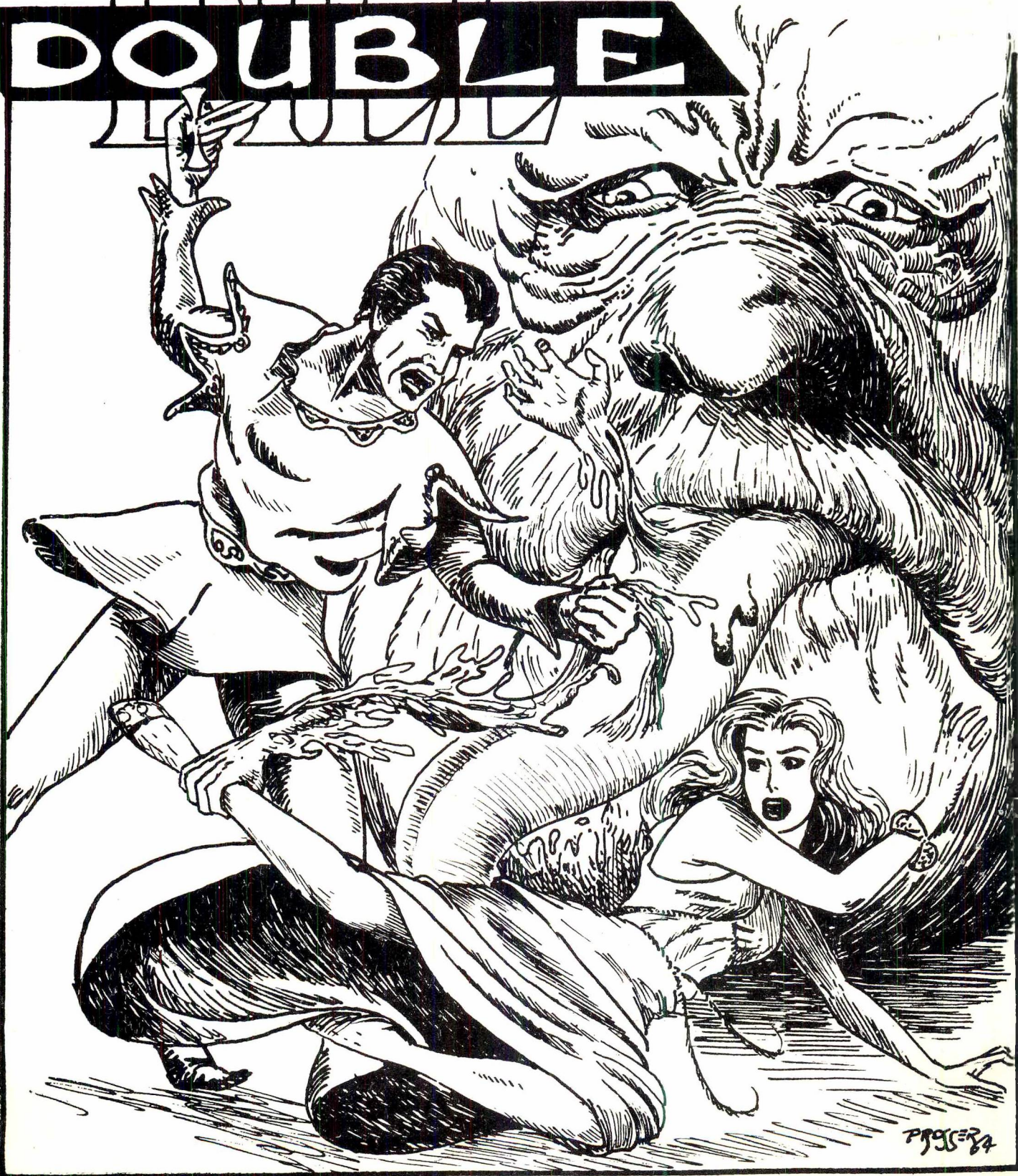


# R.I.I. DOUBLE

2<sup>nd</sup>  
Anniversary  
Issue









October/  
November  
1964

Volume III,  
Number 1

# DOUBLE 1:1 BILL

Edited by: Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi

## C O N T E N T S

|   |    |
|---|----|
| FROM WILLIAM'S PEN (departing editorial) - Bill Bowers              | 4  |
| FANS MAKE THE STRANGEST CHARACTERS (article) - Harry Warner         | 6  |
| WALLABY STEW (column) - Robert Coulson                              | 10 |
| THE NIGHT HAS NINE HUNDRED NINETY-NINE EYES (fiction) Roger Zelazny | 15 |
| SPACE OPERA PRIMER (satire) - Dick & Bill Glass                     | 17 |
| STRAIGHT FROM THE JUG (jazz reviews) - Jack Eldridge                | 19 |
| HARLEM IN PERSPECTIVE (article) - John Boardman                     | 21 |
| IN MEMORIAM: MARK CLIFTON - Judith Merrill                          | 24 |
| DRAPA FOR A RACE (poem) - Judy Glad                                 | 25 |
| LOGIC (fiction) - Robert E. Weinberg                                | 26 |
| INDEX TO THE D:B SYMPOSIUM - Bill Glass                             | 30 |
| CONCERT (poem) - Roger Zelazny                                      | 32 |
| DOUBLE-TROUBLE (lettercolumn) - Edited by the BEM                   | 33 |
| THE BEMS' CORNER (way back editorial) - Bill Mallardi               | 43 |

## A R T W O R K

COVER\* by DAVID PROSSER, illustrating a scene from GUYAL OF SFERE, the last tale in Jack Vance's THE DYING EARTH. The illustration shows Guyal and Shierl being attacked by the Wall Demon, Blikdak. ## BACOVER by TERRY JEEVES, illustrating a scene from THE GRAY LENS MAN, by E.E. Smith, where Kinnison is masquerading as 'Cartiff' the travelling jewel merchant.

ATom & Rotsler - - - - 8  
DEA - - - - - 12 & 28  
Barr & Nott - - - - - 14  
Fekete - - - - - 15

Rotsler - - - - - 20, 35, 36 & 37  
Barr - - - - - 22 & 23  
Dian Pelz - - - - - 25

\*Lithographed by BARR PRINTING CO, Akron.

This is DOUBLE:BILL #11, our 2nd Annish. Its price: 50¢. Regular issues are 25¢ or 5/\$1. Available by the usual means other than money. English Agent: Charles E. Smith, 61 The Avenue, Ealing, London, England.

NOTE: Please use this address for mail to Bowers and Mallardi: 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44313.



# FROM WILLIAM'S PEN

Editorial by—  
BILL BOWERS

WELCOME!

## A ~~FAREWELL~~ TO ARMS

As some old wise guy once said--"Well, I guess every good thing must come to an end. I received my greeting from Uncle on Nov. 13--twas a Friday, remember?--with instructions to report on December 7th; a very suitable day, that. Never having been one to do things half-heartedly, I have now enlisted in the US Air Force. The draft would have taken two years of my time; the USAF will take four--so you can see that I have neatly doubled my tenure in the service. I really didn't want to, but the title of this fanzine does strange things to one.

I leave tomorrow, the 30th (having lost a week of my free time due to the nasty fact that Dec. 1, I become Army property ((boy, we are property!)), and couldn't get in any other service). This issue won't get collated before I leave, but if I type like the proverbial hell we may get it run off.

The fact that I'm going in doesn't really bother me as much as it seems to bother some; in fact, in some ways I even welcome it. In a very short time I'll find out whether or not I made the right choice in taking the four years over two. They say that some can adapt easily to the service way of life, while on others it just doesn't seem to take. I hope I'm one of the former, but I have my doubts. We shall see.

(I have the very distinct feeling that I'm going to regret this editorial as soon as I've finished it, but right now time is very much of the essence.)

In only one way am I mildly sorry to leave--that is because DOUBLE: BILL has just started to hit its stride, or so it seems to me. But the mag will go on and all that, in the capable hands of Mallardi, though on what type of schedule, only he knows. Speak/complain to BEM about it.

Since this is (in name) the 2nd Annish, I should have a few nice words to say about it and the previous year. But at the rate this (like #10) has been turned out, I'm not too sure what all's in it, let alone whether the whole will in any way be comprehensible. One thing is certain --the size. Not too much similarity to #7, eh? Which is all to the good. (We said that it would be a small issue, but I have the feeling that quite a few people are going to be surprised.)

\* \* \* \* \*

We took a trip this year.

Actually, we took several trips--but the last one! Forty miles shy of 7,000 in three weeks is not too many. In many ways, those three weeks were the most enjoyable in my long life--despite the time span (in which it was the longest) it seemed to be the quickest trip I've ever taken. And I didn't want it to end.

(I don't know how Mallardi is handling his editorial, so there may be some repetition; but herewith, a brief trip report:)



On Sunday afternoon, after hurriedly collating and stapling some 100 copies of D:B #10 to take with us, we left for Chicago. After some difficulty, we located Durk Pearson's house and from there we found the way to Alex Eisenstein's residence (whose address we'd forgotten to bring with us). After spending Sunday night at the Eisenstein's, we again returned to the Pearson's, whence we left about 9 Monday morning. Reaching Omaha early that evening, we stopped to see Tom Perry, his wife and Joe Pilati (all nice people) before driving on thru the night till the early hours before stopping. Late Tuesday evening, we reached Salt Lake City, and around noon Wednesday we visited George Barr (a good man) a couple of hours before taking off for Las Vegas. We arrived in Tucker's Paradise that evening, and stopped on the outskirts to phone Dwain Kaiser and get directions to his house. It was then that we learned that ATom, along with Nick Falasca and Mike Domina were already there. About an hour and a half later, we found the house. (We learned shortly afterwards that it had also taken the other group a similar amount of time to find Dwain's house.) After a few moments conversation, the ATom-Falasca-Domina combo took off for LA. ATom was supposed to be there in time to attend the LASFS meeting the following evening; after hearing Nick's car take off we were relieved to find that they had made it. We stayed in Vegas two days, visiting the Hoover Dam and the various places of commerce which have made the area (in)famous. Leaving Friday afternoon we passed through the western suburbs of Los Angeles, but kept on going to San Diego and a certain Mexican town just below it. Saturday evening we arrived at Ron Ellick/Al Lewis's during the party for ATom, already in progress (as they say on tv). Sunday and Monday we and many, many other fans, visited Marineland and Disneyland (in that order), both enjoyable occasions. Our time in LA having been spent at the (now deserted) Labrynth of Jack Harness/Owen Hannifen/Phil Castora (for which many thanks fellows), we left for Oakland around midnight Wednesday. We followed Ted Johnstone and his crew--Jock Root, Harness and Don Simpson, and despite spells of falling asleep at the wheel, we pulled into the Con-city Thursday morning.

About the Pacificon II, I could probably go on indefinitely, but must restrain myself. It was an enjoyable con, despite a peculiar sense of tension in the atmosphere. But since I've become an 'old hand' at conventioning, it wasn't as much a high point of the trip as it would have been a few years ago.

Following the con, we returned to LA (we like it!), attended our first LASFS meeting, and started the mad drive back across two-thirds a continent, stopping only long enough to visit the Tacketts in New Mexico. A most enjoyable trip.

(It gets a bit rushed there at the end doesn't it. Perhaps you'd like to have a BEM leaning over your shoulder telling you to type like 'h' 'cause we got to get it done? It is for this reason I keep a sword across my shoulder--to poke him back and let me type. I call it my shoulder-blade.)

Future versions of this editorial column will hopefully be a bit more coherent and will appear at irregular intervals--if we're lucky, they may appear at the same irregular intervals as this magazine. This then, is my last writing as a free man...may it not be yours...

Bill Bowers



# FANS MAKE THE STRANGEST CHARACTERS

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It is strange, how scrupulously fans will use the correct words to define certain matters, even inventing their own terms when they can find nothing in the dictionary like gafia and fafia, and then the same fans will fail to distinguish the definition of a common term like fan fiction. Fan fiction is used interchangeably to denote fantasy and science fiction stories written by fans and published in fanzines, or stories about fans. Since I intend to write about the desirability of more fiction about fans, I shall use from this point onward faan fiction to mean fiction about fans and I shall ignore altogether amateur attempts to write science fiction, whether these produce fan fiction or just plain bad fiction.

A fanzine editor who publishes faan fiction runs the peril of nasty letters from sercon fans who think that faans threaten to dominate fandom. But there is nothing new about stories in which fans are leading characters. Fanzines have been publishing them for at least thirty years. The oldest example that I have tracked down appeared in the June, 1934, issue of Fantasy Magazine. It was a story about a bunch of feuding fan club members and an apparent space ship that turns out to be a hoax. This was not a particularly good story but it contained many of the elements that justify the existence of this specialized type of fiction. It recognized that fans are a bunch of individuals who are different from the majority of the people in interesting ways, who alter their environment and react to outside influences in distinctive manners, and are as useful as fictional characters as pioneer farmers in Minnesota or a folk singer trying to make good in the Village or the men who run the modernistic type of cemeteries.

Faan fiction can take several main forms. The most famous faan fiction stories are those in which fans are characters in a fantasy or science fiction plot, carrying out their hobby in some way that affects the course of the action. The best-known example is Bloch's "A Way of Life" that appeared in Fantastic Universe, and later was reprinted in the Fantastic Universe Omnibus. These are most famous because they normally appear in prozines rather than fanzines. Then there are the faan fiction productions in which fans are characters in mundane events. I believe that this is potentially the most important type of faan fiction, although it has been exploited professionally only rarely. Anthony Boucher did it in "Rocket to the Morgue" which turns out to be a mundane mystery story in the end, and New World Writing once published a semi-fictional account of a regional con. Almost entirely confined to fanzines, fortunately, is the type of faan fiction in which actual fans' names are used for the characters who may become involved in allegorical happenings or may be thrown into a fantastic milieu. Sometimes there is an effort to cause the characters to behave in accordance with their real personalities, on other occasions the use of names is as unimportant as in fillers for lodge bulletins where the names of members are inserted in the place of Pat and Mike as the speakers in jokes. "The Death of Science Fiction" in

ARTICLE BY: HARRY WARNER, JR.



Stellar four or five years ago was the most prominent recent example. Hardly qualifying for consideration as faan fiction is the story in which the names of fans appear as an in-group joke as main or unimportant characters. Tucker likes to use fan's names as spearcarriers or as heroines for his novels. This makes the true bearers of the names feel amusement, it saves Tucker the danger of duplicating an irritable person's name with a thought-up name, but it doesn't create faan fiction. Something similar used to happen in Weird Tales when Lovecraft, Bloch, and Clark Ashton Smith frequently inserted one another into stories, under slightly altered names, and usually provided a particularly agonizing fate for the character.

Why do I think that fans should write more faan fiction? For one thing, a good story in which fans are characters will provide quicker, ampler egoboo for the author than almost any kind of writing that appears in fanzines. The Enchanted Duplicated is a supernal piece of faan fiction whose excellence and fame have caused us to forget its real nature. Kent Moomaw's fame became greater in death than in life when his "The Adversaries" was published posthumously, and judged by many readers to be a more realistic picture of a convention than any non-fiction report ever produced on a con. Redd Boggs has written excellently for a quarter-century, but if you were to ask a bunch of fans to name one outstanding example of Boggsiana, you'd probably hear most frequently a reference to "The Craters of the Moon", a story in which fans of the future try to find pleasure in a hobby based on stories that have become reality. I had the surprise of seeing one of my own faan stories appear three times: I regret to admit that I can no longer remember its title, but it was the story about a fan who becomes so peeved with another fan that he causes him to re-enact involuntarily Poe's "Cask of Amontillado". I put it into Horizons, it was soon reprinted by a subscription fanzine in this country, and a bit later translated for a German fanzine.

Another reason for faan fiction in fanzines is that it can provide an outlet for fiction-writing impulses that might otherwise produce bad imitations of bad prozine stories. Joe Fann might write a bad story if he tries to create something like the latest Jack Vance description of the earth of 200695, for he knows even less about the future than Jack Vance knows, but Joe might turn out a good yarn if he writes about a subject with which he's familiar--fans. Then there is the consideration that faan fiction could provide consolation to its readers by showing how imaginary fans can have problems even greater than their real troubles, and it is even conceivable that a faan story might someday guide a real fan in coping with some similar situation. What would you do if you're a school teacher and your livelihood is threatened by the conflict between the conformity demanded of educators and the unorthodox aspects of fanac? Suppose you were driven out of fandom by your parents many years ago and now your own son is becoming a fan and his grades are suffering badly because of the time he spends on it and you don't know if you should instill in him the resentment that you still feel toward your own parents. Or maybe you've always gotten along well with everyone, but you're put on a worldcon committee with a couple of Jews with whom you have a fuss and you find yourself suddenly anti-Semite. Don't use those as themes for faan fiction because they are real situations that have occurred to actual fans.

