being forced to become a Witch, they turn outlaw and strike out against all the forces of Estcarp to discover the cradle of the Old Race to the east. In fact the plot grew so heavy that this ms. is only half of the story, but of course it depends upon reader and editorial reaction whether the second half ever appears, even if the first does.

P.S. Tell your reviewer who wants more about Alizon that Simon disappears on an expedition to explore islands off the coast of that country and so perhaps that will furnish yet another tale sometime in the future.

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 SUMMIT AVE., HAGERSTOWN, MD. 21740

I hope that this imperative signal from the martial trumpet for the other Bill is a false alarm. If past experience in fandom can provide any consolation to the two of you, I might point out that almost invariably, a fan who makes elaborate preparations and begins saying goodbye early because of the draft never gets closer to actual service than an occasional glance at a recruiting poster outside the post office. I've seen it happen time and again, while other fans who never give military duty a thought suddenly disappear from fandom and are discovered eight months later fulfilling some obscure function in the Aleutians or Patagonia and proud to have become private first class or whatever its modern rank equivalent may be.

When I read Star Bright, I was wider awake than I am now, and I am still not altogether sure about what went on in the story. Tentatively I've decided that these are two stories and that the connection between the two is clearer to the author than it is to the reader. If I ever start to write science fiction again seriously, I'm going to take two brief rejected stories, retype them by alternating thousand-word sections from each, and sell the result instantly, then sit back and wait to see if all the readers are as impressed about the profundity of the story as the editor.

The book reviews are among the best that I've seen in any fanzine this year. But I'm afraid that I've begun to react toward Andre Norton as I did toward Tolkien. So much is being written about her novels that I've begun to grow disgusted and satiated with them, before I get around to reading them. I've finally ordered the Tolkien novels, now that the cry and hue have subsided, and undoubtedly I'll become a Norton

□ B 2 □

HARRY WARNER, JR., cont.

fan six years or so in the future when her admirers have stopped expressing their emotions so lengthily.

After thinking over the topic between issues of Double:Bill, I'm not quite so sure that I like the proxy plan I suggested for con site voting. Isn't there the danger that this system would almost automatically give the event in competitions to the city that is nearer or more easily accessible to those who are attending the current con and have worked hardest to get proxies? It wouldn't apply particularly next year, assuming that London gets the con. But imagine a situation in which the con occurred in Cleveland and Baltimore was bidding for the next con against some east coast city in the deep south. Maybe this lack of sleep is telling on my reasoning processes now, but I have the feeling that the combination of the proxies and the large turnout from the Cleveland area would almost insure a win for Baltimore, less than half the distance of that other city. I feel on surer ground about the question of plays in fanzines. A good play is infinitely harder to write than a good piece of fiction in story form, it reaches the reader in incomplete form in that it's only part of the effect that the author intended; while a novel or short story is the whole thing that the author meant, as he meant it, and the majority of people who try to write plays in fanzines are obviously forgetting that the dialog must somehow contain all the things that would be in the non-dialog parts of regular fiction. Every fanzine play in my memory read like a lazy writer's attempt to get out of the work required to write something more than mere dialog. More to the point might be an effort to publish a few scripts that could be converted into brief plays for convention presentation.

My musical preferences should be fairly obvious from my fannish writings. I greatly prefer serious or classical or whatever you want to call the kind of music that puts the price of records up a dollar over the cost of folk & popular discs. I enjoy jazz and folk music, but both types cause a reaction in me that is absent from classical music: I have no desire at all to hear a second time a folk song that I've just heard and enjoyed or a jazz performance that I've just encountered. On the contrary, serious music leaves me wanting more of the same, and the more I get of a given composition or performance in many cases, the more intense becomes my desire for repetitions. There is very little music that I dislike to the extent of refusing to listen to it. I rather enjoy popular music if it's not too loud as a background for conversation or food, although I can't bear to listen consciously to it. Music radically different from that of the western world in scale and method of construction, like native Indian folk music, leaves me totally uninterested and it gets on my nerves if I hear it very long. This is evidence of my insularity and intolerance and incomprehension and so on, I know, but I might as well be honest as well as sleepy.

The symposium's conclusion was just as interesting as what came before. Reading the answers to the query about what length story to start writing endeavors with, I suddenly thought of something that none of these pros mentioned. Maybe there is something to be said for starting out with long novelettes or novels, in the sense that this almost forces the beginning writer to do some plotting and to create a genuine story, not a pointless incident. You can fill up five thousand words or so without understanding the difference between a description of an event and a story,

BB

HARRY WARNER, JR., concl:

but after you've gone past the 20,000 word mark, you begin to comprehend willy nilly that you've got to have some things happening in a coherent way.

I was surprised that nobody did much questioning about the definition of "mainstream". Apparently some of your pros think of it as the avant garde who write for the little magazine's, some of them consider it as the latest half-dozen brilliant young men who have just gotten good reviews for first novels in book form from big name publishers, and some of them correlate mainstream with the most celebrated writers of the past few decades. Those who referred to "science fiction" by writers not normally associated with the field failed to point out that these are really examples of future fiction, stories in which the situation is too elementary to make it likely that a science fiction anthologist or prozine editor would be interested.

