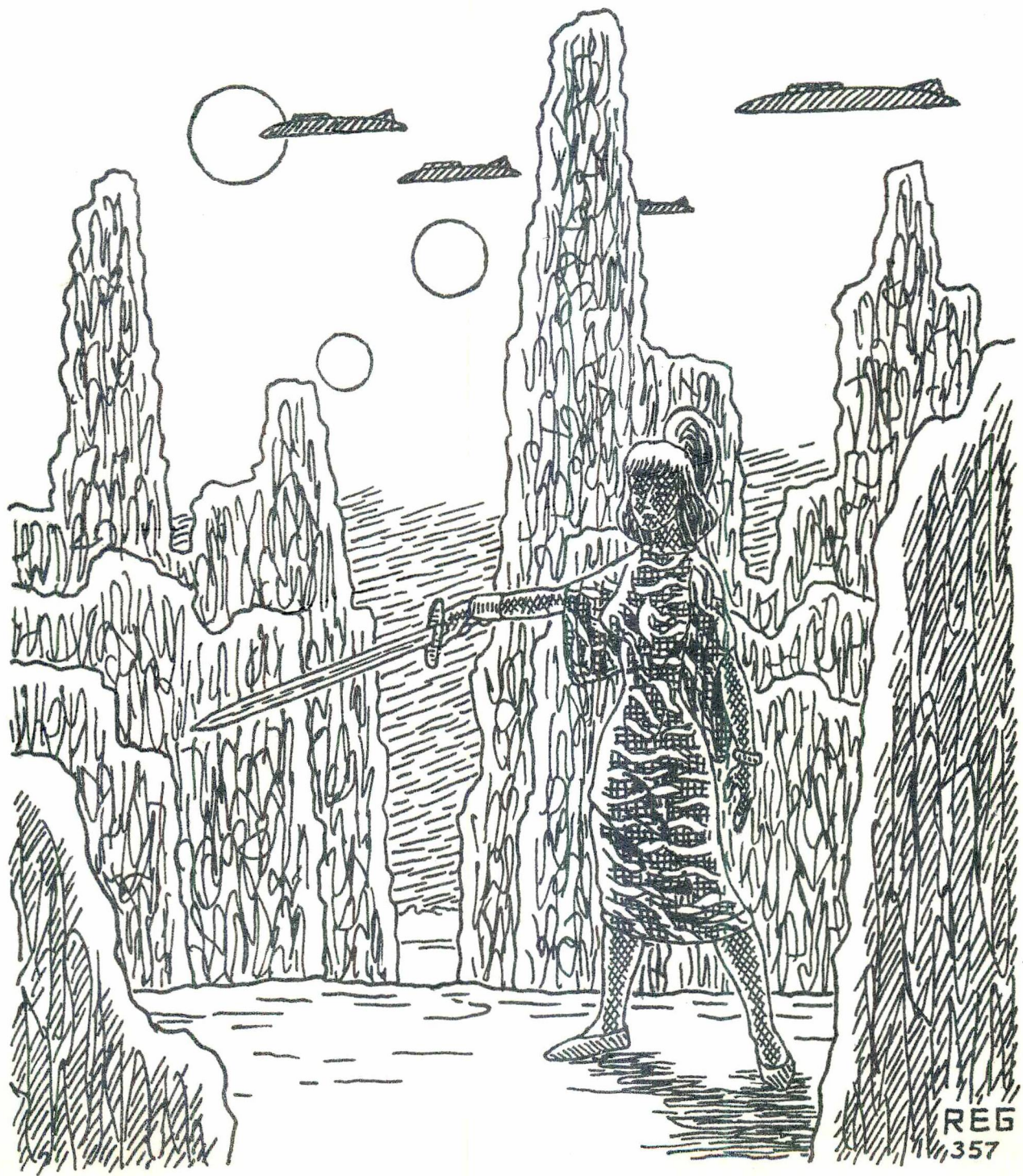


DOUBLE:BILL 12



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DOUBLE 8 BILL #12

april-may

no. 2

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* Indicates artist stencilled own illo.

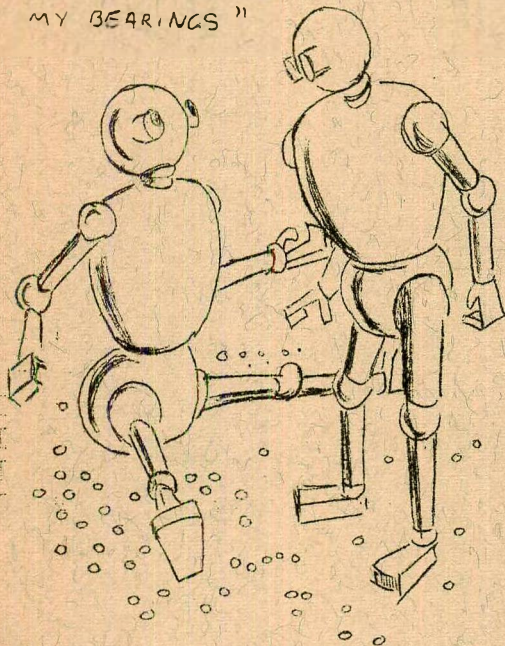
DOUBLE:BILL (#12) is an irregular fanzine published and edited by Bill Mallardi and (in absentia) Bill Bowers. It's available for trade, published Loc's, material, and/or artwork, or 25¢ each. Full sub price: 5/\$1. English Agent: Charles E. Smith, who will sell you D:B overseas at 1/9 each; 5 for 7/-, from: The School House, Village School, Culford, NR. Bury St., Edmunds, Suffolk, England. (And is that ever a mouthful)

Send ALL correspondence re: D:B to: Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave,
Akron, Ohio 44313.

Send any letters (no fanzines tho) - and he sez he'd like to hear from many of you - to: A3C Wm. L. Bowers, AF 15721969, Box B-4139, CMR2, Sheppard AFB, Texas 76311. However, that address is good only to May 4th; after which, according to a lately arriving letter, he will get about a 30 day leave to spend here at home, and then be transferred to Merry Olde England! So be ye warned, Loncon attendee's, at least half of D:B's editorship will be there! "The Yanks Are Coming!" Remember to duck when he starts throwing puns your way. \$\$\$D:B's editors congratulate Terry Carr on winning TAFF. Carr & Bowers both get "free rides". Lucky Ones. Write?

"COULD YOU HELP ME?

I SEEM TO HAVE LOST
MY BEARINGS "



the bems' corner

editorial

by:

Bill Mallardi

Weary greetings from Ye Ed. This issue may not look it - but it has turned me into a Tired Old Fan. Still...I'm somewhat proud of it. It actually is the first complete fanzine I've ever worked on by myself. (Big Deal!) I just hope the repro is as good as when the two of us ran off the issues. Then too, King Rex, Joe Fekete and I, will do the work on Joe's new magazine, INERTIA. (Note: According to Joe, it is NOT a "fanzine.")

Life goes on - always changing. Things keep happening for better or worse - which makes life so interesting. (No, I'm not getting married!) Recently, however, the store I work at was held up -- a small man

with a big gun cleaned out 3 registers just after 8 o'clock one Friday night, during a busy

period, and took off in a waiting car. An hour later I walked in (and got shot? No, I didn't, really) and the manager set us night-crewers to "clean up" the rest of the store! Seems two big shots, (Supervisors) were coming in to find out how much was lost. Later they did arrive, and as one of them walked past he called me by name, which rather surprised me. (I mean how often would a Supervisor of Ghu know how many stores remember a night stocker's name?!) In the early hours of the morning everyone finally left, and when we left at 6:30, John, the night crew boss, told me the manager wanted to see he & I at 4:30 Saturday afternoon. "Wheeow! Now what did we do wrong?" I was thinking. Do they think WE had something to do with the robbery?? (We were as innocent as new born babes.) With trembling hearts this Bem shuffled into the store at the appointed time, only to be greeted with "Congratulations!" Seems the supervisors had picked this particular time (of all times!) to inform us that our 3rd man was sent to another store as assistant manager, John was moved onto days as 3rd man, and I was promoted into John's spot as Night Crew Head. It seems to get ahead in this company, the store must be held up beforehand! (any fans care to pull a string of hold-ups? I may end up as a supervisor, myself!)

So now I've got a millyun bucks worth of responsibilities for only a \$4. a week raise. Doesn't sound like much of a bargain, does it? But it is a step upward.

Before the promotion I was hoping to move out to L.A., but now it's highly unlikely. (Guess it really disappoints a lot of you L.A'rean's, eh? Stop Laughing, Coulson!) I do like it out there very much. (Bowers to the contrary, I can get along without snow at Christmas or any other time.)

4? 5? 6? 7? 8? 9? 10? 11? 12? 13? 14? 15? 16? 17? 18? 19? 20? 21? 22? 23? 24? 25? 26? 27? 28? 29? 30? 31? 32? 33? 34? 35? 36? 37? 38? 39? 40? 41? 42? 43? 44? 45? 46? 47? 48? 49? 50? 51? 52? 53? 54? 55? 56? 57? 58? 59? 60? 61? 62? 63? 64? 65? 66? 67? 68? 69? 70? 71? 72? 73? 74? 75? 76? 77? 78? 79? 80? 81? 82? 83? 84? 85? 86? 87? 88? 89? 90? 91? 92? 93? 94? 95? 96? 97? 98? 99? 100?

Recently Yandro's lettercol has been see-sawing back & forth re: Cleveland vs Syracuse. Many L.A. fans support Syracuse (even though they probably wouldn't be able to attend it), whose Committee wants to set aside the Rotation Plan for 1966. We are against this. Aside from the fact that Bowers & I are no longer on the Cleveland Committee, we still are supporting Cleveland for 1966. Contrary to what has been said, Ben Jason & his committee are very capable to sponsor and hold a good convention -- and they have been moving ahead rapidly with their plans -- Guest of Honor, hotel site, etc., are already picked. That's why we were on the Cleveland group to begin with-- we wanted the convention in Cleveland very much. We aren't about to change now. (And we get out of the work, too.... we can enjoy it even more!)

Setting the Rotation Plan aside just because the bidding needs "livening-up" rings false on my ears. If there were NO bidders during operation of the Rotation Plan I could see an outsider bidding...in fact, Kyle & Co. said if there was a bidder they'd drop out. And there is. The original bidder, Cleveland. So, I'm asking all of you English & American fans, when at the Loncon business meeting, please vote in Cleveland for the next Worldcon.

HUCKSTERING DEPT: I've had many requests for back issues of D:B, so I finally rummaged around and came up with these: 13 copies of #11, 50¢; 1 copy of #10, 25¢; 3 copies of #9, 50¢; 11 copies of #3, 20¢; and 3 copies of #4, 20¢. A PERSONAL NOTE TO TERRY CARR:: Did you get your trade copy of D:B #10? If not, let me know and I'll send this last one to you.

First come, first served on the rest of the mags.

There also have been many requests for copies of D:B 7 & 8 (With bids as high as \$1. each!) by some letterhacks. Here's what I'll do: I've 2 "rough" copies (personal) of the zines - that I'm willing to LOAN to anyone who wants to read them. But I'll want them back, please, in half decent shape. What I'll do is make up a route sheet of all the names & addresses that come in of people who want to read them. The zines will go to the first person on the list, and he in turn must send them on to the next person, and so on, until they finally come back to me. Agreeable? OK then, write fast if you want on the list. It'll be something like a round robin, in effect. But this one better not get shot down along the way!

A few issues back, if you recall, I mentioned a spy novel of Tucker's in which I was "immortalized". I now have a bit more information to reveal about the book, since, thanx to Bob Tucker's (in?)gratitude, I now have a personal copy. It's called "A Procession Of The Damned", a DOUBLEDAY Crime Club Selection. It's autographed by Bob to me, of course, with the quip: "Goldfinger?? Who He?" I erred in the spelling of my character's name, by the way. It's Ballard, not Bullard. He's not a 'despicable' character as Banks Mebane seemed to think after reading it; I'd say he's more pitiable. He's older than I am, actually, and sick. He dies of diptheria at the end, just as the "secret weapon" is about to be discovered. What this weapon is, I still won't say. Buy the book and find out for yourself. It's cost is \$3.50, and I'm sure Bob will bless you when you do. He can always use the money...to go back down to Las Vegas!

Next issue out around Con time, I guess. See you at the Midwestcon?
Write? -- Bill Mallardi

The
Birth
Of A
Novel

ARTICLE BY TED WHITE

It was the first evening of the Pacificon, a Thursday evening. Registration had started, and already the first party of the convention was in full swing: A room-buster hosted by the Lupoffs.

Two events transpired at that party which culminated in this article. The first was that DOUBLE:BILL was being passed out, and, as one of the Bills gave me my copy, the other braced me and remarked casually, "How about something by you for our next issue, Ted?"

It was not the first time I'd been, umm, propositioned that week, and truthfully this one didn't seem nearly as attractive as the previous one, but then, neither of DOUBLE:BILL's editors are soft, cuddly, or red-headed. It makes a difference.

But they had teamwork. The other Bill said, equally casually, as though simply rolling the words around in his mouth to get the heft of them, "Got a copy of your new book, Ted."

He was referring to Invasion From 2500 by Norman Edwards. He was referring to a book Terry Carr and I had written about a year earlier. He was also referring to a book which, despite my search of every newsstand I encountered in my long sweep across the entire breadth of the United States, I had not yet seen.

"It's downstairs, in the car -- in the garage. Would you like to see it?"

"How about that article, Ted?"

I can't fight teamwork like that.

It's only appropriate, I think, that I seize upon that book for the theme of this article. Having taken advantage of me when I was temporarily bereft of my senses, both Bills have only themselves to thank if what follows degenerates into yet another dreary "And then I wrote--" piece.

Invasion From 2500 had its genesis in a writers' group meeting in the summer of 1963. The group was a relatively informal one, organized by Terry Carr and Pete Graham, and designed to do for New York City what a Bay Area writers' group had apparently done for the Bay Area. I have no idea what that was, but every so often Terry was wont to speak nostalgically of it. Significantly, Pete Graham, the co-founder, was so tied up in the Civil Rights March in Washington that summer that he never attended a meeting.

As usual, on the particular night I have in mind, despite our planned schedule the meeting degenerated into shoptalk. Terry was then still working with Scott Meredith, and he was full of the sheer wonderment of Monarch Books.

Monarch Books is a Charlton subsidiary, edited by Charlie Heckelmann. Charlie is a former westerns writer, a former Meredith client, and a painstaking editor who supervises his writers closely from the first preliminary outline on. Not surprisingly, nearly all the books he buys are by Meredith

clients, most of them under pseudonyms. One of Meredith's more prolific clients, for instance, writes "Doctor" books -- books on various quasi-medical subjects, such as nymphomania and like that -- under the pseudonym of Xxx Xxxxxx, M.D. As long as no actual medicine is practised, this is legal. Heckelmann has no particular knowledge as to which bylines are real, and which pseudonymous, and it bothers him not at all, since Scott Meredith clients are all professionals anyway. I recall one occasion when one of the Meredith desk men was discussing a proposed book (probably on nymphomania, or maybe lesbianism) with Heckelmann on the phone. As usual, Standby X was to be the author, as good ol' Dr. X. But Heckelmann had other ideas. "We've had a lot of books by Dr. X," he said. "Haven't you anyone else?" The man at my end of the wire paused only for a split second. "How about Dr. Y?" He said. "He's been doing articles for medical journals, but I think we could get him to do a more popular piece." And so a book was published by Dr. Y -- written, as usual, by good ol' Standby X.

On this occasion, Terry told us, Heckelmann had decided to launch a new sf series, aimed at the younger market -- the teens, roughly. Simple ideas, no sex -- like that.

"I've been selling books all day," he said. "The Machine Stops -- I called him up and asked him how that sounded. He liked it, so I assigned it to one of my clients. All simple stuff -- you know, like everything gets too cold, or too hot, or the aliens invade, or like that."

Suddenly Terry had an inspiration. "You know, Ted, they're paying \$1000.00 a book. We could write one! What's a good clichéd title? Got to have a catchy, clichéd title."

"Ohh," I said, "How about, ummm, Invasion From 2500?"

"Hmmm. That sounds good. How will we work it?"

"Well, see, Earth is invaded by these guys from the future, and the gimmick is, they already know they'll succeed, because it's all ancient history to them."

