





WORLDFARE PUBLICATIONS

FANZINE  
INDEX

BOB PAVLET & BILL EVANS, EDITORS

Listing most fanzines  
From the beginning through 1952  
Including titles, editors' names and data on each issue  
More than 140 pages, entirely retyped  
Looseleaf, indexed, stiff-covers

A FORERUNNER OF THE  
"BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FANZINES"  
NOW BEING COMPILED

\$2.50 Postpaid anywhere

AVAILABLE FROM:  
Collectors Book Store  
1717 North Wilcox  
Hollywood, California 90028

Michael Ashley  
8 Shurland Avenue  
Sittingbourne, Kent, England

Carl J. Brandon, Jr.  
Sällskapsvägen 7  
Stockholm 48, Sweden

Dieter Steinseifer  
8200 Rosenheim  
Dr. Geiger-Str. 1, Germany

And from the Publisher

= = = = =

Re-printed and Published by

HAROLD PALMER PISER

41-08 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, New York 11355  
U.S.A.

THE BEEMS  
CORNER

EDITORIAL  
BY BILL MALLARDI



WHAT? ME WORRY? It seems I'm a worry-wart..... For the past 4-5 months since last issue, I've had some troubles... Yas. 1st Scene: Drive-In Restaurant. While sitting in my car late one night after eating food I'd ordered, I suddenly felt nauseous. Into the men's room I rushed, and promptly threw up. But I figured it was just the food. Scene 2: A month or so later, while at the Octacon in Sandusky, a bunch of fans & I went to a restaurant for a delicious meal. Halfway through my roast prime rib beef, I got that sick feeling again. Into the men's room I hurried again... Scene 3: About another month went by, and I was at my girl friends for Thanksgiving Dinner. Yep, you guessed it... same scene, same ending, also.

"Heyyyyy," I sez to myself, "this crap has got to cease! Something must be wrong, somewhere!" So off to the doctor I traipsed. He said I needed X-rays, so X-rays I got. The diagnosis: I've got a small duodenal ulcer. Which is what I thought it was...

So now I'm on a diet -- no spicy foods, liquor, etc. Damn, does that kill my fun at the conventions! Come Tricon time, though, and to hell with that ulcer..I'm gonna have my kicks, anyhow. What brought it on? Extra responsibilities since my promotion, I guess. (Think I'll live?!) One thing's certain, you've got to cure the ulcer. You can't put it in a sling...otherwise I'd fling it across the Potomac...or should that be the Muddy Ohio?

\* \* \*

COMICS VS CARTOONS On the discussions re: comics in this issue's letter-col I more or less must agree with the anti-comic fans...comics are too juvenile for my tastes. The only comics I still enjoy are the old POGO's, and the old E.C. horror mags, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, etc., which actually aren't 'comics' in the literal sense of the word. I'm trying to collect those E.C.'s now, at expensive price tags these days, and it makes me sick to realize that when I was a kid I bought these self-same mags for only 10¢ each, read them, and threw them away! But I digress. Though I dislike comics, I DO have one quirk that goes beyond the tastes of most adults, I imagine. It's cartoons. Not all cartoons, tho. Just some. Specifically, the Warner Brothers cartoon show(s) on television Saturday afternoons. All the rest of the other cartoon shows, from Yogi Bear to Astro Boy, I do without entirely, but I HATE to miss the Bugs Bunny and Porky Pig Shows. Those films are classics. (And my 17 year old brother, Rick, agrees with me.) To me, these cartoons seem almost more for adults than for kids. I know for certain they're appreciated more by the adults, because the humor is often very subtle, so subtle it passes over the kids' heads entirely.

And the animation and techniques are so realistically done, it makes you realize how almost true to life they are..especially compared to the other cartoon shows. (Doesn't it sound strange, saying a cartoon is true



to life? But these are.) I'll give you an example: In the (now) classic two cartoons involving the coyote vs the roadrunner, and coyote vs sheep-dog: During various attempts and gimmicks used to get his meal (of either sheep or bird) ol' wiley coyote tries putting huge coil springs on his feet in order to bounce over long distances ( and thus catch his prey). In any other cartoon, this trick would work, and the cartoon character would go bouncing happily along the road on his springs. Aha! But not in the WB shows. In these shows, what happens to the coyote is exactly what would happen to YOU or I should we try to put on springs. Instead of bouncing forward easily, we'd fall all over ourselves trying to bounce, ending up (like the coyote) with sprung springs, and in a heap on the ground. See what I mean by realistic?

I'll give another example: One cartoon involves the attempts of a squirrel (not necessarily Ron Ellick) to stock his hollow tree with nuts for the winter. His arrival at an open-air market, where he tries to carry off nuts of all sizes (from walnuts to a coconut!) is treated so realistically in his fast movements and jerking bushy tail, just like a real squirrel, it's hard to believe the animators could achieve it!

I also get a kick out of the expressions on the characters faces during their escapades -- here I am laughing hilariously while little kids sit watching without cracking a smile.

Two things bug me, tho... The first is the same complaint you could make for any cartoon show: When a character gets punished all through the show without a scratch to show for it.. rocks hitting them on the head, or falling off cliffs, etc., etc. But this type of sadistic fun is necessary for the cartoon medium, I suppose. Even then, many's the time the WB's shows depict the character hurt a little bit, by showing them in the next scene with bandages on, or lumpy heads, etc.

There are so many good individual cartoons, it's hard to recall them all -- but I'll try to list the best ones: There's the aforementioned Roadrunner. (Latin name: Fastingus Thingus Aliveus) vs Coyote (Eatingus Anythingus); Ralph the sheepdog & coyote, punching timeclocks at the start & end of their "working" day; the Tasmanian Devil & Bugs Bunny; Burly Bulldog Butch & puny toy dog, Chester, vs Sylvester the cat (and a panther!), Yosemite Sam & Bugs in the Desert Duels; Daffy Duck & the Changing scenery; I could go on & on, but space limits me. Oh, I see I failed to list my second peeve: the stupid kids commercials between films, but I guess in my case I have to take the bitter with the sweet. One thing's certain, I really get a charge out of those old cartoons!

\* \* \*

TRICON OR BUST Those of you who are members of Tricon will note in Progress Report #2 (when it's out) my announcement of resigning from the committee. This was actually against my wishes, but necessary. I hated to resign, but Ben Jason & Committee thought it best. You see, the convention rules state that no member of the con committee is eligible to be nominated for and/or win a Hugo Award; and everyone BUT Bowers & I seems to think D:B will be nominated. Granted, it's "eligible"..but I doubt if it'll get on the final ballot -- which will mean my resigning will be for nought. Not that I wouldn't like to see D:B get nominated again--I just doubt if it will. But at least my resigning has made it legal, if it is.... Speaking of Hugo's, with this issue you should have a copy of the Hugo nomination form. No matter who you vote for, we urge you to USE IT. Bill Mallardi  
Tom Schluck for Taff! Syracuse in '67! Tom for Taff! Syracuse in '67!



# Thoughts On Heinlein

## As A Social Philosopher

STEPHEN E. PICKERING

Many fans, in examining a sociological or political work of Robert A. Heinlein, stipulate its value by asking "How much impact has the book had upon subsequent political science fiction?", and Stranger In A Strange Land is no exception. One ascertains that many writers, completely different in their original scopes, are in debt to the novel (as well as Starship Troopers), its concepts, and Heinlein's philosophy, whatever their reasons for writing similar works. And, one reads; if it were not for the early and later social extrapolations of Heinlein, much of modern science fiction would be somewhat different; that major ideas are derived from Heinlein, and his development as a writer, is reflected in the subsequent evolution of science fiction. This premise, of course, cannot be questioned; people become angry with Heinlein for diverse reasons, but his propensity of examining areas of socio-political thought is a trait unequalled in the genre. From Starship Troopers, according to critics who differentiate between military-democracy and majority-rule, one ascertains in other works, the quasi-descendant, "Mass democracy." Taken further, intrinsic ideas of totalitarianism, contemporary managerial society, and sexual ethics are prevalent in Stranger In A Strange Land: according to Heinlein's (valid) axiom, a man in our society is not necessarily "free" when he is doing something he chooses, but when society sees that an individual is doing what is expected.

Thus, one ascertains two different premises among fan critics: Starship Troopers or Stranger In A Strange Land is analogous to a later evolution of ideas in contemporary science fiction writers, and, secondly, this produced a certain political or philosophical phenomena. Rather than one arguing the validity of the second assumption (that any science fiction novel produced or is related to later phenomena), we shall consider the first postulate. However, in endeavoring to analyze the first idea, one encounters difficulties with Heinlein's work (or, for that matter, contemporary sf writers): that a book can only influence the thinking of others, whether writers or readers, when it is (a) marked with a large amount of self-contradictions and inconsistencies, or (b) fan critics transpose or discern ideas in the book which, in actuality, are not in the plot. And, I feel, facing these allocations, one poses the question important in examining all of Heinlein's social philosophy: If all had interpreted the book correctly, in which directions would it have changed ideas?

Nevertheless, critics of Heinlein are not in a compatible position so as to reach unanimous agreement over the aforementioned question. For it is characteristic, however banal, of fan critics, since the Wollheim-Tucker-Moskowitz feuds of the late 1930s or the Ackerman-Laney feuds of the late 1940s, to always be negative towards each other's ideas; often



the mood is controversial, the characteristic leit motif is thus: "Other fans have misunderstood/misread Heinlein's book, and I have the prodigious responsibility of correcting their interpretations." And, a further question is discovered: "What trends or trend in science fiction's socio-politico-philosophic ideas was Heinlein's book endeavoring to advance?" The fan critic may, for want of more valid criticisms, find himself criticizing esoteric dialogue, shirking the possibility of discerning Heinlein's central themes, his particular doctrine in the novel, and what he is endeavoring to do.

I feel that there exists an important reason for fan critics' failure to create a logical interpretation of, for example, Stranger In A Strange Land: How Heinlein developed his theme, and the character of his theme. Stranger In A Strange Land is presenting an ethical argument, the implications manifesting itself in our present society. Heinlein is concerned with the paradoxical contradictions of sexual standards in our culture, and, as he develops Stranger, Heinlein's involvement with them becomes apparent. Hence, like many of Heinlein's novels, despite a seemingly simple plot, it becomes a complexity, and no critic has been able to analyze the philosophies it presents to another critic's satisfaction. Taken further, if many writers and fans see different things in Heinlein's work, and observe its political theories analogous to science fictional thought, the reasons are relatively simple: Much of Heinlein's mature work (In particular, Stranger In A Strange Land and Starship Troopers) is constructed of many diverse elements and philosophies, and, perhaps, many of these elements may not appear well-integrated to the fan or writer. According to one fan critic, with the advent of Starship Troopers, Heinlein seems "unmistakably a military authoritarian", while another sees him as a "Humanistic philosopher." At first glance, one may feel that such characteristics of philosophy cannot possibly be combined. The problem is one of semantics. If Heinlein's work were submitted to a sentence-by-sentence analysis, ideas weighed, without applying one's own ideas, one will likely discover what Heinlein was trying to say, but, because of a semantics barrier, encountered almost unsurmountable difficulties.

One may ask whether one should not bother with Stranger In A Strange Land after reading it once. I do not feel he should abandon the book as "incomprehensible." A reader who approaches Heinlein without preconceived ideas as to his motives or other books' philosophies, and sustaining an open attitude, can easily absorb the book, learn much from it, and evaluate one's own philosophies.

Such an attitude is important in considering all sociological science fiction, and there are five premises by which one should analyze a writer:

Firstly, it is important for the observant, critical student of the genre, to remember that a sf writer does not have to write ambiguous, lucid political theory in order to possibly offer methods of solution. To some, this may appear eccentric, but the science fiction writer considering politics or religion is often driven to despair as to how to express an idea which is, more often than not, well-nigh impossible with the English language.

Secondly, in considering Heinlein's philosophy, anticipate further restatements, and further answers which may not have relevant bearing upon

the problems he hitherto considered. Often, an answer to a problem may surprisingly appear before the problem has been stated, and one should ask personal questions as to what Heinlein is driving toward.

Thirdly, it is unwise for the reader to, early in reading a Heinlein book, decide just which individuals are "free" and those who are intellectually and physically in "bondage." In the words of French philosopher, Rousseau: "This or that man believes himself the master of his fellow-men, but is nevertheless more of a slave than they." Applying to Heinlein's theories, one asks whether or not being in bondage is identical to being ruled by a dictatorial society.