WILLIAM TEMPLE

Good luck to the Other:Bill, wherever he may be. He hopes service life might do something for his writing. Six years of service life did nothing for mine -- except to improve my vocabulary. Learning all those four-letter words makes it easier for me to comprehend modern mainstream fiction.

Doubt if Walt Willis will approve of your title innovation: it carries the implication that a COLON (which is a piece of your ass) is preferable to a HYPHEN (which is a piece of Walt's...)

Bob Coulson informs us ignorant English authors that there are no swamps or monkeys in Indiana. I never thought otherwise. It's full of Red Indians: hence the name.

Most green authors (and the one Bob quotes is plainly that) tend to set their horror stories in distant places with exotic names. My first published horror story was set in Abyssinia, about which I knew nothing -- except that most everyone else was in the same position.

American WEIRD
TALES authors had a penchant for setting their yarns in London, which they imagined as eternally fog-bound, with Fu Manchu, Dracula, and Professor Moriarty lurking in a bloodstained cellar waiting for a victim to turn up and make a fourth for bridge.

They pulled some awful boners, too, though at the moment I can recall only a minor one. Some W.T. author wrote: "I met him on Charing Cross." Now, although Americans meet people "on" streets, we meet them "in" streets. (That My Fair Lady song should have been "In the Street Where You Live.")

But Charing Cross isn't a street at all. It's a monument (actually, a copy of the original) surmounted by a small cross, erected by Edward I (1239-1307). I remember trying to imagine those two men balanced "on" this little cross -- quite as ludicrous as the monkeys in the swamplands of Indiana.

FREDERIK POHL

Now that you've finished the symposium in Double:Bill, I'd like to tell you how much I've enjoyed it. That is, very much!

I note that you would like to stir up a letter column discussion of it -- and I certainly hope you do -- but I think I had best cop out of participating in it myself. These are all good writers -- I've argued with them enough -- I don't want to argue with them anymore!

□B4□

GEORGE W. PRICE, 873 CORNELIA AVE., CHICAGO 57, ILL.

If I had to get rid of all my records except one album, I would keep the complete Carmen. I have the RCA LM 6102 (Stevens, Peerce, Albanese, and Merrill), although other singers might satisfy me as well. If I could keep another album, it would be the complete Merry Widow (Angel 3501B, Schwarzkopf, Gedda, and Kunz). This is the original German version, much funnier and more sophisticated than the cornball English translation. "Carmen" and "The Merry Widow" assay higher than any other works of comparable length, for sheer beauty and tunefulness. ((Agree with you on Carmen, as has been said, "there isn't a bad note in it anywhere."-BEM))

I like dancing, especially waltz, tango, cha-cha, and samba. I loathe all forms of jitterbug, twist, etc. What's wrong with the twist is that it is done vertically and in public. It should be done horizontally, in bed.

I love Gilbert and Sullivan, especially sung by Martyn Green. This gets us into the realm of words, rather than just music; I might not like G&S so well if I heard only the music, without knowing the words. Songs that I like for the words as much for the music: Stout Hearted Men, America the Beautiful, Every Day is Ladies' Day With Me, Sweet Mystery of Life, ----well, you get the idea. Also Oscar Brand's "Bawdy Ballads".

In general, I like music which is light, spirited, and tuneful. Some modern pop pieces that I like: Hey, Look Me Over; Que Será, Será. I like Spike Jones, though that can hardly be called music.

Most modern music---both popular and arty---leaves me cold, or else sickened. Hoagy Carmichael and Prokofiev can both go to Hell. One notable exception: "My Fair Lady" has both good music and clever lyrics.

Folk music is mostly pretty bad. The few exceptions are usually the old bawdy pieces, like Sam Hall. One friend of mine defined the difference between "Folk" and "Ethnic" music, thus: If it makes you want to throw up, it's folk; if you do throw up, it's ethnic.

I dislike most jazz---too noisy, not enough tune---with the exception of an occasional Dixieland piece, such as Muskrat Ramble. As for rock & roll, surfers, Elvis Presley, Beatles, etc., I refuse to concede that such is really music. It is noise with a beat. A truck full of plate glass collided with a truck full of empty steel drums, and both loads went crashing and shattering down a hill. A hipster said to his girl: "Darling! They're playing our song!"

SCOTT KUTINA 16309 MARQUIS AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO 44111

Well, I see that the symposium is finally finished, and as great as it was I noticed there were several noticable omissions, important ones at that. One of them being Robert A. Heinlein. This, to me, is almost unforgivable because he is the greatest practitioner of the art today and is a must in any such poll as this. Other rather important omissions were Judith Merrill (How could you guys?), Manly Wade Wellman, Frank Belknap Long, Keith Laumer, William Tenn, John Wyndam, and Kenneth Bulmer (though I've heard that he is the pseudonym of Brunner). Also, where were Mr. Biggle's answers to these questions? My God! It just occurred to me. Where is the Dean himself? You mean you left out Murray Leinster? Tsk, tsk. L. Sprague de Camp, too. That makes a total of 11 BIG Name Authors that you left out. ((Read what I said at the bottom of D:B #8's lettercol, plus what Lloyd says this issue, in that regard, Scotty. --BEM))

Now to contest a few points brought up by a few authors in this little opus. In #4, John Campbell says "They have become (meaning stf fen) Mutual

SCOTT KUTINA, concl:

Admiration Societies--and are highly conformal. Precisely what a good, new science fiction author should not be." Well, I don't know what his definition of non-conformity is, but my family and friends have the notion that I'm a beatnik, or something like that. And beatniks are about as non-conforming as you can get, without being a hermit or religious esthetic. I have found an interesting thing. In examining the answers to questions #2 and #8, many of the people back-tracked on themselves. They said that the *raison d'etre* was entertainment, and when asked if a story should contain a message, sermon, etc., they said yes to that. Now I for one do not find lectures or sermons very entertaining, and so wouldn't that be just a little on the hypocritical side? Now I'm not saying that all did this, actually quite a few did not, but a small minority did.

