



Bowers 52



DOUBLE:BILL #17 VOL.5,NO.2.

contents

THE BEMS' CORNER (editorial) Bill Mallardi-	- - - 4
TERTIUM QUID (editorial) Earl Evers - - - - -	6
SOME SORT OF A CONREPORT (NYCON 3) Bem-	- - - - 9
CREATIVITY IN WRITING (article) - - - - -	-
- - - - Alex Eisenstein - - - - -	11
THE POETS CORNERED (column) Lloyd Biggle, Jr.	14
WALLABY STEW (fmz reviews) Robert Coulson - -	16
AMERICANS IN BRISTOL (conreport)- - - - -	-
- - - - Phyllis Eisenstein- - - - -	19
DOUBLE:TROUBLE (letters) Readers vs Bem - - -	23

artwork

COVER by BILL BOWERS, reproduction: Ray Fisher

ALEX EISENSTEIN - - - - -	4
GEORGE BARR - - - - -	6, 14 & 15
BILL BOWERS - - - - -	8
JIM CAWTHORN- - - - -	13
DAN ADKINS- - - - -	17
GENE KLEIN- - - - -	22
MICHAEL SYMES - - - - -	27
JAY KINNEY- - - - -	33

BACOVER by RICHARD KATUZIN, repro: Lynn Hickman

DOUBLE:BILL is a mildly irregular published fanzine, 30¢ or 1/9 per copy; 4 for \$1. or 6/0. Also available for printed Loc's and/or arranged trades. # Sub money goes to Mallardi or Smith. # Artwork to Eisenstein or Mallardi (preferably the former, & include return postage). # Material to Mallardi or Evers. # Trade copies to Bowers & Mallardi. # When in doubt, send it to someone called Mallardi. (Who he?? I dunno, some lackey I guess, that hangs out around here...)

Next issue out (we hope) around January or so.

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Lloyd Biggle, Jr.
Robert Coulson
Ben Solon

(Note: Ben Solon did not get his column, THE BLOODSHOT EYE, in for this issue; Likewise Bill Bowers didn't send his editorial. Next time, fellas?)

NOTICE: As announced last issue, I sent all material by Stephen Pickering back to him (along with a check for \$4.60) in a registered letter. However, it was returned marked "moved, left no address". Can anyone out there help me locate his new address? I'd appreciate it. Thanks.

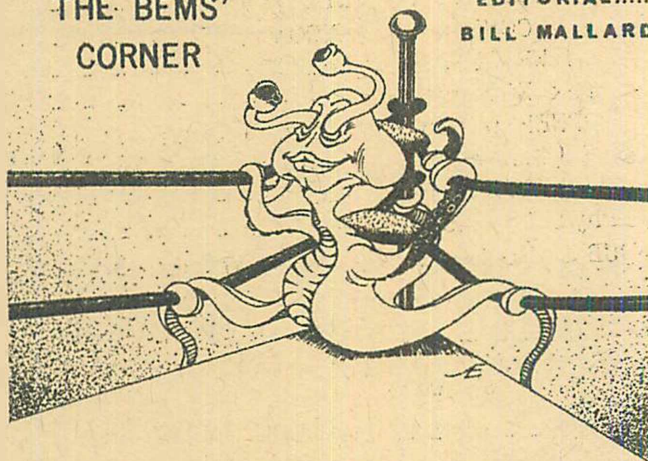
This has been a "King Rex" Publication.

Contributions gratefully accepted.

My apologies for the lateness of this issue -- although many of you may not realize it is late -- it is evident in the lettercolumn if nowhere else. Originally Bowers and I intended to publish two more issues this year: One out around June, and the other out in time for NYCON 3. Things didn't jell, though, and even though I tried to get this issue out in time for the NYCON, even that fell through. (I may have made it, but just two days before I was to leave for New York, frantically running off the last 10-plus pages of this issue, plus Editorial and Contents pages needing to be stencilled yet, the blarsted mimeograph decided to go "BOING!", and broke down.)

THE BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL.....
BILL MALLARDI



Frustrated, I said "To Hell With It!" and decided to finish the issue when I got back. So back I am -- and the mimeo is back from the Gestetner store, fixed at no charge, for which I'm grateful, since my finances are really low now after the con.

If you didn't know or realize it, we have a newer mimeo now - an electric Gestetner Model 260, complete with slip-sheeter and a blue color-changing kit. (More color kits will be purchased from time to time.) It's a big help to me since Bowers is overseas now and I don't have to hand-crank any more, but out of respect to King Rex (our Rex Rotary, which was traded in on the deal) D:B will still be called "A King Rex Publication". I understand King Rex has been reconditioned and sold again, to a well-known local business place...for a price \$20. higher than when we bought it 5 years ago!

Ease of publication is the main reason we bought the Gestetner, though we like the almost perfect registration and color work, too. We hope the issues are better looking from now on -- I plan on making the format/layouts a bit more open for one thing, as well as color work, etc. I do notice one flaw though, in the reproduction, that many of you may have noticed too: On the top-middle of each typed page, (usually around 3 lines down) there is a "blank spot" or skipped section. I am at a loss to explain how that is occurring -- I was tempted to blame the mimeo at first, but now I rather suspect my newly purchased IBM typewriter. Whichever has the flaw, mimeo or typer, by damn I'm going to have it checked on fairly soon. (By the way, both the mimeo & typer aren't NEW, but are rebuilt. Even so, they both cost us \$300. apiece. Bowers and I share payments on the mimeo, but the typer is all mine)

Results of the NYCON 3 Award Winners::: (I guess being late with the issue helps in one respect -- I'm early and scooping most everyone on the Award results!)

Hugos:

Best Novel: THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS by Robert A. Heinlein; Best Novelette: THE LAST CASTLE by Jack Vance; Short Story: NEUTRON STAR by Larry Niven; Best Magazine: IF; Best Artist: Jack Gaughan; Best Drama: THE MENAGERIE from STAR TREK; Best Fanzine: NIEKAS (Fellice Rolfe & Ed Meskys); Best Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin; Best Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan.

ALSO:

The E.E. EVANS Award was won by Janie Lamb; FIRST FANDOM Award won by Ed Hamilton.

The editors of D:B sends heartiest congratulations to you all!

* * * * *

This appears to be (unintentionally) an Eisenstein Appreciation Issue, seeing as how we have an article by Alex, and poems in Biggle's column plus a Conreport by Phyllis. Every once in a while I've noticed we'd do things like that -- for example way back in D:B 6 we had a lot of material by Terry Jeeves. Anyone else care to try their hand at it, Intentionally? We wouldn't mind. We'd like to try to publish some art folios by you various artists out there some time soon. What's your response to that idea? (One thing planned for in a future issue is a World War II Air Folio, by Dave Prosser, sort of complimenting the WWI folio's he has had in THE PULP ERA. If any fans who are WWII Fighter-plane buffs would like to contribute articles or artwork to go in the same issue, I'd be tickled pink to get them)

By the way...getting back to the Eisensteins: Alex told me at the Con that Phyllis couldn't make it because of being stricken with double pneumonia, plus a few other things. She's over the crisis now, thank ghu. Get well soon, Phyllis!

Bill Bowers also had pneumonia in The Philippines -- of all places! What is there about foreign places that causes this? Could be Americans can't adjust to the change of clime, etc. Who knows? But only Bowers can get pneumonia in a tropical area like that! He's ok now, in that respect -- but -- Ed Cox -- Methinks he's sampling too much of that San Miguel beer! Bill didn't send me an editorial for this issue, due to personal reasons -- and Ben Solon didn't get his column in either (nexttime, fellas, ok?) so I'll have to use the allotted space for a convention report of sorts....(Watch Buck Coulson pan this issue because of two Con reports in it.)

* * * * *

AN OPEN LETTER TO LEE SAPIRO

Dear Lee --

In case you wonder why I never wrote back after your "Open Letter" -- Bill Bowers was supposed to write you and tell you what we had decided to do regarding trading and not trading our zine for yours. But he didn't. (That was when you had sent out only 75 of your flyers.) We had decided to agree to trade with you -- on condition that you'd send out a retraction of your first flyer. However, you upped the list to 450 -- and I'd like to know, did you send your retraction to all of them? If so, then we shall continue to trade with you. If not, we'll drop you off of our mailing list. The fact that I fought against the Pongs wasn't a valid reason, I feel, to refuse to trade with us -- or did I read you wrong on that? I don't have a copy of that one flyer in front of me at the moment -- so I could be wrong. It appears now the whole bit is water over the dam --but I just want you to know what we were going to do, even though we failed to write you when we should have. As long as you have informed everybody that you had told me you would trade D:B for Riverside Quarterly --then I guess everything is hunky-dory. What say?

* * * * *

There have been some complaints in letters that D:B is concentrating too much on discussions of politics, and not enough on stf. In a way, I agree -- and I'd like to break out of this rut we seem to have gotten in. Up-coming next issue I hope to have an article by co-editor Earl Evers, on a rather touchy subject currently popular with stf fans. He is going to give his arguments and views on Roger Zelazny as a writer, that I'm sure will touch off a lot of discussions in the lettercolumn. At least I hope so. The new wave of writers I personally can do without, with the exceptions of Zelazny and Sam Delany -- but Earl feels differently about the former, and though I disagree I'll print his article anyway. Stay tuned, it's something you shouldn't miss.

But, to get some discussions on stf for Next Issue, discuss this if you will: At NYCON Isaac Asimov argued with Sid Coleman & others for the need of more science in s.f., in this scientific age. He claims the new wave of writers, in the main, don't do this. Is he right?

(More BEMS' CORNER on pages 9 & 10)



TERPUM OUID

EDITORIAL
EARL EVERS

"The Second Civil War"

Since my stream of consciousness ramblings in previous editorials weren't well received, and since I'm deeply shocked by

the recent outbreaks of racial violence all over this country, I've decided to devote my editorial column this time to some predictions regarding the "Second Civil War."

My first prediction is that the term "Second Civil War" will come into general use to describe the conflict that started in Newark and Detroit and will continue over the course of this summer till it extends into every major city in the country. My second prediction is that this conflict will prove of more historical importance to this country than the Vietnam War. These are strong statements, and I hope I'm wrong, but both reason and instinct tell me I'm right.

I can see only one all-inclusive reason behind this violence - that man is a very imperfect being morally. True, I've heard various reasons for the revolt put forward by both whites and Negroes, but they're all so obviously thin rationalizations I've totally discounted them. A Negro acquaintance of mine said, "They're burning down buildings in Detroit because whatever the government builds to replace them will be better." I've also heard people claim that Negroes can frighten and blackmail the government and the white majority into giving them true social and economic equality, but it's perfectly obvious to me the whole cause is emotional. The Negro was oppressed by the white man's hate, and now everyone is suffering because of the Negro's hate.

Minorities in this country have gained about all the law and the government can give them - most of the more overt forms of discrimination are now illegal, and the city slums and their inhabitants are receiving about as much tax money as they are likely to get. And it isn't enough. Most Negroes still make far less money per year than most whites. Most Negroes still live in slums. And far too many whites still despise and distrust and feel superior to Negroes. I don't really blame the Negro for being angry, because if I were black instead of white under the present circumstances, I would be angry too. But that doesn't make violence right, and it doesn't mean that violence is going to gain anyone anything.

If Negroes were willing to wait ten or twenty or thirty years for present educational and economic opportunities to raise their economic level, and if they were willing to go on ignoring tacit prejudice and going out of their way to make friends with whites, in short

if Negroes were morally superior to the rest of us, the problem of racial inequality would disappear in time. But Negroes are no nearer to being saints than whites are. They know they should just wait and work and display all the patience of Job, but they can't do it. I can't condemn them because I don't think I could do it either.

Ironically enough, recent civil rights gains are directly responsible for all the trouble - the Negro has finally lifted his head enough above outright oppression to gain the self-respect and courage to fight back. If an oppressed people is beaten down severely enough, they will be violent only against members of their own race or group, but as soon as they are no longer held in abject fear, they will turn on their oppressors. After three hundred years the American Negro has finally realized that the cops, the soldiers, the government, and the people at large are afraid of a man with a gun or a firebomb in his hand, no matter how little he has to gain by fighting. The fact that the American government still represents the will of the white majority, and that it has more men under arms right now than there are men of military age in the ghettos, seems to be of little importance. Men who have been frustrated from birth are finally realizing that anger can sweep away frustration, if only for a brief moment, and that striking a blow against someone you hate deep in your heart can be most satisfying. And when the guilt sets in later, you can always go out and do the same thing all over again. Of course it's wrong to feel this way. Of course it's stupid. But a lot of people in the ghettos have fallen into this pattern of reaction and don't have the moral strength to over-ride their emotions.

All this means that the revolt has no rational cause and because of that can't be put down by rational means. If this were a true insurrection with powerful leaders and a definite goal, the government could either crush the leaders or negotiate about letting the revolutionaries achieve their goal through legal means. But it isn't. All of the riots so far have been spontaneous, motivated by anger and greed for loot, and there is no way for a government which governs by limited means can put a stop to them. If the rioters were sure that bloody reprisals would be taken against any ghetto that revolted, that say, ten times as much property would be burned for them as they burned themselves and ten times the number of people they killed would be executed by the government, then uprisings like the one in Newark wouldn't occur. (There was only one Jewish uprising in Europe under Hitler for just this reason.) But, of course our government would never do such a thing, (I think I'd join the revolution against it myself if it did.) so the racial violence is just going to go on getting worse and worse.