"Yeah. Well, why don't you draft up an outline, and I'll redraft it and we'll send it over to Charlie and see if he likes it, and if he does we'll do up a sample chapter or two and see if we can get a contract."

That night I sat down at my desk and tried to plot an outline. My method for an outline is to decide how many chapters there'll be -- usually twelve or thirteen -- and then put that many boxes on a large sheet of paper. Each box is perhaps two inches square. With this in front of me, I figure the crucial events of the plot -- Discovery of menace, various complications, resolution -- and place them about wherever I think they should go in proportion to the story. The discovery is in the first box -- Chapter One -- of course; hero discovers the Underground in the fifth box; the Underground is routed in the eleventh box; the resolution comes in the thirteenth box, etc. Once I have the pivotal portions of the plot in their correct positions in relation to the story as a whole, I fill in the remaining boxes with action or events as needed. I call this "blocking out" -- and it helps a great deal in visualizing the structure of a book.

Once I had the plot blocked out, I sat down and wrote a paragraph or two of description of each chapter, box by box as it were, and had my outline.

Unhappily, I could figure no way out of the essential paradox: the whole time-travel gimmick. If we grant a closed loop in time -- one wherein 1964 is invaded from 2500 because this is necessary to establish the 2500 which invades 1964 -- we've set up a nice trying problem for our hero to

lick, because he's going to be thwarted at every turn by adversaries who're one jump ahead of him, knowing in advance every step he'll take, and knowing also that they'll be able to handle everything he throws at them. They can even toy with him a bit. But how can he escape this paradox and defeat the Invaders?

I didn't know. "Terry," I said, "Here's the outline. I've done everything but the last chapter. I reckon you can take care of that." And I threw it all in his lap.

It took us three hours of brainstorming to come up with a workable answer which didn't simply pull a rabbit from our hats. It wasn't ideal, but it was workable, and could stem from two facts: 1) properties inherent in the time-travel device used, and 2) the fact that the Invaders' Book of Days -- a combination bible and history -- reported only facts which could be known to them through observation and hindsight, leaving them prescient, but not omniscient. So Terry wrote up the final draft of the outline, adding some hokum about a rival for the hero and a suicide mission, because "this is a corny book, after all, Ted!" and sent the outline off to Heckelmann as by "Norman Edwards."

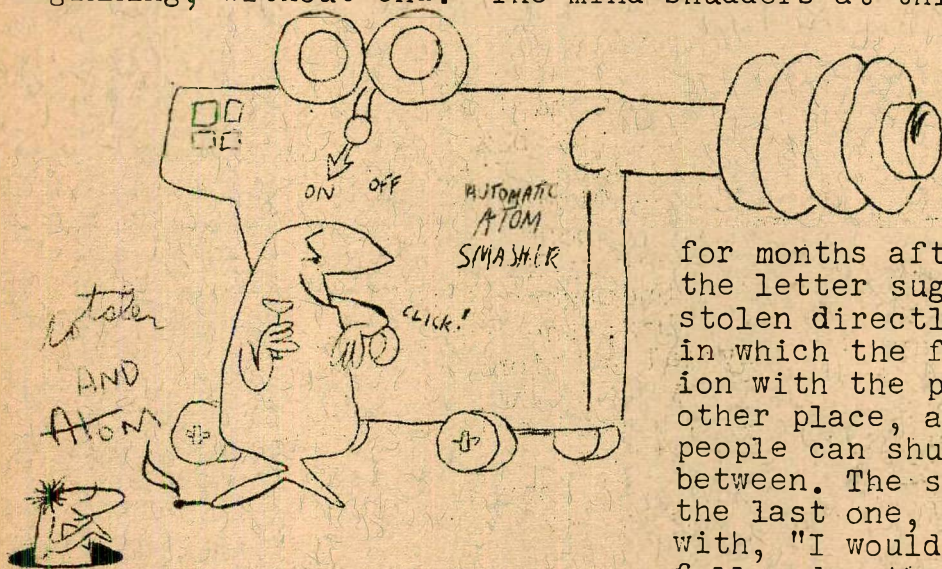
A week or so later I was stunned when Terry called me from work to tell me that they'd just gotten the outline back from Monarch, and with it a signed contract. They hadn't even waited for sample chapters. "Somebody's pulling strings," Terry muttered darkly, but we were both pretty pleased.

Our pleasure aborted somewhat when a week or two later, a letter came through from an assistant editor at Monarch. It was headed, "AUTHOR SHOULD REDO OUTLINE AND SUBMIT SAMPLE CHAPTERS." The assistant editor didn't seem to understand our story. "There are some intriguing elements in this story, but they become so abstract and complicated that a reader would soon become thoroughly confused," he said, thoroughly confused. "Instead of using the time machine to move from one period of time to another, the author has, in effect, abolished time. Thus, the reader has nothing concrete to cling to. ... It does not satisfy the reader to be thrown a mystical sop: the explanation that 'no one knows who wrote the Book of Days, because it was brought back from 2500 to 1964, and copies made between then and 2500 are the ones brought back in the first place. It's a complete circle, without beginning, without end.' The mind shudders at this point and realizes

that it is caught in limbo, floating free, with no place to land."

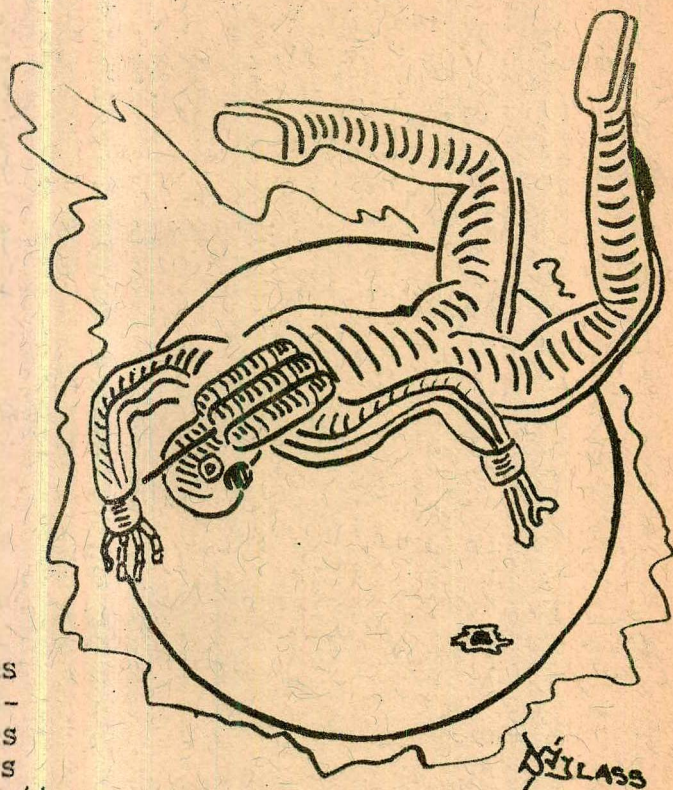
We quoted that last line back and forth to each other

for months afterward. The author of the letter suggested a new plot, one stolen directly from the comic books, in which the future has no connection with the past, but is just another place, another dimension, that people can shuttle back and forth between. The suggestions were, to the last one, assinine. They ended with, "I would suggest that Linda fall under the influence of one of



the invaders... is held in some sort of thralldom... Not until she reports the existence of the Book of Days -- and voices her willingness to steal it, if possible -- will we know that she has managed to win over the evil influence."

As Norman Edwards, I drafted a reply to Henry Morrison, our actual agent in the deal. Terry redrafted and softened the letter considerably...like everything else written by Norman Edwards, this was a true collaboration. "I've been wrestling with the suggestions for INVASION FROM 2500 for over a week now," we said, "and at this point I'm going to have to tell you that the suggestions just won't work. I understand the editor's concern to make the story clear and plausible, but frankly, Henry, the more I try to work with his suggestions for the book, the less clear and plausible the book becomes." The letter goes on, for nearly two pages, explaining as though to a weak-minded child of five, the essential natures of time-travel paradoxes, and why ours could work (from the point of view of the story) and the other wouldn't.



"What we'll have to do," I said to Terry, "is pretend to go along with them, make a big show of trying to use their suggestions -- and then write the damned thing just as we'd originally planned. After all, we have a signed contract." Terry was dubious. He knew of too many cases where extensive rewrites had been called for by Monarch.

I wrote the first draft of the book, some 45,000 words, in less than two weeks. I was originally working at the rate of a chapter a day, but I had to speed up on the last quarter of the book and do two chapters a day -- although I entirely rewrote Chapter 11 because I disliked the way it was going. I had fun with the early parts of the book, introducing interesting bit characters, recreating details remembered from my trip through the Dakotas in 1961, and like that. But the middle sections (the most contrived portions of the plot, including that damned suicide mission, which I should simply have left out entirely) went woodenly, and it wasn't until I hit the latter half of chapter ten that I began enjoying myself again. The latter half of chapter ten was cut by Terry Carr, by the way, which may explain the brevity of that chapter.

Chapter four was one of my favorites -- one not included in the outline. In this chapter our hero stays the night in the home of a collaborator, who tries to murder him in his sleep. Our hero kills in self-defense, then takes the collaborator's identity, and leaves in his car. The action is pretty straight mystery-type writing, and without realizing it, after several exchanges of straight dialogue between the protagonist and the dead collaborator's defeated wife, I slipped into the first person, with the protagonist narrating. I completed the chapter first-person, and it took

two successive rereadings to catch myself in this!

Terry had to rewrite the suicide mission part extensively, adding one wholly new scene, because I simply hadn't been able to believe in it enough to write it believably. But he cut out one of my scenes, by way of exchange -- the latter half of chapter ten, as I'd mentioned -- because I shifted viewpoint away from the protagonist briefly. I think it was a valid shift, but Terry disagreed. Too bad; it was a strong scene.

Terry's final draft was not -- except for the changes noted -- exceptionally different. Large chunks of prose are relatively untouched. When I griped at Terry about this, he said, "Well, they'll probably want a rewrite, and I'll do that."

As it happened, they did not. The book was accepted as written, and scheduled for June, 1964 publication.

June came and went; no book. Then we were told Monarch was having financial difficulties. The book was rescheduled for August.

August came and went; no book. It had been rescheduled we were told, for September or October.

But just before I left New York for the convention, Friday night on the 21st of August, someone at a FISTFA meeting told me they'd seen the book listed as published and available from Dick Witter, who runs the F&SF Book Service on Staten Island. "It was listed as a late August release," someone said. "Oh, great," I said. And as I said, I searched every newsstand I hit for a copy all the way across the country -- without success.

As my/our first published book, Invasion is rather attractively packaged (perhaps Brillhart's best cover painting to date), but nothing to brag about. It was conceived as a potboiler for the simple-minded, sexless, without much swearing (I'd left it all out, but Terry told me "Damn!" and "Oh, hell!" were okay, and he sprinkled a few throughout), full of relentless action, and written with that half-witted assistant editor in mind -- we didn't want him to shudder and be caught in limbo, floating free, with no place to land. We wanted to sell the damned book.

We got off a number of cute bits in the book, which I presume most of the fans who read it caught. There are fan names, like Carl Brandon (who is characterized pretty much as the Carl Brandon of old was, complete with a grandmother in Sacramento, and originally headed for Rockland, New York -- remember, Noreen?), and Dean Ford and Ron Archer -- and even Norman Edwards is a contraction of two old fannish pseudonyms supposedly belonging to neofen: Norman Sanfield Harris and Jacob Edwards. Our hero, questioned by Invaders, says "I sell furnaces for a firm in Milwaukee," although DAG has given up this occupation now. There are a few real names, too. I think there was once a fan named Lars Hellinger, and our hero, Jack Eskridge, is named after a 14-year-old who used to submit manuscripts weekly to me at F&SF.

There are some private jokes, too. When a shaft leading down into an unused subway tunnel, is opened, "the air smelled old, curled brown at the edges, as though it had been undisturbed for many years." This was a line I'd stolen from an earlier collaboration with Terry, when he'd had the air curl brown at the edges. I put it in simply to bring Terry up short. "I thought it was a good line, too," he said afterwards, "but I'd forgotten it was mine."

Later on, the invaders' plans to fake a war and kill off the surplus male population, are discussed: "...the two forces will meet probably in Kamchatka." Terry stuck this in as a reference to a game everyone in New

York fandom was playing two or three years back, a war-game called Risk. The name Kamchatka is one which has intrigued us since we first discovered it on a Risk board.

There were also some cuts made, and not by us. I've devoted a separate article (probably to appear in SHAGGY) to some of these: the way the story was lily-whited, one Negro character made white, another's deliberate Uncle-Tomming edited out, references to the Negro's place in these United States cut. Our collaborator, (Arbogast in my draft, but Hendricks in Terry's, dammit) was originally portrayed as a rightist fanatic, but we had no great hopes for him anyway, since Heckelmann leans pretty far to the right himself. He comes out in the book much more sympathetically than we portrayed him, anyway, which seems a trifle silly, since he does attempt to murder Our Hero, and is killed himself.

I could scream "censorship!" about these cuts and changes, except that I suspect the fine hand of that assistant editor whose mind is probably still half-way out there in limbo. He certainly weakened parts of the book, and that bugs me, but I suppose he felt he had his job to do.

I can't pretend ours was either a typical book or a typical sale. In fact, I'm not at all sure that there's much to be learned from our experiences with it. But at least it furnished an article for DOUBLE:BILL of at least a small amount of divertisement, and I've dispelled another obligation. Remind me never to let a Bill get on each side of me like that again -- unless, of course, I'm so preoccupied with a previous proposition that I'm impervious...

-- Ted White



SI STRICKLEN PRESENTS--

?! PANICDOTES-2!?

He was beginning to stagger now, and the effort of staying erect sent dizzy waves of pain through his brain. Soon, he knew, it would fail completely, this slapdash assembly. Soon, unless he had help, a wave of blackness would overcome him for good and he would be lost, lost. He gritted his teeth and staggered on, each step a shock to his sagging body.

"It's my fault," he thought, "My own fault. If only I had been careful; I suppose I was just too confident. Nobody, not even the rankest novice would make the mistake I made."

His head swam again, warningly, and he sank slowly to his knees and slowly, slowly to the pavement. Soon he was completely still and only the faint flicker of his eyelids gave sign of his life. His life-force, that free gift to all assembled, was almost gone, and he knew that only a miracle could help him.

It had all begun in the hotel in San Francisco; he knew he was violating the hospital orders, but he had to have that free, unbound feeling again. It hurt him to tear his shoulder joints--- they were healing ahead of schedule--- but he did it and soon he was scattered there, completely disassembled for the last time. Unbounded finally! No longer hampered by the strains and stresses of a poorly fitting body, but living naturally, freely. He knew of course, that his life was supported only by the hospital life-force, and that would soon leave him as the hospital, calculating his rate of healing, cut back the power of his transmitter; they would cut it off presently, so that, unless he were properly knit, he would die.

But all this seemed trivial, unimportant compared to his freedom; he was a fast healer, and he still had plenty of time before the slow, steady cut-back of the hospital's power put the burden of living on his healing body.

Then came the sudden, stunning call; he must go to Los Angeles immediately, he must hurry. A power failure had hit the hospital and the emergency power for the long-range transmitters would be exhausted. Only the local broadcast power would remain, and he must be within its range or die.

The rushed assembly! The hurry to the airport! On the plane he realized he had fastened his left kneecap improperly, and it hurt fiercely. A lurking giddiness told him of fluctuations in the hospital's output. There was a lump in his back where, he decided, his right kidney was out of place, but he didn't know then of his fatal error.

The passer-by approached the prone man and bent over him. "What's the matter, buddy? Can I help you? Are you sick?" The man moaned slightly and opened his eyelids. He was trying to speak. His mouth opened and a faint sound emerged. The passer-by leaned closer.

"I did it," the man said, "My fault."

"What can I do, buddy?"