In question #3, August Derleth states that "Science-fiction is a branch of fantasy, and there is no fantasy of any kind in the core tradition of American literature." Now looky here, Mr. Derleth. You, above all other people, should know better. No fantasy in American literature? Please. What about Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, John Henry, the Fountain of Youth? How about Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, and all the others? In question #11 Jack Williamson and Mack Reynolds got me teed off. "Lack of great science fiction writers"? With Doc Smith turning out two new series, Andre Norton turning out great stories like WITCH WORLD and JUDGEMENT ON JANUS, Arthur C. Clarke's A FALL OF MOONDUST, RAH's STARSHIP TROOPERS, Philip K. Dick's MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, Zenna Henderson's PILGRIMAGE: THE BOOK OF THE PEOPLE, Brian Aldiss's THE LONG AFTERNOON OF EARTH. My God! I could go on naming books and authors for another two pages. No! There are great authors yet, Mr. Williamson, you included of course. Mr. Reynolds says that the trouble with sf is, "No guts. Conforming." Well, Mr. Reynolds, if writing and having published STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND didn't take guts, I don't know what would. Would you call that book conformity? I wouldn't.

As usual Buck's and Mike's columns are very good. Jack Eldridge's column interested me very much. I've listened to his program on occasion though his station is rather hard to pick up on my radio. His selections are good, and so are his comments... My father though takes a dim view on such music. Every time I put on my Cannonball Adderly album, or my Stan Getz Bossa Nova albums, he gives out with moans and screams. But when I turn on my folk music, well then he doesn't mind at all. I can't figure him out.. As far as the Beatles go, well I can take 'em or leave. Generally I take 'em. Why? Well I like this Mercy Beat (I think that's what it's called). {{ It's actually spelled Mersey, Scotty, but your spelling is apropos...after hearing it you cry for Mercy!--BEM}} Its fast and clean. It moves and its easy to dance to. (Yes, Virginia, some sf fans actually like to dance), though I admit I like the California surfin' and draggin' sound better. Probably because I hang out at the local drag strips all the time, and I always follow the Grand Prix circuit in the newspapers.. Seriously though, today's rock and roll isn't as bad as its cracked up to be. Comparing it with the r & r of a decade ago, I would say it's much better.

Bob Lichtman: Thanks for the offer of material. I think I'll probably be able to use it, though this proposed fanzine of mine keeps getting farther and farther into the future. It seems that I have now graduated from high school, & college is staring me in the face, while my father is making threatening noises about my participation (!?!) in fandom. Oh well, it looks like absolute gaffiation coming up.

-B G-

CLAY HAMLIN, SOUTHWEST HARBOR, MAINE

Jim Harkness: Some harsh comments there, about fan artists. Right in essence, maybe, utterly and thoroughly wrong in trying to lay the blame.

There are numerous fine artists, you have heard of the fan art exhibit at the cons, surely. But consider the limitations of a mimeo for instance. Reproduction limited to variations on a line, basically. With an electro stencil they take it to the stage of the dot, but the visible and obvious dot even so. With ditto, the possibility of color contrast enters. Not so good, eh? But when the artist understands the potential and the limitations of the media, you can get some mighty fine work. Ever see what George Barr does with a stencil, or Dave Prosser, for instance? Prosser does something else too. He can do a mighty fine ditto master, as long as there is a Bo Stenfors on the other end of the machine turning the crank.

But show me an artist who sends along something well below their ability, and I'll show you, four times out of five, a faned who is far from competent at cutting a stencil for anything better than what they received. Not only that, but there are a number of artists who simply can't come down to that level of illustration, one of these I know plenty about is Tim Dumont, who at a low end minimum needs electronic stencil to show off his ability. If you are willing to offer litho, he will contribute something worthy of the media, but to do justice to his talent, you need nothing less than photography, the well developed technique of the microscopical dot, and control of texture on the finished product.

You make a special case of Joni Stopa, there, for instance. She either can't or doesn't draw anything as pretty as what she sees in a mirror, you say. Well, far be it from me to deny that she sees something mighty spectacular in a mirror, but I have absolute and thorough-going proof that she CAN and DOES paint exactly that pretty of pictures. There is a painting here in my room which proves this decisively. No it has never been exhibited, and probably won't be until next years convention, either. I think the only other fan who may have seen this is Dave Prosser, and he did NOT come right out and say I was out of my mind when I suggested it was the finest painting by a fan ever done. It just might be that good. You want proof of that statement? A photo copy of the print will be the cover of LUNATIC in a couple more issues, 4x5 contact print, and 8x10 d/w matte enlargements will be made available to fans who are interested at something less than commercial cost, 40¢ per each. Just give me a bit of time, it hasn't been copied yet.

