

~1 Jul 63

# DOUBLE-BILL #4



REG





APRIL, 1963

DOUBLE-BILL

Edited by BILL BOWERS  
and BILL MALLARDI

VOL I., NO. 4

## CONTENTS

THE BEMS' CORNER * editorial by Bill Mallardi . . . . .	4
BORN TO DIE * opinion/article by Bill Bowers . . . . .	6
THE MIMSY BOROGOVES * book review column by Mike Shupp . . . . .	8
A BASIC SF & FANTASY LIBRARY * poll results . . . . .	13
CLASSICS, ETC. * column by Clay Hamlin . . . . .	14
THE TRAGIC ERROR OF ANGEL BLACKIE * fiction by S.W.P. Wyszowski . . . . .	15
NIGHTFALL TO ETERNITY * verse by Bill R. Wolfenbarger . . . . .	16
WALLABY STEW * fanzine review column by Robert Coulson . . . . .	17
DOUBLE-TROUBLE * the BEM-controlled lettercol . . . . .	20
JUST PLAIN BILL * way back editorial by Bill Bowers . . . . .	30

## A R T W O R K

Cover by ROBERT E. GILBERT  
(lettering by Bill Bowers)

Robert E. Gilbert: 10, 30; Terry Jeeves: 25, Bcover; Ray Nelson: 4, 19;  
Richard Schultz: 7; Bjo Trimble: 6, 12; Unidentified: 22

COLUMNISTS: Robert Coulson - fanzines; Mike Shupp - current books;  
Clay Hamlin - oldies but goodies; Mike Deckinger - movies

DOUBLE-BILL is published bi-monthly (yes, Buck Coulson) by King Rex thru  
its two loyal slaves, BILL MALLARDI & BILL BOWERS. D-B is available to  
those interested for Contributions of Material or Artwork, Trades (all  
for all preferred), or printed Letters of Comment. It is also to be had  
for that olde cure-all, money, to the tune of 20¢ per ish or 6 for \$1.

SUBS & MATERIAL should go to:  
BILL BOWERS  
3271 Shelhart Road,  
Barberton, Ohio

TRADES & LOC's should go to:  
BILL MALLARDI  
214 Mackinaw Ave.,  
Akron 13, Ohio

Clay Hamlin's CLASSICS, ETC. nextish: Plain and simple entertainment.  
"What Mad Universe". Frederic Brown.

Last minute postcard from GARY DEINDORFER:

"Thanks for the third issue of your mag. One of the biggest chortles  
I've had in recent months came when I read Buck Coulson describing me in  
the letter-col as being 'clean-cut', and 'All-American'. Coulson has never  
met me face to face. He bases these rash claims on a high school class  
photo I once sent him. Evidently class photos make even the worst of  
people look clean-cut and such." s/Dorf

Didja hear? Now Charlton Heston is gonna BeJohn the Baptist!



# THE BEEMS' CORNER

BY BILL MALLARDI



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME! Yup, thass right, yesterday, April 6th, I was a year older--and I've got the grey hairs to prove it! I wasn't expecting any gifts, either, so it rather surprised me when I found a Hamilton watch in my dinner plate last night! (It didn't taste too bad tho, with a little seasoning.) Those springs are murder...anybuddy got a toothpick?

HOLD IT, WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED, DEPT. Many of you who got XERO and saw how the Lupoff's did their multi-colored pages are probably familiar with Dick's explanation of how it was done, in XERO #9, which he called REXTRIPLEING. Our cover this issue is based on the Rextripeing idea, (with thanks to the Lupoff's for a more detailed note on how it was done) but with one big difference. The way the Lupoff's (and possibly others with silkscreen mimeos) did it was to use the different colored inks directly onto the silkscreen either a bit at a time so they would blend in; or all at once, which of course causes one helluva headache when it came time to clean said silkscreen up in order to use black ink again. Matter of fact, the latter way may force buying a new silkscreen altogether!

We never knew of any way other than the two mentioned above, and had planned to use one of those methods ourselves, sonner or later. Mostly later. However, while at the Gestetner store one day I mentioned using different colored inks, and the lady there told me of another way of doing it that I doubt anybody in fandom ever heard of. So everyone with silkscreen mimeos, jump up and take notice. In essence, its very simple, you just substitute a BLANK stencil for your silkscreen. The lady demonstrated it to me thusly: You take a blank stencil and put it on over the silkscreen the usual way, making sure its on straight & without any wrinkles. Then you put the ink on the back of that stencil in any way you wish -- vertically -- (I dunno how it'd come out horizontally, tho it COULD be tried, I guess.) say a stripe of blue on one side, red in the middle, and green on the other side, and THEN you put the stencil you want to run off over the ink, the regular way. The only trouble is that you have to ink sparingly, thus neccessitating a re-inking every 30 copies or so. But it does save your silkscreen, at the cost of only one stencil extra. ONE WORD OF CAUTION! If you try this method remember to ink lightly, and only down as far as the illo goes on a legal-sized stencil, in other words not past line 60. The ink tends to run down the smooth surface of that stencil & if you aren't careful it will squeeze out the bottom of the stencil, causing one great big mess!! It happened to US, you see, and we had ink over everything--blue, red, green ink--all over King Rex's insides, outsides, etc. We used about a box of kleenex & three rags trying to clean up the blasted ink! Needless to say, by the time we were done we had multi-color, alright, all over our hands. We think it was worth the trouble, tho, and now we know how to do it right. And the results were good, we feel. How do you people like it? Ever hear of doing it that way before, Dick? We'll be interested in hearing from you all. Every once in a while we'll be doing multi-colored pages from now on.



In regards to Bill's article this issue, I feel almost the same way he does re: fans, & also agree Red Skelton is a "fannish personality" since he's a master of the pun, & pun built on pun; but I disagree with Bill when he says the fan is born to die. I feel the fan will live on, one way or another, wherever there are individuals who like their freedoms in different forms. There is the point to make, too, that if Bill means just fans of stf--(since today it is generally understood that reality & modern day advances are catching up with stf, thus hurting the field. Or at least, its what many claim). Or does he mean the faan, who turns away from stf somewhat & just stays in fandom for the fun of having friends, holding parties, etc., etc. We'll be interested to see what you people think.

THE BEM STRIKES BACK: My article in #2 brought many reactions from other faneds, the most notable being Pauls' KIPPLE & Boardmans' KNOWABLE. (The review in ISCARIOT I haven't seen, has it come out yet, does anyone know?) But at any rate, Pauls in his editorial(?) in KIPPLE#34 seemed to go haywire with his review of the article. He quoted whole sections of it at a time, which I don't mind a bit, nor do I mind his misinterpreting it like most everyone else did. What I do mind tho, is his printing the part that appeared near the middle of the article as something that supposedly was close to the end of it, giving the impression that "negro girls morality" was what I was stressing all along. Which of course is untrue, as you know. It's also misleading, & gives uninformed KIPPLE readers biased views against me that isn't deserved. This is magnified even more by Pauls' ending it all with a comparison of me with all the infamous fuggheads in fandom, from D.B. Berry, to Degler, Wetzel, etc., well known for their repeatedly assinine actions. This is also untrue, as all my friends in fandom will testify. Apparently Pauls has never heard of me before, tho I've been in fandom 5 years now. Since I did admit that one of my opinions was wrong, & also apologized for misleading everyone with that ill-advised article, I feel that Mr. Pauls is guilty of "name-calling" beyond bounds, & should apologize the same way he attacked me, publically. I don't think this is difficult to ask, since I submit the fact that of all the letters rec'd, not a ONE resorted to name-calling. They very calmly refuted the article without name-calling, which is what Pauls' should have done. There is an expression I read somewhere, Ted, that fits here: "A man has to stoop at least a little to hold another man down." As for Boardman, he's agreed with Pauls' views; & by the by, John, Eliot Shorter & I got along just great at Chicon -- matter of fact I was glad to finally see a Negro in fandom. What say, Pauls & Boardman? Care to revise your opinions now? If you don't I feel you will be no better than what you've called me. I've no hard feelings to either of you, & don't mind trading zines. Yet I couldn't go without replying to you, & I can get along without you just as well. It's up to you two, now. How about it?? ## Re: my remark in the lettercol on Chuck Devines' death (page 25), I'm glad to say my suspicion was unfounded. (Tho I AM sorry he's gone, of course, he will be missed.) But just yesterday I rec'd a letter from Chuck's mother, explaining more details of his death. They took a long time to write me, which did make me wonder if it was a hoax or not, but it's all cleared up now. The details of his death has been requested to be kept out of fanzines, which I'll respect wholeheartedly. ## Another late arrival is a COA, which kills CLEVELAND IN '66: Martin Moore, Lakeside Apts, #4A, Old Hickory, TENN.! Things sure change, now the Lareans have dropped THEIR bid for '64--so it's FRISCO in '64, congrats, people. ## Bowers & I both included our choices in the compilation on page 13, & some never made the top 30, namely two of my favorites that weren't mentioned once! They are: SCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES, ed. by Conklin, & Bradburys THE ILLUSTRATED MAN. SOB! Mebbe next time? So, WRITE! Bemmishly, Bill M.



# BORN to DIE: THE ESSENCE OF A FAN

BY BILL BOWERS

One thing is characteristic to every fan: he is essentially a misfit in the modern society of mundania. This may be reflected in several different

ways. The fan, while he may be the epitome of aggressiveness behind a typewriter and seperated from his audience by many miles, is usually (but not always) to varying degrees, shy in the physical presence of others. Some are the reverse, or seem to be. But regardless of the ways in which he shows it, the fan is different from the masses. He is not well adjusted to his environment, and resents attempts to place him in conformity with the majority.

This is not to say that fans are always slans, or superior in intelligence to the rest of the world. The populace of the microcosm of Fandom differs as widely as its outworldly counterpart. But there are certain characteristics that are evident in most fans, whatever their ages or particular interests.

First, however, let us establish some general idea as to who/what is a fan. This is somewhat like trying to define what is/what is not science fiction; each person has his own definition and there will never be one that is acceptable to everyone--or even a majority. But I think that when someone mentions "science fiction" everyone of you has a clear enough picture to understand what is being talked about, even if you disagree on what is included within the limits of that term. So should it be with the term "fan".

I believe that it might be stated that a generally accepted definition of a fan is that he is one who has read, or possibly still reads, science fiction, and wishes to communicate with others of a similar interest. But this is not true in every instance, as witness the fact that several well-known "fans" have entered into the Immortal Storm by various means other than that of science fiction. I believe therefore, that to become a "fan" requires more than an interest in science fiction, although it usually takes that form. It requires a certain personality and philosophy of life.

Not all of those I consider to be fannish are even remotely connected with science fiction fandom in any way. For instance, I consider Red Skelton a fannish personality, or at least his public image leads me to believe him such. Perhaps this is because I consider him one of the few true comedians alive. And as a comedian, it is his business to make people laugh. But the





way he goes about it, and his utter disregard for some of the most cherished precepts of television appeals to me. He's an oddball and so am I; he is successful as such and I don't consider myself particularly so. But he has the ability to communicate to me, which is something I like and respect.

That brings us to the main characteristics that define a fan, that separates him from his mundane counterparts.

Perhaps the most evident characteristic is that a fan has an inquiring mind combined with a somewhat negative way of thinking. He is dubious and unwilling to accept anything at face value, and is continually hunting for whatever is hidden behind the facade of the evident. Though essentially a troubled personality and plagued in some cases by a lack of self-confidence, he considers himself quite qualified to judge whatever it is that is in question, or at least so states on paper. If he were faced with the responsibilities of such a judgement, things might turn out differently than planned.

