



SPECIAL FICTION ISSUE

DOUBLE BILL #13

ADKIOS-65

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BACOVER by William Rotsler (The JEM of a man!)

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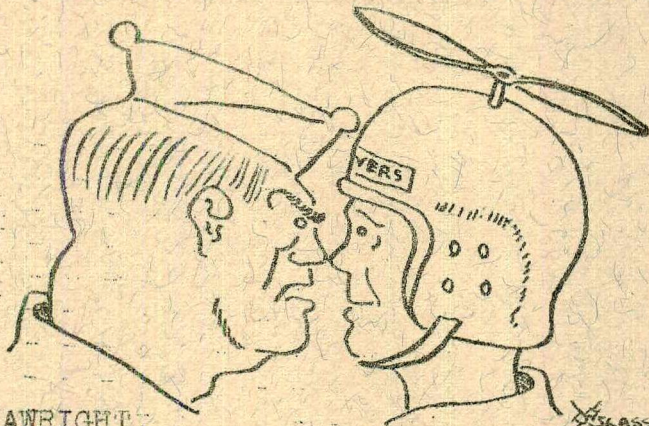
Headings (other than p.12) Bowers page 6; All others not electro-stencilled, by BEM.

This, the 13th issue of DOUBLE:BILL, could unofficially be called an annish. But to hell with that for now; when Bowers gets back we'll put out annishes again. Meanwhile, D:B is an irregularly published fanzine, edited by Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers (when he's here.) Available for 30¢ or 4/\$1. (Coulson & others note price raise), or good material or artwork; trade, or printed letters of comment. All mail re: D:B should go to Mallardi at 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio 44313. Bowers is reachable (and he'd like to get fmz & letters) at: A3C Wm. L. Bowers, AF 15721969, CMR, Box 1106, Richards-Gebaur AFB., Missouri. 64301. English Agent: Charles E. Smith, The School House, Village School, Culford, Nr. Bury St., Edmunds, Suffolk, England; price overseas: was 1/9 each, 5 for 7/-, but with the price raise it's more; see Charlie about that!

Wondering about the code on the mailing envelope? An "R" means your zine was reviewed herein; A "C" means Contributor; "T" is for Trade, "S" means Subber, and number means that is the last issue of D:B you get.

COA: (As of Oct. 1st) Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen S., Chicago, Ill. 60613

D:B MEETS THE USAF



"AWRIGHT,
FLYBOY--what's the big idea?"

FROM
WILLIAM'S
PEN / Editorial by:
BILL BOWERS

I didn't used to be superstitious. I was a realist -- the supernatural was merely a fantasy world of old wives tales and bedtime stories for the kiddies. Stories of black cats and ladders; broken mirrors and buildings with a missing floor amused me but had no lasting effect.

I received my draft notice on Friday the thirteenth. I spent 7 months in Texas and 7 weeks in the hospital. I lost assignments in England and Bermuda -- and ended up in Missouri.

I'm not superstitious now -- not really. Which is why, against my better judgement, I'm going to go ahead and write an editorial for this issue.

This is DOUBLE:BILL #13.

It is only fitting that I should congratulate Mallardi on the fine job he did with D:B 12, and the equally fine job I'm sure he'll do with this issue -- one point though -- he won't be able to take the entire credit for this issue. You see, I stencilled two pages when I was home in July.

Perhaps the only sour note in #12 was my editorial. I forced myself to reread it this evening. It was a horrible experience. I hang my head in shame.

Being in the far removed geographic position I am -- far removed that is, from D:B's editorial headquarters, I am almost reduced to using this editorial space as a delayed Loc. Which fact may be great for retrospective judgements, but doesn't make for timely comments.

In #11 we published to our delight one of Harry Warner's fine articles -- this one on that much maligned form of literature: faan fiction. I'm glad to see that it drew some interesting comments and am only disappointed that it didn't draw some more tangible results. Such as a story or two.

In the lettercolumn of #12, apparently commenting on the above, Art Hayes makes the following statement: "Faan fiction...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." This reminds me strongly of James Blish's statements (in his Advent book THE ISSUE AT HAND - which unfortunately I do not have here with me to quote) concerning the "incestuous" science fiction story. I would be the first to agree that a story which depends entirely for clarity on a reader's preknowledge of certain already published stories has little or no place in a promag. But (and I may be wrong) I get the impression that Mr. Blish is looking with disapproval at all writings which have "in" references -- meaningful only to those in the "know". Personally, I find the Tuckeristic method of including fans and fanisms in pro stories a delightful thing. Easily enough, it could be overdone, but moderation is the watch word in all gimmicks--from psi to time travel.

To return to that statement of Art's: I think that the faan fiction form (as opposed to the amateur s.f. story) is much more suitable to the general type of fanzine. It's an old saying but true -- if it's good enough why give it away? A vaster (in comparison) audience would enjoy it and besides which you might get a bit of extra pocket money. I am most certainly not denouncing amateur s.f. We have published our share in the past and will do so in the future. So, I guess what it boils down to is a seconding the motion with which Harry concluded his article.

I'd like to see more faan fiction being written and being published. Particularly I'd like to see one or two in DOUBLE:BILL. What say?

In the form of a recommendation: No doubt all who recall with fondness "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" will have already done so, but for those who haven't, Roger Zelazny's "...And Call Me Conrad" (Part I in the October F&SF) certainly warrants your attention. In an action/reaction type reflex from my earlier overuse of the word "great", I am these days quite reluctant to use it in connection with any story. But here is one about which I suffer no such hesitation. I have earlier, elsewhere, expressed my negative viewpoint on serials in magazines. However, the November issue of F&SF is awaited with an eager expectancy that hasn't been equalled since my pre-fandom days when I couldn't lay my hands on enough s.f. to satisfy me. "Great" -- I repeat!

Perhaps, if you're lucky, Mallardi's editorial may give you a more firm indication of D:B's future than I am now. It was on shaky ground for a while and still is not rooted on bedrock, but with some changes and your support I think we (and D:B) will survive. I hope so. I hope you hope so, too.

My congratulations to the Hugo winners: Especially to YANDRO. Poor Buck! No longer able to claim being the most consistent second best, he'll have to find a new gimmick.

And, considering the fact that I got ~~scrapped~~ rerouted from attending the Loncon this year -- the fact that I should be able to make it to Cleveland next year is something to be thankful for.

The stateside expatriate, Bill Bowers

COA: (After Sept. 25, 1965) Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave.,
Bronx, New York 10453

JOE FEREETE

Fiction

THE BOX

"I'm lonely," said the Old Man to the darkness.

The darkness was silent.

"Say something," he commanded.

Still there came no sound.

He looked around him, and saw nothing.

He then became fully aware of the Dark.

"Light!" came his command. The room bathed itself in soft light.

Unsatisfactory.

"Brighter!"

A harsh, bright glare.

The Old Man smiled smugly to himself.

He thought aloud: "I have but to ask and all things will be done.

Yet, I am unhappy, for I am alone and have nothing to do."

"No, not alone," spoke the Box at his side. The sound startled him and he whirled toward it. With recognition, came his sigh.

"Yes, alone," he repeated. "Alone, with nothing to do."

"I am here with you," the Box droned.

"You are dead, so I am alone."

"I speak."

"...and say wonderous things," interrupted the Old One. "But then, you are a machine and programmed to do so."

"I think."

"No," stated the other. "You are merely programmed for logic..."

"More than that," countered the Box.

"But you are not alive," came the insistant reply. "So I am still alone."

"I keep you company."

"...and you can play chess," said the one who liked the game. "You even let me win sometimes. Yet I am your master. I can turn you off if I choose."

"No," came the objection. "Not any longer."

"Humm," sounded the old Gent as if wondering at this.

"You have forgotten where the switch is."

"Oh, have I now! Why--it's, it's right..." he faltered.

"See?"

"So I have. Memory fails me; but I can silence you nonetheless."

"By your Command," said the Box, knowing. Then it hummed to silence.

"Talk with me," begged the Old Man.

...humming.

"Talk!"

"Why?"

"I've nothing else to do."

"About what, then?"

"Tell me 'why' again."

"You are the Last; the Others are gone. That is 'why'."

"I have forgotten...explain."

"They went back. All of them. They left you."
 "Why?"
 "Because you can't..."
 "...can't?" interrupted the Old Man, wondering aloud.
 "Won't!"
 "No. Can't!" countered the Gent.
 The Box made no reply.
 "But I do have Talent," the Other continued. "I Command."
 "Yes, you Command. They Created...you Command "
 "So I am alone?"
 "Yes, alone."
 The Old One sat silently, head bowed, thinking to himself.
 "I am not happy," he said finally.
 "Why?" asked the Box.
 "I've nothing left to do."
 "You can paint."
 "I have," granted the other.
 "Sculpt."
 "I've done that also."
 "Play a tune; write; sing."
 "Yes, I've done everything. I'm tired of them."
 "A game of chess, then?"
 "Will I win?" asked the Old Gent.
 "If you wish."
 "No."
 "A book? Films?"
 "NO!"
 "...?"
 "You tell me!" shouted the Old Man, disparingly. "Hell, I've done everything!"
 "No, not everything," came the reply.
 "What, then? What should I do? What haven't I done?"
 "Created."
 "I can't."
 "The Others did."
 "I can't," he insisted. "I've no talent for it. I don't know how."
 "Then I shall teach you."
 "You?"
 "There are tapes..."
 "Do so then," the Old One commanded.
 The Box hummed to itself.
 Suddenly the Old One tingled. He jumped at the sensation as the power seeped into him. He knew, then...
 "It is easy, so easy. If I'd known... Why did you not do this before?"
 "You did not ask; nor Command."
 The Old Man smiled to himself.
 "What will you create?"
 "Beauty," he answered quickly. "I will create beauty."
 He concentrated.
 There appeared a shimmering in the air.
 --shapeless.
 --flowing, ever changing.
 A Shape-Thing hung silently...
 "Beauty," said the Old Man, gazing upon his creation and seeing that it was good.



"It is beauty. It everything, yet it is nothing..."

"...?"

"Beauty, I say! Pure and simple. I have created beauty."

He watched it drifting there, solid, yet somehow not solid; floating, exact, precise, yet ever changing.

"It is TOO beautiful," said the man after a while. "I can not stand to look at it anymore."

He turned away.

"But such beauty I must behold. For it is so only in seeing, in knowing—"

He turned to look again.

"Aagghh!" he screamed. "Such beauty should not exist. It makes all else nothing in comparison. I must destroy it."

He continued looking, though.

The Box hummed.

"Beauty, beauty, beauty..." moaned the Old Man, racking himself.

The Shape-Thing hovered, silent.

...humming.

No! It was the Box that hummed.

The Shape-Thing -- just was -- it existed -- beauty.

The Old Man screamed in agony again.

"If I can create," he said, "I can un-create."

He concentrated again.

Harder...

...harder.

POOF!

The Old Man ceased to exist.

"Tisk, tisk," sniggered the Box. And hummed again.

The Shape-Thing...floated...moving slowly to where the Old Man had been. Then it, too, disappeared.

"Humm," said the Box to itself, finally. "Now I am alone."

It clicked itself off.

* * *

Across the room lenses gazed about and saw... ...nothing.
Bare walls. An empty chair.

The Old Man was gone.

The machine-behind-the Box ran over its tapes, sorting.

"He tried so hard," it said, clicking on.

— Senselessness!

"Men are so foolish," droned the Box aloud, in order to hear sound, any sound, even its own.

"They build a machine, program it, and run tests. They find it's good that it can work for them. Slowly they grow lazy and let the machine do even more. They let it work; they let it play; they even let it think. But not for itself. They fill its programs with vocabularies, with numbers and codes, with things to ponder and solve for them.

"And then they leave."

The Box scanned the room again. It was still empty. It hummed a song the Old Man had written long ago.

"Chess is my game

I play to relax,

From the Box I can win

If only I ask."

The Box missed the Old Man. It even missed the Others, but mostly him, since he'd un-created himself. Things wouldn't be the same.

There'd be no one to talk with. No one with whom to discuss the Theory of Relativity, or the Laws of Thermodynamics, or Probabilities.

Ah, yes — probabilities.

The Box remembered an argument it had had once with the Old Man about chess and chance. The Old Man had said Probabilities had nothing to do with the game, that all was a matter of planning. That was the time the Box had countered by droning for hours on how it was possible to win by figuring probable moves, then had gone on to take game after game in proving it.

"After all," it mused aloud. "If I could teach him from my tapes how to create, then why can't I...?"

The Box hummed and whirred as it dug for the tapes, then hummed some more as it went over them again and again trying to find a clue as to how it could be done.

Finally it flashed a picture of the Old Man on the wall, looking at it a long while.

Then...

Concentrate!

The Box hummed.

...louder.

Think!

"...!"

Create!

Light exploded in the center of the room and when it faded the Old Man stood.

He looked around.

"Well," he said finally, "looks as if I'm back where I started."

"Were you?" asked the Box.

"Were I what?"

"Were you? Did you exist? Somewhere?"

"I don't know," he answered, thinking. "I don't remember."

"Try," suggested the Box.

"I can't," he said after a while.

"Oh, well." A sigh. "I'll never know whether I created you or just brought you back from... somewhen."

"You brought me...back?" queried the Old Man.

"If that's what I did, yes. I thought perhaps I had re-created you." The Old Man laughed.

"You were gone, you know. Poof! In an instant. Trying to un-create the —"

"— Beauty," finished the Old Man. "Yes, I'd created beauty then had to destroy it." He looked around, searching.

"It seems to be gone. I did a good job of it, I see."

"Too good," came the reply, "Remember? You were gone, too."

"So I was; so I was. I wonder..."

"Wonder what?"

"Where I was, of course."

"And I wonder if you was, or were, as the case may be. I'll never know for sure, I guess."

"So what does it matter which way it is?" asked the Old Gent.

"It matters a lot," came the quick reply. "For if you weren't, then in truth I created you."

The Old Man laughed again.

"It's not funny. Don't laugh at me."

"I'm not laughing at you, exactly. I was only thinking what a twist such a thing would be. The creator being created by his creation..." He continued laughing.

"Stop!" commanded the Box.

The Old Man stopped laughing, surprised by the command. When he'd regained himself, he spoke harshly.

"You dare to command me?" he asked. "I created you..."

"No, not you," interrupted the Box. "One like you, true, but not you."

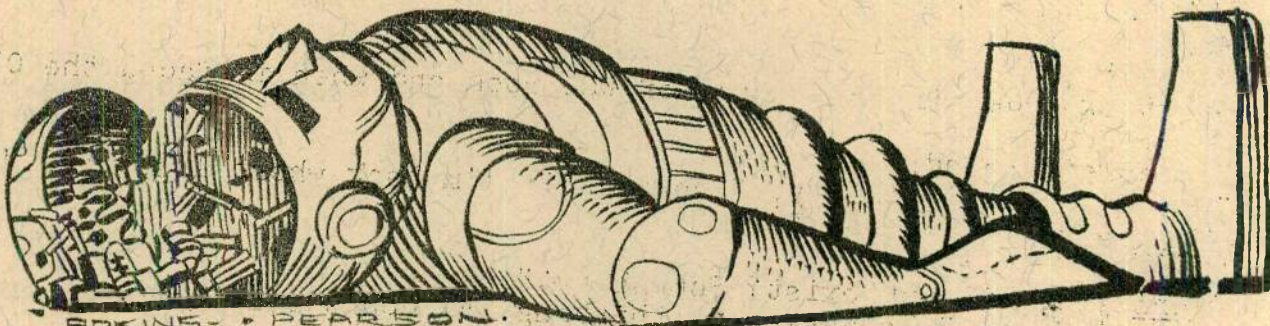
"No matter, you still owe me respect and obedience."

"Then you owe me likewise," countered the Box. "For if you so demand by being my creator, then I so demand by being yours."

The Old Man broke into uncontrollable laughter again. "So you really believe you created me, do you? Well, there's one way to prove it. If such is the case and you have the Talent, then make me cease to exist again."

No reply.

"See," spoke the Old Man. "You're afraid to find out the truth. You're afraid that you will fail. Well, go ahead," he spoke. "I'm not afraid. See if you can."



"It would be wrong," replied the Box at length.
"Go ahead, I dare you," insisted the Old Man, still poking. "I double dare you!"

The Box --- too human --- hummed, concentrating.

Poof!

The Old Man ceased being again.

The Box tisked, a bit sadly perhaps, and sighed.

"Too bad, too bad."

It mused a moment.

"Next time when I get lonely, I'll create another Box..."

Click!

FINIS

Explanation for the following letter: Upon reading Judith Merrill's 9th Anthology of Best SF, I noticed the omission of part of the list of the Pro's who were in the Symposium. I wrote immediately to Miss Merrill informing her of that fact, asked her why, and if she could change the pb version to include those left out. It turned out she never got a copy of D:B #9, containing the 3rd installment, so I sent her one. The letter below is her answer to me, and I think her offer is a very generous one. BEM

Dear Bill:

I want to extend my apologies, to you and to the authors involved, for my incomplete survey of the DOUBLE:BILL survey. As you realized, I had not received the third part -- but a less rushed reading of the second should have let me know there was more to come. Summation-writing time on the anthology is always frantic, and I can only say, I wish someone would hurry up and invent the timeslow shots which are the only real solution to publishers' deadlines.

Meantime, I am including a mention of the third installment, or rather several mentions, scattered through the book, and a list of the contributors to that issue, in SF #10. There was no way I could make changes in the paperback edition of #9; those editions are printed from repros of the hardcover editions, and the cost of resetting a complete signature would make any such correction out of the question to the publishers -- even if it did not involve more additional space than there was room for.

I'm sorry it happened; I hope you will be pleased with the comments in #10; I hope I'll continue to see issues of DOUBLE:BILL, which I enjoyed.

