

double:bill 15

(TRICON edition; \$.50)



'TRICON' Edition

19 SEPTEMBER 66

double : bill

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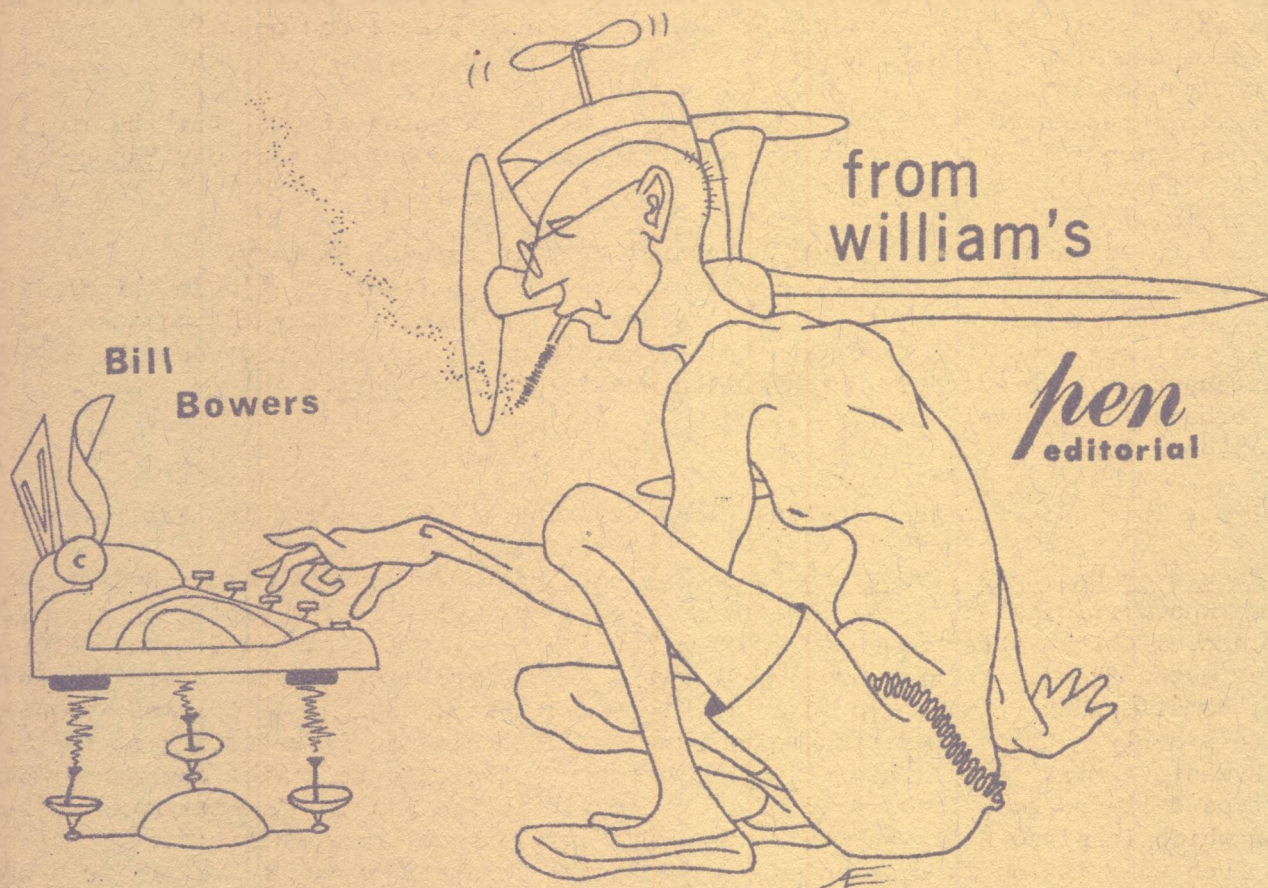
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ART CREDITS \$ Alex Eisenstein - 4 \$ Dan Adkins - 10 \$ George Barr - 13 &
14 \$ Bill Bowers - 16, 19 & 29 \$ Randy Scott - 18 \$ Margie
Smith - 31 \$ Terry Jeeves - 33 \$ ATOM & Rotsler - 34 \$ REGilbert - 53 \$

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(Trade copies to Bowers, also, would be appreciated.)

This is a King Rex Publication.



The nice portrayal just above--of your well-fed Editor hard at work creating the new Literature of the Future--is by Alex Eisenstein. For those of you wondering about significance of that 'thing' on my shoulder....those of you with long and uncluttered memories will recall that in this column a while back (D:B 11) I was complaining somewhat bitterly about Mallardi. Aforementioned co-editor was then leaning over my unprotected back, forcing me to finish my editorial for that particular issue. It seems as if some minor thing was happening the next day...hummm..oh yes! I was leaving for basic. Thereupon, with my usual swiftness and wit-thinking, I instantly invented the handy little gadget you see before you--to prod Mallardi back to a more reasonable distance.

There was a name for it....

I, rather modestly I think, called it my 'shoulder blade'.

Yes.

And may yours be as sharp.

Come to think of it...it seems as if Double:Bill has come up with at least one distinguishing feature. It is that of belatedly illustrating previously published items. And the prime culprit seems to be Alex....remember the bacover of #14? (That's o.k., Alex ole Air Farce buddy...we'd rather have you illustrate late for us than have a lot of people do it on time. And you'd better believe it!)

Speaking of the Military--*HALT!*...notice the subtle tie-in?; look real close--I was reading the Coa's in the latest Yandro (161), when a rather frightening thought

struck me. (I struck back, but it was just too quick for me.) Back to the coa's--I get my inspiration for these editorials from some of the damndest places--one of those listed was for Earl Evers. Now we all know who E.E. Evers is: damn good fan poet; umm ...fair...fiction writer; and the most recent addition to this publication's growing staff. (The 'third nothing' indeed! Why...that makes Mallardi and me...?)

Also, man about the U.S. Army.

What about the coa?

Well, I had known for some time that Earl would be going to OCS. But the frightening implications of such a course had never occurred to me before that day Yandro came.

OCS. Officer's Candidate School.

Humm...

I think we have here a situation unparalleled in Fannish History.

You see--for those of you who have neglected my subtle hints--I'm in the Military, also. U.S. Air ~~Force~~ Force. As an enlisted man...and buddy, that ain't no ossifer!

So tell me...you that have been in the Enlisted ranks: How would you like having a Lieutenant as a co-editor? I mean...like what's the procedure?

Perhaps you can tell me, Earl...

...uh...Sir!

P.S.: This editorial asks the Question: Has Bowers finally Gone Too Far? Stay tuned.

Return to Us, Oh Belly Button Fandom: Those of you--Lupoff's; ATom; Rotsler; & Others--who participated in the momentous Founding of Belly Button Fandom at the 2nd Pacificon, might be interested to know that our quiet little organization has recieved an unexpected shot in the ~~ass~~ arm.... In Grump 8--the pro-distributed fanzine of Roger Price, sometime humorist--there is a full two-page spread of some of the more commonly available belly buttons. Unfortunately, other than persisting in referring to the b,b.'s as 'navels' (a nasty word, that)--Grump unexcusably neglects to depict one very important type belly button. I am, of course, referring to the superb ATom-created sub-belly button which inspired Belly Button Fandom: the unsurpassed three-hair variety.

Such an omission is most unforgivable; and I Urge all of you to write--as I will --to Mr. Price, in a last-crease effort to get this deplorable situation straightened out.

(As an Aside: It has been suggested--and the motion is herewith placed on the floor--that perhaps the most apt setting wherewith to portray our belly button would be in a water setting. Maybe beside a bubbling stream. Or...Yes! You know...three hairs in a fountain.)

Recommended Reading: Harold Robbins' THE ADVENTURES, along with the Question: If this book was sold, on the basis of a one-sentence plot, for an estimated million \$\$\$ for publishing & movie right...what happened to the Plot?

Non-Recommended Reading: Roger Zelazny's THIS IMMORTAL...because it makes you wonder why the hell neither you nor anyone else can write that damn good!

Recommended Viewing: THE TENTH VICTIM...I'm sure it's s.f....I mean it's set in the Future and All That. Recommended as an experiment in nothing.

Non-Recommended Viewing: Hitchcock's 50th: TORN CURTAIN. Just because it has a smoothly written screen-play, and excellant performances by Newman & Andrews...that's no reason to get all excited about it....

Another Damn Question: At the MidWesCon, it was suggested by Ted White & Others, that perhaps D:B--layout and contents--was a bit uninspired. Now then, your Eds have personal Opinions & the belief that we're trying to improve with each issue--but: How are we coming across? R.V.S.P.

...in Cleveland, don't ignore...Bill Bowers...⁻⁵⁻

YES, IT'S

ROBERT
COULSON

AND HIS
MILD-MANNERED

fanzine
REVIEWS

ONCE
AGAIN.

pas=tell #20 (Bjo Trimble, 12002
Lorna Street, Garden Grove,
California - irregular - 5 for \$1)

The last two issues have arrived
about a month apart, bearing out Bjo's
claim in this issue that PAS is be-

WALLABY STEW

coming a more frequently appearing
fanzine. (A side note here is that a
lot of free customers are going to be
cut off the mailing list.) This is
the fanzine for fan artists; Bjo re-
marks that it is not traded for other
fanzines because it is intended to
help artists, not enrich fanzine col-
lectors. This issue has a large

assortment of letters, an article on solder sculpture (there's a new med-
ium!) by Fred Hollander, and the judge's comments on the Fan Art Show at
the Westercon. Along with this were samples of entry blanks for art for the
TriCon; you can get more entry blanks free for asking. If you're an amateur
artist, you'll probably get your money's worth out of PAS-TELL.

skyrack #91 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, York-
shire, Gt. Britain - monthly - 6 for 3/6 or 50¢ - USAgent, Robert
Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348) Or if you want it airmail, it's
6 for \$1 -- and if you don't want stale news, I'd advise airmail service.
Even in good times it takes third class mail a month to cross the Atlantic.
This is Britain's news fanzine. Big item here is that Kyril Bonfiglioli is
retiring from editorship of IMPULSE and Harry Harrison is to replace him;
thus the British magazine will be edited from the United States. I don't
know; Tony Boucher successfully edited F&SF from California, but Avram
Davidson didn't do so well when he tried to edit the same mag from Mexico.
Previously Harrison has edited three issues of a promag; the last three of
the first U.S. publication named SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. Let's hope
IMPULSE doesn't fold as fast as SFA did after Harry got it.) Another item
of importance is that a new British sf mag, ALIEN WORLDS, is due out any
time. (I've seen an ad featuring what I take to be the Eddie Jones cover
illustration; I only hope the stories are as good. It looks great -- but
then, so did the Dollens cover for the first GAMMA.) In any event, if you're
interested in British science fiction and/or British fandom, SKYRACK is a
good fanzine to have around.

ratatosk #37 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif-
ornia 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) A US version of SKYRACK. Here
we have the same news (in a condensed form) about Harrison and Bonfiglioli,
plus European fan news, new publications of interest to fans, changes of
address (invaluable for harried fanzine editors; fans tend to jump around
like nervous fleas), an item about the N3F Story Contest, etc.

A rising splinter group is Diplomacy fandom, organized for the sole purpose of playing Postal Diplomacy. (A game; it has nothing to do with the utterances of Mr. O'Brien.) I have sample fanzines here; BROBDINGNAG #40, edited by John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada, selling for 10¢ per copy, and a couple of titles, DIPLOPHOBIA and FANTASIA, both published by Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906, and both calling themselves DIPLOMANIA Supplements. Oops; here's a third one, DIPSOMANIA. All of them published at 20-day intervals and priced at 10 issues for \$1. (I got them all stapled together, which added to the confusion caused by the fact that I've never even seen a Diplomacy layout, much less played a game of it.) I'll probably get around to playing after everyone else has got tired of it. From what I have gathered, Diplomacy is sort of a combination of chess, Monopoly, and political ethics, in that each player moves armed forces, builds supply centers, and double-crosses everyone else whenever possible. Both editors were looking for players when these issues appeared; if you're interested, write them for information. (They may be full up now; the game seems to have attracted more players than the current Gamesmasters can handle. But you can always get in line for the next round.) A feature of this BROBDINGNAG is a resume of the last game, by winner John Boardman, which helps give newcomers and outsiders an idea of what goes on. (And it contains one lovely line: "Russia joined the attack against Germany, but it broke down after 1901 when Koning turned Russia over to Paul Harley." Without even a protest from Rasputin, evidently.) Come to think of it, maybe they don't build supply centers; all the talk is about "occupying" supply centers -- usually ones belonging to a former ally. Join a game and find out for yourself.

quip #3 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11034 - quarterly - 30¢ - co-editor, Len Bailes) This seems to be the columnar fanzine. Besides two editorials and a letter column, we have fanzine reviews by Ted White (who is rather mild this time around) and general-type natterings by Rich Mann, F.M. Busby, and Ed Cox. In addition there is humor by John Berry and Gary Deindorfer, and fiction by Katz. Deindorfer's article will, I am sure, be acclaimed as a classic of fan humor. I didn't like it, of course, but then I never cared much for the overdone satire, or "Get Smart" type of humor. If you do like that sort of thing, this is a fine example. Cox discusses such fannish items as topless costumes for bar girls, which seem to be going great guns in California. I can't say that it made me pant with anticipation, but if you're young and impressionable (or even old and impressionable) it might. Berry tends to pour on the corn in his description of a staid British psychiatrist assailed by Irish fandom, but since I'm partial to puns I enjoyed it anyway. Katz attacks Lin Carter's fan column in IF (with quite good reason, apparently), and spends several pages telling what a great thing publishing associations are. He didn't convince me, but he had a good editorial. In the letter column, Greg Benford mentions in passing the idea of taking a poll of the Ten Best Fanzines of All Time. Main trouble here would be that the results would depend almost entirely on which fanzine took the poll. Readers of QUIP and readers of, say, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY are not likely to vote for the same choices of all-time best. This is a big mag -- 40 pages plus a fancy 2-page lithographed cover -- and it is the current big-name "fannish" zine, succeeding VOID and INNUENDO. It's a pretty good example of its type.

Coming back briefly to the attack on Carter; some of it is opinion (references to Carter's style and so on.). But there is one item concerning

a deliberate falsehood; crediting Ted White with something he didn't do because Ted is a pro and newsworthy and the actual participant was merely a fan. I won't give the details -- for one thing, Katz is using hearsay evidence and it would be third-hand by the time I repeated it and fourth-hand by the time you did. But I would very much like to see an explanation from Carter. He may have a perfectly valid explanation. For that matter, I'd like to see a comment from the original source of the statement, Dave Van Arnem. But if the facts are exactly as Katz presented them, Carter deserves a very cold shoulder from all of fandom.

sirruish #2 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - quarterly - 25¢) This is the official organ of the Ozark Science Fiction Association. This runs heavily to reviews, with 9 pages out of 23 devoted to them. Books, comics (well, CREEPY #10), and folk-rock records. The books reviewed include such out-of-the-way items as a factual hardcover on the Loch Ness Monster (I'll read it when Ace reprints it.). The reviews suffer by being by various reviewers. This is probably nice for the fanzine editor and the reviewers, but hard on the reader. The only way to tell how well a given reviewer sits with you is to read a number of his reviews, and also read the books he has reviewed. The larger the number, the better. Then you can tell whether the reviewer's biases oppose or complement your own, and you can judge how far to trust him. (For example, Damon Knight's criticisms are probably the best in the field, but I would never use one of his reviews to decide on whether or not I would like a given book. For that function, I want P. Schuyler Miller.) When there are four reviewers in 9 pages, it's hard to remember who reviewed what, and what sort of job he did. For example, Warren James was highly impressed by Jeff Sutton's mediocre thriller, Atomic Conspiracy. "Sutton's world is ruled by intellect. This is one of the major differences between this and other sf novels." Aside from the fact that Sutton's vast intellects are never shown as being any smarter than an average citizen of today, this review is obviously by a fan who hasn't read much stuff. But will I remember this when I see his name on a review of a book I haven't previously read? Probably not. James Hall's reviews read well, but since I haven't previously read the books, I can't criticise. Other reviews are about average. There is also fiction, a comics column, and a letter column. Most material is seriously concerned with science fiction -- even the letters. Quality seems fair to good. Artwork and reproduction are both good, and enhanced by some color work, for people who enjoy it. It looks particularly good on the gray paper used in SIRRUISH.

kaleidoscope Vol. 2 #2 (Don Shay, 96 Dearborn St, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts 01028 - trimestrial - 75¢) This is a half-sized lithographed fanzine devoted to movies. This particular issue is devoted entirely to Buster Crabbe; 32 pages of text and photos, plus front and rear photo-covers. This is really more material about Buster Crabbe than I care to read, since I'm not a movie fan. However, I turned the mag over to Juanita, who is a movie fan, and she said she was "very impressed" by it. And it takes a better fanzine to impress Juanita than it does to impress me. (Some people may not believe this, but that's because I talk about my opinions and Juanita doesn't. In fact she doesn't even bother to read 90% of the fanzines we receive, and seldom has a good word for the other 10%.) Anyway, I should say that all fans interested in the old adventure movies and serials should get KALEIDOSCOPE, and all fans interested

the wsfa journal #27 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland - biweekly - write the editor and ask about rates) This is the official organ of the Washington, D.C. sf club. Originally it contained mostly club news, but recently it has been going in heavily for reviews of books and magazines. In fact, I believe it contains the only reasonably literate reviews of current sf magazines now appearing. (I note that reviewer Mebane at one point refers to an article by Moskowitz on "Tom Swift, his ilk, and his writers." I believe that should be, "Tom Swift, his electric ilk, and his writers".....) This issue also carries news of the Eastern Science Fiction Association, a tribute to David H. Keller, and some general fan news items. People in range of Washington meetings may well find the material about meetings and parties sponsored by various East Coast clubs of value; if you're away from the area, you may be interested primarily in the reviews. (If you don't like either club meetings or reviews, there isn't much in the mag for you, at present.)