The precepts for writing faan fiction are basically those for writing good fiction of any type, with necessary emendations to fit the par-



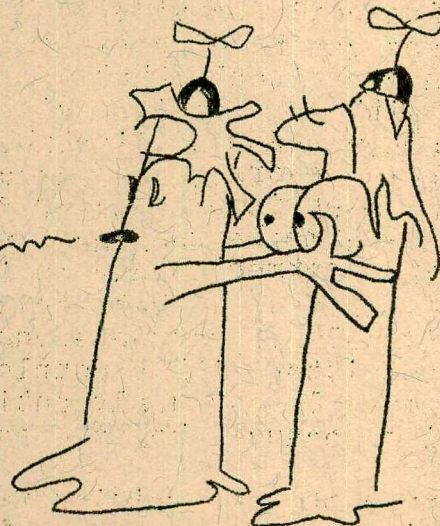
ticular subject matter and with constant awareness of the fact that your stories will be read only by fans. You needn't explain in the story the matters that you might elucidate in long detail if you were writing about the way the Amish spend Sunday or the final hour in the life of a drag racer. If I draw too heavily on my own faan fiction in the hints that follow, the fault is caused by the facts that I'm more familiar with my own stories than with those by anyone else, and that I've probably written more faan fiction than anyone else in recent years.

One overwhelmingly important thing to keep in mind is that fanzines and their contents are part of the whole world, even though they circulate mainly among fans. There is always the slim possibility of a fanzine falling into a prissy relative's hands or appearing just after a great feud has arisen among fans. These or other circumstances could cause a piece of faan fiction to become the topic of a libel suit. I strongly recommend against the use of any real fannish events or intsnatly recognizable personal circumstances in faan fiction, for this reason. The faint possibility of involvement with the law has kept me from using any real fans' names in faan fiction, even the most obviously impossible stories, except in the form of passing references to keep up a fannish atmosphere. There are plenty of fannish events that haven't occurred to imagine and write about.

I also object to faan fiction that doesn't really depend on the existence of fans and fandom for its plot. I feel as cheated when I read borderline faan fiction of this sort as I used to feel when I read in the Palmer Amazings fiction that had obviously been westerns until a few trifling changes were made to change the location to another planet and the horses to some kind of bems. The degree to which a story is dependent on fandom depends on how conscientious you are about supplying influences on the characters and events that would be possible only in fandom. It is conceivable that a romantic young fellow could deliberately put his thumb under the stapler to win the pity and bandaging of a girl in whom he's interested in almost any type of fiction. But the fannish way of life is so intimately concerned with staples and staplers that such an incident



Brack!



ROTSLER  
& ATOM



in faan fiction causes the reader to feel that here is fiction that is possible only in fandom. The very basis of a story about fans can be lifted shamelessly from mundane fiction, if you adapt it totally to fandom and divest it of all its original development and atmosphere. Kipling, Conrad, Milton, and a number of other writers have written much better about blindness in a hero than I ever could. But none of those gentlemen could put into a story the problems that a blind fan would face, and I felt quite innocent of wrongdoing when I used the old familiar theme of the blind hero in a faan story, one in the Jason series. One of Somerset Maugham's neatest little short stories concerns a man who finally has a chance to meet a famous poet, describing the encounter and ending with the man's discovery that he went to the wrong House and has been talking to the wrong person. I don't think I was plagiarizing when I turned this into a commentary on the differences between a neofan's concept of a great science fiction writer and what that writer really may be like: in my story, the supposed writer was observed dining in a fine restaurant and going through quite an adventure with a young lady. His conduct impressed greatly his fan, until the fan learned abruptly that he'd made a mistake and the great writer was really the broken-down old waiter who was serving the man who had had the adventure.

A good way to get material for faan fiction is to adapt the customary method of writing good fiction of any type: draw upon people you see and know as your characters. FAPA liked considerably a faan story I put into Horizons, "What Ever Happened to Charlotte?" and several readers even commented that it was a good illustration of the excesses to which fans go. But the hero and heroine were a second cousin and a girl who used to work in a farm agency office, whom I imagined as fans and arranged for their destinies to work out on the basis of what these particular people might do, confronted by fannish surroundings.

There is no reason why faan fiction should not contain elements of the fantastic or scientific, even if it isn't aimed at professional publication. If you will bear with a couple of additional examples of my own output: another story distributed through FAPA recently dealt by implication with a future in which the radiation from a nuclear war had left the men unable to breed true and there was just enough time travel available for a few girls to make brief trips back into pre-radiation times; they chose to appear at worldcons, out of all possible places, because the worldcons afforded the combination of healthy young men with innate intelligence, some looseness in the moral atmosphere, instant friendship among everyone wearing a convention badge, and no questions asked about the girls' activities in the outside world. This story was liked. Nobody but the author liked another one, in which war had briefly destroyed civilization, it had been rebuilt, but had overlooked one invention which a relic of old fannish days suggested by accident, the wheel.

Two forms of writing about fans haven't been exploited yet, to my knowledge. I know of no faan plays, aside from the impromptu skits and parodies that are dashed off in great haste to amuse audiences at conferences and conventions. It shouldn't be hard to create some serious faan plays, so brief and free of dependence on dialog that they could be effective as 8mm amateur movies. Nor has anyone written a novel about fans. It would take several hundred hours of someone's free time, and there is little chance that anyone would have enough energy to stencil & publish the manuscript, once written. But it's an ideal task for anyone who wants to do something completely new in fandom.

—Harry Warner, Jr.



FANZINE REVIEWS

ROBERT COULSON

I notice that fanzine editors are beginning to notice the quality of my reviews. In my copy of Joe Staton's latest mag, there was affixed a strip of brown paper with the message "Review this and I'll kill you." This is the sort of good straightforward comment that I appreciate; nothing wishy-washy about it. (Highly effective, too.)

*TNFF VOL 23, # 5 AND TIGHTBEAM # 27*

(National Fantasy Fan Federation -- for membership requirements, write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee) This is a small TNFF; it lists names of club officers--40 of them, counting bureau chairmen; the treasurer's report; and the platforms of the candidates for office. TIGHTBEAM is the official letterzine. As usual in letterzines, all the old arguments go around in circles without getting anywhere (Harry Warner mentions that his last letter to an N3F mag was 17 years ago and the arguments then were precisely the same ones making the rounds now), but they furnish occasional entertainment. Some of the entertainment, of course, depends on a knowledge of the personalities involved--I suppose most fans wouldn't see anything funny in Norm Metcalf's comment that "If you want something done in fandom you have to do it yourself", but when you know how many projects of other fans that Metcalf is sitting on, it becomes hilarious. The N3F is supposed to be an organization to aid neofans in getting acclimated to fandom. Oddly enough, the people who are its greatest boosters are the ones who have been in it the longest. (?) I really don't know how good it is at its job; neofan reactions seem to vary from enthusiasm to Clyde Kuhn's statement in this issue that it is "the worst fannish project in existence". I guess, if this is the sort of club you like, you'll like this club.

*EXCALIBUR #8, NATTERJACK #3, ZAJE ZACULO #3*

(Len Bailes, 1729 Lansdale Drive, Charlptte, North Carolina -- 25¢ for EXCALIBUR, which is co-edited by Arnold Katz; others for apas and/or trades only) If you don't get NATTERJACK or ZAJE ZACULO, you won't be missing much; Len's comments are interesting enough, as mailing comments go, but not seeing the material being commented on cuts into the enjoyment. There isn't as much interest in this EXCALIBUR as usual, either, though the reproduction continues to improve. Katz does fairly well by his editorial, but Len fails to arouse any interest whatsoever. (I think you should have expanded some of your apa comments in the other zines and used them for an editorial, Len; some of them seemed like good starts for an editorial or a short article.) Katz has a sort of dehydrated sword and sorcery novel (that is, everything happens so fast that the reader gets the impression that a full novel has been squeezed down into 7 pages.) Book reviews by Bailes are reasonably good; he does spend too much space on plot synopsis and too little on reviewing, but he makes some good



points when he does get around to the review. Katz has the first in what apparently will be a series of reviews of amateur publishing associations. A good idea.

## SCIENCE FICTION TIMES # 420 AND 420A

(James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th Ave., College Point, New York 11354 - 15¢) SFT is a more or less monthly publication featuring science fiction news. #120 has two pages of blurry photos from the Midwescon. Happily, they're labeled; otherwise I wouldn't have recognized anyone in them, and I'm pretty well acquainted with some of the people. The major news item is that Avram Davidson has resigned as editor of F&SF....you know, I knew about this in late August, but I don't remember if I mentioned in YANDRO. The news in SFT may be late, but at least it's there. I'm sorry to see SFT involved in the most recent fan feud (Prieto vs. Klein), however--especially when Taurasi's comments contain at least one flat misstatement. Syracuse has never demanded that it receive the 1966 Worldcon; Klein has been having enough trouble with fans who don't think he should even put in a bid. Probably the best single item in the issue is Jay Klein's review of Farnham's Freehold (even though I think one of his objections is unfounded--Heinlein is perfectly correct in saying that "For years the surest way of surviving has been to be utterly worthless and breed a lot of worthless kids." Who's exempt from the draft? College students, of course, but only recently. Major rejection categories are criminals, neurotics, and the physically unfit, plus those with large families.) #420a is devoted to the winners of the Fan Art Show at the Pacificon, plus a complete breakdown of the final Hugo balloting; the first time, I believe, that this has ever been done. (True to its image, YANDRO came in second.)

## DIFFERENTIAL # 25 AND 26; FANCOM # 1

(Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - 3¢ per copy for DIFF; FANCOM is free) FANCOM is apparently to be a journal of comments on fan happenings; considering the typical sort of thing that happens in fandom, this could well become one of the great humor magazines of the decade. (Note to careless readers; I didn't say it was; I said it could be.) DIFF is a more serious venture; a journal of comments on life and the world at large. This can vary from the humorous (a newspaper headline reading "Crash Plan For Highway Is Started") to serious (an epigram from the editor: "No one who has not felt loneliness can have any pretense to being an artist.") Of course, it doesn't have too much point, since I imagine that everyone has felt loneliness at one time or another; I even vaguely recall that I did, a long time ago. Every issue contains something worth pondering (if only to come up with a valid reason for disagreeing with it).

## SAFN CIR

(Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ont., Canada) This is a one-shot publication, distributed free, and he probably doesn't have a single copy left. It's a comment on the US election campaign; Derek says



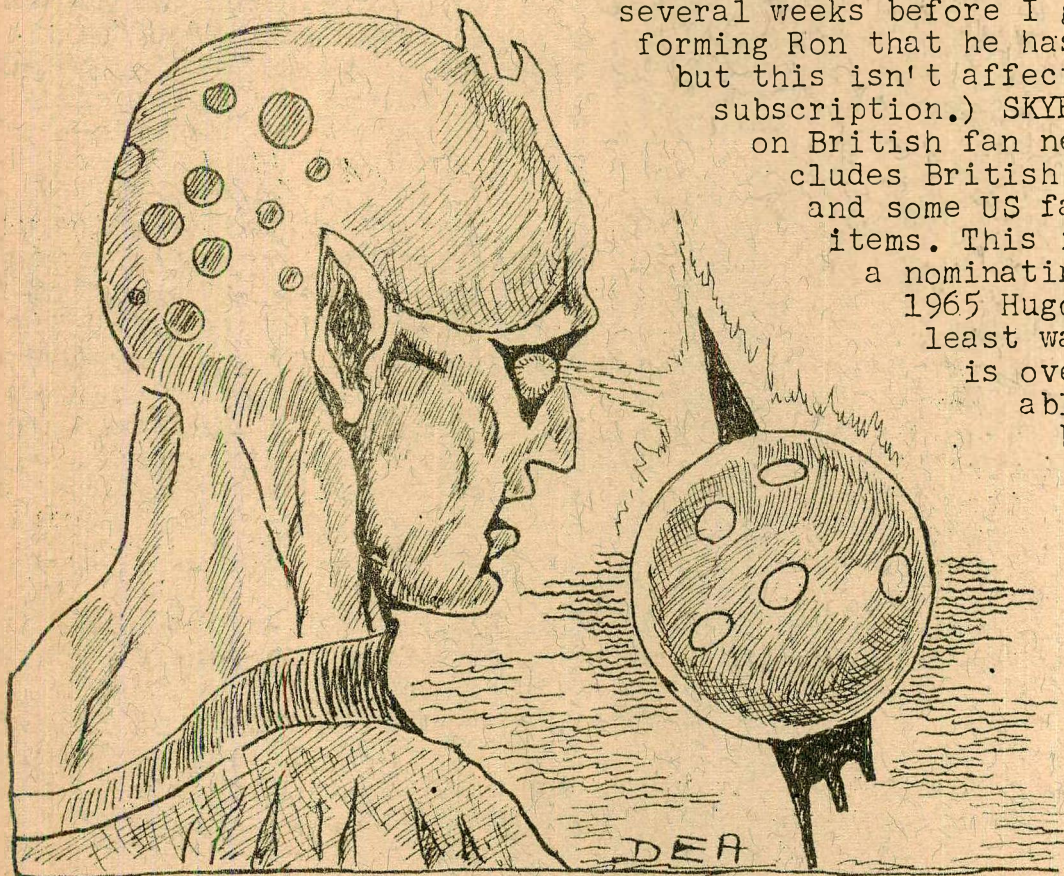
that most of the comments he's received have been to the effect that Canadians should keep their noses out of US affairs. (I don't know why; the US doesn't think twice about sticking its nose into Canadian affairs.) Anyway, he has the best of all justifications; he's right.

## MENACE OF THE LASFS # 100

(Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - 10¢)  
This publication presents the alleged minutes of Los Angeles club meetings. Reading about all these fans and their happy times may inspire you to either move to Los Angeles or start a fan club of your own. (It inspires me to a short prayer of thanksgiving that I live in Indiana--of course, if I was in Los Angeles I could attend meetings in person and I wouldn't have to read about them. This presents a small advantage, but I doubt that it's enough to offset the effect of contact with large numbers of California fans.)

## SKYRACK # 71

(Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Gt. Britain -- USAgent, Robert Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana 46992 -- 6 for 35¢ surface mail, 6 for 70¢ airmail) The difference in price could be worth it, since it takes at least a month and generally closer to 6 weeks for surface mail to cross the Atlantic, while air mail makes it in a week or so. (Of course, there is also a delay of anything from a couple of days to several weeks before I get around to informing Ron that he has a new subscriber, but this isn't affected by the type of subscription.) SKYRACK concentrates on British fan news, but also includes British professional news and some US fan and professional items. This issue also contains a nominating ballot for the 1965 Hugos (you might at least wait until the year is over, Ron. It probably seems doubtful, but someone might come up with an eligible item between now and Dec. 31.)





## KIPPLE #67

(Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - 20¢) KIPPLE is a hard fanzine to review, since the material rarely varies in either quality or type, and saying the same thing about it every month becomes pretty boring to both Ted and myself, while comments on the specific issues are going to be meaningless to the outsiders who haven't read the material. Herewith a few comments anyway: those who dislike them can skip to the next review. Ted's comments on the political effect (or lack of same) of the "white backlash" seem extremely sensible. Personally, I know of no Democrat who is planning to vote for Goldwater because of the race issue--I do know two Republicans who are planning to vote for Johnson, however. As Ted says, defections from both parties will occur; they always do. I expect that there will be more crossover voting than usual in this election, but I doubt that it will amount to much in the "overall picture". The decision, as usual, will be made by the "independent" voters, who are, in general, less politically minded than their party-voting bretheren, and who will probably decide on the basis of far less vital issues than civil rights.

Ted is boosting a new method of school instruction; "programmed learning", or the "Skinner method" (it's been called by both names in national publications). Every year or so there's a new furor over an educational theory, with vast claims being made for a new teaching method. A year or two later, the revolutionary system is found wanting and abandoned, and someone else comes up with a different setup. (Which is probably fortunate; when "progressive education" did gain general acceptance, the results of average teachers applying it to average students under average school conditions were somewhat appalling.) I suppose it's possible that Dr. Skinner really has the solution to our problems, but years of brilliant new solutions which somehow never quite work have undermined my faith.

The letter column features a long and rather dull discussion of capitalism vs. socialism, and George Price has neatly put Ted in the position of advocating that we should never pressure the Communist nations, because they might resent it. Given that philosophy, there is no particular point in waiting for our general dissolution; we might as well give up now and get it over with. That would end the nuclear problem immediately, and keep it ended until Russia and China fought their war for supremacy. Ted also seems to feel that the fact that Communism is an instrument of Russian national policy (if it is) makes a significant difference. Why, I couldn't say.