I really see no way to stop it. There's nothing the government can give the rioters to placate them, and the authorities can only use enough force to contain the violence, not stamp it out. So we can look for riots all over the country all summer. And, of course, whites are no saints either, so we can look for massive white violence against Negroes. That's my third prediction.

Negroes have already threatened to carry the violence into white neighborhoods, and have made a few sporadic raids into the business districts of cities. My fourth prediction is that this trend is going to increase to the point where ghettos in many cities will have to be surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by federal troops, and that this situation will probably go on for several years, relaxing somewhat in the winter and tightening up again in the summer.

It will be violent white backlash that will keep fanning the flames. So far it hasn't occurred, but I suspect that at least a few incidents will take place between the time I write this (late July) and the time you read it. I see no way to prevent white fascists and young toughs from raiding the ghettos to avenge violence against whites. True, there aren't nearly as many whites as Negroes who feel frustrated enough to do such a thing, but I'm sure there are enough to start it off. And, of course that will provoke the Negroes to just that much more violence.

There are enough young punks in white suburbia who have access to guns, explosives, and

TERTIUM QUID, concl:

er-er-ers-----

so on, plus cars to deliver them, and who are crazy enough to do it, to turn the present riots into full scale war with two illegal factions fighting it out while the authorities try to combat both. For instance, a single hand grenade hurled from the window of a car into a crowd of slum-dwellers anywhere in New York would probably kill as many as died in Newark or Detroit or both put together. And the carnage caused by a case or two of dynamite in a tenement basement would far exceed all casualties so far.

I suppose if all the money now being poured into the Vietnam war were diverted into helping rebuild the ghetto buildings already devastated, and replacing the slum buildings still standing all over the country, and setting members of minorities up in business, and providing all sorts of further aid to education and job training for the underprivileged, we might possibly avert our "Second Civil War". But I'm not counting on it.

--- Earl Evers

***** ! *****

ANOTHER ADDITION to the Fannish Population Expulsion: Cleveland fans Don & Maggie Thompson are the lucky parents of 6 pound, 15 oz., Valerie Lee Thompson, born July 20th, 1967. All are doing fine, I hear. Congratulations to you both! (I hope you bought Valerie a small propeller beanie, Don?! That'll make her a real neo-fan...) Congrats, again.

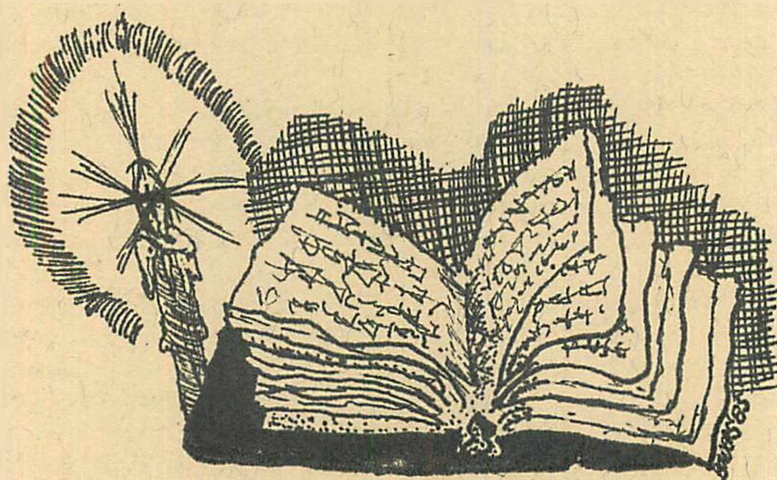
***** ? *****

WHOOOPS! I just noticed I typoe'd the word "Negroes" thru-out Earl's editorial; Earl had it on his mss that way. Owell, I'll be damned if I'm gonna go back & try to correct them all! You'll just have to bear thru it....-BEM.

Change Of Address:

(Effective Sept. 21, 1967 But NOT Before That date)

CREATH THORNE, Room 717B Hudson Hall, Columbia, Mo. 65201



THE BEMS' CORNER, cont:

bill-mallardi---

On the other side of the coin (still discussing science in s.f., from page 5) they claim that the new writers are writing more about what is more important: People -- human problems, human emotions, etc., rather than machines. Asimov tried to get across that was not what he was talking about. He just wants the sf writers to put a little more research and science into their stories than they have been doing, without neglecting the human problems in the tale. I won't go into it any more...but just sit back and see what the rest of you have to say. Comments, anyone?

* * * * *

SOME SORT OF A CONREPORT

(Ok, Buck, you can leave the room now..)

I arrived at 2:15 P.M. Friday-- having left at 6 A.M., I figured I made good time considering I drove the whole distance alone. Took me 8 hours & 15 minutes from Akron to New York. Coming out of the Holland tunnel tho, I naturally made the wrong turns, and ended up lost, heading across the bridge to Brooklyn! Got to the hotel an hour so so later. I missed the Opening Invocation (which is just as well), but did catch the Auctioning Off of Harlan Ellison by Robert Silverberg. A pretty Ohio girl bid \$40., and won Harlan for one hour. He was so tickled that a purty gal was making a play for him he tried to get Bob to stop the bidding at \$30., when she first bid for him. Needless to say, the gal, Jan Trerholm, of Kettering Ohio, got a good deal, since she & Harlan were together from then on. (She told me later she would have gone as high as \$100.) When I asked her why, she said, "Because I wanted to meet Harlan Ellison BAD! But don't tell Harlan that, I don't want to give him a swelled head!" As if she could....

Auctions & dinner filled the time until 7:30, when they held the Galaxy of Fashions Show. Real crazy costumes...off-the-body clothes were featured, and they looked even better from where I was....the balcony! I liked the Barrel-Dress best. "Who's turn in the barrel?" I quipped as the model walked down the ramp. Parties lasted thru the night...

Saturday I slept 'til noon, missing one panel called "What's Happening?" At 4PM the site for the 1968 con was selected. Los Angeles vs Berkeley, and it seemed a cinch for L.A. They worked hard, with posters, buttons, literature; and they deserved it, many fans thought, since they hadn't had one since 1958, while Berkeley had their last one in 1964. However, L.A. had only two seconder's, and one of them, Gene Roddenberry's seemed dragged out and ultra-serious. Berkeley, on the other hand, had four: Guests of honor Del Rey & Tucker, plus Zelazny and Ellison. All their seconding speeches were short, snappy, and humorous, so a lot of the newer fans (who probably won't even go to the con next year) voted for BAYCON. Berkeley won strictly on the seconding "show", 300 to 220. Al Lewis & Bjo were really disappointed, and really got worked up about it afterwards. I wanted L.A. to win it too, as did many others, but it's official: It's Berkeley again.

9:30 a sneak preview of the first fall episode of STAR TREK was shown, plus some films of goofed-up "takes" by the actors that were really hilarious. The Show was called "AMOK TIME", written by Sturgeon.

Also around that time was the Meet the Pros party sponsored by LANCER BOOKS, but by the time I got to the room most of the pros had taken off for other areas..I guess they followed the trail of booze & ice....

Columbus, New York, and other groups held parties almost every night, but my most memorable was at the St. Louis group's bash, Saturday night. Leigh Couch held a small, quiet affair...that is until Norbert and someone else got the giggles, and everyone else started

CON REPORT: concl.

laughing so hard their faces ached. From now on, all you have to do to get Norb to break up is to whisper "Nancy Sinatra" in his ear. Hell, I kept them in stitches with almost inane remarks (they weren't THAT funny, I don't think) they were in such ~~great~~ good moods! Much fun, people, I'll never forget it.

SUNDAY was the business meeting at 10 A.M., an ungodly hour to hold it, I must admit. But important things were decided there: The fans defeated the move by NYCON's committee to make the Fan Achievement Awards a permanent thing. They decided it wasn't needed to change the names of the three awards, Best Fanzine, plus Best Artist & Fan Writer. They will all be called Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or nicknamed "Hugos". And believe it or not, I didn't say one word either way about it -- I sat back and watched the rest of the fans carry on the fight. (Though earlier I had given John Trimble a petition against the name change of the Best Fanzine Award, ONLY, signed by almost 50 fans.) At any rate, it appears to be a dead issue now, and I'm grateful (Yes I admit it!) that the majority of fans were also against the change too. Especially after the way Ted White tried to embarrass me at the Midwest-con...but that's another story I won't go into now.

Also at the business meeting it was voted on, and passed: That the Rotation Plan be changed to include Europe every four years. Thus the Worldcon would be in the States for 3 years, then go to Europe for one year. This is effective (for Europe's bid) in 1970. (However, there is an unconfirmed rumor that there will be a bid placed for Bermuda in 1970. I certainly wouldn't mind going there-- since I can't make Germany! After all, it still is out of the country, and the booze is tax free in Bermuda, too!)

Another thing voted on & passed, was the forming of a committee to study the placing of restrictions on allowing unknown fans to vote for up-and-coming con sites. Since I didn't take notes, I'm not too sure on my wording, but I think it's correct in the main. No doubt the full report will be out soon and clarify this.

More panels & discussions, like on previous days on various subjects, followed. I missed a lot of them, for once. Interviews with Silverberg; and Mike Moorcock & John Bush from England; and Jack Gaughan I skipped in order to go out and eat. I did catch Asimov's panel mentioned earlier --and it was very interesting -- not only because Harlan Ellison was there to bait Isaac!

8:30 Sunday was the Costume Ball, where I got around 30 pictures of the various entries. I failed again to take notes of the winning costumes... There were more of them, it seemed, than ever before, but for some reason not too many really good ones.

I stayed up the rest of the night (first time in years I did that) at parties, then played poker until 6 ayem. When I awoke, it was almost noon, and the Awards Banquet was at 12:30. I hadn't intended to go to the banquet anyway, so after a fast breakfast I hurried back to watch the rest of the program. Harlan Ellison was superb as the Master of Ceremonies, and the talks by Tucker & Guest of Honor Lester del Rey were also good.

Attendance at the con was a mind-staggering 1500 fans.. More than any other convention in Fannish History. Total membership was not much more....1700 fans. I'm quoting figures given out at the Banquet; if they are correct it IS a record.

All in all, it seemed the same as many other cons re service in the hotel. Elevator and dining service were lousy..while most of the actual convention was a lot of fun.

I guess we'll always have that to say about all conventions: Service was bad, the Convention itself was good.

Until next issue....be good, all.

(Ok, Buck you can come back in now...)

Bemishly -- Bill Mallardi

Creativity in Writing ●

ARTICLE — ALEX EISENSTEIN

Ask most anyone who reads prose fiction or poetry to devise a scheme for the assessment of creativity in writing, and you are likely to receive an analysis of literature based solely on a spectrum of unjustified value-judgments. Let me express that in harsher terms: the hypothetical reader will tell you what is good and what is bad, that is, what he likes and what he dislikes, without regard to value standards.

Before starting this essay, I was tempted to assess degrees of such creativity in a similar manner, using a value judgment (i.e., general agreement by the whole of society as to the worth of particular works) as a sort of value standard.

A little introspection revealed that such analysis left me with the unsettling feeling that I was the responsive tail of the dog and not the observing eye; I wasn't doing the wagging. I was being wagged. (The metaphoric comparison of society to a dog contains no malice towards either dogs or society; no offense intended, I assure you.)

So much for my proliferating paranoia.

The following analysis obviously contains value judgments, else I could not possibly arrange the degrees of creativity in heirarchical order, from lowest to highest, as I shall soon proceed to do. The analysis is based on true value standards, however, and not on the criterion of societal approval. Basically, my standards are originality---or novelty, or newness---and proximity to truth. (I will stipulate that lying can be creative, and as such is held in high esteem by many world leaders; however, since Creative Prevarication 101 is not listed in most university catalogues, I disdain any dealing with it.) Implicit in the whole analysis is the idea that art is truth; that rhetoric promoting falsehood as gospel is not art, but merely craftsmanship in service of the devil.*

Now to get down to brass tacks, among other pointed instruments reserved for the sane.

The lowest degree of literary creativity is that type of work which exposes, in a truthful and realistic way, a state of affairs that is not widely recognized, yet is apparent to anyone near the scene of conflict. It involves little or no original thought; it is merely the reporting, in condensed and poignant fashion, of a factual situation existing in an isolated segment of society. Typical examples are the novels of Frank Norris, e.g., The Octopus. Another good example is Upton Sinclair's The Jungle.

Of course, this description applies to much modern mainstream literature, to a greater or lesser extent, as the segments of our society are more or less isolated. No doubt the most extreme modern example of this first degree is Tennessee Williams' exposure of Deep South life-in-the-raw.

The next higher degree of creativity consists of any thing new or original that is developed from known or readily available or previously exposed facts, using only straight-forward logic. (The logical processes involved may include both inductive and deductive reasoning: I do not use the word "logic" in its strictest sense.)