Niekas #16 (Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301 - quarterly - this issue 50¢) Normally it's cheaper, but 98 pages plus 2 covers is a pretty big mag. Not that NIEKAS isn't always big, but not this big. A lot of it, which I mostly ignored, is devoted to Tolkien. However, there are plenty of other things. There are two positively lovely poems; "The Fans" by Carl Frederick and "The Edyssey" by Nan Braude. Frederick's is perhaps the best; Braude's has fascinating rhymes but is a bit too personal to be of wide general interest. Carl parodies Poe's "The Bells". ("See the dark and furtive fans, Bit /big?/ name fans. They are sitting in dark corners hatching monumental plans.....") And there is one bit of Tolkien-ana that even I liked; Roger Zelazny's tribute to Sauron. There are a couple of articles on foreign fandoms, reviews, and loads of letters. NIEKAS originated the idea (at least in modern fandom; I'm sure someone will come up with a forgotten fanzine that did the same thing 20 years ago) of segregating letters by topics. After trying this once in YANDRO I have vast admiration for NIEKAS' editors. It's a fine way to do things, if one has the time and patience necessary. I seem to have concentrated on the poetry; there are articles and illustrations and stuff, and usually all of them are good. It's just that this time the verse is better. With the issue came a loose-leaf portfolio of Diana Paxson's artwork. She isn't my type of artist.

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-9-

THE House of the Hanged Man

fiction by:

ROGER
ZELAZNY

As I walked through the House of the Hanged Man, there came to me a voice from behind in the darkness.

"Where are you going?" it asked.

But I did not answer. I walked on through the Red Room for an age and a half, and as I paused at the threshold of the great Orange Hallway the voice from the distant cellar-darkness came again.

"Where are you going?"

I moved up the Orange Hallway, and the walls receded and returned like the pulsebeat of Time, bringing with them loads of orange chairs and high paintings of great orange expanses. The orange-rust was upon the empty suits of clanking armor, and on the banisters that swirled with the stairways up and up and up.

After generations of orange furniture and tapestries, I saw ahead through the mist the entrance to the Yellow Vestibule. I quickened my pace, but the black voice appeared again behind me, just as I drew near.

"Where are you going?"

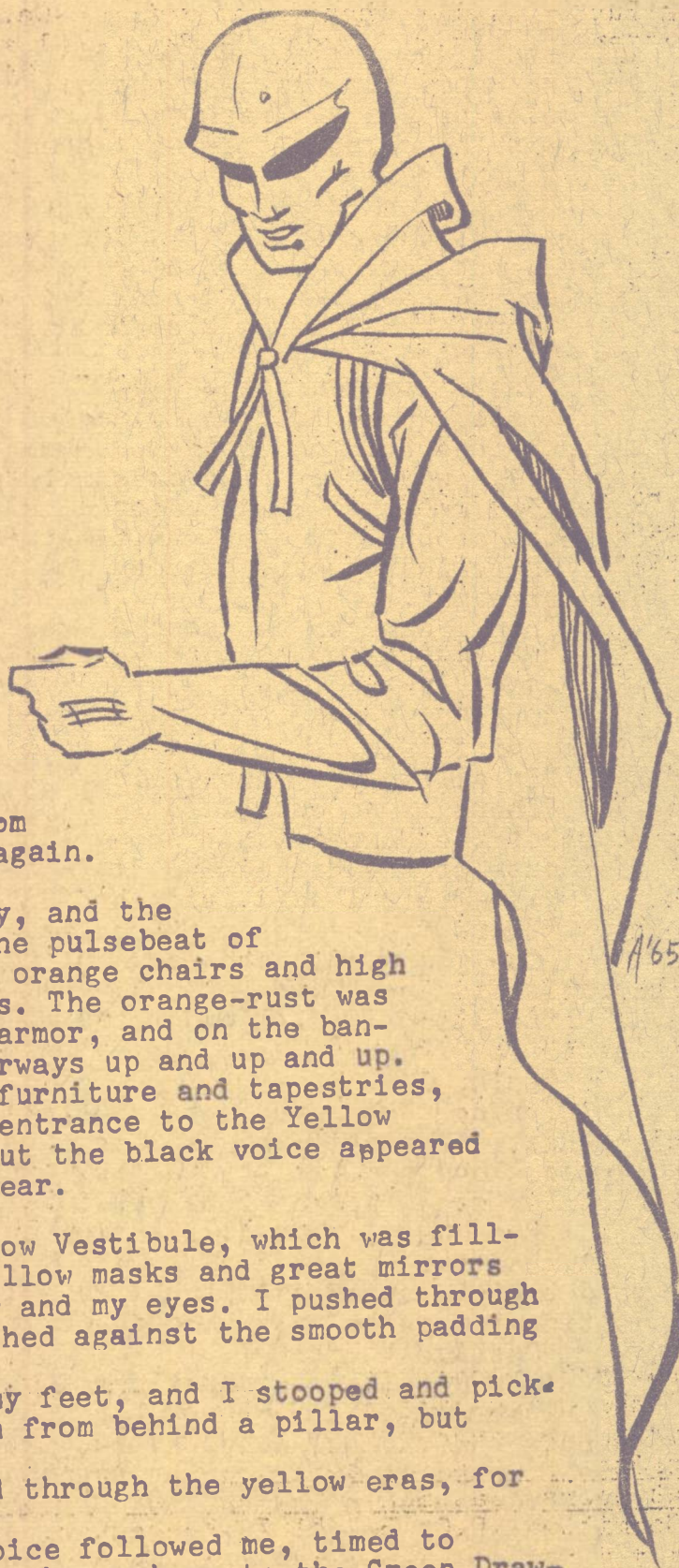
Hurrying, I entered the Yellow Vestibule, which was filled with cast yellow cloaks and yellow masks and great mirrors in which I saw nothing but yellow and my eyes. I pushed through the soft yellow hangings and brushed against the smooth padding of the lemon walls.

A yellow silk glove lay at my feet, and I stooped and picked it up. There came a soft laugh from behind a pillar, but when I looked there was no one.

I kept the glove and hurried through the yellow eras, for I was afraid.

The deep-dark, stark-dark voice followed me, timed to arrive just as I set foot beneath the archway to the Green Drawing Room.

"Where are you going?"



I rushed ahead, for I had to see Green, now that I had known Red and Orange and Yellow. I plunged through the million angles of the Green Drawing Room, for that was the color of grass, he had told me, that was the color of grass. Green wind, green boughs, ship on a green sea... That was the color. Horse on a green mountain... The color of...

Something.

Now it seemed as if there were footsteps far behind me, or at least a steady clicking sound. I skidded across green centuries, wishing to linger, but fearing, wishing to stay awhile amid the color of grass, but fearing, to step behind a hanging, to pass within a green place, to stay.

Then I came to the Blue Boudoir; and the voice, right at my back now, addressed me again.

"Where are you going?"

I sped ahead into the place of robin's egg, sky, morning glory, which he had told me would be there. I burst through blue-canopied bed-hangings, swerved by blue dressing-tables, couches, petite divans, tasselled hangings (like waterfalls, the Hanged Man had told me), through closets, around and over vanities, luggages, linens.

The clicking came nearer, and I burnt ages in a blue flame of passage, speeding.

Then I came to the foot of the Violet Stairway.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" asked the voice of cellar-based, cellar-hearted blackness I had left.

"Out!" I cried. "Outside! Where there is grass, and trees, water, birds, wind, sun..."

"In all colors--married!"

"There is no outside," said the soot-dark voice. "There is only the House of the Hanged Man, forever and ever and everywhere. There is only the House of the Hanged Man."

"You lie!" I said, setting foot upon the first violet stair.

"There is no outside," repeated the black, black voice.

"The ghost of the Hanged Man told me--as he hovered, batlike, from a rafter in the Black. He told me!"

"He lied, lied, lied. There is only the House. Come back now to the Dark."

"No!"

I ran, taking the steps two at a time, flashing by the violet statues, the people who had forgotten how to move, there in their violet niches along the Violet Stairway, where they stood, unseeing, having also forgotten how to look outside themselves.

Up and up, I raced, slipping on soft millenia of violet carpeting.

Then far up ahead of me I saw the Rainbow Door, reaching high beyond belief, standing slightly ajar, just as it must always have been, waiting for me to pass through it, forever.

"Outside!" I cried.

A hand fell on my shoulder.

I screamed all the way back, but the hand remained, guiding me through the violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, red--back.

I cried as I passed through the Green Drawing Room and the Yellow Vestibule, but in the puff of an instant they were gone.

The hand would not let go, because I wanted to run away.

I will never get out again. Never, never, ever. They had trusted me near the fringes of the darkness, but they will never trust me there again.

I will remain in the cellar-dark forever, and if I ever meet the ghost of the Hanged Man, hovering inverted, bat-like, from a rafter in the Black again, I will either curse him or bless him. I do not know.

If you should ever meet him, pass by.

But if ever you should somehow leave here, and pass through the Rainbow Door, and go outside, and depart from the House of the Hanged Man...

Then come back, please. Try. Try to slip back. Return here and tell me of the marriage of the colors, of the ship on the ocean, the horse on the mountain...

They tell me now that there are no colors: No. Nothing. Nothing ever was.

I was mistaken, they say, by a lightening of the Shadow. I saw wrongly, they say.

But they will never let me near the fringes again. No. Never.

But listen. Lean close, comrade, and listen. I have a thing to show you, a thing which they do not know I have.

It is a yellow silk glove...

---Roger Zelazny

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See the bones, boy?

See how they shine in the cold light
Of the gibbous moon tonight.

And the stones. -

Look how they stand, so still
As the wind blows chill.

See the glow, boy!

'Tis the hell-light of Him
Who waits in the churchyard grim
With the wench -

Mark how she stands, hypnotized, waiting,
And the others watch, palpitating.

See the vein, boy?

Feel its feverish pulse in her throat.
And watch the Master gloat

Over the blood -

As it reddens her nightdress so pink.
Now press your lips - and drink.

Michael L. McQuown

The Forms
of Poetry

I don't remember when it happened, or how, but I once invented a parlor trick. I would ask someone to lay out a poem for me, listing only the last (rhyming) word of each line. Then I would fill in the poem. A few years ago, when I was teaching a creative writing class for mental patients at a state hospital, I remembered this parlor trick and gave it to the class as an assignment. My students took to this with an avidity that startled me. Several who had attended the class as bored spectators suddenly commenced writing poetry. By way of illustration, here is an actual assignment: trees, high, breeze, sky; song, care, throng, fair.

And here are two of the poems that resulted from that assignment:

Orioles

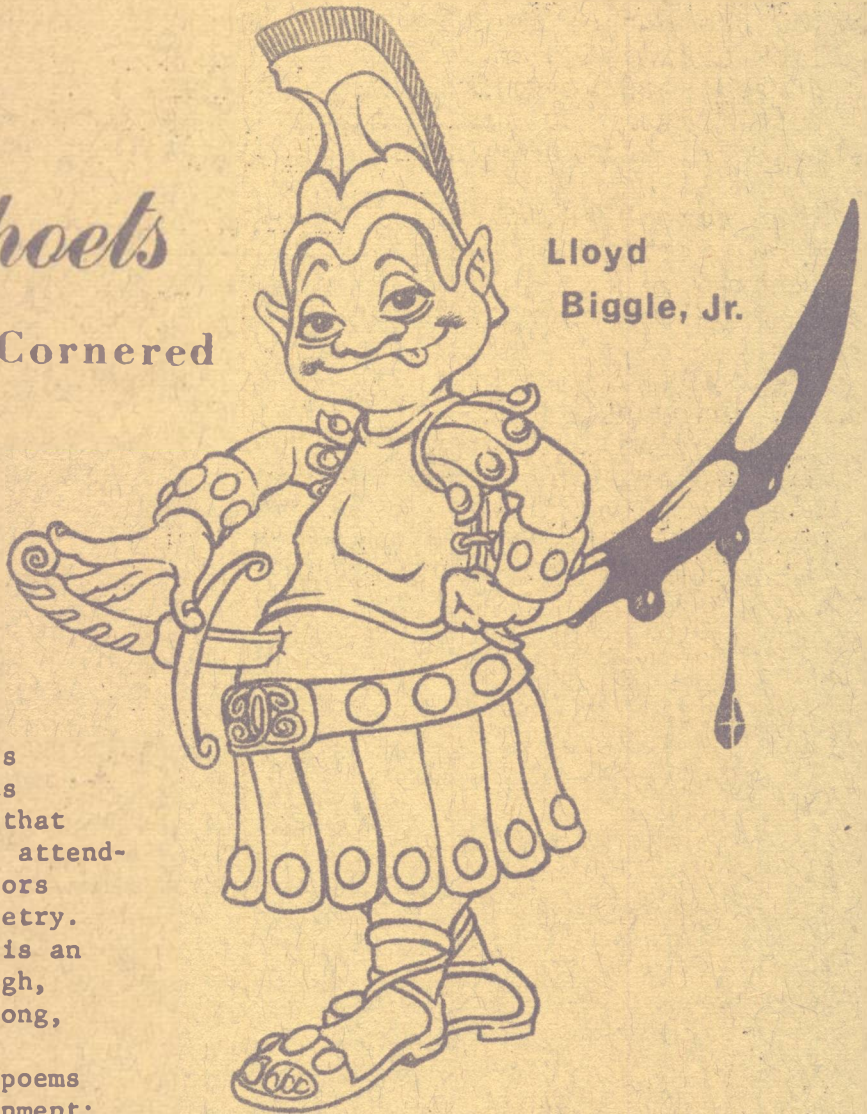
The fluttering songbirds in the trees,
Trill tender notes on high,
And merry love songs swell the breeze
Upon the cloudless sky.

They weave a nest and sing a song,
And give their young some care,
And high above the noisome throng,
Darts black and gold so fair.

I passed some examples along to a high school English teacher, who tried the technique with her students and is enthused about the results. Now I'm making a direct assignment to the readers of Double:Bill. Write a poem. Subject, form, length of line, rhythm your own choice. The only requirements are that the poem

the
poets
Cornered

Lloyd
Biggle, Jr.



Winter Song

Starkly stand the barren trees,
Branches reaching high,
As a sharp and icy breeze,
Whistles at the sky.

Now I sing a winter song,
All is gloomy care;
I must stay here with the throng,
And dream of days more fair.

must be eight lines long, and those eight lines must end with words of my selection:

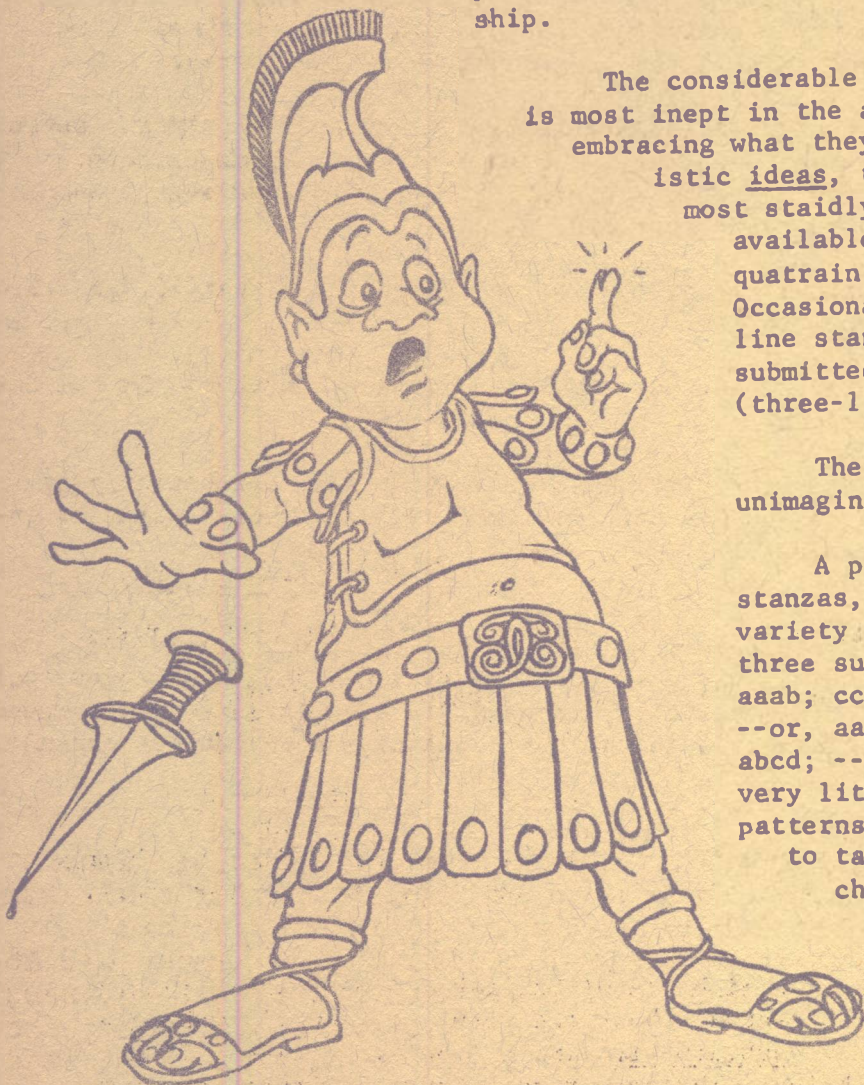
_____ rain
_____ mourn
_____ skein
_____ worn

_____ lure
_____ stress
_____ endure
_____ guess.

Send them in; Double:Bill will print them, or a selection of them.