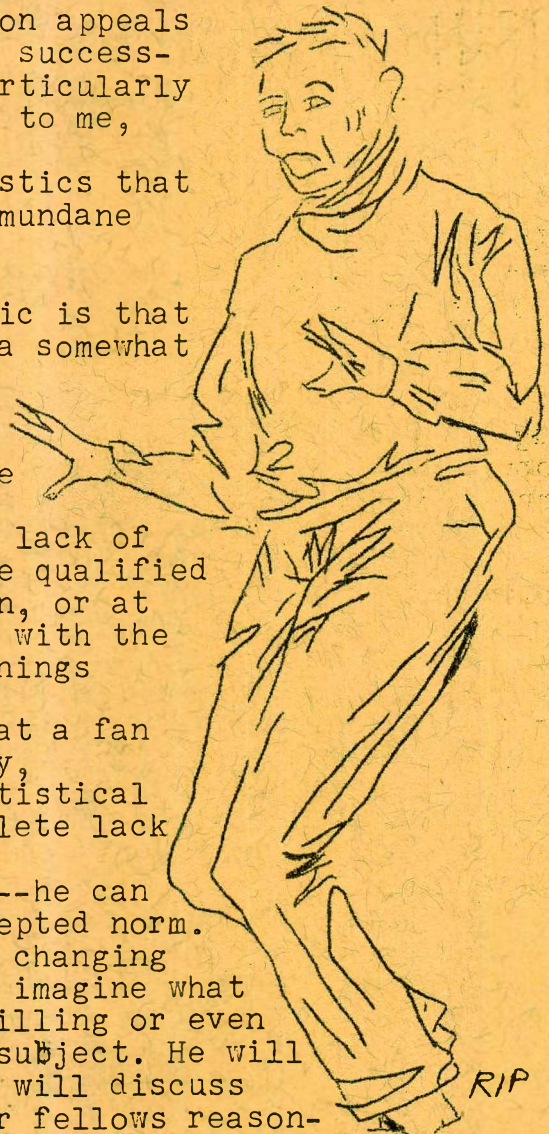
So we might establish the corollary that a fan is a paradox. He is an unstable personality, alternating between moments of supreme egotistical self-confidence, and moments with the complete lack of that same self-confidence.

Then a fan is gifted with imagination--he can visualize something different from the accepted norm. He realizes that the world is a constantly changing melee, that nothing is static. He likes to imagine what form the future will or can take, and is willing or even eager to hear others opinions on the same subject. He will very rarely agree with these opinions, but will discuss them and enjoys finding faults in the other fellows reasoning. This to me, is the most fascinating aspect of fandom: The belief that everyone is entitled to his own opinion, but that there can be disagreement without resorting to angry words and name-calling. It is a privilege that has been maligned at times, but holds up fairly well in practice.

Both of these characteristics--the inquiring mind combined with imagination--produce what may be the prime characteristic of what is called a fan. That is simply this: a fan is one who does not limit the potentialities of his brain to the work-a-day world. He is interested in literally everything that will affect him now or in the future. He believes that given the time and opportunity, he can and will figure out the solution, the cure-all for the worlds problems.

The fan will never say die, but he will die. He will die because whatever else he is, he is still a misfit. And the world has no use for misfits no matter how brilliant or well-meaning they may be.

And that, in essence, is a fan....





# THE MIMSY BOROGOVES

## BOOK REVIEWS

MIKE SHUPP

### NAKED TO THE STARS

Gorden R. Dickson

Pyramid F-682

40 cents

### THE UNWARRING WARRIORS?

### STARSHIP TROOPERS

Robert A. Heinlein

Signet D-1987

50 cents

Both these books are hardly recent; TROOPERS is of course the 1960 Hugo winner, and Dickson's novel came out in late 1961, but I located a copy of NAKED TO THE STARS only a few weeks ago and it's made quite an impression on me. Naturally I went through my back issues of various zines to see what they had to say about the book. I came to references about it being an answer to STARSHIP TROOPERS. So I had to re-read TROOPERS to see if NAKED TO THE STARS was a valid answer.

Most of you reading this have read STARSHIP TROOPERS, I feel sure. So I won't bother to go into the plot or anything like that. But if you haven't, rush--don't walk--to the nearest exit and buy a copy. Or try putting some money in the mail--casting bread upon the waters as the term goes. TROOPERS is a de facto classic, besides being worth reading "for its own sake alone" as its author would say, and well worth half a buck. And you can appreciate NAKED TO THE STARS better if you know just what the answer is an answer to, and can identify the parallels between the novels.

The heros are the first parallel. Cal Truant (which sounds allegorical and probably is) and Heinlein's Juan Rico are much the same, both joining the services on an impulse, both against parental objection but backed by laws protecting their right to enlist, by their love of the military life and by the knowledge of comrades joining up. The friends are also much alike, even meet similar ends. Many of Heinlein's characters appear in Dickson's book: Colonel Dubois, for example, could take lessons from the CONTACTS Service colonel--also with a war injury. And the training camp regime is much the same. Up to here NAKED TO THE STARS looks like a carbon copy of STARSHIP TROOPERS, a documentation of some other Juan Rico in a different part of the M. I.

But then things start to change. Dickson's Cal Truant is living in a transition age, the world of STARSHIP TROOPERS is yet to come. The space carriers and armor of the MI are now the gliders and shoulder jets on Truant's back. Instead of the limited franchise, Cal Truant will simply receive two votes to a non-veteran's one.

But whereas Juan Rico did not realize the responsibility and the obligations placed upon the soldier till after serving some time, Cal Truant has grown up from childhood knowing what Juan had to learn. And finding out that the high ideals were worthless, that duty to all people, not merely fellow soldiers, was unwanted in a trooper.

Juan Rico knew why he climbed into that capsule--you obeyed orders, that's why. Later he reached a position where he could give those orders too, learned the reasons in back of the orders, and hoped that the reasons would not always exist. Juan was a man of peace who fought in hopes of an eventual peace.



But Cal Truant learned that the reasons he was told with his orders were not true entirely, that for the men who gave the orders, war was the important thing, peace something incomprehensible. Fortunately for Cal, this is not the only future for the warrior. The Contacts Service, a branch of the forces that welds defeated planets into the Terran empire, is headed by an idealist, a practical man who hopes to contribute to a happier future. Cal is forced to enter the service. This is Dickson's answer to the MI philosophy, the belief that alien races can make friends and that you must set an example for others to follow. It is represented on the cover of the book in fact, one of Emsh's colorful works, marred only by the intrusion of some grotesque machinery in the background.

But I can't say whether or not NAKED TO THE STARS is an answer to STARSHIP TROOPERS. Personally. I am inclined to agree with Heinlein's creed, but within me is a feeling, a wish that a more peaceful tomorrow lies in store for those who must live in it, even as my generation will inherit the cold war.

Both Heinlein and Dickson have made it difficult to defeat their arguments in context by dealing themselves a few high cards in advance. Dickson's universe is populated by little people, gentle beings, all but the earthmen, and most of them are good, too. Soldiers, he claims, become professionals and veterans. And as professionals, while it is all very idealistic to let the enemy throw the first punch and go off to war as to a crusade, it is rather impractical, and wastes a lot of men. Nobody likes a Pearl Harbor, even if they're expecting it. The smart thing is to do the initial attacking. And so Dickson's Terrans do.

Heinlein, however, shows a universe where planets are sometimes inhabited and sometimes not, where races expand into that universe in harmony till their interests conflict. Heinlein even goes so far as to hint that the Arachnids threw the first punch in gassing Buenos Aires. And rather than founding an empire, Heinlein specifically mentions "treaty obligations", which doesn't sound so much like imperialism. So which book answers the other?

There is no easy answer today.

Someday Earthmen will stand on Arcturus III, someday tread the ground of Bellatrix II. Hopefully they will have outgrown their weapons, hopefully they will not need to relearn to use their toys. Hopefully, we can go out in peace, naked to the stars.

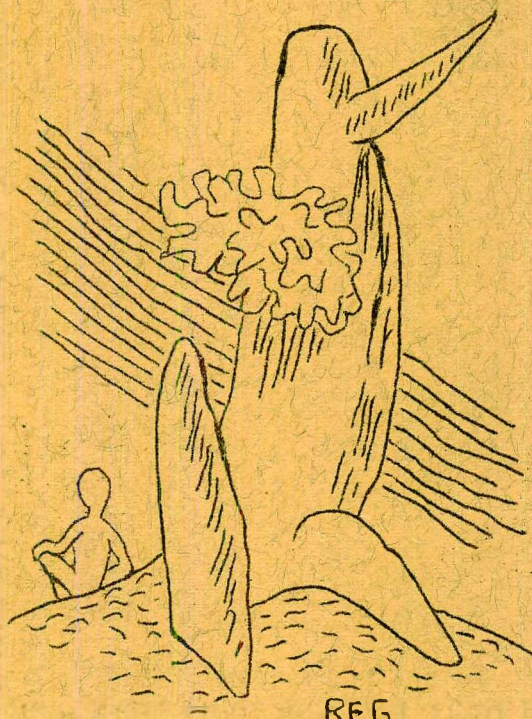
\*

THE DYING EARTH As a dully red sun creeps across its dark blue sky, an  
Lancer 74-807 aged planet spins out a last few orbits before extinc-  
Jack Vance ion. Scattered here and there on its face are groups of  
75 cents people, endlessly reveling amid towers and cities of  
long forgotten former ages, feasting and merry-making  
till at last the infinite Night comes. For this is the Earth, an Earth of  
untold billions of years in the future, an Earth at once endowed with an  
alien beauty and subdued by the works of Time, of Man, of gods.

The Dying Earth.

In a rich panorama of barbaric splendor, eldritch loveliness, and weird adventure, THE DYING EARTH depicts a world no longer our own, a changed planet, an orb of strangeness inhabited by remnants of humanity and creatures of both un-earthly and of human likeness: spawn of demons, riders of dragon-flies, eaters of human flesh. Sorcerors wage underground war against each other. On the bleak moors, witch and devil throng for the Sabbat. Here and there forgotten gods dispassionately watch the ancient hills and forests and seas, no longer caring to rule the Earth....





REG

Against the bright detail of the background of THE DYING EARTH a handful of vivid characters stand out: a small few of questing heros and exquisite women who rise above the general apathy and revelry covering most of Earth. Turjan of Miir seeks for the secret of life. In alien Embelyon, Pandelume pursues the mysteries of mathematics, an ancient wizardry in an age where magic is the only science. Tsain and T'sais, twin but far dissimilar sisters find beauty and love on the aged Earth. Ulan Dhor awakens a long sleeping God, and finds a maniac. Guyal of Sferre overcomes great danger to reach the Museum of Man, only to find the Ultimate evil at the end of his pilgrimage. And a witch sells eye-balls--alive--to redeem a tapestry.

In form the book is a brief collection of short stories and novellas, independent of each other, but interwoven through characters and sequence like adjoining panels of a vast tapestry.

And I think the tapestry analogy is apt, because THE DYING EARTH reminds me of just such a tapestry, a large tapestry in

rich colors, the sepearte scenes appearing joyous and bright, the whole leaving the reader with a somber feeling, strangely touched with a quiet melancholy, giving the feeling of "Taps" being played in the distance, the strains wafting through the air to where you lie, pleasantly tired after a busy day.... A medicine of melancholy.