The man's head swam again as the hospital made another of the scheduled power cutbacks. He moaned and looked at his helper. His eyes closed

and he lay still for a long while. Then he stirred once more and whispered in his dying breath,

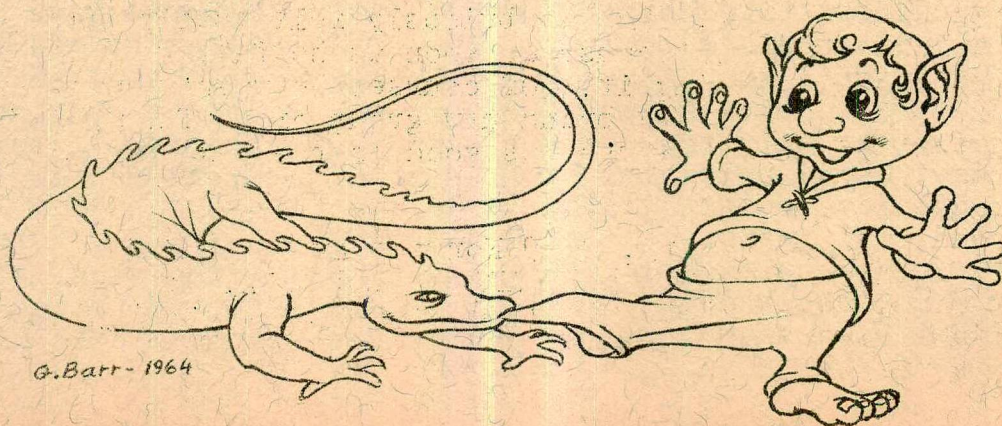
"I left my heart in San Francisco."

~~~~~  
And now, a Message from Our Favorite Sponsor....L.B.J(r.):

ATTENTION: POETS. If there is enough material submitted, DOUBLE:BILL will carry a new feature, THE POETS CORNERED, concerning, illustrative of, analysing, criticizing, and instructing in, the writing of poetry. Send poems -- without comment, since it is highly unlikely that you will receive any directly -- to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., 569 Dubie, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. (In the event of a masterpiece, I shall respond at once, special delivery airmail, with seventeen pages of appreciation and congratulations; otherwise, probably not.) No poems will be returned. Keep a copy, or keep the original and send me the copy. Submission automatically carries with it the poet's permission to quote the poem in DOUBLE:BILL, in whole or in part, to comment constructively or destructively, to dissect or rewrite it -- or to ignore it completely. I am placing no restrictions as to length, but obviously the shorter your poem, the better your chances are to have it receive the full treatment -- which may, or may not, be an advantage. Send poems. -- Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

~~~~~  
Ye Editors like the idea of this poetry corner very much, and would like to see it succeed. It could be an interesting item if you fans contribute to it enough. So all you fen who like to try your hand at writing poems -- and learning to improve at the same time -- Send Biggle Poems! He is more than qualified to handle the column -- having studied it (as well as music) for quite a while. ## One cautionary statement I must give here: If you aren't going to send Lloyd poems, please refrain from writing to him...he's a very busy guy...and I don't think he could handle being swamped with letters from all the fans on D:B's mailing list! Thankew --- BEM & Bowers.

~~~~~  
Did you hear about the lady who had a round, purple baby? She was Graped...  
~~~~~



WALLABY _____ FANZINE _____ ROBERT
STEW _____ REVIEWS _____ COULSON

Back when I reviewed an SFPA mailing in D:B #7, I distinctly recall one reader requesting that I review some other apas. The following review of APA 45 is dedicated to that lonely individual. (I think he asked for FAPA or SAPS, but you know how it is; you give a little and take a little...) Naturally, the first mailing of APA 45 arrived just a week after my deadline for the last D:B, and it's been sitting around (unread) ever since. (But don't take it to heart, you APA 45 members; the last FAPA mailing has been sitting around unread since it arrived, too.) At any rate, I understand that the second mailing is out now, but I don't have it complete, and anyway I promised to review the first mailing. Better late than never, and all that.

XLV #1 (Official Organ) This one was published by Rich Benyo, but since Rich Mann is now the Official Editor of the group I assume that he's in charge of subsequent issues. Contains the usual rules, membership list, official announcements, etc. A separate publication, for some reason, is the APA 45 BY-LAWS (I think they belong in XLV, and I'm putting them there, even if the officials didn't.)

MICKY #6 (John Kusske, 522 9TH Ave., West, Alexandria, Minnesota 56308) Also available for trades. This is a fugitive from N'APA (because APA 45 costs less, says John; economy-minded fan-editors take note). The best part of the issue -- not surprisingly -- is a reprint from The New Republic. While I intensely dislike material by Ian Fleming, I rather enjoy articles about Ian Fleming and his creation, and George Grella's comparison of James Bond and epic heroes like Ulysses was quite entertaining. (I cavil at only one sentence: "Unlike Mickey Spillane, he doesn't write pornographic thrillers." Technically it's correct, since Fleming's pseudo-pornography is unlike Spillane's pseudo-pornography; but I disagree with Grella's implication.)

ATHEISM AND FREE LOVE (John Kusske, again) Strictly editorial comments, but well done. I disagree with his comment that nobody who runs for office (in fandom) is motivated solely by a desire to serve and a belief that he can do the job better than anyone else. It's an unlikely combination, I'll admit; a combination of humility and arrogance. Yet I know one fan who organized a successful group, ran it himself at first, and then stepped down when a more capable executive joined the organization. He had the desire to serve, or he wouldn't have organized the group in the first place, and he obviously felt that he was better qualified to run it at first, because as soon as he felt that he wasn't better qualified, he stopped doing it. (Of course, he wasn't running for OE of an apa, but when you organize a brand new group of neofans I think you can be pardoned for feeling that you're as good as the next man and maybe a bit better.)

WARLOCK #5 (Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Alabama 36204) This runs through both APA 45 and SFPA. It features the best covers of this apa; particularly good is Joe Staton's back cover. Fiction;

Larry's isn't bad, but Terry Ange submits the outline of a story rather than the story itself, and Lamar Hollingsworth keeps switching from present to past tense, and then after writing the entire story in first person, jumps to third person for the punch line. (For that matter, a good editor would simply have chopped off that last line; it was redundant.) There's a pretty good article by Bill Plott, and one by Richard Ambrose on the history of the SFPA.

GOLEM (Larry Montgomery) This is strictly poetry; Terry Ange proves a better poet than he is a prose writer. He's no professional, but he's better than the fannish average.

CONGLOMERATION (Montgomery & Ambrose) A sword-and-sorcery epic by Montgomery, Ambrose, and Rick Norwood was much better than I expected it to be, and some of the cartoons were quite good. For a one-shot put out at a fan convention, this is a pretty good mag. Back cover features some slightly blurry photos; c'mon fellas, Al Andrews doesn't look as much like a Martian as those photos make out, does he?

NOTHING #3 & 4 (Richard Mann, B-331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan 48823) A couple of one-pagers done to try out his new ditto.

DREAM GIRL #1 (Richard Mann) Sometimes I think that Rich must have set a record for publishing first issues; every other fanzine I get from him is something-or-other #1. This is also available to outsiders for the price of postage -- he says 4¢, but a nickel is easier to send, so give him a profit. All informal editorial chitchat. I think this sort of writing is popular in fandom is because of the informality; like a good conversation. Maybe it's because the writer knows himself (presumably) and can concentrate on being entertaining, without having to worry about whether or not he's getting his facts straight. Rick does pretty well at it.

AJAX #1 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122) I was rather surprised to find Hank in APA 45; membership is restricted to fans born during or after 1945, and I had him tabbed as being a bit older than that. AJAX bears the same aura; it isn't noticeably superior to the other editor-written mags, but the personality seems more mature.

STARLING #3 (Hank Luttrell) Available to outsiders for 25¢. Some good book reviews by Roger Cox, and some poor ones by the editor. A good letter column. Some fair fiction (or at least it didn't seem too bad when I skimmed it). It takes up most of the mag, so if you like fan fiction, give it a try.

ZIPHON #1 (Creath Thorne, RR 4, Savannah, Missouri 64485) Editor-written. I might note that one of the rules of the group is that each member must put both an apazine and a genzine thru the mailings. Since a first mailing can't have mailing comments, the members' apazines have mostly been used as introductions to the members likes, dislikes, and life history. Creath's is about average.

I think I'll start a new zine called "Something-Or-Other #1"--BEM

KICKSHAW #1 (Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45208)

Duncan is looking for flying saucer fans and astrologers -- the latter left with Ray Palmer, and the only saucer believer (aside from Juanita) that I knew was George Willick, and he left fandom under somewhat of a cloud. Personally, I've seen two flying saucers, and I still don't believe in them. For those envelopes that arrive with uncanceled stamps, Dunc, I have a roll of Scotch "Double-Stick" tape.

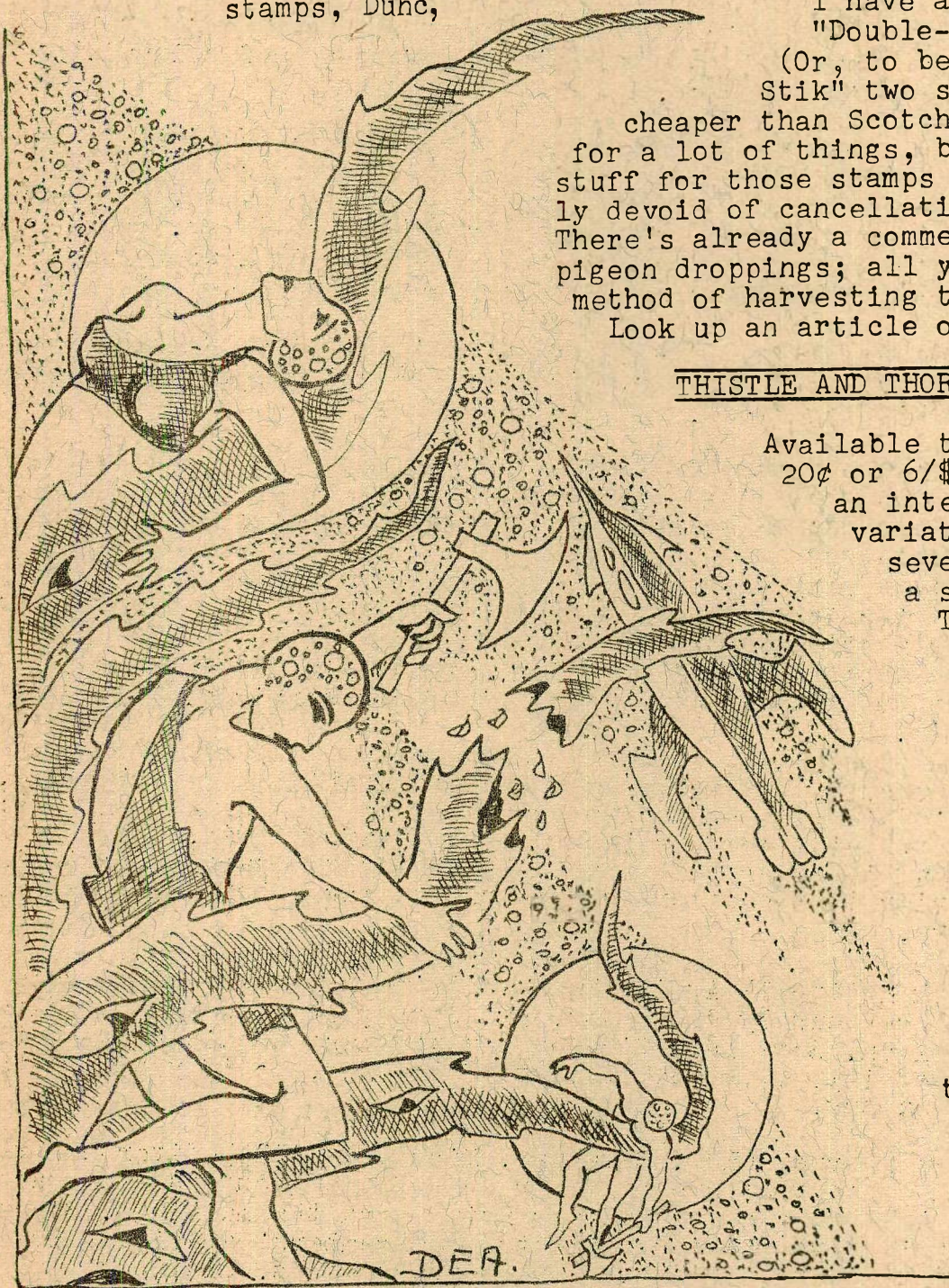
(Or, to be exact, "Kleen-Stik" two sided tape; it's cheaper than Scotch.) It's useful for a lot of things, but it is great stuff for those stamps which are equally devoid of cancellations and glue. There's already a commercial use for pigeon droppings; all you need is a method of harvesting them in quantity. Look up an article on guano.

THISTLE AND THORN (McFarland and Thorne)

Available to outsiders for 20¢ or 6/\$1. This features an interesting review variation in which several fans review a single book.

This not only gives the reader a variety of opinions to choose from, but might well also cut short the lettercolumn arguments which occasionally continue until the book in question is out of print.

Lots of people get to have their say all at once. Duncan also suggests that completing stf collecting is no longer practical



for the younger fan; it's too expensive. (And he might not even have Ed Wood's large closet to store the stuff in after he gets it.) He suggests specialty collecting, as practised by stamp and coin collectors. Get a complete set of Ace paperbacks, or one issue of every prozine title, or something similar. It's a good idea, for the collector with financial problems. (After all, if you suddenly inherit a modest fortune, you can always become a completist then.)

VEGOS #1 (Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada) 10¢ to outsiders. Not too much in this issue; major item is a parody of STARSPINKLE.

BEACON #2 (John Woods, 34 Centre St., Haddonfield, New Jersey 08033 - co-editor, Dave Heal) 20¢ each, or 4 for 75¢; send the cash to Woods. A bit confusing, in that some pages are printed on both sides, and some on only one. Material is primarily mediocre fiction. The item in this issue that made the biggest impression on me was Rich Benyo's column, "Prozines Of The Ancients". This issue he discusses a 1957 SATELLITE. I'd been reading stf for 10 years when that issue hit the stands, and I resent being called "ancient". (Look at Tucker; he'd been writing stf for almost 20 years when that SATELLITE was published, and his senility isn't all that marked.)

GALACTIC OUTPOST #4 (Rich Benyo, Box 229, Waller Hall, Bloomsburg State College, Bloomsburg, Pa. 17815) 25¢ to outsiders. This is a special Edgar Rice Burroughs issue. Not being exactly what you'd call a Burroughs fan, I'm not terribly impressed by a lot of the material, but it seems well enough done to interest Burroughs fans. ~~Who doesn't have any taste anyway~~ Pete Jackson doesn't tell me anything new in his biographical article, but he presents the information neatly and efficiently. Dick Lupoff should be able to write more about Burroughs (he'd better be able to), but I doubt that he could do it much better. (Some, maybe, but not much.) There are also the usual book and fanzine reviews -- it might have been a nice touch to review only Burroughs books and Burroughs fanzines, but others have sneaked in. GO is a pretty fair genzine.

DELVE #1 (Rich Benyo) This is about equally divided between editorial chitchat and comments and explanations about the apa. Which makes it a sort of semi-official organ, I guess. Most of the chitchat concerns college life, which I suspect is of more interest to the other club members than to me. (Not because my college days are so far behind; because I never attended college.) He also mentions that Terry Ange is a femme-fan, so just change the "he" to "she" in my comments on her work.

Copies of this mailing are available for \$1. (Learn how an apa is born -- and if it becomes famous and a fannish landmark 20 years from now, think of what a collector's item you'll have.) Presumably you get them from Mann, since he's now the big cheese. —Robert Coulson

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IT'S CLEVELAND IN 1966!

THE BEMSY MORORLESSOGOVES

PRO) -stitute Light Review by Scott Kutina
SUB)

Davy, by Edgar Pangborn, Ballantine Books, Publishers, Copyright,
December, 1964, 265 pp., 75¢

It seems that the regular inhabitant of this {??} book review column is at MIT, and couldn't make this issue, so the BEM called on li'l ol' me to do it this time.

I think Ballantine Books must be shooting for the Best Publisher Hugo, because in the past few months their output has increased, not only in quantity, but in quality also, two of note being Manly Wade Wellman's Who Fears the Devil? and Davy. Maybe Mike will, in some future issue, review Wellman's collection of classics, but right now I intend to take a look at Davy.