And what does this have to do with form?

It's a discipline. Form is a discipline. This is the thing the young poet needs most. The person who can preform this trick with facility, and produce a competent poem, is well on his way to achieving poetic craftsmanship.



The considerable of fan poetry that I have seen is most inept in the area of form. While fervently embracing what they consider avant-garde or futuristic ideas, the fans present them in the most staidly conservative, unoriginal forms available to them. Most employ the quatrain (a stanza of four lines). Occasionally one sees couplets (the two line stanza). Only one of the poems submitted to this column is in triplets (three-line stanzas).

The rhyme patterns are equally unimaginative.

A poem of quatrains, four-line stanzas, has available a tremendous variety of rhyme patterns. A poem of three such stanzas might be rhymed: aaab; ccdb; dddb; --or, abbb, acbb; addd; --or, aaaa; bbbb; cccc; --or, abcd; abcd; abcd; --or, abcc; abdd; abee. It takes very little imagination to devise such patterns, but few fan poets are willing to take the trouble. Run your own check, and determine for yourself the percentage of fan poetry written in four-line stanzas, second and fourth lines rhymed, first and third lines unrhymed, the same repeated ad infinitum or

ad nauseam. I have no examples from fan poets that illustrate original use of form.

There seems to be a total unawareness on the part of fan poets that works of art are planned. The novice prefers to think of them as the result of a spontaneous combustion; admittedly this would require much less work. Spontaneous combustion has, very rarely, produced a notable conflagration, but its most common products are smudge and stench.

Devising new or complicated stanza patterns, either from the point of view of rhyme or rhythm, can be fascinating. Adelaide Crapsey invented one for the cinquain, or five-line stanza, employing one poetic foot in the first line, two in the second, three in the third, four in the fourth, and one in the fifth. One of her examples:

These be	1
Three silent things:	2
The falling snow...the hour	3
Before the dawn...the mouth of one	4
Just dead.	1

Fascinating--and s.f. fans write quatrains, 1st and 3rd lines unrhymed. They rarely even write sonnets. To me this is the great mystery of fan poetry.

Look. Take the Crapsey cinquain and modify it into a seven line pattern, seven lines of 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2 and 1 feet per line. Now superimpose a rhyme pattern: a,b,c,d,c,b,a; --or, a,a,a,b,c,c,b; --or, a,b,b,a,c,c,a. Or write two such stanzas: a,a,b,b,c,c,d; e,e,f,f,g,g,d. Or invent your own.

Write an hourglass poem, with lines of the following length: 4 feet, 3,2,1,2,3,4. Invent some rhyme patterns to go with it.

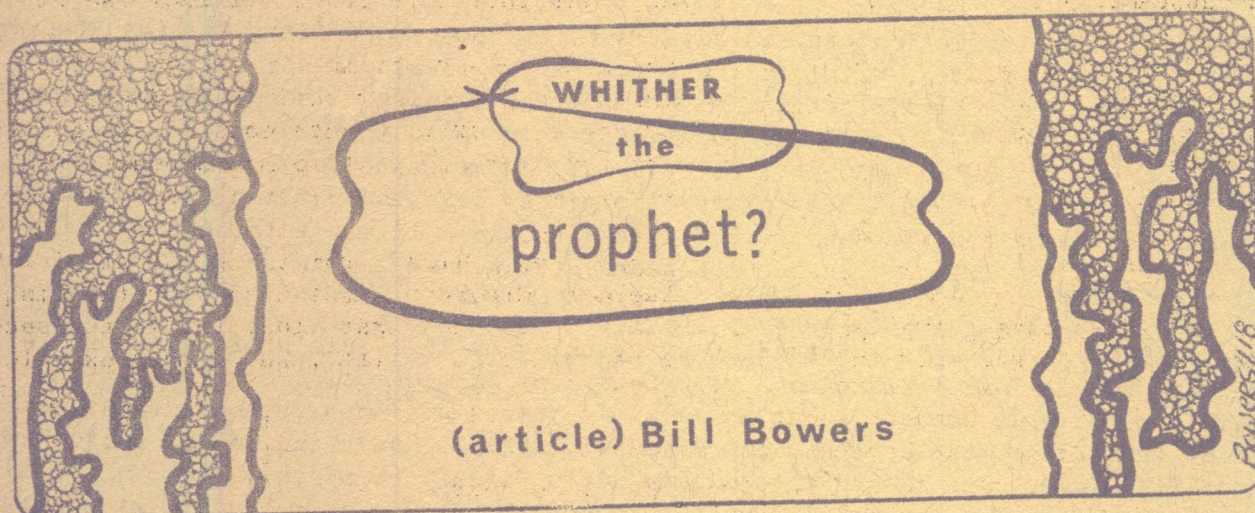
Study the strict French forms. Use them, invent variations on them. Do the same with the sonnet, English and Italian.

When you've finished a dozen such exercises, you'll be a far, far better poet. And when you've done a few hundred you may have achieved sufficient discipline to enable you to write free verse meaningfully.

---Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

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

ATTENTION -- AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: For some years now, I (Bowers) have been somewhat envious of Mallardi's having a department of His Very Own; c.f. "Double Trouble". Recently, it was decided that something must be done about this Deplorable Situation. Hence, D:B 16 will introduce a new department--under the tentative title of "Stardust"--consisting of reviews & comments on s.f. & fantasy: books; mags; shows; or What Have You. Contributions are welcome; indeed they are solicited. Material for SD should go to: A2c William L. Bowers, CMR Box 1106, Richards-Gebaur AFB, Missouri 64030. I'm holding a spot for *You*! -15-



They wrote of nuclear fission and it came to pass.
They postulate new science of the mind
They need not falter: Keep it up!
Predict new government, technological, authoritarian,
And who knows where it all can end? (1)

Robert Bloch's satiric view of science fiction is unfortunately accepted as the actual purpose of the field by all too many. Widely publicized instances of science fiction writers seeing their far-fetched paper-dreams becoming commonplace elements in our everyday world has fostered the belief that science fiction is solely in the business of predicting. After all, it is said, Jules Verne described the nuclear submarine a century before the United States launched the Nautilus. Then there was H.G. Wells: He predicted just about everything that can be found in the modern home, as well as many things still on the engineer's drafting board.

The fact that the field has produced a remarkable series of realized predictions is indisputable. Despite this, modern science fiction is not overly concerned with the prophesying of mechanical marvels of the future--although such dreams-come-true continue to be an important side-benefit of the field.

If not prophecy, what then is the raison d'etre of modern science fiction? A brief examination of the field and the trends it has followed may help to provide an answer for this question.

ii.

The origin of science fiction is still a matter of dispute among the historians, critics, and followers of the field. Some have suggested that the beginnings are evident in the works of Plato, Lucian, Sir Thomas More, and others. Another group agrees with Damon Knight: "The thing we are talking about crystallized out of older forms just about one century ago. The name we call it by did not come into existence until 1929." (2)

Whatever its beginnings, the emergence of science fiction as an independent literary sub-genre is a fairly recent phenomena. Edgar Allen Poe and Mark Twain wrote stories that fall under the title which has been assigned to the field. Jules Verne and H.G. Wells devoted a large portion of their literary output to the envisioning of the future. But as a self-realizing entity, science fiction was unaware of itself until the 1920's.

In 1926, under the initiative of Hugo Gernsback, the first magazine comprised entirely of science fiction stories was issued. Although at first Amazing Stories was made up of reprints, within a few years it had developed a regular stable of writers. With them, the field attained identity and acquired a sense of purpose which, although the emphasis has switched, has carried it up to the present.

Once started, the trend was irreversable. New magazines were born--and died; but there were others to take their place. The genre, like the national economy, has had its periodic booms and recessions. But it has become a firmly entrenched--if not 'popular'--part of the literary scene, and seems destined to remain so.

iii.

In 1957 the U.S.S.R. launched an artificial satellite into orbit. One of its immediate results was in forcing a reappraisal of our education system. Not so well publicized, it also brought about an agonizing reevaluation of the future of science fiction from those most actively concerned with it. No one thing in the short history of the field ever came so close to exterminating it as did Sputnik.

There were two major factors which brought about this through look at the field. The first: The science fiction world, as a whole, was pleased with the Russian coup. This delight was produced not by the nation involved, but rather by the achievement itself. To comprehend why this was so, it is necessary to understand the type of person who is strongly attracted to science fiction.

The science fictionist is an individual, and as such he does not fit into any one slot in society. He does not even fit neatly under the title of science fictionist, and as such is an elusive character to describe. But one trait--other than the prerequisite qualities of intellectual capability and a searching imagination--seems evident in a majority of these people. They are universalists; people who cannot see the world surviving as a multitude of bickering fragments. Far from being pacifists, there is nothing they welcome more than a rousing good battle. But they prefer to see this battle between man and nature, rather than man against man. Viewing the matter in this light, it is easy to see why a cheer arose from these ranks when Sputnik went into orbit. Looking past the immediate outcry, they saw that it was not primarily a Russian victory over America. Instead, it was a major triumph in the age-old battle man has fought to free himself of the shackles of gravity--which enslaves him to live and die on one small planet. As such, it was a victory of all mankind over nature.

The second major factor derives from the first.

Although pleased with the accomplishment, the science fictionist was placed in the uncomfortable position of wondering just where this left him and his field. Even considering that there were many other dream included in its sphere, the desire for space travel was the major gambit of science fiction and the driving force behind it.

The actual orbiting of an artificial satellite would not provide the immediate death-blow for the space travel gimmick story; that much was evident even then. However, it did make obvious the fact that in a few years a man would actually go into orbit. A decade or so later, the moon would be reached. And after that? ...Well, the stars were the limit!

Science fiction suddenly found itself in the position of seeing its prophecy come true within its own time. The science fictionist had accepted the reality of space flight with remarkable calm in comparison with the majority of the world. He was prepared for the coming of the Space Age through the reading of countless stories in which space travel was an everyday occurrence. He was not surprised that it had happened; only that it had happened so soon. True, actual space travel was still in the future, but it was now in the immediate future. This was something the science fictionist was emotionally unprepared for.

Stories could still be written with space travel as their basis. But all too

soon they would have to be written in the same vein as a mainstream writer would relate what had happened in New York City a few years back. Stories such as these were unappealing to the science fictionists' way of thinking. He had been weaned on science fiction when the field was far in advance of contemporary literature. Emotionally he could not consider being forced back into the here-and-now of the present.

It was not only the individual that was so wrapped up in the bringing-about of the Space Age, that he was unprepared for what would come after it. The field found itself in the same precarious position. With its major premise vanishing, the field was forced to consider the possibility that its output might go sour on its readers. In so marginal a field as science fiction--already almost dead commercially in the eyes of the publishers on which it depended to reach its market--such a situation could mean the death of the field.

Clearly it was time for the field to do something that would enable it to hold on to those few readers it already had, and hopefully gain the attention of others outside the field. But more important was the fact that science fiction had to come up with something which would enable it to maintain its claim to being the 'charter of the future'. If it did not, it would fast become a part of the literature of the present. If the latter occurred, it would definitely mark the demise of the field of science fiction.

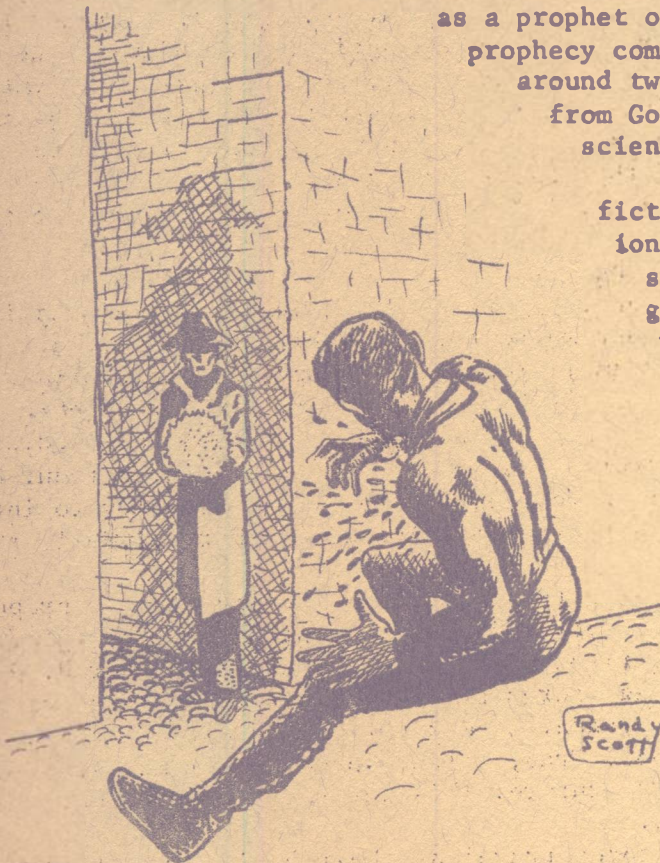
iv.

The reappraisal of the field made one thing evident: science fiction would have to produce a new unifying theme to provide a focus for the multitude of lesser themes which made up its body. It would have to replace space travel with either a brand new gimmick, or something as yet undreamed of. But no matter how desperately it needed such a gimmick, it was not immediately produceable for the beck and call of the field. The field was in a similar predicament as a prophet of God. This prophet has just seen his last prophecy come true, and is now in the process of sitting around twiddling his thumbs while awaiting a new vision from God. Thus began the transitional period of science fiction.

If one thing was consistent in early science fiction it was that, with a few notable exceptions, poor writing typified the field. In these stories, the gadget was the thing. Once the gadget was shown and demonstrated, the author was faced with the problem of ending his story as quickly as possible. Usually this was handled by "the scientist's unnatural death, which occurred with almost embarrassing regularity". (3) This over-abundance of poor writing is characteristic of every field of literature in its beginnings. Science fiction was the brash young advocate of ideas; as such it couldn't be bothered with the niceties of literary composition.

The low pay which has always plagued the field also contributed to the lack of literary style. No one was going to get rich writing science fiction; even today those making a living from the field could be

-/8-counted on the fingers of one hand. The re-



Randy 8-30
Scott 62

sult was that science fiction became largely a hobbyist's literary field. Quite a number of its writers and editors came up from the ranks of its readers and fans. This produced a close-knit group somewhat like a large family--which may explain the almost fanatical devotion of some of its advocates.

This personal involvement was in a large measure responsible for the continued existence of the genre, but did not contribute substantially to its literary stature. However, over the years a gradual increase of good writing did develop in the field. Even then, from a critic's standpoint, the quality level was quite low when compared to other forms of literature.

The gradually rising literary tone was brought about by three factors: 1) The efforts of a few remarkable editors who were determined to see the field mature; 2) The influence of a few skilled 'mainstream' writers who occasionally delved into science fiction; and 3) The emergence of a few genuine literary geniuses from within the field itself. (4)

However, during the transitory period, an increased emphasis on writing technique and style was applied to the field, although often at the expense of the 'idea'. A new wave of writers emerging in this period began experimenting with 'ways' of telling the story. This, although it raised much of the field out of the inept writing which had been its trademark, left science fiction in a state of turmoil from which it has yet to recover.

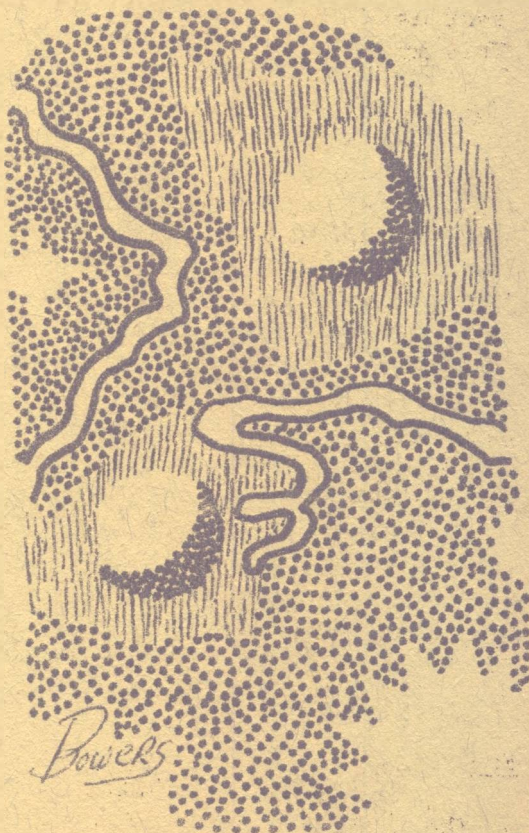
V.

John Campbell has said that, in general, science fiction can be divided into three broad story areas:

1. Prophecy stories, in which the author tries to predict the effects of a new invention.
2. Philosophical stories, in which the author presents, in story form, some philosophical question using the medium of science fiction simply to set the stage for the particular point he wants to discuss.
3. Adventure science fiction, wherein the action and the plot are the main point. (5)

Examining the prophecy story, it's found that while it remains a dominate theme in the field, it no longer exerts the overwhelming influence that it once did. The adventure science fiction story is a continuing part of the genre. All too often though, it takes the form of an outer space western--or 'space opera'. It is the major factor which pinned the annoying 'Buck Rogers' label on the field. When well done, it entices new readers to the fold and provides entertainment for the more seasoned reader. The form is with limit however, and the question of its importance to the genre remains open.

It is with the philosophical story and a newer form which we might call 'psychological science fiction' (for want of a more apt term), that the present state of the field is concerned. Science fiction has not yet produced a new gimmick to replace space travel, but it has seemingly arrived at a new sense of purpose.