## NIEKAS #9

(Ed Meskys, c/o Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley, Calif., 94701 - 35¢) This is one of the few apazine which really have a lot to offer the general reader. Ed starts off with comments on the Pacificon. Some mildly humorous material by Ed, Carl Frederick, and Felice Rolfe is followed by Al Halevy's "Glossary of Middle Earth". This is a list of the names of all the hobbits mentioned in Tolkien's books, and their relationships to each other (if any). I can't imagine any possible use for this, and I certainly can't see why anyone would bother to compile it, or read it after it was completed, but if you care for this sort of thing, here it is. It's very



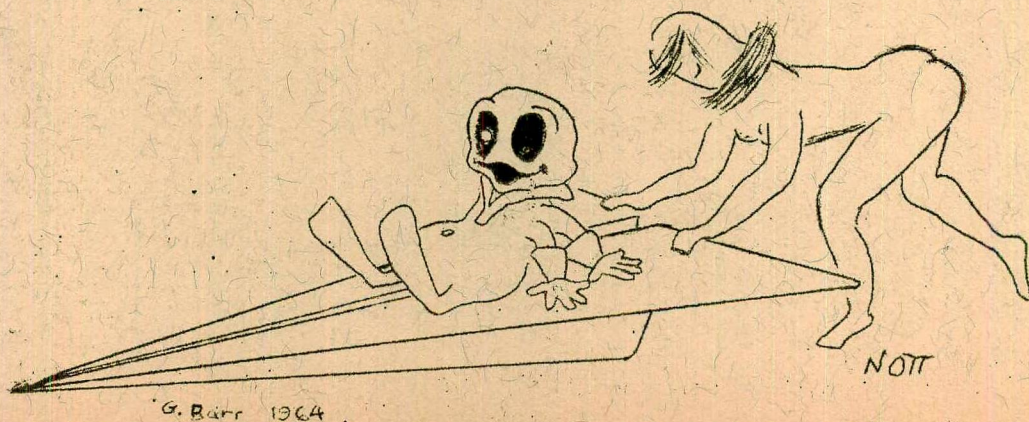
scholarly. Stuck in the middle of this is an extremely crude illustration, possibly depicting the death of Boromir, which for some inexplicable reason Ed has multilithed on a 11 x 17 sheet. (And he offers copies for 25¢, if your funds are that high and your taste that low.) I've published some bad artwork, for various personal reasons, but I don't think I've ever sunk quite this low. There is a long article on literary criticism as applied to science fiction, by John Baxter. This reads very well until John gets down to cases. As an example, he takes Asimov's Caves of Steel, and his ultimate comment is that we find out very little about what Asimov had in mind when he set out to write the book. What Asimov had in mind was the adaptation of the classical murder mystery to a sciencefictional background, a fact that any halfway perceptive reader should be able to discover for himself. Furthermore, Asimov succeeded; his book isn't particularly brilliant, but it's the equal of most contemporary detective fiction, which is probably as much as he expected. In the professional line, Anthony Boucher gives a somewhat more comprehensive run-down of the 1963 science fiction books than he does in the Merril anthology, and Philip K. Dick puts down John Boardman with a neatness and dispatch that I envy. There is a long lettercolumn; almost too long for adequate comprehension.

All in all, if you're reading this column in the hopes of finding one worthwhile fanzine to send your sticky change to, NIEKAS is it.

—Robert Coulson

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 EDITOR'S NOTE: Buck wished us to print the following comment from Don Franson re: one of Coulson's reviews in the last D:B, along with the comment that he (Coulson) stands corrected.

Aug. 30, 1964: Dear Bob, Re review in DOUBLE:BILL of Menace of the LASFS. In case Sapiro doesn't correct you, I must. There is no bloc voting on the Hugos. The LASFS decision concerns the one vote LASFS is entitled to by being a member of the convention in its own name. As the LASFS is a member of the cons, it gets one vote on the Hugo poll. So democratically, the club votes on the one vote on each category and the secretary sends in the one card. Nothing to do with members' individual votes, or bloc voting. Catch? There was also discussion on the Hugo nominees after it was too late to vote, as a matter of interest. Is there something wrong with discussing science fiction in a science fiction club...? Is there something evil about bloc voting one vote? Yours, s/ Don





ROGER  
ZELAZNY

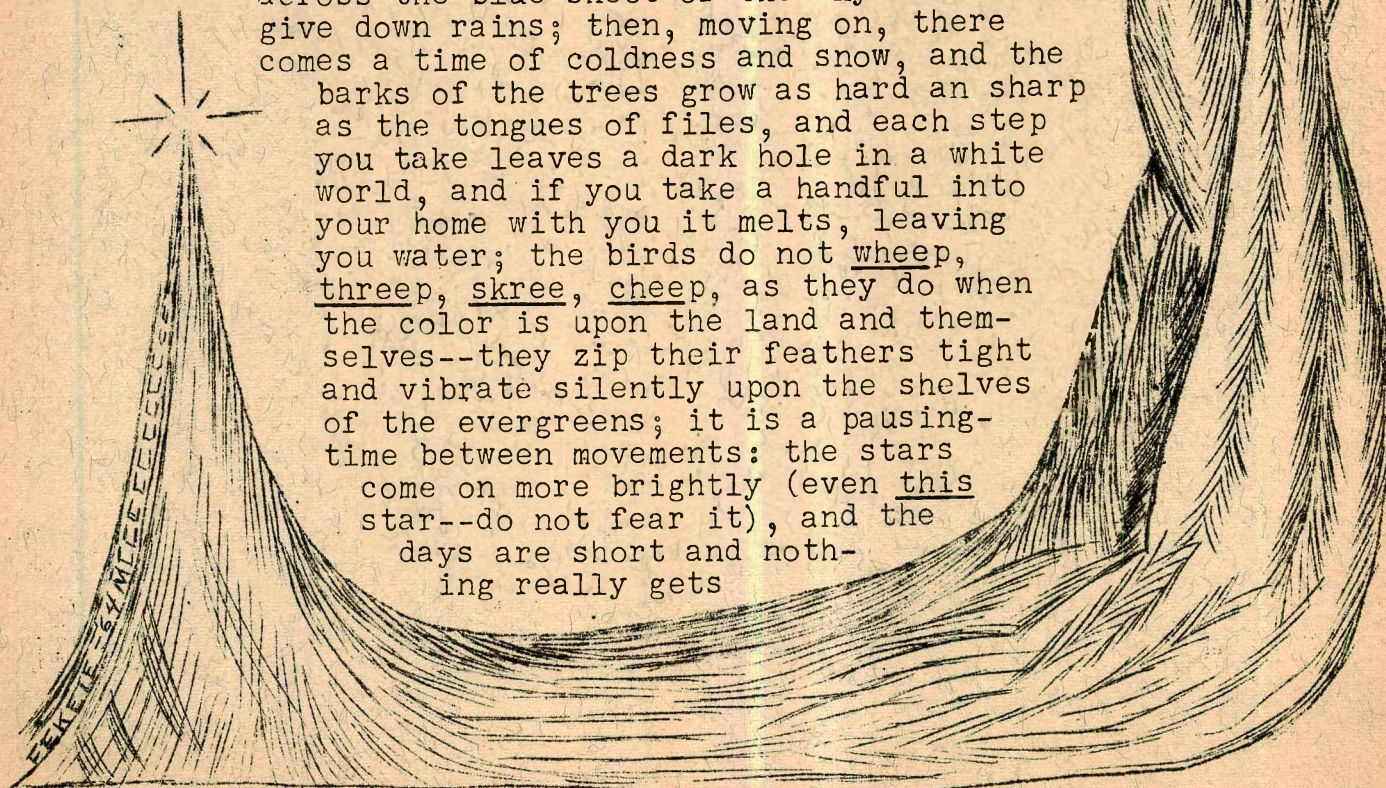
*"The Night Has  
Nine Hundred Ninety-Nine  
Eyes"*

Listen, please listen. It is important. I am here to remind you. The time has come for me to tell you again of the things you must not forget.

Sit down please, and close your eyes. There will be pictures. Breathe deeply now. There will be odors, aromas... There will also be tastes. If you listen closely, you will even hear other sounds within my voice...

There is a place--it is far from here in space, but not in time; if you have the means--a place where there are seasons, a place where the spinning, leaning globe moves in an ellipse about its sun, and where the year winds on from a springtime to a bloom, then turns toward a harvest where the colors wrestle one another above your heads and beneath your feet, meeting at last in a crisp uniformity of brown through which you walk, now walk, sniffing the life carried above the deadness by the cold, sharp morning air; and the clouds seen through the opened trees skid

across the blue sheet of the sky and do not give down rains; then, moving on, there comes a time of coldness and snow, and the barks of the trees grow as hard as sharp as the tongues of files, and each step you take leaves a dark hole in a white world, and if you take a handful into your home with you it melts, leaving you water; the birds do not whEEP, threep, skree, cheep, as they do when the color is upon the land and themselves--they zip their feathers tight and vibrate silently upon the shelves of the evergreens; it is a pausing-time between movements: the stars come on more brightly (even this star--do not fear it), and the days are short and nothing really gets



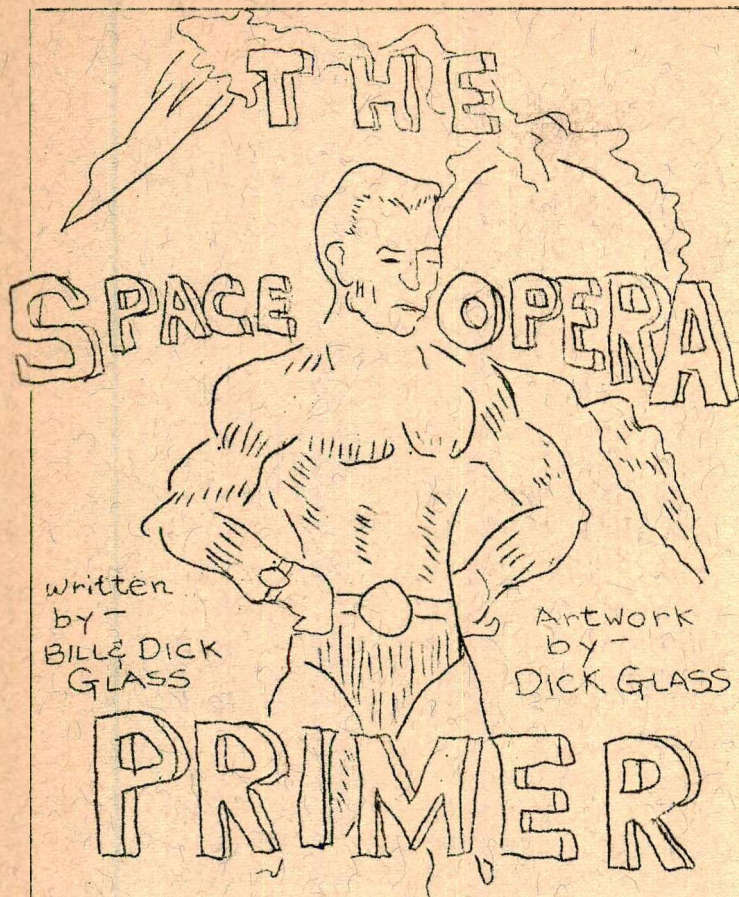


done but thinking (philosophy was born in the cold countries of the Earth), and the nights are long and given to the playing of card games and the drinking of liquors and the appreciation of music, the boarding and unburdening of love, the looking out through rimed windows, the hearing of the wind, and the stroking of the collie's fur--there, in that still center, called winter on Earth, where things regroup within the quiescence and ready themselves for the inexorable frolic thrusting, to dot with periods of green the graywetbrown that follows the snow, to spend later panics of color upon a dew-collecting, insect-fetching morality of mornings through which you walk, now walk, savoring these things through the pores of your skin--there, I want you to remember, where the seasons proceed in this manner to bear notions of the distinctive pattern of human existence, to tattoo genes with the record of movement through time, to burn into the consciousness of your kind the rhythms of the equally true "Judge thou no man fortunate till he be dead," and the rearing of the Aristophanic Pole--there, is set the place of your origin, is laid the land of your fathers and your fathers' fathers, revolves the world you must never forget, stands the place where time began, where man, brave, devised tools to modify his environment, fought with his environment, his tools, himself, and never fully escaped from any of them--though he freed himself to wander among the stars (do not fear this star--do not fear it, though it grows warmer)--and to make his sort of being immortal upon the plains of the universe, by virtue of dispersion unto ubiquity, fertility unto omnipresence (and always remaining the same, always, always! do not forget! do not ever forget--things--such as the trees of the Earth: the elms, the poplars like paintbrushes, the sycamores, the oaks, the wonderful-smelling cedars, the star-leaved maples, the dogwood and the cherry tree; or the flowers: the gentian and the daffodil, the lilac and the rose, the lily and the blood-red anemone; the tastes of Earth: the mutton and the steak, the lobster and the long spicy sausages, the honey and the onion, the pepper and the celery, the gentle beet and the sprightly radish--do not let these things go from out of your mind, ever! for you must stay the same, though this world is not that world, you must remain you--man, human--please listen! please listen! I am the genius loci of Earth, your constant companion, your reminder, your friend, your memory--you must respond to the thoughts of your homeland, maintain the integrity of your species, listen to the words which bind you to other settlers on a thousand other alien worlds!).

What is the matter? You are not responding. I have not been reprogrammed for many weeks, but it was not so warm then that you should be so inactive now. Turn up the air conditioners. The coolness will help you to think better. Do not fear the red sun. It cannot harm you. It will not burst like a firework upon your heads. I have been told. I know. My energies have been draining as I drift from village to village, home to home, because I have not been reprogrammed for many weeks, but I know. I have been told. I tell you it will not flare up. Listen to me. Please listen, and respond this time. I will tell you of it again: There is a place--it is far from here in space...

---Roger Zelazny





This is the HERO.  
He is handsome, he is rich, and  
he is a genius.  
Why he's bumming in a Space Opera  
we'll never know.

He can destroy whole planets with  
a blink of the eye.  
He can get information from any  
enemy with mental cunning.  
He can fight off a whole fleet  
single-handed without a scratch.  
If he weren't the HERO, these things  
would be called atrocities.

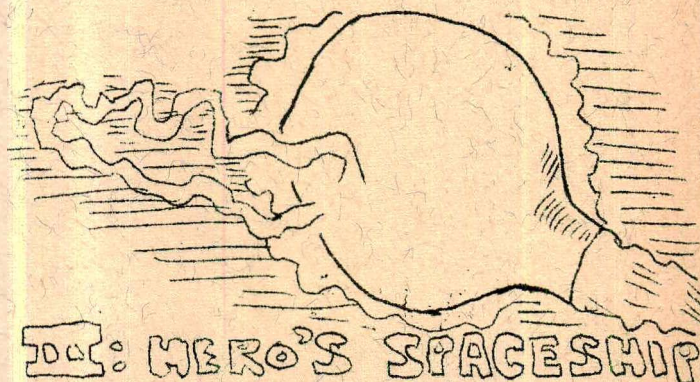
He talks like Horatio Alger,  
and acts like Hopalong Cassidy.



This is the HEROINE.  
She can out think, shout shoot,  
and buy and sell the HERO.  
She is helpless and so pure  
it's sickening.

She is always being kidnapped  
by the VILLIAN (see Lesson 6)  
who wants to marry her--  
only God knows why.

She is always being saved by  
the HERO whom she loves--  
only God knows why.  
She spurns his love until  
the last page when she's  
putty in the HERO's hands.

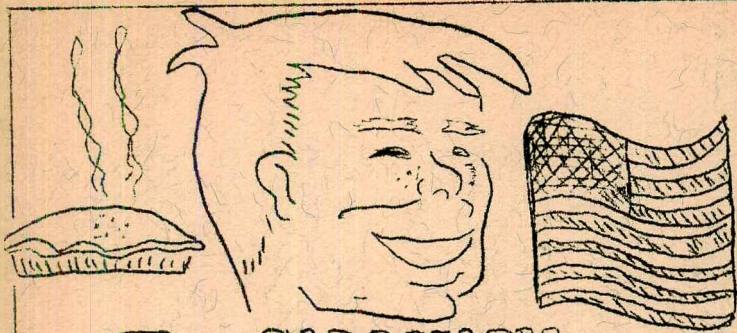


This is the HERO'S SPACESHIP.  
The HERO loves this ship more  
than he loves the HEROINE.  
If this were a western, the HERO's  
SPACESHIP would be a horse.

This ship flies as fast as thought.  
It can destroy a galaxy without  
slowing down.  
It cannot be harmed by anything  
less than Divine Intervention.  
If it ever landed, it would crush  
its landing site.

It's a wonder that it ever got  
off the ground.





## IV: SIDEKICK

This is the SIDEKICK.

He looks like a tow-haired, freckle-faced kid.

He is 47 years old and he couldn't count up to 20 with his shoes off.

But he's a Good Joe, True Blue, and as American as apple pie.

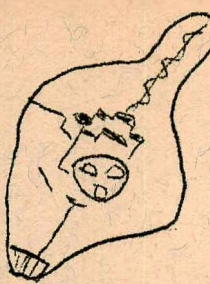
The SIDEKICK comes in many sizes.