Bem, you ask for the readers tastes in music, so here goes. Any old thing at the appropriate time. Mostly depending on my mood at the moment. Classics, of the lighter varieties, Debussy, Paganini and Chopin preferred to the three B's. Occasionally, not often, opera, mostly it is too loud for me, and not understandable. Jazz at times, again not often, with a decided preference to something with a tune, rather than the kind that seems little more than variations on a series of exercises. For relaxation, and after a hectic day at the office I NEED relaxation, the ballads of my teenage days, the forties. I have an unusual fondness for the quiet and pleasant song titled Dream. But I just never get excited about (or frustrated about) rock and roll, or other of the type, it is so easy to turn off the radio and pick up a book. And, of course, one of my more horrid secrets, I LIKE Lawrence Welk. Sometimes.

Now really, what does an amateur writer, and a lazy one at that, write about your pro symposium? Well, it could be said that one of the special added attract-

CLAY HAMLIN, concl:

ions is the way their personality comes across, and that is bound to lead to a better appreciation of their writing. Oh, that was tricky, even the ones who vehemently deny that you can figure out their personality from their stories is not going to deny that it does so in this, if one wishes to look for it under the words. In the recent installment, I must admit that William Temple manages to delight me far more than what I remember of his stories, and I'll certainly be looking around for the opportunity to buy some of his books.

There were plenty of little hints on how to write, and to a would be writer that can't help but being good. For the compulsive reader there was plenty offered, definite suggestions of some excellent material they might be unfamiliar with. My hearty applause to all who were specific in that respect.

One thing that pleased me mightily, as an addict of fandom, was the almost paternalistic attitude they demonstrate here, by giving of their time and talents, even though they don't participate to any great extent themselves. They at least don't look down on it, but instead are helpful and kind about our many idiocies.

The first installment of this, I rather questioned your method of presentation and editing. No more. For some reason, it had the effect of each separate installment seeming to be the best and most worthwhile. Oh, going back and rereading, I see that it isn't at all, just an effect. You got a beautiful balance and variety this way, not a large and virtually indigestible dose of a few questions repeating the same thing over and over again with only the personalities of the writers to add spice to them. Again, heart-felt congratulations for an exceptional job of editing, in what was **surely** a difficult thing to edit and publish.

TERRY JEEVES, 30 THOMPSON RD., SHEFFIELD, 11, ENGLAND

'Fraid I didn't like the cover, and many of the interior illos seemed to have suffered in the stencil cutting. However, duping, size of issue and variety of material were well up to scratch.

I liked both editorials (and still say they ought to be longer). Coulson's review I really enjoyed, even if he didn't quite succeed in putting across his own sense of crogglements at 'Ray Cosmic's' boobs. Wonder how Betty Kujawa would enjoy the description of Indiana?

Liked that little snippet about a laser rifle on page 7 and would welcome more such news relays in fmz — a good idea.

'Star Bright' was interestingly written, but left too many unexplored side avenues before reaching a weak ending. Book reviews (and the fake review) were both good and went down well. Wallaby Stew I always enjoy, but wish Bob could pick more zines I've read myself.

The Symposium still finds me out of step I'm afraid, partly through its sheer size without any flow pattern and partly because the questions & answers were not sufficiently varied. I'd like to have seen such Q's as "Which story had the most pre-sale rejections?" "Have you ever written a story to an editors plan, and if so, what and when?" "What made you write your first story?" And so on. All the same, it was a monumental effort, and one you should be proud of.

E.E. EVERS, APT. 4-C, 268 EAST FOURTH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10009

All sympathy to Bowers on getting drafted. Having just been thru that same mill myself I know it won't gaffiate a really fanatical fan, but it

□ B S □

E.E. EVERS, concl:

will sure as Hell come close. The worst part is losing touch with goings on in the microcosm. The Army seems to be an excellent negative time-binder.

If you think swamps in Indiana are laughable, Buck Coulson, what about the Western novels set in a Montana created out of some NY hack's imagination? Echhhh.

Mike Shupp seems to use just a few more words than necessary in his reviews. Like about 300%. Bill Glass, by the same token, only uses an excess of about 200%. I realise I like to do this too, especially when panning something really wretched like the works of Ray Bradbury, but I guess I can still grotch when others do it.

And then there's WALLABY STEW. Gee, Buck Coulson, I heard that "America is my nation" thing just a few weeks ago and didn't even connect it with Gully Foyle. The things you learn in a fanzine review column... or in the US Army...

"Death", Bill Wolfenbarger, I don't understand. Do you? I mean a poem is supposed to communicate something: mood, insight, understanding. Is there some tie-in with nuclear war here? Oh well, I've written worse, I'm sure...

DB #9 gives the impression of being much larger than it really is. But I still like you anyway. How about using some longer fiction, if for no other reason, to keep up your reputation for a thick zine. {{ You nuts or something? That's one reputation we're gonna try and kill!--BEM}}

JOHN BOSTON, 816 S. FIRST ST., MAYFIELD, KY.

I note that Mike Shupp sneers at the science in City at World's End. I wonder what he'll have to say about Farnham's Freehold.