The philosophical story is perhaps not as immediately vital to the field as is the 'psychological'. However, many writers are attracted to the former, and in recent years some of the field's past masters have turned to the philosophical story as the basis for their output. This form is attractive to writers in that it gives them a chance to present their ideas on the solution to the world's problems in fictional form. "It has been pointed out that writers as a class are not professional thinkers. Science fiction authors are more or less unique in that...they...act as though...they...were." (6)

It has been argued that the philosophical story is not really a legitimate form of science fiction. Regardless of whether or not it is (which may never be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned), this form has produced some of the field's most enduring works. A tangible side-benefit of this form--which perhaps justifies its place in science fiction--is that the readers often take violent objection to an author's theories. They may grant that the work in question was a valuable addition to the field, but object to the author's basic premise.

This questioning of an author's intent is virtually unknown in other forms of literature, such as the western and mystery fields. It is seemingly unique to science fiction and its followers. The ensuing arguments can last for years--and often do. But such arguments maintain a continuing interest in the field for its advocates. As such, the philosophical story is a valuable part of the science fiction literary scene.

With the psychological story, it seems that science fiction has found a purpose in waiting out the transitory period until the new unifying factor is found. It might be said that science fiction's most valuable contribution to date was the preparation of a sizable minority to accept the space age. Following this, it is to be hoped that the field's next valuable result will be in preparing this group to accept the fact that as the world changes, so do its inhabitants--and that they are what is important. This may be the result of the psychological story.

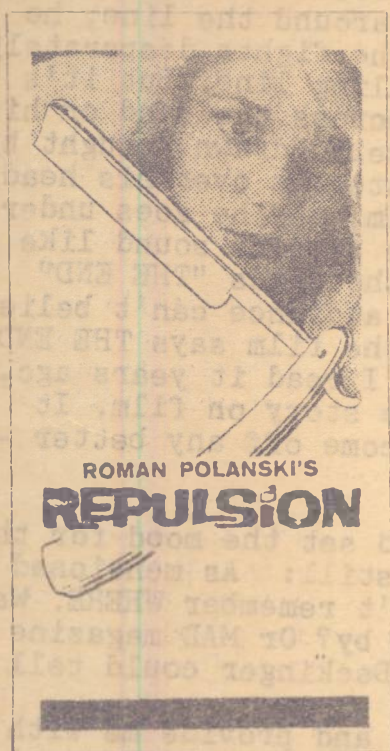
Whereas the author of the philosophical story often used the device of using a future setting for 20th Century figures to expound his personal views, the psychological story is more difficult. In it, the author not only creates a new or future world, but also creates its populace from that world. This is achieved by a detailed series of extrapolations, first mapping out a strange world, and then puzzling out the kind of inhabitants that particular world would logically produce. Rarely, the process is reversed and the people come first, then the world--but this is not usually a successful procedure. Whichever way the problem is approached, one rule is unsurmountable: The world and the populace of it must be thoroughly compatible. Neither one can be a transplant from some other time or space.

vi.

In the philosophical story, present-day humanity is examined (often quite ruthlessly) from an other-time viewpoint. In what might be called the psychological story (admittedly not the best term imaginable), a pattern is laid down for what humanity might become if certain predetermined conditions should arise. In both form, humans rather than gadgets are the important consideration.

Therefore, it might appear that--for the present--science fiction has forsaken the gadget-minded mechanical base of its youth. Instead, it has appointed itself the examiner and foreteller of humanity. The success and wisdom of such a course remains an Open Question. Are the Answers ready to be put forth?

Footnotes: 1) Robert Bloch; THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM; p.170. 2) Damon Knight; A CENTURY OF SCIENCE FICTION; p.9. 3) Lee Saprio; Riverside Quarterly I; p.4. 4) The author's list of 3 such geniuses: Theodore Sturgeon; Jack Vance; Roger Zelazny. 5) John W. Campbell in THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION (Conklin, ed.); p. vi. 6) Kris Neville; "Guest of Honor Speech"; Riverside Quarterly I; p.20.



PROLOGUE:

Before going into the main review, I simply must comment on the short subject that was shown ahead of **REPULSION**, namely:

THE FISHERMAN

(Based on an Idea by Al Feldstein & Bill Gaines)

As my date and I sat down on entering the theatre, the above titles appeared on the screen. Immediately, way in the

Bill (BEM) Mallardi REVIEWS

"REPULSION"

back of my head the title rang a bell. I couldn't quite place it, but I was sure I had read the story somewhere before. But the credit underneath...Feldstein & Gaines! Why, any damn fool knows who

they are. They published the E.C. Comics and MAD magazine. Although I couldn't recall where I had read the story, the plot came to me in a flash -- I knew just what was going to happen in the film! I couldn't resist a light laugh, and turning to my date, bragged: "Honey, I know just what is going to happen in this film...I read the tale years ago." Though of course I didn't tell her the plot -- what there was of it -- "You just wait and see for yourself," I told her. I didn't want to ruin it for her. It sure was a weird feeling though...being smug because I **KNEW** what was going to happen, while the rest of the audience sat there, unknowingly watching, waiting for the punch line. Made me feel like a Superior Being, almost.

The Scene: A lonely fisherman, complete with the usual fishing gear: hat, long hip boots, etc., casting out into the Sea, with his tackle box and lunch nearby on the sand. (No words were spoken during the entire reel, but the sound track brought the cries of the sea gulls, and noise of the breakers, etc., across vividly) Every few casts he'd catch a big fish, unhook it, lay it on the sand, then grab a bite to eat from his lunch box. The sandwiches went, and a few more fish were caught; beverages and fruit devoured, more fish caught; two or three candy bars were eaten, the wrappers discarded. Another fish was reeled in and joined the others on the sand. He had quite a haul by this time. Finally the fisherman turns, looking for something more to eat. Rummaging through the box, he finds it empty of all but papers. Then he spies it, lying on the sand near the lunchbox. A lone candy bar. Must have fallen out. (The audience is very quiet and apprehensive...) Picking up the candy, he unwraps it, bites into it.

"Whup! Snick! Whirrrrr!" A giant fishhook catches solidly through his cheek... gasps of horror and surprise from the audience... a thick, rope-like line leading into the ocean jerks him completely off his feet! "Whirrrrrr!" On his belly, writhing like a snake, his hands clamped around the line, he fights its pull. Moans and gasps escape his lips as he fights desperately to get free from the painful hooks and horrible pulling line. But it's no use... Slowly, inexorably, he's pulled, dragged across the sand on his stomach, into the water! Out, out to the sea he's being drawn, caught by some unknown "Fisherman" from the Deep, until the water is over his head; eventually it pulls him down, the water laps over him, and he goes under for good. Exclamations of amazement from the theatre patrons sound like a beehive of activity...and then cries of surprise as the words "THE END" appear on the screen over the now peaceful Sea. The audience can't believe that's all there is -- there must be MORE! But no, the film says THE END, so it must be! That's just how the story ended when I read it years ago, and Feldstein & Gaines did a good job in putting the story on film. It can't be argued that the punch-line ending doesn't come off any better -- it's a real shocker to those not expecting it.

After it was over, I mused...what a good way to set the mood for the upcoming feature... However, one thing bothers me still: As mentioned I read the story before...but for the life of me I can't remember WHERE. Was it in one of the old E.C. Horror mags of years gone by? Or MAD magazine itself? (Or was it in an anthology?) I'll bet Mike Deckinger could tell me...or one of you other fans out there.

So would one of you please set my mind at ease and provide me with the exact information? I'd be very grateful. --BEM. Now, on to the review of:

R E P U L S I O N

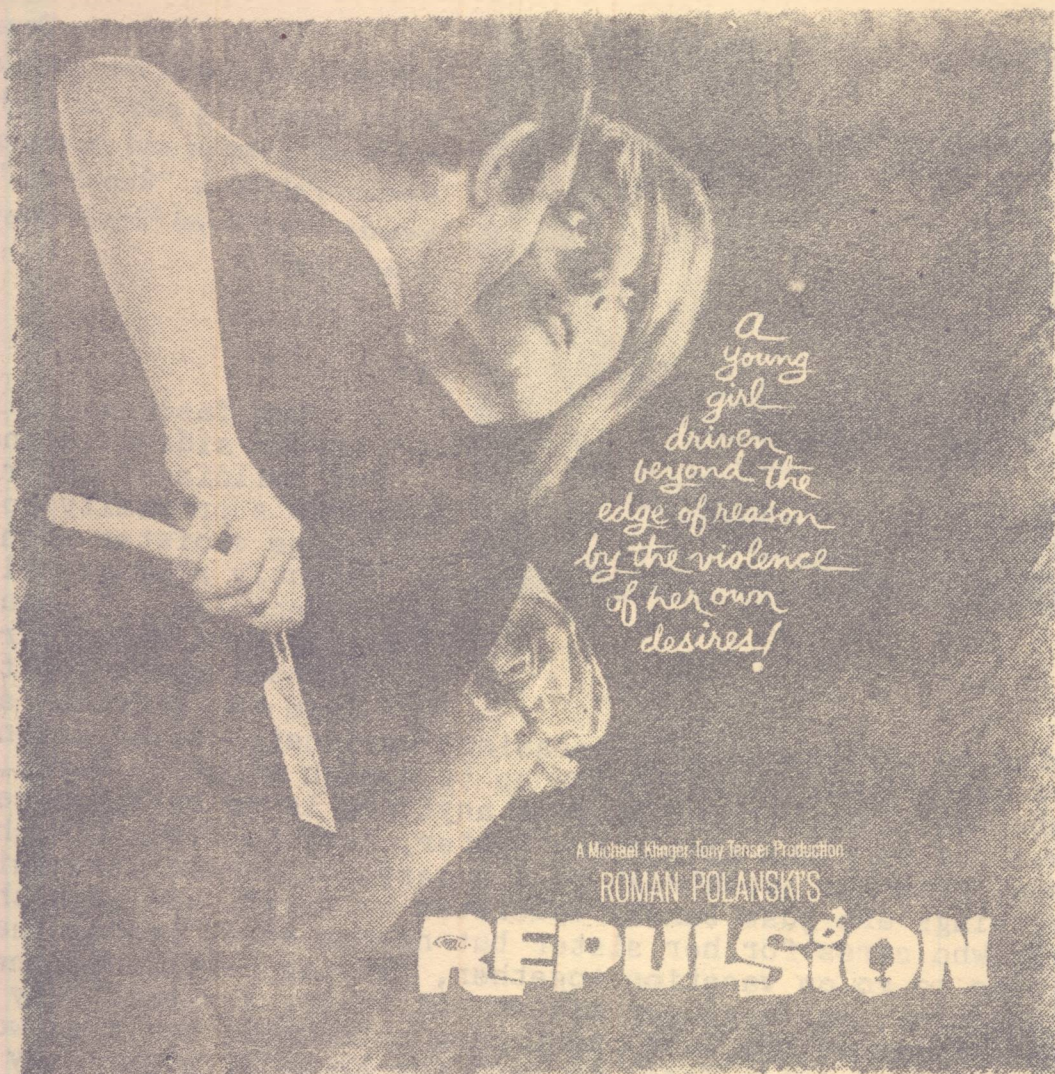
THE CREDITS: Screen play by Roman Polanski & Gerard Brach; Produced by Eugene Gutowski; Directed by Roman Polanski.

Music Composed & Conducted by Chico Hamilton
(Running time: 105 minutes)

THE CAST:

CAROL	Catherine Deneuve *	A movie like REPULSION is fascinating -- yet shocking. Like "PSYCHO", Robert Bloch's terror film, which it is often compared to -- it deals with a psychotic individual, confused sexually --
MICHAEL	Ian Hendry *	
COLIN	John Fraser *	
THE LANDLORD	Patrick Wymark *	
HELEN	Yvonne Furneaux *	

but in this case the audience actually watches the person slowly GOING crazy. (Roman Polanski and Gerard Brach did an excellent job of portraying this idea on film, too.) What was so interesting to me also, was the reactions of the viewers during the running of the film. It must have made them uncomfortable, for they often laughed at things meant to be taken seriously. Granted there are moments of what I shall call Lightness, or even Silliness that are supposed to provoke laughter as a release mechanism, but these occur only a few times through-out the movie. So when some of the audience laughs at the serious-taken parts, it's very distracting to the others. The picture is actually a study... a study demonstrating the slow but sure



cracking up of a sensitive young girl. It's irritating, sitting there trying to absorb the movie in a serious vein, while cloddish people sitting around me are laughing at things not meant to be laughed at. Apparently they couldn't comprehend that to a "going sick" person everything was in earnest.

Basically, this is the story of a young french girl, Carol, living in London with her older sister, Helen. At the very beginning of the film the camera shows a close-up of one of her eyes...then it slowly pulls away...

Carol works as a manicurist in a beauty salon, and at the outset everything appears normal. But Carol is tormented between a craving and a loathing for men, as shown by the attentions a young man places on her. Colin evidently has good intentions, but to her his clean-cut, boyishness seems a bit too immature. (The attraction-repelling theme is evident.) Yet her sister's crude boy friend and lover, Michael, also seems to repel her.



Lovely Catherine Deneuve, brilliant young French star, plays a girl driven beyond the edge of sanity by her sexual fantasies and repressions in Roman Polanski's "Repulsion," the award-winning Royal Films International presentation.

Her fascination for cracks in the sidewalks and walls of buildings, their apartment's proximity to a religious cloister with the constantly ringing bells, and especially, the sounds emitting from Helen's room when Michael stays for the night: from the giggling and laugh-

ing horseplay to the gradually increasing passionate groans Helen makes as she reaches her climax.... all build up to a high point in Carol. (The only way she can sleep without hearing anything is to bury her head under the pillow.) The mornings aren't any better, for she finds HIS things in the bathroom, from his toothbrush to a sweaty, discarded undershirt.

These things are just barely tolerated by Carol, and when this sensitive girl, who cares for her sister but no-one else, learns that Helen & Michael plan to go on vacation together, leaving her alone, she reaches the breaking point, and begs her sister not to go. A rabbit they had planned to have for dinner the last night goes untouched, for the two lovers decide to eat out, leaving Carol to fend for herself. After they leave, Carol spends most of the days daydreaming, missing work some of the time. At home she finds a straight razor left by Michael...and...fascinated by the bare, uncooked rabbit lying on a plate, eventually cuts off its head and keeps it in her purse. When she does work, she's quiet and withdrawn, until, believing her physically ill, they send her home for a few days.

In the darkened apartment alone for days on end, running around in a negligee, eating nothing, her mental illness worsens...: Cracks appear, abruptly widening on the walls along with accompanying loud ripping and tearing noises. Each time she goes to bed she hallucinates the breaking in of male intruders who attack and rape her.

It is about this time her young friend, Colin, comes to the apartment with the honest intentions of talking to and helping her. Catching him off-guard, she grabs a big, heavy vase or doorstopper, and clobbers him over the skull. Carried away by the passion of the act, she continuously pounds his head even after he's lying on the floor. In her illness, she "hides" the body by dragging it (on a throw rug) to the bathroom, tosses him into the tub, and fills it up with water.

All this time the body of the decapitated rabbit lies on it's dish, turning bad and smelling the whole apartment up.....

To prevent any more "intruders" she barricades the door with some nails and a board. It doesn't help her any, though, because her hallucinations get worse. When she walks down the dark hallway cracks appear; or the walls turn pulpy and soft, catching the imprints of her hands; or..in another instance, many groping hands burst out of the walls and grab her all over her body. This was one of the most effective scenes, I thought...the suspense as she walks down the hall builds up to a crescendo, (enhanced by the weird music of Chico Hamilton) then, suddenly, shockingly, the hands pop out, reaching for her, pinning her to the wall! All these things she supposedly sees are seen by the audience too, of course, and it is during these hallucinations that some of the viewers laugh rather than taking what is happening seriously. To the delusioned girl, it IS serious, it IS real.

After other endless times of more sexual fantasies with male intruders, etc., the landlord, ably played by Patrick Wymark, arrives for the overdue rent money. She won't open the door, however, and he, finding it blocked, is forced to break it open. One of Wymark's especially memorable bits occurs when he discovers the fly-covered rabbit: Picking up the dish in the dark he sniffs in disgust and exclaims, "What in the HELL is this??"

Simple, but effective.

On finding Carol alone in the darkened rooms clad only in filmy night clothes, the landlord's initial belligerent attitude on finding the place locked up changes to one of sexiness and persuasion. Figuring she's waiting for a lover, he gets the idea to take the rent out in trade, more or less.

While he attempts to "make" Carol, they struggle, and in the confusion she reaches around his back...and slashes him on the nape of the neck with the straight razor she had picked up and hid in her hand as he broke the door in. In shock he releases her, grabs the back of his neck and brings his hand away covered with blood. A silent pause from both of them; then as he falls back onto the couch writhing in pain she attacks him again and again, slashing at his face, chest, and stomach. When he finally stops wiggling and dies, she "hides" his body by turning the whole couch over upside-down on top of him. This, then, is the climax to her actions, and not having eaten for over a week, her strength is dissipated. The scene ends..the camera fades out...

* * *

The camera fades back in, and shows a rainy night scene. Michael and Helen, the two selfish lovers, drive up..back from their 10 to 14 day vacation. Entering the apartment, Helen passes by the dark living room wherein lie the landlord. Everything is dark and deathly still. "Carol?" she calls. But there is no Carol to be seen anywhere. Worried now, Helen enters the bathroom in her search, turns on the light, and screams on sighting Colin's body still floating in the tub. General hubub -- neighbors enter the apartment, Michael calls police, etc. Still no Carol. One of the old, nosey, male tenants enters the living room, turns on the light, and finds the landlord. But where is Carol?

A low moan is heard, and from under a bed Carol's arm languidly flops out.....from where she must have crawled in her hysterical state before passing out. Michael picks her up tenderly and carries her out. Ironically the original bane of most of her troubles, though she probably unconsciously wanted to be held by him to begin with. But it is too late, now....