\*

OPERATION TERROR  
Murray Leinster  
Berkley Medallion  
F694, 50 cents

Well, it starts good.

But that's about all that I can say in favor of Leinster's latest novel. They aren't really aliens, you see. But something has landed at Boulder Lake Park, something that doesn't like to be watched and has this paralysis ray that smells to high Heaven. And naturally the US Army surrounds the area to protect the civilians. Naturally it can't. But it's OKay, it just so happens that there is this surveyor walking around the area with the woman-he-loves (who, happens to be engaged to someone else by the way, but we'll skip that). And being Leinster here, why he just naturally comes up with a solution to the ray, and of course whips up a detecting device and defense, and just happens to blow up anything explosive that might bother him. Like guns in the hands of Earthling renegades. Or are they renegades? Suprise! they aren't. It seems that the US and some other nation which isn't mentioned by name, have each developed the paralysis ray. And the USA has a defense. And so it naturally "for the benifit of all the world" of course, fakes the alien monster bit to bring out the defense and hand it out to the whole world to protect it from the latest ultimate weapon. But Our Hero's defense is even better, just think what it will do to all police states, just what we peace-loving peoples need....

Leinster didn't mention the royalties the guy got though.



Of course there are just a few little details that dumb people like me would like straightened out. Such as, not that everyone is scared of the boogey bogus spacemen, ready to bomb 'em out of the sky, etc., what happens when we meet a friendly race of space-travellers? And just what sort of explosives will the vest pocket defense stop? Howitzers and cannon five miles away? Rather extreme range isn't it? Fifty yards or something like that was the limit Leinster used. What about an atomic bomb? What about incendiary weapons? These aren't conventional explosives. No big Bang! of course, but either can raise plenty of Hell. Look what they did to Japan in WW II.

And if the Russian peasants can use the defense rig to render the guns of the MVD or OGPU etc., useless, can't Americans do the same? Suppose Dillinger had palmed one off on the FBI men and escaped. Suppose the inmates of Sing Sing walked out the gates, confident that they would not be shot by the guards. Or closer to home, do you ever feel like objecting to paying your taxes? You couldn't be held long in prison if you didn't want to stay, and you might not even get to the prison. Internal combustion engines work by exploding gasoline, you know....

And just how come the government is suddenly so altruistic? In countless other (which means I'm too lazy to count) novels Leinster has pointed out the evils of bureaucracy, of big government. And now he's in favor of one. But can a government acting like this remain altruistic, no matter how well intentioned, if it has such a power over its citizens?

Leinster is capable of pounding out great quantities of slush and great quantities of superior fiction (COLONIAL SERVICE, FORGOTTEN PLANET, TALENTS INCORPORATED for example) when he wants to. This unfortunately happened to be part of the slush.

Fortunately, he has half a year till the Discon, which should give him time to write something better to read and to have autographed.

\*

ANALOG 1  
John Campbell -Ed.  
Soubleday & Co. -\$3.95  
S-F BOOK Club -\$1.00

ANALOG 1 is a big disappointment to me after PROLOGUE TO ANALOG, which came out last year, and I'm not sure just why it has come out at all. PROLOGUE had a basic theme: showing how ASTOUNDING grew into ANALOG, and supposably this is to show how ANALOG has grown. If so, I think I miss ASTOUNDING a lot.

The stories in the book are just that: mostly stories. ANALOG, to me, is interested in society and the conflict between the rights of citizens and the powers of authority. Most of the serials--Piper's SPACE VIKINGS, any of Mack Reynolds' serials--and many of the stories go into this conflict. So then, why don't I detect any of this interest, this idealism, in ANALOG 1? I count three of the stories that might be considered here. And one of them seems to be misplaced.

First of the three is T. R. Fehrenbach's "Remember the Alamo!" which suggests that idealism is all very well in its place, and that paying lip service rather than genuine homage is sometimes wiser in the end. Sterling E. Lanier's "Join Our Gang?" shows how a vast stellar confederation expands, forcing races to join where necessary. It turns out that Earth was one of those recalcitrant worlds. Last of the group is Leigh Richmond's "Prologue to an Analogue". Possibly this one got in by its name--certainly not by much literary quality. In the first place, I fail to see how it can possibly be classified as S-F. The basic thought behind this yawn--er... yarn...--is that the ultimate power rests with the common people and that scientists, politicians, and sundry "eggheads" and "brains" are useless.



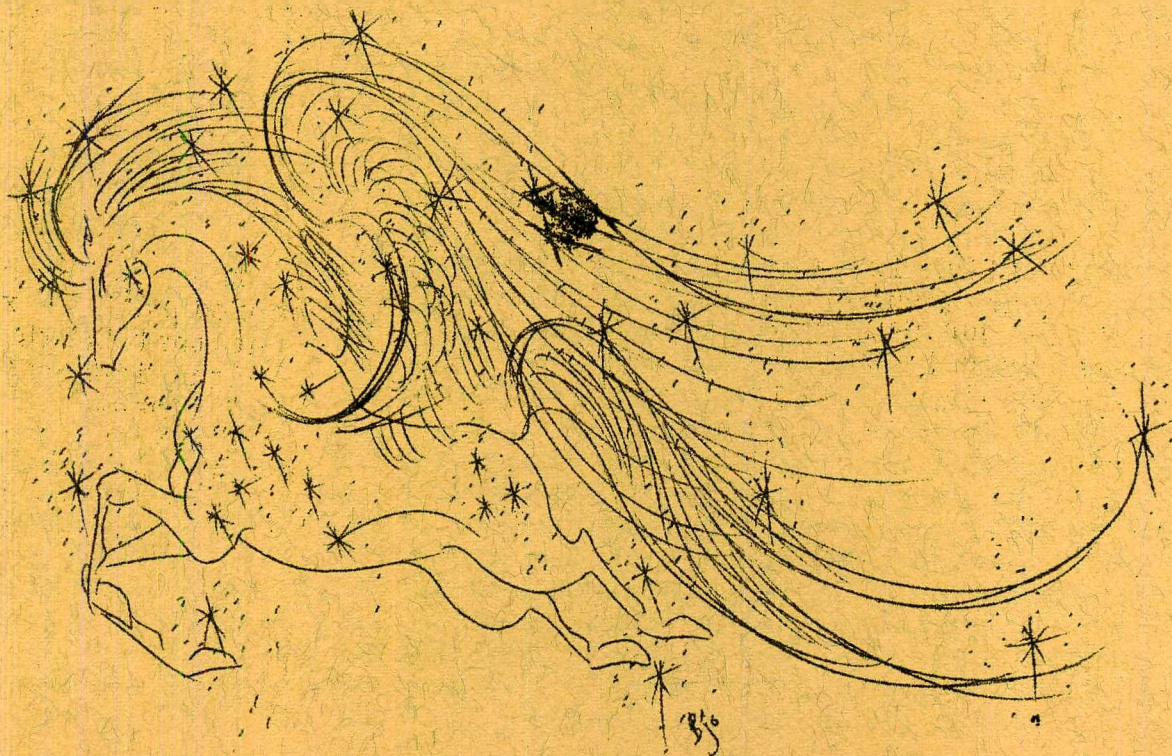
The common people can work miracles! However, I don't hold with "Vox populi est vox dei", so I wasn't delighted with the author's opinions.

Teddy Keller's "The Plague" has a good start, but the ending deteriorates rapidly. No idealism, no moral, no plot. "Barnacle Bull" by Winston Sanders is better, but I don't like it much better than Keller's story. For some reason the plight of the crew of the Hellik Olav didn't alarm me. Whether this is due to my figuring out a safe way home several pages before the crew did, or not, I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised.

Christopher Anvil's "The Hunch" is a very good gadget yarn, but a let down after "Pandora's Planet" in PROLOGUE TO ANALOG, and not the best yarn Anvil has written since ANALOG was renamed. "Slight of Wit" by Gordon R. Dickson is the story I found easiest to read. Hank Shallo is thoroughly unconvincing--I've never met anyone like that, and probably never will. Unhappily. Lots of fun in the reading.

This leaves Lloyd Biggle's "Monument", the book's lone novella. And this, I think, is the best story in the book. The natives of Langri really appreciated their benefactor and all he had done for them, but in the course of ~~the~~ years.... But then, how many of us think about Sam Adams and the other Americans colonists who preached seperation from England years before the Revolutionary War? Nor does anyone recall what noble first thought of writing the Magna Carta. Perhaps leaders are not needed after their deaths; maybe the good that men do is not always "oft interred with their bones". At any rate, O'Brien had a whale of a monument. And a deserved one--in fact this is probably the only time I've ever heard of a credit side to red tape.

ANALOG has published far better stories along with these--let's hope that some of them also get into anthologies.

[illegible]



# THE READERS' CHOICE: A BASIC S.F. & FANTASY LIBRARY

And herewith (finally!) is A Fan's Basic Library of S.F. & Fantasy...

	VOTES
1. The FOUNDATION Series -- Isaac Asimov -- -- -- -- --	9
2. CITY -- Clifford Simak -- -- -- -- --	8
3. THE SPACE MERCHANTS -- Pohl & Kornbluth -- -- -- -- --	8
4. ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE -- Healy & McComas -- -- -- -- --	7
5. SLAN -- A. E. van Vogt -- -- -- -- --	7
6. MORE THAN HUMAN -- Theodore Sturgeon -- -- -- -- --	6
7. SINISTER BARRIER -- Eric Frank Russell -- -- -- -- --	6
8. A TREASURY OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION -- edited by Anthony Boucher	6
9. The WEAPON Series -- A. E. van Vogt -- -- -- -- --	6
10. THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION -- Groff Conklin -- -- -- -- --	5
11. The FUTURE HISTORY Series -- Robert A. Heinlein -- -- -- -- --	5
12. The LENS MEN Series -- E. E. Smith -- -- -- -- --	5
13. LEST DARKNESS FALL -- L. Sprague deCamp -- -- -- -- --	5
14. MISSION OF GRAVITY -- Hal Clement -- -- -- -- --	5
15. The SKYLARK Series -- E. E. Smith -- -- -- -- --	5
16. STARSHIP TROOPERS -- Robert A. Heinlein -- -- -- -- --	5
17. THE ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY -- John W. Campbell --	4
18. BEYOND THIS HORIZON -- Robert A. Heinlein -- -- -- -- --	4
19. GATHER DARKNESS -- Fritz Leiber -- -- -- -- --	4
20. THE LONG LOUD SILENCE -- Wilson Tucker -- -- -- -- --	4
21. THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES -- Ray Bradbury -- -- -- -- --	4
22. OMNIBUS OF S.F. -- Groff Conklin -- -- -- -- --	4
23. TRIAD -- A. E. van Vogt -- -- -- -- --	4
24. WHO GOES THERE? -- John W. Campbell -- -- -- -- --	4
25. THE DYING EARTH -- Jack Vance -- -- -- -- --	3
26. FAHRENHEIT 451 -- Ray Bradbury -- -- -- -- --	3
27. The INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER -- deCamp & Pratt -- -- -- -- --	3
28. LITTLE FUZZY -- H. Beam Piper -- -- -- -- --	3
29. NEEDLE -- Hal Clement -- -- -- -- --	3
30. 1984 -- George Orwell -- -- -- -- --	3

Our thanks and appreciation go to those who voted along with the editors on this list: BILL DONAHO, CLAY HAMLIN, DAVE HULAN, TERRY JEEVES, AL LEWIS, DAVE LOCKE, DICK O'NEIL, ALVA ROGERS, DICK SCHULTZ, MIKE SHUPP & SHARON TOWLE. Special thanks goes to Alva Rogers, who in addition to his own list, sent along a list compiled by the 25 members of the club of which he is Chairman--The Golden Gate Futurians. Thanks, all-- and the rest of you who didn't vote--aren't you ashamed of yourselves?