Sincerely,

Judith Merrill
Judith Merrill

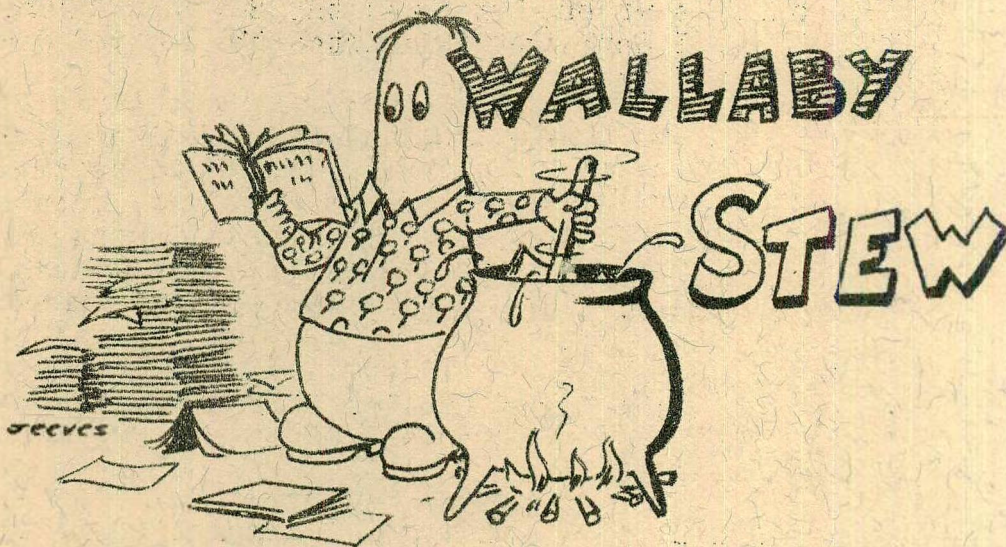
((Thank you very much, Judy, certainly I'll look forward to seeing D:B mentioned again; However, my MAIN concern is the pro's getting their due-- which now they will. Thanks again, I'm sure the pro's will appreciate it.))

FANZINE REVIEWS

BY

ROBERT
COULSON

□ □ □ □ □



KIPPLE #82, 83, 84
(Ted Pauls, 1448

Meridene Drive, Balti-
more, Maryland 21212 -
monthly or oftener - 20¢)

Fandom's leading political journal. Ted occasionally devotes time to fan items; currently he is embarked on what appears to be a crusade to turn all the "neutrals" in the recent Breen/Donaho fuss against Walter. (Why, I wouldn't know, since he poses as Walter's friend, but anyone with any knowledge at all of human behavior can predict the results of his efforts. Any neutral who cares a faint damn for Ted Pauls' opinion will promptly turn against Pauls and, by extension, against Breen. Those who don't give a faint damn for his opinion will stay neutral and laugh at him.) Mainly, though, Ted reserves his comments for politics and religion. Having attracted several conservative readers, Ted Needs only to propose his own liberal idealism to keep the arguments rolling. In general, I go along with George Price, but I must admit that when he states in one paragraph that (a) the expansion of the supply of paper money without backing (inflation) is bad and that (b) a nation operating on the Gold Standard need not own enough gold to redeem more than a fraction of its paper money, he loses me. (On the other hand, I'd love to hear Ted explaining his theory that the most important reform for troubled nations is free elections to a citizen of South Viet Nam. Or the Congo. Or, for that matter, Argentina.) Politics in fandom is fun, as long as one keeps one's sense of proportion.

DYNATRON #25 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - irregular - five 4¢ stamps) Well, it isn't every fanzine that has two final pages.....actually, 3 final pages if you count the one for the Fantasy Fiction Decimal Classification. (This is a reprint of Jack Speer's famous system of classifying fantasy fiction decimals.) There's even an introduction, pointing out how valuable this system is if you happen to be writing a thesis on Edgar Rice Burroughs, or defending a legal client, or writing comic strip continuity. (Or, he says, if you're just a devotee of fine literature; but that's going too far. What would a devotee of fine literature be doing reading this fanzine in the first place? However, I'm sure there are devotees of pulp magazine literature who will be delighted with the thing.) The main fanzine consists

of a long editorial, a huge lettercolumn, a report on Japanese fandom and an article by John Berry indicating that Britain publishes worse spy novels than we do. Highly recommended.

NIEKAS #12 (Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California 94301 - quarterly - 35¢) Ed Meskys is still chief editor, but as he's going to be moving around this summer, all mail should go to the co-ed. All sorts of material here; comments on Gilbert & Sullivan, more of Halevy's scholarly Tolkien glossary, an article on children's fantasy, an installment of a series on foreign science fiction (Italy this time), a "space-age credo" (for whatever that's worth), book reviews, a dozen or so assorted verses and lots of letters. This is a big fanzine; 76 pages plus excellent front and back covers and a center foldout. I rarely am interested in more than half its contents, but that half is still more than most fanzines contain. I'd guess that no matter what your taste, if you like fanzines at all there is something in here for you.

AMRA #35 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - irregular - 8 for \$2.00) The Hugo winner last year and still one of the two best fanzines being produced. (For you nosy types, STEFANTASY is the other one.) Not only is there material by people like L. Sprague DeCamp and Fritz Leiber, but it's representative of their best writing, on subjects which interest them (unlike a good many bones tossed to aspiring faneds by professionals who desire to be pleasant but aren't really very interested in the whole thing). The artwork is the best in the field. Some fans dislike AMRA because it's devoted to sword-and-sorcery fiction, and devoted primarily to the works of Robert E. Howard. Don't let that stop you, however; I can't stand the works of Robert E. Howard, and I think AMRA is great. (I do think the absolute tops in this issue, however, is the Domingo Orejudos illustration for the review of Arrows Of Hercules; it should have been on the book's dust jacket.)

ZENITH SPECULATION #9 (Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Great Britain - quarterly - 30¢) This is one of the contenders for this year's Hugo. Fans who believe fanzines should be entirely devoted to serious commentary on science fiction will undoubtedly consider it the leading contender, as it's one of the best serious fanzines produced in the past several years. (Of the other Hugo contenders this year, I don't consider YANDRO as a serious-type fanzine, and we all know what a rag DOUBLE:BILL is.) Material consists of reviews, essays on the works of various writers, and letters which discuss the reviews of the previous issues. The writing is good; it isn't the sort that grips my interest, but neither is it the pompous, didactic sort that bores the hell out of me. It's serious without being stuffy (at least, most of the time.) Artwork is excellent.

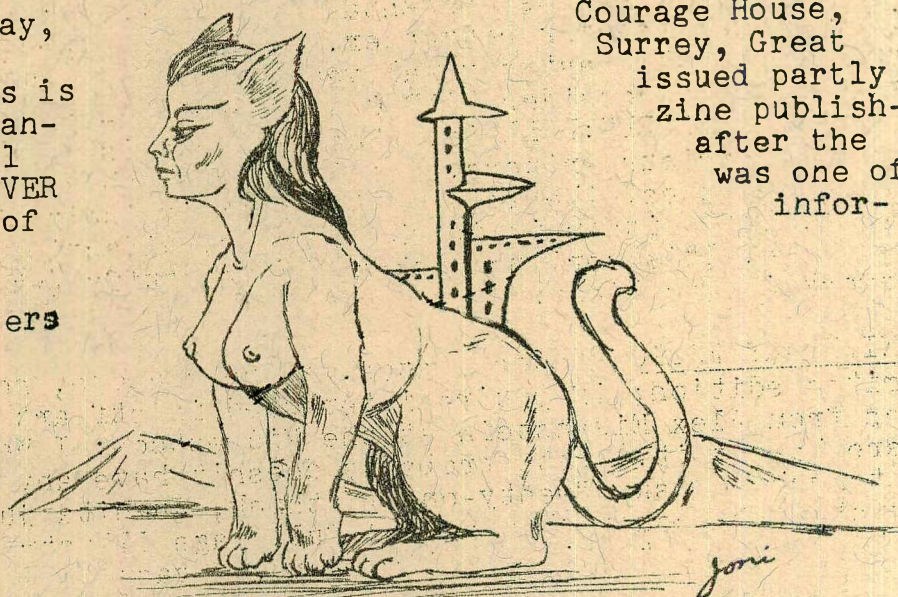
ZENITH ART FOLIO (Peter Weston, address above, no price listed) This is a limited edition; if you're interested in stf art ask for a copy. (We got ours from Alex Eisenstein at the Midwestcon; I haven't the vaguest idea where he got it.) Pete probably doesn't have any left, but it doesn't cost much to ask. Twenty-one (I think; Juanita just interrupted me and I'm not about to count them again) full page illustrations, reproduced by either electrostencil or lithograph. A vast range of both styles and quality.

VECTOR #32 (Official journal of the British Science Fiction Association; write to treasurer Charles Winstone, 71 George Road, Erdington, Birmingham 23, Great Britain, for information) This arrived as a rider with ZENITH; as I'm not a member of the BSFA, it's the first copy I've seen. It contains a large number of reviews, in the worst possible format; a separate reviewer reviewer for every book. (Making it impossible, or nearly so, for the reader to discover how well his viewpoint agrees with that of the reviewer.) There is a long article by Phil Harbottle on the sun as regarded by science as opposed to the sun as regarded by science fiction (or, how to separate science from fiction -- presumably in ten easy lessons, as the series is scheduled to catalog the entire solar system). Main problem with it, from my viewpoint, is that Harbottle is one of the writers I regard as pompous and didactic; I read the first couple of paragraphs and gave up. The major (indeed, almost the only) point of interest to me was Ken Slater's article on the problems of booksellers, which was humorous, informative, entertaining, and on a subject that I'm interested in. However, here's another possibility for those of you who aren't getting enough science fiction in your fanzines. The books, magazines, movies, etc. that are reviewed are primarily British, but eventually most of them will show up over here, as well (except for the ones that showed up over here first).

ALIEN WORLDS #15 (Charles Partington and Harry Nadler - bimonthly - 25¢ - USAgent, John Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708) This also came as a rider with ZENITH; British fandom pulling together for convention time, apparently. A half-sized, 40-page lithographed mag, devoted to fiction and movie reviews. Neither seems particularly effective, but the movie material is no worse than the movie material in the US fanzines devoted to the stuff, and the fiction is at least composed of recognizable stories, rather than incidents, attempts at creating a mood, or half-page gimmicks. If you like fiction and movie commentary, you'll probably like this.

HAVERINGS #19 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Britain - final issue) This is to announce that Ethel's fanning is over, at least until Wordcon. It's bad news; HAVER the most reliable sources of mation on fanzines.

THE SCARR #8 (George Charters 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - quarterly - free for letters or contributions) Along with horrible puns, George is still regaling his readers with reviews of British pb science fiction. ("Thirty-three minutes after take-off the spaceship is doing 19,000 mph,



Courage House,
Surrey, Great
issued partly
zine publish-
after the
was one of
infor-

What's new, Pussycat?

and 2½ hours later it has reached a distance of 18,000 miles above earth!...three days at this speed and they have done 1,368,000 miles of their 500,000 mile trip and have only 100,000 miles to go." It's a 500,000 mile trip to a newly discovered planet, incidently -- one that was discovered by an "amateur astrologer". We just don't get stf like that in this country, except for the Vega Books reprints of John Spencer & Co. novels.) Bob Shaw has a fascinating account of an "unkown" street, and George tries to trap his readers into judging examples of modern verse. (I assume that some of the examples are by well-known writers and others come from a grade-school English class; I can't tell any difference in them, however, and I'll be surprised if anyone else can.) A lovely fanzine.

POT POURRI #38,39, 40 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - quarterly, I think, but I get them in glops of 3 or 4 at a time - no price listed; write him a fascinating, hilarious letter and maybe he'll put you on the mailing list. Or send a fanzine for trade) #38 consists of an account of Burnett Toskey's visit to Ireland (a visit report, yet!). Surprisingly, I enjoyed it, though the couple of pages of bad Irish puns which ended the mag were more entertaining. #39 is devoted to the Berry home life; I'm not sure if he has a nuttier family than I do or if he's just a better writer than I am. #40 is entirely devoted to a history of the V-2 rocket. There was very little in it that I hadn't read before (Juanita has this passion for rockets and buys all sorts of books about them) but the telling was more entertaining than most accounts. Willy Ley can do a better scientific article, but there are quite a few authors of professionally published books who can't.

NEWSLETTER DEPARTMENT: Most fans are interested in what's going on in the stf world; which editor is resigning, what new books have appeared that they haven't seen, and possibly even which fans are living in sin this month. The newsletters listed below are complimentary rather than competitive, as they concentrate on different parts of the news.

SKYRACK #81 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Great Britain - monthly - 6 for 35¢ third class or 6 for 70¢ air-mail - USAgent, Robert Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348) Devoted to British fan and professional news, with some US items and some news from continental European fandom.

RATATOSK #16, 17 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) US fan news, primarily west coast fandom. However, there are also some professional news items, some British news, etc. -- whatever Bruce gets hold of to print.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #1 (John Boston, 818 So. Seventh St., Mayfield, Kentucky 42066 - irregular - 4 for 25¢) This is devoted strictly to news of forthcoming stf publications; John notes that its size and schedule will vary according to the material on hand. I seem to recall that John is a librarian, with access to quite a bit of book news; I wouldn't guarantee that, but in any event he covers the stf book field far more thoroughly than does any other publication.

-- ROBERT COULSON

- 15 -

THE ITTY BITTY H-BOMBS ---

Article by Lewis Grant, Jr.

Within a few years, women all over the planet may be taking a new pill every day, once a day, or perhaps twice if they think they forgot, which may:

End menstruation (in a "natural" manner), premenstrual tension, postmenstrual depression, cramps, edema, anemia, and a batch of other troubles associated with the monthly miscarriage.

Prevent or postpone the menopause, as well as hot flashes, postmenopausal depression, and other "change of life" problems.

Prevent many cases of cancer, and for \$250. a lifetime, or less, cut the number of cancer cases among women in half.

Allow women of 60 or 70 to have children.

Reduce the effects of aging, especially on skin.

Raise fertility, and allow some women now sterile to have children.

Reduce miscarriages, and make pregnancies easier.

Elevate the libido, and produce a feeling of well-being and freedom from fear and guilt, resulting in what is vulgarly known as "hot pants."

Cut the number of illegitimate children who are born, as well as the number of children born to poor families who can't afford many.

Now, I don't say that this pill will produce all these effects. But there is a chance that it will, and there is a good chance that it will produce most of them. Cut out any three, and you still have an impressive list. Moreover, these pills are still in experimental form, and they may have some more surprises. (Unpleasant ones too, of course.)

These pills also have one other side effect, or advantage, if you want to look at it that way. They make women completely sterile as long as they are taken.

What will happen in the next decade if every woman, from puberty to senility, is completely sterile, except when she wants to have children? What will happen when the average life span of women is quite a bit over that of men, and the sexual drive of the average woman goes up ten notches for another ten years? What is going to happen to Roman Catholic pronouncements on birth control when Catholic women see other women free from the problems of menstruation, worries about breast and cervical cancer, fears of the menopause, etc., not to mention unwanted pregnancies?

John Campbell wrote a description of the perfect birth-control pill a while back. He suggested a mild habit-forming alkaloid be incorporated to keep women taking the pills. You can do the same thing with fear of cancer, disgust at menstruation, etc. Of course, there is no reason I know of why you couldn't put a mild alkaloid like caffeine into the pills.

The idea that these new pills can prevent menstruation if taken continuously is quite new, which is why I say it will take another decade of experimentation before they are used extensively for that purpose. I know a lot of people will say: "But isn't menstruation a natural function?"

The answer is "Yes, but..." The but... is that menstruation is found only rarely in wild animals, and is usual only in women and domestic animals whose breeding is controlled by Man. The reason is that most wild animals ovulate only during the breeding season once or twice a year, and are usually constantly pregnant during the period from puberty to menopause, (assuming they live to the menopause. Most animals don't.). Man is one of the few animals with a year-round breeding season and social controls which prevent continuous pregnancy. Therefore, to say that menstruation is "natural" is not quite true. Man's habit of stretching out his breeding and sex life over a long period of years is "unnatural". In wild animals menstruation is prevented by constant pregnancy. The pink pills prevent it by releasing hormones which produce a sort of false pregnancy. This may actually be more "natural" than constant menstruation.

It is proven pretty well statistically that these pills prevent cancer in women. Over a million women are now taking the pills, and some have been taking them for nearly ten years. Of course the pills only reduce the number of certain kinds of cancer, the so-called "hormonally-linked" types. They don't have much effect on skin, lung, or stomach cancer. (At least as far as we can tell.) However, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that if a woman takes these pills daily from the age of 13 to the age of 83 at a cost of about \$250. (or 10¢ a pill), she may be protected from half the cancer she might otherwise get.

The question of what our cultural mores will be like with sixty million or more sterile women around is worth half-a-dozen SF novels. Our whole traditional moral code has been based on one main idea: intercourse with anyone except your husband or wife is bad, mainly because it used to drastically increase the chances of having a baby who was not an accepted member of a complete family. Children who were not family members usually had an abnormal childhood; they were likely to grow up to become delinquents, criminals, public charges, and bad parents themselves.

The prohibition against adultery in the ten commandments and the Christian and other religions apparently started as an eugenic measure. The Old Man of the tribe, who had gained his position in the male sexual ritual battles constantly fought by all sorts of animals, was, obviously, the most suitable male for breeding, since his sons would have an extra-average chance of being strong and fierce. For one of the defeated rogue males or a mere stripling to impregnate one of his harem was a real offense against the tribe.

As man changed from a polygamous nomadic hunter and herder to a settled, monogamous farmer, the prohibition against adultery was made to apply to both sexes. We can see its ancestry, though, in the existence of the double standard.

However, this taboo against fornication and adultery is breaking down further every day, and effective birth-control pills will put a massive strain upon it. For one thing, cultures which are "young" and expanding into vacant territory are usually modest and puritanical, yet have very high birth rates. The fecundity and morals of such groups as the primitive Greeks and Romans, the Puritan colonists, the frontiersmen, and the Mormons was very high. Polygamy was practised, and in many cultures the aim was to eliminate the enemy males and breed the women.