Everyone leaves the room, and the camera slowly pans it...finally stopping and coming to rest on a family photograph, when the girls were younger. Zooming in closer, it zero's in on Carol's face in the picture, finally ending up as another close-up of her eye (as in the beginning of the film), then fading out for good....

And on that note, strange as it seems, comes THE END.

* * *

The film is well done, the acting by all the stars is also top-notch, and after it's over one leaves the theatre with an "uneasy" feeling in the pit of the stomach. The reactions of the audience varied, running the gamut of opinions from one man's: "It was the best picture I've ever seen in my life!" --- to others who took it lightly, and even wise-cracked through-out the film; and even others who thought it so distasteful they got up and left before it was over!

The opinion of this reviewer? A good try -- maybe too good -- since I was one of those who left the show afterwards with that "uncomfortable" feeling in my belly. I suppose this means something that horrible probably could (and does or did) actually happen to a sensitive, mixed-up person such as Miss Deneuve portrayed. I just kind of hate to admit it -- and hope I'M not around that person if and when it ever does! Recommended --with reservations.(In other words, you'd have to like this sort of thing, and have a strong stomach!)

The End

--- Bill (BEM) Mallardi



THE BLOODSHOT EYE

BEN SOLON

A COLUMN

IN THE BEGINNING

Last time I wrote of my trials and tribulations as a beginning columnist; and of my never-ending search for subject matter.

This time I've got too many topics.

A rapid glance at my notes reveals that a number of things which lend themselves quite readily to columnizing have occurred since the last "Blood-Shot Eye". For instance, the Midwestcon: it would be quite the fannish thing to devote a portion of this column to my sundry adventures at the Carousel Inn. I could relate, for example, how Bob Tucker tried to sell me back issues of my own fanzine. Or I could tell the truth about Alex Panshin (no I couldn't: some copies of D:B will have to be entrusted to the tender, loving ~~inspection~~ care the Post Office gives to all third class mail. Or...

...or why don't you just take my word for the fact that there are lots of things I could write about?

CONFESSIONS OF A STF MAGAZINE READER

In 1957, I was eleven years old. In that year I purchased my first issue of a science fiction magazine. I don't have it here beside me as I write these lines, but I remember it well; it was the November issue of Amazing. The cover was by Schoenherr, I believe, illustrating a scene from the lead novelette: Ivar Jorgensen's "The Children of Chaos". And so began a series of events which lead ultimately to these pages.

I remember "The Children of Chaos" vividly despite the fact that it's been close to nine years since I last read it. And I know that if I were to read it today, I would dismiss "The Children..." as a detective story thinly disguised as science fiction; it is pseudo-Spillane hack-work of the worst "call-the-Syndicate-evil mutants-in-our-midst" sort. Just the same, "The Children of Chaos" gassed me when I read it in 1957, and I think I can tell you why.

"The Children of Chaos" hooked me on science fiction because I believed the events that occurred in the story might possibly be true.

This effect has been called, among other things, the sense of wonder.

And possibly it is one of the reasons why people read science fiction. Escapism can be found in most popular fiction; mysteries and westerns reek of it. Likewise, realism can be found in some of the better "mainstream" novels. But only that literary bastard, science fiction, can one find a combination of free-wheeling escapism and stark realism.

I'm talking (writing, rather) about the sense of reality, a quality that can--and should--be present in all fiction. The best stories in Unknown had it; the authors who wrote for that magazine were able to convince their readers that the horrors they wrote

about could be real, that they weren't run-of-the-mill ghosties and ghoulies.

There are many ways in which reality can be achieved--far too many for me to innumerate here. There is, however, one way in which it can't be achieved: by writers who take their subject lightly, by kidding it, by writing for kicks and for money.

You can select any issue of Analog published within the last year or so if you want to see a sufficiently horrible example of this trend.

The September 1966 issue of that magazine, for instance, contains the second of four installments of Randall Garrett's Too Many Magicians. The story, so far, is a readable combination of fantasy (technically it's science fiction since Too Many Magicians is set in an alternate universe, but I call stories that deal with sorcery and related phenomena "fantasy") and mystery. It's readable--and forgettable. Likewise, Joseph P. Martino's novelette, "...Not a Prison Make", and the two short stories: "A Matter of Reality" by Carole E. Scott and Christopher Anvil's "Symbols"; they are all readable. And all forgettable. There is no attempt in any of these stories at characterization; the characters are, at best, two-dimensional and impossible to empathize with; the plotting is contrived; the authors have no pride in creation--that they were able to sell a story to Analog is enough compensation for them.

And today's science fiction magazines are full of stories written with that attitude: these are pleasant little games--nobody takes them seriously, so why bother?

Why? Because the playing of games leads to stagnation. At age eleven a story like "The Children of Chaos" is great stuff because the reader (in this case your friendly columnist) new to the field is wide open. Even the cruddier stf will bring on an attack of the sense of wonder; he has no standards of comparison. An idea that is unbearably trite to anyone who has been reading stf for more than a couple of years will be brand, spanking new to him. He will read and absorb, and eventually--if he has any mental wherewitha;--he will begin to discriminate.

And as he grows older, as his awareness grows, our hypothetical reader will become more and more discriminating; he will begin to notice that the stf he's been reading is becoming superficial. He will continue to read it--out of habit more than anything else. Sooner or later, however, he is apt to discover that he's wasting his time. So friend reader throws his copy of Analog down in disgust before he reads the editorial and turns to that copy of Finnegan's Wake he's always meant to read.

Bid him a fond farewell; he won't be back.

I've been using the word "reality" and running the risk of confusing it with the pseudo-realism that is practiced by second-rate writers of the Ian Fleming school. I don't care very much for writing of this sort; the painstaking attention to minute detail that is found in the fiction of Ian Fleming and his imitators is, at best, boring. But there is something to be said for that brand of realism, too; it is something else that is too often over-looked by stf writers. In the average magazine science fiction story, you will notice that the protagonist is usually a Lone Wolf; he has no father or mother, brothers or sisters, and, more often than not, no close friends. He has no occupation, unless it's something the public considers glamorous like newspaper reporting, detective work or being engaged in some top-secret government project. And even then, he is seldom shown on the job. He has no religion; he is generally white with an Anglo-Saxon or German name; he has no politics to speak of, and if he does, he is generally conservative--even when the author calls him liberal. He may have a girl

friend, but if so she is a fugitive from a Midwood paperback; her only reason for being in the story at all is so the villain will have someone to abduct and thus give the hero an opportunity to ply his trade. He doesn't go to the bathroom, shower, shave, get his hair cut, go to the doctor or dentist or pick up a suit at the cleaner's. He's a perfect physical specimen; he never gets sick, unless he is exposed to some loathsome alien disease; he is able to survive punishment that would lay out anyone short of Superman--though his civilian occupation is often one that requires little or no physical effort on his part.

I agree that it would be boring to read a magazine in which the characters did all these things and nothing else; but it is hard to willingly suspend one's disbelief to accept a story in which the characters do none of them.

IN DEFENSE OF BATMAN'S DRIVING

A few years ago I was somewhat confused by the law. In that dark era before I knew about summonses, indictments and habeas corpus, even the trifling matter of a parking ticket could leave me feeling vulnerable.

All of that was changed, of course, by the the rise of the high-powered tv courtroom drama.

Huddled near the television set, fortified by pop-corn and Pepsi (the trufan's choice) for years I watched shrewd persecutors and uncanny defense attorneys slug it out over villains on the witness stand. Needless to say, I developed a sophisticated appreciation for the finer points of criminal law.

Yes.

Today, even the most doltish layman knows the importance of establishing an alibi, cloaking his motives, carefully selecting and disposing of his weapons--important legal considerations. Of late, though, the television attorneys have been gavelled down in favor of situation comedies and spy thrillers. Predictably, we armchair attorneys have been suffering withdrawal symptoms. The condition is characterized by a stern scowl on the face, one hand wildly twisting the channel selector in pursuit of a client in trouble.

In vain.

Consequently, I was cheered at the recent news that the Automobile Legal Association has come thumping down on Batman's traffic violations.

This automobile owner's group has charged that Batman is a menace to Gotham City (to say nothing of the viewer's intelligence)--tooling far above the speed limit in his Batmobile, crashing safety barriers, failing to signal his turns. They might have added that the violations occurred in the presence of Robin, an impressionable teenager.

Now all this is, of course, punk stuff; Perry Mason wouldn't touch the case with



Taking their cue from the automobile owners, some of them may launch their own John Doe investigations into shenanigans on other television programs. Even the skimpiest survey would reveal enough sticky-wicket to almost vindicate Batman.

Illegal wiretaps and other secret listening devices flourish on the spy programs. Among spies as well as sheriffs, a confession beaten out of a suspect is considered valid, and the rules of search and seizure are ignored.

Over at the local saloon--likely as not operated by the lawman's girl friend--men who have served sentences for cattle rustling are wearing guns and standing holster to holster at the bar with questionable companions--in clear violation of parole. Bar-girls are accepting drinks from customers, running long fingernails through their hair. Gambling is wide open. Likely as not the dice are loaded and the cards marked.

RETURN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF UTTERLY USELESS INFORMATION

A California pig breeder found that by raising the height of feed troughs so that his pigs had to stand on their hind legs to eat he was able to get hams 6% thicker than usual.

[illegible]

LAMENTATION OF THE VENUSIAN PENSIONER,
GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN RETIREMENT HOME,
EARTHCOLONY VI, PDETH, VENUS

And where am I going
that I seek to seek?
It is not, cannot be,
and will not, that I shall find
here
anything of value,
or worth remorse to leave.

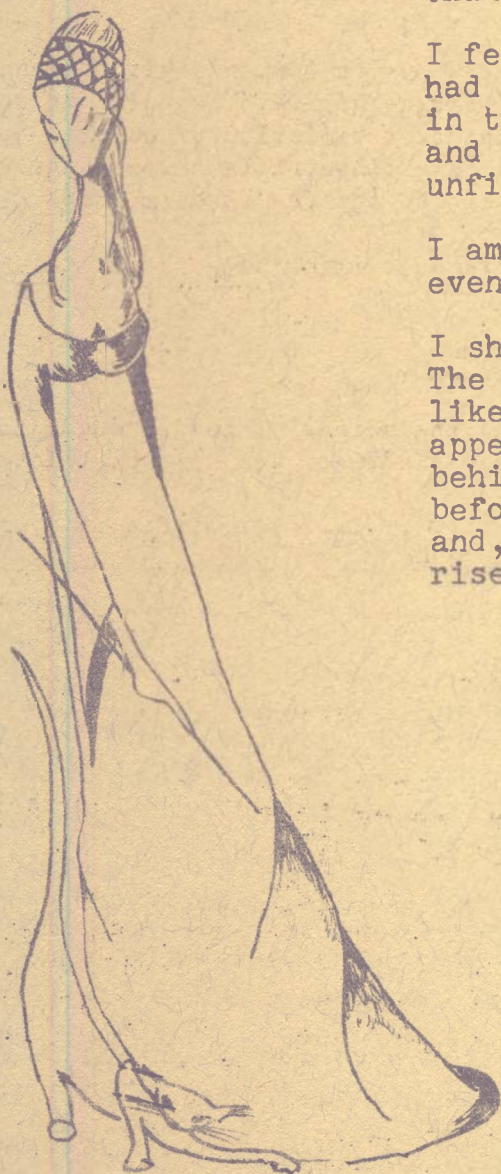
Let movement overdo itself.
Inaction's rival is better reply
than nothing, to itself.

I feel as if a great and starry hand
had scooped a chasm
in the year,
and days I fabricate are airy things
unfit to accompany seasons.

I am surprised that I feel this,
even.

Let me wander.
I shall not go far.
The edge of something,
like a green hillside,
appears each morning
behind my eyes,
before I yawn, stretch,
and, in a moment,
rise.

—Roger Zelazny



M.S.

John Boardman reviews the HAZARDS OF COMMUNICATION WITH A MARTIAN



The scientific orientation of most science-fiction stories has been in the physical sciences. With the fundamental break-throughs now being made in the biological sciences, we can expect more and more stories with biological orientation, enlarging on such themes as controlled heredity, communication with extra-terrestrial life, and ecology of strange planets. But let's hope that these stories are somewhat better organized than Memoirs of a Spacewoman by Naomi Haldane Mitchison (15/-, Gollancz, 1962).

Mrs. Mitchison, a member of the Haldane scientific dynasty, has written just that - memoirs, without any plot or dominating theme to hold the reader's interest. As a result, the science has to carry the book along. Fortunately, most - not all - of the science is tolerably sound extrapolation of present-day biology, and to add color to the book the author has thought of some varieties of sex that haven't occurred to Phil Farmer. (The first sentence is, "I think about my friends and the fathers of my children", which gets us down to basics right away.)

The narrator, identified only as Mary, is a communicator with non-human life forms, and accompanies expeditions in this capacity. The non-human life forms with which she communicates are by no means limited to extra-terrestrials; it seems that limited conversations can be carried on with earthly animals. (At one point Mary and a Labrador bitch named Daisy have volunteered to take on semi-sentient extra-terrestrial grafts. It seems that at one point in the life cycle of the graft it causes a terrific desire in the female host to be fertilized. "'I wanted, I wanted,' whimpered Daisy while I stroked her. 'I know, Daisy,' I said, 'I wanted too.'")

The social dislocations caused by long periods away from Earth - something neglected in much science-fiction - are a part of Mary's career as an explorer, a career about which she is tremendously enthusiastic. The fact that space travelers age much more slowly than stay-at-homes is so taken for granted that Fitzgerald isn't even mentioned. Thus, they form a society among themselves, and when her colleague Francoise is expelled for the unforgivable sin of interference in an alien culture, Mary speaks pityingly of the limited life Francoise will be forced to lead.

Francoise's interference came on a planet where two sentient life forms apparently exist, "caterpillars" and "butterflies". The butterflies, it seems, tyrannously interfere in the lives of the caterpillars, forcing them to break up certain festive ceremonies in which they make sculptures out of their own excrement and go wallowing together in the mud. The reasons for this come out in the course of communication - the caterpillars are the larval form of the butterflies, and these ceremonies if interrupted become sex orgies. A fertilized caterpillar will give birth in the butterfly stage, dying an agonizing death, while an unfertilized caterpillar is virtually immortal as a butterfly. Francoise compares the butterflies' dictatorship over the caterpillars with the Inquisition's persecution of unbelievers for the good of the immortal part of their

being, making it difficult to sympathize with her moral dilemma.

Mary from time to time collaborates with a close friend to produce a child. Sometimes this is planned, but once she runs unexpectedly into an old colleague of her first expedition, an African named T'o M'Kasi. (Hey, look at me; I'm miscegenating!) So, even in an orderly future where children are lovingly planned and anticipated, it is still possible to beget spontaneously. "We started talking and I found my voice just the same. And his hands. We both missed our planes. He told me that the expedition he was preparing for was due to start almost at once...I had to be quick. Not that there was any difficulty. No question of other choices this time. And before I knew where I was, I was in no condition to go on Pete's expedition.

Some of the expeditions are planned in collaboration with Martians, a normally bisexual race which can assume either sex at times for reproductive purposes. Martians, it seems, communicate not only by speech but by touch, including with the sexual organs. ("I remember Olga blushing a bright northern pink the first time she saw two Martians in full communication.") One of these joint expeditions ends in a disaster which wipes out most of the terrestrial members, and leaves Mary in a state of shock. Her Martian fellow-communicator Vly is also shocked - into male sexuality, and when he attempts to communicate his sympathy and solicitude to Mary...

"He hoped he had not inadvertently activated any of my eggs during the first phase of communication...Finally I got it that he was trying to say that if this had happened could I dispose of the activated eggs?? He was a bit muddled about Terran physiology."

Mary, who is after all a biologist, decides to let things develop and see what will happen. ("I reached for his sexual organ and began to communicate on that." It's at this point that one sympathizes with Olga's reaction.) What happens is that Mary gives birth to a haploid daughter - Mrs. Mitchison is too good a biologist to ascribe diploid offspring to an interplanetary sexual act - who is only half the size of a normal human being but, having no genes but her mother's, becomes a superb communicator.

One has the impression that biological science-fiction is about thirty years behind physical science fiction, and is now going through its Skylark phase. The next step ought to be installing a biologist as editor of Analog.

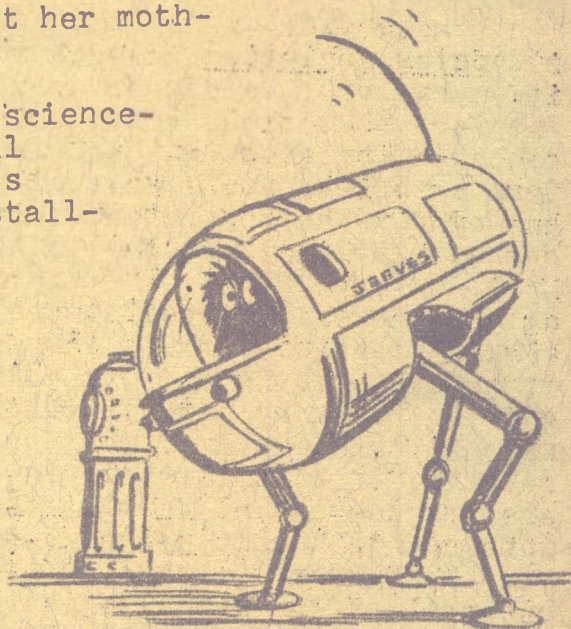
--- John Boardman

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Notice: All Faneditors...this Change of Address for Earl E. Evers supercedes the COA on Earl's letter in the lettercolumn: Disregard it; THIS is the current address:

Pfc Earl E. Evers, RA 51 533 159, Co F,
(Stu Enl) USA QMSTC, Fort Lee, Virginia

(Stu Enl) USA CMSIC, Fort Lee, Virginia



I SAVED YOU
FROM COMPLETE
DEVASTATION



Gee, I love you!

tertium quid EDITORIAL OF Earl Evers

Real soon now the two Bills are going to be getting up from behind that long noisy banquet table and going gleefully forth to receive their Hugo. Or maybe they aren't. Or maybe this won't even get distributed at the Con, and I may or may not be there to see. (I am in the Army, you know.)