BEM & I learned quite a bit from this little composite list, including a little trouble with some of the series, but we enjoyed it, hope you did and would like to hear your comments on the results. But if you didn't vote better not bitch too much--remember what I said in D-B #1. We may try this again in the future and see what we come up with, if we have more activity.

In the meantime, Clay Hamlin has suggested another idea of somewhat similar application, and it will probably be presented nextish.

Look above and wonder: Could YOUR name be on a similar list ten years from now? Why not, if you try.



CLASSICS, ETC.

COLUMN BY

CLAY HAMILTON

You can't examine the stories of a minor author in a couple of pages. When it is a major author, the idea is ridiculous. When it is THE major author, well....

The name is Jenkins, Will F. Or if you prefer, Murray Leinster. As for his being THE author, consider. Back in 1960 there were just under 800 paperbacks in this country that could be classified as science fiction or fantasy. The name of Leinster appeared on just seventeen, and another under the Jenkins name. But don't stop there, at the same time there were precisely 60 anthologies of that nature, not counting the single author kind. Leinster, you could find represented, and well represented, in one of every three of them, a total of twenty in all. There were others close; van Vogt had 13 books of his own, both Heinlein and Asimov had an even dozen, with comparably less in the anthologies. But this made them second or third best. Leinster, without any quibbling, was the tops.

You can't examine any such author in a couple of pages, it takes more room than that, a lot more, just to begin to name the titles he has written. It goes back SO many years. Enough so that he has the title of The Dean of Science Fiction, and rightfully so.

Lets examine him anyway, if for no more than to remind you of some memorable moments, and see just what made them this way. Item: The reader doesn't just identify with the characters, they sympathise with them--there is a difference. Take a story by others, and all too often you find the principle character someone you wouldn't trust your wife with. Not so here, try a couple of these on for measure. "Journey to Barkut", a fantasy appearing in STARTEING; reprinted later by Ace as GATEWAY TO ELSEWHERE. Nice guy wouldn't you say, wouldn't you like to know him better? THE PIRATES OF ZAN, now where might I ask, will you find such a reluctant and loveable pirate as that one? Burl, the main character of the Red Dust series (the book is FORGOTTEN PLANET) remember him? I thought you would.

Or take some of the aliens. Maybe they were not really alien in their motives; pretty much human instead, in a nice easy going and gentle way. De Profundis for instance, the sea serpent that didn't believe in people. Joe, the Logic, oh he was a wild one, he was. Don't you agree? How about Ajax, the Lonely planet that just wanted company. Not one you forget easily. And who, I ask, ever came up with a robot atom bomb with a personality all its own. Leinster did, the name of the story was "The Wabbler".

Humor then. If anyone came up with a more unforgettable picture than the space ship The Galloping Cow, I for one simply don't remember it. And if you have forgotten Keyhole where the moon men were examined by the psychologists, and vice versa, well.... But how about just plain people. Old Doc Methuselah for instance, and the Med Service stories, humor and excitement all nicely balanced. Yes, lets not forget the excitement. No pretensions to education, but excitement there surely was. Anyone recall "The Black Galaxy"? "Propogandist"? "The Other World"? "First Contact"? Yes, even "The Lost Race".

A fine author? No doubt about that, but much more, Leinster, what higher praise can you give than to add that he is also a fun type author. Would that there were more like him.



# THE TRAGIC ERROR OF ANGEL

BLACKIE

fiction by  
S.W.P. WYSZKOWSKI

Something went wrong. As the boys were leaving the bank, suddenly cops swarmed all over the place. Spotlights flared up and a loudspeaker barked:

"All right, Blackie, the jigs up! Drop your gun and keep your hands up."

Blackie Grossman hesitated for a split second, then saw that he had only one slim chance and acted. His machine gun sprayed death in a wide arc as he made a run for cover. But he didn't quite make it. A bullet from a cop's gun bored a hole through his cranium and he died instantly.

And instantly he saw a great brilliant light and a voice like distant thunder washed over his entire being:

"Angel Blackie Grossman, welcome!"

Angel Blackie Grossman was too overwhelmed to answer. His only semi-coherent thought was something like a vastly surprised "Well whaddya know, I made it!"

The overwhelming brilliance continued to speak:

"Angel Blackie Grossman!"

"Yes, your.... your...Lordship." he stammered.

"You are assigned to the cloud seven. You will proceed there at once assisted by one of the lesser angels. There you will receive your halo, your harp, and your wings. The night-shirt is optional. You will get one if you request it. You will find that most angels find nudity more becoming. Dismissed!"

"Yes, your Lordship, thank you, your Lordship," Angel Blackie Grossman said hastily as the great light slowly faded away. He discovered that he was being propelled through vast distances toward a white swirling cumulus of galactic dimensions. Soon it enfolded him and then he broke through to find himself in the midst of a vast congregation of angels, most of them nude, each one sitting on a fluffy, breast-like bulge of the great cumulus nursing a harp and balancing a halo. Each had a pair of beautiful white wings which he or she would flutter once in a while to create a gentle breeze. Most of the angels simply held their harps, but a few were actually strumming melancholy melodies on theirs.

Although about half of the angels were female, Angel Blackie Grossman discovered with chagrin that his sexual urge was gone along with his material body. In fact, the more he thought about that, the more he disliked the idea. However, his thoughts were interrupted by a sudden appearance of a golden harp in his hands, and a fluorescent halo over his head which immediately slipped over his nose. Annoyed, he pushed it up and discovered there was something attached to his shoulders. It was a pair of lovely white swanlike wings. Angel Blackie Grossman forgot his annoyance for a moment and admired his wings. He flexed them and flapped them in a fine display till he realized that everyone in the vicinity was staring at him. Embarrassed he folded up his wings, and concentrated his attention on the harp. It didn't take him long to find out he couldn't play it. He was disappointed to say the least.

This wasn't at all the way he imagined it would be. He started brooding about it. Eventually he quit feeling sorry for himself and started



looking all around him. But all he could see was angels, great numbers of them stretching out in all directions as far as he could see, each one with the same harp, halo, and wings. The only difference among them was that some wore night-shirts while others didn't.

After a long time of nothing but rubbernecking, Angel Blackie Grossman was beginning to feel definitely bored. He decided to take action. He got up off his cloud-hillock and approached his nearest neighbour. The other angel shrank away as if in fear but stayed put. Angel Blackie Grossman smiled warmly at the other angel....

"Hello," he said in a friendly tone of voice, "my names Blackie. What's yours?"

"I'd rather not say," said the other angel looking very unhappy.

"As you wish," said Angel Blackie Grossman tolerantly. "Say, what does a guy do for kicks around here?"

"Kicks?" inquired the other angel doubtfully.

"You know, fun, whoop-de-doo, larking it up. I mean you guys are supposed to be happy here, aren't you?"

"Happy?"

"Say what is this, anyway? What kind of paradise is this where everybody just sits around doing nothin'? What gives, boy?"

"I'm very sorry," said the other angel sadly.

"Whaddya mean you're sorry?" Angel Blackie Grossman suddenly felt a clammy hand of apprehension clutch at his phantom heart. "What are you sorry about?"

"You are mistaken. This is not paradise."

Cold panic gripped Angel Blackie Grossman and he broke out in a spiritual sweat.

"Whaddya mean this isn't paradise! What about that guy with lights I saw when I got here? Eh? What about him? This has gotta be paradise! I'm an angel, ain't I? Well, ain't I?"

The other angel extracted himself from Angel Blackie Grossman's deathlike grip. He shook his head sadly.

"The presence in the light which you saw was the Light Bearer, more commonly known as Lucifer. And you are an angel all right. A fallen angel, like Him. Now go back, sit down, and make yourself comfortable. Eternity is a long time....

-----

## NIGHTFALL TO ETERNITY

The nightfall to Eternity is fast and slim;  
Toward night, the horizen is wavering and dim,  
Almost as if it didn't exist.  
The citizens of Eternity, holding fast, resist.

— BILL R. WOLFENBARGER



WALLABY STEW

ROBERT  
COULSON

THE PANIC BUTTON #13 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - quarterly - 40¢) This may be the last review I'll give PB, in this column at least. It isn't a fanzine any more; it's a professional satire magazine and should be reviewed with MAD and HELP! (And it wouldn't do at all bad in comparison, either.) However, one big--for me--review. A fair-sized minority of the material in PB doesn't mean a lot to me because it's based on Canadian politics, which I know from nothin'. Some of it is funny anyway, but political satire in any mag depends on the reader's knowledge of the politics involved. (Some writers make their work more understandable to the outsider--if less pointed to the insider--by taking a generalized approach, but PB is anything but generalized.) This time things start off with a "news page" about Canada being sold to the U.S. for a state by Diefenbaker. Intelligible, mostly, but not terribly funny. Jerry DeMuth gives a brief rundown, with photos, of the plight of the Negro in Cairo, Illinois. Sincere enough, no doubt, and undoubtedly true--but the format and superficial treatment gave it a marked resemblance to a PAGEANT picture-story. Which is not exactly the sort of thing I expect to find in a crusading satire-mag.

Colin Freeman's second bout with the British hospital system isn't as funny as the first one was, but it still proves that someone with a sharp eye can extract more humor from a daily newspaper than from any other source on earth. Claude Balloune is evidently a non-fan, but his parody of the numerous Hemingway eulogies is the most "Fannish" material in the issue.

Next comes the cream of the crop; a parody of a Canadian publication similar to our own NATIONAL INFORMER. Lovely. This is followed by evidence that someone is as sick of Regency Books' self-adulation as I am, and has stuck a neat pin into it. Presumably the someone is either Nirenberg or his art editor, Don Arioli. (The credit appears to go to the author of the following sex-book parody, Norman Mark. However, the editors say that Mark is a friend of Jerry DeMuth and DeMuth says Mark never saw that ad-parody until he got his copy of the magazine. Whoever is responsible, it's funny, even though it doesn't fit the story very well.)

Greg Benford contributes a half-page filler. I dunno; I've had an item quite similar to this in the YANDRO files for two years now because I accepted it in a weak moment and now I'm ashamed to publish it because it isn't very good. But at least I didn't pay for mine. Nirenberg goes into some detail in the letter column about how his ideas of humor are maybe different than those of some of his readers. They sure are, brother!

There are also various verses. One of them is worth reading. Artwise, PANIC BUTTON is about equivalent to MAD. It isn't on the top level with HELP!, but it has good professional material. Most of the cartoons are actually humorous, which puts it out of the fanzine class right there; the most amateurish of amateur humor always seems to show up in cartoons.

In short, PANIC BUTTON is one of the funniest professional magazines being published today. It isn't the best, but it may well get there.