A reasonably reliable source has told me that the paperback edition was a surprise issue. I tend to go along with this, seeing as how the hard cover came out only eight months earlier. Ian Ballantine must have known a good thing when he saw it. The cover blurb says that this is "One of the ten best science fiction novels of the year." This is a gross understatement. Except, perhaps, for Heinlein's Starship Troopers and Stranger in a Strange Land, this is one of the most important books to come along in over ten years, and will undoubtedly win the Hugo this year in London. As a matter of fact I will bet three Beatles, two of the Kinks, two of the Dave Clark 5, and one of the Rolling Stones against any other reasonable {I repeat, ??} that Davy will take the Hugo. Anybody care to ante up and cover me?

Just what makes this a great book? The general plot? Hell no! The general plot of this story is so time-worn that it isn't even funny. So many authors have used this plot it's ridiculous. (The post-atomic war theme.) Two that come to mind right now are Andre Norton's Starman's Son and Stephen Vincent Benet's By the Waters of Babylon. How about the main character in general? This again has been used over and over though not necessarily in conjunction with the afore-mentioned plot. This is the boy who grows up, learning what life is about while traveling around, be it the world or the universe. One story of this type is Heinlein's Citizen of the Galaxy. Heinlein says, in Of Worlds Beyond, "There are three main plots for the human interest story: boy-meets-girl, The Little Tailor, and the man-who-learned-better." Davy fits the second category, and to quote RAH once more; "It is the Success story, or, in reverse, the story of tragic failure."

The key to this story, then, is human interest. My journalism text from school says that human interest is, "A story containing universal and constant appeal with which the reader can make a strong personal identification." This is what Edgar Pangborn has done. He has skillfully captured all the hopes, dreams, and emotions of the human race. All the weak points and strong points of the species homo saps are mirrored here. Davy's character is a creation of sheer genius & artistry. Davy actually lives and breathes. When I finished reading the book I was actually envious of the guy. He has balls. He is totally and unashamedly human. He is fallible. He is a male & not ashamed to prove it either. Davy is a tour-de-force. Davy is not a book or a person to miss. — Scott Kutina

And now for a continuation of the review section, done by various and sundry others --- This by Banks Mebane, in answer to Arthur Porges plea:

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK, H. Rider Haggard, New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1919. 407pp.

This little-known tale by the prolific author of She and King Solomon's Mines is the closest he ever came to writing science fiction. Many of the 58 books of fiction Rider Haggard wrote between 1883 and his death in 1925 contain elements of fantasy, or mysticism, but none of the others can be given the sf label except by stretching the term beyond its breaking point. We know him primarily as a writer of fantastic adventure and as the originator of the "lost race" story in the form with which generations of imitators have made us all too familiar. When the World Shook introduces (or at least gives an early and characteristic treatment to) a variation of the "lost race" theme that often recurs in later science fiction of the Atlantis-Mu type.

Arbuthnot, the protagonist of the story, is a wealthy Englishman whose young wife dies in childbirth. As a distraction, he charts a yacht and sails to the South Pacific with his friends Bickley, a sceptical doctor, and Bastin, a narrowly religious clergyman. The use of sharply contrasting characters like Bickley and Bastin to motivate plot incidents is one of Haggard's favorite writing techniques. In this case he also assured himself of having, ready to hand, various materialistic and orthodox arguments against the wonders his plot was to unfold -- paper arguments he could presently demolish.

Predictably, a typhoon wrecks the yacht and the three Englishmen are cast upon an uncharted island as the only survivors. They win the friendship of the natives when Bickley performs a successful operation on their chief, then lose it when Bastin, in an excess of zeal, destroys the idol the savages worship. Forced to flee to a taboo islet in the middle of a lake, they discover ruins of a high civilization. While exploring a cave, they find two crystal coffins containing the bodies of a beautiful girl and a majestic old man. Bickley administers stimulants to revive these two, who have spent a quarter of a million years in suspended animation.

Two themes so preoccupied Haggard that he returned to them again and again in his novels: the idea of the reincarnation of a pair of lovers, who find each other in another life, and the idea of extension of the normal life span. She, his most famous fantasy, combines both ideas in the story of the immortal Ayesha who waits two thousand years for her lover to be reborn. Significantly, both themes concern an avoidance of death. They appear in his early work and become more and more obsessive, particularly the reincarnation idea, in his later tales. Both themes are expressed in When the World Shook: the old man is Oro, king of a race called the Sons of Wisdom who ruled the earth in the ancient days and who could live for a thousand years; the girl is his daughter Yva, who also happens to be Arbuthnot's dead wife -- her spirit was free to be incarnated while she slept. Because the Sons of Wisdom had kept to themselves the secret of prolonging life, their subjects had revolted in the distant past. The rebels were about to win when Oro touched off a cataclysm that sank continents and destroyed civilization. He put himself and his daughter into a trance to await development of a new culture amenable to his rule. The agelong sleep is, of course, another death-avoidance theme.

The deserted underground city of the old race still exists, and Yva conducts the Englishmen on a guided tour, showing them the Fountain of

Life and other scenic points of interest. She also produces a vision of the ancient days, when Oro killed Arbuthnot in his earlier incarnation as Yva's lover and leader of the rebels. Meanwhile Oro has inspected the modern world by clairvoyance. He resolves to destroy it and go back to sleep. Unable to oppose his psychic powers of compulsion, the three friends are forced to accompany him and Yva in a hair-raising descent of a shaft deep into the earth, reminiscent of Alice's rabbit-hole. Down below in a sort of infernal subway station, a pillar of fire is shortly scheduled to arrive on an age-long journey; it gyroscopically controls the balance of the earth. The pillar comes, whirling like a top and advancing along a groove. Oro plans to shunt it onto another track, causing another cataclysm. He directs a ray at the base of the pillar, it wobbles and the earth shakes, but Yva throws herself into the ray and is disintegrated. The pillar passes on undiverted, Oro goes into a tizzy, and the world is saved. The three Englishmen subsequently escape to the surface.

The story is not really so bad as one might infer from this summary. Haggard kept his narrative skill all his life, at least for those who like the leisurely late-Victorian pace he also retained to the end. He had an almost automatic ability to keep the surface of his plot bubbling with incidents, even during long sections when nothing of much importance was happening, as in the many pages after the revival of the sleepers when the Englishmen were learning ancient history. Characterization was not his forte, but he did succeed in adding some depth to Oro, who in most stories of this type would be a cardboard menace. As always, he was adept in the manipulation of atmosphere and suspense.

The gimmick of the underground gyroscope, scooting along its track like a locomotive, is frankly awkward, and Haggard was unable to make it seem anything else even when he pulled out all the emotional stops in this scene. So far as I know, nobody has ever used that idea again. Haggard's treatment of the long sleep is like some legendary versions of the idea, so it's probably unnecessary to invoke his influence when later writers use it similarly.

One theme introduced in this tale has been so widely imitated that it has become a commonplace, which makes the plot of When the World Shook seem hackneyed in retrospect. It is of course the idea of a remnant of an ancient civilization surviving into the present and now determining to destroy or dominate the world using the powers of a science far beyond that of the modern age. This story was first serialized beginning in 1918, and A. Merritt's Moon Pool stories appeared soon afterward. Merritt's work has some unmistakable resemblances to Haggard's, resemblances which are more apparent in the detailed handling of certain scenes than in plot summaries. Unless unknown to me some earlier common source exists, I think it probable that Haggard influenced Merritt. Most likely the idea spread from Merritt, rather than from Haggard directly, to the later writers who adopted it. Spread it certainly did, until by the '40s the Ziff-Davis writing stable was depending on it to fill a large part of the thick magazines Ray Palmer edited. The trend reached a ghastly culmination in the Shaver Mystery. Haggard would have hated that, I'm sure.--Banks Mebane

PSYCHEDELIC-40, Louis Charbonneau, Bantam F2929, 50¢. January, 1965.

"A cliché-ridden story",... "it's been done before", ... "nothing really new".... These are comments seen quite often in critical reviews of s.f. stories. I suppose the same thing could be said about Psychedelic-40, of

which the front cover blurb says it's "A frighteningly prophetic novel of the U.S.A. ..." It's a novel of the near future where psi-power is a relatively well-known phenomenon -- caused by the powerful drug PSI-40. The drug is massed-produced and controlled by the proverbial SYNDICATE, which in this case rules the U.S.A., complete with "Specials", "Sensitives", etc. Of course there is an opposing, underground group to the Syndicate, known as the ANTI's -- headed by a young man with Special powers, named Kemp Johnson; with its headquarters in the Southwest. An agent of the government, a Sensitive called Jon Rand, is sent out to find Johnson and break up the ANTI group. However, despite all these (and more) "standard" themes in the plot, the story is done very well, and was interesting enough to keep me reading it clear through to the end. (Which very few novels seem to do for me anymore.)

The story starts out with a prologue -- in 1976 -- when Johnson (as a boy of ten) and his father are hiding out in the wilderness of Idaho. It seems the Syndicate DEMANDS ownership and usage of all Specials and Sensitives, and since Kemp and his father (who had discovered the drug PSI-40) were both in that category, they were wanted. Kemp's father didn't believe in the aims of the politicians controlling the government, so they hid out. They are finally discovered -- but the boy escapes by controlling (and riding away on) a deer -- while his father is killed.

Seventeen years later Rand, as an agent of the Security Branch, is started on his mission to catch Johnson amid a power struggle in the top 5 government officials. The story then deals with Rand's quest and infiltration of the Anti's: From the plane ride going down to Baja California where he meets the usual pretty girl- who later turns out to be an Anti--- (and they discuss pros & cons of the drug -- of which one bit of conversation I got a kick out of:

"I wouldn't have expected you to be a drug salesman, Mr. Rand." He laughed. "I find PSI-40 very beneficial," he admitted. "But I don't have to sell it. The experience does that."

Her answering smile was challenging. "I suppose one can hardly argue with statistics. What everyone loves must be lovable. But then everyone used to smoke cigarettes, didn't they?"

"There's a difference," Rand countered. "The mind-expanding drugs are not narcotics. You don't become addicted to them."

You don't become addicted to sex, either," Taina Erickson replied coolly. "But--what was it you said?--the experience sells itself.")

---to trouble with the Distribution Branch of his own government, Baja police, and black-market opportunists. The story has a definite 'mystery' flavor to it, akin to the James Bond stories, but this I think, enhances rather than hinders the plot -- it makes you wonder just who IS behind the actions to stop Rand. The meeting with Johnson comes near the end of the book, but even so you feel his presence all through it -- to me I had a hard time deciding who the hero was supposed to be, him or Rand. It's Rand, I presume -- after all he does get the girl in the end. Best described are the mental struggles and agonies Rand goes through, especially at the end, with his terrific mental battle with one of the most powerful minds in existence. The ending was a slight disappointment, however, since the author left no doubt throughout the story that Rand would have to choose between the pro-drug & anti-drug factions. It's definitely not HUGO material, but it's very well done for all that. I enjoyed it.--BEM

something wondrous this way comes---

Impressions of The World of Ray Bradbury

We almost didn't see it. From the back seat of the car, all I could see were two signs saying "Cocktails" and "Dining." The second time around the block looking for a parking space, I saw above these a small sign reading "The Coronet Theatre: World Premier of 'The World of Ray Bradbury'". The theatre is in a courtyard fifty feet back from the street through a narrow arcade between two restaurants. Mugniani prints are scattered over the blue concrete walls of the small lobby. The theatre itself is small with the same blue walls, blue seats, and a small stage with a rear projection screen.

The lights go down, then, with a flourish of electronic music, they come up and we enter the world of "The Pedestrian." In converting the story to a one act playlet, Bradbury added a foil in the form of Stockwell, an invertebrate television watcher, for Mead, the hero, to express his pedestrian viewpoint to. Mead visits Stockwell one night and, with talk of seeing the stars and running before the wind, forces him from his TV set and into a set of dark night-walking clothes. As the two walk through the seemingly deserted city (captured in vignette by the rear projection ink and color drawings of Mugniani) Mead points out the wonders of dew, stars, and newly cut grass. By contrast he points out the grey faced ghost watchers sitting in their houses staring at the electronic memories of thirty-years-dead actors. Because of Stockwell's increasing nervousness, they start home only to be stopped by a roving police car. The car orders Stockwell to go home and Mead to get into it's built-in cell. Noting the car is an empty robot and musing if there is anyone alive at the other end, Mead gets in and is driven off. Stockwell is about to go back to his house and burn the night-walking clothes when he notices the lights in Mead's home burning brightly, like a tiger, in the night. He hurries out to turn off the lights before someone notices them and the playlet ends.

After a ten minute intermission, the lights come up on "The Veldt." Strangely enough, this playlet about an electronic playroom that creates a 3-dimensional image of the African veldt on its walls, is the only one that does not use the rear projection screen. Instead the veldt is painted on the inside of the audience's eyelids by the descriptive dialogue of the actors and the marvelous sound effects. Stereophonic vultures flap overhead and modulated lions roar as the actors talk about the veldt's stark trees, hot sun, and far-off horizon. At the climax, the parents are locked in the playroom. They cower against the door as the wife screams, "The lions are running toward us!" as the electronic roars from the sides and rear of the theatre become louder & louder. The wife screams, "They're jumping!" the two shrink down, the lights go out, and the roars leap over the audience onto the stage to fill the theatre with their sound. Then the screams start...

After another intermission, the lights go down and come up on two men sitting in a blasted park (again, Mugniani drawings set the tone) after the Next War and we enter the world of the Chicago Abyss. If you still have the May, 1963, F&SF, re-read the story imagining it coming to life in the motion and emotion of actors and you have the play. The words are the same (though in a slightly different arrangement), from the Old Man's opening "coffee" to his closing, "Well, Joseph, once upon a time..." Where

"The Veldt's" effectiveness lies in its sound effects, the effectiveness of "To the Chicago Abyss" lies in the magic of Bradbury's language. The audience doesn't understand "The Pedestrian" and to them, "The Veldt" is a horror story with clever effects; but when the Old Man in "To the Chicago Abyss" talks of the scintillating junk of this and the past few decades, they see the terrible longing created by their absence. To them this is real; they understand and give this last of the trio their most applause.

By now, "The World of Ray Bradbury" has left Los Angeles for off-Broadway New York. From there it will go on to London where the Loncon committee may see, too late, why they should have left the Best Dramatic Presentation on the Hugo Ballot.*

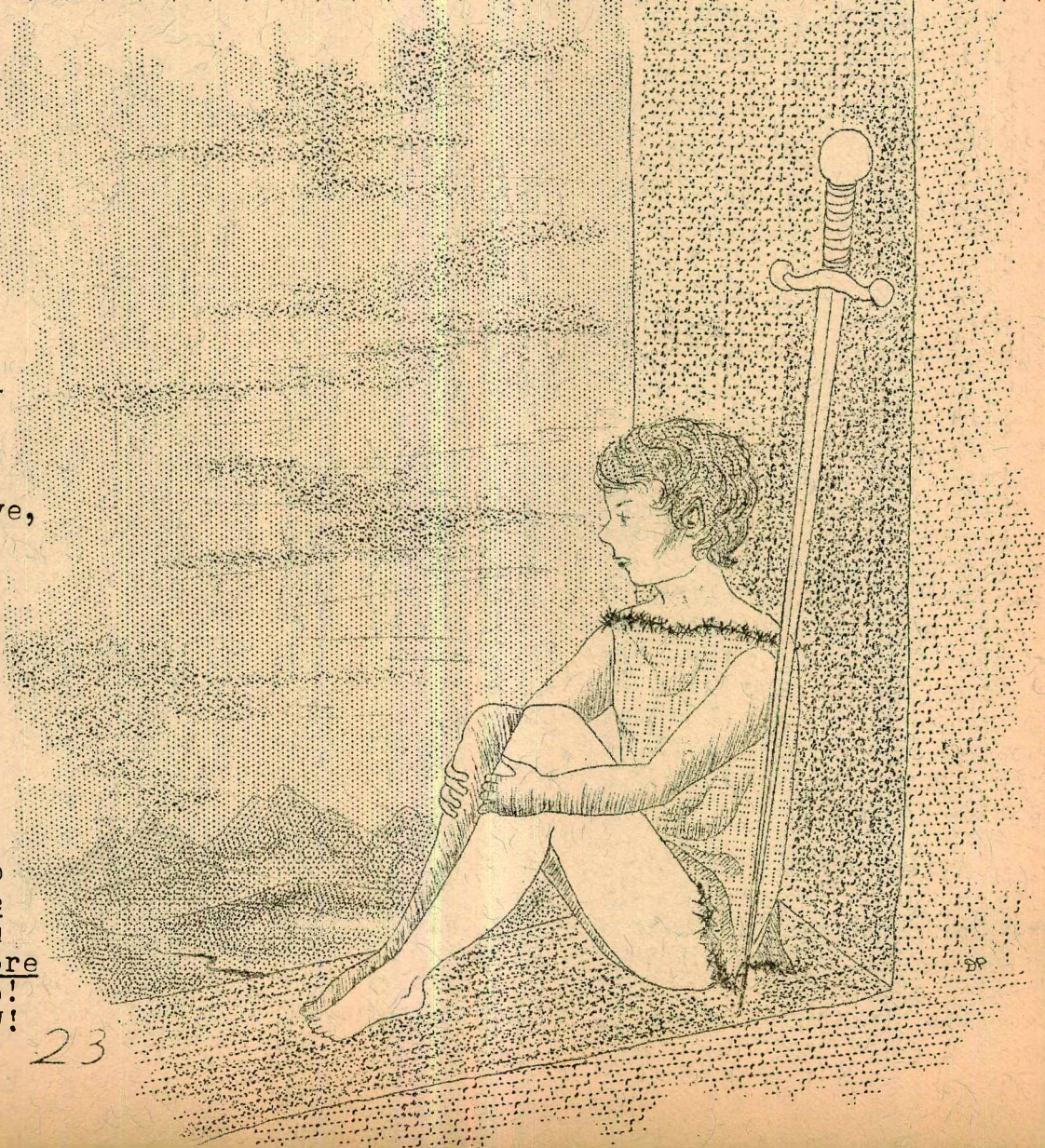
Like Cooger and Dark's Carnival, "The World of Ray Bradbury" is presented by the Pandemonium Theatre Company. Watch out in New York and London--Something Wondrous Your Way Comes. --Bill Glass.