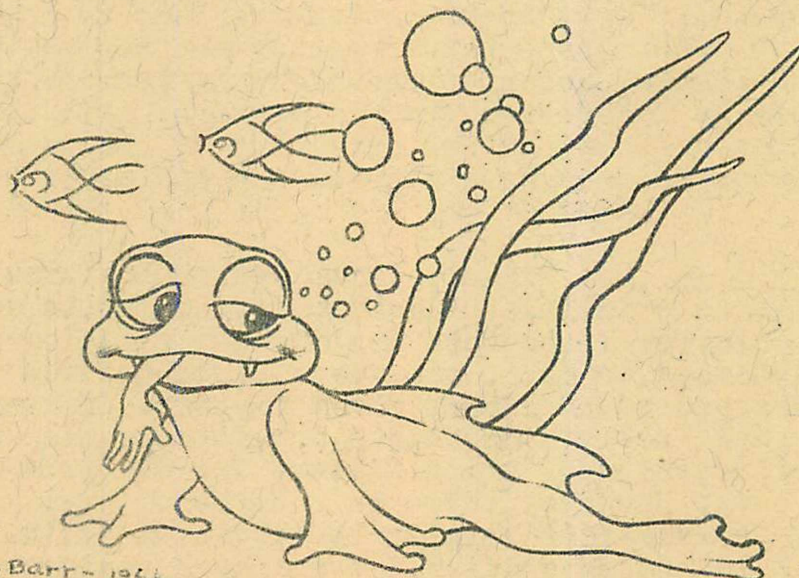
Fourthly, and do not feel that Heinlein's philosophy is entirely "foolishness" or self-contradictory, when he attempts to show that one in a rigid society should force oneself to be "free." Many critics feel quite comfortable when they refute Heinlein, identifying him with military totalitarianism. (Of course, refuting Heinlein is a difficult task in itself, and many "criticisms" are inept caricatures of lack of research.) According to Heinlein, a man in our society who is forced to be "free", is actually fulfilling a pledge he had originally made voluntarily. If one doubts this, then one feels freedom is related to breaking promises.

Fifthly, Heinlein should not be accused of believing all philosophies he presents, or methods of achieving a stabler society. However, the central themes of many of his works, among others, have been that conformism in an octopus state is actually self-imprisonment.

These rules are simple, but it is surprising how many fans do not utilize rational approaches to any criticism of a work. Thoreau once said that, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer....?" And, Heinlein has not yet attempted, rightly, to perfect the art of simplifying statements to those who will not listen.

---Stephen E. Pickering

= = = = =





# WALLABY STEW

## FANZINE REVIEWS

### ROBERT COULSON

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #8 (John Boston, 816 South First St., Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066 - approximately monthly - 25¢)

This is one of the best ways to find out what books are being published. John emphasizes hardcover publications, but also includes paperbacks. All sorts of new books are listed; occasionally they are reviewed, occasionally not.

This issue, for example, mentions that Theodore Sturgeon's western novel, The Rare Breed, will be published by Gold Medal this month -- an item that I'm interested in, and that I hadn't seen in any of the other newsletters. He also mentions a forthcoming Bantam edition of the first of Carnell's New Writings In Science Fiction series, which is something every fan should be interested in. All in all, a very worthwhile fanzine.

FOCAL POINT, #18, 19, 20 (Rich Brown, 236 Mulberry St, Apt. 12, New York, N.Y. 10012 - 3 for 25¢, 12 for \$1) #18 and 19 say it's published "weekly"; #20 says "erratically". Take your choice. This is mostly fan news, tho with fans getting into the pro act more and more there's a lot of associated pro news as well. Like, Mike McInerney (who is co-editor of FOCAL POINT, an item I forgot to list) doing fanzine reviews for CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN. (That's all we need; a bunch of wet-eared monster fans sending in sticky quarters for YANDRO. Blech.) And there's news of Ted White's sword-and-sorcery novel from Lancer, and Damon Knight's "denunciation" of Ace over the Tolkien business (I hate to call two such excellent writers as Damon Knight and Poul Anderson contemptuous names in public, so I won't -- but I do feel that they allowed their emotions to override their judgment.). Then there is news of individual fans and fan clubs and conventions, and #20 carries a one-sheet rider by Gary Deindorfer, acclaimed by large numbers of fans (not including myself) as a great fan humorist. You get quite a bit for your money.

RATATOSK #29 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - bi-weekly - 3 for 25¢) A newsletter quite similar to FOCAL POINT. Rather surprisingly, their news items seldom overlap, so the fully informed fan should get both. Bruce has a regular section on what's going on in the amateur publishing associations. I can't imagine why anyone not already in one should be interested, but if you are, this is the best place to get the news. Being official editor of 4 or 5 of the groups, Bruce always has the hot items. He does have general fan and professional news as well.

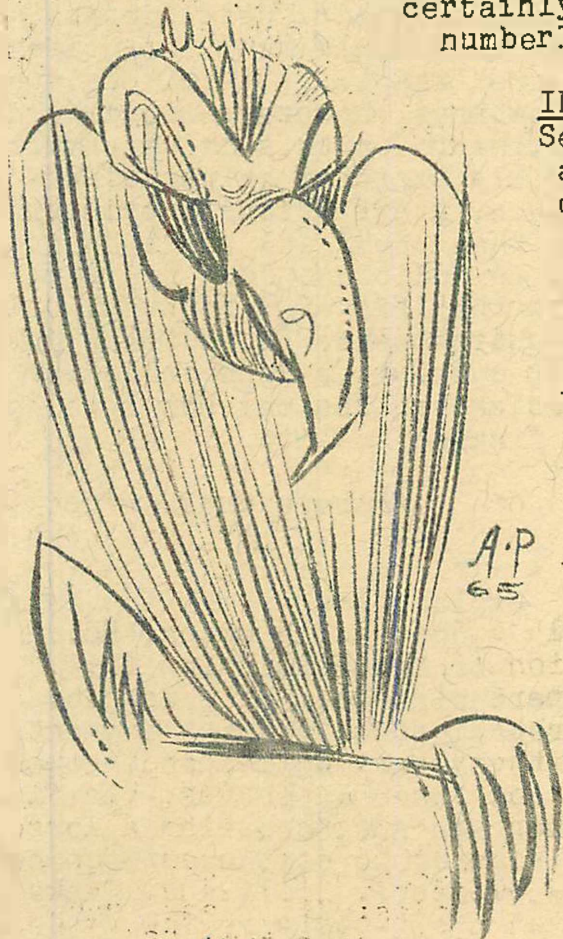
THE WSFA JOURNAL #15 & 16 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bi-weekly) This is an official publication of the Washington (D.C.) Science Fiction Association. Associate members may obtain the mag for \$1 per year by 3rd class mail or \$1.50 via first class mail "with payments credited to the member as advance dues for the year". Corresponding members may obtain the mag free via 3rd class, or for 50¢ per year via first class. If you're still confused, write Miller. The mag contains a large percentage of club news. However, there is some other east coast fan news, plus some good book and magazine reviews by Alexis A. Gilliland, Banks Mebane, and Albert E. Gechter, while #15 even has a movie review by Gechter and a play review by Gilliland. - 8 -



HYDRA LEAGUE LIBRARY STOCKLIST and SCIENCE FICTION FAN CLUB QUESTIONNAIRE  
(Pete Campbell, 15 Wilson St, Workington, Cumberland, England) The questionnaire is the preliminary to a compilation of "the completest possible world-wide directory of s-f clubs and societies of all types: local, national and international". If you want your club listed, write Pete for a questionnaire. The library stocklist is simply the list of another mail-order library. This one seems oriented towards British readers, since borrowing costs are entirely in British currency, and a note says "items should be returned within a month" -- currently, it would take closer to 6 weeks for borrowed items to even be delivered to the borrower if they had to be shipped overseas. But you might inquire about special privileges, if you're interested. The library is pretty small, according to this list, but presumably it's growing.

STRAY NOTES (Atlanta Folk Music Society, P.O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Georgia 30309 - \$3.50 per year to non-members of the AFMS) (( Hey, Buck -- this ain't no fanzine!--BEM)) All the news on folksong festivals, protest marches, and draft-dodging (a note from Joan Baez is included). It's a good enough mag for anyone who is terribly interested in folk music and folk fandom; all sorts of newsy little items, lyrics to new and unrecorded protest songs, and the like. (A lot like a folk version of FOCAL POINT, in fact.) However, I'm getting a little tired of endless protest songs, and I'm automatically suspicious of people who are so deadly earnest and sincere and

dedicated to a Cause. I think I got fed up with the "folksong revival" about the time Bob Dylan arrived; certainly by the time his success had spawned numberless imitations of Dylan.



INTERAPATHY #2 (G.M. Carr, 5319 Ballard NW, Seattle, Washington, 98107 - free?) This arrived one day out of a clear sky; I not only don't know how you can get a copy, I don't know why I got one. But if you're interested, write Gem. As usual with all of Gem Carr's fanzines that I've seen, this one is almost entirely lettercolumn -- a column which usually is about half letters and half replies. This time she is unusually quiet and the replies take up much less space. Anything G.M. Carr says is apt to be controversial; if you want a good argument, here's the place for it.

DYNATRON #27 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - irregular - 20¢ in cash or 5 4-cent stamps) I'd like to know where Roy gets that limp Twil-Tone. It feels soggy, but how could he have soggy paper in New Mexico? This seems to be one of the last of the old-time genzines. No emphasis on special facets of science fiction, no high literary



ideals, just a good assortment of articles, reviews, fiction, and letters. I think Dennis Lien took top honors this time with his deadpan index of UNCANNY STORIES. (In case you're a newcomer, UNCANNY STORIES is a magazine published in 1941 that lasted just one issue.) Dennis promises future indexes of VANGUARD SCIENCE FICTION and WORLDS BEYOND. (But he forgot 10-STORY FANTASY.) The book reviews are likewise interesting; they aren't reviews of the sort of books you see in every commonplace fanzine. No sir. Les Sample reviews Tarrano The Conquerer by Ray Cummings, and I review Through The Alimentary Canal With Gun And Camera by George S. Chappell. You don't get them kind of reviews just anywhere. (Rich Mann discusses Robert Sheckley, but then everybody talks about Robert Sheckley, and nobody does anything about him.) The lettercolumn takes up about half the magazine, and covers such items as whether the editor is a socialist, an existentialist, a liberal or a conservative, discussions of Spuds (when it's capitalized, the word becomes a cigarette instead of a potato, but I gather that the flavor remained much the same), whether or not there is anything at all east of the Rocky Mountains (of course not; you go west from the Rockies and keep going and after a while you come back to the Rockies, so obviously there can't be anything east of them), a long letter about how the UFO's have been officially recognized by Argentina (and the Argentine government has been wondering ever since how it can contact them to get military assistance), and Dennis Lien writing his usual nonsense. (I think Dennis Lien can out-humor Gary Deindorfer with one hand tied behind his back.) This is a great fanzine. Buy a copy. Buy a couple of copies.

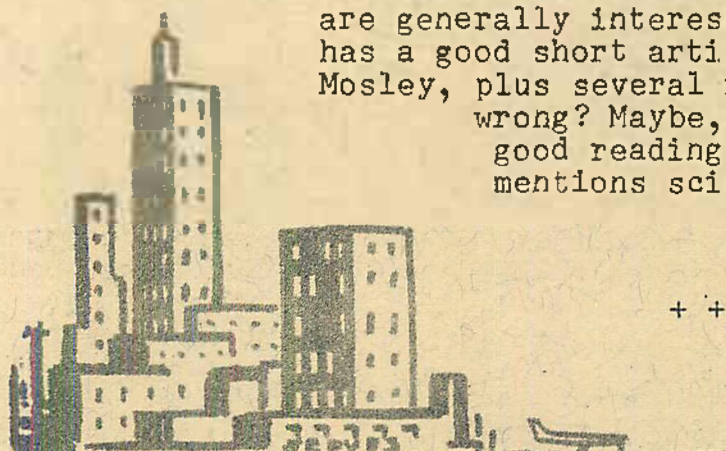
SCOTTISHE #39 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - irregular - 4 for \$1.00 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) I wonder if Ethel would make me an agent, too, and not tell anyone? I'd love to be a secret agent..... This is one of my favorite fanzines. One of my favorite features, however, was cut short by the Varleys' move; they didn't have time to write a column. Walt Willis is still making a readable if not terribly exciting column by ex-huming his old correspondence, Ethel writes charmingly as ever and at more length than usual and the letters are generally interesting. In addition, John Boardman has a good short article on the life of Sir Oswald Mosley, plus several might-have-beens. (A good man gone wrong? Maybe, but I doubt it.) Recommended for good reading, even though the mag rarely mentions science fiction.