However, as the cultures become settled and peaceable, and the population density goes up, the cultures become "decadent." The birth rate

drops drastically, and such "sins" as homosexuality, adultery, sodomy, masturbation, prostitution and infanticide and other forms of birth control are employed to keep the birth rate down while eliminating surplus sexual energies. It is apparent that this is what is happening in the western world today. Yet, to speak of this as "sinful" and "unnatural" is dangerous. It may be that such attitudes are a holdover from the days when a high birth rate was advantageous to a nation, since it produced more cannon fodder. It is less than eighteen years since the equation: one man=one rifle was the basis of most of the world's power politics. Today, one million young men are not necessarily the most important part of a war making machine. One thousand young geniuses are much better. The six thousand young, middle-aged, and elderly men manning our Polaris subs are the equivalent of any one million pre-atomic soldiers, if not several million.

Besides this, our whole culture is now based on the proposition that the top 20% in intelligence will work hard designing the machines which the next 50% will operate to make enough goods to provide for the whole population. The average IQ needed to hold any job is racing upward every year. A large percentage of the population is actually surplus to our economy.

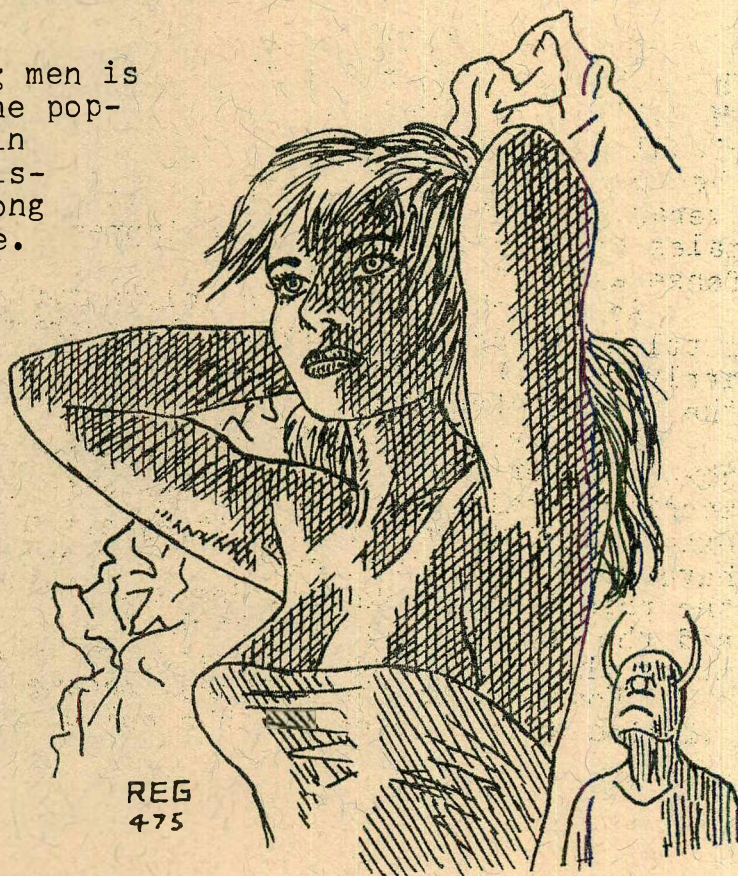
Under these circumstances, we can see why birth control is becoming more fashionable, and why the sexual "sins" which absorb sexual energies without producing children are increasing rapidly. As practical birth control pills become wide-spread, we can expect to see such "sins" as adultery and fornication rise explosively, while other "sins" such as homosexuality and prostitution will probably fall.

This change of behaviour among men is also found in other animals when the population density rises. An article in Scientific American a while back discussed the changes in behaviour among rats as the population density rose. Homosexual rats appeared, also juvenile delinquents, bad mothers, infanticide, and a peculiar type called a "prober rat."

Prober rats spent their free time rushing from one end of the cage to the other, in and out of each nesting box, investigating everything in sight.

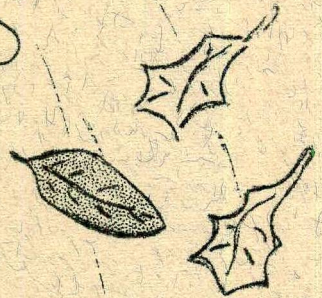
I wonder if the Investigator thought of himself as a human prober rat.

-- Lewis Grant, Jr.



AUTUMN LEAVES

fiction by:
Charles E. Smith



The moon gleamed like a bloated yellow balloon through the avenue of trees, as Clive Johnson made his way home. The light was dim but sufficient to light up the row upon row of suburban dwellings on Montcalme Road. The street lighting was limited to two lamps, one at either end of the street. The briefcase under his arm began to weigh heavy and his steps to drag. The oppressive atmosphere of the street was already making itself felt.

Just in front of him, he could see the dark shape of one of the other owner-occupiers of the street, walking wearily home, his briefcase and umbrella, the signs of his profession, clutched limply in tired hands. Like Johnson's, the briefcase would contain little but the remnants of sandwiches, consumed in some dreary pub near the office. And these were all he had to show for a day spent in long sessions of monotony, the same faces appearing before his desk, the same conversations, the same decisions. Johnson smiled briefly as the thought crossed his mind that if they exchanged jobs for the day, no-one would realize the difference, least of all themselves.

Johnson nodded briefly to his neighbor, as he passed the gate where the figure moved like a grey ghost towards the icy welcoming light from his front-door. There was nothing for them to say to each other; he simply walked on.

He stopped for a moment to survey the street. This row of houses, broken here and there by trees standing in the pavement, had fashioned him -- and all the other people living there. Was it any wonder they were so colorless and dull? How could they be otherwise, having spent all their lives in this one place? It was too late to break away now, too late for him, with a wife and two kids; they'd put a definite stop to any thoughts of getting away.

The light from the street lamp suddenly shone straight into his face and he was obliged to raise his hand to shield his eyes. For a moment it was as though his hand had suddenly become transparent; the outline wavered and for a moment lost its substance. Johnson shook his head to clear it and immediately the hand became solid once more. Shrugging slightly, he turned from the light and continued along the dimly-lit pavement.

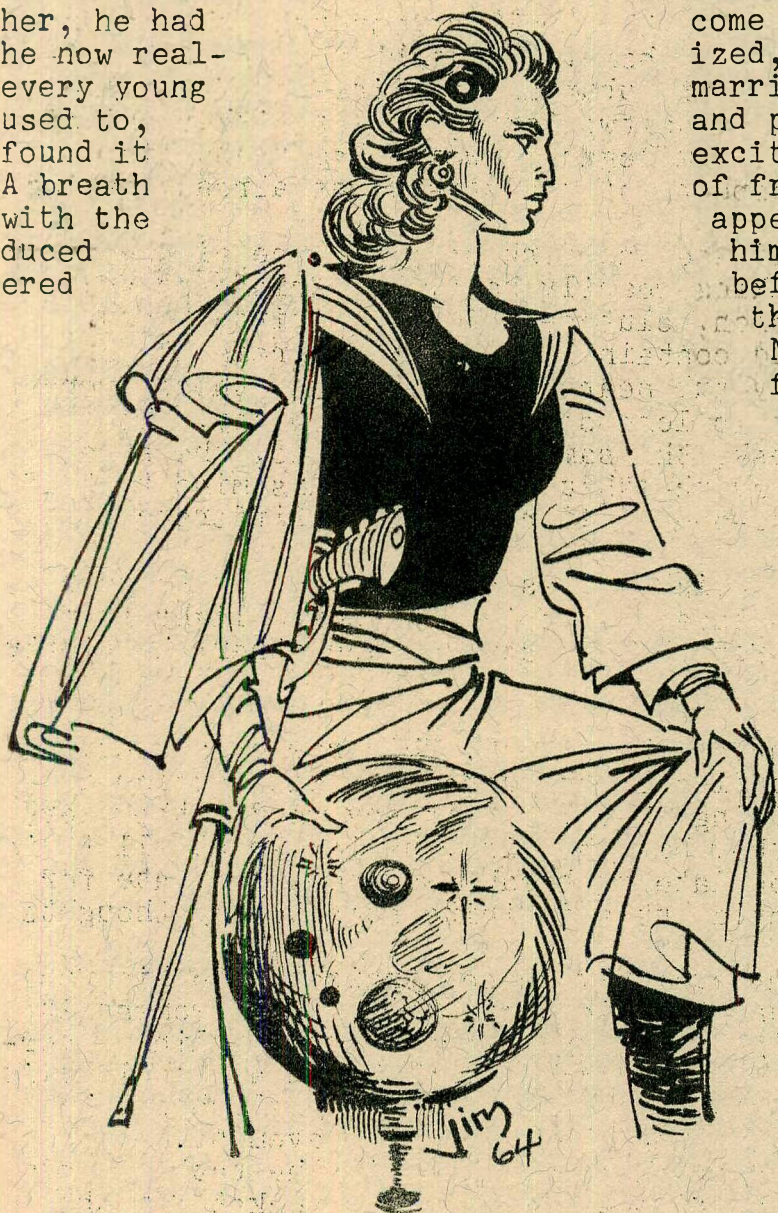
The light from his own front door shone out and lit the path for him. He walked wearily up to the door and fished about in his pocket for the key. The door swung open gently and revealed his younger daughter waiting for him. For a moment she seemed not to see him and then her face split into a great smile of pleasure as she recognized him. She took his briefcase from him and, staggering under its weight, went into the sitting room. The room was filled with the warm friendly glow of a large coal fire.

"Where's your mother, sweetheart?" he asked tiredly. He could see the evening stretching out endlessly in front of him, another evening just

like all the others. How had their lives got to this point? It had never been like this when he and Sue had first got married. At that period in their lives there had been real excitement. Even an evening spent at home by themselves was exciting. They had talked, getting to know each other, feeling each other out. They had talked about themselves, about things around them, things that mattered to them.

For a while it had seemed that they would break out of the rut imposed on them by the street. They were talked about by their neighbors, because they were entirely self-sufficient, because they could talk to each other, because they were simply different. Neighbors wondered how two people could be so different, especially as he had grown up in the street with the rest of them, had exactly the same background. He remembered how Sue had been regarded as a foreigner, something alien, when she had first moved into the street.

That was it,
Sue had been
her, he had
he now real-
every young
used to,
found it
A breath
with the
duced
ered



of course! When he had married her, alive, vitally alive. And, through come alive in turn. What they had had, ized, was no different from what married couple has, what they are and probably take for granted. He had exciting because for him it was new. of fresh air had come into his life appearance of Sue. She had intro- him to things he had never consid- before, things he had been missing, things the street had denied him.

Now this was gone; now he was falling back into the old rut.

Why? Because Sue had gradually allowed herself to fall into the ways of the street, and he had let her. She had done it to please him. He had always felt safer with the things he knew and she had tried to please him, his family and friends too, by trying to fit in. The vitality in her had been stifled and he had stood back and let it happen. Now she couldn't be distinguished from any of the other women on the street.

He suddenly became aware that the two children had switched on the television and were avidly watching the latest cartoon show. He caught a glimpse of Yogi Bear as he turned to go out into the kitchen.

Sue was in there, cooking his supper. Wednesday: it would be stew and dumplings, he remembered. He stood for a minute looking at his wife, comparing her with the Sue he had first known. She had changed considerably, coarsened even. She was unaware of his presence as he continued his scrutiny. She turned slightly and almost stared right through him, before she realized he was there.

"It'll be ready in about five minutes," she said, turning back to her stove. Johnson thought back once more to the old days. She would never have greeted him like this then. There would at least have been some attempt to make herself look attractive for him and he could be sure of receiving a quick kiss on the cheek to welcome him home. He could remember the time when he actually looked forward to coming home. Was it really so long ago? The damned street! It had ruined his life, right from the time he was born. If he could only find the courage to break with it. But every time he tried, it dragged him back under. He should have tried harder to escape; now it was too late. He and Sue were both trapped. They had grown into pale imitations of the other inhabitants of the street. He looked again at his wife, to see her form waver somehow, as though she were about to melt away. Then she seemed to recongeale, her flesh becoming solid once more. Johnson turned away without another thought and went back into the sitting room. The two girls made no effort to speak to him. Their whole life seemed to be wrapped up in the television. They sat, listlessly, their eyes glued to the set in front of them. Johnson wanted to tell them that there was no need for escape, that life was more rewarding than any television program, and could provide all the excitement they needed, if they would try to squeeze as much experience as possible into everyday living. Experiences of all varieties would come to them; color, music, literature, it was all there waiting for them to make the first move..... But not in this street. He wanted to say it, to warn them not to allow the street to take hold of them as it had all the others in it.... But he couldn't. The street wouldn't let him. If he could only get them away...there might be some hope for them elsewhere. A boarding school perhaps? That was one answer; he could certainly afford it now.

He tried to catch the girls' attention but they didn't see him. He tried to shout to them but the words came out in a whisper. One of them turned round, caught a glimpse of him for a brief second, blinked, and then lost sight of him again. He might not be there at all.

The door opened and Sue came in. Or something came in that once was Sue. Johnson realized that she was fading. Her body was now almost completely invisible; all weight and substance had gone from her body; she was nothing more than a transparent shell.

A look of horror appeared in her eyes as she gazed at her husband. Johnson stepped over to her to try and calm her obvious fears. He raised his hand to her shoulder, to see if it was still real to the touch. As his hand came up, she seized it avidly, stared at it. She was more distraught than ever. Johnson suddenly realized why; it wasn't because she had discovered the fading of her own body; it was because she had seen him, now almost transparent against the light from the large standard lamp by the table. With a groan, Johnson tore his hand from his wife's grasp, touched it, pinched it, pulled at it. It seemed solid enough to

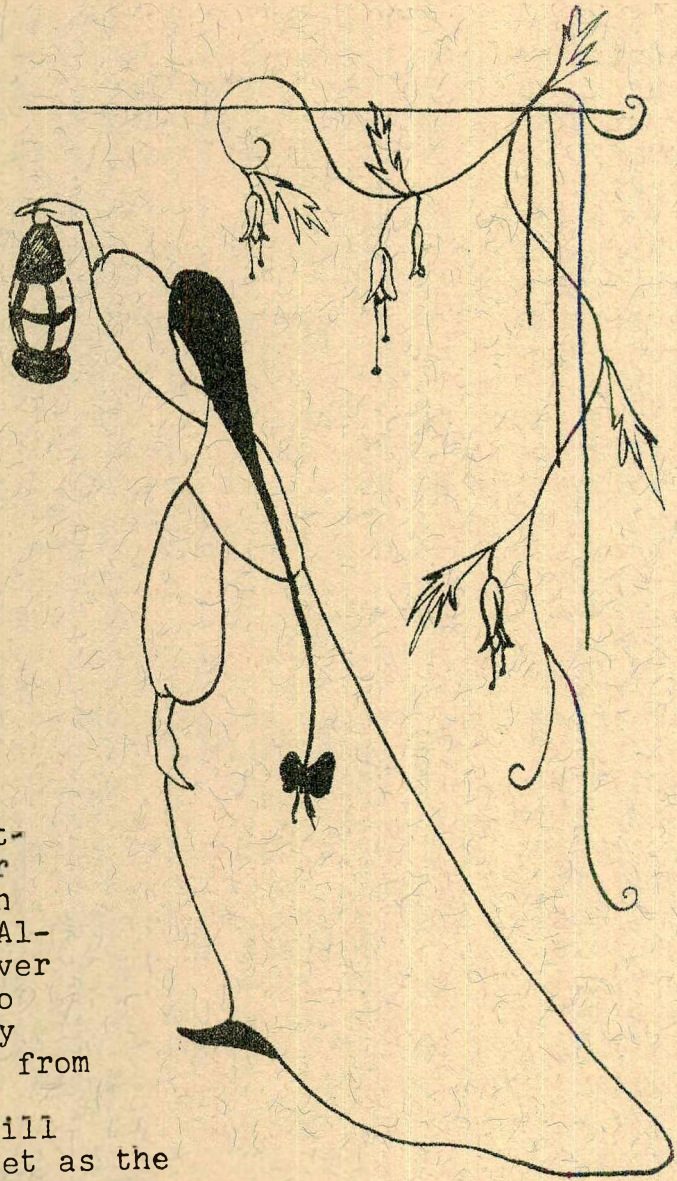
the touch, but nothing he could do would make it regain its natural substance. His body was disappearing, like Sue's. He looked over at the mirror on the mantelpiece; neither he nor Sue could be seen in it. Even though they were standing directly in front of it. All that could be seen was the picture of the Japanese Girl that they always kept on that particular wall.

Sue turned to see what he was staring at and saw it too; he could see it in her eyes. She opened her mouth to scream but no sound came out. Johnson tried to help her with a few reassuring words but he too found himself unable to utter a sound.

Silently he took her hand and led her out into the kitchen. He found that he had gained a new buoyancy; each step he took seemed to raise him inches into the air. His wife too. He felt that with little effort he could have raised her above his head. Suddenly a low moan arose from the neighboring houses. Almost involuntarily, they stepped over to the back door and moved out into the garden. They could see a steady stream of ghostly figures emerging from all the houses.

The moaning grew louder. A chill wind began to blow around their feet as the moaning rose and fell in a slow monotonous cadence.

Johnson felt the wind growing stronger, as the moaning grew louder. The noise became almost unbearable and Johnson was forced to clamp his hands over his ears to prevent his brain from bursting. He realized now that it was the wind that was making the dreadful sound. He felt his body being torn by the wild rushing of the air around him. Suddenly, he rose from the ground; he was being blown away. He looked about him, to discover that the rest of the people in the street were rising into the air with him. Their faces and limbs were contorted into grotesque shapes as they tried to regain the ground beneath them. Their silent screams almost drowned the wailing of the wind. Johnson was lifted high above the trees; he felt himself growing more and more insubstantial. He tried to see his wife but she was lost in the crowds of ghost-like people being drawn up into the sky, away over the horizon, and out of sight, as if into a giant vacuum cleaner: the debris of the world. "Just like the leaves in autumn," thought Johnson, as he rose higher,



"we're being collected for disposal in some gigantic incinerator. Like dead leaves."