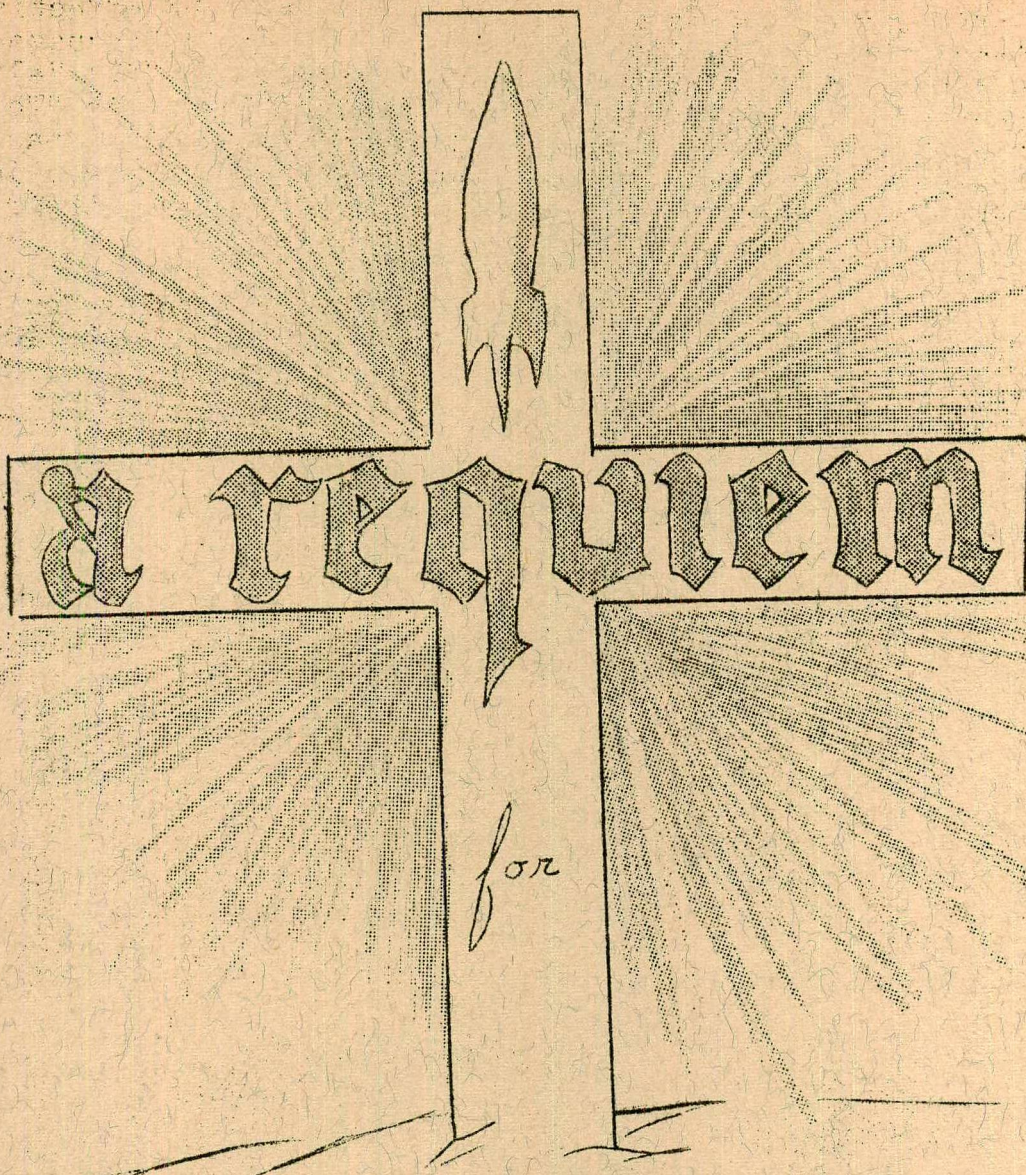
(*The opinion of Bill Glass re 'The World of Ray Bradbury' being good enough to win the Best Dramatic Hugo is not necessarily that of Ye Eds. It may well be, but we haven't seen it.)

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NOTE: We have a lot of extra copies of the Front & Back COVERS of D:B #11 -- if you would like to have a copy or two of each, (for hanging on walls, or for your scrap-books, etc) send 10¢ to me, Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio., 44313 -- and they will be mailed to you (unfolded, I hope) along with the next issue, D:B #13. All funds received will be donated to the LASFS Andy Capp Fund, so please respond! If you care to send more than 10¢, do so! But send it NOW!

23





ASTOUNDING

ALVA RODGERS

ADVENT \$5.00

CLEVELAND'LL BE KICKS IN '66!!

BEST OF LUCK TO LONDON IN '65!!

DOUBLE-TROUBLE

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

Harry Warner's article in #11 provided much food for thought. One example of professionally - published faan fiction that he missed is Mack Reynolds' The Case of the Little Green Men, a mystery published around 1950. This involves a private detective hired by a couple of science fiction fans to investigate the possibility of aliens among us, ostensibly a serious project but in reality a joke for a convention. Then, when the detective is attending a science fiction club meeting, one of the fans is mysteriously murdered--very mysteriously. It's rather well done, all things considered.

Something rather interesting is the packet of stuff I got from the John Birch Society last week, as a result of clipping a coupon in the Louisville newspaper and checking the "free information" box. What they sent me was rather innocuous, consisting of an application blank; an advertisement for a set of pamphlets, the set entitled "One Dozen Candles"; a page reprinted from the Congressional Record, being remarks upon the society's purposes by member John H. Rousselot, a Representative from California; and a little pamphlet that was mainly an ideological map of the world, in red and three shades of pink. There was also, in this pamphlet, a table of "Communist Influence: As a Percentage of Total Control." I'm not exactly sure how these percentages are calculated, but Nationalist China, Ireland, Malta, Mozambique, New Zealand, Portugal, and Western Samoa were the least communistic. West Germany is 40-60% communist; Britain is 50-70% communist, as is the United States; Iceland is 80-100% communist; and so forth. Actually, all this stuff was quite calm and seemingly rational; apparently you have to pay for the juicier parts.

PETE JACKSON, R.D.#1, DANVILLE, PA. 17821

The cover is very good and I find myself just staring longingly at it occasionally. I think I will leave it out so visitors to the Wanderer's Lair may view it and get the same feeling as I did. The bacover, too, is good but not near as good as the Prosser cover. After I hired a part-time weight lifter to help me in opening the cover and holding it open while I read the zine I began reading.

I like the idea of telling about the cover and the story behind it. To me, this is a new idea altho it probably, in reality, isn't. First I remember of seeing it done, tho.

Is there any importance of the ':' between 'DOUBLE' & 'BILL'? This bothers me and I need an explanation.

Wallaby Stew with Buck Coulson at the cauldron is well done as usual. I don't care how much Buck hates to do fanzine reviews, he is probably best known for his reviews.

Why don't you have a column on plain rock and roll and the like instead of/along with jazz? I'm not as interested in jazz as I am in the other form of music but given time I can like certain music forms. But I've got to hear it constantly. Some of the rock that I hear is pretty uninteresting when I first hear it but as I keep hearing it the better it gets. I didn't think much of "The House of the Rising Sun"/ Animals version at first but by the time it reached its peak it had long been my

PETE JACKSON, concl:

favorite song...and still is. I even got Buck Coulson talking about it and he brought Juanita into the conversation!

Ah, page 25 includes one of Dian's worse drawings...but then, I never did think she had much anyway. Maybe it's the way it was stencilled.

Since you wanted comment on "Logic", I'll give some, but don't expect the best as I ain't much of a critic. I think it was missing quite a few things. He made quite a point of Asher never losing an argument and then when he lost the argument no big thing was made of it. Then they make a big thing of the indestructible metal and kept me in suspense wondering what the hell the antidote was. I figured that it would be some simple thing like maybe a dog would have come up and decided that his indestructible leg was just the place for him to stop and relieve himself of some unnecessary waste. But no, they didn't even say what the antidote was.

Just because the metal was indestructible doesn't mean that the guy could walk through buildings, does it? He'd have to have the power behind him and I doubt very much if he did. The metal suit shouldn't have made him a superman. If I wrap myself in hard steel, I can't walk thru a wooden wall. I couldn't even run thru it! So I don't think the guy is going to be able to hurt the Kremlin much. And the reason he gave, "...since nothing could go through his suit, his suit went through everything." And rockets not being able to stop him!! They might not be able to hurt him but he sure as hell isn't going to keep walking. I remember in an old Tarzan comic some native got ahold of a bullet proof vest and had a lance throwing contest with Tarz. Tarzan couldn't hurt him with a thrown spear but the force that he threw the spear with knocked the guy down. So unless the suit was padded very heavily, Hill would have been killed or badly bruised when the rockets hit him. His head or body would have hit the indestructible suit with quite a bit of force, quite enough, I should think, to at least render him unconscious. The ending wasn't too terrible but if Asher never lost an argument, he wouldn't have said it was a hunch. Of course, he smiled weakly sort of implying that he lost. So that's that.

Seems like you had troubles just the opposite of mine for WAN. You asked for light paper for the covers and the guy who did mine (Dave Jones) said he'd use heavy paper so that I'd know it was a cover. Besides that he said he'd put the title of the zine on the cover. Besides not doing either, it took him damn near three months or so for the covers to arrive! You were lucky, you had the covers done before the editorial. You had a cover that felt like a cover, lettering and a good zine to boot.

It wasn't anything like the first annish which I didn't see, but I doubt if any zine for some time will ever hit that mark on it's first annish. I don't know if this 2nd annish could be considered an annish. (Ah, yes, it IS. We started D:B two years previous, in Oct., '62. And #11 was dated & sent around Oct., '64. ## Re: the ":" in D:B...the original name for the magazine we chose was Double-Bill, with the Hyphen (free plug) separating the two words on purpose, designating that two Bills pubbed it; We changed the "-" to a ":" last year because we liked it better, and it's much easier to type, not being on lower case like the "-" was. Bob (Hoy Ping Pong) Tucker gets the credit for using the colon first, by the way. ## We really didn't want a LIGHT cover stock...but we thought 65# was more than adequate. #See my comments on LOGIC near the end of the col. BEM--)

← A change of typer from here on - due to acting-up of the other one →

TED WHITE, 339 49TH ST., BROOKLYN 20, N.Y.

Harry Warner's article was fascinating, but perplexing in a few spots. For instance, why does he think "The Death of Science Fiction" was a transplanted "Pat & Mike" routine with fans' names added? It was intended to be a story about fans in a situation where fandom is one of the groups on the Attorney General's list and a McCarthyistic purge is in progress. Harry might have mentioned that STELLAR, in its original incarnation, was devoted to fan fiction (ie, fiction about fans), and printed it for five issues. We printed some pretty impressive items, too, like Marion Bradley's "Fantasy Blues," Burbee's "Big Name Fan," and a piece by Harry Warner, too, as I recall.

At least one novel about fans and fandom has been written. Tucker included fandom and FAPA in his first book, the mystery, The Chinese Doll, but more recently Dave Ish, who wrote "The Fantasy People", the thinly disguised report of a Metrocon which appeared in NEW WORLD WRITING, sold an expansion of the story to Ballantine. This occurred, unfortunately, about ten years ago, and differing stories have it that he could never revise the thing to suit him, or that it wasn't suitable for Ballantine. At any rate, it's never seen print. I have no idea what it's like.

I feel sad about Jack Eldridge. I've decided that we represent opposed personality types. To me, he exudes essense de deejay in all its pseudo-knowledgeable aspects. I recommend to him a piece I'll have in ROGUE in about six months on the subject of the jazz world. I doubt it'll jolt him from his rosy-hued notions (obviously gleaned from careful perusal of album jackets and DOWN BEAT's puff-pieces), but perhaps it might broaden his understanding of the jazz field a bit. In the meantime, I wonder who he's writing for with this nonsense about Miles Davis and the fight game. I should imagine the non-jazz fan will find it about as offensive as the jazz fan. In case he's interested, however, Cecil Taylor is a tiny wisp of a man, and would probably not stand up too well to Miles. On the other hand, I can't make head nor tail of the reasoning behind "Miles has great talent as a musician which in itself would indicate the exceptional reflexes and motor control a good fighter needs." Miles always was sloppy on up-tempo numbers.

Perhaps the essence of essential deejayism is this goody-goodyism of "I don't like to criticize musicians." Why? Is it inconceivable that a musician could cut a poor record? Jack admits "a lot of garbage is being pushed out as jazz," and who does he think is responsible in the end for this garbage? Good grief. I had to listen to the continual spate of lousy albums for three years when I was reviewing for METRONOME and JAZZ, and it probably irreparably destroyed any great confidence I had in the intrinsic taste of most musicians. The value in any criticism, however, is to point out the wrong turnings an artist has taken and advise him how he might better direct himself on the one hand, and on the other to advise the audience on the albums worth buying and those not worth wasting one's money on. Criticism per se usually dwells on the former, while reviewing is primarily oriented towards the latter.

But then, most deejays are abominable critics and possessed of cretinous taste anyway, as a listening to the average jazz show will prove. They play all current albums without making any valuation between the most run of the mill and those rare outstanding items. This would be permissible if their shows

TED WHITE, concl:

were purely survey shows, but when the dross is repeated, every night, and the better material ignored or sandwiched in, then something, as they say, is remiss. Willis Conover is one of the few jazz jockeys I've ever heard who managed to maintain a set of standards on his shows.

My heart bleads for Jack in his "servicing" problems. He is one of thousands who clamor incessantly to get on every label's freebie list. Many labels have neither the budget nor the patience. When I was a reviewer I got records directly from Mercury, Verve, MGM, Colpix, Decca, Contemporary, and Roulette of the labels he mentions ignore him. This in addition to those my magazines sent me for review. I'm surprised he gets records from Phillips and not Mercury; they have interlocking distribution and suchlike. However, it's good to see Jack isn't going to take such slights lying down. No, he's going to show them what's what by ignoring them in turn. I bet he really hurts them.