Bill Glass's "book review", unlike the usual attempt at literary satire found in fanzines, makes quite a few telling points. I chuckled longest over the remark that while the story was finished, the book was not. This was the most glaring fault in Glory Road; it's like trying to put 12 ounces of water in a ten-ounce glass. I wonder whether Heinlein is on your mailing list? {{ We don't know for sure -- but Biggle gets four extra copies that he sends out to somebody -- mayhaps one of them goes to Heinlein. He's not on OUR mailing list, tho. --BEM}}

Harry Warner's remarks on characterization in science fiction are not too accurate. The problem of characterizing aliens may be a tough one; but there is not reason to expect that, barring mutations and other Unforeseen Circumstances, people will talk and behave much differently in 5000 A.D. than 5000 B.C. The race just won't change that much that fast. This is one of the complaints one of my non-fan friends has against sf; the attempt to depict the difference between Man circa 1964 and Man circa 4964. It's impossible to do, just as it is impossible to conceive of a color outside of our spectrum--that is, visualize it, and not just comprehend the possibility. As for aliens, most of the stfnal aliens are really just people in fancy clothes. Take Hal Clement's Mesklinites. They have human motivations, desires, and personalities. Barlennan was a memorable character; he would have been a memorable human being also. (Things such as the Mesklinites' exaggerated fear of heights are not manifestations of alien psychology, but a result of environment, just as the Moslem's compulsion to pray five times daily.)

The trouble with the theatrical medium is that it is too limiting. The forte of the theatre is character development; this is its great advantage over ordinary prose fiction. Unfortunately, not that many science

JOHN BOSTON, cont:

fiction writers are skilled enough characterizers. It is much easier to say that so-and-so is disturbed about something than to have him betray it in his speech and actions. "Real science" may not be a requisite for good science fiction, but what science is there should be accurate.

I think that fans would pay more attention to up and coming brilliant new talent if there were a little more of it. Galouye I'll grant you, as being a brilliant talent. However, he's been up and coming for about ten years. Name me five "up and coming, brilliant new talents" who have come into the field in the last five years.

Mysteries are, for the most part, based on the lie that crime doesn't ever pay; westerns on the myth of the American West as a perpetual shoot-em-up; and the Avalon/Arcadia school of romances on the Cinderella myth. (the original, not the one demolished by Philip Wylie.) Science fiction has no comparable myth; at one time a preponderance of the stories were based on the premise that science would cure man's ills and clean up its own mistakes. But a large minority were anti-scientific, although this was mainly a hangover from the early 30's, if you can take Leland Sapiro's word for it. There is no comparable idea in science fiction today, no cohesive myth for the genre to rally 'round. Could this be one of the contributing factors in the lack of vitality in most of the current science fiction? But there isn't any one myth around which the whole multifarious mass of "mainstream" fiction can be oriented.

The conflict between ideas of science fiction's "purpose" and other ideas of entertainment as its only purpose are easily reconcilable. The best science fiction is composed of the best social, technological, and psychological extrapolation coupled with the best writing style, characterization, and integration of the thought with the story proper. This is what makes Childhood's End or More Than Human more entertaining to me than, on the one hand, Burroughs, and on the other, The World Of A with its stiff writing and equally stiff and unrealistic characterization and dialogue. The main fault of Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land was the presence of large lumps of undigested opinion floating around in the story instead of being integrated into the plot. For contrast, see Beyond This Horizon. In that work, when a character spouts a passage of political philosophy, it is perfectly reasonable and compatible with the plot of the story. In Stranger, the author and characters vomit huge chunks of opinion at the least provocation; likewise in Glory Road.

The bad image of science fiction comes mainly from the lack of writing skill in so many writers. Since science fiction writers are so seldom true professionals, in that they write for a living, few will have the skill in characterization, plotting, dialogue, and so forth that a "mainstream" professional writing for a living will acquire. This is also enhanced by the fact that an interest in, if not extensive knowledge of, science (physical science, that is) is a requisite for the enjoyment of most science fiction. The sad fact remains that entirely too few people have the imagination necessary to appreciate the construction of a cat's-cradle of invention from the strands of current science.

As P. Schuyler Miller pointed out, there are rules governing science fiction that must be adhered to, but not applicable to other fields, as there are rules for writing mysteries which are not applicable to science fiction. But these criterions are to be applied in addition to the universal yardsticks of good writing. A science fiction story with poor characterization is obviously just as bad as a mainstream novel with poor characterization.

JOHN BOSTON, concl:

Thus, the failure of science fiction to establish itself in the literary world is due to (a) the literary mediocrity of a majority of the field's writers, and (b) the restricted appeal of the form, which is a natural consequence of the nature of the field. This latter can only be overcome by writing watered-down stories, and by the few science fiction works of almost universal possible appeal, such as More Than Human and A Mirror for Observers.

There can be no clear-cut answer to the question of whether fan activity is beneficial or detrimental to professional writing. "Fan activity" is just too broad and inclusive a term. The endless fanish social whirl, the fanzines full of personalities and in-group natter would be a waste of time. Things like this symposium can broaden the individual's knowledge and understanding of his chosen field, which cannot help but be beneficial. But I fail to see how even the most faanish activity could be detrimental, any more than stamp collecting or playing golf. If a writer spends all of his time fanning, he isn't accomplishing anything. But the same result would occur if he spent hours on end every day pouring over his stamp books.