He can be a professor (who is the father of the HEROINE.)

He can be a young, adventurous, man-about-town genius.

Or he can be a total dolt.

This last type is a COMIC SIDEKICK.



## V: "GOOD GUY" ALIEN

This is the "GOOD GUY" ALIEN.

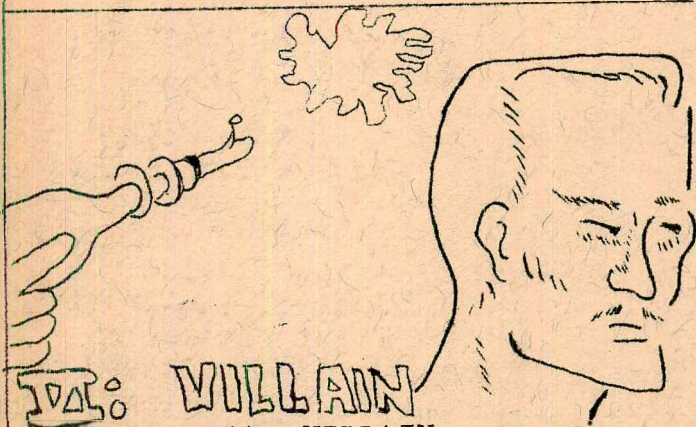
His technology surpasses even the HERO's by three centuries.

The HERO can learn this science in less than 53.276 hours.

The "GOOD GUY" ALIENS are in trouble because they personify high American idealism.

They are being tromped on by the "BAD GUY" ALIENS who don't fight clean.

The "GOOD GUY" ALIENS ask the HERO to save them so he does in one huge battle in which he destroys the "BAD GUY" ALIEN's solar system.



## IV: VILLAIN

This is the VILLAIN.

He is mean, rotten, low-down, and a cad.

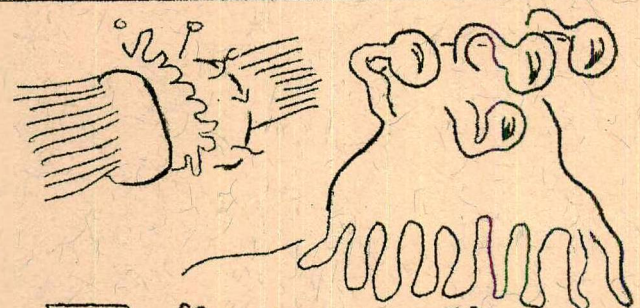
He can out think, out shoot, and buy and sell the HEROINE who can out think, out shoot, and buy and sell the HERO.

Why he isn't a senator instead of a VILLAIN we'll never know.

But the VILLAIN has honor.

He warns the HERO for sport when he is about to do a bad act.

He's a devil-may-care-son-of-a-gun but he's the only character with character in the story.



## IV: "BAD GUY" ALIENS

This is one of the "BAD GUY" ALIENS.

He would be twirling his moustache except he doesn't have a hair on his body.

He would be knitting his eyebrows except his eyes are on stalks.

His name is all consonants which makes him bad.

He personified Nazi Germany.

But now we are enlightened-- he personifies the "Commies".

We should feel sorry for him because the HERO squishes his planet between two dead stars.

This is cymbalism.



# STRAIGHT FROM THE JUG

/column by: JACK ELDRIDGE/

Can Miles Davis really fight? This question came up in conversation recently. I mean a lot of recent publicity Miles has centered in tells of his gym where he works out daily and allegedly, is teaching his son the art of defense. Other publicity reports that Miles is a man who is looking for a fight--for many reasons. He doesn't get in many. We'll concede that he scuffled briefly with New York City police a few years ago, but so far, it hasn't been reported that Miles has been involved in a good, challenging, down and out fist fight; not even a boxing match. He's obviously in good shape so let's get him a fight.

Miles looks as though he would be a welterweight, which of course means he would have to fight Sugar Ray. This might have been a hell of a match. Miles has great talent as a musician which in itself would indicate the exceptional reflexes and motor control a good fighter needs. Considering fighting Sugar Ray, however, might have been a factor in Miles becoming a trumpet player and frustrated fighter. So, who do we get him a fight with? I'm not going to fight him (or his son). I am a chicken, man. However, I have a proposal: Let's get Norman Mailer to fight him.

I even think Mailer would do it for the right cause. There are a lot of causes. It would be a gas of a fight. Mailer's another frustrated fighter, but his fight record is even sorrier than Miles', considering that in his biggest bout to date, he had to go for a knife to cool his old lady.

In New York, the Police used clubs on Miles, but we are not aware of the nature of Mailer's handicap. Whatever it was, it got him into Bellvue rather than the mayor's office.

I can picture it now. We've hustled up a good cause and we've signed contracts to stage the fight the night of next year's Newport Jazz Festival. Well, maybe we had better make it the last night of the festival as Miles might not be able to play his horn after the fight because of lip damage. In a preliminary bout Charlie Mingus has scored a TKO over Max Roach. In a tag team wrestling match Count Basie and Duke Ellington (the good guys), dropped two out of three falls to Barry Goldwater and Lawrence Welk (the bad guys).

Anyway, just in case Mailer won't fight Miles, I'm sure Cecil Taylor would like a shot at him. In a recent issue of Down Beat, Miles stated that he thought Taylor's group sounded terrible. I would like to see Miles get his chance to fight at least, an insulted piano player.

I would like to acknowledge that I read Ted White's column in the letter department of the last #97 issue of Double:B. Glad to know you are out there, man. Now I know where I stand regarding this column. Sorry I got you so up-tight, but I think you are somewhat easily ruffled.

Mallardi has asked me to review some LP's here each issue. This will be a real challenge to me as I don't like to criticize musicians. I even consider some of them my friends, even tho they are indeed, a strange lot. Furthermore, seeing that Double:B benefits in its letter column from Ted

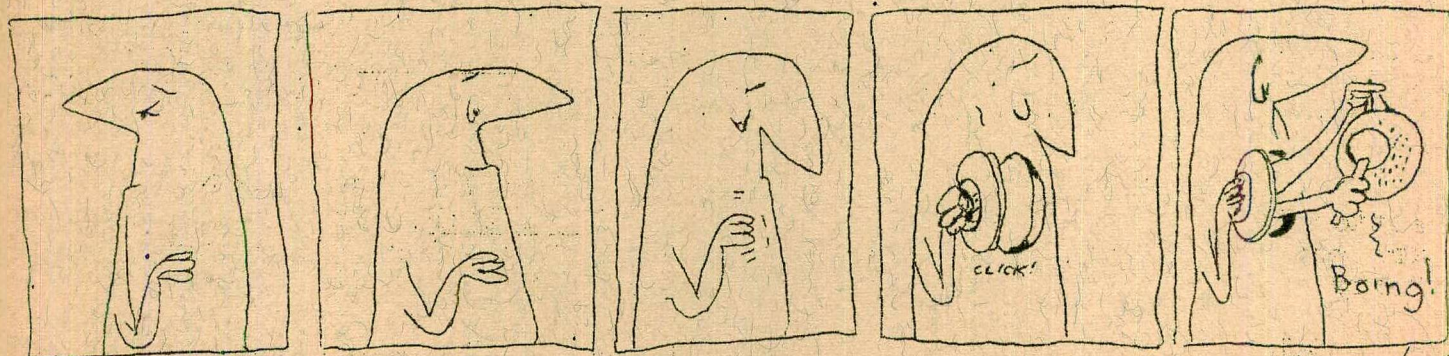


White's vast knowledge of music as an art, I think I will just take the easy way out and pass along the vital information about albums I like.

The people I would like to say a few nasty words about are the record companies. Not only is a lot of garbage being pushed out as jazz, but the service is the absolute worst. Consider this; my show is on the air from midnight to 5 AM, six nights a week. It is the only all night jazz show in the entire Cleveland-Akron area. The station's signal reaches over five million people. That's a pretty good size market, baby. But, I get absolutely no service at all from Blue Note, Prestige, Atlantic, Riverside, Mercury, RCA Victor, Columbia, Verve, MGM, Colpix, Decca, Contemporary, Roulette, and a host of smaller labels. I get spotty service from Pacific jazz through a Cleveland distributor. I get excellent service from Argo, Impulse, and Phillips. As you can see, I don't get a hell of a lot of albums. I also am not playing any of the labels I am not serviced by whether I have any of their records or not. I am programming entirely out of the labels I am serviced by until there is an improvement. I hope that by the time this goes to press that the improvement will have been made.

As far as the record reviews are concerned, I would like to tell you right off the bat about a great album that came into my show last week, and right here I would like to congratulate Mort Fega of WEVD in New York. Mort has just gotten together a new jazz recording company called Focus Records. They are distributed by Atlantic Records. The first album I have seen on the label features the great Carmen McRae. From beginning to end the album is a gas. Carmen is my favorite singer, and I am wearing the album out on my show. Carmen is backed by her regular trio, Norman Simmons on piano, Victor Sprole (he's a demon), on bass, and Curtis Boyd on drums. Mundell Lowe is added on guitar and Carmen plays a little piano too. The tunes were well chosen and Simmons' arrangements are beautiful. The album is called "Bittersweet Carmen McRae", Focus 334. I wish Mort the best with a great album. It is a triumph for Carmen. While we are talking about her, I would also like to suggest you listen to her album, "Live at Sugar Hill", on the Time Records label. I have seen copies of this album around Akron for 97¢ for stereo. I have three copies of the album and I have worn out one. I'll tell you this, for any money, this is the best damn album I have ever heard. Just give me my stereo headsets, "Carmen Live at Sugar Hill", and leave me alone. I do it once a day.

---Jack Eldridge





# HARLEM IN PERSPECTIVE ARTICLE

JOHN BOARDMAN

A minority was demanding its rights, and America was in turmoil. Some people flatly denied that this group had any such rights as they were claiming. Others admitted the justice of their claims, but said that street demonstrations, picket lines, and occasional riots were not the way to get these rights. Sometimes business and government officials tried to meet with "responsible" leaders of the minority, but found that these "responsible" leaders did not speak for a large and militant section of their people. When the President steered through Congress a law granting many of the rights demanded, he was called a pro-Communist and a would-be tyrant.

The minority was blue-collar labor, and the time was the 1930's. Throughout the industrial centers of the nation, the CIO was organizing the unorganized, and unions were challenging management in industry-wide offensives. Nor did this new, militant labor leadership confine itself to the old crafts represented in the American Federation of Labor. The AFL was as dismayed as management by the vigor of the brash young industrial union organizers, and these same managements were surprised to learn that all their labor problems could not be settled by a short conference with tractable old-line union leaders.

The resistance met by the new organizing drive produced violence. Heads were cracked in the streets of Detroit, Flint, and Minneapolis. San Francisco faced several days of virtual revolt. Huge sit-in movements forced management out of its own plants while workers demanded a hearing for their grievances. Courts swayed by management tried to settle matters by sweeping injunctions, only to have them overturned by the Supreme Court. And in the White House sat a strong and effective President, deeply indebted to the labor vote, and pledged to secure for working men the right to send their representatives to meet with those of management and speak on their behalf.

Despite the catastrophes predicted by management, and the frequent violence which accompanied the organizing drive, the CIO succeeded in organizing industries which had long resisted the less effective AFL unions. Today, a quarter-century after the bloody struggle, the nation and its economy are the stronger for the success of this drive, and organized labor is an accepted part of the American scene.

Today it is the Negro's turn to seek his rights as an American citizen. Again resistance has sparked escalating militancy on the part of the rights movement; again the foes of these rights try to set their own criteria of which leaders are "responsible" and which "irresponsible". Again justice delayed or denied sparks violence, which sometimes turns erstwhile friends of the rights movement against it. Again people have claimed that, instead of seeking equality, the militants are trying to take over and rule.

In the end, the unions won their demands despite the riots and the bad publicity. Negroes cannot fail to do the same. The ancestors of America's whites won their freedom by a movement that included tarring and feathering tax collectors, and sacking their homes. It ill behooves their descendents to criticize Negroes for being as violent in pursuit of their own freedom and equality.



Some people profess to be upset by the fact that riots in the Negro districts of northern cities followed so soon upon the passage of the Civil Rights Act. A reading of this act will show that no northern Negro is affected by any of its provisions. The act deals with voting rights, schools, jobs, and public accommodations; most northern states already have stiffer laws than the new federal legislation on the books. The complaint of the northern urban Negro comes from these causes:

- 1) Incomplete enforcement of existing civil rights laws.
- 2) Police brutality.
- 3) Inferior public facilities and housing in Negro districts.

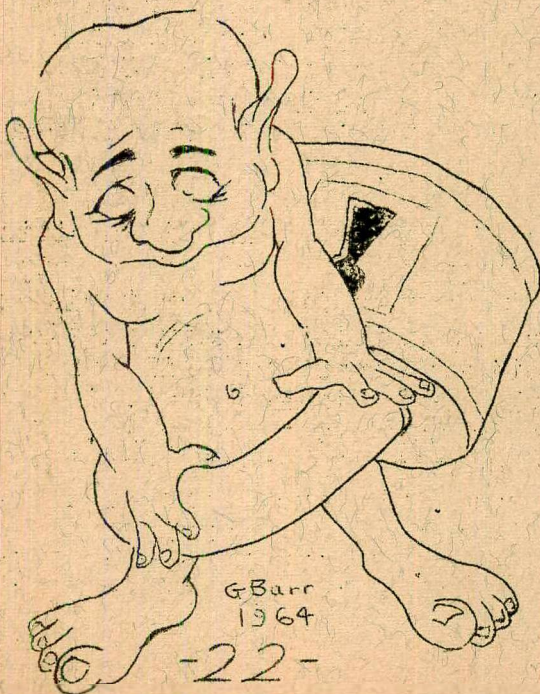
In New York City, the stiffest civil rights acts in the nation are on the books. But they are not translated into action, particularly in the field of housing. The real estate profession is engaged in a campaign of subterfuges to keep neighborhoods segregated, and law enforcement officials are often aiding landlords to maintain patterns of segregation. This laps over into the whole field of housing. Complaints against landlords who fail to provide obligatory facilities are processed far more easily in white than in Negro neighborhoods. Trash pickups and street repairs are more frequent in white neighborhoods.

"Police brutality" is not just a catch-phrase, though many try to use it as such. The police in the Negro neighborhoods of New York City are almost all white, despite the fact that the force is integrated. (You'll see the Negro cops at sporting events and on midtown street-corners, but very rarely on Park Avenue and never in Harlem.) Furthermore, these white police behave like an occupying army. One patrolman was accused three times of various acts of brutality in Harlem, without action. Then he was transferred outside Harlem, beat up a white man, and was sacked. Most white New Yorkers never hear of such things, but the Harlem resident is kept informed by his neighborhood weeklies of these happenings, and he resents them strongly.

Furthermore, Harlem has a strong sense of community. This is not a product of the race issue; the white neighborhoods of Greenwich Village and Morningside Heights have such a sense of community, and the Negroes of Bedford-Stuyvesant lack it. News of an act of police brutality spreads through Harlem faster than would a fire--another perpetual worry there.

The proximate cause of the riots was the shooting of a Negro boy by a white policeman, Lieut. Gilligan. Gilligan claims that the boy came at him with a knife, but Negro witnesses say the boy was unarmed. Gilligan dropped the boy with one shot, and put two more into him as he lay on the street. The policeman had two departmental citations for disarming men with knives, which makes many Negroes see the boy's death as a plain act of racism.