*Merely an anthropomorphization; not affiliated with any religious organization.

The well-thought-out historical novel is, I think, an obvious example, although by no means the only possible one. Specifically, I have in mind Mary Renault's The King Must Die and The Bull From the Sea, and L. Sprague de Camp's An Elephant for Aristotle. Perhaps these novels should be called works of "speculative historical reconstruction", rather than historical fiction in its usual sense.

Now to turn on the heat in the third degree, as many a vice-squad captain has said. The heat in this case is not that of a klieg light but that of inspiration. The third degree of creativity I define as anything new derived solely from unreasoned "inspiration," that metaphysical mental mystery lying somewhere between insight and snowblindness (many writers are so bedazzled by it that they lose all critical faculties). In other words, this form of writing develops subconsciously (or even unconsciously), without readily apparent, logical, intermediate steps.

The best example of this degree is the poetry "struck off in white heat," as some bard once phrased it. Probably the only documented case is Coleridge's Kubla Khan, which was written immediately proceeding the opium-dream that produced it. To quote Coleridge, it "sprang up"; it was not composed in the usual sense of that word.

Some might dispute the statement that Kubla Khan is an instance of pure inspiration, citing for evidence the following fact: that the dream occurred during a slumber which overtook Coleridge immediately after he read a paragraph of history describing the dimensions of Xanadu, the pleasure-city of Kubla Khan. To my mind, however, the creative essence of the poem, its vivid imagery, is totally unrelated to the paragraph referred to. To compare:

(historical paragraph)
"Here the Khan Kubla
commanded a palace to
be built, and a stately
garden thereunto. And
thus ten miles of fertile
ground were inclosed with
a wall." -----Intro. to
Kubla Khan, written
by its author.

(the poem)
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled
round:
And there were gardens bright with
sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;
And here were forests ancient as the
hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
-----First stanza of
Kubla Khan.

The only similarities are extremely superficial, even minor. The left-hand paragraph is a floor-plan; the poem on the right, an interpretive and romantic landscape-painting. And the poem was, inarguably, created by Coleridge's unconscious mind.

On to the fourth, and next to last, degree. This consists of anything which uses, as premises, known facts and the ideas of inspiration to synthesize a logical structure surmounted by an inescapable conclusion.

Such a work is H.G. Wells' The Time Machine. Within its framework, a very original, inspired notion ("time is a dimension like length, width, and breadth") is logically developed into a theory, complete with detailed explanation of visual effects attendant upon time travel. Added to this plot device are the facts of life in London of the 1890's.

Out of these facts, with the aid of the device of time-travel, Wells extrapolates the logically inevitable future---with the tacit assumption that prevailing tendencies of the 1890's will continue with ever increasing force and influence.

The fifth and highest degree of creativity is in the exclusive use of inspired material as the basis of a logical framework. This may be too ideal a form to find expression in existing examples; even if it does exist in reality, I am not entirely sure that it is desirable for literature.

Though I cannot show you an example of the fifth degree, I can show you an example of what it is not. One such is James Joyce's Ulysses, in which all is told through the highly original stylistic device of "stream-of-consciousness" narration. But is it inspired? Perhaps not; someone might argue very convincingly that the origin of stream-of-consciousness writing lies in the age-old tales of mind-reading. Someone might also argue that a story cannot be logically developed from merely a stylistic device, and that Ulysses, therefore, is doubly exempt from my highest category.

Please do not make the mistake of thinking that these degrees necessarily represent, or that I believe they represent, different levels of quality in literature. On the contrary, you may find good and bad specimens of literature in all five stages (or at least in all but the last), for the art of writing does not depend on creativity alone; other and more specific considerations, such as style, characterization, and plot development, play important parts. However, I think it is reasonable to suppose that the best of one degree is better than the best of a lower degree.

----- Alex Eisenstein.

ROGER ZELAZNY (one of D:B's protege's) wins the unofficial D:B prize as the Guest Of Honor of the Year. At every major Fan-gathering or Convention..from the Marcon in Toledo to the Westercon, he has been the guest of honor. And if this issue gets out in time, here's another: Ozarkon 2, held in St. Louis, Mo., 28, 29, & 30th of July, announce Roger Zelazny as GOH. Congrats, Rog, you deserve it! (There is another \$1000. you can deduct, too!)



THE POETS

CORNERED

column

by

LLOYD BIGGLE, JR.



THREE POEMS BY PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

In Reply to a Love Poem

Singer:
Stand for a moment beneath your tree,
And look from behind the leaves at me.
Sunset now, your favorite hour,
Wraps me in gold, in a golden shower,
In a golden haze.
Stand for a moment beneath your tree,
But part the leaves and look at me,
And watch me as I watch the sea;
For, something there must wait for me:
Something, somewhere, someone; he
May never sing,
But I will be a thing
of flesh for him,
As I can never be for you.

--- Phyllis Eisenstein

* * * *

The Aftermath of Love

I see you everywhere.
I see your eyes;
You're never there.
What am I looking for when
I see a door swing open,
Stop in midstride,
Till whoever it is is inside
My field of vision?

(Continued next page:)

The Aftermath of Love (Cont.)

Stepless pause---
And torn between
My going and my coming
Have I seen
A face I know cannot be there?
Where? Where?

--- Phyllis Eisenstein

For Alex, a Thousand Miles Away

Rain on the roof.
 From my restless room
 I hear it drum
 A song of shadow, come
 To tear my heart,
 To leave me numb.
 Rain on the roof of my silent cell;
 Rain on the roof of my lonely hell;
 Rain and the shade of a tolling bell ---
 Shade of a song I once knew well.
 The drum and the bell of the rain go dim
 And mesh in the song that was sung for him.

--- Phyllis Eisenstein

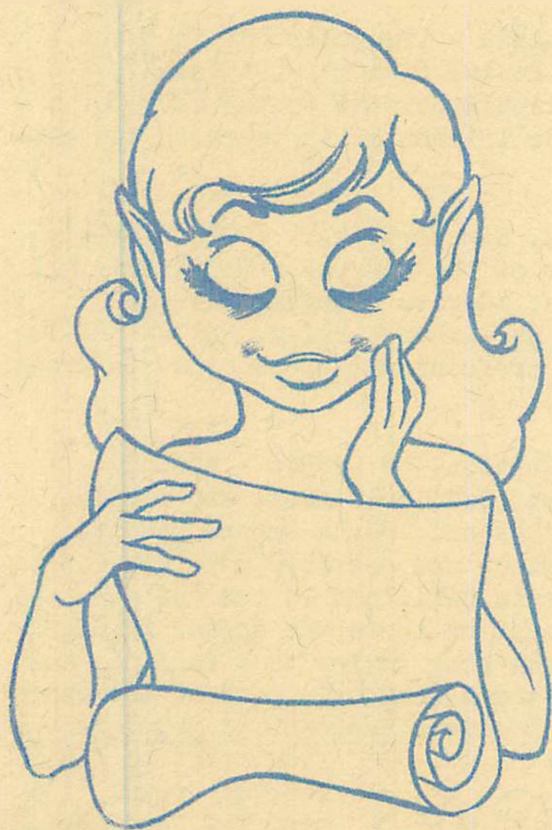
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Your comments are invited. Write to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., 569 Dubie, Ypsilanti, Michi 48197.

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A Personal Note From The Editors:

Attention, fans. This may well be the LAST of the poetry columns from Lloyd Biggle in DOUBLE:-BILL, due to lack of response and submission of poems by you. We, personally, would hate to see the column end so soon; if you feel the same way, then please send your Poems to the above address, as well as comments. Below is the most recent comment re the column I received from Lloyd: "I know that the lack of response doesn't mean that there's no interest in it. From comments I receive, I'd guess that a substantial number of your readers are interested enough to note what is said there. But they're not interested in poetry enough to put their reactions on paper and send them..." So Send Him Poems!



WALLABY STEW Robert Coulson

or whatever the hell the title is; I forget.

GOLANA #77 (Edward V. Dong, Box 439, Brooklyn Polytechnic Inst., 333 Jay St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - irregular - no price listed; the editor says "we like cash" but doesn't specify how well he likes it) This is a fairly thick, printed, professional-appearing fanzine, devoted to art, poetry and fiction. The art, mostly by Jack Gaughan, is excellent. The poetry is mostly bad; even I would reject it, and you know the sort of lousy poetry I publish. The fiction is in between. I didn't care much for it, but then I don't care much for a lot of today's professionally published stuff, either. This would have to rate as very good fan fiction, on the whole. Someone handed me this copy at the Midwestcon. A different issue was also floating around; from the glance I got it seemed quite similar in content and quality. Recommended to anyone who enjoys serious amateur fiction.

K-A #33 (Don and Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060) This is the official publication of CAPA-alpha, the only publishing association (that I know about) of comics fans. It works like any other apa; for details, write the Thompsons. I'm sure any comics fans in the audience will be welcome.

BROEDINGNAG #63, 64 (John A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular but frequent - 10¢) A fanzine devoted to the game of Postal Diplomacy. Actually, I suppose "fanzine" is an erroneous term here; this is a bulletin devoted to the moves of a particular game, plus statistics and tactical advice. Those interested in learning the game should contact John.

S F WEEKLY #186, 187, 188, 189 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82 St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 3 for 25¢) The most regular of the fanzine newsletters. All the fan news; conventions, worldcon bids, meetings, births, address changes, new fan clubs, etc. Plus comments on professional magazines, book publishers, films, and so on. Two pages a week can cover a surprising amount of the fan and professional scene. (Not in depth, of course, but who wants science fiction fandom in depth?)

THE WSFA JOURNAL #43, 44 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly - 5 for \$1.00) Devoted to Washington, D.C. area news, and reviews. The news isn't terribly interesting to outsiders; the reviews are. Banks Mebane handles one of the few magazine review columns in fandom; these things are terribly popular, for some obscure reason. A variety of people review books; Alexis Gilliland is far and away the best. He's one of the best book reviewers in fandom, at least of those who appear regularly. (After all, L. Sprague de Camp has contributed an occasional book review to a fanzine, and Gilliland isn't quite that good. But his material is well worth reading.) Some of the other reviewers tend to lose me; one of them in #44 calls Peter Leslie's Radioactive Camel Affair "just plain brilliant". If that was a brilliant spy novel, I'd hate to read a bad one. The same reviewer calls Leslie's second UNCLE novel

fanzine reviews



"an entertaining and enjoyable yarn, barring some far-fetched, implausible situations and highly improbable events". Hell, you could say that about SUPERMAN COMICS. (Hmm; the reviewer wasn't named -- I wonder if it was Peter Leslie?) However, there are other good reviewers, and I'm sure if Gilliland had reviewed spy novels he would at least have mentioned that the McDaniel books are funny. (Old Anonymous apparently didn't get the point.) Fortunately, Gilliland does most of the book reviewing. His review of Treasure of the Black Falcon in a recent issue strikes me as a reviewing classic. Doll Gilliland reviews fanzines quite capably. There are movie reviews; they are interesting but I don't see enough movies to comment on the reviewer's accuracy. WSFA JOURNAL also includes a lot of convention reports, for those of you who enjoy such things.

COSIGN #11 (Robert Gaines, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43202 - monthly - 25¢ or \$2.50 per year) This is the official organ of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. (I gather from comments at the Midwestcon that the mag is in the process of changing editors, but presumably anything sent to the above address will reach an editor eventually. Lots of reviews; tv, books, another promag column, fanzines. Bill Conner has a good reactionary

article, boosting "story" fiction and extrapolation, and sneering at contemporary mainstream fiction (I do coin some fascinating phrases....), beatniks and the like. We need something like this to combat the lit'ry snobs in fandom. Fair lettercolumn.

KALLIKANZAROS #1 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43224 - 35¢, 4 for \$1.25 - irregular) This is an all-fiction fanzine produced by the Columbus group. This issue features an excerpt from a new Zelazny novel (so new that it won't be published for a few months yet) and various pieces of amateur fiction. The Zelazny piece is, of course, good. However, Zelazny seems to be a writer whose ability with words I envy heartily, but who doesn't particularly move me. (Primarily, I think, because he is interested in creating moods and effects, and it is very seldom that anything from a printed page affects me emotionally.) The remaining fiction is better than I expected; fan fiction has been improving over the years.

I have a couple of related items I'd like to mention. One is the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. This is a plot to bring Japanese fan Takumi Shibano to the 1968 World Convention. Contributions of \$1.00 or more will receive a subscription to MANEKI-NEKO, which is a fanzine that will give you a return for your money even if you don't get to see the convention. I'm fully in favor of this; we need more contact with Asian fandom (which currently seems to consist of Japanese fandom). British and European fandom has presented us with some pleasant surprises; there is no reason why Japanese fandom can't do the same. Send money and inquiries to Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356.