---Robert Coulson

+ + + + +

Explanation of mailing label codes: "T" means Trade; "C" is Contributor; "S" is Subscription; "R" means your magazine was reviewed herein; and number means that is the Last Issue of DOUBLE:BILL you

will get, unless you Act Soon."?" or no number means only the Lord knows when we may take you off our list!



SYRACUSE  
IN SIXTY SEVEN



# HOW TO WATCH BALL LIGHTNING FOR

---

foan fiction by \FUN AND PROFIT/ si stricklen

Everybody was sitting around the living room admiring Mervyna's new five. It was a handsome piece of work, half chromium and half a fine blue-black enamel, and the base was flattened just sufficiently that the five could stand proudly erect with no chance of toppling. The inside of the curve was carefully burnished, so that it gave a soft, lustrous glow rather than the flashy glitter so common in cheap fives. Mervyna was very smug about it; she had saved for years before the big day she finally had sent her money off to Sears and Roebuck. No order form for her; she had sent a personal, handwritten letter to the company. "I want a five," she had written, "The biggest, finest five you have. Price makes no difference." Into a large envelope she had crammed seven years worth of nickels and quarters and dollar bills, a few fives, and a single twenty. Sears and Roebuck, honest to the end, had crated up model A-27341 (Our Best) along with two dollars and thirteen cents worth of Sears-Roebuck trade coupons and mailed the whole lot special delivery. After a two week delay, the postman brought Mervyna the package and helped in the exciting, hurried unpacking. Soon all the wrapping paper and excelsior was jammed into Mervyna's small, proper wastebasket and the new five occupied the niche of honor in her parlor.

"Yessir," said Mrs. Proing, "that's one of the finest fives I've ever seen."

"Look how it just sits there," said Old Mother Thungo, "I never saw anything like it."

"It reminds me of the old days when I worked in the Mustard Cuttery," said Granpaw, "Yessirree bobtail, it shore does make me think of the old days. They used..."

"So straight! So tall!" said Treon, who, if truth must be told, was just a mite jealous. Mervyna's new five had come as a quite severe shock to him, since, as the town's only five-of-the-month club member, he had had undenied superiority in the field of fives until Mervyna's sudden and rather spectacular entry. Treon also had a vague feeling of unease, because he secretly felt that Mervyna's single five-foot five was more than a match for his dozens of small cheaply painted fives. Further, Treon had had no idea that Mervyna intended to buy a five until, without warning, there it was, bright and shining, tall and straight, the best five ever seen in Johnsonville.

"They used to pay us in cut Mustard," Granpaw was taking advantage of Treon's thoughtful pause, "7  $\frac{2}{3}$  cents a day," Granpaw looked around, a little incredulous that he was being allowed to complete a sentence. "Yessirree, 7  $\frac{2}{3}$  cents a day, payable in..."

"Such a straight cross-piece! So... so horizontal!" Mrs. Proing awakened to her civic duty with a start, prompted by Granpaw's overly



long speech.

"7 2/3 cents a day, payable in cut Mustard," continued Granpaw, now happy in his usual role as background noise provider.

Mervyna was just bringing out the iced tea and frosted teacakes when it happened.

"Screech!" screeched Old Mother Thungo, "SCREECH, SCREECH, SCREECH!" This annoyed Mrs. Proing, who was drooling in anticipation of a frosted teacake.

"What is it, Old Mother Thungo," rasped Mrs. Proing, "What causes you to screech so?"

"Help," shouted O.M. Thungo, "Help! Disaster, in the form of ball lightning, has struck!"

And sure enough, it had. The little balls of blue flame rolled leisurely around the bright green of Mervyna's lawn as if they were sniffing for a hidden cache of ball-lightning food. Back and forth they rolled, each crackling a little as it passed over the slightly wet sidewalk, while they in the house scampered about in an ecstasy of terror. All except Granpaw, that is. He knew, by gum, that he would never be killed by ball lightning, and besides, his ball lightning insurance was all paid up.

"I worked hard in those days," he said, "hard as you could expect a man to work. I liked it, too, at least until ..."

Old Mother Thungo spied a particularly spry sizzling blue ball as it began up the steps to Mervyna's front porch. Steadier now, she carefully braced her legs and drew a deep breath.

"Screech. Screeech." A preparatory exercise. "Screech, oh, Screecheech-eech." Inhale. "SCREECH. SCAREEEEECH! SCAARREEEECH!" A deep inhale.

"SSSSCCCAAARREEEEEEEEEEEECCHHHHEECH!!!!!!!!!"

(Which is the best I can do on my typewriter)

Mrs. Proing, who had now given up the idea of a frosted teacake, was rather upset with Old Mother Thungo. In the first place, she wanted to see what the ball lightning was going to do without having her eardrums assaulted by Old Mother Thungo's constant cacaphony, (Actually, now that she was warmed up, Old Mother Thungo was hitting a pretty steady E sharp above high C, so cacaphony isn't really the right word even though it's what Mrs. Proing thought.) and in the second place, when she had braced her feet, Old Mother Thungo had put one of them squarely across Mrs. Proing's dainty size twelve Sunday shoes.

"...until we had the argument." Granpaw was determined that any bored stander-by would at least have a story to listen to. "I was minding my own business when young Johnson came along and stuck his nose in ..."

The most active ball lightning had crossed the door-sill now, and Mervyna's Teardrop Genuine Nylon/eston Parlor Rug was giving off the unmistakable odor of burning wool. Treon was laughing wildly because he had just remembered that the insurance which Norbert Hunber had sold him, which insurance he had not read until he got home, protected him only against being eaten by frozen Malayan Dogfish, being impaled by a bamboo meteor, being smothered in a fallout shelter during a nuclear attack, or



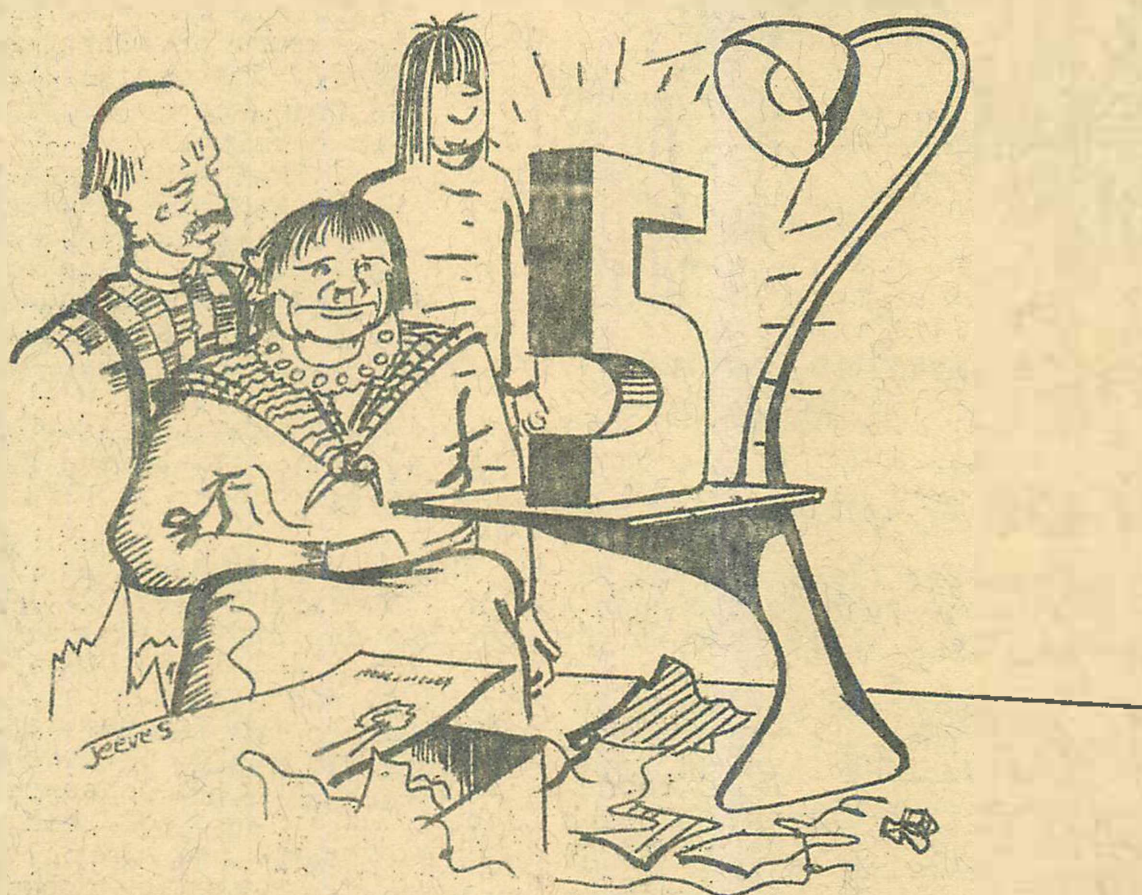
being frightened to death by ball lightning. "If," he thought, "I hold my breath and suffocate, maybe that'll look like fright. That would really get that Norbert Hunber!"

"...right in the middle of the best batch I'd had all day." Granpaw was just not interested in ball lightning.

"MUMBLE mumble mumble. Gephrastion BASTION grmmbmph." Mervyna was upset over the interruption in her five-watching party.

Actually, they made a not-bad combination; there was Old Mother Thungo on the high notes with her crystal clear, slightly ululating screech. Granpaw provided a bass drone, rising in pitch sometimes, but supplying a very even beat, while Treon's laughter punctuated each musical phrase with an air of daring. Mervyna, doubly excited now because nobody was paying any attention to her, very prettily blended in staccato variations on the rhythm, at the same time filling in the middle ranges with a rich tenor theme. I am told that a passing scout for Far Out Records, Inc. later signed the whole lot for an lp album (O.M. THUNGO SCREECHES A CAPPELLA, with her friends) from which they all made fortunes, but I don't believe it.

Meanwhile, back in the ball lightning, Greebo, who was Monitor of the Mission, irately berated that ingrate, his probate. "Great Mulligans," he



FAMILY INSPECTING THE '5'



cried, "You're supposed to be in charge of all the technical affairs for this mission. You told me that ball lightning was invisible on this planet. We were supposed to contact the locals and find out if the Double-Trouble Kid has made good his threat."

"Hee-ho," chortled the probate, who didn't give a flip about the Double-Trouble Kid and was always game for a joke, "It says in my manual TR-331#2 that ball lightning is invisible on Seego planets."

"Idiot! Bungler! There aren't any

Seego planets! This is a ---- planet!" (Author's note: I yield to the local taboos) "Tsk tsk," said the probate, grinning even more broadly than before, "I guess you rescued me from the muck-prisons for nothing."

The uproar from the house had been gradually increasing as each person got into the swing, and a particularly fearsome shriek from Old Mother Thungo finally reached Greebo's ears.

"Yibble!" he shouted. "It's the mating call of the wild Greeba!

Run for your lives, men! Buds and seedlings first!"

"O' course they blamed it all on me. When young Johnson said that he had enough sense to keep his nose out of a Mustard cutter, that made everybody hesitate a while, but in the end they decided to fire me."

The ball-lightnings all began to buzz madly and made dust getting out of there. Cäiron, who was the only calm head in the bunch, spotted Mervyna's five, decided that the Double-Trouble Kid really had carried out his threat, (that he, the Kid, unless he were allowed to swim naked in the United Planets Building Sparkling Pool, would ruin the High Commissioner's favorite culture by causing it to make a big thing out of the number five) and set the matter-communicator for five-recall.



Immediately, Mervyna's five began shuffling across the floor, teetered down the steps, and hastened after the retreating ball lightning. From down the street Treon's fives followed in formation, like little wooden soldiers. There was a general scraping noise as the fives from other households joined the march.

Mervyna was crying. Treon was crying. Mrs. Proing was crying. Old Mother Thungo would have been crying except her throat hurt too much. "We want our fives," they wailed.

"...I tried to get my job back, but it was my word against Johnson's, and that's not much good in Johnsonville." Granpaw finished on a nostalgic note as the townspeople began rushing in to see how dead the ball lightning had killed them.