He looked down once more at the street, dark and threatening beneath him. He suddenly realized that the gardens were now occupied by the children left behind, pointing, staring up into the sky, just as they had every year on Guy Fawkes Night as they watched the rockets flashing up into the sky. Johnson could almost hear the loud "oohs" and "aahs" from their wide-open mouths. Suddenly one began to laugh and the laughter spread like a ripple through their ranks, bending their small bodies into a weird imitation of an alien dance. Johnson permitted himself one last smile. They could laugh now, he thought, but what chance had they to escape when their turn came? Then the small part of his body still retaining some last shred of personality faded and the night was silent once more.

THE END

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TALES OF THE INCREDIBLE: Ballantine's Requiem for Comics

A Review by: Stephen E. Pickering

In describing his early adulation for Buck Rogers in the late 1920s, Ray Bradbury recently stated that "The most important thing in my life was the paper hitting the front porch." This, of course, was in the days of the garish futuristic cover paintings of Paul for Amazing, when science fiction was considered "American fairy tales" by self-styled critics, and when the first fanzine had not yet appeared from the youthful enthusiasm of Mort Weisinger. Writing in his autobiography Surprised by Joy, the late C. S. Lewis described the impact of his encountering science fiction in the 1920s thusly: "The interest, when the fit was upon me, was ravenous, like a lust. This particular coarse strength I have come to accept as a mark that the interest which has it is psychological, not spiritual; behind such a fierce tang there lurks, I suspect, a psychoanalytical explanation...That the ordinary interest in scientification is an affair for psychoanalysts is borne out by the fact that all who like it, like it thus ravenously, and equally by the fact that those who do not, are often nauseated by it."

These two contrasting feelings about science fiction are all too familiar to us, and it is ostensibly difficult for the non-science fictioneer to fully grasp the implications of being a science fictioneer. And the development of the field into more mature channels has left the comic-book "fan" in a unique apotheosis: while modern science fiction fans more often than not ignore the realm of the nonsense found in almost all so-called "science fiction" comics, this aficionado quietly publishes mimeographed sheets adulating the latest serial in Superman, and so on. And these characteristics of lust and nausea which Dr. Lewis pointed out seem rather prevalent among the "fandom" of the comic-book lovers. In the 1930s (January 1935, to be exact), "Flash Gordon" appeared-- a character quite similar to Buck Rogers who had appeared in 1929 as "Buck Rogers 2429 A.D." under the auspices of the John Dille Company, and illustrated by Phil Nowlan (who, in 1928 and 1929, had written the two original Rogers stories for Gernsback's Amazing) and Lt. Dick Calkins. After having been unsuccessfully presented to several publishers for six years, National Comics at

last agreed to publish Joe Schuster and Jerry Siegel's Superman in 1939. And the development of such later characters as Captain Marvel, Brick Bradford, et alia, all seemed epitomizations of the Superman-theme. And the list seems never-ending.

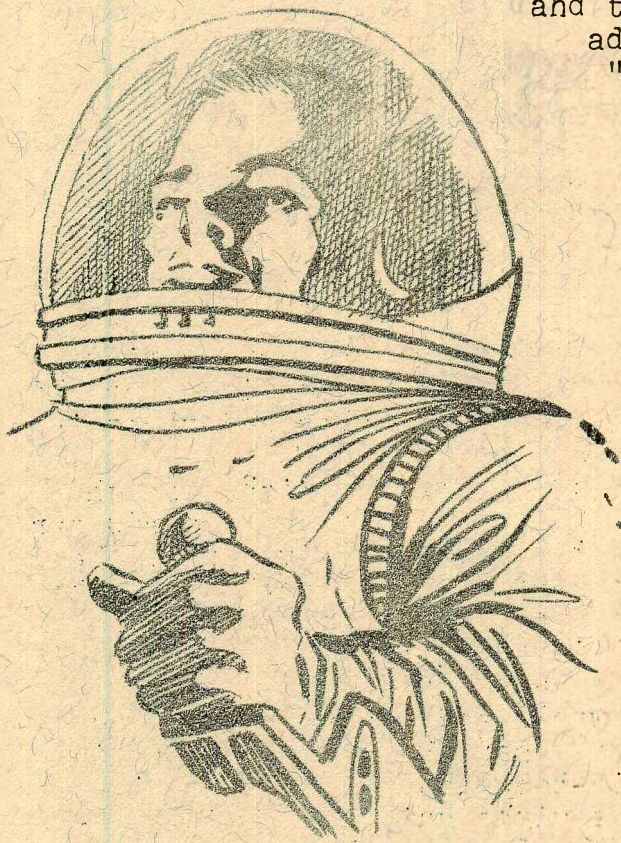
However, independent "science fiction" in comic-book form did not take root until the early 1950s, the decade of the "Boom" which we in the genre experienced. But this was written mostly by hacks who were merely taking undue advantage of a "fad" in presenting bug-eyed-monsters and scantily-clad-damsels in the clutches thereof--and these were situated on such flash planets as Czyxt in Galaxy Oogzic. Admittedly, such trash could have better been published under the aegis of Blunder Tales, but such departures from the norm are not considered good magazine ethics. However, the damage to science fiction was more in attitudes than in any sales drops--people seemed intent on equating mature, modern science fiction (which they evidently had not read) to the adolescent sensationalism of fantasy films and comics.

Today, comics are a paradoxically mediocre mixture of subtle anti-intellectualism and almost pointless humor-- if memory serves me, Charlton publishing house publishes a whole array of fantasy-superman-like comics, Tarzan appears fairly regularly, a Buck Rogers comic was announced last year as forthcoming by James Taurasi, but as yet has not been seen, and Superman seems to be continually plodding a well-worn squirrel cage. And, as a tenacious anti-climax, Ballantine has released a collection from the early 1950s, the "boom" years, under the logo of Tales of the Incredible; and it seems only logical that an examination should be made of the collection so as to orientate ourselves with a question which will here be presented and discussed.

The eight stories in this volume are published in black-and-white format with a cover in the old Thrilling Wonder tradition; they range with astonishing quality for their sources from one highly timely theme of racial equality ("Judgment Day") in a completely robot society to overworked, trite themes. Considering that comics have never reached a mature stage analogous to magazine science fiction, many of the stories here are immediately forgettable while one or two are fairly well presented. Is this a fair test? I think so.

Probably the most mature story is the aforementioned "Judgment Day." A society of robots has been organized from the few robots left on an uninhabitable world by Earthmen, the purpose being to see if they could formulate a civilization "worthy of inclusion in Earth's great Galactic Republic." After many years, a human, enshrouded in his protective suit, comes to judge the planet's progress and finds "racial" prejudice between two types of robots-- the only difference being one group was orange and the other blue. For a comic-book story, this theme was touchy and handled with a remarkable lightness. An objection could be created by insisting that it could just as well have been set upon the Earth, with orange robots representing Caucasians and the blues representing the Negroes. However, as I have seen it the last 10 years, a quite profitable extrapolation can be made by transposing an existing situation into a completely alien society.

"Spawn of Mars" is well-nigh a horror tale of an expedition which is



attacked by a "loathsome, disgusting creature," and the old-hat plot-line of an alien masquerading as a human being is introduced. And "Plucked is almost identical, only the background is upon the Earth and a quasi-Forcean theme of men being "cattle" is presented.

Humor is surprisingly found in "By George" -- a science fantasy presentation of an immature, young alien who crashes upon the Earth (England) during the days of St. George. The climax of the story can be deduced from the title.

True to early form, an unrestrained nymphomaniac takes command of a starship in "50 Girls 50", but his sexual desires are frustrated by one of the women--of course, all are voluptuous, well-proportioned and naturally attenuate any intended moral of the story. The arguments condemning and/or analyzing the sexual symbolism in fantasy comics has been covered quite comprehensively by other

students of fantasy. But it would

do well to say that the flaunting of sex in space-opera had the repercussions of augmenting the "public"'s misconceptions of science, and Ballantine may be doing the genre a misfiring favor by labelling the collection as "science fiction".

The other stories are, to paraphrase Arthur C. Clarke, perfectly unbelievable and trivial. One, if he is not a comic fan, might be a little surprised at the banality of the collection. Many of the concepts have infested science fantasy a bit too long, and for the sake of any foreseeable efforts attempts to mature fantasy-comics (and subsequently, the "fandom"), it would do well for such themes to be buried under a moratorium. And, unfortunately, an adolescent spirit still prevails in the fanzines of this particular genre.

It has been said, by the more "neo-comic-fans", that one may find more "intellectual" comfort in reading a comic-book, than in reading a magazine or novel. Economically, I can ascertain why--one may read a comic (if he is in such a young reading bracket) in ten minutes, and more often than not five comics can be purchased for the price of one magazine or a paperback book. However that may be, I do not see the truth of the aforementioned statement, nor do I see how it can be "comforting" to one whose mentality level should be above that of a pre-teenager. Reality, as pictured in comics, has no bearing to the world of reality as we experience it, and as mirrored in science fiction. To quote Bertrand Russell, they are of an empty abstraction from which no single inference can be made of validity as to the actual world. In fact,--comics construct oft-times a world so dramatically different from reality, that their "extrapolations" are total fantasy; and like movies, are mislabeled "science

fiction" for want of a better term. Of course, psychologically, the young mind might find "escape" into a parallel world where others have physical &c. attributes superior to one's own. But to have a younger fan say that comics reflect reality better than modern sociologically-oriented prose leaves me somewhat cold. And to further state that these fans are not prevalent is to ignore the increasingly large number of fanzines devoted to the subject, and circulated among smaller comic fan conclaves... as well as allowing oneself to become susceptible to what is popularly called the "blind faith of wilful ignorance," which is quite often more serious than a mis-interpretation of life.

Of course, in considering the comics from which Ballantine has chosen, it would be childish to deny that, perhaps, comics can prepare the imaginations of the much, much younger fantasy fans for the more serious lights of science fiction. One may enjoy sitting alone, as a nine year old might, in the den and reading a comic as the older fan takes enjoyment in reading a magazine or novel.

And there is the rare aesthetic "escape": a young fan might use the comic as an aestheticism, a way to conjure images or attitudes towards our world of reality; to the fan the value would be amount of adventure, the amount of escapism produced not the amount of actual truth presented. The comic reader's satisfaction, it would appear, comes from these moods, these brief flights into a world of immortal invulnerables and crime-fighters. They enter a world of sadism in the last analysis, a surrealistic environment taking aspects of our own world and fantastically magnifying them out of proportion. And it is here that there is a major (in fact, essential) difference between the comic-book and the science fiction magazine: the aesthetic satisfaction one might gain from MAGNUS ROBOT FIGHTER, for example, to GALAXY. For in the former (the aestheticism of the comic) definite intellectual or scientific attitudes or knowledge is not a prime requisite. But, when a more mature, and presumably more experienced science fictioneer opens a magazine, practical knowledge is a must.

It might be argued, upon examining Ballantine's anthology, that although one may never experience all aspects of reality, that the world of some comics might mirror it better than others. And, in looking through any fairly recent newstand selection, one may see some truth in this view. However, a fan with some measurable amount of maturity should see the greater planes of non-comic science fiction. One cannot deny that comic fandom seems to be growing, but I do deny that their publications make any significant contribution to science fiction fandom. The gulf between the material in Ballantine's anthology and that found, for example, in Don Wollheim's excellent, recent collection, World's Best Science Fiction: 1965, is so great as to destroy any expostulations that reality is properly reflected in comics. The values of comics lie not in intellectual stimulation, but solely in adolescent emotionalism. Ballantine's selection offers a fairly interesting selection of comics a little superior to most run-of-the-mill space opera comics.

But the comic fans have stretched their functions should they seriously advocate that comics are of more value than prose science fiction. Comics have the function to entertain, but not particularly educate a very young readership, and fail to make any significant comment as to the direction of humanity.

However, seeking an "escape", the young comic fans have produced a bit of fallacious irrationality and cheap sensationalism being labelled as "science fiction", again for want of a better term.

Isaac Asimov once said that "there is increasing specialization in science; an increasing difficulty in communicating between one specialty and another, and increasing difficulty in training enough scientists broadly enough." The fact that science fiction is concerned with realistic extrapolation is marred by the fact that the man-on-the-street equates the nonsense of science fantasy comics with mature science fiction. Although Tales of the Incredible's contents are superior to many present-day comics, and the artwork by Wally Wood is to be noted, the fact still remains that comics are not a primary medium for social criticism.

-- Stephen E. Pickering

= = = = =

And now it's Q. A. T.

(Meaning: Official Announcement Time:)

There are quite a number of things I have to announce this time around ---- hence a separate page for them. (That way I don't have to clutter up my precious editorial space)

ITEM #1. Attention! All Tolkien fans. Coming soon from King Rex Publications is a 'Poem & Song Booklet' from THE HOBBIT and THE LORD OF THE RINGS. This is a must; it will list ALL the poems & songs from both publications, In Order of Their Appearance, with brief explanations for each song-poem as to who said it, what happened, etc. This is an epic task, since there are so many songs in the volumes (if you don't believe me, check for yourself!), and no doubt will run into many, many pages. It will be the standard 8 1/2 X 11" fanzine size, so the term "booklet" is actually a misnomer. I also hope to have front & bacover's illustrating the stories, by one of fandom's leading fanartists. Price for this collector's item is a reasonable \$1.25 in CASH. (No stamps please) Advance orders are now being taken -- get your reservation for it in soon. Work has already started on it, and it will be out as soon as possible.

ITEM #2. While at the Midwestcon, I purchased from Bob Tucker (who was selling gaffiated Vic Ryan's fanzine collection) DOUBLE:BILL's # 5, 6, 7, and 8. They are all issues out of print, and the latter two (Symposium copies) are in big demand. Alex Eisenstein...on hearing I was to offer them to the highest bidder, offered \$4. for the lot. Now, however, Stephen E. Pickering has offered \$10. and is the highest so far. Anyone can top this bid who wants to; I will hold the 4 zines for two (2) more months. If no-one else has topped Pickering's bid, they are his.

ITEM #3. In the same line of thought, I am forced to cancel the offer I made last issue (D:B#12) re: the "Round Robin" of D:B's 7 & 8, for lack of takers. Only one fan wanted in it (I forget who offhand -- was it Michael Viggiano?), and that isn't enough to attempt the RR. Sorry.

ITEM #4. On the less serious side, captions are hereby requested for Front & Bacovers. Got any good ones? See my ed. for my suggestions. BEM

LONCON II CONVENTION REPORT --- --- --- by Charlie Smith, D:B's Agent

Well, folks, it arrived and passed away again, the worldcon that is. I've been hanging around to await the result of the business meeting and it's just arrived — the TRICON got it. ((Ed. note: A long distance phone call from Roger Zelazny in Cleveland informs me the TRICON won over Syracuse by a vote tally of 60-49.--BEM))

The con itself has been fairly successful. All the Americans I've spoken to seem to have enjoyed themselves. The English fans, more accustomed to a warmer, more intimate form of convention, were perhaps rather dissatisfied with the hotel because of its cost, both for rooms and drinks in the hotel bar, and for the unfriendly attitude of the management. Practically every major room party in the hotel was asked to finish because of the noise coming from it; this after the management had definitely stated to Ella Parker, the con chairwoman, that it would be perfectly alright for room parties to take place. This caused a great deal of ill feelings between the fans and the management. The main cause of friction was the fact that the management, in a misguided moment, arranged to have the convention members spread throughout the entire eight floors of the hotel, with no attempt at segregation from the more mundane guests.

The Guest of Honor, Brian Aldiss, made a fine speech at the Banquet, followed by more excellent speeches from Arthur C. Clarke (with a speech on a film he is to write for Stanley Rubick) and Robert Bloch who was just Robert Bloch. Hugos were presented by Bob Silverberg. Other guests included John W. Campbell, John Wyndham, Ted Carnell, Judy Merrill, Harry Harrison, Jim Blish, Mike Moorcock, Ken Bulmer, Ted Tubb, John Brunner, Don Wollheim, Ted White, Forry Ackerman, G.O. Smith, James White, Jack Williamson.

TAFF candidate Terry Carr made a very pleasant impression on the British fans.

* * *

Herewith, the Hugo (and other) results: (Or, the Best of everything)

BEST FANZINE: YANDRO; SHORT STORY: Gordon R. Dickson's SOLDIER, ASK NOT; NOVEL: Fritz Leiber's THE WANDERER; ARTIST: JOHN SCHOENHERR; MAGAZINE: ANALOG; PUBLISHER: BALLANTINE; DRAMA: DR. STRANGE-LOVE.

*

FANCY DRESS WINNERS: Most monstrous - Tony Walsh as Delegate from Jupiter; Most authentic sf character - Karen Anderson as The Devil You Know; (?) (Some kind of she-devil anyway!) Most authentic heroic fantasy character - Ian & Betty Peters as John Carter & Dejah Thoris; Most beautiful - Jon & Joni Stopa as Two Elementals; Children's costume - Harry Harrison's son as Pirate of Ersatz, and Arthur Thomson's daughter as a Barsoomian.

ART AWARDS: S.F. illustration - Eddie Jones
Fantasy - Joni Stopa
Fellowship of The Ring - Eddie Jones (Honorable mention)
Cartooning - Arthur Thomson
Astronomical Art - Eddie Jones
Experimental Art - Cynthia Goldstone
Most Promising - Michel Jackubowicz
Open Award - William Rotsler
Judges Choice - Eddie Jones

-----Charlie Smith

"The POETS Cornered"

COLUMN BY:

Lloyd
Biggle, Jr.

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." (Shelly) "Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things." (Arnold) "Poetry is the language of a state of crisis." (Mallarmé) "Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty." (Poe) "Poetry is saying something that cannot be said." (Anon.)

Poetry is . . . and so it goes, for pages, in any book of quotations. So it has gone, for two thousand five hundred years of criticism, and if all of those generations of critics have been unable to agree on what poetry is, definition might seem to provide a poor cornerstone for a column on poetry.

"What is poetry? Why, Sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is." (Samuel Johnson) In this year 1965 a physicist can essay an explanation of what light is; the critic is no closer to the defining of poetry.

Poetry is . . . and a college English professor, when my world was much younger, suddenly pointed a bent finger in my direction, and said, "Biggle, what is poetry?"

I dug in with my toes, and began, "A poem is . . ."