The other item is the Fanzine Clearing House, operated by Seth Johnson, 345 Yale Ave, Hillside, New Jersey. How much longer it will be operating is dubious, as Seth reports that he has more applicants than he has fanzines to distribute to them. Aside from word-of-mouth recommendations and an occasional fanzine review in the professional magazines, Seth's

operation is about the only place we have to recruit new fans. Seth makes no profit on this, as the payment he gets is spent for postage and advertising, so he is dependent on donated fanzines. An editor who is interested in boosting fandom and increasing the circulation of his fanzine could do worse than to send Seth a dozen copies or so. If your fanzine is any good at all, you can pick up new subscribers this way. (You might even pick up subscribers if your fanzine isn't any good.) In case you don't look closely at the promags, Seth advertises in them, offering 12 assorted fanzines or so for \$1.00. Interested parties can thus sample a variety of fanzines for a nominal cost; if they like what they receive, they will make an effort to get more. We've obtained several subscribers who mentioned seeing their first YANDRO in one of Seth's bundles (and I refrain from sending Seth any copies because we don't want any more subscribers....he picks up an occasional copy here and there). For that matter, if you don't want to send your own fanzine but have a stack of the things you've received and don't want to keep, Seth would appreciate those.

WARP #2 (David Chute, Box 101A, RFD #3, Auburn, Maine 04210 - irregular? - 15¢) A moderately good second issue. Both mimeography and spirit duplicating are used; the mimeographed part has clear text and washed-out illustrations, while the spirit duplicating features fine illustrations and blurry type. Major item is an article on Heinlein, primarily on his philosophy. The opinions expressed are fairly common in fandom, but the article is more exhaustive than most. There is a long editorial commenting on this and that. Chute apparently participated in the April 15 peace march in New York and is somewhat bitter about the comments that it "prolonged the war". "The government," he says, "seems to be more aware of our own motives than we ourselves." Not really, David; the government is merely aware that there is a difference, sometimes a vast one, between motives and results, a fact which doesn't seem to have struck you too forcibly yet. As far as I know, the government never said a word about your motives. There are book reviews, and fanzine reviews. (He says I'm "dedicated to not offending anyone"; Don Thompson read this and laughed for five minutes. I can't imagine why; I think it's quite accurate. I'm really too kindly for my own good; one of these days I'm going to have to begin speaking my mind and getting nasty with people.) He thinks RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY is obviously the only choice for a Hugo (of the fanzines he's seen; he does include the qualifier). Obviously a fan of good taste; why don't a couple of hundred of you people quit getting YANDRO and start subbing to RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY instead? Or better yet, start subbing to WARP.

---- Robert Coulson

BACK ISSUES OF DOUBLE:BILL are getting scarce. A few copies each of numbers 13, 14, 15, and 16 are still available upon request. #15 costs \$50¢, the rest are 30¢ each. From #12 to the earlier issues I'm not too sure about the inventory on hand, if any. (A lot of things are still buried in boxes in my two (2) attics since I moved into my 3rd floor apartment.) However, we DO have a set (or maybe two) of the D:B Symposium issues; that is: #7, 8, and 9...but we plan on keeping them for a Complete Run of D:B from #1, on to the current issue. Anyone wishing the complete run can send in his bid for it -- highest bidder takes the thing. If we don't get good response for the complete run, THEN we may decide to sell them piecemeal. (The Symposium issues we prefer to sell as a set, though. Once again, highest bid gets them) If you are interested in any of the above mentioned, write/send your bids to:::

Bill Mallardi
369 Wildwood Ave.
Akron, Ohio 44320

AMERICANS IN BRISTOL:

A SOMEWHAT REPORT ON THE EASTERCON, 1967

---by PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

All the way to Bristol, England from our home in Erdorf, Germany, I kept thinking that we had to be trufen, Alex and I. What other breed would slog through seventeen hours of train, plane, and taxi rides in three foreign countries just to get to a science fiction convention? What other breed would forego such sublime tourist attractions as the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, and Big Ben in order to catch the earliest plane, the very next train, in a mad, vain effort to arrive in time for the first party? Alas, we checked into the Hawthorns Hotel at 3:30 A.M., Friday, March 24. Possibly, the first party (at Tony Walsh's house) was still in progress, but in our state of exhaustion we couldn't have cared less.

I was astonished to wake up five hours later. Perhaps I wouldn't have awakened except that someone was knocking on our door. I remembered that Alex had mumbled something about "tea" to the night clerk, so I threw on my coat (having forgotten to bring a robe along--- we traveled light in order to leave room in the suitcase for all the things I knew Alex was going to buy) and opened the door while Alex threw the covers over his head and grumbled. A silent maid slid in, deposited a tray on the bedside table, and slid back out.

I poured some tea. Gad, it looked like coffee! There was hot milk to go with it, which I availed myself of. Alex refused to adulterate his tea but found that he couldn't drink it straight and gave up. By this time, we were wide awake and hungry, so the next stop was breakfast in the hotel dining room.

We sat on one side of a partition made of wooden slats. As we were munching Rice Crispies (with a "C"), we noticed that the fellow at the table on the other side of the bars ---I mean slats---was reading a book on Henry James. I immediately assumed that he couldn't possibly be a fan, and, in a low voice, I began telling Alex my opinion of Henry James. In turn, he gave me his opinion, and we had been going on like that for several minutes when the person whose book had prompted the discussion joined the conversation. It seemed that he liked James, and he urged us to read one of that writer's early works. Needless to say, I formed a low opinion of this poor, benighted soul, and I silently thanked whatever ghods there be that he wasn't a fan. He was, as he mentioned at our parting, Tom Disch.

Time to go in search of fans...only, where were they? Still recuperating from the Walsh party? We sat down in the lobby and tried to look conspicuous. After a while, a young fellow in a bright yellow sweater wandered by. He wore a name tag that proclaimed him "Spinge". Odd name, I thought. My mind wandered. At last, "Alex," I said, "didn't we get a fanzine called LES SPINGE last week?"

He nodded.

I was off like a bullet. "A fan! A fan!" I screamed at my bewildered spouse. I raced down a hall until I came to a dead end. I encountered Tom Disch and a couple of other people, but no Spinge (or, as his name turned out to be later, Darrel Pardoe). Failure. I returned

to the lobby.

Clearly, this situation could not go on. I could not sit there while all around me were fans whose names I might know but whose faces were totally unfamiliar. I wandered across the lobby and struck up a conversation with an unlike-looking group of people, and, of course, they turned out to be fans.

The rest of the day was spent in finding out where to go, since the hotel didn't believe in signs. That's a lie. There were signs, but you had to know where to look for them. It was noon before I found the stairway with the right sign on it. By that time, we had met Pete Weston, Ella Parker (who insisted on called Alex "Ron Ellick"; so we called her "Martha Beck" whom she resembles about as much as Alex does Ron), Ethel Lindsay, Archie and Beryl Mercer, and all sorts of other people whose names I can't remember.

In the afternoon, we nosed around what Americans would call the Huckster Room. Britishers don't know what "Huckster" means, so they called it the Cabot Room, as the hotel did. Compared to a Worldcon Huckster Room, it was minute. Books, new and old fanzines, and the art show were all crowded into a room not much larger than a double bedroom. 150 people attended the Con, and I think they were all in the Cabot Room every time I went in. I rummaged around the art show for a while, but it had limited appeal. For two days, it was a one man show by a fellow named McIntyre, whose paintings were too garish and unreal for my taste. On Sunday, Eddie Jones put up some of his beautiful work, including two paintings of women with strangely colored skins (Alex & I WANTED them, but they were already sold.). Also on Sunday, someone tacked up a couple dozen tiny snapshots---probably to hide all that empty wall space.

Later Friday night, things finally started happening: the Brian Aldiss show, where Aldiss played Johnny Carson by blending the Tonight Show with Who Do You Trust? Someone had armed him with a list of famous (and not so famous) first and last lines of novels and stories. Aldiss would point out fans or pros in the audience, call them up to his dais, and attempt to wrench little-known personal information from them. After that, he would throw a first or last line at them and demand the name of the author of it. All of the pros' except Charles Platt (he's a pro?) came up with correct answers. The fans didn't do quite so well. I didn't know any of the answers, in spite of the fact that I'd read almost every book mentioned.

After the Brian Aldiss show, Trevor Hearndon (who attended Tricon and the '66 Midwestcon and was the only person at the Eastercon whom I knew by sight) lured us to a party with the promise of a guitar---a promise I can seldom resist. Eventually, by dint of pleading looks and Trevor's insistence, I took the guitar in my arms and rendered "Matty Groves"---all twenty-odd verses. And then, they started playing folksong records. Alex and I left.

The next day was Saturday, and again we got up early. First on the schedule, at 10:30 was a "Professional Panel." Almost every pro in attendance was on it: Aldiss, Disch, James White, Judy Merrill, Mike Moorcock, and John Brunner. Having no topic, they were supposed to answer questions from the audience. They started off slowly but gained momentum and ran overtime. I should have taken notes...but Pete Weston did and will probably publish them in a forthcoming SPECULATION.

After the panel was one of the two most appalling events of the con: a fanzine-selling session. When I saw this listed in the program, I really didn't know what to expect. What did happen was that Charles "Candalf" Legg took the microphone in his hands and began extolling the virtues of a fanzine and asking people to buy it. He told us how many pages it had and that it was "full of good stuff." What good stuff, he didn't say. I didn't catch the title, but I suspect it was one of the 'zines that has no contents page, so he literally did not know what was in it.

At this point, Pete Weston exited, and Alex and I followed. A few hours earlier Alex had decided that we didn't have enough British money to pay our hotel bill. Therefore, we

had to exchange some dollars for pounds sterling, and immediately, because the next day was Easter and Monday would probably be a holiday, too. Pete offered his services as a chauffeur, and we were off for downtown Bristol. Unfortunately, Pete is from Birmingham and was not aware that every place in Bristol closes at noon on Saturday....there we were, in the heart of the city, in a phone booth, at a few minutes after 12:00. However, after a long consultation with "Information" we tracked down a travel agency that was open till 1:00 and would change some money for us.

After that, Pete offered to show us Bristol's one scenic attraction, the Clifton Bridge, oldest suspension bridge in the world. What the hell. I'm a tourist at heart, (Fake fan!" said Alex), so we went up to Clifton Bridge. Pete and I went over to the stone railing to look down at the Avon River while Alex pawed through the box of books in Pete's car. I got my usual acrophobic thrill as I stood on tiptoe and looked down, down. I think all acrophobes have a subconscious desire to jump from places like that. It was so delightfully far!

In the afternoon, back at the Con, we were shown two films: An Emshwiller experimental epic called "Relativity", which he filmed on a Ford Foundation grant, and a French flick. I'll call the Emsh risque rather than pornographic---lots of naked female flesh and some naked male flesh, too---because I got into a long argument over the definition of pornography afterward. I refuse to go through that again. I'd call the film a tour de force in free association; Emsh has a very lively imagination. My favorite part was not one of the risque sections (really!) but the juxtaposition of the exposed entrails of a slaughtered pig with a grocery store display of salami and other cold cuts. As a whole, the film lasted too long ---a lot of people were shuffling around restlessly before it was over. Of course, one could attribute such reactions to feelings other than boredom...

Talking about boredom leads me to the other film: "La Jetee" (the jetty or observation platform at Orly Airport near Paris). It's a time-travel-by-astral-projection story and takes place after the next world war. The film is really a series of black and white still pictures, some of them drawn (the ruins of Paris), some of them apparently photographed, though it was hard to tell because everything was so grainy, like a poorly reproduced photo in a newspaper. The plot unraveled with almost unbearable slowness, and single pictures were on the screen for far too long. Maybe I'm being unfair--after all, I'm a fan, and to me the story was too trite to move so slowly. I guess it wouldn't seem so to a non-fan.

Guest of Honor John Brunner's speech was next. He talked about areas of SF that he thought had been insufficiently explored. He also lambasted Signet for publishing The Productions of Time without showing him the galleys first. Seems like a stupid editor did so many ugly things to the manuscript that Brunner disowns it and may sue Signet if the Authors' Guild of America says he has grounds. Sounds to me like he has; no galleys equals breach of contract.

Tom Schluck was there with films of his U.S. tour. I never thought the Empire State building would make me homesick---I've never seen it---but there it was, in living color. The high spots of America: Disneyland; Marineland; Luise Petti doing a go-go dance; Ron Ellick (he does not look like Alex!). Home. Sigh.

Suddenly it was Sunday, and the annual general meeting of the British Science Fiction Association, scheduled for 9:00 a.m., began at 10:00. Alex had joined the BSFA Saturday, so we went to the meeting. As it was, nothing much happened. They could have used George Scithers, though they had a Parliamentarian of sorts. Two and a half hours of E.C. Tubbs calling for immediate action and Ken Slater replying that the BSFA constitution left his hand tied was a little too much.

After lunch was the second great fiasco of the Con: the fanzine editors panel. The format was identical to that of the pro panel, and that, of course, was the problem. None of the editors had anything to say, and no one in the audience had any questions to ask. Finally, they got hung up on the question of obscenity in fanzines, but...one word answers don't constitute a discussion. The fellow in the audience who had asked the question talked more

than all of the editors put together.