THE END

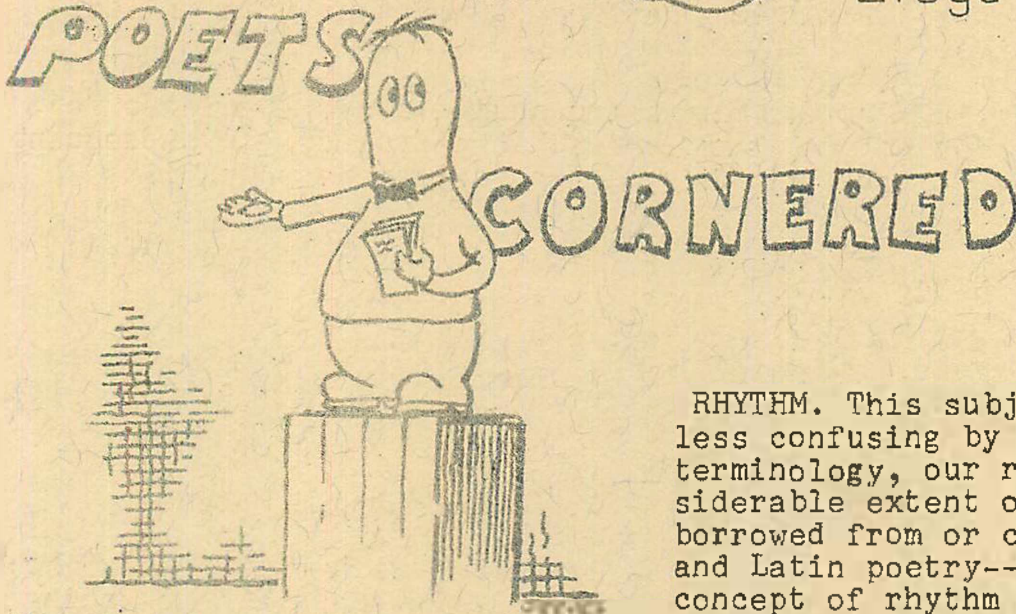
-----  
Notices And Miscellaneous Trivia: (otherwise known as..."well, I've got all this blank space to fill up..." )  
TRICON Committee Chairman Ben Jason sent D:B an important announcement... It seems a lot of fans are confused in their Hugo nominating. They have voted for "The Lord Of The Rings" as Best Novel. IT IS INELIGIBLE FOR THAT CATEGORY. Some fans have voted for it twice -- once as Best Novel and also as Best All-Time Series. It is eligible for the LATTER category, of course...but not for the former. Hugo rules state the novel must have appeared for the first time in 1965 (or whatever year in question), and TLR's came out many many years ago. Thus it cannot be eligible for the Best Novel Hugo Award. Anyone who has or will vote thusly will no doubt have their vote in that category thrown out by the Con Committee. So be Ye warned. ### You can vote for TLR's in the Best All-Time Series...and I even urge you to. I voted for it myself...But Not As Best Novel....

\* \* \* \* \*  
I mentioned in my editorial that I resigned from the committee...well I also must report that Roger Zelazny has resigned because he has moved out of town -- Baltimore, I think is where he is now. And also, mild mannered ~~reporter from the Daily Planet~~ Harlan Ellison (who volunteered to help Ben & Co. in various ways-- panel moderator, etc.,) also has had to "resign" on the off-chance his material may be nominated.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Now..a few personal items...Since my editorial I seem to be recuperating from my ulcer fairly rapidly...so mebbe by Con time even Completely Cured. And I've just ordered a new car..a '66 Pontiac Tempest to replace my valiant Valiant. I hope it arrives by April 6th..that'd be sharp, getting it on my birthday...### My apologies to all my fan friends I owe letters to. I've been in a sort of gafia-type funk-type mood re: corresponding lately. So Be Patient...I'll write one of these days.. Special thanx got to R.E. Gilbert for sending more artwork..he's one I've really been neglecting letter-wise. Sorry, RHG, I'll write you soon. Joni & Jon Stopa: I doubt very much if I'll make it to your 4th of July Picnic this year. I'm taking my vacation weeks (except for one--for the TRICON, natch) in October/November in order to go Deer Hunting in Wyoming with my Dad & 2 uncles. Antelope, too. So its Bang! Bang! Bang! with a gun instead of fireworks.

-BEM-





RHYTHM. This subject is not rendered less confusing by the fact that our terminology, our rules, even to a considerable extent our attitudes, are borrowed from or conditioned by Greek and Latin poetry--languages where the concept of rhythm differs drastically from that of English. There are many excellent books that treat of this subject in detail. I am going to ex-

ound only as much as may be necessary to focus attention on one of the most common misconceptions concerning the rhythm of poetry.

All writing has rhythm. Poetry and prose shade into each other, and the line between them is not always easily drawn. In poetry the succession of accented and unaccented syllables tends toward some kind of regularity. The process of analysis by which the metre and metric feet of lines of poetry--the building blocks of the rhythmic pattern--are identified is called scansion. Scansion is often thought of as a means of organizing poetry rhythmically, which it is not. It is a means of organizing one's thinking about poetry.

Scansion normally employs two symbols: ( ) for an unaccented syllable; (/) for an accented syllable. Because ( ) doesn't appear on this typewriter, I am representing the unaccented syllables with (-).

The most common metric feet are: the iamb (- /); the trochee (/ -); the anapest (- - /); the dactyl (/ - -). The iamb is weak-strong, as in de-bate; the trochee is strong-weak as in fair-y; the anapest is weak-weak-strong, as in in-se-cure; the dactyl is strong-weak-weak, as in loi-ter-ing. The accent arrangement of the metric foot, plus the number of feet per line, give you the mechanical basis for poetic rhythm: trimeter, three feet per line; tetrameter, four feet; pentameter, five feet; and so on. The common iambic pentameter is simply five iambs per line.

For the young poet writing traditional verse forms, the first rule is that his lines of poetry must scan. The scansion must be correct. Young poet protests, maintains that the greatest poets broke the rules at will (true) and cites authorities who say very much the same thing Clement Wood has said: "Once the technique of scansion is mastered, the poet must be his own court of last appeal upon it." Young poet overlooks the words,



"is mastered," and tends to see lapses produced by carelessness or laziness as flights of genius.

In this first example I am placing the scansion above the lines for the benefit of any who may not be familiar with the process. In subsequent examples I'll save space by putting the scansion and the scanned line side-by-side.

The house is marble fragments  
Of marrow-bones, and mice  
With eyes like jetty spiders

That glitter, webbed in ice.  
(FREE ASSOCIATION NURSERY RHYME: GOTHIC LANDSCAPE -- Banks Mebane)

COMMENT: Flawless scansion. This is iambic trimeter, with an irregularity: the first and third lines have an extra weak syllable. Such a line ending is called feminine; a line ending on a strong accent is masculine (and if this displeases the suffragettes among Double:Bill's readers, they are invited to carry their complaints elsewhere; I didn't do it.).. Note, please, that the irregularity is regular, and firmly establishes a stanza-pattern, the next step in the hierarchy of poetic organization. This is important: correct scansion is the essential foundation for all poetic structure within the traditional form.

The clouds are glowing little fish  
That swim an amber sea  
To augur the stealthy shore that hides  
Darker mystery.  
(FREE ASSOCIATION NURSERY RHYME: SUNSET -- Banks Mebane)

COMMENT: If the court of last appeal passed that one, we'll impeach the judge. Flaws in the last two lines upset the scansion and wreck the stanza-pattern, which in this case alternates iambic tetrameter with trimeter. I admit no artistic license here, and the negligence is the more inexcusable because the flaws are so easily repaired. I give you Mebane, edited by Biggle: "The clouds are glowing little fish/ That swim an amber sea / To augur stealthy shores that hide / A darker mystery."

The shore is not so near now  
Its roaring is so dim  
I only hear it sometimes  
In the roaring of the wind.  
(NOW -- E.E. Evers)

COMMENT: This poet has a perverse habit of employing two weak syllables where the scansion anticipates one. In the above example, the extra weak beat of the feminine ending on the third line exaggerates the effect of the fault at the beginning of the fourth. Though such a flaw is minor, I am stomping on it heavily because it is so easily corrected. Further, the effort one expends to make a poem mechanically correct frequently results in more original language and a better poem. One has to search for a word



that will fit the pattern, and in the process one finds a more poetic word, or achieves a stronger rhythm, of which more presently. Let's recast this last line: "Above the wind's low moan." Or: "Tossed by the rushing wind." Or: "Above the tossing wind." Or: "Borne by a twisting wind." Or -- but this could be continued indefinitely, and in time might even produce a good line. To work, E.E.! Side issue: "dim" is not intended to rhyme with "wind". There is no rhyme pattern in this poem, which is five stanzas long. Unless done for deliberate effect, the use of even such a horrendously faulty rhyme as this in the first stanza of an unrhymed poem should be avoided. The ear tends to expect as good or better in the next stanza.

Made, bittersweet, from the fruits of life,  
There is a wine.  
It quenches every human thirst--  
We call it Time.  
(TIME -- Stephen Barr)

- / - / - / - /  
- / - /  
- / - / - / - /  
- / - /

COMMENT: This is the entire poem. Its rhythm is spoiled by one extra and wholly superfluous syllable in the first line. Delete "the" to make the line read, "Made, bittersweet, from fruits of life." Now the scansion is flawless, and we have an effective little poem. Suggestion to poet: indent according to your rhyme pattern. None of the poems you submitted were properly indented. You don't have to, mind; but it is helpful to a reader to be able to note the poem's organization at a glance without having to work it out, and helpful to the poet because there are too many readers who won't bother to work it out.

I hear the songs of atoms  
And the solar symphonies  
Swell a trillion cubic light years  
With a vast cacophony.  
(BLACK IS THE RADIANT OCEAN -- Paul Wyszowski)

COMMENT: Another example where the poet has distorted his rhythmic pattern with unnecessary words. Delete "the" in the second line; delete "a" in the last line. The third line is more of a problem, but not really difficult: change to "That swell the cubic light years." And what's wrong with "cacophonies" for the last word--it makes the rhyme exact, and the thought gains in dimension. Now we have: "I hear the songs of atoms / And solar symphonies / That swell the cubic light years / With vast cacophonies." With a little work it should be possible to include "trillion" in the third line and still maintain the rhythmic pattern. Work is usually the answer, but too many poets are reluctant to ask the question.

=====

D:B supports Tom Schluck For T.A.F.F!

=====





[illegible]

- 19 -



This is a genuine dilemma, and there are no rules that tell you precisely how this should be done. The only guide is your own poetic instinct; if it does not function, then you must develop it. Keep writing--and reading.

I don't want to create the impression, either, that one shouldn't ever create a line or lines where artificial and natural rhythms coincide. Just this regularity can produce a highly effective use of rhythm:

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Eve with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees,  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees . . .

It's a dilemma. On the one hand--in the conventional verse forms--the scansion must be precise; on the other hand, it must be ignored, and more. The poet actually works to destroy that which he simultaneously creates. Consider:

The focussed gimlet of harsh light and sound    -/-/--//--/  
Breaks a man into rhythm shifts and highlights    /-/--/-/-//  
On melting ice. (DISCOTHEQUE -- Banks Mebane)    -/-/-

COMMENT: A good use of rhythm. This is our old friend iambic pentameter; note how the artificial pattern is broken up and the strong accents redistributed. Note too that the extra weak beat in the second line does not disrupt the rhythmic flow. If we analyzed the line according to the scansion pattern, we would see it as iambic pentameter with a feminine ending.

The reader is now invited to re-evaluate the above examples in terms of this rhythmic dilemma. If you conclude that flawless scansion is not enough, you are right.

IN CONCLUSION: We have been considering rhythm in conventional verse.

Free verse, which is "distinguished from conventional verse chiefly by its irregular metrical pattern, its use of cadence rather than uniform metrical feet," would require separate and entirely different treatment. Just for fun, let's have a look at an example:

I give to you a thousand dripping roses  
I give to you worlds in Eternity  
I give to you all my realms of trembling dreams  
Composed of Time in the mind, the haunted muse  
And I give a song of dreams utterly trembling  
And the dying warehouse of my flesh, an eager slum  
And the threads of silent angels cascading on my pillow  
And I give to you the best thoughts of true jazz  
And all the food of homemade Sunday America  
And all the blameless skies that bespeak Heaven  
I give to you the Kingdom Of My Dreams,  
The dreams that tremble in this black and lonesome dark.  
(TREMBLING DREAMS -- Bill Wolfenbarger)

COMMENT: There is a rhythmic flaw in this poem that now should be obvious to you. Can you find it? Write your own critique, and when you have finished compare it with mine, which appears on page 22.