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #3, 4, 5 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1) This newest of fan newsmags is attempting to com-



bine the professional news service of SF TIMES with the fan reporting of FANAC, and throw in a magazine index as a bonus. (Maybe it's an old fan gambit renovated, but it's the first time I've encountered a serialized magazine index....) Success has been mediocre to date; FFF comes out oftener than any other newsmag except Ellik's STARSPINKLE, but it doesn't as yet have the complete coverage of AXE or FANAC or even SF TIMES. (So send Inman any odd news items you know about; he isn't a telepath, you know.) Still, if you want recent news, here it is, and if you want any pro news at all, here it is. (The last SF TIMES I have is dated December, 1962.) And, of course, every fanmag contains some nuggets of information which aren't duplicated by any other mag.

AXE #34 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Ave., Evanston, Illinois - monthly - 20¢) With the new, new monthly publication schedule, we have a larger size and columns by "William Atheling" and Walter Willis in addition to the news and fanzine reviews by Dick Lupoff (done in his time off from writing blurbs for bad Ace novels). There is also news of a new professional sf-mag to be published on the west coast. Not Harmon's; this is named GAMMA and the only person listed is associate editor William F. Nolan. Sounds like another attempt from FPCI, but it couldn't be...could it? AXE is an extremely readable fanzine; one of my favorites.

SKYRACK #50 (Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001-43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. - monthly? I forget - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 65¢ if you want them sent airmail) Britishfan news and various other items. Ron also produces an annual DIRECTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM (25¢ a copy) which is a fairly useful compendium of names, addresses, and tape-recorder speeds for those nuts who like to talk their letters. The trouble is, the way fans move the Directory doesn't stay useful for an entire year unless the owner of one goes to some trouble to keep it up to date. Still, to a fanzine editor faced by a sticky quarter and an illegible scrawl, it's far better than nothing.

ALL STAR-BEGOTTEN COMICS #62, 63 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 10¢) The unofficial minutes (or maybe the official ones) of LASFS meetings, complicated by someone's overly-cute idea of referring to all the regular members by the names of old comic heroes. Loads of laughs, fellas. Send Pelz a Cocoa Puffs boxtop and 10¢ and maybe he'll send you your very own comic-hero name. I dunno; people keep telling me that Doiby Dickles is real, and I keep saying that nobody (not even a comic-book character) would have a name like that. Certainly not a real live person, or even a real live LASFS member, which may or may not be the same thing.

PAS-TELL, Vol. 2 #2 (Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, Calif. - irregular - 6 for \$1.) The fanzine of, by, and for fan artists. Non-artists may want it too, especially if they are art-hungry fanzine editors (anyone ever hear of another kind of fanzine editor?) Main appeal is to artists, with news of the Fan Art Shows and occasional material on fanzine art techniques, cut-rate distributors of art supplies, etc.

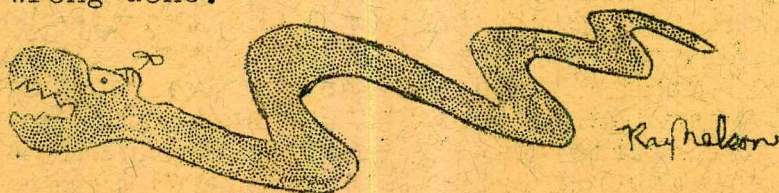
SCOTTISHE #31 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - quarterly - 15¢) One of the best of the British fanzines. Ethel's "Natterings" generally involves personal experiences, and is one of my favorite fan



columns. I'm a sucker for personal-experience stories anyway, if they're told by anyone I'm interested in. And Ethel is a good writer; so good that I may just buy a copy of her recently-completed TAFF report. (If I do, it will be the first time I've bought one of these super-con-reports since I shelled out for THE HARP STATESIDE in a weak moment.) There's a column by Willis and a book review of a book of Scots history--another book that I'll have to get if it comes out in pb!--and all sorts of fascinating letters.

G<sup>2</sup> Vol. 2 #6 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, Calif. - irregular - 3 for 25¢) More personal material here, this time by Robbie Gibson. Now I'm not as interested in Robbie's personal experiences as I am in Ethel's; I don't know her as well and probably never will. And I've never been goshwow over flying, or flying anecdotes. Still, I've waded thru a lot worse accounts than hers and may again before this column is finished. Joe is still at his perpetual game of Backing and Filling. In a previous issue he stated that "There's very little 'honor' apparent, you know, when a married TAFF winner must stop shaving to save pennies on razor blades, as Ken Bulmer did." (Okay, so it's a joke; he spent some time on the problem of additional funds required.) So in this issue he says--to two writers trying to come up with ways of increasing TAFF's cash contribution to the winner--"money is no problem for TAFF." (Underlining his.) Which of course is a flat untruth; TAFF winners are presently required to spend quite an amount of their own cash on the trip, and anything which has not been accomplished is still a problem (underlining mine). I don't care how many fancy theories Joe has for solving the problem; until he does solve it and a TAFF winner makes the trip entirely out of TAFF funds, the problem remains. Saying that is's been solved cuts no ice with me, at all. Get the cash in the till before you say that money is no problem. He also has the odd idea that the "real competition" in recent TAFF elections has got rid of the "bogus" candidates because it "might" require candidates to "prove their mettle". Well, I suppose it might; it hasn't, but who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of future historians? I'm also amused by his insistence that we need more "good" candidates. Good by whose standards? Why, good by ol' Joe's standards, of course! Don't let the fact that he's never bothered to define his standards bother you, either; when Joe points to a candidate and says he's good, why then he's good. No need to ask further.

KIPPLE 35 & 36 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - irregular but approximately monthly of late - 20¢) This has become even more of a personal political and philosophic journal of late. Still quite interesting, provided one is interested in politics and/or philosophy, and most fans are. Either I've begun to automatically skip the parts I disagree with, or Pauls and I are getting closer together on opinions. (Not too close, though.) In Ted's running argument over "liberal" policies with John Boardman, I'm in between. I can agree with Boardman that it's perfectly proper to shoot back at one's tormentors--but I wouldn't trust him with the gun because he doesn't appear to aim very straight, or to worry about whether he's shot a villain or an innocent bystander, as long as somebody gets paid back for the wrong done.





The Readers  
strike back..

DOUBLE

Lettercol, which is  
in charge of the BEM...  
or is it the other way  
around??

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

While I like Twiltone paper, because it's very easy to read and is probably cheap enough to keep you from going too far into debt, it does make your fanzine look like another Yandro. I know you point this out in your editorial, but I think it is more noticeable here than in most other cases (though Jackson's Rebel is even worse) since your set-up and type-face are much like the Coulsons'. But this is a pick in a nit, and I will stop.

What is Bill Bowers doing for a living? I mean, to what profession is he an apprentice? (( Bill is an apprentice draftsman at the Babcock & Wilcox Co., of Barberton.--BEM)) I didn't even know that there was such a thing as an apprentice these days, since out here such beginning positions are referred to as "trainee" jobs. I guess the word "trainee" is pretty neutral, while apprentice carries overtones and implications of medieval guilds and all that. Is Bill going to be a sorcerer? (( No, I doubt it...he's not that sorcerer person. ('Skuse, but I couldn't resist that)....--BEM))

Clay Hamlin's little quiz certainly threw me off in a few respects. I could match up most of the titles and authors pretty well, and even a few of the characters, but when I came to the title "Rebirth" I started looking all over for John Wyndham's name, for that is the "Rebirth" (Ballantine book of some years ago) that I am familiar with. Who is Thomas McClary? (( Didn't you see Hamlin's column in DB#1? He reviewed it..... and it was mentioned in #2's lettercol, too. McClary's "Rebirth" is a classic that appeared in ASTOUNDING in Feb.-March, 1934, and according to most everyone was the only good story he every wrote.--BEM))

I enjoyed Coulson more than usual this time; he seemed to be even more cranky and crotchety than he sometimes is. I particularly dug his line about PROBE. I used to show The William E. Neuman Science-Fiction Reader to people I knew and represent it as the average run of science-fiction oriented fanzine, when people asked me why my fanzines hardly ever mentioned science-fiction. The results were delightful, usually running to remarks like "Is this guy for real?" or "Pardon me while I vomit." Whatever happened to William E. Neuman and the science-fiction club he was forming that would meet every month or so in his front room in West Allis, Minnesota?

Hey, what kind of axe is Betty Kujawa grinding against Italians? I think she's been watching The Untouchables too much, or something, because here she practically comes out and says that all Italians have low morals because some of them head the Mafia, which is nothing more really (basically) than an Italian Brotherhood, like the BPOE or something. Define morals, anyway. What are bad morals? What are bad morals for you? How often do your moral concepts change when you find that something you've been told is "bad morals" turns out to be fun and good and worthwhile? Maybe I am grinding an axe here, too, but I see your whole lettercol is dominated by comments on that article of yours, and I'd like to see a Serious (or even a Frivolous) Discussion of Morals. I don't mean the sort you read in the Ladies' Home Journal or Seventeen, where the author plays



BOB LICHTMAN, concl:

around a bit and then decides that Present Morals Like Grandma Used To Follow ((did she?)) are Good For You. I mean, what is your moral code?

You're publishing a filksong booklet? But Bruce Pelz is also doing this, and has already run off some of it. Perhaps you ought to get together on this project. Thanks for your fanzine, and I'll be looking for the next one. Best, s/Bob

{{To tell the truth, we had no inkling that Pelz was working on a song booklet until after we had decided to put one out ourselves; we decided to do it while some of the "afterglow" from Chicon 3 stayed with us & even before D\*B#1 was finished & mailed. Mayhaps Bruce & us two can work something out...we'll see.--BEM}}

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

To Betty Kujawa: I'm tired. Tired of hi-fi music lovers vs hi-fi sound lovers. Tired of first-day cover collectors (stamp collecting, this) vs mint plate block collectors vs used block collectors vs mint single collectors vs topicals collectors and etc.

And I'm tired of First Fandom vs Later Fandoms, anti-N3F fen vs Neffers, BNFs vs neos, and etc. Now there's a new one---fen with Fancy-clopedias vs fen without them. Can't we quit this? We all read and enjoy sf and/or fantasy, and enjoy exchanging news about same. Isn't that enough???

To Bill Mallardi: You complain about the low morals of (in this case, Negro) girls, yet admit you've "played around" yourself. Growf! {{Oh, no, here we go again....nit-picking on another track yet. I figgered I'd get some kind of remark like that from some femmefan or other. Now did I real-ly admit I did??! --BEM}} Few things infuriate me more than men who: approve of male promiscuity but disapprove of female; encourage girls to be promiscuous by having illicit relations with them; but refuse to respect, or consider marrying, any girl who isn't virgin. It seems to me that BOTH parties are equally guilty (or innocent), as neither could engage in such things without the other. And I don't approve of unequal laws for men and women, any more than for whites and negroes. {{WELL, now, I figger that as long as there are women who are willing to give themselves to the men without getting married first, there'll always be men around to take what they offer. Here you go, Lichtman, someone to discuss morals with! --BEM}}

As for "Analog" I don't buy it myself, because I'm mainly a fiction fan and find most of its fiction mediocre or worse. But for those among us who are mainly science fen, I hope it survives, as its' factual articles are by far the best in the field. Of course, there's always "Science Digest" and "Popular Science" and such---

As for artwork, love Bjo's octopus?? on page 32 and crab?? on page 21. Cuddly bems, yet? {{Yup, I shore am!--BEM}} (I liked "Little Fuzzy" too; and confess to being rankly sentimental at times---

Found Clay Hamlin's quiz very interesting, although I flunked it shamefully. I don't think we should expect Clay to contribute both a quiz and a column each issue (though it would be nice) but maybe he could alternate between them. {{We had the quiz since issue #2, and when we found Clay couldn't make #3, substituted it for his column.--BEM}}

And enjoyed and agreed with Mike {{SHUPP's}} article on space war, at least agreed with his thesis that war in space will probably become possible someday. Would prefer it happens there than here, I might add---

s/ Sharon



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

Thanks for DOUBLE-BILL #3, enjoyed it mucho. Its been almost a year since I wrote that story and had completely forgotten I had. Just as a sideline, if you're interested, I wrote it about the time I was on the Crimean War kick. I never do anything unless I'm on a kick about the subject. Very interesting war, the British are more ashamed of it than of the Boar wars even. (And those were pretty damn shameful affairs.)