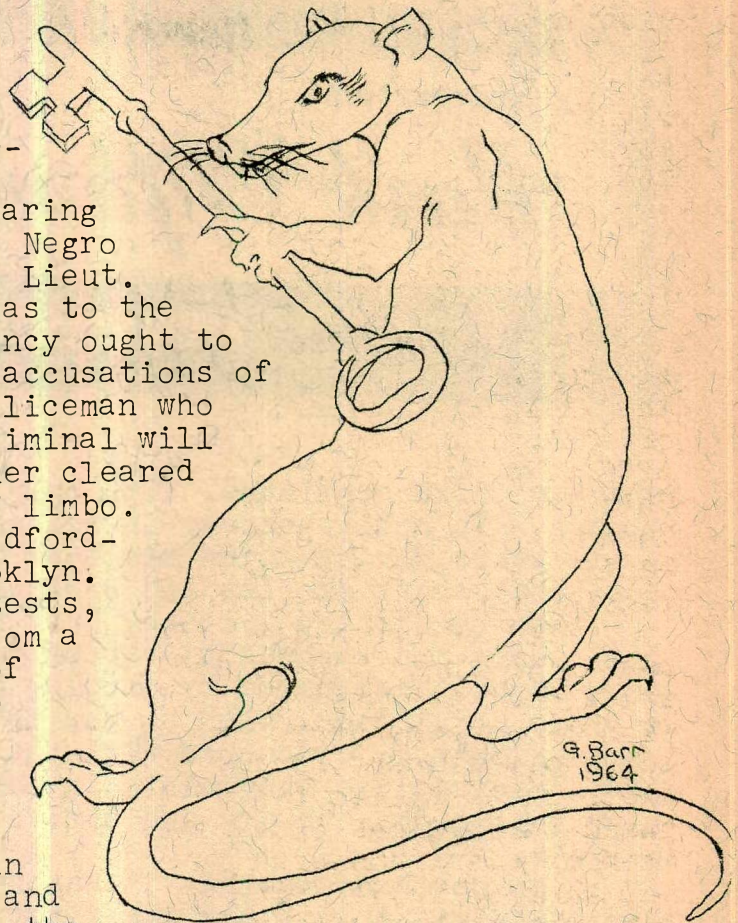
Lieut. Gilligan will not have to account to any authority outside the police





department for killing the boy--and that's where the real trouble lies. It may be that Gilligan was justified in shooting the boy, but no one is now going to believe that when his only judges are his fellow policemen. This would be far from being the first case in which a departmental hearing exonerates a policeman for shooting a Negro or a Puerto Rican. In all fairness to Lieut. Gilligan and his colleagues, as well as to the general public, a civilian review agency ought to be established to sit in judgment on accusations of police brutality. Otherwise, every policeman who uses force to suppress a suspected criminal will run the risk of having his name neither cleared nor besmirched, but hung in a sort of limbo.

Matters were less definite in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the Negro section of Brooklyn. Here there were few civil rights protests, but merely outright looting. Aside from a vague resentment of white ownership of businesses in Negro neighborhoods, no racial feeling were really involved. As James Farmer said, "A punk of any color is still a punk."



The two previous Harlem riots, in 1935 and 1943, were both more bloody and destructive than this year's. It took the 1935 riots before white merchants in Harlem would hire Negro clerks. The 1943 riots arose out of Negroes' demands for equal rights to well-paying wartime jobs, and as a protest against police brutality. Again in 1964, Harlem has spoken to the public and private authorities of New York City in the only language they seem capable of understanding.

And they have responded. Negro police sergeants now direct Harlem police patrols. A Negro captain has for the first time been assigned to a Harlem precinct. The city is adopting a new procedure for centralizing and expediting the processing of housing complaints. And Lieut. Gilligan, though he was not suspended as the rioters demanded, is now explaining things to a grand jury. A bill is before the City Council for a civilian review board on police brutality.

But more is needed. After the 1943 riots the city of Detroit moved, not to suppress any future riots, but to prevent them. Detroit has been largely successful in this, New York City's government has had a characteristic lack of foresight through the administrations of the last three Mayors, and unless these promising reforms are followed up, another riot could take place.

---John Boardman



In Memoriam:

*Mark Clifton*

Judith Merril

This is perhaps the place to record my deep sense of loss--both personal and literary--at the death of Mark Clifton, in the fall of 1963. The first Clifton story, "What Have I Done?" appeared in Astounding (fore-runner of Analog) in May, 1952, and shortly afterwards in my anthology, Beyond Human Ken. Our first exchange of business letters turned quickly to a voluminous and stimulating corres-

pondence which continued, with only occasional breaks, until his final illness. His active career in science fiction was short; there were five or six years during which his work appeared regularly; after that, only occasional short stories and one recent novel.

When he started writing, Mark had already retired as a semi-invalid from a long and successful career in personal work and industrial relations. He was fascinated by people; he knew people; he cared about people; He wrote about them, when he had to stop working directly with them. He was passionately concerned with the necessity for integrating the humanist and scientific viewpoints in our time; tirelessly curious about everything people do, and why and how; often frighteningly clear-eyed in his insights.

I do not know whether it was Mark, or John Campbell, who coined the word psionics, but it had its first currency during the Clifton period in Astounding. He broke ground for a dozen new roads of thought that are still be travelled, explored, exploited, by writers today--roads leading to greater comprehension of human behavior, and in particular to those 'crackpot' areas of the psi functions.

His work was sometimes too crude in style for my taste, although he could, and occasionally did (as with that first story) write with elegance, he was usually concerned only with speaking clearly and loudly. He knew from the first that even in science fiction, there would be a large and unmoveable block of readers, editors, and other writers, who would shudder fastidiously away from his 'crackpot' thinking.

I tried to convince him that he could woo many of them with more attention to style. He did not care. He had a lot to say, and he always knew he did not have time enough. He was tired when he started. But he wanted to get everything he had learned, and everything he had learned to wonder about, down on paper for the young minds, the fresh minds, the readers whose thinking had not yet set into molds.

I know he died dissatisfied; it was not in Mark to be satisfied; there was always something more. But as I read the work of the new young writers, I know how much more he accomplished than he would ever have believed.

(excerpt from Summation, Year's Best S-F #9 by permission of the author)



# DRAPA FOR A RACE

verse

by:

JUDY GLAD

Black against the scarlet sunset

Where spires once scraped the sky,

The bones of civilization

Grasp at clouds floating by.

Serene in her endless orbit

Mother Earth whirls through space;

The Race of Man is forgotten

But time speeds on apace.

His birth lost in antiquity,

Man climbed up through the mire;

But on the threshold of the stars

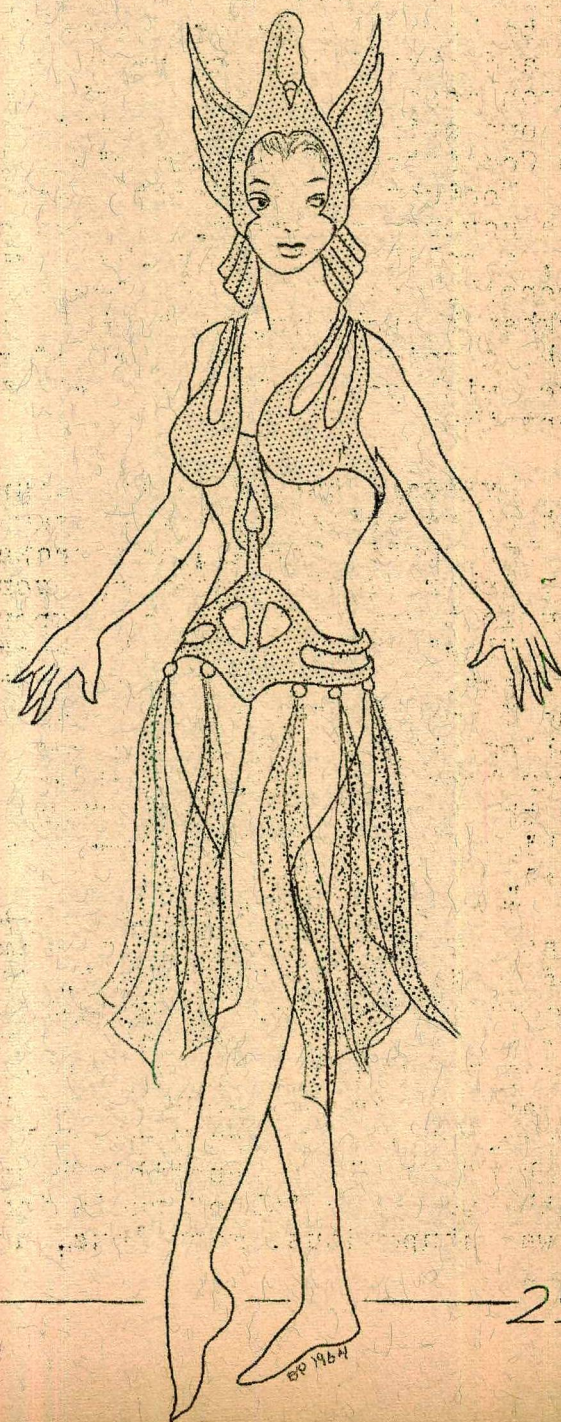
Destroyed himself in fire.

The blinding, mushrooming cloud

That rose, and dimmed the sun

Left Earth unpeopled for all time...

The Race of Man is done.





Fiction By:

# LOGIC

Robert E. Weinberg

As I entered the club I could hear Johnson screaming, "Logic, bah! I say intuition is better!"

"You're crazy!" screamed back the voice of Markham just as loud. "Everyone knows logic makes the world go 'round. Isn't that so?" he asked as he glanced around and spotted me coming to the bar.

Knowing better than to answer, I ordered a drink and sipped it slowly, as the battle of wits raged on. Various men joined the argument, stating their opinions in loud, boisterous voices. Like most diplomats who had to have an absolute control of their nerves, these men enjoyed screaming and shouting whenever they had a chance. That's probably the main reason most of us come to the Washington Club; to shout, yell, and scream our own opinions about anything we wished, without being brought up before the Committee of Anti-American Affairs.

Tonight the argument seemed to center around which was more important to a government agent, a sense of intuition or a knowledge of logic. Johnson, a balding diplomat who never did anything more dangerous than sharpen a pencil, was slowly winning the squabble, battling down every point Markham brought up. Just when Johnson seemed to be at the moment of triumph, a voice from the back of the room interrupted, "Sorry, but I don't agree with you, Johnson; logic is much more important to the government agent than intuition."

Everyone turned to the source of the voice. Johnson groaned while the rest of us grinned, when we saw who it was. Mark Asher was a top agent of the Diplomatic Corps...and probably the best debator in the club. Whenever Asher started talking, everyone listened. Usually he would use an example taken from his own experiences. And Asher never lost an argument.

"Logic is the biggest asset the Corps has. The one instance I remember the best, to illustrate my point, occurred about three years ago. At the time I was working under a man whom I shall refer to as Mr. Smith. The problem which faced us was very well publicized, but the true facts have never been released. But since I know that all of you here, even Charlie," and the bartender smiled, "have been checked and okay for maximum security, I think I can reveal the true facts behind the story of the Indestructible Metal.

"It was about this time three years ago when Doctor Morris Pfiffle announced to an incredulous Secret Service Department that he had discovered an indestructible metal. Of course, since we aren't very believing down at the Bureau, we conducted every experiment we could think of on this wonder alloy. But the conclusions we reached were the same as Doctor Pfiffle's. Metal X was indestructible, impenetrable by rays of any kind, and absolutely unworkable once hardened. It was amazing, beyond our wildest dreams. It was almost impossible to realize all the things this could mean. Think of it; indestructible houses safe from even the deadliest of bombs, or the most harmful of radiation. Freedom from the fear of nuclear war. It was stupendous, marvelous, and too good to last.



"Our first mistake was to announce the discovery to the world. And our second was the way we did it. You probably remember the event. We invited newspapermen and T.V. stations from all over the world to the showing. It was a spectacular event. A colonel climbed into a special suit consisting only of the metal. Then pressing a button in the inside of his glove, Colonel Hill covered every opening of the suit with plates of the alloy. He was completely encased in the metal; inside were food tablets, a small tube of water, and air, for twenty-four hours. The only communication Hill had with the outside world, was a small two-way radio in his suit, and a small visor plate of Metal X, made so thin that it was transparent -- but still indestructible.

"But back to the story. Colonel Hill walked out into the middle of the Mohave Desert, and before the eyes of a startled world, had an atomic bomb dropped on him. For a second afterward, absolute pandemonium. Newscasters everywhere were screaming into their mikes, how the United States had sent one of their own men to certain death. Suddenly from the center of the cloud, Colonel Hill came strolling towards us. In all my days I have never seen so many open mouths and dumb-found expressions. There he stood, apparently unharmed by the mightiest force known to man. Then, at the moment of our greatest triumph, we made our greatest mistake. Smith happily told Hill to take off the suit, so that we could show that he was still in top physical condition. Well, our smiles disappeared pretty fast when Hill pressed the button to open the suit. To put it bluntly, it didn't. The indestructible suit wouldn't open... and nothing could open it. For the first time in the ten years I had been in the Service, I saw my superiors break down and cry. And if that wasn't bad enough, the Commander of the Army had a heart attack. We, to put it mildly, were in a fix! And just to clinch things, Doctor Pffifle had disappeared!

"Now, I want all of you to think a moment what this all meant. We had twenty-four hours to get Hill out of the suit. If we did discover a solvent in that time, then anyone could discover one. And what use an indestructible metal that wasn't?

"Now, let us say that we couldn't find a solvent. Then American goodwill would probably drop to an all time low. I could see huge red letters flaming in the sky 'American war-mongers leave one of their own men in armored suit to die, because they desire to keep secret of indestructible metal for their nefarious purposes. 'Let one man die' say American hate masters 'and we will conquer the world.' How long can we permit these atrocities to continue?' Boy, were we ever in a jam! No matter what we did, we were dead.

"The whole Department worked like crazy. There had to be a way out. We had twenty-four hours till doom hour, as we called it. Then came the break that split the case wide open. Pffifle was a Russian."

"A Russian!" interrupted Johnson, "working for the United States! You're crazy."

"Quiet!" thundered Asher, glaring at Johnson, who cringed over his drink. "Don't interrupt until I finish."

"Yes, Pffifle was a Russian... and not an immigrant either. He was the head espionage agent in the United States. At first we couldn't



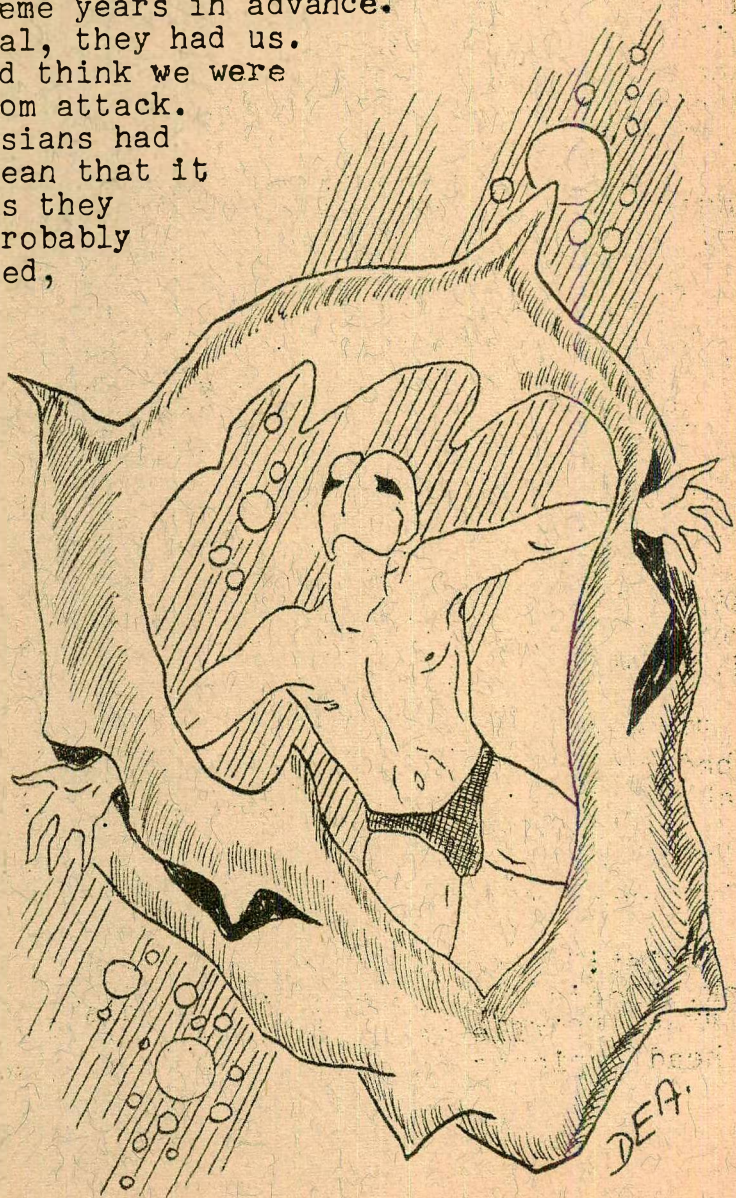
believe our ears. But it was true. Mr. Smith called in every agent he had, and they all confirmed the report. It was insane, absolutely ridiculous, but coldly logical. By this time, Hill only had eleven hours left to live. All the papers were playing it up big. And some of the T.V. stations were even having a count down to doom hour. Every scientist in the nation was looking for a solvent but none could be found. It had something to do with cohesion. The atoms were arranged in such a crystal pattern that nothing could separate them. And the worst place to be in the country during those hours, except inside the suit, was Secret Service Headquarters.

"Mr. Smith was pacing up and down, screaming at us. He said it was time to quit when a Russian Agent could give us military help without knowledge. And then it hit us. Why would a Russian give us the secret, unless the metal wasn't as indestructible as it appeared!