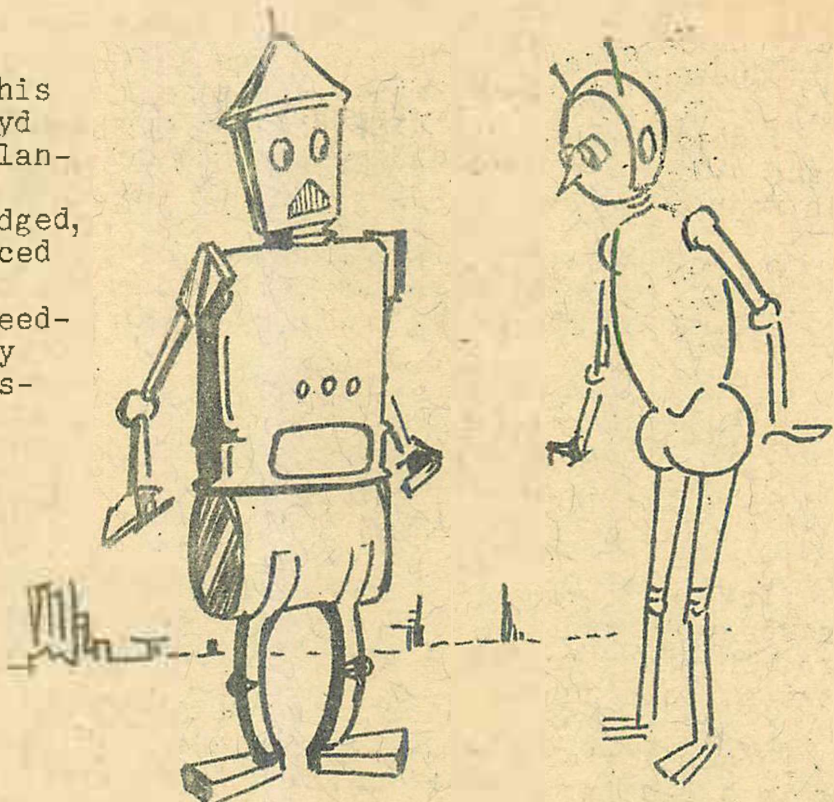
Poems for consideration in this column should be sent to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., 569 Dubie, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. No poems will be returned or acknowledged, but all received will be placed in a permanent file, to be drawn upon for examples as needed. Poems remain the property of their authors, but submission here confers consent to quote in full or in part.

--- Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

-----  
TERTIUM

QUID

editorial / e. e. evers



What am I doing here,  
writing an editorial for  
someone else's fanzine?

"All those crazy S.F. fans keep stuffing letters and magazines down my slot --- they think I'm a mailbox!"

It's an old story in Fandom. Billy neo pubs crud-zine. The next year or so, the young faned learns a few things and the zine turns into a legible mediocre genzine, heavy on fiction and run-of-the typer padding. The faned persists, issues become more regular, each ish is fatter than the last as more and more fanwriters risk their material. The faned keeps learning (especially, he learns to Spend Money), and the repro runs from fair thru average to Good and Excellent. Fancy Expensive Covers bring in pro-caliber art work, the faned's growing number of fannish friendships bring him a good columnist or two.

Now the zine is on the build - the faned has learned to write editorials and edit letters and let BNF contributors alone. Average fen contribute their more lengthy and carefully thought-out pieces, and write long, meaty letters which the faned can hack and paste into an interesting lettercol. Reviewers and fangab begin to refer to the "personality" of the zine, and the faned sees his name cropping up in other genzines at the slightest excuse. The Names on the Contents page grow bigger and Bigger and the zine grows too, till it stretches the regulation manila mailing envelope almost to bursting. (And what about the faned's pocket book?) Finally the faned uses his zine to carry out some Major Fannish project, and carries it through without a hitch. Or at least without starting a Big Feud and Major Fannish Scandal. The next year the faned finds his zine nominated for a Hugo.

Then the whole mundane Earth caves-in beneath the faned's feet.



He gets 1) Drafted, 2) Married, 3) A Job, 4) Out Of A Job, 5) Sick, 6) Investigated by the FBI, HUAC, or the Post Office. Take your pick or make up your own. The faned discovers losing a fanzine is like losing a leg - he goes into shock and gaffiates. Fandom mourns the sad demise, and forgets. Whole eons later - months even, sometimes half a year - some faned waxes nostalgic over the departed zine and reprints a few pieces.

If the faned later resumes activity, he generally retreats into the Apas, or a small, personal faanzine, or a sercon specialty zine. Few fen ever return from Gafia to pub a second major genzine; Tom Reamy is the only one I remember doing so in my short time in fandom.

Sure, it's an old, sad story. I just couldn't see it happening to DOUBLE:BILL. The editorship of DB started with two men in the job, so of course it became a two-man job. And of course the zine rose to prominence twice as far, twice as fast. Then Bill B. was forced into the service and Mallardi discovered that  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ("Your soul may belong to ~~God~~ Ghu, Bill Bowers, but your ass belongs to Uncle Sam") faneds can't run a good two-editor zine.

Then #13 came out and Mallardi announced his intention to continue, but to cut down the size, frequency, circulation, and expense of the zine. In a way this is worse than folding a zine entirely - the readers lose their confidence, the zine it's reputation and character, and the editor his morale.

So I'm just ~~crazy~~ fannish enough to try and Do Something About It. I offered to help finance such things as mailing envelopes & litho'd covers, just enough to do justice to the contributors & keep things rolling 'til Bowers gets adjusted to the military and gets in a higher pay bracket so DB could continue as before. The generous Bills offered me a place as 3rd co-editor, and here.  $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 2$ , I guess.

Being in the service myself, overseas likely bound for OCS in the next few months, much part in the literary part of editing, exial column. How much my personality will affect can't say. I still feel like a stranger in antil I know my way around here I've no intentions ing much unless I'm sure it's harmless to DB and

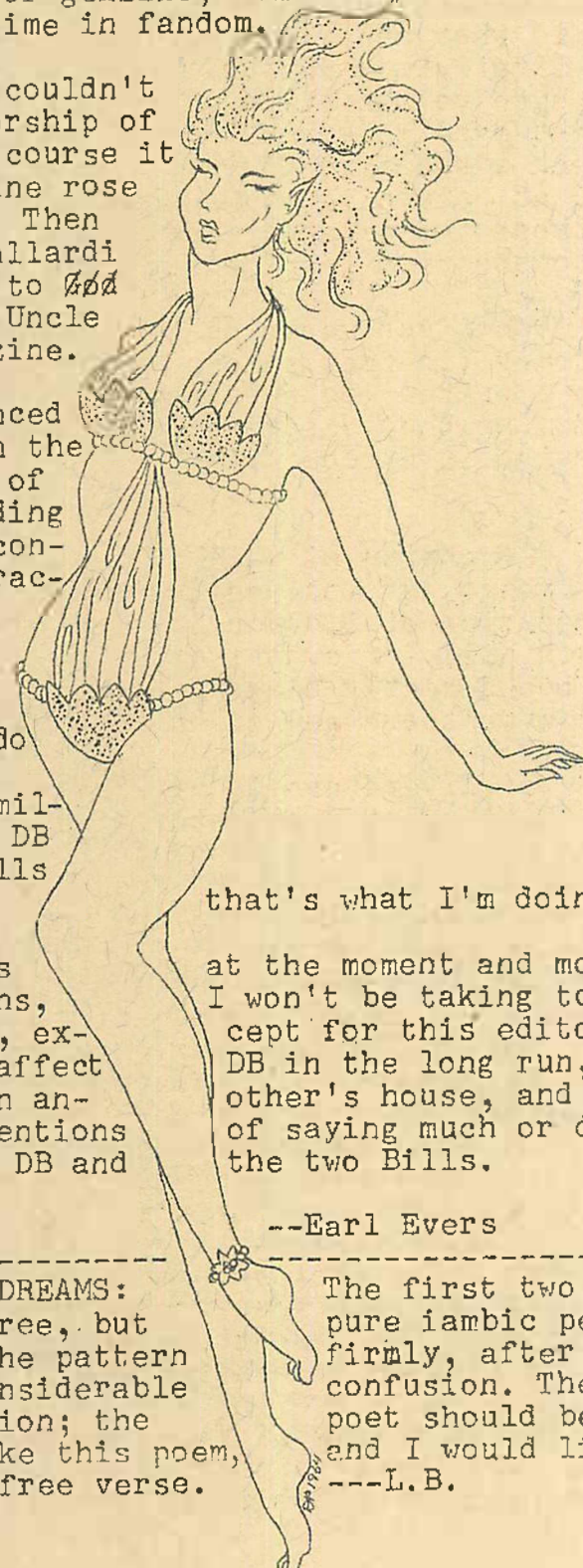
that's what I'm doing

at the moment and most I won't be taking too cept for this editor-DB in the long run, I other's house, and un- of saying much or do- the two Bills.

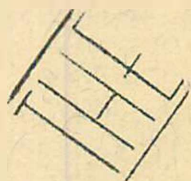
--Earl Evers

-----  
COMMENT on Bill Wolfenbarger's TREMBLING DREAMS: lines of this "free verse" poem are not free, but ameter. This is sufficient to establish the pattern which it is abandoned, to the reader's considerable are obstacles enough in poetic communication; the chary of erecting one unnecessarily. I like this poem, to see those first two lines reworked as free verse.

-----  
The first two pure iambic pent- firmly, after confusion. There poet should be and I would like ---L.B.







# BLOOD SHOT

EYE

column by  
BEN SOLOCH

The trouble with writing the first installment of a column is that the author doesn't get to know the likes and dislikes of his audience (as if that makes any difference) until the second or third time around. The first time, not unlike another first time in a young man's life, the neophyte columnist is a bit unsure of himself. What to do? Shall our bright-eyed columnist doff propellor beany and go directly to the point--select a specific topic and carry on from there as though he's an old hand at columnizing? Or shall he natter aimlessly for a couple of pages? Of these two alternatives, the latter is the easiest, and leads eventually to the true faanish style of writing.

Don't get me wrong now, I have nothing against the fannish; quite the contrary (in fact some of my best friends...) but I've always felt that when a writer (or even an Author) sits down to waste a sheet or two of paper, he should say something. Paper's expensive, and there are children starving in Europe...

## THE GHETTO

The ghetto of which I'm speaking is neither Harlem nor the South Side of Chicago nor Los Angeles' Watts. It is the ghetto of literature; the segregation of fiction into various catagories; literary discrimination if you will (or even if you won't)... Walk into any book store and you'll see books neatly classified according to type: mysteries over here, westerns over there and sf up the third aisle and to your right.

This ghettoizing of literature is a fairly recent phenomena; the idea that art is something apart from entertainment would have startled Will Shakespeare clean out of his ruffles. In Elizabethian times (the first Elizabeth you numbskull!), the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries were put on for the masses; in fact, the written plays occupied the same respective niche in the literature of the times that television occupy today. The 16th Cnetury's man-in-the-street had respectively less education than his many-times-removed decendent; but whereas the ordinary Joe of the 16th Century felt the same way about the Globe Theatre as we do about the local Hollywood dream palace, the average person of today looks upon Shakespeare with an awe normally reserved for visiting royalty.

The plays of Shakespeare and Marlowe; the novels of Fielding, Dickens, and Dostoyevsky and all the other "classics" were conceived as vehicles for their author's 'message'; but they were designed to be entertaining as well. Today, these novels and plays are more than mere entertainment, they are Art; and they're not for just anyone. Heaven forbid! You need at least four years of college to be able to really appreciate Shakespeare. You can't accept Hamlet at its face value--a tale of revenge --you've got to understand the Hidden Meaning.

As recently as fifty years ago, the sf novels of Verne and Wells, the adventure fantasies of Burroughs, the westerns of Owen Weister and the detective stories of Arthur Conan Doyle were published and shelved as novels, nothing more and nothing



less. They were bought and sold as novels, and they met the competition of other novels at the market-place. In 1966, all this is passe. We have moved onward, we have progressed: we have the ghetto.