Lester Del Rey's remarks about characterization curl my hair. Some interesting but unrealistic characters in sf are, for example, Gilbert Gosseyn, Kimball Kinnison, and John Carter. Some interesting but realistic characters are Hamilton Felix, the Lieutenant, and Walter Franklin. A realistic character is simply one who acts as a human being might, rather than an idealized force for Good or Evil or a pinnacle of rationality--although Gosseyn could logically be a result of A training, I suppose.

On "messages" in sf novels, Robert Lowndes and Reginald Brethor have the best and most valid points. A number of fanzines claim as their reason for existence the extension of the editor's personality. Likewise, a novel is an extension of the personality of the author.

Robert Heinlein's novels and short stories may not convey the actual beliefs of the author in specific matters, but give the impression of a literate, questioning mind with a pragmatic approach. The latter is evidenced in Heinlein's brief, spare style, which gets the job done briefly and lucidly without monkeying with poetic license, lit'ry description, and the like. A Heinlein character becomes more alive by uttering three sentences of dialogue than many authors' do after paragraphs of description and conversation. The peril is a separation of "message" from the story, as I remarked above in connection with Stranger In A Strange Land.

Again, let me say in connection with the last question that the trouble with science fiction, the thing really wrong with most of it and not implicit in the nature of the field, is the lack of skill of the practitioners. New ideas, sweeping concepts, titanic imagination is not enough. The flower of the imagination must spring from a firm, sturdy stem of literary craftsmanship.

DON FRANSON, 6543 BABCOCK AVE., HORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 91606

All the mail ballot schemes for choosing the 1966 con site are impractical, for the simple reason that they never could be agreed upon in less than three years of business meetings and mail debate. Remember how long it took to decide on the Rotation Plan?

The reason I suggested the 1965 Midwestcon for an informal decision on this is that it is a large convention, one of the last before the Loncon, it is in the Midwest where in 1966 con is to be held, and most of the members of the opposing committees and their local supporters would

DON FRANSON, concl:

be likely to be there. Such an informal agreement would not have to be involved in complicated paperwork at all, as a radically new mail ballot system would. This decision can be by voice vote at the Banquet, or in a smoke filled room, for all I care. They can either decide on one bidder, with the other withdrawing; or they can agree to take pot-luck at the Lon-con, with no squawks afterward, no matter what happens.

I certainly wouldn't be competent to judge whether Birmingham or Liverpool, say, would be the best site for a British convention. I don't see how Coulson can say it's an Insult to All British Fandom to imply that they don't know all there is to know about U.S. con sites.

But then Coulson has been easily emotionally upset since he's joined the N3F. Where's the old, detached Coulson?

GEORGE FERGUS, 3825 W. 160TH. ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO 44111

You know, I think you fellas are too eager to obtain comments on the Symposium. After all, there really isn't much for any reader to say, except perhaps give his own views on each of the questions, in which case you'll have a Fan Symposium on your hands.

As for "relationship to Mainstream", is there really a literary Mainstream with several independent tributaries that retain but a tenuous connection with it, or is Mainstream just another way of saying non-SF? A definition of Mainstream was noticeably lacking in question #3. If you couldn't define the term yourselves, then you should have reworded the question or left it out entirely. ((The main reason we left out a definition of mainstream was to get more interesting comments from the pros. I always thought of mainstream as being the more popular type of non-SF Best sellers...Bowers' idea may differ; I don't know for sure what his conception of mainstream is.--BEM)) And the same goes for "effective" in question #8. Is effectiveness determined in terms of the author's purpose or on the reader's tastes? ((I'd say it'd have to be a combination of both -- what are some other opinions, readers?--BEM)) The only trouble is that you can't know what messages the author had in mind, if any, and which ones you're just reading into the story. The degree to which you can detect a writer's views depends entirely upon the writer, no matter how many of his works you can study. Does van Vogt really love monarchies?

Finally, I have very strong opinions on question #11. Years ago SF writers' imaginations were inventing all kinds of original things like ray guns, force fields, hyperspace, seetee matter, mind to mind telepathic battles, parallel time-lines, and other striking new innovations. Perhaps I'm dreaming of some nonexistent "good old days", but today we seem to be going less hard on the wonder in science fiction and, when we get away from the psychological studies that all literature seems to be doing these days, trying to rework again and again the same old weary plots. If there has to be an unending stream of alien invasion tales, space operas, post-atomic war dramas, and situation short stories, couldn't we have some new and original aliens, some new and original scientific forces and gadgets, some new and original results of atomic war, and some new and original surprise endings? Note how ERB lost popularity when he overworked one plot-formula. I long for more of the stories with sparkling new ideas such as went into the H.L. Gold GALAXY anthologies of years ago.

We all loved, I'm sure, the review of that forthcoming book by RAH

GEORGE FERGUS, concl:

(that is, Rupert Asinine Humdrum). I am glad to hear that it is in the same vein as many of his other famous works such as A LECTURE TOUR ON GLORY ROAD, PADRE OF MARS, PREACHER IN A STRANGE LAND, AND STARSHIP SERMON. My heartfelt congratulations go to Bill Glass. I will treasure that "Neomycin" for a long, long time.

Yes, I think the idea of postal voting for Con sites is very good. After all, we vote for the Hugos that way, don't we? The only worry would be the usual one of stuffing the ballot box by buying dummy memberships. Anyway, announcement of contenders and perhaps proxy cards for voting could go out officially with Progress Report #2, and then the deadline would be some date in August for the mailed votes. Then the attendees and any members who gave their proxy cards to friends who were attending would get their votes added on to all those mailed in. Then all the votes wouldn't be counted until they were all in and even the Committee wouldn't know for sure which city had won until the last minute.