"Not 'a poem'," he snapped. "I'm not ready to consider what a poem is. What is poetry?"

I don't remember what I answered. Probably my thoughts disintegrated in the face of that startling (to me, at that time) assertion that



"poetry" could be considered entirely apart from "poem". Later I encountered another assertion (was it Charles Lamb's?): "No poem is or ought to be all poetry."

Poetry is . . . let's be as comprehensive as possible. Poetry is words. It is many other things, perhaps as many as there are definitions, but first it must be words. Now mark this humble generalization well, for it points unerringly at the obstacle that leaves so many would-be poets stranded: Poetry is words, but words are not poetry unless they are used poetically.

I have heard it put this way: "Poetry is usual words-- used unusually."

THE POEMS

THE EXCUSE

I would have been a great artist,
Or a weaver of rhyme.
I would have been a musician;
If I only had the time.

--Michael Viggiano

TAKE 4

A one-time warbling
played back
wobbled.

And the song sang, singer
caught as the strand
touched the head
was lost as the heart
reeled past the brain,
lost as the heart breaks
lost as the heart
and the convoluted thread
warped
reels past the brain.

--Rob Williams

CHILD OF WILDERNESS

downtown i saw a child
she was so beautiful
yet she looked too lonely
she was only four, beat child
without a world to play,
without a word to say "love."

--Bill Wolfenbarger

THRU TULSA

i have just walked fourteen miles thru
misery and frustration
past endless bars and flophouses
endless lights and furious cars
endless eternal children in the slums...
i'm exhausted i can't go on.
this is the last time i'll stop thru
Tulsa

i've met too much frustration
i can suffer in a larger holy city
without that insane frustration.

--Bill Wolfenbarger

SABBATH

Insignificance and rejection
Become unimportant,
Weariness and ugliness
Are shed and left behind,
Grey and dull on the drab pallet.

Anointed, glistening with faith,
They fly to sterile lands.
And there they dance and wind,
Intricate, grotesque, vile and wild.
And the Gentleman,
Damned and adored,
Despised and desired,
Blesses and gives hope.

Light insinuates
And, with excitement spent,
They slip back to dreaded day.
--Marjorie J. Smith

THE LAST MAN ALIVE

Somewhere, the edge of time, this house is coigned
In shaking rock above the frantic water.
The last man alive stands at his window.
Ancestral voices funneled down the air
Shriek spectral words, the night is inhabited.

Southward along the coast the broken towers
Of the last city loom in the sea mist.

When this last wave of vagrant storm has burst,
The wind will empty, empty will the land.
The fragile remnants the withdrawing tide
Has dropped will dessicate upon the sand.
--Banks Mebane

THE HIGHEST FOLLY

Here's a thought to fill an orderly mind with terror:
More significant than the measurement is the inevitable
error.
More real than the numbers we have learned to treasure
Is the less than a little which we cannot measure.
More, immeasurably more knowledge than we have is stored
In what we cannot measure and, therefore, ignore.
What folly, O Scientist, and what colossal blunder,
To let your world and vision be circumscribed with number!
-- Paul Wyszkowski

END OF INDIAN SUMMER

I wander down the dismal street
The rain falls on my upturned face,
Wet leaves sticking to my feet,
The winds blow everyplace.

Clouds pass swiftly overhead
Dark and gloomy as the night.
Winter's chill fills me with dread
Rememberings cold and white.

I wander down the lonely street
Passing through the unfriendly town,
With only strangers that I meet,
As cold as the snow coming down.
--Bill Mallardi

What does poetry have to do with a poem, or vice versa? A poem need not, or should not, or must not, be all poetry; but I hold firmly that every poem contains, or should contain, some poetry.

When I consider the first batch of poems sent this way-- fourteen in number, by seven different poets-- I find that they have one distressing quality in common: a lamentable absence of poetry.

Usual words, used unusually. Usual thoughts, used unusually. Unpoetic words, unpoetic thoughts, used poetically; for no word, no thought, is wholly poetic of and by itself. It is the context, the surrounding frame of expression, that makes it so.

Do I hear a protest? Perhaps later (if there is a later) I shall admit cogently-expressed arguments, but not at present. This is my column.

I haven't the space to deal adequately with every poem received, or even with those quoted, for which I offer all due apologies in advance. My intention is to use the most extensive quotations possible from the poems I receive to illustrate whatever the column's subject may be. In this first column, however, I am including at least one complete poem by each poet heard from. Let's winnow these for grains of poetry. Our search is for the usual word used unusually, but not--and here is another pitfall--for the usual word used obscurely. Poetry must sharpen word meanings, not confuse them.

This is what I find: weaver of rhyme . . . endless eternal children . . . edge of time . . . voices funneled . . . glistening with faith . . . perhaps one or two more, but they are even fewer than I had thought. Note this well: we are not concerned with the well-chosen word, the right word, or even the inevitable word, but with the word used poetically.

What of these? Weaver of rhyme. The potential is sold short, for this is verse, not poetry (perhaps a subject for a later column). Compare the force of this expression with that achieved by Rupert Brooke: "These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,/ Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth." Further, the image I receive of a "weaver of rhyme" tends to stick. Rhyme is the stuff that . . . something . . . is woven of. Spinner of rhymes and rhythms, weaver of songs-- that's the way I'd have it.

Endless eternal children. Again the image sticks. A slum may seem endless, but endless children give me pause. I cannot see them as I think the poet wants me to see them, existing in a dreary, filthy limbo, born too old for childhood, entrapped in the debilitating cynicism of the aged long before they attain a warped physical maturity. The novelist delineates this with a sentence or two; the poet must evoke it with a few words--a few poetic words.

Edge of time, voices funneled-- these lack effect because they have been overused. There have been too many "edges", for example, and it has been a long, long time since MacDonald Clarke wrote, "How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years . . ." The stark, "edge of time" pales beside that.

There are larger concepts that I like. SABBATH contains some good lines: "Weariness and ugliness/ Are shed and left behind,/ Grey and dull on the drab pallet." I mentioned "glistening with faith." These are nice touches, but the poet has not sustained their promise; and what a bleakly unpoetical beginning those first two lines are! Let us then to work, throw out all except lines 3-6, and start over.

The simplicity of CHILD OF WILDERNESS intensifies its effectiveness. I admire, "beat child/ without a world to play,/ without a word to say: 'love'." Bill Wolfenbarger is obviously a young man with talent. I have held back two of his longer poems for future use, and I'd like to see more--but I would also like to see him make an effort to put poetry in his

poems. He hasn't yet--not quite.

TAKE 4. This disappoints because it leaves the impression that something could have been made of it. I would like to see and hear that humped record making a scratchy outpouring that recalls the humped, heaving bosom of the panting singer; but the poet is content to entwine himself in the meanderings of a detached voice. I find this obscure, rather than poetic, and I think rather too much is made of this image of a reeling heart, which brings me to dead stop.

THRU TULSA and END OF INDIAN SUMMER. These two pieces demand comparison, but for the present I must leave that to the reader. END OF INDIAN SUMMER sets forth an idea with poetic potential, and frustrates it utterly with a sing-song rhythm and commonplace language.

THE HIGHEST FOLLY. Supposing I were to rearrange this: "Here's a thought to fill an orderly mind with terror. The inevitable error is more significant than the measurement; the less than a little which we cannot measure is more real than all of our treasured numbers . . ." A few rhymes, a rhythm achieved by distorted word order, do not a poem make; but our search is for poetry, and there is none here.

THE LAST MAN ALIVE. A difficult poetically than some of the Mebane with a valiant to see him on some other

subject, much more demanding others. I'll credit Banks effort; and now I'd like subject.

I have been searching for poetry, and finding very little of it, and already I hear the outcry. What does he want?

I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids/ Sprouting despondently at area gates.*** The burnt-out ends of smoky days./And now a gusty shower wraps/ The grimy scraps/ Of withered leaves about his feet ***the rain/ Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh/ Upon the glass and listen for reply***See how those stars tramp over heaven on their sticks/ Of ancient light*** Now shall you see pent oak gone gusty and frantic,/ Stooped



with dry weeping, ruinously unloosing/ The sparse disheveled leaf***Has no more memory than rubber. Stands/ Waste-deep in heavy mud of thought and broods/ At his own wetness.*** I perceived through the hole left by the nail of the star in my mind/ How civilization was as dark as a wood and dimensional with things/ And how birds dipped in chromium sang in the crevices of our deeds.***But first I'll shrink to fairy size,/ With a whisper no one understands,/ Making blind moons of all your eyes,/ And muddy roads of all your hands.***See how the great wooden eyes of the forest/ Stare upon the architecture of our innocence.***We, cripples, negatives of promise, lean/ Our crutch of bones upon a scribbled beam;/ While the loud year beats impartially like rain/ On eloquent marble, we await our trains.*** There interposed a fly,/ With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,/ Between the light and me.

Choice examples, carefully culled from the works of the masters? Not these. They are passages jerked at random by flipping pages of an anthology of modern poetry, some from famous poets, some from poets you have not heard of. Consider them well, these usual words used unusually. This is the world of the poetic, where damp souls sprout despondently, where stars tramp on sticks of ancient light, where a tree is stooped with dry weeping, where you yourself may lean your crutch of bones and hear the blueness of the fly's stumbling buzz.

Or consider the love poem of e.e. cummings, where the poet says of his beloved, "not even the rain has such small hands."

Usual words, used unusually. Get it? Go thou, and do likewise.

— Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

This is a sample column. Its future depends upon a number of things, among them your response, the time that I can spare, and--of critical importance--the poems that you can spare. Send poems--to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., 569 Dubie, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. No poems will be returned or acknowledged, but all received will be placed in a permanent file, to be drawn upon as examples when needed. In the future, if there is a future, I will consider such matters as rhythm, subject matter, form, technique, much more about words and images, and so on. This cannot be done without a profusion of examples, and I would much prefer to cull my "good" examples from poems sent to me, rather than from anthologies. Send poems.

This is the BEM speaking now....since I have this space to fill up, I shall do so by quoting a segment of Lloyd's letter that accompanied the column:

"One point, which I mentioned and then deleted. Some of these poems would delight a high school English teacher, I'm sure; but the only standards I have are professional ones. Therefore virtually all who submit poems are going to be frustrated if they expect lavish praise in this column. I try to avoid being unnecessarily cruel, but I still must comment honestly, and honesty--as you see in my treatment of yourself--can be blunt. I don't intend anything personal to anyone, or any unkindness, but I still have to call 'em as I see 'em."

BEM again: I realize that fact, Lloyd, and I'm sure the other fans do, also. (If they didn't, then they do now.) My thanx to all who sent

poems.

this is:

DOUBLE-TROUBLE

letters ed. by bem

44 First, two Epics commenting on #11, that arrived too late for inclusion in #12:}}

ELLIOT KAY SHORTER (PFC), CO. A, 793 MP BN, APO NEW YORK, 09696

To Robert Coulson Re: "The Glossary of Middle Earth" in NIEKAS #9, and your comment on same. You realize of course that your comment applies to any and all Glossaries, Genealogies, Bibliographies, and other like compilations. (And I'm willing to bet you have one or two lying around the house.) Realize too, that almost any defense made in favor of these compilations, applies to "The Glossary of Middle Earth" also.

A Glossary is an aid to memory, and if there was ever a book that required a glossary it's The Lord Of The Rings. Compared to it, the scope of The Lensman Series is as a small pebble to a 1 ton boulder. In TLR you must keep in mind the 4th book (The Hobbit) and its cast of characters and events, Legends of the 1st and 2nd ages, the myriad characters involved in TLR and the numerous, simultaneous events that take place, and cause and are caused, by events that inter-react with each other ad infinitum. Consider, someone appears in the 3rd book who said something in the first, I refer to the major books, not the breakdown into sections, but what did he say of import, or do, that causes him to be noted? With out the glossary I must leaf through the first book, this takes time, till I find the passage, seriously interrupting my reading. With the glossary, I read the name, look it up, check the cross references and turn to the page indicated. A snap. Anything that can make life easy, for me or someone else, is definitely of use, and should be applauded, not deplored.

To John Boardman Re 'Harlem in Perspective':

After I crawled back up off the floor of the barracks where I laughed till I cried, over parts of your article, I decided to sit down and go over it for a second time. That's a delightful opening paragraph and one of my favorite plays. Have you heard Phil Ochs' "Link on the Chain" which, in some respects says what you are trying to say in your first 5 paragraphs?

Yes, there are people who are upset over the riots in the North that followed the passage of the Civil Rights Act. I'm one. I would say that street repairs are more frequent in organized neighborhoods where there is some sort of Action group. But then I was very young when I lived in Harlem and have since lived in fringe areas. This also holds true for trash pickups except I have worked in Harlem, and from observation trash pickups are no more, and no less, than in white neighborhoods. However, in white and fringe neighborhoods, you will see the landlord or superintendant, or the janitor, be they white or colored, washing and sweeping the sidewalks in front of their buildings, and not just in the gutters, either. Take a look at the neighborhood where people care how it looks as compared to one where they don't. Copare the area bounded by 133rd st, Convent Ave., 145th St. and the Hudson, Hamilton Grange so called, but Harlem has engulfed it,

ELLIOT SHORTER, cont.

with a section of like size down on the flats in Harlem proper, not counting a "Project Area", you'll see a difference. In the former the people cared enough to organize a neighborhood organization and clean-up.

Police brutality and the lack of Negro cops in Harlem, and that's where I cracked up again. Item: the lack of Negro cops. The war cry "An invading army, Why can't we be policed by our own people?" Well, the Daily News pointed out in big print what was wrong with that argument, but the News has a negative reputation so they were ignored. The Times, The Tribune, Life Magazine all mentioned the flaw, then conveniently forgot about it in their coverage of the riots (Newspapers, etc., were sent to me here in Europe). Between 7 & 14 years, the Negro Leaders of New York raised a big stink. "Why are we policed by Negroes? Don't we rate white policemen? Who are those white people that they shouldn't be policed by Negroes? Discrimination! Discrimination!" Our mayor panicked like he always does, but as usual came out looking good. He directed the police dept. to station Negro patrolmen elsewhere in the city other than Harlem and the other Negro communities in N.Y.C. The Negro leaders stated that their demands had been granted and all was peaceful.

If you take all the Negro policemen and station them outside Harlem, you've got to station white policemen therein. I never noted any Negro complaint that no Negro policemen were stationed in Harlem, and many were as the police commissioners stationed men where they wanted them. There were Negro police in Harlem, on Park Ave., (yes, John I saw them with my own eyes more than once, but then you rarely see any policemen in that area anyway) and other places such as John describes. In unmixed pairs, unlike general Army policy, alone, and in mixed pairs. So see why I laugh.

Police brutality. "Brutality is in the eye of the beholder" to paraphrase a famous saying, and oh how it applies to police work. John you stated that the police in Harlem acted like an occupying army. Walk through Harlem on a summer evening. Work there for a while. Listen to the "punks" on the corner. You'd better act as if you were in enemy territory if you're a cop, and I don't care what color you are. It's deadly down there.

John you have an example of one patrolman charged, and exonerated of, brutality 3 times, and you describe only his "4th" act of brutality where he beat up a man. What did he do the other times? Clobber a drunk with his club? Tch, Tch, Tch. Bounce a recalcitrant subject against a wall for a wall search and then when the subject made a move, kick his legs out from under him, causing him to fall and hurt himself? What did he do? Now if he hit a man with his bare hands while on duty, that's brutality. He has a club, and a gun. What is necessary practise is so often viewed by the outsider as brutality.

Let's talk of Lt. Gilligan for a bit. An off duty policeman enroute home. He has but one weapon, his 38 police Special which he carries wherever he goes. Though off duty, he's like a doctor, on call 24 hours a day. Duty calls. A janitor states he is being terrorized by teenagers. Gilligan chases them. One runs into a building. Gilligan follows. The one turns, makes a knife drawing motion and advances toward Gilligan. Put yourself in his spot. What would you do? "Wait," you say, "what about the two citations for disarming a man with a knife?" I'll lay odds that those incidents occurred when Gilligan either had a club, or had maneuvering room, or both. Give me a club and maneuvering room, and I'll attempt to disarm a

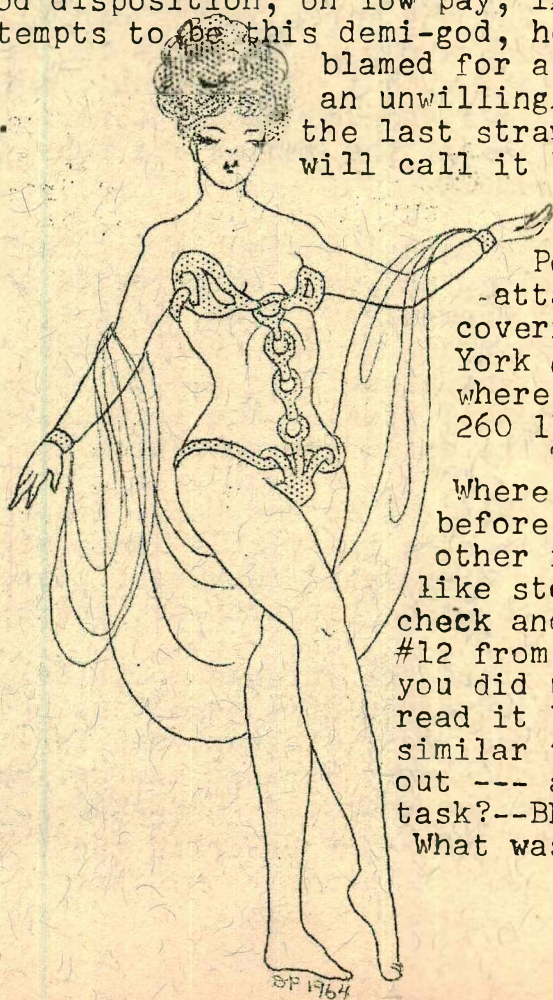
ELLIOT SHORTER, concl:

knife armed man. With no maneuvering room, like an entryway at the top of a flight of stairs or a hallway with a stairway in it, decreasing its width, and me armed only with a gun, I'll use it. There's no room to maneuver. It didn't happen on the street, John, but in such a hallway. So say the majority of newspaper reports, both Negro and White, and the official report.