It is because of this ghetto that Fail Safe is a best seller and Davy is not. I ask you: which, despite the differences in subject matter, is the better novel? But which will net the most money? Fail Safe made the best seller lists as a hardback, went through umpteen paperback printings and was made into a major motion picture. Davy went unnoticed by the mainstream critics. Well, not exactly; the Chicago Tribune's Books Today gave the pb edition of Davy a two line review/ notice of publication. The irony of all this is, Fail Safe probably couldn't have been sold to the regular science fiction markets--it would have been rejected as being too stereotyped and melodramatic (can you imagine any president ordering the destruction of New York City or any bomber squadron carrying out that order if it were given?) but the Great American Public swallowed it hook, line, and sinker and made a best seller of it. Davy may sell enough copies to make a second printing feasible.

And I'd like to know why. It doesn't bother me that science fiction is treated with the same loving kindness that is normally reserved for an illegitimate child who shows up at a family reunion. I am, however, bothered when the bastard is treated as though he were sub-human (or sub-literate). There are just as many literate (By "literate", I mean technically competent; fiction that makes use of good narrative technique.) sf stories as there are literate mysteries and westerns. But while mysteries and westerns are reviewed in accordance with their worth (or lack of it), all but the finest sf--and then only when it's sufficiently disguised--is given the bum's rush by the lordly critics.

Solon's Law: A science fiction novel by any other name becomes a best seller.

#### A TRAPPING WE WILL GO

I was in a hardware store, waiting in a line of mostly male customers to reach the cashier, and feeling somewhat embarrassed about the two little boxes in my hands. Each contained two traps, and the knuckleheaded company which produced them felt duty-bound to tell the world about it in LETTERS LIKE THIS on the boxes so one can't pretend they were maybe clothes pins. I tried, lamely, to explain as I reached the cashier.

"My mother thought she heard a noise," I said, with the little laugh you use for such remarks. I'd heard the noise (and seen the noise-maker), but it seemed sensible, standing among men to blame the whole thing on a woman.

Nobody'd been talking before. Now everyone was.

The cashier chuckled. "They don't eat much," he said.

"That don't make no difference," somebody said over my shoulder. "You know how it is --to hear my ole lady carry on, you'd think a man-eating lion'd taken over the basement."

From another man: "Use bacon for bait--it does it every time."

And another man: "Peanut butter's the thing; the older the better."

And another: "You fellas know why mouse traps are packaged in those boxes? It's to keep the man-smell off 'em--never catch anything if the trap's been touched by human hands."





And still another: "Bacon's no good; toasted cheese on trap gets 'em every time."

Among such understanding fellows, I didn't feel embarrassed any more, or untouchable, or anything but happy with so much attention. It was like being in Abercrombie and Fitch's buying a \$2,500. Purdy shotgun, instead of 38¢ worth of mousetraps. I felt like inviting everybody over to the house to join the hunt.

On the way home, I got to thinking.

If mice are so afraid of humans, why do they come into houses in the first place? And who made those mouse traps before they were put into boxes? Mice?

#### IT'S ROUGH TO BE A SPY

With what is becoming an annual custom at about this time of year, I can imagine psychiatrists the world over are going crazy.

It all started about 13 months ago with the release of Goldfinger, the third James Bond film. It was an instant smash hit with the public, prompting headshrinkers from Azuza to Zanzibar to get off their couches and take a close look at the phenomenon.

Today, with the mushrooming success of 007's latest adventure, Thunderball, psychiatrists, both amateur and professional, are once again releasing their pet theories on why everyone has gone bats over Ian Fleming's cardboard (I'm being kind...) hero.

One double-domed searcher after Deep Meanings feels that JB represents a preview of man in the next century--cold, selfish, hedonistic, atheistic, merciless, a devil with the ladies, a tiger for every tank.

Another sees in Bond the quintessence of man's darkest fantasies--plenty of brains, brawn, broads; Saturday's hero for all seven days and 1,001 nights.

At any rate, whatever 007 is, and whatever he represents, Sean Connery was stating publicly up to a few weeks ago that he wanted out of the part. Yep. (Like I've always said, the insane asylums have more out-mates than inmates.) He told the press that, although he commands over a million per Bond film, he's tired of the role.

This attitude bothered a lot of people. Connery must be nuts, some say. After all, he not only has fame and fortune, but he gets to meet such interesting people. Galore (no relation). Connery IS nuts, say others. He's an ingrate, bleats a third faction. He isn't really Bond, whispers a fourth group. Say it ain't so, Sean, sobs a fifth.



What does Connery say? Well, he says it's all a bit of a bore and then, because he's not really image conscious, he'll do a few more Bonds. But then what else would you expect from a man who confesses that he wears a toupee in real life and has tattoos on his arms (they're covered with make-up for the flicks, I guess) that say "Scotland Forever" and "Mom and Dad"?

A few unkind critics have hinted that money got to Connery. But a close look at Thunderball will reveal the real reason behind Sean's decision. Challenge!

That's right. the role of Bond is a real challenge, particularly for a serious actor. You doubt it? OK, but only a real pro could handle lines like these from Thunderball:

To begin, take the scene where JB has just escaped from a pool filled with sharks and, as the last finny fiend glides by, Bond says: "Sorry old chap. Better lunch next time." Or a later scene, when a buxom redhead he's dancing with is shot in the back, Bond deposits her at a nearby table and says: "Mind if my friend sits this one out? She's just dead!" Or after an underwater scrimmage with Domino (played by Claudine Auger), Jim and the belle surface and Jim says, deadpan: "I hope we didn't frighten the fish." Later, Domino catches something in her foot, so 007 lifts her leg, cradles the injured member, bites into her bunion and says: "First time I've tasted a woman; they're rather good."

To deliver dialog like that takes acting--real acting. But Connery's toughest scene, and the scene where the lines present the greatest challenge, takes place just after Bond has had an extended scrimmage with the buxom redhead and is then captured by her evil henchmen.

Grinning, she boasts to 007 that though he has a license to kill, he didn't; and his renowned powers have failed to impress her.

"My dear girl," he replies, "don't flatter yourself. What I did this evening was for queen and country. You don't think it gave me any pleasure, do you?"

"You had a failure," she mocks.

"Well," philosophizes Bond, "you can't win them all."

No, you can't. But as your friendly neighborhood psychiatrist will tell you (after you've made yourself comfortable on his couch and paid the fee), it isn't important whether you win or lose, but why you played the game.

#### DEPARTMENT OF UTTERLY USELESS INFORMATION

The Abraham Lincoln robot in the Illinois' exhibit at the New York World's Fair wore out three pairs of pants rising from his chair and sitting down 120 times a day.

---Ben Solon



# Double Trouble

## *Letters — Hacked-up by the Bem*

MIKE DECKINGER, APT. 12-J, 25 MANOR DRIVE, NEWARK, N.J. 07106

Stephen E. Pickering's essay-article could have and should have been improved by a rigorous re-write, with more attention given to details and conclusions. The summations he does offer are faulty because the basic information leading up to the formation of his conclusions are either incomplete or in error. For example, the main character (male) in "50 Girls 50" is by no stretch of the imagination an "unrestrained nymphomaniac". I've encountered elasticity within one's personal imagination and outlook, but none to the degree that would willingly label a male with a title reserved for a female's psychopathic condition. The male equivilancy is "satyr", which reinforces the logic of his statement, but still overlooks the fact that his sexual appetite (as presented in the story) is no more voracious than that of the normal person, confined to a friendless existence for an unbelievably long interval of time.

Another quibble has to do with "Judgment Day", in regards to Stephen's observation that "An objection could be created by insisting that it could just as well have been set upon the Earth, with orange robots representing Caucasians and blues representing the Negroes". Exactly, and that's precisely the analogy that E.C. was setting forth. They weren't reluctantly hinting or playfully toying with a theme that demanded some profound extrapolation to bring out the point; they were clearly and coldly contrasting the racial situation at the time (1954), with its deplorable injustices, to a parallel case where mistreatment of an entity is just as arbitrary and unjust.

And this brings up another matter: why is Stephen so determined to avoid crediting the stories to their proper source: the old E.C. Comics Weird-Science and Weird-Fantasy of the early and mid '50's? Such an essential omission deserves clarification. The purpose of the Ballantine collection was not to present an anthology of comic stories, but an anthology of E.C. comic stories, as companions to their two volumes of E.C. horror stories, and the one Ray Bradbury collection. This, and the other collection, proved interesting reference material to jog the nostalgia; I read almost everyone when they first appeared in their original form and my various mental estimation of their worth was either confirmed or denied by the rereading after ten and more years. The comics were still published for kids, but older and more mature kids than the great majority that spent their dimes per issue in the pre-comic-code days. E.C.'s biggest success, MAD, is still around but, from the few scattered copies I've seen, is no where near an adult level of satire and humor, and seeks to reflect too strenuously on the teen-age buying market. With all its eggs in one fragile basket, the publishers must be more receptive to the readers' demands and interests, so the chance of any experimentation or creativity in MAD is unlikely.

Dan Adkins' cover was very good, by the way. Can you pry more out of him? {{ We've another Adkins cover, possibly for next issue.--BEM}}



MIKE DECKINGER, concl:

The two fictional entries were on the approximate level of typical examples from this genre. THE BOX seemed to be hunting for a perfect paradox, a la Heinlein, and failed in the try. The use of 95% dialogue made one's involvement more remote. You knew there was conversation being exchanged, but since the protagonists were given no personality development it hardly registered who was talking about whom. By contrast, Charles Smith's story hit me badly on the first sentence. "The moon gleamed like a bloated yellow balloon through the avenue of trees as..." The abrupt usage of a cliché as an opening seems to forecast an endless succession of such clichés, sprinkled generously throughout the narrative. If one must use clichés by all means confine them to some verbal area beyond the first interest hook, or else all the mental grappling in the world won't secure a reasonable hold.

Lloyd Biggle Jr.'s column on poetry is an excellent idea. The stories by him show he has a knack of developing dialogue and plot complications more than adequately but he also shows an unexpected insight in examining poetic compositions. I just hope there are enough worthy contributions to justify the inclusion of his column. And perhaps the respective poets, and poets to-be, might try to add an uplift to their works. The general theme of those collected here seems to be one of despair and pessimism, and the usual dosage of "righteous indignation" with insufficient insight to explore the foundation that provokes this indignation. Anyone can feel pity, or anger, or distress over living conditions which we cannot control but observe in various incarnation daily. The true artist doesn't content himself to dedicate odes to these surface manifestations of deeper and more permanent conditions. He examines the origin as well as the results and tries to avoid (as many of us don't) confusing one with the other.

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

Autumn Leaves is such a good try that I'd love to see it turned into the superb story that it might have been. Tentatively, I suspect that the main flaw is a need of some sort of better connection, symbolic or real, between the depressed mood-painting that dominates the first half of the story and the fantasy element that occurs in the latter stages. Maybe the story's charm would be lessened if there were some kind of cause and effect relationship, in which case I simply have too prosaic a mind. I don't mean that there should be a sensible explanation for the mysterious thing that occurs to all the people, but merely something to convince the reader of a connection between the beginning and the end. It could be as simple as a sudden decision by Johnson that the sight of all those people rising with him is as dull and meaningless as he had found life in that superb, possibly something more subtle like a few more allusions to the autumn leaves theme that is the only common factor throughout the story.

On the other hand, I have no urge to tamper with The Box which seems to be thought out and written just about as well as the theme could be handled. It's more inventive and holds the attention much better than almost all the stories now appearing in prozines and paperback short story collections.

In my usual dreary fashion, I prefer to cling to the center of the road in the controversy over the intrinsic worth of comic books and comic book fandom. I don't believe the comic books are the great works of art or the socially significant creations that the more ardent collectors and



HARRY WARNER, concl:

researchers claim. But I feel that a case could be made out for the premise that the quality of writing and the logic of the science over the years has averaged no higher in the prozines than in the comic books. And it's impossible to be sure what the scholars of the future will think. Steve Pickering's review is generally good, except for his odd habit of using words in ways that leave his intention just too vague. "The comic fans have stretched their functions should they seriously advocate that comics are of more value than prose science fiction." "The artwork by Wally Wood is to be noted."