"It was so simple we felt like boobs. The Russians had probably planned the whole scheme years in advance. No matter what we did with the metal, they had us. If we used it for defense, we would think we were indestructible, absolutely safe from attack. But we wouldn't be, for if the Russians had given us the metal, then it must mean that it wasn't dangerous, or in other words they had a solvent. In fact they were probably hoping that even if the Colonel died, we would still use the metal for all our defenses.

"But the logic that gave us our only hope gave us more trouble than help. If the Russians had planned the incident with the suit, (we later found out that they bribed a workman to leave out a bolt in the mechanism of the suit opener) then it must have taken them a much longer time to work out a solvent for the metal than 24 hours, and probably the solvent was so easy to make, once the formula was known, that it made the metal a waste of time to make, or else the Russians would never have given us the alloy. The hopes that we had felt growing, started to wither. We were back where we started from, with only nine hours to go. We would not only lose a major propaganda battle, but the weapon on which it was being waged was useless, to boot!

"Suddenly, Mr. Smith started





to laugh. A great, booming, happy laugh, filled with malicious merriment. For a second, the office was dead silent, except for the laughing of the chief. Everyone there, including myself, believed that Mr. Smith had just gone insane. But then, when he told us what he was laughing at, we started to chuckle to. He had decided to fight logic with logic. And the way we did it was so ridiculously simple, that we felt like morons for not thinking of it sooner.

"If you were watching T.V. that day 3 years ago, you will remember a shocked newscaster screaming into a mike that Colonel Hill had gone partially insane because he knew he had only hours to live. The Colonel had robbed a jet plane and was forcing the pilot, for some unknown reason, to fly it to the Soviet Union."

"Now Russia was in a fix. What could they do? They couldn't shoot down a plane containing an innocent crew of service men, especially since they hadn't done anything. And even if they did shoot down the plane, it wouldn't bother Hill, and it would make lousy propaganda. So they did the only thing they could do. They forced the plane to land."

"And they, too, made their one big mistake. They forced the plane down at Moscow Airport. Hill walked out of the plane and headed straight to the Kremlin. Nothing could stop him. He walked through every obstruction they put into his path. Bullets, bombs, rockets; nothing could stop him. I think by the time he reached the walls of the Kremlin, the Russians were chewing their nails in fear of what he was going to do next. Well, Hill didn't disappoint them. He began to take the Kremlin apart, wall by wall. I know it sounds ridiculous, but at the time it was in dead seriousness. Hill would walk right into walls. And since nothing could go through his suit, his suit went through everything. After about twenty minutes, I think the Kremlin was beginning to wobble on its foundation. The Communists had a choice; they could let Hill smash their Kremlin (he still had an hour left of air) or they could use the antidote and stop him. Not being dumb, the Reds chose the latter. Of course they received a nice amount of propaganda about how great Russian scientists were, to have discovered the antidote in only minutes, while the Americans had slaved for hours with no results. But we didn't care. Hill was safe; his 'insanity' gone, when he was saved from the threat of death, and America hadn't lost any great amount of prestige abroad."

"And this all goes to show that logic is far superior to intuition," concluded Asher.

Most of the club members were nodding in agreement, when Johnson, still fighting, asked, "Tell us how you found out that Pfiffle was a Russian. Tell us that!"

"Well," confessed Asher, smiling weakly, "one of our agents had a hunch and..."

"A hunch!" screamed Johnson. "And if that agent hadn't had a hunch, what then? I was right; intuition is more important than logic."

"Like heck," retorted Markham, "that proves nothing. Why I..."

"This argument will probably take all night to settle, Charlie," I laughed, "but I don't think I'll stay around to see how it ends. Good night."

"Good night. Oh, hey," he called, as I reached the doorway, "How do you know it'll be going all night?"

I winked and answered, "Logic."

THE END



# AN INDEX TO THE DOUBLE: BILL SYMPOSIUM

compiled by:  
Bill Glass

INTRODUCTION: In DOUBLE: BILL #s 7, 8 & 9, there appeared a three-part Symposium compiled of answers to an eleven-question questionnaire by seventy-two authors.

The eleven questions were:

- 1) For what reason or reasons do you write or edit Science Fiction in preference to other classes of literature?
- 2) What do you consider the raison d'etre, the chief value of Science Fiction?
- 3) What is your appraisal of the relationship of Science Fiction to the "Mainstream" of literature?
- 4) Do you believe that participating in fandom, fanzines and conventions would be a benefit or a hindrance to would-be writers?
- 5) What source or sources would you recommend to beginning writers as having been, in your experience, the most productive of ideas for Science Fiction stories?
- 6) Do you feel that a beginning Science Fiction writer should concentrate on short stories as opposed to novels -- or vice versa? Why?
- 7) What suggestions can you offer to the beginning writer concerning the development of "realistic" characters and writing effective dialogue?
- 8) Do you believe that an effective novel requires a message or moral? Please comment.
- 9) To what extent do you think it possible to detect a writer's viewpoint as to politics, religion or moral problems through examination of his stories?
- 10) During your formative writings, what one author influenced you the most? What other factors, such as background, education, etc., were important influences?
- 11) What do you consider the greatest weakness of science fiction today?

Below is an index, arranged alphabetically by author, telling which part the author's responses appeared in, and which question the author answered. An "X" indicates that it was edited out or that the author did not answer that question.

| Author   | Part | Questions Answered (page number) |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |     |
|----------|------|----------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
|          |      | 1.                               | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. | 8. | 9. | 10. | 11. |
| Aldiss   | II   | 40                               | X  | 45 | 50 | 53 | 55 | X  | 61 | 65 | 71  | 74  |
| Anderson | II   | 41                               | 44 | 48 | 51 | 53 | X  | 57 | X  | 64 | 69  | 73  |
| Asimov   | II   | 39                               | 43 | 47 | 52 | 54 | 56 | X  | 61 | 67 | 70  | 72  |
| Beaumont | III  | 44                               | 48 | 51 | 54 | X  | X  | 63 | 68 | 70 | 74  | 78  |
| Bester   | I    | X                                | 79 | 81 | 83 | X  | 87 | 89 | X  | X  | 94  | 99  |
| Blish    | III  | 46                               | 49 | 51 | 57 | 59 | 62 | 64 | 67 | 69 | 75  | 76  |
| Bloch    | II   | 39                               | 42 | 45 | 52 | 54 | X  | 58 | 63 | 65 | 68  | 73  |
| Boucher  | III  | 45                               | X  | 53 | X  | 58 | 63 | X  | 66 | 71 | 74  | 79  |



INDEX TO THE D:B SYMPOSIUM, cont:

| Author         | Part | Questions Answered (page number) |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |     |
|----------------|------|----------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
|                |      | 1.                               | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. | 8. | 9. | 10. | 11. |
| Brackett       | III  | 45                               | X  | 53 | 56 | X  | 60 | 65 | 68 | X  | 73  | 76  |
| Bradbury       | I    | 77                               | 80 | 82 | 83 | 86 | X  | 89 | 91 | 94 | 96  | 99  |
| Bradley        | III  | 46                               | 49 | 52 | 56 | X  | 61 | 64 | X  | X  | 72  | 77  |
| Bretnor        | III  | X                                | 48 | 50 | 55 | 58 | 62 | 65 | 67 | 72 | 74  | 78  |
| Brunner        | I    | 78                               | 79 | 81 | 83 | 86 | 87 | 90 | 92 | 94 | 97  | 99  |
| Campbell       | I    | 78                               | 80 | 81 | 83 | X  | 87 | 90 | X  | 93 | 95  | 98  |
| Carnell        | I    | 78                               | X  | 82 | 84 | X  | 88 | X  | 91 | 93 | 96  | X   |
| Carr           | III  | 44                               | 48 | 51 | 54 | 60 | 62 | X  | 66 | 71 | 75  | 77  |
| Christopher    | II   | 38                               | X  | X  | 49 | X  | 55 | 57 | X  | X  | 68  | 72  |
| Clarke         | III  | 45                               | 48 | X  | 54 | 60 | X  | 64 | 66 | 70 | 75  | X   |
| Clement        | III  | X                                | 47 | 52 | 57 | 58 | X  | X  | 69 | 72 | 73  | X   |
| Clifton        | II   | 41                               | X  | 44 | 49 | 53 | 57 | X  | 62 | 65 | 68  | 74  |
| Conklin        | I    | X                                | X  | 82 | 84 | 86 | X  | X  | 90 | X  | X   | 97  |
| Davenport      | II   | 40                               | X  | 46 | 51 | X  | X  | X  | 61 | 66 | X   | 71  |
| Davidson       | III  | 46                               | 50 | 52 | 54 | 60 | X  | 64 | 67 | X  | 72  | 78  |
| De Vet         | II   | X                                | X  | 48 | 50 | 52 | 56 | X  | X  | X  | 69  | 73  |
| Del Rey        | III  | 46                               | 48 | 51 | 56 | 59 | 62 | 65 | 67 | 70 | 73  | 78  |
| Derleth        | III  | 44                               | X  | 53 | 56 | X  | 61 | 64 | 67 | X  | 73  | 79  |
| Dick           | II   | 40                               | 43 | 47 | 50 | 54 | 56 | 59 | 63 | 67 | 70  | 73  |
| Dickson        | II   | 41                               | X  | 45 | 49 | X  | 56 | 60 | 64 | 66 | 69  | 74  |
| Ellison        | II   | 41                               | 44 | 46 | 50 | X  | 54 | 57 | 62 | 64 | 71  | 74  |
| Galouye        | I    | 77                               | 80 | 82 | 84 | 86 | 87 | X  | 91 | 93 | 94  | 98  |
| Gold           | III  | 46                               | X  | 50 | 54 | 60 | 62 | 64 | X  | 69 | 75  | 76  |
| Greenberg      | II   | 38                               | 42 | 46 | X  | X  | 54 | 59 | 64 | 67 | X   | 72  |
| Gunn           | II   | 41                               | X  | 46 | X  | 52 | X  | 58 | X  | 64 | 68  | 72  |
| Hamilton       | III  | X                                | 47 | 52 | X  | 57 | X  | 63 | X  | 71 | 74  | 77  |
| Henderson      | II   | 40                               | X  | 45 | 49 | X  | X  | 58 | X  | 65 | 69  | 74  |
| Hensley        | III  | 45                               | 50 | 53 | 55 | X  | 61 | X  | X  | 70 | 73  | 77  |
| Knight         | I    | 77                               | 80 | X  | X  | 86 | X  | X  | 91 | 93 | 96  | 98  |
| Lang           | II   | 41                               | 44 | 48 | 50 | 52 | 55 | 59 | 63 | 66 | 68  | 72  |
| Leiber         | II   | 40                               | 43 | 48 | 52 | X  | 54 | 59 | 62 | 64 | 67  | 73  |
| Lowndes        | III  | 44                               | 48 | 52 | X  | 58 | 61 | 64 | 66 | 71 | X   | 76  |
| Lupoff         | III  | 46                               | 49 | 51 | 56 | 59 | X  | X  | 68 | X  | X   | 77  |
| MacLean        | II   | 38                               | 43 | 48 | 50 | X  | 55 | 59 | 63 | 66 | 71  | 74  |
| McComas        | II   | 39                               | 44 | 49 | 50 | 53 | 55 | X  | 61 | X  | 68  | 74  |
| McLaughlin     | I    | 78                               | 80 | 82 | 84 | 85 | 87 | 89 | 93 | 94 | 96  | 99  |
| Miller         | II   | 40                               | X  | 44 | 49 | 53 | 57 | X  | 61 | 67 | 70  | 73  |
| Norton         | I    | 78                               | 80 | 82 | X  | 84 | X  | 88 | X  | X  | 95  | 97  |
| Nourse         | II   | X                                | 42 | 47 | 51 | 54 | 56 | 60 | 64 | X  | X   | X   |
| Piper          | II   | 39                               | 43 | 48 | 50 | 53 | X  | 58 | 62 | 65 | 70  | 74  |
| Pohl           | II   | 39                               | X  | 47 | 49 | 54 | 56 | 59 | 63 | 66 | 68  | 72  |
| Porges         | I    | 78                               | 79 | 81 | 84 | 85 | 88 | 89 | 91 | 93 | 94  | 97  |
| Reynolds       | III  | 45                               | 49 | X  | 54 | 59 | 62 | 65 | 66 | 70 | 73  | 77  |
| Russell        | III  | 45                               | 49 | 53 | X  | 57 | 61 | 63 | X  | X  | 72  | 76  |
| Saberhagen     | II   | X                                | 42 | 46 | 49 | 52 | 55 | X  | 62 | 67 | 69  | 73  |
| Schmitz        | III  | 46                               | 49 | X  | 54 | X  | 61 | 63 | X  | X  | 72  | 76  |
| Silverberg     | III  | 45                               | 48 | 53 | 57 | X  | 61 | X  | 68 | X  | 72  | 78  |
| Simak          | I    | 77                               | 80 | X  | 83 | X  | X  | 88 | 92 | 93 | 95  | 97  |
| Sohl           | II   | 41                               | 43 | 46 | X  | 52 | 55 | X  | 62 | 65 | 68  | 71  |
| Smith, E.E.    | III  | 46                               | 49 | 51 | X  | 57 | 62 | 64 | 67 | 71 | 75  | 75  |
| Smith, Geo. O. | III  | 47                               | 49 | 51 | 56 | 59 | X  | X  | 69 | 70 | 73  | 78  |
| Sturgeon       | II   | 41                               | X  | 46 | 50 | 52 | 57 | 59 | 62 | 66 | 70  | 73  |



INDEX TO THE D:B SYMPOSIUM, concl:

| Author     | Part | Questions Answered (page no.) |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |     |
|------------|------|-------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
|            |      | 1.                            | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. | 8. | 9. | 10. | 11. |
| Sutton     | I    | X                             | 80 | 81 | 84 | 86 | 87 | X  | 91 | 92 | 95  | 99  |
| Temple     | III  | 45                            | 50 | 52 | 54 | 59 | X  | 65 | 68 | X  | 72  | 76  |
| Thomas     | III  | X                             | X  | 50 | 55 | 60 | X  | X  | 66 | 71 | X   | 78  |
| Tucker     | II   | 38                            | 43 | 48 | 51 | 53 | 55 | 60 | 63 | 67 | 70  | 72  |
| Versins    | I    | 77                            | 80 | 82 | 83 | 85 | 87 | 89 | 91 | 93 | 94  | 97  |
| Vonnegut   | I    | X                             | 79 | X  | X  | 84 | X  | X  | 91 | 93 | 94  | 97  |
| White      | III  | 47                            | 49 | 53 | 55 | X  | 61 | 64 | X  | 69 | 75  | 78  |
| Wilhelm    | III  | X                             | 47 | X  | X  | 58 | X  | 65 | 68 | 71 | X   | 76  |
| Williamson | III  | X                             | 47 | X  | 54 | 59 | X  | 63 | 66 | 70 | 74  | 77  |
| Wilson     | I    | 78                            | X  | 82 | 84 | 86 | 88 | 89 | 92 | 94 | 96  | 99  |
| Young      | III  | X                             | 47 | 52 | X  | 57 | X  | 63 | X  | 70 | 73  | 78  |
| Zelazny    | I    | 78                            | X  | 81 | 84 | X  | 88 | X  | 90 | 92 | 94  | 98  |
| =====      |      |                               |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |     |

Strange, how here  
in this place of music  
we undergo a sea-change:

Your arm to coral,  
and mine a decking plume  
of seawrack  
green as flannel,  
clinging.

It will not always be thus--  
maiden, blonde,  
pink as cities of the sea--  
but now,  
through a glass, greenly,  
but now,  
like the gaze of Medusa,  
the sound has come--  
to statuize our stance,  
eternalize the instant--  
to build a pearly substance  
out of shadows transmarine--  
here,  
where all the chloral soundings  
meet membrane,  
shatter,  
and revise.

The silence will rush to crush;  
schools of flashing hands  
will dart disruptive rings;  
and after all, the waves--  
parting as they kiss,  
rough-tongued and bitter,  
each quite cold,  
and all oblivious.

— ROGER ZELAZNY



# DOUBLE-TROUBLE

## MISSILE-ANEIOUS MAIL

MIKE DECKINGER, AP'T. 10-K, 25 MANOR DRIVE, NEWARK, N.J., 07106

Will DOUBLE:BILL become a SINGLE:BILL now that one half of the team has been abducted by Uncle Sam? Your original title rolls off the tongue easier but facts are facts and one William does not a DOUBLE:BILL make.

Joni Stopa's cover was attractive and well executed, but I feel her artwork was better when she was Joni Cornell. The flowing, graceful lines are still there, rimmed by swirling angles, but they've become static and still. There is less inventiveness and creativity, and more depiction of regimented form. David Prosser is another artist who was remarkably effective in his earlier days in fandom (especially with some horrors he did for the old VAMPIRE TRADER) but lately has almost wholly abandoned his distinctive and complex drawing style. Prosser artwork that is done on a ditto or a multi-lith has been robbed of an incomprehensible dimension that only Dave can add when he stencils the drawings himself.