Mike Moorcock's talk on the future of SF was next. He made himself comfortable with the microphone, a sheaf of papers, and a bottle of Teacher's Scotch, and proceeded to drink and read. He read the speech as if he'd never seen it before, although he said he'd written it the night before. At one point, he got stuck on the word "dynamic" used as a noun. He read it half a dozen times, searching for the noun it modified, and finally gave up and went on. "Gotta fire that ghost writer", he said. And a little later: "This is good stuff!" But I couldn't tell whether he was referring to the speech or the Scotch. I don't remember what the speech was about, and I seriously doubt that anyone else does. Moorcock was more of a show than the speech; he nearly killed the bottle--no mixer, no chaser. His blood must be pure alcohol.

Following his talk, he auctioned off a dozen items--artwork, books, and fanzines. One fanzine in particular he offered up three or four times, but no one would buy it. Finally, Moorcock bought it himself for 10 shillings, tore it to shreds, and threw it up in the air like confetti. That finished that auction.

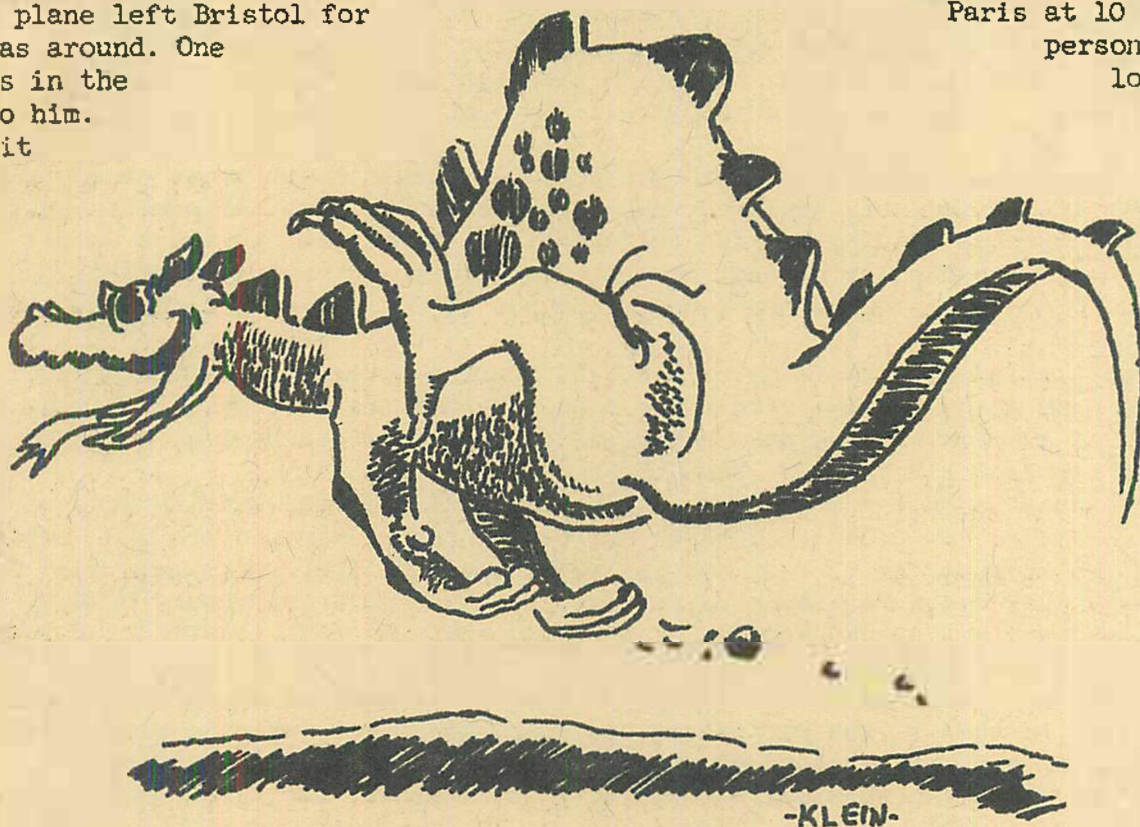
After dinner, there was another one, conducted by Moorcock, E.C. Tubb, and Ken Bulmer. I can still hear and see Tubb as he told the audience what a wonderful book he was selling and then looked at the cover to see what the title was. Moorcock kept running from the auction block to the bar on the other side of the room screaming, "Spend! Spend!" They spent.

Then was the ceremony of St. Fanthony, which was colorful, picturesque, and too solemn to reveal, so I'll go on to the Last Party.

It started in the convention hall, where the bar was, but it quickly moved to less formal surroundings: Room 106. As with all room parties, no one could get in or out without the aid of a shoehorn, the air was soon replaced by cigarette smoke, the temperature rose fifty degrees, and the noise level was past tolerance. And the management didn't like it. We returned to the bar. What does one do at the Last Party? One boozes profusely and kisses many people, even strangers. One loses track of one's spouse entirely but doesn't give a damn; you can see him any day, but pretty soon the Mercers & Chris Worsley going to be far away.

Our plane left Bristol for
No one was around. One
sight was in the
goodby to him.
I guess it
that

Paris at 10 A.M. Monday.
person we knew by
lobby. We said
No one else.
was best
way.



DOUBLE-TROUBLE a Lettercolumn

H..Edited by the BEMH

{{ Correction! Correction! Last issue the letter in the WAHF section credited to Rick Norwood was incorrect. It was actually Rick Brooks! Sorry about that...--BEM}}

RICK BROOKS, R.R.#1, BOX 167, FREMONT, IND. 46737

I support your holy crusade against "Pongs". But you don't carry things far enough. All true fen should boycott NYcon and hold a rump con in some other location, preferably a central location like Akron. Or we could all go to NYCon and cheer when anyone turns down a Pong and boo and hiss when anyone accepts one. {{ Methinks you're a bit cynical?! Stop pulling my leg now! In truth, I have no objections against the Pongs, per se, just the substituting the Pong for Hugo. As pointed out by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., at MARCON 2, it was an illegal move by the committee, according to the convention rules. ##Akron MAY hold a con some time in the future -- but not a "rump con"!--BEM}}

Derek Nelson is good! He comes the closest of anyone to hitting my views. I especially liked his throwing the extremists on the left and right into the same category. I've always felt that they had a lot more in common with each other than they did with those of us whose views fall in between theirs. And it has been my feeling for years that our policy in regard to China should be the one we used with seeming success on Russia, that of containment. Revolutionary fever dies out within a few generations, and while we may not be able to get along too well with Russia now, we can deal with them. The men who are running Russia realize just what a nuclear war could do to them. Mao feels that one would only cost him his surplus population. In short, the Russians may not be trustworthy, but they are not fools. The Chinese are.

As for people like Boardman and Pickering that link racist and Conservative together, I just tell them that I link Liberal and National Socialist together. This sort of knocks holes in the common Boardman argument that racists are conservatives because they say they are. Pickerings's letter annoyed me being the usual mishmash of half-truths and inferences. But Jerry Pournelle did a better job of answering him than I could.

Ben Solon is good as usual. I have always held the opinion that in fiction the soft sell is better than the hard sell. Even Heinlein can't get away with very much of the latter.

Ace letterhack Harry Warner has a good little article that was barely dated. I didn't realize its age until the credit was given. To start a bit of discussion, I don't believe that there would be a return to the forest leanto or the cave for a very long time. When the house is ready to collapse, one could take the walls, roof, etc. down and use them to reinforce the ground floor over the basement. In fact, when the windows start to go, the basement would probably become the main living quarters as it's cooler in summer and easier to warm in the winter. Being a farm boy all my life, I disagree with Harry's contention that meat animals are hard to raise. Sheep and turkeys might go under, but I doubt the rest of our meat animals would. My old man raised pigs when I was young. One old sow took out a couple of fences, holed up in a swamp and proceeded to have and raise for a month or so a litter of pigs. Banty chickens seem to get along quite well without human intervention.

RICK BROOKS, concl:

In the summer, our cows go without much attention except milking and watering. In the spring, they find their own water. In the winter, we water 'em, milk 'em and feed 'em hay. If you don't want the milk, run the calf in with the cow and he will gladly take over for you. I also raised rabbits from about the time I was 10 years old and I didn't know a damn thing about raising them. I learned well before I ran out of rabbits. I also learned how to tell one sex from another and that ain't as easy as it is with a lot of animals. No, Harry, I have to admit that the secrets of animal husbandry are not that involved.

As for doing my own butchering, I've watched my old man do it several times. My squeamishness would go about the time my tummy began getting a little empty. As for electric power, one should be able to adapt a small electric generator for power. There were hand generators in use during the war. It might mean a little work before you could listen to your favorite recprds or operate your ham radio. There are a large enough number of engineers, technicians, etc., so that backwater areas that didn't get bombed could maintain a semblance of business as usual.

((I dunno, Rick; I'm of the opinion you're a bit too optimistic re survival after a nuclear war. Maybe I'm too pessimistic, but aren't you forgetting the dangers of human AND animal extinction due to radiation and diseases, etc., should they survive the initial blasts? BEM))

JAMES SUHRER DORR, 824 EAST COTTAGE GROVE, BLOOMINGTON, IND. 47401

I rather agree with Mr. Mallardi's opinion re. 'PONGs'. It is rather unfair to the fanzine editors. Some questions come up, though, concerning the best writer award. Are individual writers circulated through enough zines with sufficient (and non-overlapping) circulation that a sufficient majority of fans would be acquainted with enough of their work to make voting meaningful? (In the case of artists I suspect the answer is yes, but with writers?) Also, shouldn't there be some separation between fiction writers & essayists? Can letterhacks be nominated?

Derek Nelson's essay was quite good. I am not sure how well I agree with his politics; however he does appear to have something to say, that, if it is not new, is at least fresh. Good show.

In a way it is a pity that Mr. Pickering is in disgrace now. The few articles of his that I have seen tended to amuse me (which may be an uncharitable thing to say) even if I have a basic distrust for anyone who claims to have boiled down the troubles of the world to a single discipline (be it sociology or whatever) -- and I always had the feeling that if I raised my suspension of disbelief Mr. Pickering would just somehow disappear. There was a sort of self-parodying element too.

My own politics? --Intellectualist-technocracy.

The main temporal difficulty with Harry Warner's article was the reference to the railroads that continued to have steam locomotives. As far as I know they are just about all gone now.

The problem of gasoline for automobiles is well noted. But couldn't they be converted to methane? (Or is it too difficult to supply methane too? I understand that a lot of autos were converted in Europe toward the end of the second world war when gas was scarce--and needed for military vehicles--and industrial capability pretty well bombed out.) I suspect that rails might be salvaged a bit sooner than Mr. Warner expects unless ready made items (I am assuming that agricultural impliments would be needed first, along with tools for building and repairing) remained in some plenty and there were no transportation problems in getting them where they were needed.

I would expect a more or less mass migration to the country (with a few parasites remaining in the cities supporting themselves by looting) and, since available houses would be already occupied, the newcomers would have to fend for themselves--villages and farms might take in some, but would probably arm themselves against the rest as local populations rose too high.

JAMES S. DORR, concl:

New communities would spring up and these would probably be quite small--3 or 4 families at most with, perhaps, a few unattached people added--and isolated. The basic social unit would be something akin to the tribe (I sort of imagine mediaeval Ireland before English organization into plantations: family-tribal groupings into hamlets, economic base agriculture and pastoral, probably no break-down to polygamy or any such race-building economics for some time though).

The above assumes, of course, that there would not be enough government left to impose law (martial or whatever) over the whole country; some local governments would probably survive as more or less autonomous units and might, in time, come to impose their law on surrounding hamlets. There would probably be little actual cave dwelling; rather there would be tent cities and shanty towns (assuming that tents and/or lumber were brought along: if not, then rude lean-tos would be made from existing materials) replaced in a year or two by more substantial log dwellings. There would be a lot of getting by with whatever is available the first year--not too many people would take a chance on going back for supplies until things had settled down somewhat. And a lot of people would starve--during the first month. Most who survived that long would have a good chance of pulling through.

This rambling is not too consistent mainly because I had a tendency to escalate the imagined destruction from paragraph to paragraph. I am assuming a pretty total catastrophe--i.e. all cities of any importance get hit with something (not necessarily total destruction, but industrial capability knocked out at the least) and national and state govt. collapses--in actuality nuclear war need not be so complete. It might be more realistic to think in terms of only major coastal cities (perhaps one or two inland) destroyed and a govt. still capable of functioning finding itself with a million or so DPs on its hands. In that case, even Mr. Warner's view would probably be extreme.

Dwain Kaiser should not be so hard on us folk who occasionally pay (shudder) money for fanzines. Isn't it enough punishment that we cut our fingers on the staples?

Oops. Here's Lloyd Hull's letter. Sort of a sound thinker, generally, I suspect but, um, about this 4 point manifesto for Dr. Pournelle... A marginal note to Pickering: DOES THE BEHAVIOR OF ONE OF ITS PARTS NECESSARILY DETERMINE (OR EVEN GIVE SUFFICIENT INFORMATION FOR PREDICTING) THE BEHAVIOR OF A WHOLE? I suspect not. Dr. Pournelle says not. I suspect, from Mr. Hull's other remarks, that he suspects not.

Conclude. Either Dr. P (probably) is not a conservative and Mr. H (probably) is not a liberal/or the terms are broad enough to cover reasonably respectable political theorists as well as nuts. Me...I'm in the radical middle or more precisely, I'm an... But I already said that.