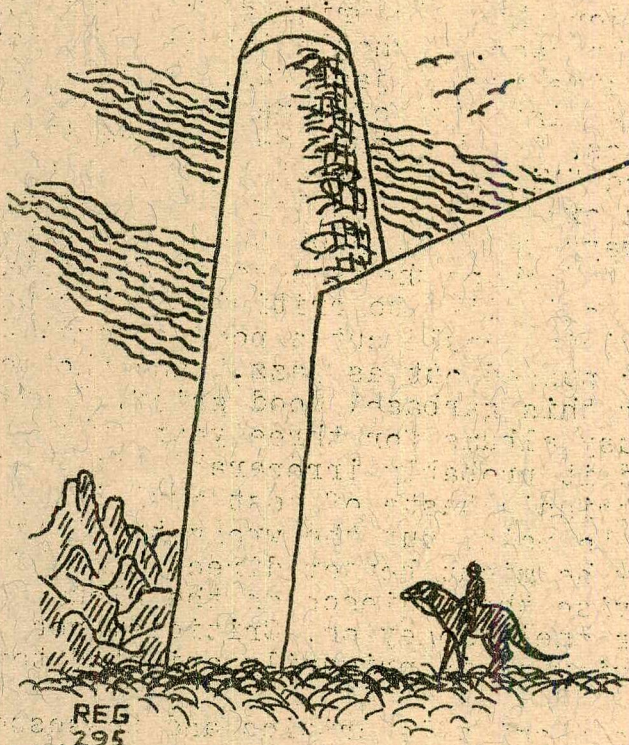
On the other hand, considering his taste, as evidenced in his plug for Focus and Carmen McRae, I can't imagine it would make much difference. Miss McRae is a good pop stylist, but hardly a jazz singer. It's good to see Jack acknowledge that Mort Fega (another cretin) owns Focus. Mort plugs the label (and that particular record) incessantly on his own deejay show, but has shown a curious reluctance to admit his own connection with the company. He just programs one or two tracks into every half-hour of his show. (I can't imagine this has helped; most of his listeners must be as sick of Carmen by now as I am. *Sigh*.) At any rate, it's good to know Jack considers one of Miss McRae's albums "the best damn album I have ever heard." When's the last time you played a Tristano track on your show, Jack?

[[Jack has folded his column, Ted, right in some of your comments, and (like he said at the beginning) he isn't that good of a writer. (He doesn't write for anyone else other than D:B, either) He says he gets more enjoyment playing jazz than writing about it. So, though I (& possibly others) are kind of sorry to see him quit his column, that is up to him -- not me. (I still like the music he plays, too.)--BEM]]

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

"I WAS A TEENAGE BOOKIE"

Thanks for the sexy cartoon under my letter. [[Oh, it was an accident, believe thee me --BEM]] It added a touch of "favor" to my LoC which otherwise would have been missing. Of course even with that useless touch of sex my letter still stood out from everything else in the issue. [[Don't make me laugh, you CAN'T be serious?! \$Do you mean sex is useless to you?--BEM]]



REG
295

DWAIN KAISER, concl:

A wry touch of humor, a dry pinch of senseability, the fanzine reviews. I don't know really what my letter came out as ((Should I really tell you?)) knowing your skill as an editor (I've seen that evil glint hidden behind those beady eyes of yours), and your basic cruelty in cutting letters to bits. ((HeH!)) Of course I don't see how you could have cut it in the slightest. ((In your case, it wasn't hard.--BEM)) I know if it was up to me, I couldn't take out one priceless word(not worth a thing).((It's a good thing you added that last remark -- saved me the trouble.))

I doubt if fans make the strangest characters, but I can understand your reasons for printing. Hidden in all that wordage is the fact that "fans can make the strangest characters", an idea printed for no other reason than to hide your basic strangeness. We know the truth about it, there is no reason to hide it any longer. Your plan is to drive all other fans out of fandom and then use the fanzines for the numbers game. ((Yes, you're right -- I dabble in numbers: Fan's addresses, phone numbers, and Zip codes -- but that's innocent. When are YOU going to change your zine into a daily "scratch sheet" for the horse-players?--BEM))

There is no doubt that Prosser is one of the best artists in fandom. But his cover for you isn't up to his usual par. The back cover I enjoyed more. But it looked more like a Vegas pawnshop than an illo from a science fiction novel. ((That must be because you frequent those Vegas Pawnshops a lot -- wassamatter -- your "book" store not making out?--BEM))

ALEX B. EISENSTEIN, 3030 W. FARGO AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60645

You dirty BEM! You published those awful cartoons by Rotsler & ATom! But what happened to those describing the birth of Belly-button Fandom? (Yes, a new splinter faction) Which brings up the interesting and unusual fact that, at opposite ends of the Leamington's mezzanine, two different groups were organizing, simultaneously (and independently), two different belly-button fandoms! One group headed by ATom & Rotsler, the other by Lupoff and company. There was eventually an exchange of ambassadors, signing of treaties, etc., must be something about that California air, all that psionics and dianetics blowing in the wind ... ((I didn't know of any Belly-button fandom cartoons -- or I would sure as hell have tried to get ahold of them. When did ATom & Rotsler draw them? \$\$ You & I were a part of the Lupoff's faction -- and if I recall rightly, ATom was too, wasn't he? (And do you recall the "official greeting" that I started when you met another Belly-button Fan? Picking the lint out of your belly-button, extending your arm straight out in front of you, toward your fellow-fan, and slowly releasing the lint, letting it float to the floor?) Ah, yes, and the signs you made with the fingers denoting different types of belly-buttons? We simply MUST write up a Charter, and elect Dick Lupoff Head Button....what do you say, fans? Care to join? For more information, write Lupoff at this address: Merry Hill, Poughkeepsie, N. York. We'll show First Fandom what a Really Organized Group can do...--BEM)) ((Dick will hate me for this!)) As to the mag: the cover, though fairly well done from a technical standpoint, does not send me. I have not finished the issue (mainly the fiction, which I approach with trepidation), but so far the best part was "The Space Opera Primer", marred only by the awful artwork and the fact that any spaceship travelling "as fast as thought" travels at a speed much slower than sound, much less the speed of light. Otherwise it was quite accurate and rather funny.

So Creath Thorne wants a copy of D:B #7 & D:B #8? Well, I have a copy

ALEX EISENSTEIN, concl:

of D:B #8, and will trade it to him for a copy of number seven, if he ever finds one (ha, ha!).

Mike Deckinger is very unintentionally humorous when he says, "Bob Tucker's conjectures were beautifully sustained, indeed to the point of absurdity as he says." Gee, he knows what absurdum means... First of all, they were not conjectures, they were deductions. And the form of this series of inductions, known as "reduction to an absurdity", has been around for a long time, and is a Classical (Greek) method of Aristotelean logic to prove something fallacious. Bob Tucker didn't invent it yesterday and then Latinize it so's it'd sound better; the only departure from the Classical form was the omission of the last — and obvious — conclusion: that Dr. Clarke's heaven does not exist.

SCOTT KUTINA, BOX 346, KOHL HALL, BOWLING GREEN STATE U., BOWLING GREEN, O.

Well, it looks like good old Uncle Sugar finally got Bowers. Its too bad that he got hooked up with the Air Force. Should have joined the Army like I'm going to do when I flunk out of BGSU at the end of this current semester, or roughly, the first week in February, that is IF I flunk out. I plan to train at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, then go on to Airborne School at the same place and eventually on to the Ranger School. After Ranger School I plan to volunteer for the Special Forces, with headquarters at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Then I plan to take the tests for OCS and then volunteer for South Viet Nam. Should take me roughly 3 years to make it that far. Who knows? I know if I do manage to get back from that mud hole, I'm going to stay in for about 20 to 40 years.

In #11, Prosser's illo was good, but I do not think its as good as some of the stuff of his that I have seen, such as his few covers on Jack Chalker's MIRAGE. The two pieces of fiction were excellent, though I think I will rate Bob Weinberg's story over Roger's. Roger's (to me) was a mood piece, while Bob's story was the sort of thing that you might find in ANALOG. Very good. The articles by Judy Merrill and John Boardman were also very good. I have not read a lot of Mark Clifton's stuff and I just wish that somebody would anthologize that series he had about Ralph Kennedy.

I would like to take issue with John Boardman. I might be classified as one of those people you mentioned who feel that it is fine (desegregation) but all this violence is not necessary. Well, for the past 7 years I have gone to school with Negroes, worked with them, and played with them, and they agree with me. Violence is not needed nor is it wanted by a vast majority of the Negroes. Your first point in contest was that the existing Civil Rights laws were enforced strictly enough. On this I agree with you, but racial discrimination cannot be wiped out by somebody just saying that this is it. It doesn't exist any more. This is a state of mind and only by the education of our children, starting now, can this be eradicated. Second point. Police brutality. In Our Fair City, to steal from RAH, recently there was an incident involving two NEGRO police officers. The details escape me at this moment, but this quote stuck in my mind. "Man, it doesn't matter what color your skin is. As long as you have this uniform on, you're a dead duck." You also state that the police officer who shot the boy who was coming at him with a knife had several citations for disarming people with knives. You forget John, that there was a group of this boy's friends around at the same time. Well if those colored kids are anything like the ones that I hung around with during high school (the ones that were on the basketball team with me), they

SCOTT KUTINA, concl:

all probably carried 8 inch long blades, whether they were switches, gravities, or what have you. And five will get you ten they knew how to use them, too. Well if I was in the same situation that cop was in I would have pulled my gun too. Don't worry, he knew those kids, and he also knew what he was doing when he pulled that gun.

Point three. Inferior housing and public facilities in Negro districts. Bull shit. I have have seen some of the best looking projects in predominantly Negro sections of Cleveland go to Hell inside of 8 years. But in the section where my Negro friends come from their houses are as nice as mine, some of them, and they actually look down on those Negroes who do not keep up their houses, whether in the other districts or in their own. Also, today more Negroes are given a chance at advanced education than before. I know of 8 from my high school who are in college today on scholarships, 6 are on athletic and two are on academic, and 5 of those were in my graduating class, and seeing as how we only had about 9 or 10 graduating, that is pretty damn good.

In your letter Col, I'll take issue with John Boston. If a writer's first task isn't to tell a story, then what is it? The science, I believe, is just the news peg, as we learned in Journalism 103. The thing that the story is hung on. Nuf said.

What the Hell is the matter with fandom today? Twenty five years ago if the sort of attacks that are being carried on against Robert A. Heinlein today, were being issued then, that particular fan would be hamstrung, drawn and quartered, thoroughly roasted, tarred and feathered, and then run out of fandom on a rail. First people started in on STARSHIP TROOPERS, probably his greatest novel ever. Then it was STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. Probably the reason was that it actually shocked most of this so-called "liberal minded" fandom. His next novel deserved the panning that it got, and that of course was PODKAYNE OF MARS. GLORY ROAD admittedly left much to be desired, but it was not THAT bad. The only glaring fault that I can find is, "What the Hell actually happened when they went back to that estate for the second time?" It bugs the Hell out of me. The latest attack is aimed at FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. This story is definitely better than Stranger, but not in the same league with STARSHIP TROOPERS. The analogies drawn in this story are very good, and the ending is one of the better ones. I think that RAH is one of our last bulwarks against communism, socialism (both creeping and leaping), the New Frontier, and whatever bull shit LBJ is pushing at us now. The "Great Society" or something like that. As long as there are writers like Heinlein still going, science fiction will have no worries, about anything.

WILLIAM TEMPLE

I grow old... I grow old...

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled

-- as the late-lamented T.S. Eliot wrote.

The fact must be faced: I can't keep up with the young rips any longer. Before I get around to penning a LoC on one fanzine its next ish (always, somehow, thicker than the last one) comes winging in. D:B 11 arrives palpitating before the body of D:B 10 is even cold. ((There were a couple months between them though.... and #10 had probably fallen apart by then. Also, #11 was 2 (two) pages shorter, Eliot, than #10.--BEM)) This pattern has become general. My desk looks like a newstand ((Well, you can fix that by throwing out all those nasty old prozines...BEM)) I'm

WILLIAM TEMPLE, concl:

having to deal with the things two at a time, and it was always difficult to find the time to digest and comment on them one at a time.

Probably it's the example of one man which has kept my weary bones creaking along these last few years: Harry Warner. I know he's around the same age as myself (he says so in the current Zenith) and I've told myself grimly that if he can keep it up, so can I.

But I can't. He's worn me into a stub. Or nub. Pick up any damn 'zine from this abundance and there's a letter from H.W. in it. A long, carefully written, carefully thought out letter, too, with a new slant on whatever topic it is. As in D:B 10. And now, Ghu help me, he bobs up, fresh as paint, with a 4-page article in D:B 11.

Either: (a) I never had any stamina,

anyway, or

(b) 'Harry Warner' is a pseudonym for six people, or

(c) he doesn't have to work for a living.

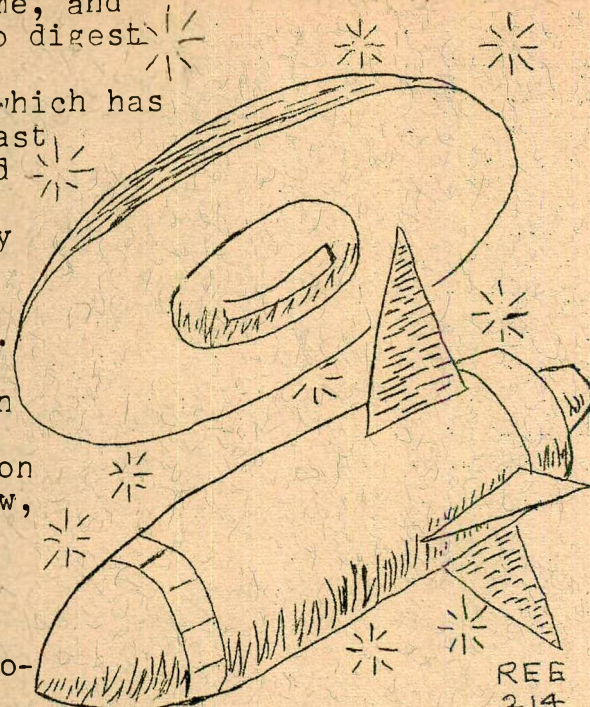
Re (c) I believe, nominally, he works for a living -- at night. Mal-lardi, too, is a night-worker... Ha! Now I see. Night-workers don't really work at all. These hours they spend attending to their fanzines. ((Ahem!-- BEM))

Me, I'm a day-worker, and proud of it. I rise before the lark (the larks around here are just bums) at 6:30 a.m. Commute to London. Work hard in broad daylight for all to see (that dammit, is why I have to work hard). Home at 6 p.m. The family finally ceases its demands on me around 7:30 p.m. Dog-tired, I have a coupla hours (if there isn't a TV program on I want to see, which there usually is) in which to deal with all non-fan correspondence, enter up my diary, and hack out some pro-writing.

I got by for a long time, but now I'm slipping fast. The fanzines are breeding there before my rheumy eyes. A flame-thrower might save me, but I've mislaid mine. So...I capitulate. I go gafia, for keeps. Good-bye, fandom. I'll miss Harry Warner -- in more ways than one. I'll miss DOUBLE: BILL, too. But please don't send me it anymore. (God, that took some resolution!) Send my copy to some happy night-worker, who'll have time to do it justice. I can't any more, really -- the spirit is willing but the flesh is wilting. ((You realize of course that since I printed your letter you get at least 2 more issues of D:B? And besides, we like you -- if you can't write LoC's we don't mind -- but imagine how many copies we'd send to those we hate!--BEM)) ((And looky who's next, Bill... your buddy:...))

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

The next thing you know, Sam Moskowitz will make a short talk, now that we have some long fanzine reviews from Buck Coulson. I'd always thought his ability to get a lot of information and reactions into a few lines was the reason why his reviews are good, but I find these longer ones are just as fine to read. I can imagine one use for the Halevy glossary: if Tolkien ever decides to write about hobbits again, it should save him a lot of leafing through his notes and manuscripts. I can't believe



HARRY WARNER, JR., concl:

that even Tolkien would have gone to all that trouble to make sure he didn't write inconsistently in the future.

Of course, Miles Davis can fight. Miles is Latin for soldier, and soldiers fight, don't they? This is as clear and obvious a deeper meaning of a jazz musician as the serious books that I've read about jazz, and their explorations of the supernal significances of a squeak on the clarinet and an apparent nonsense syllable shouted by Louis. I'd always assumed that most radio stations get their extensive choice of records by some sort of arrangements with a large local record store. This would seem much simpler a procedure than arguing with fifty or so manufacturers that the free copies will produce more sales from listeners than lost sales to tape-recording listeners.