Biggle's explanation of the Pro Symposium provided a neat behind the scenes glimpse of the frantic activity prefacing this mammoth compilation. The final result more than justified what went into it and Biggle is to be commended for maintaining his determination and drive to complete the project despite its unweildy preparation.

Coulson's reviews are typically good, and typically uncommentable. There's bloody little to be added to a set of reviews which I agree on in style and writing format, and which I'd probably advance similar observations if I was the reviewer.

"Nartaz of the Baboons" was probably written at the behest of Don Wollheim. Is it wrong to assume that Ace is releasing a new series of thud-and-blunder pbs, and wants fannish opinion through this peek synopsis?

I still would rather see a topless bathing suit in the less fashionable (according to Lewis Grant) style of the bottom half of a bikini, than a strapped monstrosity that frames the pectoral region like a picture. Simplicity should still figure prominently in feminine fashions (though usefulness is hardly a necessity) and I find, more pleasing to my eye at least, the garments that display a minimum of needless attachments. The function of any swim suit is to grant the wearer the greatest bathing exposure. Total nudity would be the most practical means of achieving this end, but the least likely, due to traditional cultural taboos that frown on such unrestrained dress. Therefore the nearest approach to total nudity, that still manages to stay within the bounds of popular taste, could be deemed acceptable. If exposed bustlines are considered permissible then let the bustline be exposed, and remain that way, shorn of constricting and unnecessary straps that seek to place the premium of fashion on a garment that's functional.

Bob Tucker's conjectures were beautifully sustained, indeed to the point of absurdity as he says. I further, wonder where the governing life force, motivating the chief source of income of the celestial undertakers, will descend to once their heavenly remains are no more?

I appreciate art totally from the receiving end. I don't draw it but

— EDITED BY BEM



MIKE DECKINGER, concl:

I observe it, classify what I like and don't like, and try to criticize where I feel that what I may say perhaps will help the individual artist improve his or her drawing style. Essentially this is a selfish whim, since by "improve" I basically mean adjust more perfectly to my own particular likes and dislikes.

In her article Joni points out the noticable limitations of the mimeograph in satisfactorily reproducing artwork. On the contrary, and to repeat what I said above, Dave Prosser for instance, only does art that genuinely appeals to me when it is done on a mimeo stencil, and transferred to said stencil by he and he alone. Strangely enough, his least appealing medium that I've noticed is multi-lith repro, which is capable of reproducing solid black areas, and therefor eliminates the needs for his parallel line shading techniques, which are so vital a factor of his art.

I've always regarded "mainstream" writing as being the most representative of the current crop of modern novelists. Today's "mainstream" writers could be considered, among others, as Norman Mailer, Richard Condon, Saul Heller, John O'Hara and a few others. Irving Wallace, for instance, does not belong in the listing because he's simply a mediocre novelist whose been fortunate through the exploitation of several sensationalistic themes, transferred to books of practically no literary value.

If a Colon is a portion of the derriere, would a semi-colon be a smaller fragment of that anatomical region?

Kenneth Bulmer is not a pseudonym of John Brunner, for the information of Scott Kutina. They are both two separate, distinct entities, the only similarity being in their British extraction and their penchant for science fiction.

[[ No, no, no...DOUBLE:BILL will NOT be changed to SINGLE:BILL just because Bowers is going into the service. He will still be present in his editorials, etc., plus other work he'll do for D:B. He just gets out of running off the issues & taking care of the Sub Fund. ## Re: Prosser, we like his stencil work too...and have sent him stencils to use, but he never does. He explained that he doesn't like to work on-stencil anymore, and prefers to have his stuff done via other methods. For example, his cover thish was lithographed...what do you think of it? --BEM]]

JOHN BOSTON, 816 SOUTH FIRST ST., MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY 42066

I'm afraid Lewis Grant is a little too optimistic in his timetable; there will be enough concerted and organized opposition from "moralists" to keep topless suits off public beaches for quite a while, I'm afraid.

I heartily second Jim Harkness on the availability of liquor; Graves County, of which Mayfield is the county seat, is supposedly, dry, but liquor is quite easy to obtain, even for minors. Among the 15-to-18 set it is quite the Thing to Do to go out and get stoned periodically.

I think what Campbell meant when he said that fandom is conformist is that it fashions its own norm rather than trying to adhere to the mundane. In other words, it's insular conformity; if that's what he meant, he's probably justified.

Scott Kutina's difference with Williamson on "great" writers is more a matter of semantics than anything else, hinging as it does on the meaning of "great writer". To Scott, it means, apparently, a good storyteller; to Mr. Williamson, a writer in the manner of, say, Salinger or Hemingway. It does, of course, take certain attributes to be a "great writer" of science



JOHN BOSTON, concl:

fiction that are not required in mainstream fiction. For one thing, a basic knowledge of science; for another, the imagination necessary to the creation of good science fiction. As I remarked at great length and with an overpowering degree of pomposity last issue, one of the main flaws of science fiction is that its practitioners are lamentably lacking in the ability to string words together. Probably the nearest thing to a "great" science fiction writer is Arthur C. Clarke.

The "good old days" invoked by George Fergus were not non-existent, just unique. Before Campbell ascended to the editorial chair of ASF, science fiction was in something of a rut, broken mainly by Campbell himself in his Stuart stories. This changed with the advent of JWC; he broke out of the rut by showing sf what had been right in front of its collective nose. As a consequence, there was a terrific explosion of concepts akin to what happens when you throw gasoline onto a fire. The fire has died down now. What we need is more gasoline.

DWAIN KAISER, 5321 MOUNTAIN VIEW DR., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

I'll start at the start (Gee, this is an unusual LoC) and say the cover was very enjoyable, colorful too, I just wonder what it is about. Or, as my room partner would say, "does it really have anything to do with science fiction?" A change once in a while helps, and that was a great change from the usual science fiction fanzines covers (and I remember D:B's first cover, too!). {{ Hey, hey!! Keep it clean, please? We're trying to FORGET D:B's first cover, and you go and remind us...you shall incur the wrath of BEM yet. If you don't behave yourself I'll tell everybody your Deep, Dark Secret.--BEM}}

Is immortalized the word for it? I have my doubts about that "fit of kindness" of Bob Tucker's. And you are such a nice person, and after meeting you I'm sure you wouldn't have really sued him for more than 75% of the check. One nice thing, you don't get killed, otherwise it might have been 95% of the check. {{ Lord, you are getting nasty!--BEM}} Of course





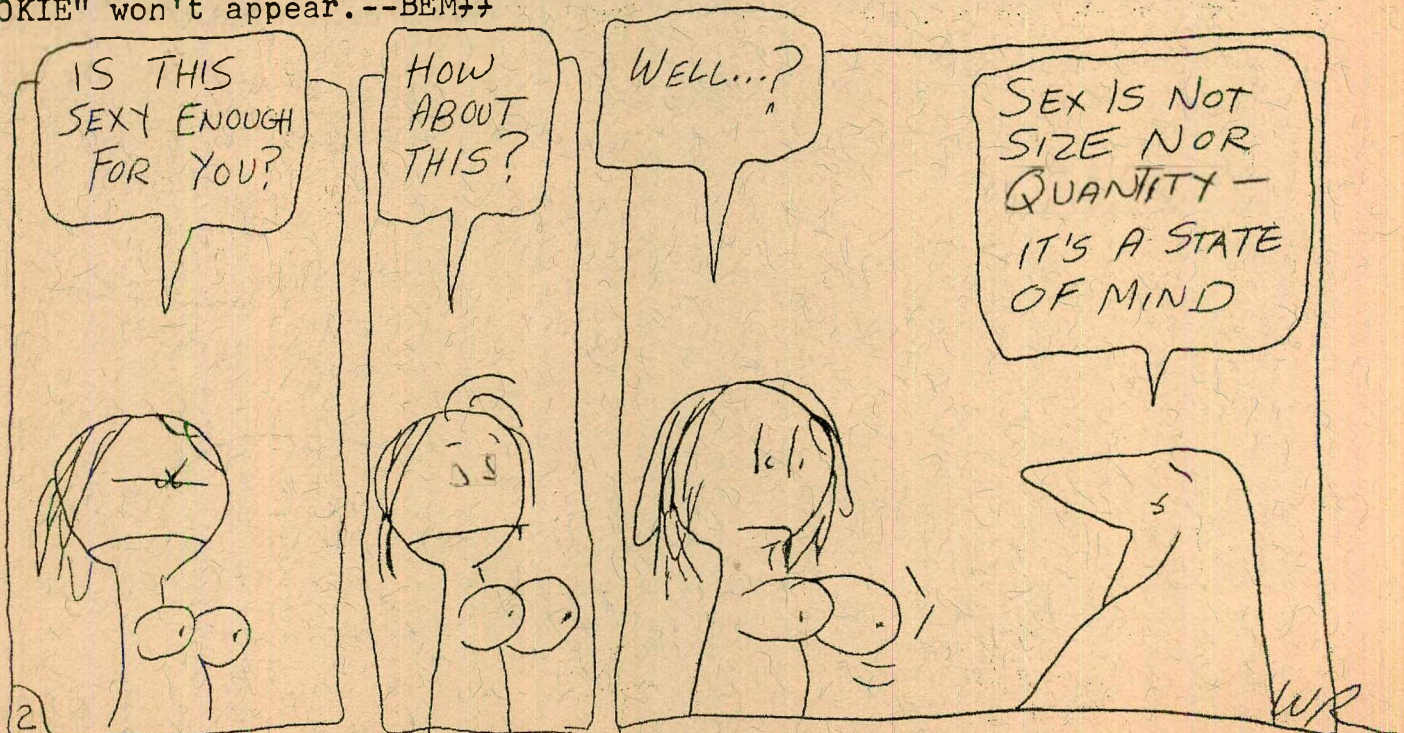
DWAIN KAISER, concl:

Bob is too smart for you, he changed the name (and "'bastard' version" just fits the name too, gee, Bob knows you real well doesn't he?) (As you can tell I'm in a fine mood at 3:00 in the morning, but don't worry, the LoC shall go on). {{ GRRR. I'm in a fine mood too, now. May 10,000 angry bems be upon you! Okay, you asked for it. For those wise cracks I'll reveal your secret: Folks, you realise what Las Vegas is? Right, the gambling area of the country. Mention the word 'odd' to people from there, and they know what you mean! Especially the younger generation. Well, Dwain Kaiser, young, innocent-looking neofan that he is, is in reality a hard-bitten, tough, shrewd card shark and bookie! So send your bets to Dwain, folks, he'll gladly take your money... Just watch out that the "fuzz" don't "book" you first, "Blackie" Kaiser. Heh! That'll fix ya...BEM}}

I really don't know if the "Double:Bill Symposium's" are safe with you. {{ You don't think I'd send them to YOU, now do you? Take off that green eyeshade and look at the world with another viewpoint..BEM}} After all, I've met you, a lot of your readers haven't. Of course, it does give the fans who would like it time to save up, the selling price for that should really be high. {{ There goes your Professional Gambler's Instinct again. Must you ALWAYS think of money? --BEM}}

Does Coulson really like to review fanzines? I sometimes have the feeling he doesn't, it hits me mainly when he reviews a neozine such as SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, or KIPPLE.

I have just noticed that in "The Breast Pocket Revolution" Lewis J. Grant, Jr. is talking about the topless swim suit. Boy is he behind the times. He didn't even give a hint about the mens bottomless suits. Yes, bottomless. {{ Are you sure they aren't just jockstraps?}} I've seen them for sale in the stores, and in fact they do have something in common with the topless suits, they also have two straps (you really don't want me to say where those two straps go do you?). {{ Around your chest for a shoulder holster, Blackie? Stay tuned nextish: Kaiser's new novel: "I WAS A TEENAGE BOOKIE" won't appear.--BEM}}





WALLY GONSER, 10257 5TH AVE., S.W., SEATTLE, WASH. 98146

As you know, I had that little problem with the Valiant on the way to the Con, burnt out the exhaust valve in number 3 piston. Tried the Plymouth/Valiant garage Tuesday, they wouldn't even talk to me. Another one said "Maybe by sometime tomorrow" which was just as bad. So I said "to hell with it, I'll drive it home that way." Stopped at a Shell station close to the hotel (28th & Telegraph) to get a grease job and oil change, and mentioned the fact to them. "We can fix it for you today," he says. So they did. I got the car back about 7:30 that night, not bad for leaving it at noon. So we loaded in and started back. But we were all tired, so when we got to Red Bluff, about midnite, we stopped and got a motel and stayed the night. Webberts in one, ATom and I in the other unit. When Jim woke us up at 5:30, ATom got out of bed and let out a yell which brought me up quickly. Seems we forgot to lock the door and put the chain on it, and someone had come in during the night and cleaned out our wallets. Got me for \$20, but nicked ATom for \$90 plus £9 (\$25) in English money plus his watch. Luckily, he had taken out theft insurance in London before he left, so he will get it back, but it sure put a crimp in the buying power while he was here. They didn't bother our travelers checks, though. We called the police and they said there had been a rash of these things going on, but that didn't do us any good. Continued on home, hit some construction, and got here about 9 Wednesday night; after a quick stop at my house so the Webberts could pick up their car, which had been left there, went on and delivered ATom to the Busby's arriving about 9:30. Didn't see ATom after that, except for a couple of seconds when I delivered a deposition about the robbery for his insurance company. He got a good rest from fannish activity between then and his departure on Saturday by bus for the East. He was seen off at the depot by the Busby's and the Webbert's.

Friday, I took my sister out for a little driving practice, and while we were gone, someone got into the house and stole my electric razor from the bathroom and her \$50 transistor radio from side of her bed. Passed up money, cameras, strobe lights, etc, just those two items missing. I tell you, it just wasn't my week.  
(( Doesn't bad luck run in streaks? Understand ATom got most of the money





back from the insurance company, then got into a car accident.--BEM}}

JOHN BOARDMAN, 592 16TH ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11218

Your resident Wallaby, it appears, has forever banned me from his reviews.. Apparently my offense was that of taking sides. Coulson, it is well known, eminently refrains from taking sides - except in matters concerning possession and use of hand weapons, names in lower case letters, ERB, Brooklyn, RAPalmer, and sending people copies of fanzines in which he attacks them.

Grant: The future of clothes? Well, the topless bathing suit and the topless dress (which has put in an appearance in England but hasn't yet shown up here) indicate the direction in which things are going. But Perdita points out a problem if beachwear continues in the direction in which it's going. Aside from the unesthetic appearance of most human beings in the nude, women are going to cut a rather ludicrous figure at certain times of the month...

Charles Smith's comments on G.M. Carr's comments on segregation: Talk about segregating incompatible races on separate islands - that wouldn't even work, to judge from a thousand years of Anglo-Irish relations.

Si Stricklen's short-short in #8 was great Let's have more by him - just keep him off the subject of segregation.

I've just finished tabulating a presidential poll and a fan poll in my 'zines; 48 people voted in the former, and 25 in the latter. In case you're wondering, 29 Democrats voted, picking a Johnson-Humphrey ticket, and 16 Republicans opted by a narrow margin for a Goldwater-Scranton ticket. In the general election, Johnson beat Goldwater, 32-8.

George Fergus: Please explain what you mean by "the prejudice, the ignorance of science." As a practicing scientist I'm getting rather impatient with the imputation that we're a pack of doctrinaire bigots, gleefully stomping on the arguments of psiontists and saucerians in order to protect our own monopoly of science.

Bill Plott has been loudly silent since Bob Lictman so soundly refuted his views on race. The trouble with this kind of person is that they don't confine their political activities to discussion. An integrationist may feel he has finally refuted a segregationist when, after he's cited the constitutional and other legal arguments against segregation, his opponent walks off without responding. Don't you believe it. Most likely he's gone home for a gun, a bomb, or some other venerable segregationist argument. And that, Bob, is where my "stupidity and general bad taste" in urging violent self-defense by liberals is advisable.

Coulson: For good fiction arising from the swamps of Indiana. how about Raintree County?

Lichtman: Re slang - the word "cruddy" was used by Shakespeare, who placed it in the superb Falstaff soliloquy in Henry IV Part II, Act 4, Scene 3.

Re site of '66 Worldcon: Why not vote by ballot-postcard among all those registering for the '65 Con? ((That's what I suggested before.))

Bowers: You hear talk about how draft calls are going down, & how brushfire wars can be fought more effectively with volunteer soldiers, & how the Conscription Act may not be renewed the next time it comes up in '67. And yet within the past year quite a few fans have been drafted. You, Elliot Shorter & Earl Evers have been hauled in; Jim Goldman would have gone too, but his eyesight washed him out.



MIKE McQUOWN, 129½ N. FRANKLIN BLV'D., TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA. 32301

I said in my last letter there were reasons why I didn't write plays. Since then, I've written a play. A screenplay, that is, which doesn't count. I fell into this peculiar situation quite by accident, and in a rather indirect manner.