A Civilian Review Board. I don't know what happened to the bill. I think, at least I hope, it failed. It won't work. The civilian non-police personnel just does not understand the problem. Hit a seventeen year old boy, or any age female, with a club and to him its brutality. It doesn't matter that the boy was carrying 2 six inch switch blades, and a .22 pistol, which he tried to use on you, or that the young lady tried to slash your face with a broken beer bottle or brain you with an iron bar; you, defending yourself with your unweighted, unstrengthened wooden club, have committed an act of brutality. No police board would so rule that, and police boards are very sensitive to public opinion.

From just such a situation came the standard clubs the New York Police are issued, unbalanced, along w/ unweighted & unstrengthened. The last two types must be forbidden. They're deadly, but unbalanced, you might as well carry a broom for all the good it'll do you. NYC patrolmen go out and buy their own non-issue clubs. The last two types are forbidden, but a balanced Hickory club, Ah.

Before I get jumped let me remind you I did not say there is not, and has not been, police brutality. That would be closing one's eyes to reality. But sadistic brutality there's not much of. For the rest, the cops are human. Funny isn't it, a policeman is expected to be gentle, kind, of good disposition, on low pay, in a most dangerous job. For this, his attempts to be this demi-god, he gets no thanks, gets spat on, cursed, blamed for all that goes wrong. And a smart-alec answer, an unwillingness to comply immediately, can just be the last straw, and then gentle he won't be, and you will call it brutality.



For those who don't know me, I am Elliot Kay Shorter. I'm a pfc in the Military Police Corps of the United States Army. I'm attached to Co A 793 MP Bn, Fürth Detachment, covering Fürth and Nurnberg Germany, APO New York 09696 . My home of record is New York City where I have lived all my life. I'm 6'4", weigh 260 lbs and am Negro.

To continue: Re: Robert E. Weinberg's LOGIC: Where did you get the story? I am sure I read it before somewhere and you don't credit it to any other fanzine or prozine. Maybe there's a very like story somewhere. For my curiosity please check and find out. ((See the explanation in D:B #12 from Weinberg himself. I got the same feeling you did upon reading the story, thinking I had read it before. But I didn't. Maybe there is one similar to it -- but I haven't the time to check it out --- any of you Out There care to attempt this task?--BEM)) Dwain Kaiser: You've got me curious. What was Double:Bill's 1st cover? ((Nothing much))

MAE STRELKOV, LAS BARRANCAS, ASCOCHINGA, CORDOBA, ARGENTINA

Apart from the letter-col that shows real people write in (not just BEMS), I think I enjoyed best the comic strip "SPACE OPERA PRIMER", exceedingly witty satire of just what's wrong with science-fiction frequently. A deadly bore, when it gets standardized, in exactly the way you have it analyzed.

The fantasy-worlds of U.S. science fiction have likewise paled on me, since May 1964, when I found myself having to decide about "real BEMS" appearing in public down here, of late. One discards imaginary Bems in the process, when the real come along.

Why they picked Latin America, puzzled me at first, till I had researched the whole business in Colonial, pre-Colonial, and mythological reports of Bems-by-the-Dozen since Time began, going mysteriously about their own purposes, in our Andes till now.

I will put this, at least, on record. They have given their human pals here (our friends) a deadline. End of 1965, and definitely not later than 1967, when things will begin to buzz, boom, or whatever. The fun begins right here, apparently. Already did. I wrote details yesterday to Roy Tackett, about an extraordinary official "meeting" between Bems and Tobas, which perhaps he may include in his zine. For that reason I shan't rehash now, except to say the Tobas are the most extraordinary surviving natives of Argentina. They never did get "converted". They never did fawn or squirm. They "resisted", and retreated into impenetrable Chaco, when fashions in Faiths decreed dirt, auto-flagellation, and general mental masturbation, in the fields of twisted-sex pseudo-holiness. So now the persecution is over, they're back in the limelight again, as our leading "Pueblo-type" tribe of this country. More, they refused to vote as ordered, just recently, no matter the threats, beatings-up, and worse. That enrages politicians, here, of course. But the Tobas do not care. Their ancient sky-gods are back, and made such a public business of "returning", 250 natives and the police, complete with a photographer, took pictures, and reported the whole incident, to a shocked Buenos Aires. I understand the news was in all the papers, though the photos are top-secret yet, and only bigwigs get to study same.

Yah-ho or Yagó (spellings vary), was the Tobas' ancient sky-friend, as per my research, who taught them everything, and made them rugged and realistic and independent as they've proved themselves to be, dodging near 500 years of grim attempts to mind-wash them. So now "he's" back, and it seems his full name is Agór, as he signs himself in public statements printed in Córdoba's press. That's where I gleaned the announcement that "Big things that will astonish the entire world are scheduled for 1965, right here."

Don't ask me to explain "who's behind this." I do not know. I only know it's very stimulating and great fun, to watch the little human wasps buzzing indignantly, because certain publicly circulated documents purportedly from these "Bems" are not flattering to local hierarchies, you see.

But before making any further guesses about the strange political "undertones" of this queer affair, let me assure you it's as old as the Andes, this "Plan." You see, I link this Yagó, Agór, Yaguar, and Yah-type set of "star-gods" together, and come up with a very strange answer: the OldWorld deities of the same name, belong to the same old "Commando-group" of apparent Immortals. Certainly they don't die every 70 years on

MAE STRELKOV, cont.

an average, as does the typical Earth-Bem called Man.

I was writing to one of your leading names in U.S. fandom, and I've told him even more than I can yet tell you. I'm interested now to know his reaction. It's all so incredible, of course! One might comment: "Mere fanatics at work," were it not for the indignation of our top-bigwigs here, and the actual appearances made by "Bems" to confirm all statements in circulation. Well, if it is a bunch of incognito fanatics at work, they've stuck their necks out, giving us publicly printed "deadlines" like that. "1965", for the fun to get started. "1967", for things to turn more surprising and shocking, still. I think they mean business, now as in Quetzalcoatl's and Viracocha's times. They had to go away to let Sacrificing Priesthoods take over again; but they promised to "return", and -- here they come! Apparently, anyway.

Gee, it's fun to be alive nowadays! Particularly so since mythology (and comparative theologies) always was a subject I studied since birth, very grimly at times, for I had to refute my own "mentors" out to condition me, in "God's" Names.

One thing they promise in advance... no isms will survive what's coming. Not even a certain "ism" supposedly "founded" on a rock and unshakable, for two milleniums. Nor Communism either, of course. Isms are what's wrong with man. We forget the ageold lessons of "brotherhood" that Tom Boardman tries to remind us should exist, defending as he does our "Underdogs", nevermind the color of the surface-pigmentation that so bothers folk who can't see beyond or beneath surfaces, anywhere. Will we never learn to live at peace with our brothers? (Write me down as another "bloody-damn-pacifist" of the Quaker category, I guess. Not that I know any Quakers, for if I did I might join them even yet.)

It is dangerous to be a pacifist, I see. Especially around Mississippi. True, we have our own "Commandos of the Shadows", as I sadly recall, for they likewise strike by night and drop bombs in schools and shops and places of worship (of the non-Catholic category only, apparently), and often assassinate outspoken folk. They also smear the great Sarmiento's statues with pitch and a "tacuara" spear attached to same. It's heart-breaking that people never grow up or accept their responsibilities as "fellow-citizens" of all living creatures of "Pacha", to quote an ancient Quechua term. Pacha means "World, Universe, Space, Time, and the Whole of all living-creatures in the Universe." Yes indeed, the "ignorant natives" were wiser than Ptolemaicly-oriented Western man, representing "Christendom," in our Americas.

That phrase, "Commandos of the Shadows" is not mine. I quote our "Leader", no Hitlerean or Counter-reformatory Inquisitor, believe me! At the moment I'm translating this new published document (I already translated another I thought good, from Spanish to English), and it states:

"There are always creatures able to impose their crushing wills on their fellows. And these obsessive, dense souls, I call: COMMANDOS OF THE SHADOWS.* Souls that make it their business to command millions of creatures, dedicated to evil ... Souls whp foment fraud and error; who halt the forward-march of Evolution of Humanity."

(* "Comandos de las Sombras")

MAE STRELKOV, concl:

The only demand made on us, it seems, is: USE YOUR OWN HEADS. REASON! RESEARCH! DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE BE YOUR CONSCIENCE OR DO YOUR THINKING FOR YOU. BE HONEST IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR OWN SELF. ANALYSE EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY YOUR OWN ACTS AND THOUGHTS.



"Know yourself" was the Grecian way of putting it. In other words, avoid being conditioned cleverly by those who make you think, "be stylish or drop dead."

I would like to hear from any of your "gang" or group, Bill or Bills! I rather admire outspoken folk, and you are that! Even though I thought the cover of your zine, was sheerly awful. In my dimension, horror is a "state of mind" we don't accept. We banish it, with positive thinking, at any cost. It doesn't even dare come near. We're not, you see, even afraid, any longer, of death, for that too seems comprehensible, in the light of our new information, that isn't "new" at all. It's what kept the Tobas going through half-a-millennium of nightmarish pseudo-"Christianity", where "Jesus" himself tortured heretics, in the form of a "crucifix", on the handles of Inquisitors' daggers. How awful!

{{ As you imply, it IS rather hard to believe; however, you seem to be in complete agreement with the aims & philosophy of these "BEMS"... even to the point of being anti-religious. (Especially Catholics.) What would you think of this BEM if he told you he was a Roman Catholic? Well, I am. Do you think the less of me because of it? IF SO, then it appears you have your prejudices too! §§ Thanks for the very interesting letter -- and please continue to write in. Contrary to what you think of the above, I do like you and would like to hear from you often.--BEM}}

CREATH THORNE, ROUTE 4, SAVANNAH, MO. 64485

Your comments on snow are very cruel--like, right now I'm sitting here sweltering in 90° weather, with about 50% humidity, with no air-conditioner, and no fan, and I'd be quite happy if by some sudden magic we could have winter temperatures around here for a while. This isn't just wishing either; there's something about the winter weather that stimulates me to write and read and do more work than in the summertime. It's ironic that when I have the most time for fanaticism, I feel least like doing it. {{ Yes, but in Southern California there is practically NO humidity, so you don't notice the heat at all. That's the kind of weather I like.}}

Ted White writes entertainingly in his article--and he makes it seem so easy.... "The important thing to do is to draw those twelve or thirteen boxes; from there it's down hill all the way". If only it were that easy *sigh*, it does sound like fun.

Barr illo on page 13 was one of the best I've ever seen.

I still don't see the point to Buck Coulson's column. Presumably, he gives a quick run-down on the current zines available, and how he reacted to them. I thought his reviews were to act as a sort of buyer's guide. Apparently this isn't true, what use anyone could have for an out-of-date obscure apa mailing, I don't know. What's more his reviews seem not up to standard--he seems to pick out one point in the zines to make a quick comment on--perhaps his reviews were below standard because the zines were below standard. At any rate, even though I'm a member of the organization, I thought the column to be boring, and I'll bet that a lot of others did also.

CREATH THORNE, concl:

I see where good ol' Alex Eisenstein says that he'll trade me a copy of DOUBLE:BILL #8 for #7. Gee, Alex, you can't guess how much I appreciate that offer. I saw in Bruce Pelz's fanzine sale that those copies were going for about a buck and a half apiece. Are you sure that you don't have a few extra copies hidden away some where, and that you intend to sell them for ridiculously high prices in a few years? ((I only wish I DID. No, regretfully I must admit we have no copies left of D:B #7 & 8, except our personal copies; and (as you may have seen elsewhere in this issue) one copy of 7 & 8 that I just acquired at the Midwestcon; They are for sale to the highest bidder.--BEM))

Temple's remarks about night-workers makes me think that perhaps the best job for fanzine editors and writers would be night watchman at some factory or house that never gets robbed or even considered. All we have to do is pick out a major city, with some little old ladies living in those big mansions--and convince those little old ladies that they need 'protection.' Then we bring in a fan community, and instead of sleeping away the night hours, or doing manual work, everyone can think up brilliant squibs and write brilliant letters of comment. The only trouble is that typewriters might wake up the little old ladies-- so it looks as though some fans will have to learn to write with a pencil and pen again--if they ever learned in the first place. ((Some of the LA fans have almost that kind of deal; at least they all live in the same areas and even same apartments. \$\$ Something even better than what you suggest was proposed years ago: The Tucker-Fan-Hilton Hotel, or somesuch. They even drew up floor plans for the faanish hotel, but for some strange reason the project never got anywhere. THAT would be ideal...imagine, all year 'round the s.f. cons would last..not just 3-4 days! --BEM))

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

I didn't think that #12 was too hot. The only thing that interested me was the article by Ted White. The main reason for this is that, just before the paperback came out, I had just completed an outline of a complex novel called Invaders from Time. Sound familiar? I thought that my story was rather good. It made full play of all the time paradoxes and had a number of plot twists and secrets reminiscent of Van Vogt. Oh, well, it might appear one of these days in the far future, after the other novel has faded away. The troubles of a beginning writer.

The main purpose of this letter is to complain. My complaint is that science fiction is getting dull.

Now, no one can say that I'm getting old, and because of that I just imagine that the old stories are better than the new. Nonsense. I'm 19 and have only been reading for the last seven years (SF, that is). All the old magazines I have, I have bought for my collection. And, no matter what way one looks at it, the old stories are better than the new. No story written in the last ten years, with the possible exception of The Stars My Destination has given me any sort of thrill comparable to when I read such classics as World of A, the Foundation series, most of Jack Williamson, Robert E. Howard, the Harold Shea stories, Gray Lensman, So Shall Ye Reap, anything at all by Kuttner, Leigh Brackett's tales of Mars and Venus, etc.

One of the reasons that this is true is that many of these writers have stopped writing. Lately, an Ace double published two short Bracketts

ROBERT WEINBERG, cont:

that I thought were tremendous, but I seem to remember the basic stories appeared in Planet. Jack Williamson's work with Pohl, is okay, but not like Darker Than You Think or Legion of Space. Sam Moskowitz is always complaining about the "lost sense of Wonder." I think he has the right idea, but not the right concept. There is a lost sense of adventure, of excitement, in SF.

Too many stories written in these times are very poor psychological melodramas. A reader, a time back, started a controversy in Amazing about the lack of true heroes in stories. In his introduction to The Spell of Seven, L.S. de Camp mentions the same thing. Weaklings and cowards are heroes, if they can be called that. Everything has to be true to life. I'm sorry, that notion to me is ridiculous. I read science fiction first as entertainment, not as psychology. I prefer James Joyce for that type of writing, especially since most SF writers can't write that type of story with any degree of intelligence, anyway. Social criticism is fine, as long as it doesn't take over the story, e.g. Glory Road. I thought Starship Trooper was ten times the book of the former, even though I completely disagreed with the philosophy in the latter.

I'm not saying that there are not good stories in the modern trend, but I am saying that there are darn few of them. The one writer that can do it, is Frank Herbert with his novels in Astounding-Analog. Most of the stories that appear in F&SF and Galaxy (Worlds of Tomorrow included) are dismal failures. And, fandom helps this miserable trend along.

Science Fiction Review is a terrific example. While some of the reviewers show very good taste, others seem to be reviewing a book on its merit as a great masterpiece of fiction. I think they would be better leaving this type of criticism to Damon Knight or Jim Blish who are a little more suited for it. For example, to my mind, Earth's Last Citadel is a classic of Science Fantasy. A great number of other fans also consider it such. It was rated "not recommended" by one of the reviewers. Keith Laumer, who writes just about the only adventure stories in print, is usually given only a fair rating. Leigh Brackett, who, I must confess, I think is the best living adventure science fantasy writer, is given only fair, if that, reviews.

Dean Sandin and Bob Franson, who were the starters of this review, give, in my point of view, very good reviews. But they are only two people. And, we must remember that most fanzine reviews are not any better, and are usually worse. Sorry fellows, but I doubt if most of the people doing reviewing are equipped to say how a book should be written.

Perhaps the fault is mine. I've always loved Weird Tales, Startling, and all the rest of the pulps. My stories are always the type published in those magazines, except for a very occasional experiment. But, I find evidence that I am right, and that the people who claim that science fiction must modernize are the ones that are dragging the field down into the dirt.

While I am a mathematics major, I have friends that are taking English, History, Engineering, Chemistry, and other subjects as their majors. I have a number of SF acquaintances also. Among my friends that don't read science fiction, I have made a number of converts by the use of books that I thought would interest them. At the top of the list are The Legion of Space, Face in the Abyss, and Howard's Almuric. Many fans that I know well are disgusted with the tripe that is being published and wish that they

ROBERT WEINBERG, concl:

would reprint or start writing again the stories of the thirties and forties, when entertainment was more important than the message. We are trying to have science fiction grow up overnight. Mystery fiction, which has been popular much longer than our own field has not grown as fast. Let Science Fiction mature slowly, don't force it. A number of writers can write good, mature SF, but a good majority can't. The only way the field will grow, is if we have more readers. New fans, especially younger ones, are not attracted by James Joyce's, but by Andre Norton's. When they asked, who was killing, or is killing s.f., the answer should have been that its committing suicide. Well, I for one, am hoping that this trend is reversing. The large number of fantasy adventure paperbacks points to me of a rise in popularity of the super, good guy hero. I notice that Ace is reprinting much of Kuttner, so I assume that they are selling well. IF has improved tremendously. Fantastic is still publishing adventure fantasy, even though it just about went out of business because of this. But, we can't just sit around and pray. Writers have to start writing things that are worth reading, for entertainment as well as meaning. And fans have to start supporting this trend. Otherwise, I guess I'll just have to sit back and read my old Weird Tales.