BILL GLASS, 23908 CALIFA ST., WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF. 91364

I enjoyed Paul Gilster's "Star Bright". I think the style of the story and its shifting from starship to earth for background explanation, and back to the starship for the climax were semi-pro and well handled.

I think time travel stories more interesting when they are from the present backward. It seems more entertaining to see a person with perhaps more or about the same knowledge as I have thrown back to where he has to use his wits in an environment semi-familiar to me.

The reverse is true when one travels into the future. It grows boring to have a lush sleep one off for three centuries, then wander around asking a lot of stupid questions and never quite knowing what is going on.

Paraphrasing Mike Shupp's comments on City at World's End: The Great Robert A. Heinlein, in his bad novel, Farnham's Freehold, "makes a few magic passes with a poorer than comic strip science fiction, and presto!" a bomb shelter with six happy stereotypes pops off to the far future. After reading the first two, cliché-ridden parts of Heinlein's Great New Novel, I find myself wishing he'd written Horror Pit instead.

I learned a lot from your lettercol. I'll never say "c--d" again. Not even if I read a c--dzine (unless the zine really is that cruddy). Like I said last, your front and back covers are none too inspiring. If you must have a backcover illo, for goodness sake make it worth it. The last two backcovers were nothing to stand up and cheer about. I get the strange impression that the cover to #9 is the left half of a two page spread and that there's somebody standing off to the right shooting those arrows.

The best inside artwork were Barbi Johnson's headings for the editorials and Atom's book review heading and fillero on page 9. Maybe Dian Pelz's Girl on a (?) is good, too; I won't argue. The worst art of the ish was Joe Fekete's back cover.

ANTHONY BOUCHER

About the origin of the verse discussed on D:B (yes, much easier to type with : rather than -) June p 22:

The ur-form seems to be: _____ is my name; America's my nation; _____ is my dwelling-place, And Heaven's my destination. This is the form used on the title p of Thornton Wilder's excellent novel HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION (Harper, 1935) & described by Wilder as: "Doggerel verse which children of the Middle West were accustomed to write in their schoolbooks."

Once again I must cut the lettercol short -- we hope to have D:B done in time to take a hundred copies or so to Pacificon -- and we're leaving in 5 days, so wish us luck! The rest of you clowns will have to wait 'til we get back to get your copies....but instead of filling up too much more space, lets's dive right into selections by: T H E A L S O H E A R D F R O M S

MIKE McQUOWN says: " I said why I didn't write plays; what I was after, was trying to elicit comment from other writers as to why they didn't. I should think someone other than Leiber would have gone at it. I exclude screenplays (Beaumont, Matheson, Bloch, and Simak.) because that's strictly bread-and-butter stuff, but surely we've got something going for us besides 'Visit To A Small Planet.' don't we? As far as the 'boob tube' goes, I think we can discount 'My Favorite Martian,' which is a situation-comedy with a slightly offbeat touch. I remember the rash of bad-to-fair sf we had for several years aimed at the younger brats - 'Space Patrol', 'Buck Rogers', 'Commando Cody', the delightfully propagandised German-made 'Flash Gordon', as well as the old Buster Crabbe serial reruns and Gene Autry's attempt in that direction (using a lot of the Buster Crabbe props and costumes). 'My Favorite Martian', however, was aimed at a slightly older (I think) group, possibly indicating that Someone Up There recognises a desire for some form of s-f. Maybe we can hope for something better in the future, especially if some of the pros turn their efforts in that direction." {{ As long as they don't imitate "Martian"--Migod!--BEM}}

JIM CAWTHORN: "Is the whole civilized world infested with Beatles? Recalling the torrents of rubbish poured out by Hollywood and U.S.A. TV into our fairly indiscriminating British ears (mixed with some excellent entertainment!), I had hoped that the Great American Public would regard our rubbish with a jaundiced eye.

"In answer to your comment below Avram Davidson's letter, I have done a small amount of professional artwork, but most of it is better forgotten. The Symposium continues to be fascinating, even though I've largely given up SF in favor of Fantasy. But I find myself incapable of commenting on it, because my non-analytical mind tends to agree with the opinions of writer 'A', up to the moment that it encounters the equally logical but totally opposite views of writer 'B'."

ROBERT WEINBERG: "In answer to your answer to my comment on knocking the Beatles; I have nothing against any recording of any type or sound. I just exercise my right of not listening. That was what I was complaining of. If you want to end the terrors of rock and roll, start a campaign of not listening to it. {{ I DON'T, anymore than I have too.--BEM}} Get enough people to do this, and things will change.

"I agree with James Blish that SF is part of mainstream, but a group in itself. We have taken a branch of literature and set down certain restrictions. If it fits these rules, then it is science fiction. If not, its something else. One last thing. Can't we go back to the days when plot was one of the important things in SF? Lets not have everyone trying to show that they can write a deep psychological story with no plot. Leave that to Fantasy and SF."