As this is written, about a month before Tricon time (I'm too lazy to look at a calendar and a program book), I don't have any idea D:B might win, but then when in doubt I always try to be pessimistic. Then if I'm surprised, it will be a pleasant surprise.

??
?LUCKY STRIKE GREEN HAS GONE TO POT?
??

And on to the business--what is there to talk about in an editorial? Well, if you can't be witty or nostalgic or clever or Biting and Sarcastic or Deep and Profound, or any other kind of entertaining--you can always be Sercon.

Remember that crazy Buck Rogers lurid-covered pulp stuff? Yep, that's it, Science Fiction? Sure, we've all heard about it, but why talk about it?

Because a lot of you don't seem to have heard of quite a few damn good novels; ones that have been published, then seem to just drop into a vacuum. Like what, you say? (Those of you who didn't say, don't you know you're supposed to respond to your cues around this fanzine?)

Well, like a recent first novel by a writer named Mouldy--Walter F. Mouldy, to be exact. It was called No Man on Earth and had the disadvantage of one of the worst covers Berkeley has used in Quite Some Time. It also took a fairly worn old theme--an alien born on earth with a few extra-human powers is searching for his people--and gives the plot about a 30° twist off center. And the prose itself manages to be surprisingly effective.

Or take a better case. Anybody out there remember a novel by F.L. Wallace called Accidental Flight? (The three who said 'Yes!' may leave the room during the next talk. You know how good it is.) But those of you who don't ... well, I was going to tell you all about it, but instead I'll just tell you to go out and write to any paperback house you know...

and tell them to reprint it. It should be one of the Classics, would be if only the fen got to read the damn thing. And speaking of un-reprinted classics, what about The Big Time? I'm really surprised Ace hasn't thought of that one--It's probably Leiber's best work, and it's completely out of print.

I could go on like this for quite a while, (Except that I've got a lousey memory and am just plain bone lazy besides.) but let's not, let's talk of other things. (Anyone who starts in with shoes, ships, or sealing wax can spend the rest of the period out in the hall. And when you go, send back the guys I sent out there two paragraphs back.)

??
? 69 - BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS! ---- sweatshirt seen at Fort Lee, Va.?
??

Take a look at that title up there. "Tertium Quid". That means either "three what" or "third what". And Y'know, they're both good questions. The first one is answerable in one word..."fans"...but that's one term I'm not about to attack bald-faced with a definition right this minute.

But if I am a third, what am I a third of? That is a good question. I am the third editor of a fanzine called DOUBLE:BILL. But I'm not a Bill! (I'm not an Earl either, tho, as almost slipped. Have to say a guy named Earl.) So I can't be the third Bill of TRIPPLE:BILL. (I get bills, but that is another topic.) And TWO BILLS AND AN EARL would be a pretty silly title for a fanzine, now wouldn't it? Wouldn't fit on the Hugo blank either, now that I think of it. So what am I doing here?

For that matter, what are you doing here? There are a lot of things you could be wasting your time on instead of reading crap like this. Think I'll gaffiate. No, too many columns to write--wouldn't have time.

But I'll get serious just before I end this thing and say I'm beginning to realize what I am doing here. Just beginning, mind you, but my attitudes toward the zine, its contents and its editors are gradually shifting from those of a contributor and letterhack to those of editor. An event quite common in prozines, but almost unheard of in fandom. And a fanzine does look a lot different from the inside out.

I don't know at this point whether the Bills are using a contrib by me or not. Oh well, I'll hedge all that and say: and I guess that's all for "Tertium Quid" in DOUBLE:BILL #15.

And then I'll go on and write a few useless words more just to prove I'm a ~~xxx~~ faan.

---Earl E. Evers

D:B congratulates and welcomes Tom Schluck, the winner of T.A.F.F.!

----- Syracuse in '67 Syracuse in '67 -----

DOUBLE-TROUBLE

letters ---
edited by Bem

=====

TOM DUPREE, C/O SCI-FI SHOWCASE, BOX 12222, COLONIAL STA., JACKSON, MISS.

I've noticed something about the newer cartoons. As you hinted, they do not have the same animation techniques that Disney painstakingly introduced. The Hanna-Barbera figures which they do now (for HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, YOGI BEAR, THE FLINTSTONES) are mobile only in their mouths in most of the running time, with an occasional leaning forward of the head for emphasis when they are talking. When they run, you can see the background scenery being used over and over again---one tree will appear each few seconds, etc.

The figures which Hanna and Barbera directed for Warner Brothers, and the old Disney figures, however, are mobile through the entire length of their bodies, and they look more life-like and realistic. I suppose the trend nowadays is to use the imagination in cartoon watching, but those old cartoons look a little better to me too.

The Warner cartoons are, indeed, hilarious. I can think of a few I especially like: Yosemite Sam at the circus, where he is supposed to see a high-diving act performed by Daffy Duck (I think). For the whole cartoon he tries to get Daffy to dive, and winds up diving himself several times, but he still persistently wants to see the performer do it. Others are the ones you cited. ((I think you're wrong about it being Daffy Duck -- my brother saw it again just before your letter arrived --and he's pretty sure it was Bugs Bunny as the performer.--BEM))

You know, the cartoon situation today is a lot more childish than it was back when I was watching them with adolescent admiration. A good explanation for this is the fact that I've grown up since then, but that can't be true because I watch some of the old Warners and can still laugh at them. But some of these newer Saturday morning things are completely silly, with no laugh value whatsoever. I suppose the kids like them, though.

One of the factors in laughing at a cartoon nowadays is the deliberate sloppy art techniques of some artists (for example, the elephant in the Snickers commercial is hysterical partly because of his predicament, and partly because of his being drawn so sloppily. Another example is the Jay Ward cartoons, of ROCKY and BULLWINKLE, which are aimed partly for adult consumption, and are funny because of dialogue and the sloppyart techniques.)).

Cartoons! Hell of a subject to write a Loc on, but to tell you the truth, that's one of the most original subjects to be discussed in a genzine in a long time.

((I agree with you whole-heartedly about the other Saturday morning cartoon fare... Most of them aren't meant to be funny, apparently, but are just copies of Situation Comedies or 'Serious' shows in cartoon form, ala THE FLINTSTONES being copied from Jackie Gleason's THE HONEYMOONERS. As I mentioned lastish, The WB shows are ALL I watch -- you couldn't PAY me to watch the other things normally on T.V.--BEM))

RICH BROWN, 250 W. 16TH, APT. 5FW, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

Usually, upon the arrival of the "better" fanzines, I'm prompted to comment --something left-over from the days of '58 and '59 when I commented on every fanzine I received. Now, more times than not, I'm just "prompted" to -----So this time I'm going to take to task the single thing and hope

RICH BROWN, concl:

you'll know that I enjoy reading DB, though I can't comment on all of it at length.

To wit, on page 15: "It seems a lot of fans have been voting for 'The Lord of the Rings' as Best Novel. IT IS INELIGIBLE FOR THAT CATEGORY. ... it is eligible under (Best All-Time Series) but not as Best Novel. ... Hugo rules state the novel must have appeared for the first time in 1965 (or whatever year in question)."

Since you distributed Hugo ballots with this issue of D:B, that's only minor misinformation. Except that some people are going to read that editorial of yours and not read the rules and in a couple of years they'll have to have a few misconceptions overhauled because of it.

Read the rules of eligibility yourself.. For "Best Novel" it says: "A science fiction or fantasy novel appearing for the first time as a hard cover book OR ((Hugo pipple's Emphasis)) for the first time as a soft cover book, magazine serial, or complete novel, during the calendar year 1965. Previous winners not eligible, nor shall a story be eligible more than twice." (emphasis mine) In other words, as those rules were set up, The Lord Of The Rings was eligible -- it appeared as a paperback book for the first time in the calendar year 1965 and had only been eligible once before, when it appeared as a hardbound book. {{ I stand corrected.--BEM}}

Not. mind you, that I'm harping at the Tricon pipple for disqualifying it in that category. I think TLOTR should get a Hugo, too, but one should be quite enough; and there's enough good stf this year (DUNE, to name one) that is Hugo-deserving caliber and which should not have to compete with what is probably the greatest piece of fantasy of this century. While on the one hand it seems partially wrong to disqualify it because of its greatness, it can also be argued, with equal validity, that it should not cop two Hugos at a time when Hugo-caliber material would ordinarily be rewarded, merely because it does not stand above an all-time great. (I'm showing, by my lack of coherancy, how long it's been since I last wrote an LoC, aren't I? Owell.) Hugos have been given out, in times past, to a number of stories that, in retrospect, didn't really deserve them -- and as long as I don't name name, I'm sure few will disagree -- and it does seem a shame, in a year when there is much deserving material, that something like TLOTR should end up with two Hugos. That's my reason for abiding without bitching about the Tricon decision; I think they've done the right thing in a hard situation. {{ Apparently I WAS wrong in my interpretation of the Tricon decision re: TLOTR; however, I think that just points out a fault or weakness in the Hugo rules -- something should be DONE to correct it. It should be brought up at the Tricon business meeting. Otherwise any novel published before in hardcover can be brought out (for the first time, of course) in paperback, and thus be eligible for a Hugo. It's the equivalent of reprinting, is all it is. Unless of course, it's desired by so many fans they are willing to overlook the 'slighting' of newly written material and give the Hugo to an old story. Since this issue of D:B won't be out until TRICON time though, it may actually appear too late for this year. Mayhaps we'd have to wait until the next year's business meeting.--BEM}}

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

No matter how much I try to avoid it, every now and then I get unwittingly exposed to another letter by John Boardman. My problem is this: I don't seem to be able to stop reading him once I start; and everything he writes is so full of atrocious nonsense that I get an upset stomach like Charlie Brown.

Item: According to Boardman, "if conservatives ever came to power in

JERRY POURNELLE, concl:

this country, and I base my predictions on their own publications now, liberals, progressives, Negroes, Jews, Socialists, and Communists would be thrown together in the same prison camps." Well, Dr. Boardman: what publications? National Review? The Freeman? Modern Age? Russell Kirk's syndicated columns? Professor Burnham's books? Milton Freidland's books? Röpke? Vogelin's monumental History of Order? Human Events, even? Let's go further out toward the extremes. Lifeline? (Since I don't read the latter two, regularly, I can't to my own knowledge say that there has appeared nothing in them which supports Dr. Boardman's pretensions, but I haven't seen anything myself.)

But I have just named the principal conservative publications in the US. So just what is it that Dr. Boardman considers to be representative of conservative publications?

As to his assertion that Mr. Elliot would not be welcome at Conservative Party Headquarters, I can to my own knowledge say that this is the sort of pedantic statement which demonstrates that Boardman doesn't know what he is talking about. In fact, I doubt if Boardman has ever bothered to ask Mr. Elliot his opinion on the subject; or for that matter to solicit the opinion of the leader of the Conservative Party in New York. Certainly we have full measure of Negroes, Jews, and ex-liberals and ex-progressives in conservative organizations here in California. One of the candidates for Republican nomination for Congress in my own College's district happens to be colored, and the Young Conservatives on campus have given him yeoman service in the campaign. The President of the Young Republicans on our campus is colored, and the only man to have made anything of that is Louis Lomax, who continually invites him to be on his TV show, presumably to show up this oddity. In fact, this sort of racism in reverse, labelling any Negro who ever utters a conservative word as a traitor to his race, seems to be a rather common phenomenon among liberals.

If Dr. Boardman is an example of responsible liberalism, then I am rather proud to be numbered among the extremists; but I will be hanged if I am going to allow John Boardman to choose my friends for me, which he seems inclined to do. And I will be most pleased if Boardman will not reply by telling me how atypical of the conservative position I am and how refreshing it is to, etc. I am not atypical. Maybe that's my problem. Russell Kirk is godfather to one of my children. Willmoore Kendall was in my house the night he received his appointment to the University of Dallas. Bob Heinlein (by the way, Dr. Boardman, is Heinlein a racist?) is among my friends. Atypical I am not, and I suffer from it when liberal "intellectuals" tell my students that they needn't pay any attention to what "that reactionary" has to say. If what they tell them sounds like Dr. Boardman's ravings; maybe I had better get concerned.

At the SF convention I happened to get in a conversation with two young liberals. It ended in a rather spectacular manner: they decided that I was too persuasive, and therefore very dangerous; and one of them allowed as to how, with tears in their eyes, they had better kill me to keep me from corrupting the youth of the country. This, however, is simply youthful drunken enthusiasm, no doubt. At least I am still around (and I must not have been all that persuasive, or they would have joined me rather than conspiring to eliminate me.). But can you imagine how many columns that would have been worth, and how tired we would all be of hearing about it, if two under-aged members of Young Americans for Freedom had offered a similar opinion about Dr. John Boardman?

Note COA:

EARL E. EVERS, 223 FAIRVIEW AVE., MISSOULA, MONTANA 59801

Now that was a hell of a sexy cover on DB#14! What with the femm-type displaying her boobies like she just won them in some sort of Cosmic Jackpot, and the Hero gestulating with that phallic-looking sword, and the BEM encircling them both like some mythical dragon guarding the Golden Apples (Hey, and that ties in too...), it all looks like an illo of some unknown myth.

"Bems' Corner" - They've been showing some of those Warner Bros. cartoons in the military theaters here in France. I remember the one about the Tasmanian Devil, also the Roadrunner vs coyote fiasco, especially the Latin name parodies. It's sort of fannish to be patiently sitting thru a cartoon waiting for the feature to start when you happen to accidentally pay attention to the action on the screen and Lo and Behold, it's funny! It just goes to show the animated cartoon can be a pretty good movie medium if they take some trouble with it and bother to use some half-way creative and original material.

"Heinlein as a Social Philosopher" didn't make much sense to me at all. Pickering seemed to go 'round and 'round and 'round in circles, but he never did make any point that I could discover. At one point he says something about "lucid, ambiguous" statements, and such would be an excellent description of Pickering's own writing - he uses lots of long, precise words strung together into complex sentences and thought-groups that don't mean a goddamn thing...

First, every writer has a philosophy which intrudes into everything he writes unless he takes exceptional care to exclude it. Every well-developed character in fiction also has a philosophy of life, and that too is universal and necessary. You can't escape it as long as you're writing about human beings. But most of the time this philosophy is expressed indirectly thru the actions, words, and thoughts of the characters, and is never directly stated. Every time an SF writer creates a future society for the background of his story, he is dabbling in "social philosophy". Everytime he expresses a character in terms of that character's beliefs, he is using personal philosophy.

Second, a novel or short story is, by definition a work of fiction, not a philosophical treatise. And when an author consciously interjects a great deal of directly stated philosophical material into fiction, it ceases to become anything more than propaganda in the guise of fiction. Fiction is supposed to be a description of a chain of human events within a certain background or frame of reference, not a direct statement of or argument for some thesis of the author's.

Third, it takes a great deal of literary skill indeed to write a work of fiction that illustrates some philosophical theory of the author's without being an obvious piece of propaganda. A great deal more skill than RAH or Ayn Rand have ever shown, by the way. So it makes no difference whether or not Heinlein really believes the various ideas he expresses in his later novels, the novels fail both as literature and as propaganda in any case. At times it seems as if he realizes he has stacked his backgrounds and characters too much just to express some idea, then he leans over backwards to try and put the thing on a more realistic footing and have the people behave more like real people. But all he usually does then is to introduce all sorts of inconsistencies and self-contradictions. Heinlein has long ago proved he's a damn good writer of fiction, but lately he's gone overboard in trying clumsily to use satires as vehicles for ideas that would be better expressed in essays or some other medium.

EARL EVERS, concl:

Fourth, all this has nothing whatever to do with the validity of RAH's philosophical concepts, or with their impact on other people's writing. I'm just saying he's wrong in writing the sort of books he churns out these days, and that he should go back to the approach he used during the Forties. When you come right down to it, Heinlein's ideas have had all the greater impact on the field for their very ineptness of presentation - other authors seem to pluck his basic concepts out of contexts and use them as ideas should be used in fiction - as beliefs held by the characters, not as beliefs shouted god-like from the skies by the omnipotent author as he creates the whole world of the story. When Heinlein stands up on his soapbox and expounds, he is practically inviting elaboration or refutation from other SF writers. As for the ideas themselves, I've never found them anything so spectacular or even controversial. Or even original, for that matter.

"Wallaby Stew" - Coulson has the idea! Every time you run across some item of interest in a newszine, mention it in detail enough so the reader can get the gist of it out of your review. No wonder YANDRO is the Focal Point of fandom. Gee Buck, you ought to write a book entitled "How to Steal Other People's Thunder without Being Accused of Plagiarism".

I don't know if I'm looking forward to that Sturgeon western or not - I read one of his western short stories one time - a rather pointless nostalgic rambling by some old cowpuncher telling how he got his balls shot off...

I got some laughs out of "How To Watch Ball Lightning for Fun and Profit", but not in the usual way. I'd always wondered how complete outsiders would react to a piece of well-written faan fiction... So I showed it to a bunch of the more pseudo-intellectual types around here, telling them it was an example of avant garde Village-type literature, and full of deep esoteric meanings no outsider could possibly understand. I was mildly surprised when one person of about twenty-some said "I think the author was just pulling my leg." But I was laughing too hard to tell him he was right...