The Biggle column is the high point of this issue, to me. But it would be terrible if he failed to continue it installment after installment and left the impression through just this one installment that the "usual words--used unusually" is the one important factor in poetry. In any event, criticism of this type is very badly needed for fanzine poetry. Too many fans seem to think the process of creating a poem is something like a sculptor's creation of a bust. That is, the work is done until instinct or reason tells the individual that he's reached the finish and then it must stand or fall as it is. In the case of the bust, it might be impossible to do much more with this piece of stone because of the nature of the material. but with the poem, the work should continue: go over the finished poem, cross out the lines that are most obviously trite or derivative or out of harmony with the rest of the poem, replace them with better lines; straighten out the word order where it is inverted or too complicated for no good reason; find the spots where the poet intended to state something that he had in mind when creating the poem but forgot to do so, leaving the reader unduly mystified about a gap in the communication; and above all, make sure that the poem wouldn't be greatly improved if it were cut by 90% or expanded 500%.

The letter section suffers slightly from anti-climax after the remarkable Shorter and Strelkov letters that start it off. And the editorials are fine, in addition to having a personal angle to me. I hope both of you will be more happy with 30-page Double:Bills. Unless you have the exceptional material that you got for those giant symposium issues, I feel that 30 pages is just about ideal size for a fanzine. The art work is wonderful this time but if I don't stop here I'll never get around to some of the other fanzines in the hulking stacks.

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

Well, apparently that radical upstart Boardman has met his match. He made some comments about police brutality in Harlem, and who should slap him down but a genuine, certified Harlem Negro named Elliot Shorter!

Or so, I imagine, your conservatively inclined readers are saying to themselves after reading Elliot's letter in Double:Bill #13. But the problem of police brutality in New York City, and by extension in other major cities and in the South, cannot be dismissed so casually. During the past year, in New York, six Puerto Ricans have been hanged while in police custody. The circumstances of these hangings, all of which took place in cells shortly after arrests, are most mysterious: one man was found hanged with a scarf which did not belong to him and had not been on him when he was arrested. Others have been shot while in police custody; most notorious of these cases was that of two Puerto Ricans who were arrested for disorderly conduct in November 1963, driven by police under a viaduct in west Harlem, and shot while in the police car. No satisfactory resolution



JOHN BOARDMAN, cont:

of this case has taken place.

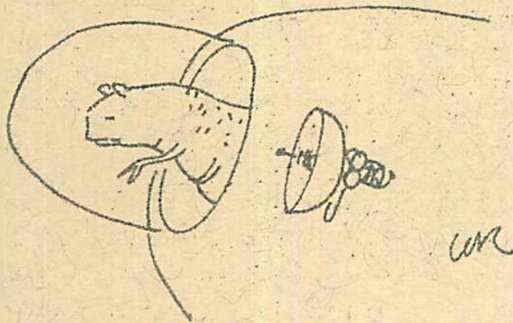
As Elliot says, there is such a thing as police brutality. Why, then, despite the great many complaints of murder and lesser brutality which have been made to the N.Y. police department, has not one of the complaints resulted in a finding against a policeman? Because the actions of policemen are reviewed only by other policemen. And these policemen regard their departmental esprit de corps as more important than the protection of the public against the sadistic cop. Furthermore, as I pointed out in the article, the lack of a civilian police review board is unfair to the police. There are cases, as Elliot described in the letter, where a policeman is justified in using a considerable amount of force in taking a man into custody. Under these circumstances a policeman may well be charged with brutality. And he will of course be cleared by his department. But who will believe it?

Apparently America's police departments are going to have to be saved from their friends. The cause of the policeman seems to be taken up these days by some of the most unsavory collection of people to have crawled out of the woodwork since Judge Lynch's day. Instead of "This is a Republic not a Democracy" the John Birch Society has taken up "Support Your Local Police". But most of these police buffs seem to support them because they regard the police as their nearest line of defense against - well, against whatever they are afraid of. In the South, the policeman is regarded as a defense against the local Negroes, rather than as the protector of the rights and property of all members of the community, Negroes included.

Police work is an honorable calling. But too many policemen tend to forget that their first loyalty is not to their immediate superior, to the department, to the administration which employs them, or the racial or religious group to which they belong. Their first concern is with the rights which human beings possess by virtue of being human beings.

I trust that I will not be thought guilty of an argumentum ad hominem if I observe, for the sake of those Double:Bill readers not familiar with our political views, that Elliot inclines towards the conservative position in politics. I regard as paradoxical and rather to be pitied those people who honestly hold conservative beliefs and yet for whom conservatives actually have no room. Elliot is one of these; if he were to walk in Conservative Party headquarters tomorrow he would either be ordered off the premises as no fit material for the white supremacist doctrines at the heart of their beliefs or, more likely, he would be embraced soppily and stuck up as a figurehead in all their demonstrations and ad hoc committees, so long as he indicated no initiative of his own.

Others of this type are Dave Van Arnam, who wants North Vietnam eaten for breakfast tomorrow morning, but is an Atheist and integrationist, and Fred Lerner, who despite the fact that he regularly wears Sherriff Jim Clarke's famous "Never!" button would be regarded as part of the International Bankers' Conspiracy. And even in fandom there are enough raving racists so that Elliot and I would be wasting on an argument with each other energy that could be expended to better purpose.





JOHN BOARDMAN, concl:

Larry Montgomery and Steve Barr have come out in favor, not only of white supremacy, but also of the Ku Klux Klan; in a recent letter to a TAPsizing Barr used the word "nigger" about as liberally as I use oregano when making an omelet.

If conservatives ever come to power in this country, and I base my predictions on what they say in their own publications now, liberals, progressives, Negroes, Jews, Socialists, and Communists would be thrown together in the same prison camps. We'd have to cooperate then; it might be better if we cooperated now to keep this sort of thing from ever coming about.

This is not to say that a man has no right to be a conservative, or to advocate or organize for the better advocacy of the conservative position. In fact, I regard the honest racist like Montgomery or Barr to be worth ten of the hypocrite who is all in favor of integrating schools in a state a thousand miles away, but not the one around the corner which his own children attend.

CARL BRANDON, JR., Sällskapsvagen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden

I wasn't too fond of number 13; Joe Fekete certainly can't write fiction, which may be valuable to know but didn't strike me as an important enough revelation to justify five and a half pages of crud. Besides I'd like to see Mr. Fekete explain the sound a box makes when it says, "...?". At least, I've never heard anybody, box or man, say a thing like that.

Lewis Grant seems to think that he's awfully daring to write an article such as "the Itty Bitty H-Bombs"--I can't at this moment point to any specific sentence or paragraph, but I get the impression that he thinks so. However and aside from that, I fully agree with his sentiment--liberty which is confined to only specific activities is not liberty: it must always be granted on every aspect of human life, such as work, economics, convictions, ideas, and sexual activities--this last meaning that each man and woman must be free to decide for him/herself when and with whom he/she wishes to engage in sexual activities, and if these are to result in the production of children. Like I said, "freedom" with attached restrictions pertaining to certain activities ("Sure you're free, only you can't advocate socialism/capitalism", or "Sure you're free, only you mustn't use contraceptives because that's against the Will of God") is not freedom in any sense of the word.

I didn't read Charles Smith's piece, so can't say anything about it--I got disgusted with Fekete's and didn't bother to wade through any more amateurish fiction. I wonder howcum almost all such is as bad as it is--but I guess it's because what's published in the fanzines is only such as is written by those who've never succeeded in selling anything professionally. Which usually means that it's damn bad; anything that's so bad even F&SF or Amazing won't publish it certainly must be awful.

I think Lloyd Biggle's column would be better if he concerned himself only with two or three poems each time, so as he could give a more specific criticism of these few ones. Dealing with eight poems in two pages, as this time, gives only a confused and very basic treatment to each one.

Elliot Shorter's letter was the most interesting letter in the issue, and possibly the most rewarding item, also if you consider the rest of the material. This because I'm interested in political issues--and the race



CARL BRANDON, JR., concl:

question in the U.S. today is certainly one of the most interesting political concerns around these days. I must also agree with Elliot about "police brutality", which is one of the most misused terms around. We recently had a case of "severe police brutality" in Stockholm: a man who had escaped from a criminal asylum was running amok in the Subway late one evening, and two policemen were sent down to arrest him. However, when they came down they discovered that he was armed with a knife (butcher's variant) and an iron bar, the latter of which he used to smash all the lights. The policemen tried to talk him into giving up, to which he replied by stabbing one of them in the arm. Then the other policeman, who was next and at whom this poor unfortunate fellow citizen was aiming his next stab, shot this man in the shoulder, disarmed him and brought him to the police hospital. Both officers were later indicted for "unnecessary brutality", although I really believe they were found not guilty. This wasn't the newspaper's merit though: all those I saw took the criminal's stand and raved for pages about the sadism of the policemen.

Is Mae Strelkov serious, or is she just kidding us? I hope the latter, at least as to part of her letter where she raves about the Men from Space, and the similar stuff. I'll believe in these "real BEMs" when I see one, or when I see some evidence of their existence--such as scientifically-examined films, or similar things. Not before. However, for being a semi-saucerian, Mae has got some uncommonly valid points, especially so in her credo, "Reason, research, don't let anyone else be your conscience or do your thinking for you," etc. This is something I think is vitally important for anyone who wants to live as a man--but unfortunately, very few people seem to want that.

As for religion, I hold that religion may once have had some meaning, when men were more animals than rational beings, and when they believed that by sacrificing animals to a certain god they would have rain...or luck in hunting. Today, there is no reason why a man should by his own choice be a superstitious mystic, believing that a being whose existence, purpose or actions we cannot by definition know or perceive, is capable of playing havoc with man as well as man's environment. As I see the questions and issues involved, to believe something, a man must have objective evidence for the existence of what he is asked to believe in. Note that there is no evidence whatsoever for the existence of any god--nor, in fact, for the actual existence of Jesus as a historical person (and if you don't believe me, read Albert Schweitzer's The Quest for the Historical Jesus).

Charles Smith-- well, I can agree that Farnham's Freehold isn't a very good novel as such, but I did rather like it anyway--Heinlein's right-wing political ideas aren't that far from my own. Charles might do well to read a book by a namesake of his, Adam Smith's The Wealth of Nations. This was published in the latter part of the 18th Century, and is one of the most straight-forward advocates of laissez-faire Capitalism ever written; a kind of undeveloped Atlas Shrugged in non-fiction form.

Alex Eisenstein is really a kind of strange argumentator; he obviously dislikes the right-wing political ideas, so he comments that "Kutina is a rightist" and goes on to "prove" that the reason for this is more or less that Kutina isn't too sure of himself and of his manhood. This isn't decent arguments, sir! Maybe the reason Scott didn't like Podkayne of Mars was that the only way in which you learn the heroine is very intelligent is where Heinlein states that she is.



SCOTT KUTINA, 125 KOHL HALL, BOWLING GREEN STATE U., BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

Lewis J. Grant's article brings up a few very interesting ideas. I'm a college student (a debatable point) and the number of pregnancies at the colleges go up every year. Why? Well nine out of ten girls in school are in for one thing and that isn't an education. They're all looking for husbands and they intend to get one any way they can, even if it means getting themselves pregnant. There is only one school that I know of where the girls request that the boys use contraceptives if the girls themselves don't use birth control pills. I visited a fan friend of mine there last Spring. The school is a notorious one, at least to the newspapers around the country, as a hotbed of communist agitation and free love. Don't know about the communist agitation, but as for free-love, well I can vouch for that, not that I can say I'M party to anything like that, but I have talked with several reliable witnesses. But if these pills ever come into use on my campus, well most of the girls around here will be up a creek.

Charlie Smith's fiction was quite good. I like the idea of contrasting the two types of story. The artwork in this issue was good, as it is most every issue. Adkin's cover was great and the interior illos were excellent, especially Barr's and Cawthorn's.

Lettereol: Re Charlie Smith: If you are referring to my use of some of Heinlein's comments on writing in my review of Davy, well I had just read Eshbach's anthology on writing sf and was greatly impressed by what was said therein. In my letter, I was plain angry. Now if you think that Heinlein's characters are plain cardboard, read the first two installments of THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, now there is a novel. I agree with you on the Animals. They are the greatest practitioners of the blues, just try a listen to their latest lp, ANIMAL TRACKS. Great stuff. Then how about the Rolling Stones? Now there's a group for you.