Liked the idea of two editorials, makes for being able to pick sides. (Will the real editor please stand up.) {{ A tremendous noise emits from the basement as King Rex tries to stand up on his four stubby liddle legs!--BEM--}} Quiz, smiz. (Too much energy wasted in thinking.) Love Coulson, just the right amount of sarcasmsand know-how mixed in his Stew. Nice to find someone who knows what he's talking about and has read the zines before hand (He does, I presume?). Good argument for Space Wars.

I'm all for wars, as long as no one wants me to fight it.

Don't like so many darn letters. What the matter, can't find anything else to print? Most of the letters in #3 were simply disagreeing with you in a dozen different ways, all the same thing, different words.

Like letters, but half a zine is too much. But then, it is your zine and everyone is entitled to his/her policy.

Tis all, thanks again for a nice, quiet (that could be an insult) zine. Till later--  
s/ Donald F. Anderson

{{ No, we're FAR from running out of things to print! But we don't like to cram all our contributions into ONE issue. And since letters are the mainstay of our microcosm, plus the fact that most fen like long lettercols (as do I, tho I have to fight continuously with Bowers about it), I try to print as many as I possibly can that are interesting enuff. And I thot it'd be interesting to everyone to see the many diversified and/or similar comments my article DID bring out. And they are commenting on the zine, too, ya know. So far you are the only one (other than Bowers) to dislike long lettercols in D-B; I would like to know, tho, what the others views on lettercol length are. So would you people be so kind as to let us know? It would help a lot. As an aside, the fact that Hamlin's column wasn't in #3 gave us two extra pages to do something with, so we used them in the letter section. (Another thing, there are many other zines who have lettercols that fill up almost half the zine --- we aren't the only "culprits"! ) Thanks for your letter -- hope you can do something else for us soon. --BEM--}}

*Quig*

{{ Say, people, since I've got this space to fill up, and we're in a dilemma about who did the illo on this page, can anybody out there help us? Bill put it on stencil and tried to copy the signature verbatim -- we got it from Ralph Hollands' art files & would like to send D-B to whoever did do it. --BEM--}}



MIKE DECKINGER, 31 CARR PLACE, FORDS, N.J.

Hamlin's Quiz was a nicely constructed think-piece, and this sort of mental exercise is always welcome. I only have two minor complaints on it, which may be invalid themselves since I didn't bother verifying them. But wasn't the magician in Vance's named Mazirian? And I had always thought of vV's character as Jommy Cross. (( You may be right on the first name, but methinks thats how Clay spelled it (without the "a") on the mss. For the life of me I can't figure how we got the second so botched up! I'm stencilling this at my house and don't have the mss here -- it's at Bowers'.--BEM))

Don Anderson's story was nicely written, but it's nonetheless less a story and more a relating of a fantastic incident. As such, the ending is predictable from the beginning, due to the main character's preoccupation with the Tennyson poem, and once it reaches this climax nothing happens. Somehow I felt cheated by the course of events; his wife ((-Girl friend, ya mean--BEM)) is killed by the spectral horsemen, end of tale. There's got to be more of it than that; one fantastic event does not maketh a successful story.

It's difficult to comment on Coulson's reviews, other than that I agree with practically all he says, and I too puposely avoided seeing FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS because of a habitual distrust for poorly dubbed foreign films, and an innate distastefulness at the absurd possibility of having the japs reach Venus before us. (Well, naturally, it being a Nip picture, they wouldn't have a bunch of Japanese actors portraying American astronauts).

Mike Shupp strays too much from his main theme of Space Wars to establish a definitive conclusion. I think the inevitability of such conflicts depends solely upon whether or not our future space pioneers seek to extend their holdings through the use of wars. It also has a lot to do with whether or not the military of the future will be anything like it is today, where overfed generals relax in padded armchairs and send soldiers to kill or be killed, as the mood takes them.

It seems to me you misunderstood a remark of mine, and I'd like to clear that up right now. In my reference to the needless promotion of white/colored friction I was not referring to your ill-advised article on integration last issue. Perhaps I should have been more explicit, but "white/colored friction" was mentioned to point out the sort of news a strictly pro-Southern newspaper will exploit to all ends. Certainly the incidents you mentioned were shameful and deplorable, but there was not a single significant thing about them. A few lines on the last page of a weekly newspaper would have sufficed. Yet I'll bet that they received banner headlines, pictures and columns of lurid details, as well as hotly tempered editorials demanding that something be done about the colored situation. In a sense they became propaganda vehicles in which southern die-hards could promote their anti-integration views. Otherwise, they deserved no more recognition than the aforementioned few lines on the last page of a weekly. s/ Mike

(( It seems to me that if & when our country expands into outer space, and the Russians do too, it will be practically mandatory to arm their bases & space craft in self defense. # Re: your comments on "white/colored friction", I now assume you're talking about Southern newspapers? Not the one in MY area? NOW you can see what I meant by being mis-interpreted... it IS hard to get the exact meaning out of the written word sometimes! I admit my article was poorly presented, especially now after seeing its repercussions appearing in other fanzines! Boy, some fen must think me a real Fuggheaded' bigot!! And I notice ~~they~~ resorted to name-calling--BEM))



ROBERT COULSON, ROUTE 3, WABASH, IND.

The quiz was easy for me as far as matching authors and stories, but I was never much on remembering characters, especially uninteresting characters. (I recall Nazarian, Klaatu, Timothy Paul and Mitchell Courtenay easily enough.) One quibble; my copy of SLAN says nothing at all about any John Cross, as far as I can tell on a hasty glance. The name is Jommy Cross. You aren't the only ones to get mixed up on it, though; I have the Simon & Schuster edition, and the dust-jacket blurb calls him Jimmy Cross, so even the publisher wasn't too sure about it.

Anderson's fiction is good. It's based on a myth rather than on history, of course, but that's no deterrent to fantasy. The only thing I can object to is the topography; the charge of the Light Brigade was not made against any Heights, but straight down the center of the valley. If anything, the charge was made slightly down hill. (There were certainly Heights on the battlefield, and Russians on them, but none of the British forces attempted to do anything about the fact.) Not only was there no vainglorious vow to "take the Heights", but the charge was made precisely parallel to any Heights that could possibly have been taken. If Don had used some other vainglorious vow for the center of his plot, I'd have been happier; the story is good as it is, but it could have been improved.

Beg to differ with Mike Shupp when he says we have no such thing as a "blaster" or "death ray". We have lasers, and anything that can be focussed in a beam and used to cut diamonds is near enough to either a blaster or a death ray to satisfy me. (( You must not have read the article thoroughly, Buck. He mentioned the "lack of death rays & blasters" as being part of the argument against space wars; Later on he mentions lasers, himself.--BEM--))

Well, now; what chance does Al Kracalik or E.E. Evers have of becoming another Bradbury? The only way we can tell is by seeing what fans have made of themselves. Since it is rumored that Bradbury was once a fan, he is of course living proof that it can be done, but that's still only one talented professional out of God knows how many thousand fans since 1930 or whenever fandom began. Who else is there? Bloch was a professional writer before he became a fan; so he can't be counted; the same goes for Fritz Leiber, I believe, and Poul Anderson and E.E. Smith and others who have given a part of their talents to fandom. Of talented professionals coming from the fan ranks, I can think of only Bob Tucker and Marion Zimmer Bradley, in addition to Bradbury. And neither has quite made the first rank of stf pros. Then there is Silverberg, and Harlan Ellison (he of the Literary Intestine) who have made the grade as full-time writers, and Forry Ackerman as a writer/editor, and various newcomers like Ted White, Terry Carr and Biff Demmon, who may or may not reach geratness, and Richard Geis who is making a living selling watered-down pornography to Sabre Books, the last I heard. Kracalik and the ones he names may Make Good in the big time, but the odds are against it. Personally, I'll believe it when I see it. I haven't seen very much of Kracalik's writing, but what I have seen doesn't incline me to the belief that he's destined to become a Great Author. He hasn't equalled Geis yet, let alone Bradbury.

I hate to disagree with Betty Kujawa -- mainly because I dislike living dangerously -- but I don't have my very own copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA II, and while Juanita does have one, I haven't read it. (Of course, I don't call myself a fan either -- at least not where people can hear me -- but other fans seem to think that I am) And while I don't recall Sharon's



ROBERT COULSON, concl:

exact words about fannish "h's", I personally consider the use of them a sign of a juvenile mentality. Whatever their history, the use of them now is just a case of showing off; trying to conform to the group by using the supposed ingroup slang. (I don't see many fans who have been around for 10 or 20 years sticking extra "h"'s in their words; just the neofans-once-removed, who think they're being smart.) s/Buck

MIKE SHUPP, VERONA, OHIO

Anderson had a pretty good story, very good, though it's a type of fiction I seldom read. I liked his style - last line especially. Chief defects to me: not enough dialog in the second part, and the second part should be longer to be more effective, particularly the description of the Riders.

One comment on review of A FOR ANDROMEDA. I HAVE read the book, including introductory material.

Not knowing how to swim makes a "perfect human being" imperfect, huh? I object! As evidence, I present good ol' superhuman non-swimming ME... s/Mike

ROBERT E. GILBERT, 509 WEST MAIN ST., JONESBORO, TENN.

How can Chuck Devine be dead? What caused it? {{ All I know is what I read...that Chuck died of a self-inflicted gun shot wound about Sept.30th. Whether it was accidental or suicide, I don't know. One wild thought that I've had(that I'm not sure I'd like to have happened or not,) is that he really isn't dead, but its just a hoax so's he could leave fandom completely --- but I doubt that very much.--BEM}}

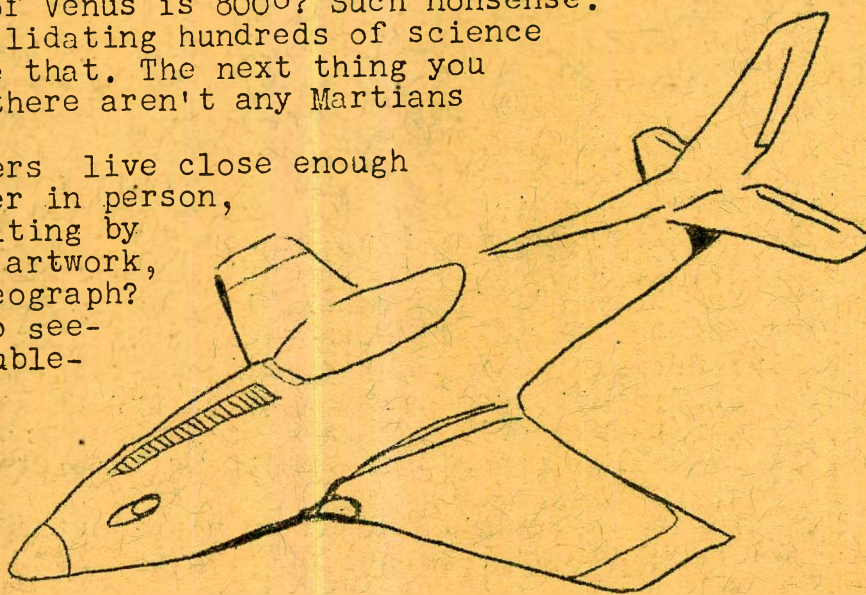
Thanks for sending Double-Bill No.3. What do you mean the cover is by A. Nonymous? Why? It's well done, whoever did it. I don't know about the story, "Into the Valley of Death". I thought the Light Brigade was ordered to capture some artillery and that they charged the wrong guns by mistake. The fanzine reviews were good, and "Space Wars" was interesting. Altogether, I enjoyed reading the issue.