"Poets Cornered" seemed a little overly technical for the average fmz reader this time, but I guess it's supposed to be slanted only for fanpoets anyway, and that's fine with me. I do wish Mr. Biggle had devoted more space to the cadence and flow of free verse than to regular rhythm schemes of conventional verse - the former is so much more common in fanzines, and the offenses by fanpoets so much more flagrant...

"Bloodshot Eye" - If Ben Solon feels self-conscious about buying a mousetrap in a hardware store, I'd like to see him standing line in the PX on payday, surrounded by a bunch of Wacs and a couple of officers from his own unit. Buying a box of condoms. That's probably one reason for the present high VD rate here - they've eliminated the time-honored machines in the latrines in favor of selling the items openly in the PX.

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

If Scott Kutina did find a beautiful, intelligent girl, what makes him think she'd be interested in him? In fact, that's probably why he hasn't found one; they have better things to do.

Pickering has a lovely article. All that wordage, and not a single example that can be brought out into the open and studied. And it all sounds so profound, until it's analyzed and turns out to be nothing but unsupported opinion. I admire someone who can so adroitly hide behind a barrage of verbiage. ((Yeah, and just think, he's only 16 years old!))

ROBERT COULSON, concl:

I've seen some Bugs Bunny cartoons; quite a few of them, in fact. Adult? Mallardi, you're sick. Not only are they too juvenile for me, they're too juvenile for Bruce, and he's only 8 years old.

I see D:B did get on the final ballot. I'm going to vote for NIEKAS, though. (You've got a ways to go yet; YANDRO was on the final ballot for 7 straight years before winning in the 8th year. Maybe after D:B has been up there for 4 or 5 years I'll vote for it.) {{ Gee, thanks. You mean to say that just because YANDRO had to wait 8 years to win a Hugo, all other zines (including D:B) would or should have to wait the same?? Come off it, Buck. If that's the case, then even NIEKAS fits that category, since it was first out in June, 1962, and D:B was out in October, of the same year. That's just 4 months difference... However, if you're basing your choice on the quality of both zines -- I'd honestly say they're about equal (Note: I'm not talking about "size" of the zines, which NIEKAS -- after our Symposium issues -- has won hands down...), both zines have published good stuff AND bad, repro is also about equal, etc; so what's the difference in that respect? Can you honestly pinpoint it? I would really like to know. I want to state here and now that I've nothing against NIEKAS, I read and like the mag. muchly (or as you've said before, "One may not like everything in it, but there's bound to be something in it you will like", or somesuch) ---- all I'm digging at here is your apparent reason(s) stated above. \$\$\$ Re: the cartoons: I'm not speaking of just the Bugs Bunny films, I'm speaking in general of all the WB cartoons. The old ones that USED to be shown in the theatres years ago. Dig? Especially compared to the ones made and shown on TV recently. In a lot of ways, they are aimed at adults, because they were made specially for showing in movies where the adults would be watching. Bruce doesn't like them you say? I'll bet he watches them, even if he doesn't crack a smile while doing so. Most kids watching TV cartoons have seen so many of them they're old hat to them. Naturally they wouldn't always laugh at them...most of them sit for hours watching cartoons and never even giggle loudly. The things I laugh at in the shows go right over the kids heads..and I also appreciate the excellent animation techniques.--BEM}}

MAE STRELKOV, LAS BARRANCAS, ASCOCHINGA, CORDOBA, ARGENTINA

We've just had a wee revolution again, but don't expect me to comment. It's as much a mystery to me as to you. Presidents dodder in and out, repeatedly. I've got used to it by now, and life goes on as usual. Even though I do have a 20 year old son doing Servicio Militar.

You know, I like your Double Bill. I like it each time more, for there's a "tilt" to it, if you'll pardon the word. You don't plod. Nor feel forced to toe the line and follow your own rulings on how a zine should be got up.

I like your illustrations too.

Carl Brandon of Sweden hopes I'm just kidding you all about Bems from Space. There are times, like right now, I suspect I've been kidding myself, about it all, very hopefully. At the moment I'm puzzled and glum, and in the black books at least of one local saucer group because of my love for some weird archaeological evidence I've dug up, and am spreading the news about, excitedly. And the wonder of it is, I'm getting bigwigs excited too out here. One Professor of History, connected with a Cordoba newspaper, is so excited, he's coming back on a visit to us with a tape-recorder, to hear me spiel. That will make me slow and cautious, when he comes. Another Professor of Philology and lots of things (very venerable) in Buenos Aires has unbent

MAE STRELKOV, cont:

enough to be excited too.

And what is the news? Well, it's something that puts Bems in the background, to my point of view. Didn't I send you some sketches of the first views? (Yes, you did...but I'd better explain this to the rest of the readers: Earlier Mae sent me a bunch of huge rough drawings (done, I guess, in red and blue felt-tipped marking pens) of hills and mountains, etc., that have the forms of faces and human heads, or somesuch...--BEM))

I always have all the luck in stumbling feet-and head-first into everything exciting, all around. As a girl, in Shanghai, China - we were always in the midst of every damn shooting-affray; and in Buenos Aires I never was more than a block or so from the bombing when the revolutions occurred. (I ran fast, away! Naturally!)

The UFOs, of course, weren't an accidental "discovery". If you remember, the start of the story was told in CRY. True, someone has wisely said, "it's the work of human geniuses trying to liberate the poor folk we call 'underdogs', to liberty of thinking at last." Who knows... This is one mystery I've stopped fretting over lately, having found another even more exciting. My "archaeological fling"!

It too is arousing nice controversy. But nobody who has impartially studied my photographic evidence (and gone there with me as "guide", to point things out), but is 100% sold on the idea. (I find it a lovely challenge, to make a dent in the armor of people who normally shrink from facing anything new. I have quite a lot of loyal folk, joining me in the amateur archaeology, already, but I get insulted when somebody in the U.S. says I'm a second Shaver. Horribly offended, indeed. Deros and teros can go jump in a lake, though philologically speaking the words are of interest, and both I consider not nice.

Tell you what, publish some of those sketches I sent, and then I'll send you more, newer details. I sent several sets, I think, to other friends in fandom for their opinions too. And I've been beseeching austere authorities elsewhere, to try to get them to stick their necks out and pontificate, too. What have I unearthed out here? Ancient carvings (flesh-colored, if you please), of human and animal heads, often in profile, some even mountain-high! When the news breaks here, there'll be a stew, and that will be soon, for Cordoba papers will get it first, being a regional matter, and good for the tourist trade, I just bet.

Changing to another subject, I'm blissfully studying root words for every sexy concept (and tabu, or religious ones also), of mankind, in its oldest forms -- right here. Oh, that's fun. And to give you some delicious tidbits -- in the Andes a phallus is "ullu", amongst other things. Add a ph in front and you almost have your Greek form perhaps. I also have dug up the origin of concepts like scalp. It's a Lule Tonocote (Argentina, but the race has vanished) term for green maize, and a nice head of long hair! (Both!). Most every word (the Spanish have) is Old English or pre-Aryan.

Of course it's all very technical, (I work fast, and have already a dictionary compiled of my own of hundreds and hundreds of pages.) My family look pained when I run down exulting, "Guess where the word phallus comes from!" or something just as undignified.

I don't necessarily discuss only tabu and sexy things. It's just that that seems to be about all our oldest ancestors (that pre-Aryan group) thought of, it seems to me by now. And it gives so many words, rich in fancy meanings, to all Earth's languages. I like following their evolution,

MAE STRELKOV, concl:

throughout the Americas, across to Africa, Polynesia, China, Euro-Asia, and even Tibet. (Lucky I have quite a collection of travel and mythological books & encyclopedias from everywhere; also studies of comparative religions. That's where I get the dope).

Oh, dear, I am blethering, but I'm in a good mood, on the whole, BEMS not withstanding.

You see, honeys, I am learning "There are Two Classes of Bems", it is rumored, here. The good and the bad. And some of my good friends seem to fear I'm in with the bad group, defending the spooky place I'm investigating, and have fallen for, hook-line-and-sinker.

Well, wouldn't you fall for an age-old carving of a most handsome head of a man, who associates closely with a carving of a ram, a bovine, a bird, and other fanciful things I'll describe later on, some other time. It's definitely there. Any numbers of photos confirm it, and you see it clearly at the spot. Dozens of people here agree, and point out new details I might have missed -- like the fact the whole abris in question, seen from afar, is a lifelike carving of an enormous bird in flight. It thrills me beyond measure, and there is "mana" there -- Earth-magic, however, I agree. The cozy old Paleo-American magic, supposedly no longer correct for humanity, not being "new". But I find I'm intensely loyal to the very old...what I call "Saturnian" things.

And as long as I thought the BEMS were "returning" figures from that legendary Saturnian Era, I was all for them. Nonetheless, I take nothing on face value -- that's true, and should a Bem appear, I'd say sternly, "Show me your credentials! Prove who you are philologically, too." (By now I've a working vocabulary, I suspect, of 'cosmic-speak', or whatever you want to call Earth's oldest language, root of all our Babelous tongues.)

Excuse me swaggering, but it does get me a bit aglee, having turned up so many new proofs of something I'm not sure about yet. I mean, I don't know what I'm proving, as yet. But it's fascinating all the same. I do it simply by a filing system, which divides our alphabet into just 8 sections (then subdivides again). It's foolproof. One doesn't have to think -- one just files, routinely, like a computer of some sort.

Look, Carl Brandon, lad, about religion. Are you really "fool-proof" or "religion-proof"? Query: Are you aware of having any telepathic ability at all? If you are, then I think your hope that religion is unnecessary is just swagger, because telepathic people have so many uncanny experiences constantly, they know things are queerer than they seem. But attaching oneself to one narrow Earth-creed with its stuffy dogmas -- not I, never again. I tried quite a few in the past, and am awfully fond of modern Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and even your very-wicked-Buddhists, I shamefully confess. I'm more ecumenical than them all.

But I find I'm not able to be an earnest saucerite, either. I just faced up to the fact.

Chow, sweethearts, as we say here. "Chow" is so nice. (Ch & SH are symbols of procreative energy, by gum. From the Onas of Tierra del Fuego, to the Hebrews and all places between, that's what the term usually means, in every way of cooking it up. Worse, it used to mean -- oh, this I can't say without shocking even you broadminded yanquis -- "a goat's pecker", judging by almost identical terms in Sanscrit & the Andes, right here.) ((Those drawings you sent, Mae, are just TOO big to print. Please send me some smaller drawings and I'll print them next issue, ok?--BEM..Earthtype))

CREATH THORNE, ROUTE 4, SAVANNAH, MISSOURI 64485

Unlike most of your readers I've actually seen some of the animated cartoons that you mention in your editorial. It's not that I deliberately go out of my way to watch them, but my study/library/fanac centre is in one corner of our living room, and the telly is in another corner. On Saturday mornings all morning long my younger brother runs the TV full blast, and as a result I can't help hearing some of the cartoons unless I get completely out of the house.

I never have appreciated any of the Hanna-Barbera cartoons; perhaps this is because I've been exposed to so many of them. I'll have to admit that that I'm not as fond of Warner Brothers cartoons as you are. Still, if I had to make a choice I'd certainly choose those you also enjoy. There is an element of more sophisticated humor in many of the Bugs Bunny cartoons--perhaps because they were originally intended to be used as penalty shorts in movie theatres and only secondarily were released on TV. (By the way, have you ever noticed that cartoons are much funnier in a movie theatre than on the telly? I don't know if it's because of the larger picture or the color or the fact that usually there's someone with me who is in the mood for laughing and having fun--but I do laugh in spite of myself sometimes at the picture palace while I hardly ever laugh at home when I see them on TV.)

There is also one other cartoon series that I used to think was perhaps just a little bit less than horrible: the Beanie and Cecil series. The reason I listened to these was because of the terrible, terrible puns they continually threw at you throughout the entire half-hour. I am a devotee of the pun, and I did appreciate that section of the show.

Evers' logic is a little faulty in his editorial. First, there are a number of people who have published more than one series of a major general fanzine--people who have even returned from complete gafia to do this. There's Tom Perry, {{ Where? methinks he's gafiated again }} and Richard Bergeron, {{ He's died down again, too }} and Sam Russell, and Dave Hulan (who didn't go gafia but did discontinue Loki before he and Ed Cox started Auslander) and Bill Donaho (who just started up Habakkuk again) and many other faneds who have published a major zine, gone inactive in the genzine field, and then returned again for another triumph. There are enough, in fact, to invalidate Evers' proposition.

And even if this were true, I'm afraid that Evers' contribution to the D:B coffers isn't going to be enough to keep the zine going if, as Earl suggests, it is dying. A successful zine depends on many more things than financial backing; in part, it also depends on the enthusiasm of the editors, the time the editors devote to the fanzine in ferreting out material, the ability of the editors to lay-out, stencil, and mimeograph the zine, and the intellectual ability of the editors in writing their own material. While I admire Evers' effort, I don't think that it will really help the situation too much. There are more important things than money to be considered in producing a fanzine. {{ HAH! \$No, I agree with most of what you say -- all the points are valid ones --- it just so happens that in the case of DOUBLE:BILL, it was mainly the Lack of Money that caused the cut-downs I had announced. You forget, I was paying for EVERYTHING while Bowers was in the hospital & Air Force; that can run into a lot of money after 2 or 3 issues. So I put my foot down.. And Evers' offer DID MAKE A DIFFERENCE, whatever the hell you may believe. Otherwise your copy of D:B would not have been mailed in envelopes, but been folded & stapled up.--BEM}}

CREATH THORNE, concl:

Steve Barr submitted a poem titled "Time" to Biggle and you printed it. Recent evidence uncovered by Banks Mebane and others has shown that much of Barr's creative material is not actually written by him but is plagiarized from such magazines as the Saturday Review. Biggle comments on the excellence of the poem; I doubt very much that Barr wrote it himself. ((I've written to Mr. Biggle and informed him of what you say..thanks a lot.--BEM))

Anyway, I disagree with Biggle's criticism of "Time", regardless of whoever wrote it. Let me quote from The Meaning of Modern Poetry by John Clarke Pratt: "Although each foot must contain one primary stress . . . there is no definite limit to the number of unaccented beats a foot may have. . . . Do not be misled into thinking that completely regular meter is desirable. Although few poems are written wholly in iambic feet or in trochaic feet, every good poem has a normal meter." Although "Time" is a small piece of verse and thus more subject to perfection of meter than longer poems, I don't think Biggle's revision adds very much to the enjoyment of the poem.

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

I wish that Stephen Pickering would spruce up his prose style. The only excuse for using long, obscure words instead of short, familiar ones is to achieve precision of meaning, but Pickering seems to do it in order to cloud (perhaps I should say "obfuscate") whatever it is that he is trying to say. I'm bound to admit that his article on Heinlein is better written than most of the other work I've seen by him -- in places, I can get through his words to the point of considering what he means. He does make some interesting points, but I think he is doing exactly what he accuses others of doing: projecting his own views into Heinlein's work. At places the impenetrable style does well up over the thought; at the Midwestcon we discussed "ambiguous, lucid political theory." ((Yeah, we sure did! That was f*u*n, weren't it? §§ You know how that slipped by me? About that time I was in a "numb", blah-type mood because of girl-friend troubles, and even though 'ambiguous-lucid' just didn't sound right to me, I was too lazy to confirm my suspicions by checking the dictionary, or even mentioning it to Bowers. So 'twas my fault I went lax as an editor, nobody elses.--BEM))

Again I liked Lloyd Biggle's column, although I don't agree with all of his judgments on some of the metric irregularities. I think he's right that the extra weak syllable in my "Sunset" was in-effective; by doing that and dropping a syllable in the last line, I was trying, by unsettling the third line, to point up the break in the fourth, and I meant the lines to scan: -/-/-/-/-/
/-/-/-/.

Biggle's emendation restored the regularity of the meter, but only emphasized the banality of the stanza, which is what I'd been trying to conceal in the first place. He is quite right, and anything that bad should be tossed out, not patched up.

However, I think he was wrong about E.E. Evers' verse which came next. If one reads "sometimes" in the third line as a spondee, then I think the two unstressed syllables that open the fourth are effective. Doubtless the verse could be improved, but I don't think it's quite as flawed as he implies.

Where I really disagree with him is in the poem "Time", by-lined Stephen Barr. I disagree with his scansion, and read it this way:

-45-

BANKS MEBANE, concl:

//--/--/--/ That makes the whole thing irregular, except for the third
/--/ line. The first verse is particularly complex. Remove the
-/-/--/--/ word "bittersweet" and you get "Made from the fruits of life",
//--/. which is three iambs with the first inverted into a trochee --
a usual device, as Biggle is aware. When the /-/ of "bittersweet" is in-
serted parenthetically into this meter, just as the word is parenthetical
to the thought, I think the line is very effective, something like the
complicated classical quantitative meters. The rest of the poem falls some-
what short of that effect.

In general, I agree with Biggle's judgments, except for the above
quibbles, and I hope he will continue writing his column. {{ Keep sending
poems in then, everybody..Lloyd says he didn't get ANY poems last time, &
if the column is to continue he needs your help.--BEM}}

JERRY KAUFMAN, 2769 HAMPSHIRE RD., CLEVELAND HTS., 6, OHIO

Your ed: I'm a stranger here myself - by "promotion" what do you mean -
your editing of D:B or your legit job? {{ My legit job - which is being
Head Nite Stocker at an A & P store.--BEM}} And why "old Pogo's"? The new
is better, art refined, wit sharpened. You're right on WB (my favorite is
"Duck Dodgers of the 21 & 1/2 Century"). {{ Never have seen that one, I'll
keep an eye out for it..BEM}}

Pickering: This fits Analog's new column "This is English?" He has
swallowed the dictionary whole and come out with one of the vaguest arti-
cles I've ever read. This guy has picked up a lot of complaints in your
lettercol on his review of a comic collection -chiefly for inaccuracy and
misreading. Forget him!