((Ed. Note: I never print the greeting of the letters I get for this column, because it's just a waste of space; however, in this next letter I'm doing so because I think it's a sneaky, ingenious way of using my nick-name ((underlining by ME, in case you clowns out there are too dense to get it!)), and mainly because Lewis Grant is a sneaky genius.---BEM))
LEWIS GRANT, 5333 S. DORCHESTER AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60615
Dear BEM (Bowers-Evers-Mallardi)

In my opinion, RAHeinlein is not a racist per se. He is, obviously, an eliteist, and the particular elite he is prejudiced toward is the "competent." I don't think that RAH

"Eliteist: One who wants to keep the picas out." Lew Grant

particularly cares what color the skin of a competent man is. In fact, I believe that he has gone out of the way in several of his books to bring in the race of a competent man, and show that it isn't important. He mentioned at the Chicon II, as he Sat In State in his ~~little~~ suite that the hero of "Starship Trooper" was a Negro. Now, he may suspect that there are more competent men among the Aryans, the White Race, the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, Christian Country Club members, or what have you, but I am pretty sure that he believes they aren't all there. A lot have to be Finns.

LEWIS GRANT, cont.

Of course, the question of prejudice enters here, because what RAH (the sun god?) is predicting is that the particular type of "competence" he likes will turn out to be the survival type.

According to Darwinian biological theory, the survival types are those who have the highest number of descendants. On this basis, some of the slum dwellers are showing the highest survival rating, since they are having eight or ten kids, and keeping them from starving, through the generosity of the government.

I, too, am an elitist, except I have some doubts as to who the survival type is. I believe, looking at the sweep of evolution from the primeval cloud of H to us science-fiction reading Mensa Members, that the whole trend of evolution has been toward "intelligence" (whatever that is). However, I am not so sure of the correlation between IQ test scores and "intelligence." I go down to Mensa meetings and say: "These are the crown of creation? I think I'll thwup."

Anyway, I happen to believe that there are more competent, in Heinlein's viewpoint, and more intelligent people among the white races, of which there are quite a number. Why? Well, in my opinion, only about 10% of the land area of the world is suitable for civilized living. The rest you just exist on. A large slug of this land is in England and Western Europe. The white races evolved in the European area. (The white skin, etc., is a series of mutations that increase the amount of self-made vitamin D in an area with little sunshine.) It is a general rule that the race that evolves in a particular area is best adapted to it, and uses the climate, vegetation, etc., to best advantage. Therefore, the white races, having adapted to the European climate, are the best equipped to live in the best, most healthy and stimulating climate and area of the globe.

Unfortunately, there are two drawbacks to this nice racist viewpoint. The first is that the white races don't do so well in the other 90% of the world, over periods of a decade or so. They don't breed, especially. As long as they can use the ideas they thought up at home, plus the stamina they built up from all that fresh milk, red meat, and green vegetables, they can conquer everybody in pretty short order. They just can't stick very long.

The second drawback is that while there are probably more smart and "competent" people among the white races, they aren't all there, and moreover, you don't have to be particularly smart to think up good ideas. Smart people think them up at a faster rate, and get more mileage out of them, but it is the idea that is important, not the brain it comes out of.

Well, you pick your survival characteristic, and you start thinking about how to whittle down the below-average type in both populations, and shove along the above-average types. Ethically, of course.

In other words, the person who doesn't know the difference between the two statements: "The White Man is superior to the Negro." and "The average White Man is "superior" to the average Negro." is a racist. And I don't think RAH is one. I also don't know if the 2nd statement is true.

Derek Nelson is Right. But he doesn't go far enough. It is true the U.S. is engaged in a holding action, but not enough people look at it that way, and that is the problem. The only use of a holding action is to gain time for something else. If you don't have the Something Else coming along, plus a backup Something in case the first Something flops, you are wasting a lot of manpower.

There are a lot of things we need to work on full blast while engaged in the holding action. We have to work on a new world-view to replace our Christian-Frontier days world-view, which doesn't work so well any more. We need to find some sort of cure for the kind of fanaticism that Nelson (and Campbell) keep talking about. We have to solve the population explosion and the breakdown of the cities.

In my own view, the only thing that is going to stop the H-bomb race in time is

LEWIS GRANT, concl:

world government. Unfortunately, I don't think we will have a viable terrene government until we have a terrene civilization with a terrene world-view, to replace the various nationalistic world-views we now have. I see some rays of hope, however, in recent trends in the U.S. and Europe. For one thing, the term "natives" as we used to use it, has all but disappeared.

Which reminds me. I have to lead a discussion on McLuhan for the Chicago Ethical Society next month. After reading up on McLuhan, I think he is a brilliant man. Loud-mouthed, but brilliant. I don't think he knows what he is talking about, but I don't think anyone else is any more competent to evaluate his observations. You've heard about the artist who specializes in arranging found object sculpture from stuff he finds in dumps and garbage cans. His medium is the Mess Age.

Went to a meeting of the Illinois Society for the Medical Control of Abortion, and got them straightened out on a few things. My only complaint about abortion is that it isn't retroactive. Of course, one of the major reasons for abortion today is lack of information on or access to birth control pills. I am supposed to work on the newsletter of the group, which is out to get the Illinois abortion laws changed. We got started on the wrong foot when they didn't like my name "Inside News."

Wilco on writing in my nomination & vote for the best fanzine. I have always felt there should be a subsidiary set of awards, perhaps given at a time other than the banquet, for things like best fanzine writer, best artist, best editor, best humorist, etc., but I think there should be a Hugo for best fanzine. The SF world is a unique synergistic culture incorporating half-pro-half-fan writers and editors, and the "readers", who do a lot more than just passively read. Few other types of literature have such a close cybernetic channel between the "pros" and the "fans". It is true that fans have very little impact on short-range considerations of SF editors, but they have very important long-range actions, including the production of new writers, not to mention editors. Of these fannish influences, the most important are produced by the editors of the good fanzines, and their contributors. If a little bit of egoboo will keep the contributors writing more and the editors working harder, I'm all in favor. Let's keep a Hugo for best fanzine, as being as important to the SF field as a good short story or illustrator.

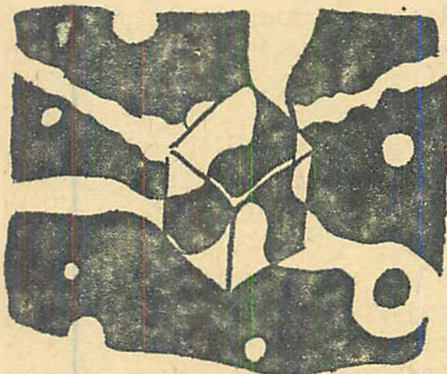
Zo, with minor reservations, I like the general idea for the Pongs, but the first step is a long, loud, and large discussion on the whole idea, before they are just handed to us on a silver shovel.

~~The~~ The twelve-year-old article on survival is very interesting, but also obviously a ~~product of~~ a twelve-year-old article. The helpful hints would be much better if reprinted

Besides the minor damage from atomization of our cities, we have some other very minor problems. For instance, we are going to have a few million, (not more than two or three) bodies which are not ashed, but are not buried. They are going to be well irradiated, and quite gamy after a few days. The bacteria inside those bodies are going to be irradiated, also, and we are going to have lots of mutant microbe monsters. This is besides the "official" bugs which get dumped on us.

There will be no real problem today, twelve years later, about communications. Besides millions of ear boxes, we have tons of millions of automobile radios, and lots of things which can be cannibalized for transistors and diodes. All we have to do, after the gasoline runs out, is make alcohol, and the engines can be kept running for years.

What, Cassandra, me worry?



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

It's sad to find myself allied against so many good fans on the matter of the Pongs. The Hugo had never held much importance for me, because of its professional emphasis and because of the poor number of votes cast at many worldcons. But last year's award of the fanzine Hugo to ERBdom completed the process of causing me to want nothing more to do with Hugos. This was a demonstration of how bloc voting can swing a Hugo and the fact that the bloc voted for a semi-professional magazine was the crusher. I feel that it's much better to start off afresh on recognition for fanzines, and to use a symbol that will be meaningless to the fringe fanzine editors who might assemble a bloc. Besides, Pong stands for Tucker.

{{ Let me clarify that point: I certainly didn't mean to slight Bob Tucker at all! Calling them Tucker's, tho, sounds better -- I think -- than Pongs. Bob is a good friend of mine, and is known & liked by everyone in fandom, professional or fan. All I protested was the changing the Hugo for Best fanzine; the other two awards I didn't oppose at all. But now NY-CON 3 has changed the name, because of so many protests from the fans..to Fan Achievement Awards. But no matter what name the Best Fanzine Award goes under, I still oppose the change. I have more respect for the Hugo (which after all IS a fan - given award, NOT pro - given) than for a new award with no tradition & prestige behind it. Granted there may be weaknesses in the voting system that allows bloc voting, but I doubt seriously if that will always be a problem with fringe fans pushing one particular item, as they did with ERBdom. (I didn't like the results of last year's voting either, but I have more faith in the Hugo Awarding system than to want a complete change.) Maybe some suggestions and Rules for voting are needed to minimize the chances of bloc voting. Any fans out there have some suggestions or ideas?? If so, send them in to D:B, I'd like to see a good discussion on them in the lettercolumn. (But no name-calling, please!)-BEM}}

That's a marvelous front cover. I just can't believe that Prosser permits publication of some art work in which the human figures are so frightfully bad, when he's capable of turning out beautiful draftmanship like this example.

I'll remain an innocent bystander in the donnybrook that will result from Derek Nelson's article. {{ Surprisingly enough, most comments I received on it agreed with the article instead of disagreeing.--BEM}}

Ben Solon's general theme and opinions mesh pretty well with mine. But many of the details aren't altogether sound. For one thing, there have been fanzine laments over the "new" kind of science fiction which deals with social problems ever since Campbell converted Astounding to the kind of magazine he wanted to edit. IF THIS GOES ON and THE ROADS MUST ROLL may seem like classic stories dealing with basic human problems of a timeless nature, when someone reads them for the first time today. But they had those particular themes because it happened to be a period of national concern over labor and world war, at the time of original publication. If Ben Solon and other fans are still impelled to write about a "new" kind of science fiction with dialectical emphasis, maybe the real trouble is that the authors are suddenly growing clumsy in the way they write their stories. I rather doubt that much message science fiction is intended to convert the reader to the author's way of thinking. In any kind of fiction, the message in the story is usually quite similar to the thinking of the bulk of the readership. Ben's last sentence is particularly puzzling. Could he have intended to say that Lewis Carroll wasn't subconsciously writing for children? If a story was ever written down for a child, after it was first related orally to a child, it was the first Alice yarn.

The reprint of my article provided me with some amusement and a few embarrassing moments. If I'd hunted it up before you published it, I would have probably tried to repair a few of the clumsiest spots. It's surprising that the past dozen years haven't made the article completely obsolete. As it stands, I imagine that there are only two major changes in the nation's way of living that would affect the article: the complete disappearance of the steam locomotive except on a few tourist-bait railroads, and the introduction of the transistor radio. All of a sudden I am feeling at least a decade older than I did when I started

HARRY WARNER, concl:

this letter, because I have just realized that a few of your younger readers may not remember clearly their early boyhood when transistor radios were not in every home.

You may sleep soundly and calmly, secure in the certain knowledge that the D:B Symposium's original manuscripts are indeed cherished and preserved by someone who knows the their worth. I spent a pleasant afternoon with Bill Clark a few months back. He was as unknown to me as to you, until he came calling. But a few minutes' conversation proved him to be a tremendously enthusiastic and experienced collector-type fan.

Bill Temple's letter reawoke curiosity about an unimportant and rather gruesome little matter. How long is it, from the time when a prominent fan enters final gaffiation, until he has finally received his last piece of fannish mail? Even if the individual left fandom with a bad taste in his mouth, he must suffer some kind of pangs as he finds the fanzines and the letters from people who want to know what happened to him gradually slackening down to one or two a week, then perhaps one a month. Does he hope desperately that another will come, after six months of no contact at all with the hobby he has divorced, even though he has no intention of doing anything about answering it? I remember my own reaction, combined dismay and relief, as the load grew easier and easier on the mailbox during the years when I cut down sharply my fanac, in the late 1940' and early 1950's. But I was never out of FAPA, I retained correspondence with a few fans, and even wrote a fanzine article once in a long while, so the situation didn't continue to worsen--or improve--indefinitely in my case. Earlier this year, I received a piece of fannish mail addressed to an address I moved away from nine years ago, so apparently if I gaffiated tomorrow, I would still hear at least an occasional echo of fannish hubbub as late as 1976.

Mary Young's letter causes me to wonder if these people who giggle at the wrong times or talk back to the screen when their in a movie theater behave in the same manner when they're watching old movies on television, alone at home. Probably the best compromise between the distractions of such slob in a theater and the lack of companionship in a house where nobody else is home consists of the non-profit series of good movies that museums, colleges, and such places sponsor in many cities. The audience is usually civilized and most of the films are tested by time. Hagerstown has been blessed with an excellent series this winter and spring, I have a press ticket to it, and my job has kept me otherwise engaged on the first 11 nights of the 12-film series. I still have hopes for salvaging the final evening, which by coincidence happen to be Hiroshima Mon Amour.