Logic is an extremely good story, I think. Maybe a certain amount of disproportion is present: the story itself should be longer in proportion to the introductory and concluding stuff than it is. But I find that it's amusing as long as it lasts, and whether intended that way or not, it impressed me as a gentle parody of all the science fiction stories in which the hero faces some sort of outrageous problem and a time deadline by which the solution must be obtained. ((I tend to agree with you on that score -- even though I doubt if Weinberg consciously intended it.--BEM))

I'm grandmotherish enough to take precautions when I overnight at a hotel or motel. I put my wallet under my pillow, but inside the pillowcase, jammed up toward the closed end of the case. It doesn't leave much of a mark on my head if I happen to sleep directly over it, and it means that a sneak thief can't get to the money without manipulating me sufficiently to rouse me. Of course, this requires the utmost confidence in one's memory to make sure that he removes the wallet before the woman comes to do the room the next morning.

Pierre Versins lives in Lucerne, Switzerland, and has an enormous collection of French science fiction and fantasy. I suspect that he's still publishing fanzines that he doesn't send to many fans in this country because they're expensive to produce and he provides them only for money. He produced the start of a bibliography of the earliest science fiction in which I recognized not more than half of the English-language titles and none of those from other countries. He's somewhat more fannish than his publications would indicate: there is a deadpan society called Futopia, membership in which cannot be avoided if the individual visits the Versins home, which is much fun to read about.

I wish I could think of something good to say about the Prosser cover, but I don't want to be hypocritical. Prosser and Harold Gray ought to get together: Little Orphan Annie has nothing where her eyes should be and Prosser characters have a strong tendency to possess neither teeth nor tongue, possibly because they keep their mouths wide open all the time and these possessions have weathered away. ((Prosser DID draw eyes, teeth, & tongue -- but even in the lithograph process some detail is lost.--BEM)) I thought at first that the human figure spoiled the back cover, but since looking at the picture several minutes, I begin to suspect that the slight distortions of this person add something to the whole.

John Boardman did hint at one matter that I've not seen emphasized often enough: that the Negro problem will probably remain in somewhat milder form for decades after integration of all types has been completed in the nation; the parallel with labor unions is a good one.

JAMES ASHE, R.D. 1, FREEVILLE, N.Y.

Buck's comments on new school instruction theories brought to mind something I read some time ago. It was, "How many technicians must we educate to make up for the loss of Einstein?" This amazing question was propounded shortly after Einstein's death, of course, and is one of the best discussion starters I can imagine. In the right company, of course.

I hope Bill Bowers isn't making the mistake of enlisting for an extended period rather than taking two years and clearing out! ((But he did do just that: he's in the Air Force for 4 yrs., instead of the Army for 2. Apparently his reasoning is that he can learn some new trades while he's in, so when he gets out he can a better job than the one he had--BEM)) I can't agree with Heinlein on this and other points; I believe anybody who approves of military life is mentally defective.

Speaking of Heinlein, I have very much enjoyed past works of his, in spite of his liking for authoritarianism which has occasionally cropped out in the past. But the last three works, culminating in Farnham's Freehold, have seemed to me increasingly unrealistic. I could accept Glory Road as a joke or satire, but now I feel something has got to give! Any later data on this, Bill? ((Refer back to Kutina's letter! Actually, I DO agree with you most all the way -- I like the earlier Heinlein's, and after reading Glory Road I assumed it to be a satire; the other two I didn't even bother to read after hearing what they were like. To me, enuff was enuff! But other than that, no later data do I have.--BEM))

Well! I'm looking forward to next summer. If the topless bathing suit controversy is still smouldering at this time of year we can look for great things in the warmer weather! Actually, Bill, I am a little surprised at all the furor. It seems sort of shameful for a batch of supposed adults getting all stirred up about a relatively local and superficial question of what a few people might wear swimming, when there are so many major problems waiting to be recognized and we might hope dealt with.

Last but not least, please print more Zelazny! ((Will do. Stay tuned for a few ish's yet -- we've a real unusual one coming up by Roger. §§ So you don't think people going around nude is an important problem? To one person, maybe it isn't, but flaunting the one-piece bathing suit as a surprise to the complete PUBLIC is bound to get a furor.--BEM))

ROBERT P. BROWN, 1484 FLM AVE., LONG BEACH, CALIF. 90813

Re: Robert Weinberg's short short: "Smooth!" One question though. Something I have noticed in a couple of other beginner's efforts. Use of the word 'scream' or 'screaming' with male character doing the screaming. Just don't sound right. "Women scream" "Men yell". Semantic difficulties? Might check with some professional on that. Do not recall such use by them (the professionals) unless intimating that the screamer has feminine characteristics. Will put it that way to keep it polite.

Might pass the word to Creath Thorne, that I may have a duplicate copy of D:B 8, that Janie Lamb sent me before my sub went in.

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

The 2nd Annish is a handsome one. I like both covers, yet I have one criticism of both (and it applies to a lot of fan art): the composition is too "busy" -- the artists try to pack too much detail into one illustration, which lowers the pictorial quality. For example, the fat vehicle parked behind Kinnison in the bacover overpowers his head and right hand,

BANKS MEBANE, concl:

where the visual interest should be concentrated. While I'm on the subject of the artwork, I'd like to say that George Barr gets just about the most out of the technique of the mimeoed line drawing like those on pp 22, 23; sometimes he even uses the typed text that will eventually surround a filler illo as an integral part of his composition (see Yandro 142, p 19).

Did you notice that the October '64 cover on Fantastic was a fair illustration of the same scene from The Dying Earth that Prosser did for you? It was not accurate in detail for the Vance scene, but would fit it better than the story it was supposed to portray. ((No, I can't recall seeing it -- I hardly ever buy Fantastic any more. Amazing I buy occasionally. Care to send me a copy to peruse?--BEM))

I must be dense: I didn't quite get the point of Roger Zelazny's vignette. Did Sol go nova? Is the star of the planet on which the robot is speaking going nova? I don't know. ((Your last assumption is correct-- a colonized planet sent from Earth was killed off due to it's star-sun going nova. One thing we didn't mention last issue to see if the readers would catch it, which they didn't -- was Roger's experimenting with the mood & sentence structure of the story, by having approx. 500 of the 800 or so words in just ONE SENTENCE! It's been done by other writers of course, but Roger wanted to try it.--BEM))

The Space Opera Primer is worthwhile for the last line, if for nothing -- although actually I enjoyed the whole thing. Warner's article and Coulson's fmz reviews were good, although actually I'd rather have seen a piece of faan-fiction (or just plain fiction) from Warner.

Note to Bill Bowers: You don't need to worry about adapting to the service, if you just don't try to buck the system openly. It's expressly designed to resist that, and you'd get about as far as a beaver trying to chew down the General Sherman tree. Once the period of basic training is over (nothing can ameliorate that) you'll get along fine and even have a hell of a good time if you play the angles and only buck the system covertly. I wonder if the constantly recurring theme in sf stories of people merrily boring from within an authoritarian society stems from the writers' periods of military service.

MICHAEL VIGGIANO, 1834 ALBANY AVE., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11210

The Prosser cover was great-reminiscent of the old pulp era (I could go on now and talk about the great age of the pulps except for one thing... I wasn't around then). The back cover by Jeeves was better than most front covers of zines that I have seen, though it doesn't compare with Prosser's.

Harry Warner's article was interesting. Of course, writers usually write best about what they know best. But who says that Jack Vance knows more about the year 200695 than Joe Fann?

Coulson's reviews were as interesting and as informative as ever (which is saying that they were quite good). But one should add a note to his review of TNFF, lest some non-member get the wrong impression. TNFF #5 of '64 was a rush issue. Most issues run from 20-24 pages long and the ten page TNFF was an exception.

Bill & Dick Glass had a good idea there with "The Space Opera Primer" but it wasn't humorous or much of a satire either. Though I must admit it did remind me a little bit of E.E. Smith's works, notably "Skylark of Space".

Boardman's feelings are pretty much my own. I was for a Negro captain

MICHAEL VIGGIANO, concl:

for a Harlem precinct and I think there should be more than one. Years back, the police department did wonders when they substituted Italian cops in place of Irish cops in "Little Italy." Most of the Italians at the time, were immigrants and did not know a word of English, so they couldn't understand the police, which led to trouble.

I found Zelazny's work a disappointment. His "The New Pleasure" was a masterpiece.

"Logic" by Weinberg was another excellent piece of fiction. I liked it better than many of the shorts that have appeared in Analog. The fiction in DOUBLE:BILL is usually better than most fan fiction. You have published three gems in the four issues of your zine that I have received. "The New Pleasure," "Logic," and "Panicdotes 1."

Thanks for the index to the Symposium, Bill. While I'm on the subject, do any of you readers want to part with D:B 7? I need a copy and am willing to pay a dollar for it. Any takers? ((Bhigod, I'm getting awful tired of printing these pleas for D:B 7 & 8 -- this makes the fourth or fifth one so far. I've got a little idea on how to stop it, so ALL you fans who'd like to read D:B 7 or 8, check my editorial on pp 4 & 5. OK?--BEM))

I liked Zelazny's poetry....I don't know why. I disliked Glad's piece....can't give you a reason for that either. Poetry has to stir up the emotions someway. Zelazny did; Glad didn't.

Best interior artwork honors goes to DEA.

BILL WOLFENBARGER, 602 W. HILL ST., NEOSHO, MO.

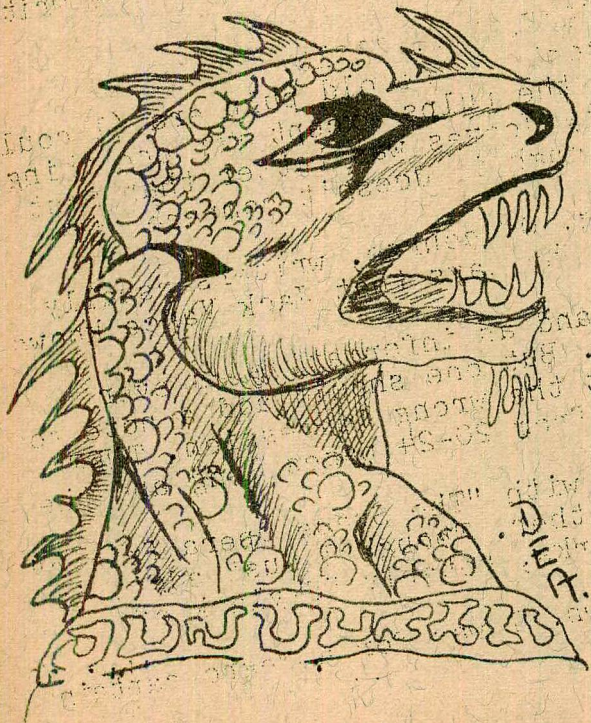
That's a fine cover by David Prosser; that's more action I've seen on a fantastic cover in several years (in the prozines, anyway). And for cartoons, the Rotsler thing on pages 35 & 36 & 37 is The Ultimate Gas. Liked DEA's illo on page 12. The T. Jeeves bacover is a brilliant Jeeves bacover.

I enjoyed Drapa For a Race by Judy Glad, very much.

Mike Deckinger: I don't consider Norman Mailer as a writer of mainstream; to me he's bashful-hip....I mean to say he's hip, but he's shy with it and not completely natural. Of course the "hip" writers (and poets) include Jack Kerouac, Henry Miller, Gregory Corso, William S. Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Seymour Krim, Allen Ginsberg, and others. And I say that if John O'Hara lived and worked in New Orleans and Denver (say), he would be much less inhibited in writing and in living. Irving Wallace is a fad and a fake and a freak and a fraud.

John Boston: Fandom is both non-conformist and conformist. It is merely conforming to its non-conformity.

John Boardman: George Fergus is correct when you quote him saying: "the



BILL WOLFENBARGER, concl:

prejudice, the ignorance of science." Science is not necessarily prejudice or ignorant towards psiontists and saucerians and the rest of that old-fashioned shit, but it is too conforming to open up new fresh vistas. ((I think you BOTH are going off on a wrong track -- if I'm not mistaken Fergus meant the prejudice & ignorance of science the non-sf readers have. Not of science itself. Correct me on this if I'm wrong, George.--BEM))

Banks Mebane: Being a sci-fi fan is like being a junkie. Whereas the confirmed junkie is a sort of wonderworld zombie whose body and brain are hooked upon the physical dependence of junk, the extra-large or extra-small pupils surely and eventually "rotting out", (if the junkie is damned enuf to live that long) the sci-fi fan can very easily develop eye trouble by reading unreadable fanzines ((Hey, I like that remark! In fact, I think it deserves an interlineation:)) and trying to read too much s-f

* * * * *

"..the sci-fi fan can very easily develop eye trouble by reading unreadable fanzines.."--B.W. If you don't get it, think about it a bit.--B.M.
* * * * *

in too short a time span.

Creath Thorne: I love jazz with a great passion; it's a language of sound, and when you get inside the music to the heart of its heart, you are literally exploring the unknown, you're in another universe, a universe of sound. I've heard Miles Davis make love to that horn. Jazz, if you really dig it, is one of the most beautiful forms expression and communication God has created. Like, it's the sound of eternity.

CHARLES E. SMITH, THE SCHOOL HOUSE, VILLAGE SCHOOL, CULFORD, NR. BURY ST., EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.

I suppose you spoilt me after your first annish, which I remember I was raving over for weeks; this, your second version, I found rather disappointing in comparison. Maybe I just expect too much. ((Yeah.--BEM)) I always expect something really special for an annish and this one gave me the impression of being a normal issue but larger. ((Heh! Fooled you. #11 was actually 2 pages shorter than #10! We had to recoup our losses from the First Annish somehow -- and instead of quantity we tried to get quality. 2nd Annish's cover cost us dough, too.--BEM)) A good issue for all that, but not as exciting as I had expected.

Harry Warner's article on faan fiction was nicely thought out and as professional as I expect all his pieces to be. Tell me though: is faan fiction dying out? It's been a long time since I last saw a piece in a fanzine. Roger Zelazny's mood piece was likewise nicely done. I find this type of story, very typical of the output of F & SF for some time, lacking in real bite. And I'm not one of the old guard who say nothing worth reading in the way of sf has been published since the '40's. Much of the modern sf is far better than the so-called "Golden Age", particularly the works of Vonnegut, Budrys, Blish, Ballard, and Bernard Wolfe with his single sf novel, but much of the magazine fiction is either simply dull and repetitive or all style and no plot. I sometimes think I'm going off the whole bit. ((You, too, eh? I'm inclined to agree with Jim Cawthorn, who, (along with just about everyone else, it seems) is swinging more to the fantasy line stories in reading preferences. I hate to say it, but a helluva lot of sf seems treadworn & outdated. Reality is catching up with sf too much, I guess, so everyone turns to fantasy.--BEM))

Again I enjoyed the jazz column - some very nice snide touches in

CHARLES E. SMITH, concl:

this which appealed to me. I can't really comment on the Boardman article. I agreed entirely with his premises; how far his facts are true I can't guess. Maybe police forces all over the world are going through a patch when their former popularity has diminished. I don't know how police were regarded over there, but for a long time here in Britain the public had the image of the policeman as the jovial character in blue, always ready to show you the way to wherever you wanted to go, give you the time, and show children and old ladies across the road. Now the image has disappeared; a distinct barrier has arisen between the public and the forces of law and order. The old idea that British police were incorruptible has gone with all the flood of recent stories involving bribery, torture of prisoners, framing of suspects and all the rest. A very prominent saying at present is that "all coppers are bastards" which used to be said jokingly; now there is a greater bite to it. Children and old ladies are apt to scuttle off in the opposite direction at the approach of the "boys in blue", lest they be arrested for loitering with intent. It is hardly possible to fail to find one of the friends around you who hasn't got some personal experience of the police beating them up or threatening the same. I suppose the real division started as soon as the traffic on the roads became more acute and the general public found themselves liable to close attention and possible arrest for motoring misdemeanours; until this point, the public had no thought of the police as anything but on their side; now they see them as natural enemies. Of course the poor pay and prospects provided by a career in the force do nothing to attract the kind of people so urgently needed; instead the job appeals to people with Hitler-complexes who like strutting about the streets of London or elsewhere in their blue uniforms and being as officious and often belligerent as possible.