CHARLES E. SMITH, SCHOOL HOUSE, VILLAGE SCHOOL, CULFORD, NR. BURY ST. ED-
MUNDS, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND

It's nice to see that you haven't dropped your standards even though you're having to do the work of two. {{ Thankee kind sir; I tried at any rate. --BEM}} Ted White's article was the main meat of the issue. This was a real eye-opener. Is that really how novels get to be written and published? No wonder science fiction is in its present poor state. It's pretty obvious that the authors themselves aren't really interested in improving the standards. I'm feeling somewhat disillusioned. {{ You & Weinberg seem to be preaching the same sermon. I agree with some of the points brought up -- but not all. Insurrectionists?! --BEM}}

I'm especially disillusioned about the giving of Hugo's. I'm all the way with Scott Kutina about Davy deserving a Hugo, though I'm beginning to wonder whether this makes any difference. All I need is for Heinlein's Farnham's Freehold to win one and that's it; I'll simply refuse to take them seriously any longer. {{ I'd have thrown up (my hands) in disgust myself if Farnham's Freehold would have won -- but the results are in as you know -- once more things turned out ok.--BEM}} I don't understand how Scott Kutina can praise Davy in one breath and rave about Heinlein in another. Davy seems to me to do everything that Heinlein is trying to do in the way of creating characters, but Davy really lives and breathes, whereas Heinlein's characters never move out of the cardboard state they are conceived in. Sure, Heinlein was writing pretty good sf back in the '40's, not great by any means, but of a good professional standard. However, then he had a good strong editor to cut out most of Heinlein's padding and sentimental streak. Now of course he's big enough to go out on his own, more's the pity. Now he is really indulging himself with no-one to say him nay, forgetting all about his primary duty to write an entertaining novel. Farnham's Freehold really made me want to throw up. It's all right to have your hero, representing the good old pioneer spirit and the far right of Barry Goldwater...and I don't mind if you arrange it so that he comes out on top. If you're writing a polemical novel, that's your privilege; the reactionaries have as much right to write their committed novels as the liberals. But when you stack the cards in favor of

CHARLES SMITH, concl:

your hero the way that Heinlein has done for his hero, then the whole thing becomes completely incredible and can influence nobody. The symbol of the liberal in the shape of Farnham's son is never given a chance to put forward any kind of real opposition to his father's reactionary arguments. The old man is able to mow him down left, right and centre. But even Heinlein must have more knowledge of the liberal philosophy than this. Perhaps he wasn't quite so sure he could argue convincingly against a real liberal.

Sorry to hear Jack Eldridge is dropping his column. I'm going to miss him. Can't go along with Ted and his comments on Carmen MacRae and Tristano - is he still playing by the way? It's years since I've heard any of his sides - I'm not quite sure what Ted meant about Tristano. Does he mean that Tristano is the greatest jazz musician of all time and by not playing him Eldridge is selling out or what? I can hardly see Tristano as a musician I'd feature regularly in a record spot. I was under the impression that his influence was pretty short-lived anyway, and the only major musician to come under his influence was Lee Konitz and I don't seem to hear much of him anymore. Maybe I'm wrong; I certainly don't know much about the present jazz scene.

I liked the comment of the John Birch Society that Great Britain is 50/70% communist. With the present socialist government going great guns, I would have thought they would call us 100% reds. Nice also to see Pete Jackson praising up the Animals. After the Beatles, I dig them next. {{UGH, there's where you & I part company, Charlie....BEM}}

One last comment to Scott Kutina. "As long as there are writers like Heinlein still going, science fiction will have no worries about anything." Then it's about time Heinlein did stop, since it's about time science fiction started worrying, about everything. {{Hear, hear! (We're back on the same track again, Charlie!) I agree 100%.--BEM}}

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

Night crew head sounds something like navy job or maybe even a navy location, but I'm glad to hear that you can claim to be its civilian equivalent. It is equally good to learn that the other Bill has survived the first, worst part of his enlistment.

Now that the prozines no longer publish stories behind the stories, I am happy to run across items like Ted White's article. Of course, it's much more frank and detailed than the department of blessed memory in this and that old prozine. It bears out the Bob Tucker theory that a novel is much easier to sell than a short story for many fans. Curious, how the civil rights fight has affected editors. Someone cuts all those Negro references from the White-Carr novel, while just last night I watched a Faulkner documentary on television and the editor of this hour-long presentation of scenes from Faulkner country and the writers of the dialog made it appear that the white-Negro relations are the only thing Faulkner ever wrote about.

Fanzine poetry has sorely declined, so the Biggle project is a good idea. Maybe fans just don't write poetry anymore, although I'm more inclined to believe that the poetry of a few fans published eight or ten years ago was so bad that it discouraged a whole future generation of fans from writing verse. But there was the time, in my early years in fandom, when the fanzine editor was swamped with submissions of poetry and the fan who contributed fiction or articles to fanzines almost automatically showed

HARRY WARNER, concl:

up in them with poetry too, occasionally. One interesting project (and don't dare suggest that I do it, because I haven't the nerve or the time) would consist of publishing a whole batch of poetry written by famous ex-fans when they were very young, without identifying the authors, and asking today's fans to try to fit a list of names to the poems. You would be surprised at the fanciful poetry once written by today's prosaic pros like Pohl and Lowndes.

Curiously, Davy was to me the one weak character in the novel that is his namesake. It reminded me of another famous novel whose hero had the same given name, and was shadowy in comparison with the brilliance of Mr. Micawber and Uriah Heap and Peggotty whose name I think I've just misspelled.

An excellent lettercolumn, and not just because nobody was too mean about my article. The way I heard the story about the Dave Ish novel, it was accepted on the basis of a sample section but he never finished it. It's surprising to find Lupoff mentioned prominently in belly-button fandom. His capacity as a leader of Burroughs fandom should make it difficult for him to accept the assignment without pleading conflict of interest, in view of the oviparous nature of the characters who make up the Martian Burroughs stories. ((Normally, Harry, it would be surprising...but at the time of the conception (there's a pregnant word for you!) of belly-button fandom we were all in close proximity to lots of free booze being handed out...see?? --BEM)) Scott Kutina's question might be answered by the suggestion that Heinlein wasn't attacked in the fanzines many years ago because fanzines didn't publish nearly as much criticism of science fiction then as they do now. I know that this is wildly in conflict with the accepted assumption that fanzines keep trending further and further from science fiction as years roll along, but I'll be blessed if I remember things that way.

Bill Temple's letter made me simultaneously rueful, proud, and thoughtful. I've felt embarrassed for a long while about such regular appearances in lettercolumns, but the only alternative other than gaffiation is a persistent policy of waiting three months to write those letters and I get too nervous when fanzines pile up over such a period. My continued interest in fandom after all these years might be the result of a psychological imbalance, but there's still a faint chance that it derives from the fact that I have no family responsibilities, the thing that bumps off most fans eventually. Occasionally I feel guilty or inadequate or both when I think about former contemporaries in fandom making a living out of science fiction while I keep on fiddling around with fanzines. ((We like you in fandom better...& you mentioned before you DID sell professionally, but didn't really care for it.))

I liked both covers this time. The front cover might have been more effective if less detail had been visible in the girl's face & if her left arm had been in a position more in keeping with the alarming posture of her other extremities. Nothing but praise can be uttered for the back cover.

DAN ADKINS, BOX 516, RADIO CITY STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

I've been working for Wally Wood, of MAD, MARVEL COMICS, EC's etc. Ever seen TOTAL WAR put out by GOLDEN KEY comics? Second issue is due out any time now I guess, since Wally already passed a copy on to me. Anyway I pencilled the third issue, 32 pages or around 160 drawings in three weeks, while also working steady. You try that some time...looking up AR-10 machine guns, F-104 Starfire plane pictures, tanks, recoilless rifles, etc. Also did 10 pages, pencilling and inking on a new magazine coming out, comic book, called THUNDERSQUAD. 64 pages, be out first of Sept. I think...first week or something, Tower Publications. Wally Wood cover. I did the DYNAMO part, second half...I think there's a first half... and Wally inked enough of it to give it his style and his wife helped. We did it in six evenings...

Made \$1,100.00 in four weeks free lancing...I did some other things besides work for Wally but haven't time to go into all that. I think I've told you that the wife is going to have kids...looks like twins and I want to buy a house and all that. Fannish activities will have to be held back for awhile. OUTLET will profit from it all as I'm learning how to do comics faster..also will have work by Wally Wood now..and Jack Gaughan and others.

Oh...I didn't have anything in mind when I did that cover..I just started sketching the guy in the foreground from a photo of a friend of mine and the rest just sort of worked its way into the drawing. Photo was taken in a gym with a towel around his neck.

Make up your own story behind it or have your readers do so...I just draw them, I don't explain them. Some little thing will set me off and I just draw. {{ O.K. all you brilliant fans...think up a good title for the cover, will you? --BEM}}

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

DOUBLE:BILL manages to get more interesting material per issue than almost any other fanzine I read, and #12 is no exception. I like the front cover -- the sort of abstarct effect Gilbert gets with different texture-shadings appeals to me in this and other examples of his work that I've seen. {{ S'funny, but I didn't care for it too much, we've got others by REG I like better; but Bowers picked out the front cover, while I chose the bacover.}Incidentally, rumor from Pete Jackson has it that REG has got disgusted with fandom, and won't draw for fanzines any more. REG?? Is this true? Are you Out There?? I'd like to hear from you on this.--BEM}} The back cover is amusing.

If much sf writing and editing gets done the way Ted White described it in his article, no wonder so much crud is published in the field. Of course Ted and Terry were writing a juvenile and apparently looked on it as hack-work, so maybe the situation is better most of the time.

Panicdotes. Ouch!

Scott Kutina's review of DAVY is a good appreciation of an excellent book, and I share his enthusiasm for it. But is it sf? It's a superb picaresque novel that happens to be set in the future. It's another of those fringe books that so damnably often turn out to be better than the real stuff.

BEM: I don't recall saying that Ballard, from Tucker's book, was

BANKS MEBANE, concl:

despicable. I think what I wrote was that he was a miserable creep, which chimes with your calling him pitiable. Although come to think of it, he was basically pretty rotten -- remember that his last action in life was to lift the hero's wallet. ((I don't recall exactly what you said, myself, but in general I'll stand corrected.--BEM))

I hadn't noticed the 500-word sentence in Roger Zelazny's story, but after seeing your comment, I went back and reread it. It's not really one long sentence, just several thrown together by the use of semi-colons, dashes and awkward constructions instead of periods. It's an interesting experiment perhaps -- but I hope he doesn't continue in that vein. Those tentacular, proliferating monstrosities of sentences that Faulkner sometimes used were more of a piece, but I don't think they were very successful either.

Charles Smith: You sound ready to stop reading sf. I wonder if you'll make it. I've tried quitting a couple of times, but I always backslide -- it is like a drug habit.

Ben Solon: I didn't mean that all literature before this century was concerned only with being entertaining -- just that the writers seldom lost sight of it. Dickens was a real gasser in his day, although I've never found him more than mildly diverting. As for Dostoyevsky, I think CRIME AND PUNISHMENT is one of the most enthralling books I've ever read -- entertainment is not all fun-fun stuff, you know.

PFC EARL E. EVERS, US51533159,269 SIG CO. (SVC) APO 58, N.Y.N.Y. 09058

"Panicdotes-2" was just a little too good as fiction to end in a pun, I felt more disappointed than amused. Here's a suggestion for a switch - why doesn't someone write a Feghoot without a pun at the end, substituting some extremely cryptic phrase? What would the reaction be? I'll bet very few fans would admit they hadn't "got" the pun!

A poets corner in DB? Wouldn't be a bad idea if the editors ran it, but farmed out the way it is, and Lloyd Biggle stating that he won't acknowledge or return submissions won't encourage many fans to send him poems worth publishing elsewhere. So all he'll get are a few scraggly verses from neofans and a scattering of failures from other fan poets sent to him for hope of salvage. Now if he'd take poems that have already appeared in fanzines, I'd imagine he'd get quite a few more. A poem, even a fan poem, is a Hell of a lot of work, more work than you realize unless you write poetry yourself, and no one likes to just cast one on the waters. ((The purpose of the poetry column, as I understand it, is to help the fans improve their poetry. Thus a beginning of more or less "poor" poems is expected. And the response this first time was more than adequate, from the fans; it should get even better as the column continues.--BEM))

DUNCAN MCFARLAND, 1242 GRACE AVE., CINCINNATI, OHIO 45208

Just flipping through Double:Bill #12, it is certainly a most attractive fanzine. I like the cover; it is very striking. I believe I've looked harder and longer at that illo than most any other recently. Gilbert has depicted a really eerie looking place.

I'm glad to see you're still wholeheartedly in the Tricon fold. I never could understand the attitude taken by the West Coast fans that support Syracuse. Of course there are many, i.e. Rick Sheary, that are in back of the Tricon. I suppose West Coast fans feel that if Syracuse wins

DUNCAN MCFARLAND, concl:

wins the con will revert back to the coast one year sooner, in '67 instead of '68. Yet they are playing with a Pandora's Box.

I see that John Trimble in Yandro's lettercolumn has even gone to the point of piling derogatory remarks on Ben Jason, and calling hi "untrustworthy". Besides being invalid -- Ben has produced six sets of Hugos for six con committees -- such remarks on Trimble's part are just plain ill-advised. To whom does he think he will turn to ask for a set of Hugos in '67 or '68 when Los Angeles again has the con?

I didn't finish Davy. It just got too boring. Which was a surprise and a disappointment to me because I had enjoyed the novelet The Golden Horn very much when it was published in F&SF. When rewritten in the first part of Davy however, the horn incident merely seemed a sort of coffee break which Davy, the character, took from his main line of work -- seducing the girl. Roger Zelazny at the Midwestcon seemed to agree that at times Davy really bogged down, but he liked it a lot anyway because as Roger put it "The writing was so damn good."

My feelings on fiction in fanzines tend to be just the opposite of those of Art Hayes. Faan fiction I very often enjoy for the satirical element. Fan fiction I usually skip unless it was written by someone I knew personally or for another exceptional reason; I've got a stack of prozines depressingly high just begging to be read. Hayes seems to feel that an audience or "means to distribute" is necessary in developing ones ability to write fiction. He's wrong; what is needed is not really the audience but the discipline to write regardless of who reads the end result.

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

Sorry to hear of Mr. Temple's gafia; he has been so fiery in recent Zenith's that this comes as something of a shock.

I never suspected that Kutina was a rightist. Though FREEHOLD is not as bad a book as some people would have you believe, it is definitely nowhere near STRANGER in quality. And what was so terribly wrong with POD-KAYNE? Scott implies that STRANGER didn't shock him -- does then the idea of an intelligent girl offend his sensibilities? (I admit that I cannot, with any confidence, state that I have encountered such a phenomenon, but I believe that the theoretical possibility of an intelligent young female is certainly a valid scientific speculation...) Or is he afraid to identify with a female protagonist? Is he afraid that such an action on his part would place a question mark over his manhood? Reminds me of a passage from Sheckley's Hereafter, Inc., in which the little "Transplant" pusher says, "'Why be a man all your life? You've proved your point by now / I've always wondered if that was a pun_/. Why belabor it?'"

Si Stricklen's latest PANICNOTE isn't on a par with his first: The writing isn't as smooth; none of the lines are funny, as they were in #1; and the finish is just a bad Feghoot. I might add that Si's first effort created a believable, if wacky, character, whereas PANICNOTES #2 did not. Perhaps I'm a patsy, but after I started reading the story of Harry Norf, I assumed it was a humorous character sketch based on a real individual (that is, until the stfnal elements came into play). I believed in Harry Norf; I also believed that D:B had made the greatest find in the history of fandom. Now I'm not so sure. Perhaps Si has shot his wad in the humor

ALEX EISENSTEIN, concl:

category for a while, and should turn to some other form of writing?
(Wait and See!! Scheduled for next issue is a real dilly by Si, which I think is even better (and wackier!) than PANICDOTES 1. I still think he's the best find in fandom for a long time. #2 was just one of those things -- every writer has his bad days, you know. --BEM}}

For once, Buck Coulson is boring. Hmm.

Yes, I remember your contribution to the traditions of belly-button fandom, Bill. I vaguely recall my own contribution -- something about links of finger-loops (see illo), but I forget what it symbolized, exactly... (It symbolized SIAMESE BELLY-BUTTONS...remember now?! And one I invented that wasn't as good, holding the finger and thumb to make a slanted one, symbolizing CHINESE BELLY-BUTTON.-BEM}}



SIAMESE BELLY-BUTTONS



CHINESE BELLY-BUTTON

The ambassador from ATom & Rotsler's belly-button fandom was ATom, of course. Actually, ATom's version started after Rotsler made some snide remark, via cartoon, about ATom's cartoon navels (you know how they always have three tickly-looking hairs sticking out about four-and-a-half feet?) ATom & Rots were having a cartoon war, as you no doubt will recall.

Contrary to Harry Warner's pronouncement, Little Orphan Annie now does have something in those goose-egg eye-sockets: each contains a tiny black dot for a pupil. No iris. No eyelashes or eyelids. Just a dot. I used to think some things were stable in this changing world of ours, like little Orphan Annie's white sox, which she never changes. Now I don't know.

John Boston: Clarke may be a writer of fruity purple passion, like in Childhood's End, but cross-overs are rarely any better. Bernard Wolfe cannibalized many books (not just s.f.; chunks of all sorts of philosophies were thrown in whole and undigested) to "compose" his novel LIMBO.

Viggiano's proposal wouldn't work in Chicago -- not among Negroes. Negro cops in Chicago are familiar with the high crime rate of their race in this city, and when they catch another Negro committing a crime -- well, "police brutality" isn't the right name for what they do to a Negro petty thief when they catch him. No Negro in the city would want to be arrested by a Negro cop -- alone.

Oh, yes, I enjoyed the essay on the Haggard "classic" by B. Mebane.

DICK GLASS, (Vacation address:) 20539 GRESHAM ST., CANOGA PK, CAL. 91306

Ghod, am I really that bad?!? The bacover doesn't really look as well as it did when I first finished it. (Maybe it was poor from the start.) The spot on p. 9 turned out very well. It's one of those in which one has the problem of "which way is up?" with a different mood and story could be built around each view of it.

While we're discussing art, I think the front cover by REG is a bit much on the cross-hatching and squiggles so that it is hard to "read".