You undoubtedly know what you are doing, and you probably want that electric Gestetner for ease of publication. If by any chance you're planning the change in the hope of getting better reproduction, you're going to a lot of extra trouble. Letterpress couldn't be easier on the eyes or more consistently inked than this D:B.

44 You are more or less correct in stating that we want the Gestetner for "ease of publication" -- since Bowers is in Manila we figured an electric mimeo would be easier for me to operate than old hand-cranked King Rex. But, also, King Rex wasn't as perfect as many had believed. (I'm still amazed how well we did with that machine -- even now.) The main bugaboo was the fact that the REGISTRATION adjustment was busted on the thing when we got it -- hence with (or without) colors we had a high proportion of crudsheets, high's & low's, etc. And the offset from the backs of pages we ran off also was quite heavy at times..but with the 260 electric we also got a slip-sheeter, so the offset problem should be under control from now on.---BEM}}

STEVE STILES, 1809 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK, 28, N.Y.

Smart move, Mallardi, to move to a place of your own; be it only a small apartment, it's yours, and that certainly is a gas. After being classified 1-A, I decided to move away from home and share an apartment with John Benson --knowing it would only be a matter of time before I had to share one big room with forty other guys, I wanted a taste of freedom before those walls with bars on them began closing in. As it happened, it took eight

STILES, concl:

months for the axe to fall. My parents were dismayed with my decision; my mother seemed to believe that I would be mixing it up with "sluts" (her term) and that they'd be...why they'd be running up and down the stairs, by christ! I doubled up with laughter at that, but part of the prediction came true --didn't meet any sluts, though. A shame about my next door neighbor; he seemed to enjoy pounding the walls with a broomstick. For some strange reason.

Since my roommate got a tv last month I've done less reading. I've also been able to watch STAR TREK with some regularity. My impressions--it's better than average for it's category in that medium, entertaining, but I'm disappointed with The Captain, last of the Boy Scouts. If I thought (gag) in the political bag, I'd call him a fascist (it's a handy label); he always seems to be quite disdainful of utopias, the ones he's always running into, carrying the adolescent notion that man is something that just fell out of the trees, a creature that must sublimate his supposed killer instincts by expanding into space. Where he can kill other species, I suppose. It is to laugh.

I don't have a stake in the pie, and have a fairly casual attitude about the idea of working for awards, medals, gold stars; even discounting that, I can't get worked up over this Pong business. As you say, the award means *PRESTIGE* --I should think that the *PRESTIGE* lays in the votes accumulated; the esteem of the fans, the actual award the symbol of that esteem. Be it phallic symbol, the Prosser statue, or an electric ping pong ball.

Earl Evers brings out some valid points; one might even go as far to say "Basic Truths", although not in this instance, well worth considering. Particularly in the context of Andrew Porter's abdominal wall muscle, subcutaneous fat, and, indeed, his very stomach. I have often watched Andrew's abdominal wall muscle expand and contract and expand, and have often felt it my duty to take Porter aside and explain to him that this is a symptom of immaturity, possibly psychosis. And as for FAPA's preoccupation with morning glories, well, everyone knows that FAPA has been going to seed.

I find Derek Nelson a little hard to believe; his politics belong to the nineteenth century not the twentieth. In an atomic age it is the height of irresponsibility for any major power to play International Policeman in both hemispheres. To preserve order? Who's order? Why, ours, of course! It is, as he says, obvious that we are not in Vietnam to preserve "Asian Freedom" --the Vietnamese never had any. The presence of the Vietcong underlines that. Nor will they find it under communism, but there was a vacuum there and "we", the Western Powers, failed to fill it with an alternative. The alternative we now provide --a slipshod imitation of democracy-- seems to be enforced with the guns Mr. Lenin referred to. Pity the poor peasant who has the misfortune to be in the middle of any clashes between the giants of East and West.

I am not afraid of communism; it is after all, an unworkable system --as events in Russia demonstrate. I am not afraid of a communist South Vietnam; as General Shoupe, Commandant of the Marine Corps, pointed out, there were only two people in history who have been alleged to walk across water --and they were men of peace who certainly didn't have 8,000 miles to go.

We don't need soldiers in all four corners of the globe, as Nelson suggests; such a strategy is patchwork and can only look like the actions of an oppressor to the underdeveloped nations. Soldiers do not fill vacuums; ideas do. And there is where the real stakes should be, and are being, played.

JERRY POURNELLE, 8396 FOX HILLS, BUENA PARK, CALIF. 90620

You know, I teach classes in National Security. This Trimester, the class is called "Modern International Conflict", which roughly translates as limited war. Thus, imagine my surprise when I open Double Bill and discover the essence of my course neatly wrapped up in an article by Derek Nelson. Maybe it does take a Canadian to understand Americans.

I only met Nelson once, in San Diego, and we didn't have time to talk much, due to the interference of a disease known as Diplomacy. Reading his article, I wish we hadn't played the blasted game; I'd rather we had put more time into conversation instead of only the hour or two we got. Congratulations, Derek; you won't make many friends for that piece, and you'll

JERRY POURNELLE, cont.

probably hit John Boardman's LIST of people we'd be better off without, but you're pretty near right, and you know it.

I wonder when we will get policymakers who understand that this is a Protracted Conflict. That A Forward Strategy is not a formula for total victory. That holding the line with Legions in the far places is prerequisite to the preservation of the West. It won't do it, but if we don't hold the line, nothing else will either.

There are two views of the Protracted Conflict. One is expressed by Derek Nelson in his excellent piece, and is set forth at length by T.R. Fehrenbach in a book no one interested in this sort of thing can afford to miss, THIS KIND OF WAR.

The other view is not so easy to understand. The best presentation of it is not in a work of exposition at all, but in a pair of political novels by a Frenchman named Lartegy. The books are THE CENTURLANS, which has now been issued as THE LOST COMMAND, and THE PRAE-TORLANS. The first book was also made into a movie which may be worth seeing, but not as a version of the book. Lartegy tells the story of French Indo-China and Algeria, as Fehrenbach tells the story of Korea. But Lartegy has a different view. His soldiers are not Legionnaires, although he sees the need for Legions. His soldiers are something else, something close to what the Green Beret troops are supposed to be. They are a different breed of cat; if one wants to know more about them, see Lartegy's books. By the way, the two views: that summarized by Lartegy and summarized by Fehrenbach, are not all that incompatible.

I see no point in continuing the Pickering business. I will comment briefly on Mr. Lloyd Hull's letter: I can understand his problem, for if he genuinely believes that there is much to be called Conservative in the works of the Birch Society, he can't possibly accept Conservative answers to today's problems. But, as I hope someday to be able to demonstrate to everyone I can, the John Birch Society is not Conservatism. It has been denounced by almost every Conservative publication I know of, including National Review; it enjoys the support of no Conservative leader I know of; and it has zero influence on Conservative philosophy. The Klan, Gerald L K Smith, and that crowd have never even claimed to be a part of the Conservative Alliance, so I don't know why people go on hanging that dead cat around my neck.

Let's, once again, patiently, look at Mr. Hull's four points. I do this because I am sure that Mr. Hull is not being perverse, he really believes that his four points mean something to the Conservative movement.

1. "Destroying a house clear to the ground" and leaving it "without its foundations" is Radicalism. No Conservative I know of wants to destroy the United States. Most of us want to hold on to the Philadelphia Constitution, and desperately try to do so. I certainly don't want any part of destroying the Union clear to the ground; it is those who insist on changing it against its traditions who do that, in my judgement.

2. I have never stated that John F. Kennedy, Dwight David Eisenhower, Arthur Goldberg, Albert Schweitzer (there's an interesting inclusion; Mr. Hull evidently doesn't know that because of Schweitzer's support of Moise Tshombe, the Liberals have it IN for him, and he is on the LIST) FDR, RFK, Cordell Hull -- at any rate I have never accused any of these men of being Communists. I HAVE said that many of them have aided the Communists, which is a matter of analysis of history. Policies advocated by them have been of benefit to the enemy. Nor do I know of any responsible Conservatives -- again, I name Bill Buckley, Steve Possony, Willmoore Kendall, as representative of Conservatism -- who have done so. Perhaps Mr. Hull would care to name those who have?

3. Same as point 2. I suggest Mr. Hull get his ideas on Conservatism from Conservatives, not from radicals or liberals. If he wants the name of a couple of books, let him try Russell Kirk's Program for Conservatives, or Frank Meyer's What is Conservatism.

4. Let's leave out Senator Joseph McCarthy for a minute, after which I will gladly join Mr. Hull and all the others who would like in a quick five minute hate against the kkk, Rockwell, {{ Ed. note: Today is the 26th of August; yesterday, the 25th, Rockwell was assassinated by one of his own men....}} Hitler, "and many many more." Again I refer him to

JERRY POURNELLE, concl:

points-3 and 2 above. For views on McCarthy, I refer him to the excellent piece by Willmoore Kendall in his book THE CONSERVATIVE AFFIRMATION. McCarthy is a vastly more complicated subject than I care to go in to in so short a note as this, but I put it to you that he certainly murdered no one, advocated no gas chambers, and flogged no Negroes; thus I hardly think he belongs in the list with Hitler and Rockwell, even if he does deserve denunciation. If denounce him we must, let us do so for his sins, not for the sins of others with whom some people want to associate him. Surely we can have a bit of proportion in our denouncings?

I think Mr. Hull will be disappointed in his idols, Bobby and Teddy, but time will show him that, if he is not interested in informing himself. Let me just say that if I really believed them to be the men whom Mr. Hull seems to believe them to be, my opposition to them would be considerably lessened.

LLOYD HULL, 2532-9TH, GREAT BEND, KANSAS 67530

Liked the cover. How often do you have those Double:Bill brawls? {{ Mainly at the parties we'd hold at Worldcons...but since Bowers is Far Out, and I'm short extra \$\$, NYCON will regrettably not see a Big Brawl. Mebbe just a small party for a few frends. That is, if I keep my room that long...--BEM}}

Now that we've got STAR TREK back on the air, lets all turn our attention toward another very excellent shpw. Namely the AVENGERS. It's my favorite show, and I feel certainly worthy of as much attention as is STAR TREK. I think given time the AVENGERS could become an extremely popular series.

I suggest all fans do the same thing they did for STAR TREK. Write in to the network, the local stations, TV GUIDE, and anybody else you can think of. But you must hurry, THERE WILL NOT BE MUCH TIME. {{ I saw one episode of the show, and that just a few months ago; it struck me as well-done, but seemed a bit too heavy on understatement & satire. Perhaps they're watering it down a bit now from the original runs? (It was the episode where the supposed "Ghost" of a British ~~LOLA, ABBA~~ whatever -- lead them to discover an underground city. The plans of the inhabitants was eventual takeover of the outside world!) Since I'm unable to watch it constantly due to work schedules, I'm rather indifferent one way or the other re the show. --BEM}}

I agree with you about the PONGS (PING). I hope everybody refuses to accept the whole idiotic mess.

Earl Evers knows about science fiction fans. Why doesn't he write a long report? Sort of scientific type you know. Yoy know, as a service to fandom a special report on perverts in science fiction. Golly gee, I'd wager he'd never run out of material. And I'm sure everybody would like to know who the writer is, who he wrote about in THE FAN WHO FORGOT THINGS. No. On second thought, he wasn't real. Or was he?

STEPHEN PICKERING IS HORRID, IDIOTIC, AND HORRENDOUS. Nothing personal ya' know Stephen. It's just that you are that way. Even tho Pickering is a supposed liberal, and I consider myself one also, he is as far from my views as any member of the John Birch Society. I hope no one thinks he represents the standard liberal viewpoint in any way, shape, or form. Hell, he doesn't even represent the Marxist viewpoint, as he suggests.

Dr. Pournelle was as usual senseable enough. Which is all I will say, since I respect his views, even though he is a branded conservative. Not that it matters so much, but like I said, I respect his views, so I'm not going to argue with him.



LLOYD HULL, concl:

I'm so glad Derek Nelson knows how the members of the liberal and left movements think. He's a lot smarter than me, because I'm part of the movement and I don't even know really how the members think. I know how I think, but certainly no one else. Hell, I don't even think Derek Nelson knows how the conservative movement thinks, let alone the liberal. I don't know where he got the idea that liberals are against the war in Vietnam. That's a wide generalization, with no research of any kind. I don't know maybe he went all over the country taking a poll on it. UNLESS he did, I find it hard to believe all liberals are against the war in Vietnam; I'm not. I don't think a good percentage of liberals are either.

The Mae Strelkov drawings were absolutely fascinating. I'd love to be able to see the actual site in person. It would probably be even more haunting in real life.

JOHN BOARDMAN, 592 10TH ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11218

Jerry Pournelle has twice challenged me to show how American conservatism is racist. Only on the assumption that he slept through 1964 can I account for his asking this question, which I thought would have been answered by the Republican campaign of that year. Between Barry Goldwater's voting record prior to the campaign, and T.E. White's analysis afterwards, the covertly racist appeal of American conservatism seems beyond question.