What do they mean saying the Venus space probe indicates that the surface temperature of Venus is 800°? Such nonsense. They can't go around invalidating hundreds of science fiction stories just like that. The next thing you know, they'll be saying there aren't any Martians on Mars.

Do you and Bill Bowers live close enough together to see each other in person, or do you do all your editing by mail? Which one does the artwork, and who operates the mimeograph?

I'll look forward to seeing the next issue of Double-Bill. s/Robert

{{The artist who did the cover prefers to remain unknown for his/her own reasons -- and we respect that wish.} I live 10-11 miles away from Bowers, over a





{{ BEM's ramblings, concl:}}

narrow, twisting, two lane highway. In good weather in my '60 Valiant I can make it in 10-12 minutes or so, but lately its been snowing badly, and it takes longer...say 25-30 minutes. We usually work on D-B together; tho some letters are done at my house at times. Bowers usually stencils the artwork unless it's already on, I do it sometimes, too, tho. I'm the ~~man~~ Bem behind the mimeo crank while Bowers gathers up the run off copies. (And gets shocked by the static electricity -- which breaks me up!) The constant cold winter causes it -- even on the twil-tone.--BEM}}

CLAY HAMLIN, SOUTHWEST HARBOR, MAINE

Might be a good place explaining some things that have been questioned in my earlier columns.

Why, for instance, don't I bother to put the date of original publication of the stories being discussed? Well, the answer is simple, I just don't know, not when I'm writing them. Thing is, my collection is down home, in Unity, and I only get there every other weekend or so, it is really quite a drive. With stringent deadlines required, I simply can't wait. So, I do my best from memory, and a bunch of indexes that are available, secondary indexes like Stu Hoffman's Index to Unknown, one for FFM by Kaymar and myself, and the Collins indexes of pocket books and of collections.

There is another point there, since these are generally written for a rather general audience, it seemed much better to list what might tend to be the most readily available form in which an average reader could find the story under discussion. Honest, it is ever so much easier to get the FFM where Rebirth appears than to find the paperback, or the original Astounding.

The good gentlemen Deckinger and Coulson suggest that in the quiz printed last issue that I made an error in the name of the principal character in the story Slan. Not so, Jommy Cross is most decidedly a nickname, and I refer them both, and others who might question this, to the final chapter of the story, where he is captured in the sanctum of Kier Gray, and is finally greeted by his proper name, John Thomas Cross.

As for Mike suggesting that the proper spelling for the character in The Dying Earth is Mazarian, that is correct, I made a mistake, and admit it. But not on the other one.

And there is some question about exactly what I consider as classic stature. Well, since there are always questions on this subject, and no decisive way of proving it; I use my own judgement, if you disagree; that is what the lettercolumn is for. But me, I got an out on that, the name of the column is Classics, ETC. But honest, can anyone think of a better definition of a classic than that Harry Warner remembers the story fondly after all these years, and read it several times. I can't. Just from guessing you might look forward to such titles as "With Folded Hands", "First Contact", "The Search", "The Huckle is a Happy Beast", or "E For Effort" in future issues. These of course just chosen at random, maybe they won't be, either. Or make your own suggestions, subject of course to being overruled if I don't agree with you. I try to keep these of general interest, rather than merely personal prejudice, and evn more, fairly readily available as well, rather than something completely impossible for you to read if you are interested.

But please, you don't need to mention they seem merely first drafts and should be more complete and precise critism, only to remind you of



CLAY HAMLIN, concl:

stories worth reading, and hopefully to pass on some of my own enthusiasm for these stories.

And why doesn't someone else send along some stf quizzes of their own? It surely isn't a copywrited thing of my own, I would in fact enjoy doing some that someone else sent along. They are fun, at least to myself. Hoping you are likewise. s/ Clay

SHOKO UHARA, c/o MR. I. NAKAJIMA, KAMI TAKABATAKE-CHO, NARA CITY, NARA, JAPAN

Thanks a million for your double volumed "Double Bill" fanzine. I received two - zines No.2 and No. 3. These are so good fanzines, I believe.

In No. 3, there is an interesting quiz. Though I couldn't get a good point, it's wonderful. I hope you'll make these quizzes much more. Cover of No.3 is the best. Not only the cover, but every illustrations are so good. And specially, Barbi Johnson draw a strange tasted illustrations. I like {{ her }} pictures.

And a column, Wallaby Stew by Robert Coulson, was very interested by me who is interested in fandom activities. Now I am trouble how to distinguish between fannish fan and sercon fan. It's difficult, isn't it?

Oh, how many letters pages have you, Double Bill?! I much surprised!

There is a column of S.F. novels and S.F.stories and books criticism every month in UCHUJIN which is the biggest fanzine in Japan. s/ Shoko

{{ Thanks for your nice letter, Shoko, we appreciate it very much. Could you do us a favor and send us more addresses of other Japanese fans? We'd like to send D-B to them, too. And I'd like to get better acquainted with our fannish friends Over There. Do you know if the pubbers' of UCHUJIN would trade zines with us?## We've more quizzes by Clay Hamlin scheduled for up-and-coming issues of D-B. Write again? --BEM}}

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

That letter from Al Lewis struck me as the most interesting, and without getting involved in a discussion about negroes I'd like to comment on it. Mainly I was interested in the way in which he argued, rather than what he was argueing about. I suppose that if it's possible to agree with any one person only part of the time, the same thing can apply to statistics, but Al lost ground when he switched tactics in the middle of the construction of his views. I'd like to point out that in the first half of his letter he tried to prove certain points by the use of statistics. I'll have to admit that this is a good way to prove points, but he dropped when, in the middle of his letter, he starts off a paragraph with "regardless of what the figures show", seemingly to say that the statistics aren't true in at least one respect. Whereas statistics at one point were the strength of his aregument, their effect is lessened when later on he casts doubts on their worth. He was weakening the framework of his onw debate; a careless move which could have helped you in your counter-rebuttal if you'd only brought it up.

Humor can be an effective weapon in a serious discussion, but out-and-out clowning makes a serious discussion both incongruous and ludicrous. Betty Kujawa is in her own orbit when she writes natterous, baby-talk letters to Cry, and not when she writes serious, baby-talk letters to DB. A racial discussion set to the tune of a nursery-rhyme doesn't deserve to be printed in any fanzine, much less does it deserve to be paid any mind to if printed for kicks.



DAVE LOCKE, concl:

I think this topic is worth continuing with, so long as all opinions concerning colored people are kept both printable and in the realm of discussion. So far the only result of this debate has been a damn fine lettercolumn.

I'm afraid Baldwin was muttering in his beard. A united negro uprising in the U.S. would be flattened so fast that certain areas in the country wouldn't even know an uprising had occurred before it was over. The armed services and the police would move at anything like that. This is assuming that such an uprising would occur, which I doubt it could. They'd need a strong leader, and in their attempts to become united in this uprising the news of it would leak out and the movement would be stillborn. There'd be a large number of negroes who wouldn't have anything to do with a plan like that, and if this leak wasn't stumbled over by a white person, one of these anti-revolutionary, or whatever, negroes, would bring the news to him. s/ Dave

(( Yes, I noticed that Lewis seemed to be contradicting himself somewhat, but I never mentioned it for a number of reasons; 1st, because like I mentioned humorously to Betty, I was rather taken aback by the reactions of the letterhacks -- 'numb' I think was the word! Also, the thought did vaguely penetrate my bemmish brain(s) that mebbe if I didn't mention it in my counter-rebuttal, some other fan just might., and would say it in his/her own letter. (Which, of course, YOU did, and thanks for the support!))--BEM}}

CHARLES WELLS, 200 ATLAS ST, #1, DURHAM, N. CAROLINA

I have been getting DOUBLE-BILL and reading and enjoying it, in spite of the overwhelming silence that has been emanating from North Carolina. It's too bad you didn't start publishing a year earlier, when I was still in Oberlin; perhaps we could have had fannish get-togethers with Don & Maggie Thompson and publish all three of our fanzines together. (Of course, that would have been to my benefit: D-B and COMIC ART each two people publishing them, while at that time, before I married Jane, I was publishing CADENZA alone--with help in assembling from the Thompsons). Egad, think of the Northern Ohio Fan Club that narrowly missed existing!

Of course, this would have required that one of us have a car... ((Well, of course I had my Valiant then, but no Duper....matter of fact about a year ago I was in a bit of gafia-type existance; and hadn't met Bowers, either. S'funny you should bring up a possible Northern Ohio Fan Club now...just a week or so ago Harvey Inman bemoaned the fact that he and Bill & I seem to be the only active fen in Ohio now..whar is every-buddy??#Chee, we sure woulda had a real swingin' time with a club like that! ((Or is it STILL possible, somehow?)) Hell, we haven't even heard one word from Martin Moore on whether or not he's serious re: Cleveland in '66. What goes, people?--BEM}}

Don Anderson's story was better than the usual run of fanzine fiction, but rather trite. It was written well enough, however, that it makes me wonder what he could do with a real idea...

I have been told, without being told not to quote it (for a wonder!) that the anonymous fanzine reviewer in CINDER is Vic Ryan.

You seem to have been thoroughly stomped on in the letter column. (( Humans react that way toward us BEMS)) One thing I have noticed about fans: conservative or liberal, religious or agnostic, they all oppose segregation. Not only that, but fans like Sharon Toweale, who as far as I know



CHARLES WELLS, concl:

has never said anything about politics before in a fanzine, get their dander up about segregation. There is something about the subject that hits home to people who are bored to death by discussion of political systems, socialized medicine, and the like. s/ Chuck

{{ Ohhhh, so THATS why Pauls & Boardman reacted so violently to my article...they're just bored!--BEM}}

AND WE ALSO GOT LETTERS FROM:

RICHARD KYLE, who sez he thot D-B#3 was an improvement over #1, & other rather nice comments about same....howsoever, I just can't remember all that he said, since his letter accidentally got thrown away and burned with the rest of the trash....(Yes, it was too an accident -- really it was. And we'll be more careful with every precious letter from now on.)

.....G.M. CARR wrote, saying: "I will be interested to see what replies you get about your queries as to the origin of the term "filk-song". It seems to have sprung up back about the time that Lee Hoffman introduced her hobby of folksinging to fannish publishing circles, and in my innocence I always assumed it was one of those amusing typos which was seized upon and made into an 'in-group' insignia --like pocsard, which also sprang up about that time, or "silp"...if you DO discover an esoteric meaning of "to silp his nuclear fizz in the insurgent manner".... Which has always seemed to me to imply a fannish insouciance above and beyond the ordinary manner of imbibing a cocktail." ~~##~~ You will be interested to know that NO-ONE except you has answered our plea re: "filk-song", GEM. We'll see what happens with this issue. SPEAK UP, FANS!