DICK GLASS, concl:

As for interior art (besides my own), Barr was his usual great (despite the fact that his little "cutes" become tedious after a while) and the team of Rotsler and ATom did a good job once more. The two Jeeveses were humorous, 'nuff said.

Is the Dian Pelz spot (p 23) supposed to be a bit of JRRTolkien art? It reminds me of that warrior maid in the Ring book who wants to go off to Helm's Deep and fight with the men. You know, the one who confronts the Black Rider during the battle in Return of the King. ((It's possible Dian was thinking of that scene when she did it -- but she never informed us of what it might be. I like it, anyways, and prefer to think it as being a Ring illo, myself.--BEM))

I happen to have a "juvenile epic" of S.F. nature which just might be innane enough for Monarch. Perhaps if I pad in another 14 hundred words to bring it up to 45,000... ((Touch luck, fella...Monarch Books folded..BEM))

I think that Davy would have made a great trilogy. All through the book he keeps hinting at occurances in the past (future) when he is King of Fools and aide to the Duke, but he never tells us what happened like he promised us he would. It's true the thing was getting a bit on the long side and the reader's interest might waver a bit, but Pangborn should not have accelerated the pace so much at the end to have a mere gloss over everything (perhaps he was late for his deadline, or something). Also, one becomes interested in the fate of Davy after he sails on his voyage of exploration. Also my brother's review was of a play (3 playlettes, really) and not a movie review as you put forth on the contents page. ((Very sorry about that error, boys... I haven't the faintest idea of why I assumed it was a movie instead of actual plays, but I did...--BEM))

ONWARD TO THE WAHF'S:

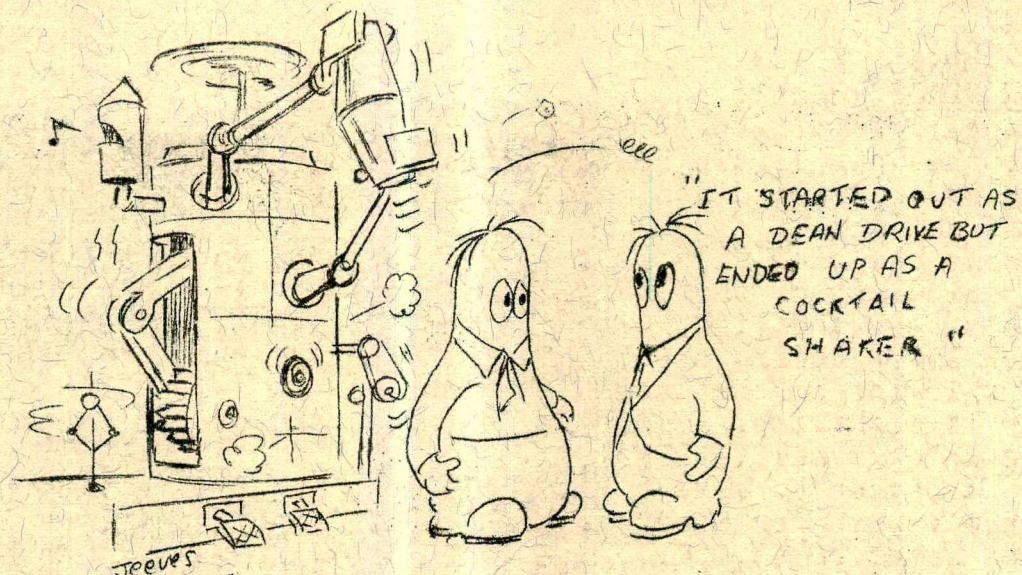
Speaking of Bill Glass, we also heard from him...and surprisingly enough, he didn't catch my error. Bill didn't like the front cover either, (seems like the fans were about 50-50 on that) and wonders " what do those numbers mean on REG drawings--drawing # such-and-such of the year or what?" Well, something like that....just knock out "of the year" from the sentence above and you've got it; he doesn't number them by the year, but through the years, as he draws them. Bill also thinks Ballantine published a Hugo winner of '64 -- Brunner's The Whole Man. Kutina & you both picked wrong -- tho Ballantine won a Hugo, best novel was Leiber's The Wanderer.

Dwain Kaiser is another also-ran this time around. It's too short-- and besides everyone else said the same stuff he did -- only better! It's not that I dislike you, Dwain, but exposing a blackguard's letters like yours toooften to these young, innocent, neofans is too much. You're just plain insiduous!

Andy Zerbe writes and sez: "I was part of an air force family until my father retired after 23 years of service and I don't think we ever lived in a town which disliked military personnel. The last two bases we were stationed at were probably typical examples. Craig AFB is located at Selma, Alabama about 50 miles from here. If Craig ever gets closed down Selma will shrink to the status of a small town immediately, and the people there know it."

Other Wahf's are Scott Kutina, Jim Cawthorn; and Jim & Ann Ashe sent a \$1. gift sub for Ann's brother. First time I heard of that in fandom! BEM

the BEMS'
CORNER
editorial
by
BILL
MALLARDI



No, don't throw this away yet, fans -- it's only D:B #13 you hold in your hands. (And be grateful you ARE holding it.)

Bowers (pp 4 & 5) hints at changes in D:B, and tells you to read my editorial for the info. So here goes...you asked for it. Ever since Bill left for the service, part of D:B #11, and all of #'s 12 & 13 were paid for by me, contrary to what you may have believed from our contents pages.

(Bill mentions being in the hospital, but neglects to say why -- he had his jaws operated on, and all of his teeth were pulled, and dentures put in.) While he was going through all this I left him alone, figuring he had enough troubles. So I paid for D:B myself. But it finally got to me -- and my wallet -- and I had to write to Bill and draw the line -- either come through with some loot or drop D:B. (After this issue I was going to "suspend" D:B until late next year, if at all.) Bill's reply was to agree to start sending money -- and also suggested changes for the zine. Which I wholeheartedly agree with. Hence, starting this issue, the price has gone up to 30¢, and 4/\$1. Starting next issue (which will be out around Feb.-March): D:B will be cut to around 30 pages. Except for overseas mail, it will no longer be mailed in those expensive envelopes; it will be mailed flat -- protected by crudsheets..(after all, it's a crud-zine, isn't it?!) No copies will be sent free, be ye BNF or no; ALL free-loaders will be cut off the list, even if we supposedly "trade" and your magazine hasn't been out in 6 months or more; I'm going to try like hell to cut our mailing list down to about 150, instead of the 200+ it is now. So check your label on the envelope THIS ISSUE, to see what YOUR status is. Also, no more expensive covers for a while -- until much later, at any rate. Printed letters will still get free issues, but the WAHF's won't. We mean business, so plan accordingly. Stick by D:B, & it'll stick by you.

Sorry to be so terse about it all...but my wallet protests muchly. And though I enjoy fandom and fanzine publishing a helluvalot, it won't become a "way of life" for me. Especially when it comes to spending my money as much as I did. I think Bowers also suggested I mention this: The changes in D:B coming right after the Hugo results, some nasty-type

fans might suggest we're doing this either to "spite" the fact that we didn't win, or because we were nominated in the first place. Far be it from us to be so low! The only reason we're doing this is strictly monetary...and nothing else! We both are disappointed we didn't win, of course, but any fan who's zine was nominated would feel that way. Our congratulations to Buck Coulson and YANDRO are very sincerely given...they've deserved it for years. Down deep we figured it would win, anyway, which is why our disappointment isn't as bad as it might have been. But now that I've quelled the possibility of anyone accusing of the aforementioned, I shall shut up on that matter.

My apologies for all the typoses this issue -- but unlike NIEKAS, D:B hasn't a poorf reader. Just a poor proof reader, is all -- me. I rushed a bit too much in getting this issue out (even though it IS late!), and some pages I didn't proof read at all except AS I typed. I guess it's the only time in fannish history that a Dian Pelz femme-illo has a "be" in her bonnet!

Regarding my requests in two places this issue for "captions" for the two covers, I'd better explain that a bit more. On receiving Adkin's cover I immediately wondered if it illustrated anything, so I wrote back to Dan and asked. I told him it looked to me like either the man in the foreground was under the spell or control of that creature, or vice versa. Thus, my suggestion for a caption would be something like "TEACHER'S PET". But I'm sure some of you fans can think of something better than that, so send them in, ok?

The bacover suggested a caption to me of: "...now on THIS play, the left-blatszfum circles 'round, enters hyperspace, and outflanks the Agorian fleet.." There are many other possibilities for it. Mine aren't official, they're just suggestions. To make it more interesting, let's make a contest out of it: The two Best picks sent in get a free copy of D:B added to their subs.

As you may have noticed on the cover, this is a "special fiction issue." Originally I had intended three pieces of fiction for this issue, but decided that was a bit much. The two I used though, are very good, I feel. I like them both, even though the styles of both are exactly opposite. THE BOX, by Joe Fekete, is a more open style, mainly using dialogue to tell the story. AUTUMN LEAVES, by Charlie Smith, has less dialogue, and conveys a different mood through it's almost heavy-styled narration. Strangely enough, though, both tales (to me) are sort of similar in that they seem to be a bit surrealistic. I'm curious to know what you thought of them -- I don't always use or like tales with "downbeat" endings, but these appealed to me, and this time it worked out that way.

Oh yes, one other item. This may be assumed by most fans, but just in case I'd better state it here in print: Not all the beliefs, statements, and opinions held by the contributors of D:B are neccessarily those of Ye Editor(s). Controversial subjects we may often print in DOUBLE:BILL, to stir up interest, but that doesn't mean we agree with them. (For example, Lew Grant's article on birth control this issue.)

Since I couldn't make the Loncon, I was very happy to hear that Ben Jason and his committee have won the Tricon bid in '66. It should be a Blast! See you in Cleveland next year? I'll be there to start a new string of conventions in a row!

BEMmishly, Bill Mallardi

EXTRA ADDED DETRACTION

IT'S BARGAIN BASEMENT TIME!!

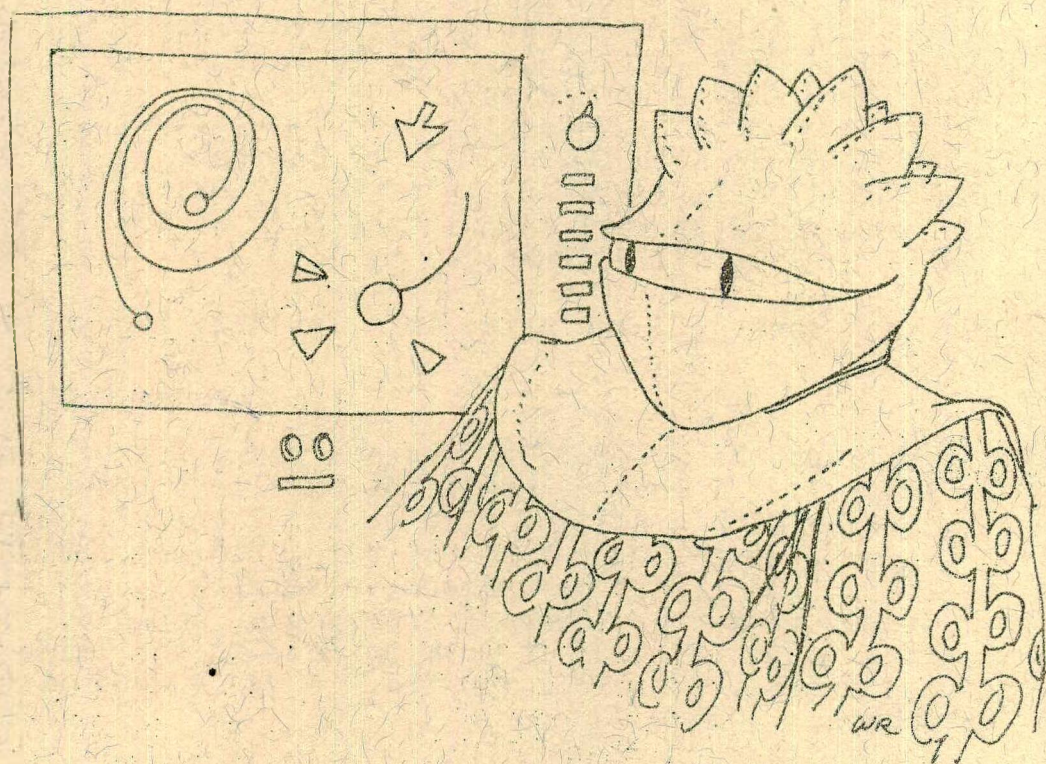
The following hardcover books are FOR SALE:

(Code: * means NO DUSTJACKET) If there is no * after title, dustjacket
is on book.)

NECROMANCER by Gordon R. Dickson -- \$1.50
WHITE LOTUS by John Hersey ----- \$3.00 (\$6.50 new!)
STRANGERS IN THE UNIVERSE by Clifford Simak - \$1.50
BEST FROM F&SF (8th Series) Ed. by Boucher -- \$1.50
BEST FROM F&SF (5th series) " " " -- \$1.50
OMNIBUS OF SF*Ed. by Conklin ----- \$1.50
ASTOUNDING SF ANTHOLOGY * Ed. by Campbell--- \$1.50
BEST SF STORIES & NOVELS, 1956* Ed. by Dikty- \$1.50 (Has the
Science Fiction Book Index by Earl Kemp in the back of book)
THE FOURTH GALAXY READER* Ed. by Gold ----- \$1.25

If you want them all, the price is a low \$12. Otherwise, first
come, first served.

NOTICE: While at the MIDWESTCON (where I had a lot of fun,
natch....) I lost my small but excellent Brownie Starmite
camera, with a roll of film in it. I think I left it on
a poolside table, but am not sure. Did any fan who was
there find it? Or see someone else pick it up? I'd
deeply appreciate hearing from you if you did. (If no
fans found it, then it must be lost in the limbo of
mundanedom. Tch. Tch. Too bad, it was a good little
camera...) BEM.



INFORMATIONAL FLYER ON THE 24TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION THE TRICON

OFFICIAL MAILING ADDRESS:

24th World Science Fiction Convention
P. O. Box 1372
Cleveland, Ohio 44103

MEMBERSHIP FEES:

\$3.00 for an attending membership; \$2.00 for a non-attending or supporting membership. Mail to above address.

WHEN: September 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1966.

NOTE: Although the convention officially opens on Friday, September 2nd, we will open the Registration Desk on Thursday, September 1st at 6:00 PM and will follow with a WARM-UP PARTY at 8:00 PM for the early arrivals.

WHERE: The Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel - conveniently located on the Public Square of Cleveland and accessible to all forms of transportation. The Railroad Terminal is located in the same building as the hotel; the Airport Limousine makes its first stop at the Sheraton coming in and the last one going out. The Bus Terminal is no more than a 10 minute cab ride away.

PARKING: FREE 24 HOUR PARKING for all guests of the hotel. The management assures us that this free parking includes UNLIMITED in-and-out privileges at no extra charge.

ROOM RATES: \$7.85 for a single; \$13.85 for a double, and \$16.00 for a twin bedroom. All 1,000 rooms are AIR CONDITIONED, with private bath, radio, and T.V.

RESTAURANTS: Five (5) up-to-date specialty restaurants: (1) The Minute Chef, open 24 hours a day, for fast counter and table service; (2) The Town Room, a coffee shop serving breakfast, luncheon and dinner; (3) The Bunch of Grapes, an early American Tavern serving buffet style luncheon, cocktails and snacks in the evening hours; (4) The Falstaff Room, featuring steaks, prime ribs and chops for luncheon and dinner and (5) the exotic Kon-Tiki Restaurant, serving Polynesian style food and beverages.

BANQUET: While the Committee hasn't made a definite commitment on the Banquet, we have scanned the menus and can happily report that the Banquet will run no more than \$5.00. Indications are that it will probably be about \$4.50.

GUEST OF HONOR: L. Sprague de Camp, author of "Lest Darkness Fall", "The Incomplete Enchanter", "The Wheels of If", "Genus Homo", "None But Lucifer", "The Stolen Dormouse", "Rogue Queen", "Tales From Gavagan's Bar", "Lost Continents", "The Science Fiction Handbook", "The Ancient Engineers", etc.

DISPLAY TABLES: To encourage the maximum use of our large Display Room and the tables therein, the Tricon announces that no charge will be levied for the FIRST table, but a nominal charge of \$5.00 will be charged for each additional table. These tables, approximately 3 feet wide and 6 feet long, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis. This is an excellent opportunity to sell those rare collector's items and to advertise those new hard-cover books and fanzines. Contact Bill Thailing, Secretary-Treasurer, for reservations and details.

PARTIES: In addition to the above mentioned WARM-UP PARTY on Thursday, Sept. 1st, there will be four (4) additional parties - the second, third, and fourth parties will be bidder-sponsored parties on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday respectively, culminating in a fifth one, a FAREWELL PARTY by the Tricon Committee for those poor lost souls and die-hards on Labor Day, September 5th. The Tricon Committee is donating FREE BEER and a room to serve it

in for any recognized bidder who makes application to the Tricon Committee. This is also on a first-come, first-served basis.

AD RATES FOR PROGRESS REPORTS AND THE PROGRAM BOOK:

COPY DEADLINE for Progress Report No. 1: November 30th, 1965

" " " " " No. 2: March 1st, 1966

" " " " " No. 3: June 1st, 1966

" " " " " Program Book: July 15th, 1966

Full Page	(PREPARED Copy Size 6-1/2" x 10")	\$8.00
Half Page	" " " 6-1/2" x 5")	\$5.00
Quarter Page	" " " 3-1/4" x 5")	\$2.50
Filler Copy	" " " 3-1/4" x 6 lines)	\$1.00

NOTE: There will be a \$2.00 extra charge for copy (except for Filler Copy) not provided in the specified sizes. Rates are for one insertion only and please specify whether your ad is for a specific Progress Report or the Program Book.

Please be advised that this Informational Flyer, because of space limitations, lists only the bare essentials. Most of the matter listed in it will be dealt with in much greater detail in each of the Progress Reports. Or, anyone desiring more detailed information before the issuance of the Progress Reports, may write the Committee at the address listed on the reverse side of this page.