I will reply later, and at greater lengths, to the questions raised by the somnolent Dr. Pournelle in his letters in the last two Double: bills.

Now, as to the pretentious and larcenous Mr. Pickering - if "praise from Caesar is praise indeed", then praise from Sejanus is a very sour lemon. Pickering is no more a Marxist by self-proclamation than he is a sociologist by self-proclamation. This I learned, not by asking his college, but simply from a brief exchange of letters. I wrote him, in answer to a manuscript from him, about racism among social scientists: Gumprowicz, Ludovici, Henry Garrett, Wesley George, The Gayre of Gayre and Nigg, and the rest of the Mankind Quarterly gang. It seems that Pickering had never heard of any of these gentry, and got confused between The Gayre (as his Scots bonnet-lairdship entitles him to be called) and some other fellow named Nigg.

(There's a fine batch for Pournelle to work on, with his thesis that conservatism is not racist. This whole group, and their popularizers such as Ernst van den Haag, Carlton Putnam, Stefan Possony, and Nathanael Weyl, appear regularly in National Review and kindred publications to urge segregation. Weyl is the author of two books purporting to demonstrate that Negroes are the inferiors of Caucasians, and has also written an attack on the Cuban Revolution, Red Star over Cuba.)

Needless to say, Pickering will not appear in the pages of any of my publications either. Fandom should squeeze him out and have done with him, as it did with Wetzel and Sigler in previous years.

LARRY C. SMITH, 216 EAST TIBET ROAD, COLUMBUS, OHIO 43202

I don't give a shrill soprano hoot on Niffenheim what the hell you call the awards given to the best fan work. They could as well be known as Mallardi's, Smith's, or luna-burgers-on-rye for all I care, without affecting their validity in the least. The point behind the fan HUGO is, of course, recognition of (hopefully) superior talent, organization and material in publishing a fanzine. No matter what you call the award, it is still supposed to be given on those grounds. And I think it is high time that fandom realised that, to the non-fan readers and buyers of SF, the only people who get HUGOs are the pros. I'm not claiming that this is intrinsically good or desirable; simply that it exists and should be acknowledged - de facto if not de jure.

Worldcons have traditionally given one fan HUGO each year, out of a total of 6 to 11. This means that either the fan award is an oddball, tucked in at the last minute to satisfy those fans who screamed SHAFT! at the top of their voices or that all the other HUGOs are the peculiar ones, invented to pacify the writers who, after all, we all started out as fans of. And why, for ghod's sake, are the fanzines the only amateur work that has been

LARRY SMITH, concl:

recognised in the past? Surely no faner wants to alienate his contributors by denying that they, too, have a right to well-deserve recognition of their talents, without which most fanzines would speedily cease to exist? I thought not.

So, since I think we're all agreed that superb fan work, whether editorial, art or writing should be recognised, why the furore about what shape the award takes? Those who win Pongs, or whatever they end up being known as, will know why they won; the people who voted for them will know what they won; the fanzine readers will soon know who, what and why the awards were given; and, as far as I can tell, the mundane world doesn't give a hyperspatial damn about the matter. I don't see the Pongs as being "inferior" to the HUGOs, simply different in nature, but equal in stature. Fans aren't pros (as far as award distinctions go), so why not admit that a difference exists and let both groups of participants receive a distinctive award, without relative rank appearing at all in the issue?

Earl's little polemic on the various and sundry upheavals and revolutions within fandom was mildly interesting, albeit personally non-relative. The club I belong to (CØSFS, for those who care) doesn't seem to run to the beat, Bohemian sort, even though half our local members, including the author of all this, are collegiate types. No free love, no pot, no acid, no alcoholics. Boy, are we ever a square assortment. I would surmise that the internal rot Earl seems to be concerned about is, at best, a budding thing as of yet. Personally, I prefer not to discuss sex, politics, or religion at SF meetings, not because I am disinterested, but because these are usually firmly-held personal convictions and therefore debateable only if the conversation can be kept from becoming dogmatic and offensive, which it rarely refuses to do.

{{ Since I have more space in the editorial section than here, I'll answer your questions re the HUGO/Fan Award (formerly Pongs) controversey there. #I more or less agree with you on discussing sex, religion, etc., since it's actually too difficult to try and change another's views on those subjects; I respect others views on same, and trust they do the same with my views.--BEM}}

LYNN HICKMAN, 413 OTTOKEE ST., WAUSEON, OHIO 43567

I agree with you in regards to the Pong award. I too would hate to end up with a Pong. I don't feel the NYCON committee had the right to change it, I'd rather have a no award this year if they don't want to give Hugos. I was against N.Y. getting the con because of half-baked ideas and while I'll support it with a membership, I don't believe I'll attend.

{{ I was against N.Y. getting the con for the same reasons...we must think alike, especially re New York! I wanted Syracuse to get the con, and Ted must have been miffed because we didn't support them, because he pulled a stunt at the '66 Midwestcon similar to the '67 one. While at a party where a few copies of D:B were circulating, Ted suddenly surprised everyone to silence by asking me the "loaded" question (and I quasi-quote only because I can't recall the EXACT words, tho Banks Mebane knows them I think) "Tell me, Bill, when is DOUBLE:BILL going to stop publishing crap!" That's a question without an answer, similar to the old joke of, "When have you stopped beating your wife?" Just prior to that, earlier in the evening, Ted asked me why we supported Syracuse instead of N.Y., and as nicely as I could I tried to tell him. Then he pulled the above stunt. I'll be at the NYCON for a few days, but my money situation is B*A*D, so I'll probably leave before the end of the con, unless I can find some fan's house to stay at.--BEM}}

TOM DUPREE, 809 ADKINS BLVD., JACKSON, MISS. 39211

Your many-times-photographed MAD staffer is, I think, Leonard Brenner. This is the one with the goatee; he has appeared on TO TELL THE TRUTH as a contestant (an imposter), and I happened to be watching the day he announced to the TV audience that he was on the staff of MAD magazine, and immediately got a lot of laughs from the listeners.

TOM DUPREE, concl:

FANTASIA was an excellent movie, right! And to get back to what Harry Warner cited me saying in an eariler issue, the beauty of the old Disney cartoons was that they were all motion. You can notice the part-still, part-animation techniques in Hanna-Barbera cartoons as taking over the entire industry if you ever look at the current crop of cartoons. To be sure, this is easier on the animators, but never having done any animation work I have no sympathy with them, and only demand to see the old type cartoons revived because they looked the best to me -- not artificial, but real.

"The Night on Bald Mountain" segment of FANTASIA was a fantasy classic to rank with THE LORD OF THE RINGS, and I too would have loved to see Disney take on the Tolkien trilogy.

JERRY KAUFMAN, 2769 HAMPSHIRE, CLEVELAND HTS, OHIO 44106

Derek Nelson: I am confident that John Boardman will thoroughly tear Nelson to pieces on this, but I have a couple minor quibbles to pick at. Your use of the word Order seems to imply only one possible form of government. You seem to rule out Communism, Facism, monarchy, feudalism, city-state, tribalism and everything else except representative capitalistic republicanism (what this country has) as Order. You consider everything except our system as Chaos. They are not. They may be Bad but they are Order, even more than R.C.R.

Last is Containment. Is it defined by Nelson as Keeping 'Em out of Where They Ain't and Tossing 'Em out of Where They is Trying to Be? We had better rush into the Central European Nation where even now they are waging a wild war to overthrow the Government in Charge. Of course, it is legal in Italy to run for office on the Communist ticket, but you know that the Containment idea calls for invasion now, before it's too late.

The worst cartoons ever done were the Clutch Cargo things that used to be on. They were action-serial cartoons that had almost no motion to them. To show talking they would have just two pictures, one open mouth and one closed. To show motion they apparently just moved a single drawing against a background drawing.

ED COX, 14524 FILMORE ST., ARLETA, CALIF. 91331

Re your editorial...STAR TREK is admittedly one of the best science fiction series ever to hit television land's magic window. But there are some things that do sort of grate..one of which is that the Captain of a huge star ship goes running off into personally dangerous exploits alla time. About as much sense as the Admiral running all over hell and gone in JOURNEY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE ~~ATLANTIC~~ SEA. At least the control panels and power supplies and what not are not continuously arcing, exploding and sending showers, yea! veritable Niagaras of sparks flame and fire every time somebody kicks a bulkhead. But it does seem a bit odd that during this fantastic drive the Star Ship has which holds everybody in stasis, or whatever, it doesn't seem to do the crew members a damn bit of good every time the ship runs into some sort of trouble. Everybody gets spilled out of those strapless revolving desk chairs...

I read Derek Nelson's article with great interest. I think the main trouble with attitudes toward U.S. involvement, a word or concept that covers a lot of territory, is that people want to be happy in this the greatest consumer-oriented nation in the world, enjoy sitting on top of said world as a Power and maintain the same foreign policy as Calvin Coolidge.

The people of the United States just haven't been sold on this war, therefore they can't realize why it is going on. WWII we had the "Four Freedoms" and, of course, eventually staring down the barrel anyhow. It was easier to put the old shoulder to the wheel.

My main gripe about the way the war is being handled in Viet Nam is that it isn't. They ought to blast Haiphong harbor and destroy the dikes and flood the farmlands. The people would lose interest in the war and there'd have to be a lot of effort made to take care of them, which ought to take the steam out of the war, at least from the North. Blasting a few MIG bases isn't going to do it and so-called "escalation" is but a political bitching. We're there, we ought to finish it.

ED COX, concl:

Re Ben Solon's item, I think that the main problem these days is that the writers aren't writing science fiction, but fantasy. And even in this fantasy they're producing, they are not writing "stories". Basically, a story-teller entertains, diverts as well as putting across an idea, if he bothers with the latter at all. Well-written, entertaining, enjoyable, even rollicking good yarns that catch up the reader and transport him, are not ideally a medium for education. I don't want to be educated when I read a story for relaxation/entertainment, I want to enjoy it! And this includes To Have and Have Not, Out of the Deep, and Low Man On a Totem Pole as well as "The Time-Machined Saga" and "The Red Skull", to name a diverse few. For education, I'll look elsewhere. Anyhow, I agree with Ben. Let's get the stf writers back to story-telling and leave the editorializing in the editorials and the education in the articles and textbooks, the non-fiction works.

And whatever place Earl Evers resides, it must be unique. The average non-fan type still doesn't seem to blend into stf groups, have much understanding, even interest in the publishing field, etc. I mean, like when we have six or eight prozines in the whole field with top circulation of any one barely hitting 100,000, that doesn't give much coverage of the potential readership in a 200,000,000 population!

As for the ridiculous statement "FAPA, for instance, is full of the sort of people who would rather pick and dry mature morning glories than purchase readymade acid." and the rest of the completely idiotic paragraph. Maybe Evers was himself on acid when he wrote this, I don't know. It is definitely out of touch with reality. I frankly doubt if Caroline Kennedy would feel at home in today's fandom. I frankly don't think she would care about the whole bit.

I also frankly think that this whole "diastrophic upheaval" has largely been un-noticed by anybody else besides Earl Evers. Maybe Earl is insecure because fandom is not a rigid, secure, sharply defined place with its set pecking order, etc. It is, after all, just another cross-section of people loosely bound together by a common interest. Too bad, eh?

Gad, Bill Bowers due for 18 months duty within a short distance of Manila. That's where San Miguel beer is brewed. Which may or may not be of vital interest to Bill...
{{ Don't worry, it IS! At least, from his last letter to me, it seems so...BEM}}

Lloyd Biggle, Jr., has a column but what there is of it is by Earl Evers. Two really fine poems, superior to most all efforts I've seen emanate from fans, at least in recent years. I wonder if he has made any effort to get them published professionally?

AND NOW TO FINISH THIS THING OFF.....:

THE we also heard from's: (wahf's)

We also got a 3 1/2 page letter from POUL ANDERSON, commenting on Nelson's article. POUL requests, since it's so long, that I not print it, but send it on to Derek personally. So I shall; but I will excerpt a little from it, also. (I'd better clarify the above...POUL sez he "hardly expects" me to print such a long piece as it is, tho I DO have his permission) Also, in case you wonder, the letter is IN PRAISE -- not damnation -- of the article!

POUL ANDERSON: "To get the nitpicking out of the way: First, while "G" or "J" is optional as the first letter of that Mongolian gentleman's name, the second "g" should always be followed by an "h" according to the English rule for spelling that particular sound. Then, second, I wish Mr. Nelson had used a less emotional style." {{ I KNEW he had that name spelled wrong -- I even sent it back to him for correction -- but I thought the "h" was after the first "g"! Derek said the "J" & "G" was optional, too, but that the rest was spelled ok.--BEM}}

The End is near: We haven't time & space for more letters, but thanx to the following for writing: RON SMITH, JAMES S. DORR, CREATH THORNE, RAY FISHER, PAUL KRUMM, W.G. BLISS, GENE KLEIN, DAVE PROSSER, ALEX EISENSTEIN, JAY KINNEY, TED WHITE (with a two sentence note), BILL DANNER, and COLIN CAMERON. ~~###~~ This issue is now FINIS.....Bye for now. Write??