Re Alex Eisenstein: I guess I've always been Right Wing, but recently, certain events and people have brought it out stronger in me than before. Anti-Viet Nam marches, draft card burning and other things like that. I'm not a McCarthyite or a Birchite or anything like that, but I am a firm believer in individual freedom and the Constitution. I believe that a man should strike out on his own and make himself, not have the state bottle-feed him from birth, and both Kennedy and Johnson are both trying to make our society into a socialist state, such as described in Mack Reynolds' novels Frigid Fracas and Sweet Dreams, Sweet Princes. This to me is revolting and against everything that our forefathers fought for in the Revolutionary War. Like you said, I haven't run across an intelligent female yet, either, and yes it would offend me, because theoretically it is possible for there to be an intelligent, good looking female, but in real life, no. I have been on a male-female treadmill for the past five years (I'm 19) and I haven't run into a single intelligent and good-looking female. I have run into some that screw and others that don't, mostly the latter unfortunately, but the only intelligent female I have ever met was definitely not a teenager, and she was so damn ugly I barf everytime I think of her, oh well, can't win 'em all.

ROBERT COULSON, ROUTE 3, HARTFORD CITY, IND. 47348

The final statement of Steve Pickering's review seems irrelevant. So comics are not a primary medium for social criticism -- who said they were? For that matter, who -- besides Kingsley Amis and Fred Pohl -- gives a damn about social criticism in science fiction? I may enjoy socially critical



ROBERT COULSON, concl:

stf when I read it (or I may not), but it certainly isn't what I read stf to obtain. As for science fiction not taking root in comic books before 1950, that depends on what you call science fiction. As for quality of stories, there is no sharp break between comics and magazines. The best stf comics of the 1950's -- the EC line -- were superior to the worst magazines of the same era. (I don't know if Steve ever saw the large-size FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION -- all two issues of it -- but every story it published was worse than anything in an EC comic. Magazines such as VORTEX and DREAM WORLD weren't much better.) I fully agree with Steve that the best comics are far inferior to the best magazines -- but one can't simply say that "magazine science fiction" is superior, because "magazine science fiction" includes some horrendously bad examples.

I'm afraid I can only say "poop" to Elliot Shorter's defense of glossaries. Somewhere else a fan (possibly Banks Mebane, but I'm not sure) defended them by saying "because they're fun." That I can accept; if you get your kicks that way, fine. I don't; I consider a book like The Lord Of The Rings as something to read and enjoy, and reread on occasion, not as a maze of relationships to be dissected by eager fans like a cadaver in a class of medical students. And I certainly don't need a glossary to keep track of who said what when. If a book is successful, the characters in it can be recalled without having to look them up every time they reappear. Out of context, I may not remember every minor character -- unless I've read the book recently -- but I don't need to remember them out of context. (And since I'm not planning to learn the language, I sure as hell don't need a list of all the Elf words in the books.) Stop in the middle of a story to check a cross-reference to be sure I recall what happened 400 pages back? Jesus God! That's for reading textbooks, not fantasy.

The poetry column seems even further proof that I just don't like poetry. Verse, I like, but not poetry. I not only didn't care much about any of the poems published, I didn't care much about Biggle's examples of "real" poetry. As far as I can see, damp souls sprouting despondently is so much balderdash, and I never heard a stumbling buzz in my life.

\* \* \*

{{ Sorry to cut the lettercol short like this -- but like I said lastish we're cutting down our page count. I'll finish this last page of letters with excerpts from the remaining letters; plus the WAHF's. --BEM}}

EARL EVERS: "The Box" wasn't badly written, it just lacked that spark to fire the imagination. "Autumn Leaves" on the other hand was pretty good, better really than the author intended when writing it, or I miss my guess. What was designed basically as a mood piece left me with very interesting ideas at the end. Just what did happen to the hero? And why, and how??

STEPHEN PICKERING: "Itty Bitty H-Bombs" was well written, but I refer him to Bertrand Russell's Marriage and Morals for more acumen into the problems of sexual ethics and birth control. He overlooks a basic point raised by scientists: just what does occur during the menstruation period, during sexual intercourse, and during childbirth? They are afraid of the consequences: there could be emotional repercussions, as well as physical setbacks.

{{ Wahf's are: Stephen Barr, Willen Van den Broek, James Ashe, Alex Eisenstein, George Fergus, Don Martin, Banks Mebane, Derek Nelson, Creath Thorne, and Ben Solon. If I've missed any, I'm sorry. Thanks, all. --BEM}}



A few months, more or less, have passed since last this worthy journal made a showing. Under the circumstances (beyond our control, and like that) however, this infrequent publication schedule was not entirely unexpected. And there is little doubt that said "infrequent schedule" will continue as long as your humble defender remains your humble defender....with an annual wage which qualifies him for Johnson's Anti-Povertery thing. But enough of these depressing words. Sidewise and Backwards is Our Cry!

FROM  
WILLIAM'S  
PEN

It might be imagined (by those who don't know me too well) that with this vast amount of time available between issues, and with nil cash to do anything else, your lovable and talented editor might have taken the time to carefully prepare a brilliant and witty editorial. It should already be obvious that I have done nothing of the kind.

Oh, I had Good Intentions....but then I always do. It is true that a month ago I made a valiant (free plug for BEM) effort the purpose of which was to prevent the usual last-minute rush. I managed to rough-draft an editorial of sorts which I laughingly entitled "Bowers In Arms...or, defending Old Glory with Keypunch and Buffer". This developed into an epic of insane triviality, the likes of which you wouldn't believe. But it opened something like this:

There are, in a man's life, some frightful experiences which by rights should not be revealed to an unsympathetic public. The rabble derive unseemly delight in seeing one of the intelligentsia--me, for instance--in some way being brought down to their level.

Disaster, by my own hand, happened to me last night.

A traumatic shock from which I may never recover.

It was--prepare yourself--this:

I shaved off my moustache.

Unfortunately, after this tremendous opening, the piece fell into something unrecognizable as any existing type of literary form. Little do you realize how lucky you are that I have bravely resisted the weak urge to inflict the remainder of the above effort on you at this time. Perhaps someday....

~ ~ ~

Being, as I am, a person of great knowledge and wide interests, that presents the problem of selecting one of many topics on which I might discourse to beguile away these few happy moments you will spend reading this editorial....

...I could tell you about the two night courses in English which I took, and how I endeared myself to the old lady teacher by managing to work science fiction into every theme I handed in, as well as doing my term paper on, of all things, s.f.....

*Editorial by:*

BILL BOWERS

....or, I could mention the many ways in which I love the Air Force (but there's a game that



covers that: they call it "Thin Books")....

....of course, there's always the old standard gambit of relating my travelling experiences--but the only trip I've taken recently was to go home over Christmas, and I doubt if you'd really be interested in that....

....and I might mention the inept management of a situation which isn't a war (declared) but in which Americans are dying daily...and into said situation I myself could become involved at any time...but I'm not supposed to have any opinions on that.....

....then too, I could simply fill up the remainder of this editorial by mentioning things I could talk about...but that wouldn't be proper....

As to the reading which has been accomplished in the past few months, it has been rather limited in volume, but very rewarding in nature. Mentioned last issue, Roger Zelazny's ...AND CALL ME CONRAD, and the conclusion came as no letdown to the expectations raised by the first part. Then came DUNE (which I missed in the magazine version), a tremendous book, and definitely one of my all-time favorites in the field of science fiction. The reading of two such stories as CONRAD and DUNE in such a short interval did much to revive a lagging interest in the field.

While home, Mallardi did me a far greater favor than he could have realized by furnishing me with a copy of H. Beam Piper's last novel, LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN. This is one of the most enjoyable stories that I've read within recent memory, and reaffirmed my long established enjoyment of Piper as a storyteller. It also brought home to me much more vividly the sadness of his death--particularly the loss to entertainment in s.f. LORD KALVAN also firmed up a desire I've had for sometime. This is to do a study of Piper's works, making it as complete as I can. Unfortunately, most of my collection is at home, and thus effectively out of reach until the next time I take leave. But I would like to make one request: if anyone has any knowledge of fanzine articles by/or on Piper, or know of any obscure stories by him (such as ones under a pen name, or outside the field), such knowledge would be gratefull received by yours truly.

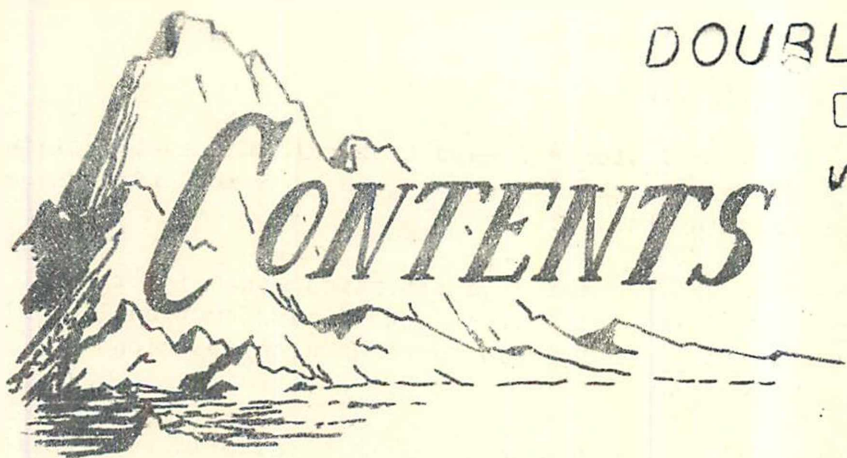
Fritz Leiber's THE WANDERER was finally read and enjoyed, and admired for the experiment it tried although it didn't completely come off. Heinlein's latest offering (in IF) has been started yet...I'm currently awaiting the arrival of the last installment.

Purely for my own edification and enjoyment, I've been going back and rereading some of the best books I read about 5 or 6 years ago. Already read have been EARTH ABIDES and DARK UNIVERSE, both of which have suffered little outmoding in the ensuing years. It is particularly interesting to me to be able to compare the areas in which the enjoyment centered--they've <sup>changed</sup> with my maturing and changing interests.

If present plans are realized, DOUBLE:BILL 15 will be considered a special TriCon issue, ready in time to be distributed at Cleveland this Labor Day weekend. We intend to take an extra amount of special care with #15, in order to make it the best possible issue we can. See you then...and with a little luck, possibly in person at Cleveland.....

---BILL BOWERS





DOUBLE:BILL 14

April, 1966

vol.4 no.1

THE BEMS' CORNER - (editorial) - Bill Mallardi . . . . .	3
THOUGHTS ON HEINLEIN AS A SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER - (article) - Stephen E. Pickering . . . . .	5
WALLABY STEW - (fmz review col) - Robert Coulson . . . . .	8
HOW TO WATCH BALL LIGHTNING FOR FUN AND PROFIT - (faan fiction) - Si Stricklen . . . . .	11
THE POETS CORNERED - (poetry column) - Lloyd Biggle, Jr. . . . .	16
TERTIUM QUID - (middle editorial) - E.E. Evers . . . . .	21
THE BLOODSHOT EYE - (new fan column) - Ben Solon . . . . .	23
DOUBLE-TROUBLE - (very short, hacked-up lettercol) . . . . .	27
FROM WILLIAM'S PEN - (rear editorial) - Bill Bowers . . . . .	35

### ARTWORK

COVER (colored by Rextriping, first introduced by XERO) by JONI STOPA

George Barr . . . . .	3 & 7
Adkins & Pearson . . . . .	9
Terry Jeeves . . . . .	Contents page, 10, 13, 14, 16, 21
Robert E. Gilbert . . . . .	18
Dian Pelz . . . . .	22
Barr & Nott . . . . .	25
William Rotsler . . . . .	30

BACOVER (illustrating the elephant from Si Stricklen's PANICDOTES--1, that appeared in DOUBLE:BILL #8) by Alex Eisenstein.

DOUBLE:BILL (this issue, # 14) is an irregular fanzine pubbed & edited by Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers (in absentia). However, this issue we proudly announce the addition of a new, 3rd co-editor, Earl Evers, to the D:B staff. ### ALL mail re: D:B should go to Mallardi, however, at: 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313. This fmz is available for contributions of art or material; trade; Printed letters; or money: 30¢ each or 4/\$1. Note: Fanzine editors. Bill Bowers would like to receive trade copies of your fanzine too. Send them to: A3C Wm. L. Bowers, CMR, Box 1106, Richards-Gebaur AFB, Missouri 64030.

This is a King Rex Publication.

English Agent: Charlie Smith, The School House, Village school, Culford, Nr. Bury St., Edmunds, Suffolk, England.  
Amen.