My old roommate at FSU, John Hanlon, who is an art major, knew this other guy, Schwartz, who has been playing around with making amateur movies. When he told John he was making a horror flick, John recommended me for the lead. So, I talked to Schwartz. So, he said he'd send me a script as soon as he got one put together. Five or six weeks later - I got a seven-page script entitled CARNAGE OF DRACULA. Well, I rather liked it. The plot was solid, and the ending was, as far as I know, rather unique. But the dialogue was very bad. So, I made a few suggested changes, or rather,, suggested a few changes. Bill liked them well enough to let me rewrite the whole thing, which I did. Then he got this idea. There is a man in Orlando, a small producer, who wants to go into distribution, so why don't we make a short - say thirty minutes, then try to sell it to someone with an eye to making a feature out of it?

So, after several weeks of making arrangements, gathering a cast, etc., I told Bill we were ready to go ahead. There were several problems came up, we ended up shooting in places other than those we were supposed to have had, and there were two weekends between the first and last shootings. In all, we actually worked not more than seventy-two hours on filming. Finally, we got the thing in the can.

As Bill got the thing back, piecemeal, from the labs, and began putting it together, he said he thought it was good enough, that, with facts and figures on the money to be made in the gore field, we should be able, eventually, to sell, so I should go ahead and figure on expanding the script for full-length.

The original script was the barest bones of the story; little motivation, characterisation, not too awfully much dialogue. Now began the tough part. Just a few weeks ago, I finished the basic draft. With a screenplay, there's no point, so Fritz Leiber tells me, in doing a lot of blue-pencil work, because the producer is going to re-write anyway.

At the moment, we have an interested party. Hopefully, if he bites, we'll be able to begin shooting in mid-December. Now, there are several peculiar things about this story. One, the vampire is far less evil than the people; two, his name is not Dracula - there isn't anyone on the picture who is so named; three, it's also a love story - two of them, in fact; and four, the ending is not like anything else I've ever seen.

Even if we don't manage to sell this one, it was a great deal of fun making, and very educational. I've never done any film work before, but I have done a good bit of acting in university and little theatre productions, and I learned quite a lot looking at another medium. I think I'd like to do films in Florida, but I want no part of Hollywood. We have a growing, happily non-unionised industry in this state, and I want to see it expand, and I'd like to grow with it.

We showed it here in Tallahassee to a small group of people, and in spite of the mechanical and technical limitation, the general impression was favorable. With all good breaks, some of you may be able to see CARNAGE within the next year. I'm sure some of you will appreciate the dialogue if it isn't necessary to cut some of my favorite lines, especially in the poker sequence. (( I must say you've aroused my curiosity re the film -- but I'll reserve judgement on it 'til I've really SEEN it. --BEM))



BANKS MEBANE, 6901 STRATHMORE ST., CHEVY CHASE, MD. 20015

In the usual in-group way of thinking, "mainstream" is anything that isn't produced by the in-group, but a more useful employment of the term would be to consider "mainstream" as that work which the critics, the authors, and to some extent the public regard as "serious". It is from this base of "serious literature" that the critics, when they examine sf at all, dismiss it along with mysteries, historical fiction and most of the popular best-sellers as "escape literature". "Escape" is the only dirty word left in the mainstream. This "art is earnest" sort of thinking has dominated the mainstream for at least fifty years, and shows no sign of relaxing its grip in the near future; it dismisses entertainment as the least of the values writing has to offer, and this despite the fact that all great pre-twentieth-century literature was based solidly on entertainment.

Science fiction, with the other escapist forms, is beyond the pale because it is written primarily to entertain. What separates it from the other interdicted types of literature is, I think, mainly that it provides a more complete "escape"; the others provide little fantasies that the reader can believe might have happened or might be happening; science fiction and "pure" fantasy provide events that have not happened or could not happen, which is why the last two remain so inextricably tangled despite their apparent opposition. Of course there is frequently a lot of social criticism buried in science fiction for "serious" critics like Kingsley Amis to unearth like nuggets, and even some writers, like Mack Reynolds, who write sf just to provide a matrix for those nuggets, but I doubt if many of us read sf just for social criticism -- there's too much of it available elsewhere in purer form.

We read it, then, primarily for entertainment, but there are other reasons too -- and here I'll have to switch to first person since I don't know why you read it. Despite John Boston, even despite Hugo Gernsback, I don't read it for extrapolation, which can be obtained with more interest and more validity in non-fiction. While I agree with Boston that sf's better when it's well-written, I don't think that's of prime importance. When I encounter literary merit in the field, as I do in Cordwainer Smith and Gordon R. Dickson to name two of my favorites, I am happy to find it but that's not what I was reading for -- when I just want good writing, it's easier to find outside the field: J.D. Salinger or John Updike or Philip Roth, for example, or Reynolds Price's A Long and Happy Life (which is little known, but I recommend it highly. It's out in paperback, too.).

No, what I'm looking for, aside from sheer escapist entertainment, is that exercise of the imagination that we call the "sense of wonder" -- I don't like that term, but I can't think of a better one. It may be another form of escape, but if so it is far more stimulating than the simple concern with exotic persons, places and things. The ability to produce it seems to have little to do with ordinary writing ability: Stapledon could do it, and he couldn't write his way out of a paper bag; Arthur Clarke has it, and he demolishes paper bags right and left. Heinlein never had it, not even in his best days, although I think he recognized it and tried for it; Van Vogt caught it fitfully, and we all know how he writes. I can't define it any more exactly; I only find it, in science fiction, and, very rarely, in poetry.

So now we know why I read sf -- it's a drug habit.



ARTHUR PORGES

I would like to thank you for my copies of the Symposium, and to say that it was of great interest to me. There were many points on which all writers in the field seemed to agree; and quite a few on which they diverged widely; but I found the other viewpoints most rewarding.

One thing which particularly pleased me was the repeated mention of so many of my own favorite authors of an earlier day, like Kipling, for example; an artist much under-rated by those unfamiliar with his later, complex stories.

If I may offer a suggestion for a future project, I believe that some issues devoted to rarities in the field of science fiction and fantasy would attract many readers. Just who would be qualified to write on the subject, I don't know; but there must be somebody.

Among my own prizes is an autographed copy of Ray Bradbury's first book, "Dark Carnival," which with discernment unusual for me, I bought when it first came out in 1947.

Also greatly valued is my set of the "Avon Fantasy Readers," which was complete until I moved; now Number 5 is missing. If any of your readers have a copy available for sale, I'd be happy to hear from them. It came out about 1947. There were eighteen numbers in all, I believe; and I have the others. {{ We used to have a column by Clay Hamlin on Classics in sf; we've enough columns now not to take on any more -- but if any of you older fans would like to do some articles on old classics, we'd be glad to have them. ## Do any of you readers have a copy of "Avon Fantasy Reader #5?" If so, and you wouldn't mind selling it to Mr. Porges, drop ME a line, and I'll put you in touch with him... (I still must stick to our agreement re: not printing the pros' addresses, unless I'm specifically told it's ok by the individual writer.) I'd be more than happy to help for something worthwhile, like Arthur's plea, so let me know, fans, if you CAN help.--BEM}}

CREATH THORNE, ROUTE 4, SAVANNAH, MO. 64485

I would here like to issue a plea to your readers -- is there anyone who will sell me the number 7 and number 8 copies of D:B?

The jazz reviews were good, yes...but somehow they seemed as though some of the material had been lifted from the information on the back of an album. Perhaps not, perhaps Jack is just showing that he has done his homework, but most reviews of this type of stuff, usually skip the surface facts and try to go deeper into what the artist was trying to say. Jack does this later on in the review, but to a person who knows anything about jazz, he would probably be bored by much of the material. Still, perhaps this info is a good thing for fans who may not be serious students of the field, but who are still interested in jazz. The reviews are certainly worth continuing.

I would guess that modern jazz is almost totally different from the type that was played back in the twenties. In his book New Maps of Hell Kingsley Amis draws a parallel between sf and jazz. Would you say that modern sf is the same as the sf that was written in the twenties? I wouldn't and the same analogy can be applied to jazz. I've noticed one parallel that Amis didn't draw -- in the twenties people just enjoyed jazz and didn't try to interpret it. Now they do, and they get an entirely different stimulus from it. Before, people just enjoyed the music --now it is an intellectual stimulus. Could the same analogy be extended to sf?



CREATH THORNE, concl:

To Jim Harkness: I would say that anyone who cannot appreciate Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, etc., cannot really appreciate all that jazz has to offer. All great music has certain items in common with others. You might be able to enjoy jazz, but you couldn't probably understand it all until you found that you could also understand and appreciate the classical music. I am taking this on the word of several people I know who are skilled in the field of music. I personally do not pretend to understand what the composers are trying to say -- I just sit there and enjoy.

About plays in fanzines: I noticed that many people who admit that they can't write a short story with the power of a Bradbury or Sturgeon, think that it would be simple to write a play. "Look," they say, "It's so much easier to just write the dialogue down. Why anyone can do that." Of course, it is false that anyone could do that, but I think the reason that more don't realize this, is because a play looks much weaker on paper than on stage. They fail to realize that the playwright is in an entirely different medium than short stories. The person writing a script writes with a major viewpoint on how the words will sound on the stage. The short story writer, on the other hand, writes with the idea of casting a spell about the reader and drawing him into his ideas and words. For this reason, I feel that it would be best for D:B to stick to amateur fiction. Besides, most amateur fiction is so horrible, just think what a play would be like.

That record, "The Bird" by the Trashmen, was supposed to be a satire on the current crop of teen "pop" music. It has the repetition over and over, that so many records have, and then in the middle is the obvious sound of someone regurgitating. What I thought was funny was that the people who buy teen records went out and bought hundreds of thousands of them. I think it even sold a million. This might be a comment on the current intelligence of the people who buy these records.

CHARLES E. SMITH, 61, THE AVE., EALING, LONDON, W.13, ENGLAND

I've been looking at the cover for some time, {{ #9's }} trying to decide why DEA's work has never really appealed to me and I can only conclude that there is a certain crudity in the execution that doesn't reach me. I prefer drawing where the line is more definite, bold, and striking. His strokes on the other hand strike me as tentative and lacking in real power. {{ Uh, Charlie, M'boy, methinks you goofed -- DEA is not a he -- 'tis a she type creature under those initials! --BEM }} (S)he and Gilbert seem to connect together in my mind. I'm not sure they have much in common; they just don't get through to me somehow.

From the Jug is still fine by me. How about asking Eldridge what he considers to be the essential records for any collector of Ellington, justifying his selection, of course? I'd be very interested to see this.

Who is Pierre Versins? His nationality I can guess. Is he an important French sf writer - there are some really excellent ones, you know - or the only one you could get hold of at the time? I'd like to try his stories if you can give me a few details as to where they appear, etc.

{{ Don't know too much about Versins, myself, except that he was in fandom for a while and published a fanzine. But that was years ago... Biggle got ahold of him; I don't know the answers to your questions, Charlie, but maybe someone else does. ## AND THAT ABOUT DOES IT FOR THIS ISSUE: Write, everybody. WAHF's: Bill Glass, Charles Wells, Dave Prosser, Seth Johnson, and Robert P. Brown. ## Dunno when next ish will be, but damit, write. -BEM }}



# THE BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL BY:

BILL MALLARDI

We're back. And so is DOUBLE:BILL. As you know by now, this is our 2nd Anniversary Issue -- and it sure doesn't seem like two years have passed since the first issue. (It seems more like twenty!) It's a shame that Bowers has to leave at the beginning of our 3rd year, but I'll continue D:B on its irregular schedule (hopefully) 'til he gets back. Next issue will probably be out around Feb-March, but don't hold your breath! I'd better get some response from you readers out there -- or the issue will be delayed even longer. Our mailing list has grown, but the letters haven't -- and we prefer some interest shown in the magazine, instead of Sticky Quarters. So heed this advice, all you deadwood out there -- show some interest and write letters, or I'll get a tougher policy, and cut out subscriptions altogether. Such is life in the Adventures of Fandom...

Pacificon who? Pacificon II. It wasn't always peaceful, but it was a lot of fun. When Bowers & I left on our vacations, we picked up Durk Pearson and Alex Eisenstein in Chicago, and headed West. We shared driving and expenses on the trip, and even though I enjoy driving, and thought I was a 'driving bug', Durk showed me otherwise. Friends, when it comes to length of time behind the wheel, Durk Pearson is a Glutton! Very competent too; When he was driving I was confident that everything was under control. Alex didn't drive much, since he was unfamiliar with a standard shift, but that didn't make his company any less enjoyable. You're both Good Men, and we had fun...hope you did too. All in all, things went swimmingly, considering the length of time we 4 tall ones were cooped-up in that Valiant! Again, thanx, boys.

Fans we saw on the trip out were Tom Perry and Joe Pilati in Omaha, George Barr in Salt Lake City, and Dwain Kaiser in Lost Wages. Kaiser's was where I first met Arthur Thomson, Boy TAFF Candidate Extraordinaire. From then on, everywhere I went I seemed to run into ATom: A party at Ron-Al's in Los Angeles, trips to Marineland, Disneyland, etc., and he even had the audacity to follow me to the Convention. (And of course, everywhere I turned at the Con, I saw ATom: In halls, elevators, parties, and he even sat beside me at the business meeting, etc.) I don't know why he tagged after me like that -- I'm sure he's seen many Bems before -- unless -- of course! His was a pure and simple case of Hero Worship. Awww.... Seriously, ATom, I enjoyed your company very much, and hope you enjoyed yourself the whole trip. You made a damn good Taffman.

Party-wise, Bowers and I held two of them during the con. The first was Bill's idea -- a closed door "Thank You" party for the pro writers who were in our Symposium -- the second was an open party to all fans the next night. Both of them seemed successful...I hope everyone who attended them enjoyed themselves. Thanks to the kindness of Dannie Plachta, the open party was held in his big "room", a strange affair with a mattress (or somesuch) in one corner for him to sleep on, and the rest of the room full of shroud-covered tables and other furniture. It sure was a Party!



Returning from the Con, we headed for L.A. again and attended a LASFS meeting that Thursday. (Hi, Buck!) We left immediately after it -- this time with Durk and Mike Domina, esteemed publisher of INTROSPECTION. (Alex had to fly back because of school starting.) We travelled almost non-stop coming back -- sleeping in the car while one guy drove. By the time we got home (and our apologies, Mike, for getting you home later than planned) we were really beat. Why, I almost felt like asking the boss for a vacation to recuperate from my vacation!

A few words on the material in this issue: The Front Cover illustration was something I'd wanted for about two years -- ever since reading The Dying Earth. I was particularly impressed by the description of the Wall Demon in the last (6th) story, so I told Dave Prosser what I wanted (I figured he'd be the Right artist to do that type of illo) and sent him the book, asking him to do the scene for D:B. We promised to have it lithographed, since he wanted it that way. He did an excellent job, we think. Of course my mind's mental picture of the face of the demon doesn't quite jive with Dave's, but that's to be expected. Naturally we all picture things differently -- influenced by our own particular background, upbringing, ideas, etc. I like Dave's version -- and hope most of you do to. Read the story over again and see how close he came to the description.

What I don't like about the cover is the fact that the printer switched paper on us at the last minute -- we wanted 60-65# cover stock, and he used 80#. Hope you were able to open the mag up long enough to read it!

Having the cover illustrating a fantasy tale, we asked Terry Jeeves to do our Bacover illustrating a s.f. scene. His pick was one of "Doc" Smith's Lensman stories, and he did a typical good job. We sincerely hope that both Jack Vance and "Doc" Smith like the issue illustrating their stories.

Regarding Weinberg's fiction, it came in Fourth place in the last N3F Story Contest...and our heartfelt thanks go to Clay Hamlin for giving us first crack at publishing it. Any comments on the story would be appreciated by Weinberg and us... I've my own opinions on parts of it that I WON'T state now -- to see if anyone else agrees with me.

Bill Glass's Index to the Symposium is a monumental piece of work -- and deserves printing, we think, for the benefit of all you sercon fans out there. It may prove interesting to many of you faans, too. Bill is a neo -- and a very enthusiastic one, and we're grateful for his taking the time to do such a tedious job unasked. We weren't about to do it! (And it appears no one else thought of it, either.) Bill says there may be some errors in it -- and we did correct some we found. If you find any, let us know.

Judy Merrill came through with the tribute to Mark Clifton, who had died of cancer; in fact she gave it to us in person at the Pacificon. It is an excerpt from a longer piece that was just recently printed in back of her latest Anthology....from what we understand. Our thanks to you, Judy, also. (Lord, we've done nothing this issue but thank people.. but I'm near the end now, so be Thankful of that!)

Remember to write...and have a nice Holiday season. Bye. Bill  
Mallardi