AL KRACALIK sends us artwork...many thanks, AL... Like-wise that Good Man, TERRY JEEVES sent fillero's....keep it up!

THE DEPARTMENT OF INFERNAL REVENUE reports that rich fen DON FRANSON and DONALD F. ANDERSON has sent in year subs to DOUBLE-BILL, for some soft-hearted reason that we just can't buck....we'll take good care of it all, boys.....never fear. (evial-type chuckles heard in background).

JUDI BEATTY-SEPHTON made the WAHF's again by sending us a folk/filk song that seems vaguely familiar to me somehow. Just can't place it, offhand, but it'll be used in the booklet, I think.

HARRIET KOLCHAK & DON STUDEBAKER sent us a hilarious report of the '63 ESFA CON...but please, you two, if you want credit to get D-B, don't send us something that you've made many carbon copies of and sent to other fans for possible printing. And that blurry red carbon copy is eye-croggling to say the least...ugh! Send us something WE can use-OK? We'll forgive you this time....but no more please?

And SETH JOHNSON, please don't think we've forgotten you, even tho we failed to use your last letter to us (tho it was late), but we appreciate your interest in D-B, and send another one to us,ok? By the way, D-B will be sent to you for inclusion in your Fanzine Clearing House. 20 copies of #3 good 'nuff?

{{Und Zo, Ve cum to a close Vunce more --- rather a(-ahem-)short column this time --- write again? This BEM don't bite! Goom-bye --BEM}}

PS: LET IT BE KNOWN THAT WE ARE FOR: WALLY WESLEY WEBER FOR TAFF, 100%!



# JUST PLAIN bill

## EDITORIAL BY BOWERS

As with BEM lastish, I am this time pushed to the back of the zine. Mayhaps I should develop an inferiority complex about it, eh wot? I do have the consolation, tho, that nextish I shall once again be up front. But what do you folks think of our new arangement of alternating editorials--like it or not? We're interested in knowing.

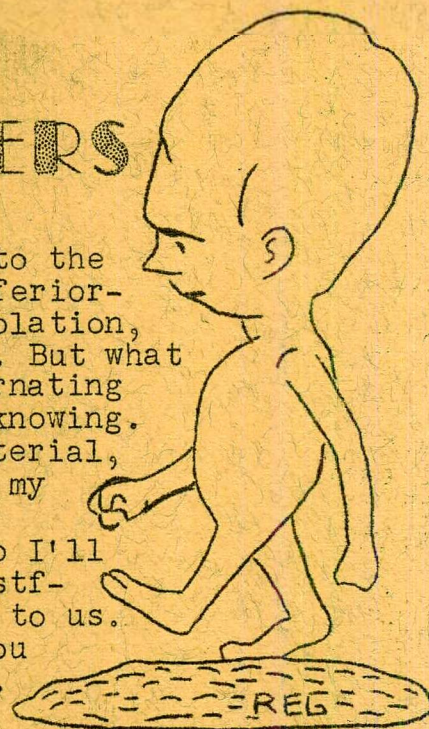
It being my duty, as Editor-in-Charge-of-Material, to procure such material, I could perhaps devote my whole editorial to stating valid reasons why YOU should contribute to DOUBLE-BILL. But I won't. So I'll merely say that while D-B is, and will remain a stf-centered zine, we'll print anything that appeals to us. We figure that if you can please both BEM & I, you ought to have no trouble pleasing our readership. Surely YOU have something to offer.

It's been mentioned by Clay Hamlin and various other parties that so far as D-B is concerned, I have yet to develop my own speciality, or indeed, made my personality very evident. This, I'll have to agree, is true. There is no doubt that BEM is the dominate personality in this editorial set-up--it's just that he is naturally the more aggressive of the two. In some ways, tho, this is to the good--I am essentially what might be called lazy and I need a little push every once in a while to keep going, which BEM supplies. But I think you'll find as time goes by that I'll begin to assert myself and my opinions in regard to D-B. Wish me luck, huh?

We're very much gratified by the favorable response that Clay Hamlin's quiz drew--and we have more coming up. But as Clay himself states, the stf quiz is certainly not entirely controlled by him. We'd like to see what some of the rest of you have to offer in this area.

With thish, DOUBLE-BILL proudly announces the signing to contract of two new columnists to add to our old faithful staff of Robert Coulson and Clay Hamlin--MIKE SHUPP and MIKE DECKINGER. Shupp, who we consider one of the most talented of the younger fans, graces thish with the first installment of "The Mimsy Borogoves", a book review column. How do you like it--do you think it too long or just right? Speak up! Then, nextish, Deckinger will be present with "On the SF Screen", which will deal with stf & fantasy films, tv shows, and such like. The response to Mike's article in #2, "The Departure of the Bad", was quite good, so we think most of you will like this new column. Current plans are that these two columns will alternate with each other in issues to come.

It's too bad that all four columnists aren't named Bill--then we could be called the "Bill Sextet", which would certainly be a wonderful title. However, with the addition of the two Mikes, I think our acquisition of columnists is at an end for the time being. We might consider a good fannish columnist, but so far Berry, Bloch, Tucker, and Willis haven't exactly been beating our doors down.





Sharon Towle, I thank you for a good laugh. In your letter (page 21), you state that ANALOG's fiction is "mediocre or worse", while its "factual articles are by far the best in the field". I'd like to think you've got your thoughts reversed there, but you admit that you don't buy it, so I'd say you were basing your statements on the current vogue in fandom of downgrading ANALOG at every chance. I may lose my head for this statement, but I believe that exactly the opposite of what you state is true. ANALOG has its share and more of crud, but still it publishes some of the best fiction in the field--it has more fiction wordage than any other sf mag being published today, and can therefore publish some stories of some length, rather than the 3,000 word do-it-yourself junk that dominates most of the other mags. On the other hand, ANALOG's "fact" articles are a laugh, in most cases more fantasy than even the stories in the same issue. God knows that the SCIENCE DIGEST and POPULAR SCIENCE are aimed for the amateur rather than the professional, but when you put ANALOG's "factual articles" in their class, my dear girl, you don't know what you're doing....

The above paragraph sort of ties into a few remarks that I'd like to make to Mike Shupp. You seem, Mike, in your reviews, to be prejudiced against ANALOG 1, because it consists of "mostly stories". You are of course more than entitled to your own opinions, but then so am I. I read science fiction, just as I read any fiction, for entertainment. I do not read fiction to stimulate my thoughts unless it can be done so smoothly within the frame of the story that I am not aware of it until I have finished the story. I suppose that every author, no matter how much of a hack (and sometimes those are the best authors) he may be, is stuck with the desire to show the world thru his characters and stories what's wrong with it today. I suppose it is a hopeless flight of fancy to wish that some might return to the simple escapism of bygone eras, but I can wish....

Bob Lichtman: To answer your question in a little more detail than BEM did--I am an apprentice in that for my first two years at the B&W (which will be up this summer), I have on-the-job drafting experience, plus going to a traing school run by the company. In other words, instead of paying some college, I am being paid to learn a profession, in practice as well as theory, until at the end of my course, I should graduate as a Junior draftsman. I hope. I went into drafting (as I imagine some others have) because I am sort of a flustrated artist--which may be why I get such a kick out of stencilling the artwork and producing some kookie headings for DOUBLE-BILL.

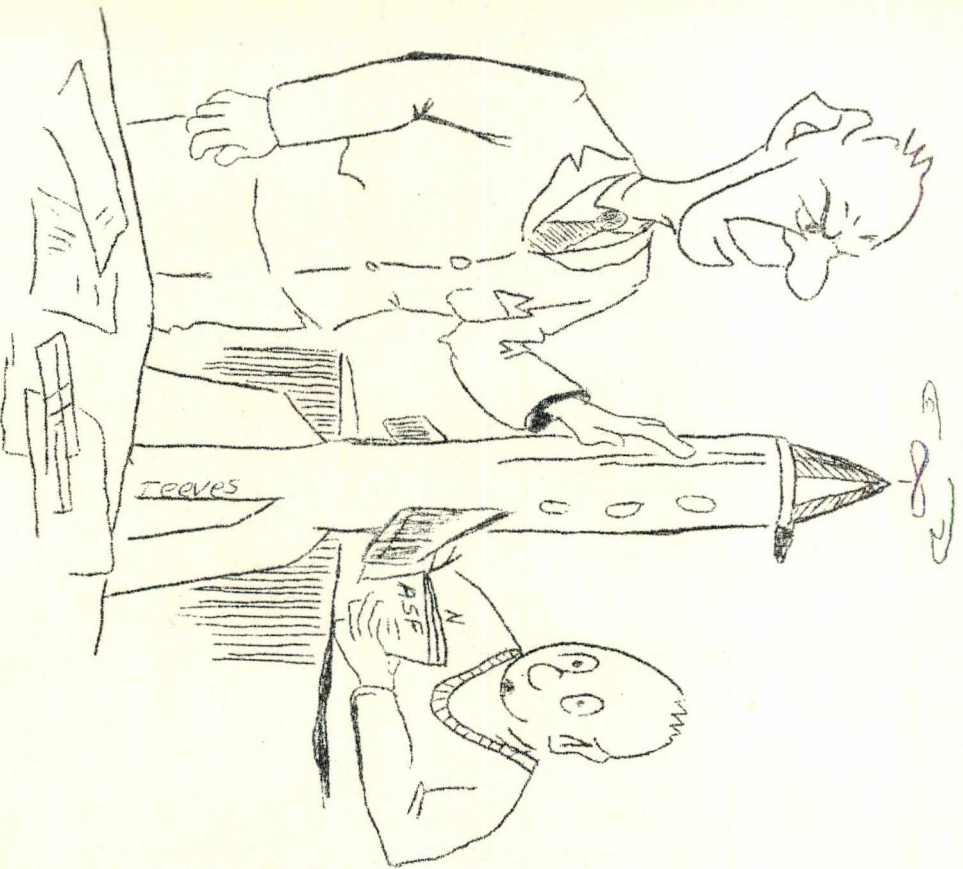
Recently, for some unexplainable reason, I've gone on a record-buying spree--concentrating on some of the folk-singing groups. Recent additions to my collection: "The New Christy Minstrels In Person" (Columbia); "The Brothers Four: In Person" (Columbia); The Journeymen in "Coming Attraction-Live!" (Capitol); and The Smothers Brothers in "Think Ethnic!" (Mercury). My personal preference is the Christy's, but all these albums have something to recomand them. And then last night I saw the debut preformance of ABC's new Saturday night HOOTENANNY series. It wasn't great, but then it wasn't bad, either!

In reference to my article thish--I'd certainly like to hear any others opinions on the subject. "Born to Die" is undoubtedly as biased a piece as I've ever written, but I hope some of you like it.

That's all this time, so till June....

BILL BOWERS





"DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A COPY OF THE  
ORIGINAL BLUEPRINT, MR. ELLIK?"

DOUBLE-139LL#4  
C/O BILL BOWERS  
3271 SHELHART RD.  
BARBERTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

PRINTED  
MATTER  
RETURN  
REQUESTED