It is nice to see a memorial article that actually recognizes that the dead man had some faults as a writer. I found Clifton's later work becoming strangely waspish, lacking in warmth and any real emotion or humanity. Still, I'll remember him for those early stories like "Sense From Thought Divide." I am still staggered by Bill Glass's monumental effort in cataloguing the symposium.

John Boston. Probably Clarke is a "great" sf writer and I think this is probably why I'm going off sf. I don't think I can enjoy a field of fiction where a writer like Clarke is considered as, and let's face it, probably is, one of the best of its practitioners. I'm becoming more and more convinced that sf is totally insular; look at the way any writer from the "outside" is viewed with suspicion. To my mind, the most exciting sf novel, though by no means flawless, is Bernard Wolfe's Limbo which I've already mentioned.

Banks Mebane. So you're dragging up the old "Sense of Wonder" issue again. I find I'm personally no longer interested. I enjoy fiction that stems from the imagination and the intellect; sense of wonder for me is passé. Agree with you about Heinlein though. I must be getting old and tired.

The palms, and the laurels too, for that matter, for the artwork were stolen by Rotsler's fillers. What he can do with a few lines, most other fan artists can't do with a full-page illo. Barr came second and the rest left me completely without enthusiasm.

Coming to the con in London? ((I'm afraid not..money & time forbids. After 5 consecutive Worldcons, my string is finally broken. Have fun. BEM))

MIKE McQUOWN, 129½ N. FRANKLIN BLVD., TALLAHASSEE, FLA. 32301

At present, the movie scene has changed quite a bit - we are now going into a fully professional venture. Our man in Orlando liked the short, and we got the backers. What they want now is a new script - the former expansion was too unproducable, financially, so we're doing a rewrite almost from scratch, starting next month. Production date set for some time in April, using all professional people. Schwartz will direct, and I will write. This puts quite a load on my shoulders, and its success or failure may affect several people, especially myself.

Creath Thorne makes a good point about playwriting. The other point to be made is this: much of the success of a play depends on externals - the ability of the actors and their interpretations, the director's ability to translate lines into obviously useful and logical characterisation-by-action, the strength of the sets and lightings. So, a short story writer will try to put all this into a story, a sort of interlineation between action and dialogue, and he never dwells on it in favor of characterisation, in other words, it's more of a sketch.

By the way, we're dropping the Carnage title, for which I'm glad; I always thought it a bit much, and had been agitating for its deletion for a long time.

ARTHUR HAYES, P.O. BOX 135, MATACHEWAN, ONTARIO, CANADA

FanFiction (not faaaan fiction) is something I would like to see more of in fanzines. Yet, whenever some is published, there seems to be a feeling of loss by the editor/publisher in that he must realize that the pages so utilized have very little chance of bringing out as much in the way of comments as the other stuff which really, has less value. And so, because those pages tend to be swallowed by silence, there isn't the incentive to using fiction as there should be. Faaan Fiction, on the other hand, has little value of any kind, and isn't even very often entertaining, but it does bring about a kind of reaction in kind, that of the editor receiving more of the same.

To me, writing fiction is first dependent on the state of mind of the prospective author. Ability to handle to language must come secondary. At one time, I had the state of mind, and possibly a moderate ability to handle the language, but not the audience, nor the means to distribute. Now, I no longer have the state of mind, no longer have the ability, but do have the means to distribute.

ROBERT WEINBERG, 127 CLARK ST., HILLSIDE, N.J.

By far, the cover was the nicest I have ever seen on a fan-zine. While the scene was a good one, I wish that the artist had done one of my favorites, John Star battling a degenerate guard in the ruins of Earth (from The Legion of Space). It has always seemed to me that fantasy and sf have the most awesome spectacles in literature. {{ Prosser, and other fan-artists, here's a good suggestion to act on. And, of course, send that scene to D:B! --BEM}}

John Boardman's article on Harlem was quite interesting, though I disagree with some of his ideas. I have a feeling that the civil rights battle has just started. And, concerning Lt. Gilligan, I believe that Boardman gave a rather one-sided view. Other witnesses, including the school principal said that the boy did have a knife. Stopping a kill-crazy juvenile delinquent is not so easy as Mr. Boardman might think. Civil rights, yes; hoodlums rioting with civil rights as their excuse, no.

ROBERT WEINBERG, concl:

I thought that somebody might be interested in the background to Logic, so I have decided to comment on the story also. It was written two years ago under rather strange circumstances. I thought up the plight of a man trapped inside of an inescapable suit one night and went crazy trying to find a solution. Having nothing to do one night, I wrote the story and decided to enter it in the Fan story contest. One of the reasons it is rather rough around the edges is that it has never been rewritten. To the shock of most people, I got the idea of the club, not from Arthur Clarke, but from Lord Dunsany and Jorkins. As far as I can tell, the only person that influenced my style in any way at all was William Beyer and his book Minions of the Moon.

⌋ It's too bad that you didn't have a chance to rewrite the tale, but it was still well done. The one thing I said I'd mention about the story -- that apparently no one else had noticed even though they commented on just about everything else -- was the original idea. In other words, basing the story on logic as you did, it would seem to me that if the Russians had discovered this super metal years ago, they could have (and probably WOULD have) attacked the United States immediately and won the war, before the U.S. could find an anecdote. Right? I think so, anyhow.
-BEM⌋

...and now to finish up with the WAHF's:

DICK GLASS: The Prosser cover is interesting, Shierl and Blikdak are done rather well; however, Guyal is another matter entirely. I know Prosser can do better, so why was he satisfied with that right arm and knife? Also, Guyal appears to be all out of proportion. I admit that Prosser could draw rings around me, but if I had his talent I would not be satisfied with a second-rate cover job like the cover for D:B 11. I will congratulate Prosser on the most beautifully revolting Blikdak I've ever seen. ⌋ Why? Have you seen more Blikdaks before? Let me know what they look like, ok?--BEM⌋

The poem by Judy Glad is very good, darnit. I have one--maybe two--that say roughly the same thing which I was thinking of submitting.

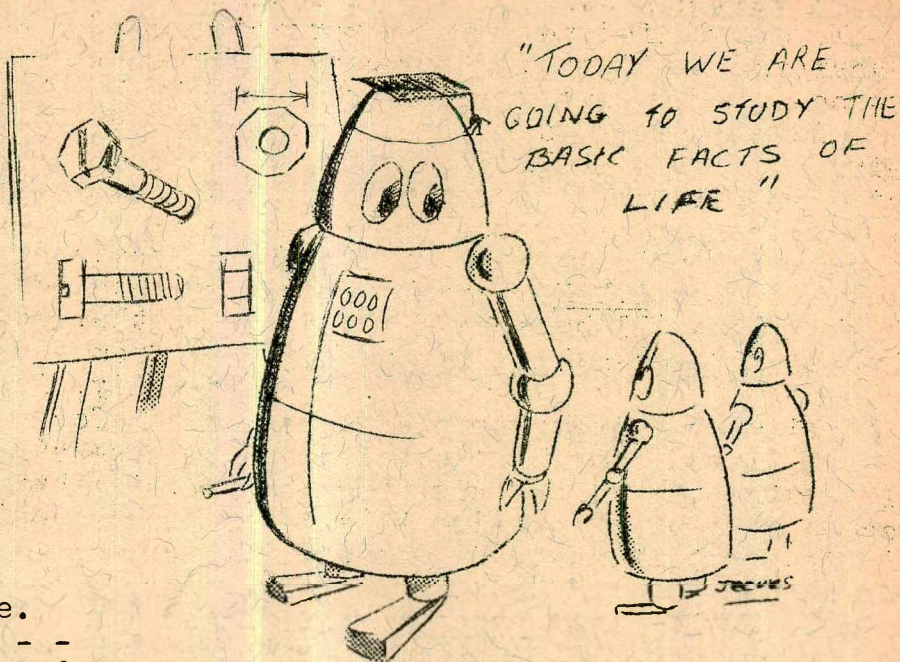
In my opinion, some one has written a novel about fans--in an indirect way--meaning, of course, The Wanderer by Fritz Leiber. There are the oddest assortment of fans and "inside" people that I've ever seen in an S.F. novel.

BEN SOLON: Boardman's statement, in "Harlem in Perspective", smacks of sheer arrogance. He asserts that if it was all right for the American Colonists to tar and feather British tax collectors and burn their homes (it wasn't, but there was a war going on) it's all right for the American Negro to do the same. It is not, not by a long shot. I feel that if the Negro wants equality, he must obey the same laws that everyone else does. In many cases, the uneducated, slum-dwelling Negro considers himself above the law. Certain areas of Chicago's South Side (predominately Negro) have a higher crime rate than the rest of the city combined. Banks Mebane: If all great pre-twentieth century literature was based on entertainment, how do you account for things like CRIME & PUNISHMENT and DAVID COPPERFIELD, both of which were written with some other purpose beside entertainment in mind. ⌋ That finishes this; other WAHF's were Dan Adkins, Creath Thorne, T. Jeeves, J. Cawthorn. Thanx All. --BEM⌋

from
william's
pen*

EDITORIAL BY
BILL BOWERS

*Formerly called "Just Plain Bill," which explains the Bacover title.



Greetings, civilians and fellow fans, from an almost fabled fan and the military partner of D:B. In the not quite immortal - but true words of Earl Evers: "The Army (c.f. the Air Force) is an excellent time-binder as far as fandom goes." From where I sit now (in the Service Club surrounded by noisy t.v.'s and card players - but far better than the barracks and my noisier roommates) fandom seems a distant and enjoyable dream - something you wish you were a part of - but probably doesn't exist anyways. It's a strange feeling and not exactly easy to put down in print.

Perhaps the strangest experience of my 3 months military career was receiving a copy of D:B #11 in the mail. I know I should have written a loc on it - but you know how things go...

Before I joined there was a heated discussion among my so-called friends on the question of whether I could take the military or whether the military could take me. So far its turned out to be a draw - more or less - but I get the feeling that I'm beginning to lose. I know that's hard to believe, but even the best of us must fall some time.

As a shocking and distinct sign of how adversely the military has affected me, I have a distasteful confession to make. I know Mallardi and a few people in L.A. will find this almost impossible to believe - but I swear it is true. I haven't made a single pun in the last 3 months. Truly, military life does strange things to one.

I thought before I joined that the experiences I would encounter in the Air Force would serve to enhance my writing ambitions. I believe it was William Temple who remarked that all that 6 years in the military did for his writing career was to serve a better knowledge of four letter words - and thus a better capability for understanding "modern" literature. This, I have found, is remarkably true.

I just learned from Mallardi that H. Beam Piper is dead. To me this is a rather shocking experience, as he always seemed to me one of the type that just seems to go on forever. I had the pleasure of meeting him at Chicago in '62 and again at the Discon. He was one of my favorite

writers and his stories will certainly be missed. And with no disrespect to the other kind people who participated, his answers were my personal favorites of all those who contributed to the D:B Symposium -- especially the one to question 11 which seems a bit ironic now. He will be missed.

Theway things stand now, I should graduate from school here {{ Ed. note: It's an I.B.M. school.--BEM}} May 4th and be home the next day - which means I'll have been away five months. And I'm not ashamed to admit that more frequently than not I suffer from spells of homesickness - as does most everyone down here. Theoretically, it shouldn't bother me, as I lived away from home longer than that before I joined, but that was like 2 miles - not 1,800. The current consensus among the students here, along with some of the permanent party, is that if you're lucky you might become used to the base - it's not one that you'll ever like. Right now I'm just existing for May 4th.

Anyone on this base who admits they're actually from Texas is in for a rough time. I don't know, but I'd be willing to bet that if Mexico wanted Texas back now they'd have about 99.9% of the Air Force personnel on their side, and there's a lot of A.F. Bases in this hell-hole.

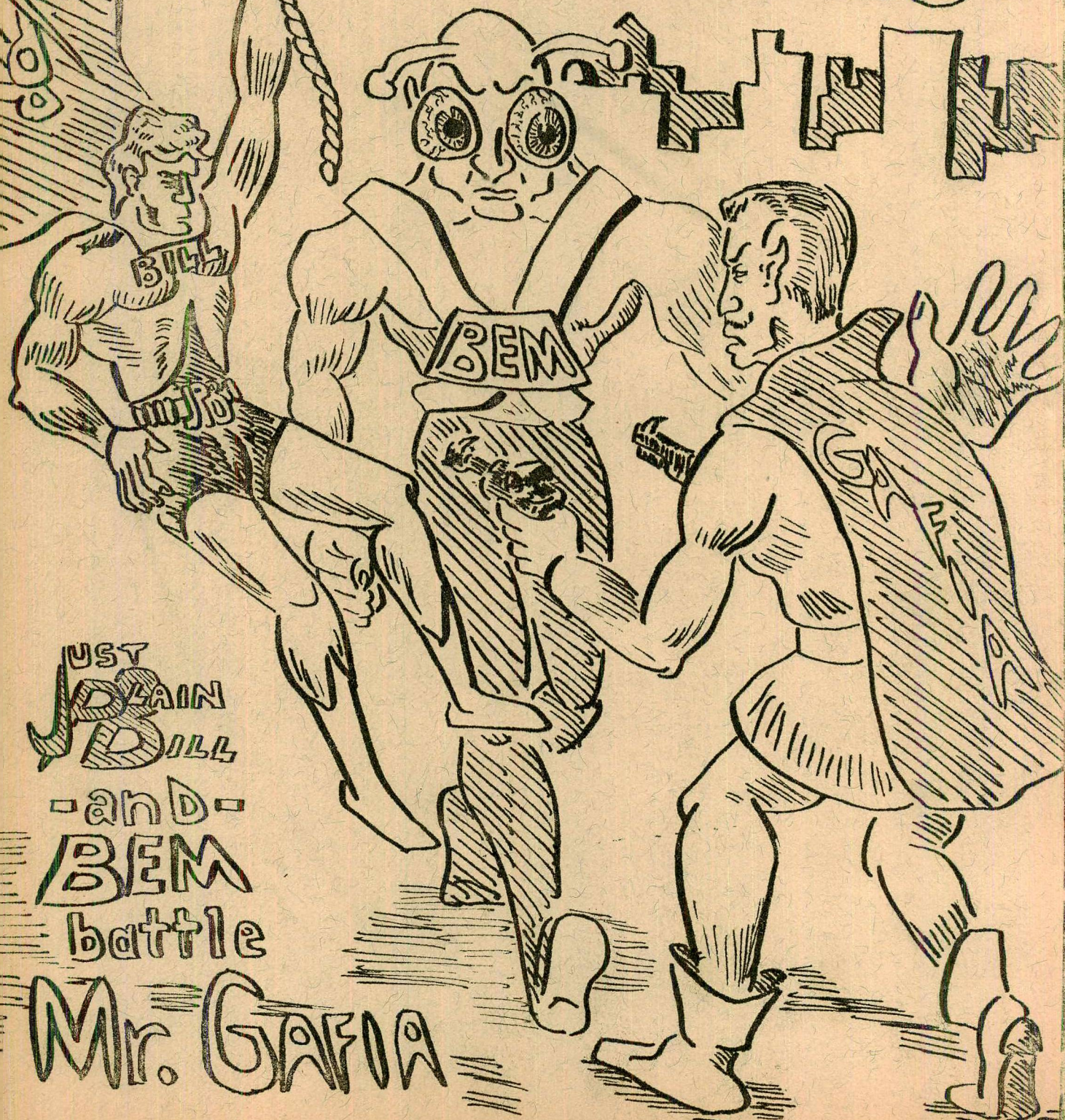
Another interesting fact I learned since arriving here is that April is what they nicely call the tornado season, and Sheppard AFB is right in the center of something they call Tornado Alley. You see this base used to have 3 theatres - now they have only two. Or rather they only use two. You see, last April they had a little twister that picked the South Theatre up and moved it a foot off its foundation. It didn't even break a pane of glass, either -- and that's the most scary thing about it to me --especially when I think of how our barracks construction compares to that of the theatres.

With such pleasant thoughts, I remain, militarily yours,

COA: Bill Glass, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

DOUBLE BILL

STILL 25¢



JUST
PLAIN
BILL
-and-
BEM
battle

Mr. GAFIA

GLASS