{{ And I agree 100%. But that's all for this time...other WAHF's were Tom Perry, Dave Prosser, and a new Cleveland fan, Duane Richardson.--BEM}}

Editorial—

FROM WILLIAM'S PEN

—Bill Bowers



Someday I might learn. It has happened so often that it is almost a custom. I am referring, of course, to the fact that here it is the last minute again before I hurriedly compose my editorial ramblings. Right now it is Friday night; tomorrow we have to run off twenty pages and collate a hundred plus copies and pack; Sunday, we leave for Chicago. No, I doubt it...I'll never learn.

Perhaps, though, for once the breaks are with me. I have assurances from the draft board that I won't be called up until October at least. I just wish I could place some faith in Harry Warner's statement in the lettercol concerning those who make elaborate plans for the draft seem never to go. At any rate, I shall now be able to make the Pacificon II, something I doubted for quite a while. Mallardi mentions (in his editorial) about being ready to "really cut loose from the state of Ohio and from work" and I can only echo his sentiments. I'm ready now....

To clarify a point in Mallardi's editorial, there are two separate time-tracks involved in the distribution of this issue. 1) In order to get this issue out in time to take to the convention (and save postage and envelope money ala Coulson) we've only run off a little over a hundred copies. 2) The majority will be mailed out approximately the middle of September. So, a plea is in order to those of you receiving this in the mail: Please send in your letters as soon as possible, in order to make the next issue, O.K.?

The next issue, #11, will be our 2nd Annish. It should be out in October, but the first part of November will probably be more like it. It will cost more, but this is purely self-protection. Our last Annish nearly doubled our circulation--a move which we can't bear to think about now--and also neatly doubled our bill. And those who are impressed by sheer (mere?) size, I'm afraid, will be disappointed. It won't be too much bigger than this issue. We've had our hundred page issue; one will have to suffice. It's nearly a miracle that the magazine survived three such issues as #'s 7, 8 & 9. It is a miracle that we survived putting out this issue in two weeks.

Almost, but not quite, I am ashamed to hold this slin a magazine in my hands.

One thing is certain; it'll be a pretty long time before we ask Lloyd Biggle to do another article for us.

He has several points against him now. —ingroup type joke.

With, and without Mallardi, I seem to have been doing quite a lot of traveling this summer. A rough estimate indicates that with trips to Cincinnati, Wisconsin and Indiana, plus a family vacation in Kentucky, I have gone well over three thousand miles, not counting unnumbered trips

to Cleveland. The expedition to California will probably add more than twice that. Say, maybe that's why the army hasn't cornered me yet...they don't have the facilities to keep up with travelling fen....

Since Mallardi devotes the larger part of his editorial to the three fan type things we've been to already this summer, I'll just add a note to the effect that I enjoyed myself hugely at all three, and only wish I could be around for them next year. Maybe... But don't believe this nonsense about Mallardi being (ha!) "quiet and unobtrusive". That's a lot of bull, Artie!

For various reasons...mostly due to the hurriedness with which this issue was thrown together, our esteemed book reviewer, Mike Shupp, isn't with us this issue. I'm not trying to sabotage his job, but I'd like to recommend a book to those who haven't already read it. It is Daniel F. Galouye's latest Bantam book, Simulacron-3. It's a good book, not what might be called action-packed, but it was very enjoyable to me, and what almost as important, easy to read. In relation to his two previous novels, I'd rate Simulacron-3 as being better than Lords of the Psychon ("City of Force" was better than the book), but it'll be one heck of a book that will equal or surpass Dark Universe, which was undeservingly cut out of its well earned Hugo by a Name. (Don't get me wrong...I liked Stranger, but it didn't deserve the Hugo that year.) Galouye has produced some good shorts in the past, but three such original paperbacks as Dark Universe, Lords of the Psychon and Simulacron-3, in a row is a remarkable achievement, and we can only hope that he can keep up the pace. Since DU, I automatically pick up the latest Galouye novel and read it before any of my unread book stack (or more accurately, stacks). I can't say that I've read all the science fiction books that have come out this year, but of the ones that I have, I'd have to list Simulacron-3 near the top. And now, I am awaiting the next Galouye impatiently....

Other fans talk about finding little, out-of-the-way, dusty book stores--now I found mine. Last Saturday I was in there, and had a rough time getting out before I spent \$15.00, so abundant was the choice. All the sf paperbacks and digest mags are 15¢ @, but the hardcover prices vary. For instance, I picked up a first edition copy of Sky Miller's The Titan for \$2.00, while a first edition copy with d.j. of Who Goes There? was \$3.00. I also picked up a couple of Jules Verne Books; an 1873 edition (in beautiful condition) of In Search of the Castaways for \$1.00, and a 1906 edition of Hector Servadac (in likewise condition) for 60¢, plus a number of anthologies and later novels. I don't go up there too often, I can't afford to....

We have heard that DOUBLE:BILL #7 was voted the Best Single Publication of 1963. This is an achievement of which we are very proud, and we'd like to thank everyone who voted for us. May you have fewer crudsheets and many sticky coins all your fannish life....

And thus ends the Second Year in the era of DOUBLE:BILL; it's had its share of troubles, but all things considered, we've enjoyed it. The number of issues dropped from the First Year...from six to four, but those four issues total 304 pages to 248 for the first six, plus the fact that we think we have gone up in quality with each issue. 552 pages in ten issues...isn't that a bit too many? ...the soon to be enslaved Bill Bowers