Wallaby Stew: I like it, I like it! (lots of my friends being inter-
ested in folk music, I managed to show them what the size of the S.F. un-
derground was - they suggested revolution)

Stricklen: This was the first "faan" piece I'd heard of, much less
read. Between Bowers' remarks in #13 on the stuff and Ben Jason's remarks
to me on the stuff (approximately, "Like a goat says 'ba-a', faan is baad
(I guess)') I'm confused. The piece is more confusing. I can't honestly say
more.

Front & Bacovers: Naked Breasts do not An Artist Make. The back, how-
ever, is great. Eisenstein is something like Hirshfeld if he did elephants.

Solon - needless to say, Solon's law needs Kaufman's corollary - An
S.F. novel by any other name shoots up in price, just as high as any other
best-seller.

Lettercol: Boardman - if there's no difference between a racist, a
Fascist and a conservative then a third of this country is all three, and
another half is composed of dupes and sympathizers (I mean those who be-
lieve in a two-party system, one liberal and one conservative). Kutina -
Animals? Rolling Stones? Ow, those are the worst. He thinks those books of
Reynolds he mentions are Socialist. A Socialist friend of mine hates them
because he swears they're Fascist. Can they be the same?

My name is Jerry Kaufman, I'm 17 2/3. I've just gotten out of my junior
year at Cleveland Hts. High (with B's.). My basic interest is S.F. any &
all. My political & social views are very inconsistent. When talking to a
racist I clam up. I, being Jewish, am a minority and by extrapolation be-
lieve in the same for everyone (opportunity & consideration, not economic
statis). But, in general, I'm liberal. -46-

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

I was thinking of trying to get down to the MidwestCon, but that weekend Phil Ochs was at La Cave, and the Rolling Stones were in Concert at the Cleveland Arena. Lately I've been very hung up on my girl, Folk-music and the Rolling Stones, in that order. SF is in there someplace, but it has been shoved into a small corner. You know I haven't even joined Tricon yet? No money. It's all been going into records (folk and rock), my girl, (a gorgeous psych major at Cleveland State) and sheet music (folk and I play the guitar and harmonica now and my hair is about a foot longer than when you last saw me). {{ Oh Ghod no, Scott -- don't tell me you've actually joined the long-hair crowd?!--BEM}} Oh well. See what a combination of women, folk music and science fiction will do to you? {{ Don't you dare blame S.F. for your long hair, you kook, you! I thought you were more sensible than that...mumble...mumble....--BEM}}

I think it was only a fair issue. The high points being Lloyd Biggle's column, Steve Pickering's article, and the lettercolumn, in that order. The low points being Si Stricklen's piece of trash and Ben Solon's rather inane and useless column. I wish that Lloyd's column had come out an issue earlier. It would have been no end of help to me in my Creative Writing course that I just had. Almost a third of it was devoted to the writing of poetry, of which I received a D plus for that part, a B overall. I would have had an A if it hadn't been for that damn poetry. Steve Pickering's article brought up some very interesting ideas, and true ones at that. Most fan critics (which means amateur) do not look at most books with an open mind. As a matter of fact I doubt if there is a critic anywhere in the world that does, but a great majority of these do try, but fans don't.

I guess John Boardman would classify me along with Dave Van Arnam. I would love to see North Viet Nam eaten for breakfast tomorrow, if I thought I could have Red China for a chaser. But at the same time I am very hung up on Civil Rights and integration. I had a Negro for a roommate these past two semesters and a nicer guy I've never known. He's from Rochester. If John would care to remember there were some rather bloody riots there a few years back. Gordy is a very sensitive and intelligent guy and it was through him and my one English prof (who by the way is an active member of SNCC) that I got hung up. I am not an atheist. I am a deist. So what does that make John?

Carl Brandon seems out to get everybody. Oh well that's his right. But one thing I cannot agree with him is his stand on religion. I believe that a person should hold to his individual beliefs. I believe that there is a god, whether you call Him by God, Jesus, Bhudda, Odin, Zeus, or whatever you care. It is the individuals right to choose how they believe and worship. My girl, for instance, is a good Catholic, and if it ever gets to the point that we want to get married, we are going to have troubles. But I believe that they can be worked out between the two of us.

NETTIE OTT, 709 COLORADO ST., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Welcome to the ulcer club. It used to be that to have an ulcer was a sure sign of success and a status symbol. {{ Anybody's welcome to MY status symbol!}} Now days I guess that even plain ordinary people (are faneds ordinary?) get them. Three cheers for e.e. evers. I wish that I was a doer rather than a sayer. I guess that we need more like him.

I enjoyed the fiction by Si Stricklen. I read it and really laughed. But--I still don't understand it. {{ Who does?}} Art work is beautifully reproduced.

JIM CAWTHORN, 4 WOLSELEY ST., GATESHEAD 8, CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND

Re the comics/magazines question mentioned by Buck Coulson; the British comic EAGLE had several strip-cartoon stories in its earlier issues comparable to some of the more competent of SF-magazine fiction, but I believe that a well-known SF author had a hand in the writing of the first of these strips. The artwork and colour-printing certainly deserved a good script.

One of these days I'll have to read some Heinlein later than The Roads Must Roll, to see what all the uproar is about.

The only thing I thought wrong in the bombing of New York (in FAIL-SAFE) was that no-one mentioned the impossibility of confining the fallout, etc., to one small area; the characters talked as if a magic circle could be drawn around the explosion, cutting it off from the remainder of the USA. If the President was put under enough pressure, he'd give the order. So would most leaders. Another few decades and they'll welcome the loss of several million voters.....

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

Congratulations on the discovery of your ulcer at such an appropriate occasion. It would be awfully embarrassing to perforate at a worldcon or on some such occasion. I have been suspecting that I possess the same interior situation for many months, but this suspicion got diverted last summer when I thought I discovered a brain tumor and I've never been able to take the same interest in my hypothetical ulcer since my tumor went away.

I don't think that Steve Pickering's article on Heinlein and on fans and on several other matters would stand up very well if someone took the trouble to write out in a few words the topics of each paragraph. For instance, he forgets when he announces that he will write "five premises by which one should analyze a writer" after he gets past the first premise and writes about Heinlein, not writers in general. Why are the varying reactions to Heinlein's works something for which fans should be blamed, after all? Surely varied criticisms of given literary works can be found in any level of criticism, not just in fandom. And what in the world were "the Wollheim-Tucker-Moskowitz feuds of the late 1930s" and how do they show fans to be "negative towards each other's ideas"? I remember no feuds between Tucker and either of those other two gentlemen, much less negativeness toward ideas, whatever that may mean.

Si Stricklen's little story amused me. I read it pretty much as I would reread The Lottery, without any effort to discover a key to the symbolism or some overwhelming moral lesson from the strange happenings.

Once again Lloyd Biggle on poetry is extremely good. But this time I can find a couple of things to complain about. The first, and most obvious, is his failure to come right out and explain why it's wrong for fans to break the regular scanning pattern and right for professional poets to do it. I'd like to see Biggle try to contrast similar irregularities in the works of great poets and fan poets and demonstrate that way where the difference lies.

The other complaint: all these things are points that needed making for anyone who reads poems in fanzines. But I wonder if it wouldn't be useful also to criticize some of these poems and the whole art of poetry from another standpoint, that of the poem that is read aloud? All these rules for the scansion must be modified considerably and probably for the

HARRY WARNER, concl:

better when the poem is heard rather than read soundlessly. The ear doesn't hear lines begin and end the way the eye sees this happen.

Ben Solon makes a good case for his point. But he's vulnerable in a couple of respects. Most obviously, there is no real reason why a paperback like Davy doesn't sell as well as a paperback edition of Fail Safe, except for the failure of the public to buy enough copies of it. In the old days, when all books were hardbound, fans could wail that publishers didn't promote the few science fiction novels they published. Now all the major publishers get displayed in thousands of places, and except for a rare all-out promotion of some timely book, the display space is equivalent. I suspect that the real trouble is the failure of "regular science fiction markets" to accept novels with themes like Fail Safe. This is evidence of the old magical belief that you can edit and publish science fiction by obeying whatever tabus and rules happen to be in favor among the trade this year, without taking the trouble to distinguish good from bad writing. I don't believe in the theory that everyone enjoyed the best writing in Shakespeare's day. Ben cites Hamlet so let's see what Hamlet himself says: "I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general; but it was,--as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine,--an excellent play...." (Note: Harry quotes a few more passages, but I'M not about to suffer thru them. The above item should prove his point enuff.) In short, popularity has never been a sure guide to merit.

I'm greatly impressed by Bill Bowers' ability to remain cheerful and ambitious under the difficult circumstances and uncertain future.

Both covers are extremely good. I'd like to see much more art by Alex Eisenstein, whom I always think of as a writer for some mysterious reason and am always surprised to see as an artist.

ALEX EISENSTEIN (A3C) AF16841228, CMR BOX 291 36TH COMBAT SUPPORT GROUP,
APO #09132, New York, N.Y.

John Boardman expresses a few opinions that have interesting hidden (or should I say "implicit"?) assumptions: "This is not to say that a man has no right to be a conservative, or to advocate or organize for the better advocacy of the conservative position. In fact, I regard the honest racist... to be worth ten of the hypocrite who is all in favor of integrating schools in a state a thousand miles away, but not the one around the corner which his own children attend." Is Mr. Boardman implying that all conservatives are racists?

About integration at home — I don't know or care how the school system in Berkeley or N.Y.C. are set up, or how they plan to solve the problem of segregation in schools; but I do know that my home town of Chicago has a neighborhood school system, and that total, statistical "integration" of each and every school would mean the bussing of thousands of kids, every day, to schools far outside their neighborhoods, into areas that are either lower or higher in social "class" than they are, into areas that are probably more dangerous to each than their own respective stomping grounds. Besides this inconvenience to the children; besides this danger to the children (both white and otherwise); besides the atmosphere of alienation that such action would undoubtedly create, besides all this, it costs money to transport these kids back & forth across the city. That money could be better spent on improving schools, or building

ALEX EISENSTEIN, concl:

new ones, or raising teacher salaries.

I'm not against integration; but the solution to "de-facto" segregation is not in the schools, where it is only a symptom; the solution is rather to be applied at the source of the trouble — unscrupulous & bigoted real estate practices. In areas where white & colored neighborhoods merge, or border each other, certainly the children should go to the same school, if it's the nearest for both. I'm totally opposed to the gerrymandering of school districts to keep negroes out of white schools that lie right on the borders of negro communities. (In fact, I'm against the idea of "negro communities" as such, but you can't solve this ghetto situation thru the schools; that's an ass-backwards approach if I ever saw one!

To Carl Brandon: Mr. Grant is writing something rather daring — you forget that he lives in Chicago, a predominantly Catholic city, in the U.S.A. — not Stockholm, Sweden, where, if you'll pardon me, sexual license and sexual freedom are little differentiated. America does not, on the whole (outside fandom) have the libertarian outlook that Sweden does. Lewy isn't getting all hot & bothered over his oh-so-daring article; he just has a sense of humor, that's all, & realizes what country he lives in.

As to my comments on Scott Kutina: I believe he clearly condemns himself more than I need do in his letter in D:B #14. In the interim, Scott, I've met an intelligent female; one who is not a Helen-of-Troy, to be sure, but she's cute enough for me. By the time you read this you may even have met her; she's coming to the Con with me, and a year from now she will be my own trufannish wife.

Love is wonderful; it makes you insufferably tolerant!

ROY TACKETT, 915 GREEN VALLEY RD, NW, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87107

An ulcer, eh? What brought it on? you ask. I'll tell you what brought it on. What brought it on was writing things like that big put-on regarding cartoon in D:B14; that's what brought it on. Bill Mallardi. Sneaky ol' Bill Mallardi. Trying to sucker the readers with that editorial. Hoo-haw. ((Yup, thass me, good ol' suckery-type-BEM!))

Hey, I used to watch those cartoons at the moon pictures. Always got a kick out of the WB cartoons, too. Except they were predictable. "In any other cartoon the trick would work." Pfui! You know it isn't going to work. You know that something is going to go wrong and that coyote is going to go plunging down into the cañon. He ain't never going to catch that road runner. Same with the others: the wolf will never get a sheep; Yosemite Sam will never best Bugs Bunny. Predictable. Boring.

Must I have thoughts on Heinlein for philosophy? So who reads Heinlein for philosophy? (I know who does.) Well, if I must think of Heinlein's social philosophy I think of this: that the one theme that runs through all his stories is that in any form of government the rights of the individual must be paramount. "I can conceive of no circumstance," says the protagonist of The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, "under which the state should put its own welfare ahead of mine." And this is as it should be. There are no circumstances, no conditions, which would justify the government--any government--in making the welfare and freedom of the individual a thing of secondary importance.

This, it seems to me, is the basic of Heinlein's social philosophy--if he has any-- and in this he is correct.

ROY TACKETT, concl:

"How to Watch Ball Lightning For Fun and Profit." This should be re-printed in FIVE BY FIVE, the publication of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, since the references to 5 would be greatly appreciated therein. I shall recommend that CAPA vote a commendation to Stricklen for his story.

Solon's column. SF has only itself to blame if it exists in a literary ghetto. Not too many years back fans were quite voluble in their demands that stf be recognized as a separate branch of literature; reviewers were castigated for lumping it with the whodunits and libraries were beseeched to establish separate sections for stf. So now we have the ghetto and as any literary-type reviewer will tell you there's nothing good in it anyway. The wiser stf authors now get their books published without calling them SF. We demanded that stf be segregated and so it was and it became considered sort of a second-class citizen of the literary world. Should we now demand integration with the mainstream? All together now: We shall overcome...

Well, apparently that radical upstart Boardman has met his match. He made some comments about police brutality in Harlem, and who should slap him down but a genuine, certified Harlem Negro named Elliot Shorter! Of course, says John, he wasn't referring to Negro Harlem. No, sir. It was Spanish Harlem he meant and naturally Shorter couldn't be expected to know anything about that.

All things considered I do not doubt Boardman's reports of police brutality in New York City; indeed, I should think he reports only some of the more obvious cases. No, no disagreement at all with him on that score. But it is interesting to watch his footwork; the way he shifts he'd have made a great halfback for the Rams. As for my own political convictions, I refer you to Buck Coulson's review of Dynatron in this of D:B. They are outlined therein. {{ Going back to D:B 14 the only thing I could make out from Buck's comments is that apparently you're conservative. But he says it sort of vaguely...}} Your allusion (or comparison) of stf with the civil rights movement up above seems rather apropos... I wonder what the rest of fandom thinks of it? Can there be a compromise, tho, for stf & mainstream, thus giving stf more RESPECT even tho it IS "segregated"?}}

Ah there, Scott Kutina. It is obvious, is it not, that the concept of People's Capitalism, as outlined in the Mack Reynolds yarns you mention, is the only logical system that our government can evolve into? Consider that with our rapidly advancing technology more and more men are being automated out of work, particularly in those jobs which require little skill or training (and even in a great many that do). It is well within the realm of possibility that the next quarter of a century will find the bulk of the current working force on the dole and since these people cannot be allowed to starve and since there is no turning back to the methods of yesterday then the only solution is the welfare state. Now, then, we here in Westworld obviously cannot call this "socialism" since that is a dirty word and is foreign to our Way of Life. People's Capitalism is the answer: make everybody a stockholder. That way no one will actually be on the dole, you see.

Bowers' remark about the annual wage of the military qualifying them for the Anti-Poverty program calls to mind that a couple of years ago a group of Navy families in the state of Washington discovered that their pay was low enough so that they could qualify for Washington state relief checks. So they all trooped to the Welfare bureau and applied for relief. And got it.

CHARLIE SMITH, VILLAGE SCHOOL HOUSE, CULFORD, NR. BURY ST, EDMUNDS,
SUFFOLK, ENGLAND

I'm still not convinced by Stephen Pickering's arguments in favor of Heinlein's novels - that probably should be in quotation marks. Especially this bit about Heinlein not really believing in the fictional philosophies he presents. Maybe not; maybe he's simply trying to stimulate argument amongst his readers, presenting one outlook in one novel and abandoning it immediately the novel is finished. In which case, the arguments presented against his main thesis in Starship Trooper and Farnham's Freehold should have been more than a house of cards, stacked up for his hero to knock down. Only the arguments for the main thesis receive any real thought or consideration, which seems to suggest that Heinlein is only able to put forward his own point of view. If he were making it up as he goes along, without any real conviction, then the opposing arguments would also receive his attention and consideration. I haven't yet read his latest epic since I haven't yet received all the installments. I shall read it though, probably out of a masochistic desire to see where he's going now. I shall be pleasantly surprised if I enjoy it, since I'm not convinced that Heinlein is anything more than a hack with a big name solely within the field of sf. It was quite interesting to read the reviews in the dailies over here, where sf receives fairly serious treatment. All the reviewers were unanimous in regarding Farnham's Freehold as a bad book, not because of its philosophy, but because of the ineptness of its handling and the sheer bad writing throughout the novel.

It's really refreshing to finish a Heinlein novel and turn to someone like Phil Dick or better still Roger Zelazny, who must be the major find of the last couple of years. I think what impresses me most is that he is able to instill a genuine sense of the tragic into sf. A Rose for Ecclesiastes very nearly moved me to tears. I was able to recommend it to my wife, who doesn't read sf at all, and she was just as moved as I was. His work is just fantastic, genuinely moving, intellectually stimulating, stylistically brilliant and best of all he's never come close to repeating himself. I'm glad to see that two of his works are nominated for Hugos this year. Not that I expect him to win. I've completely lost faith in the awards over the last few years. The fact that Davy didn't make it finished them for me.

An interesting situation with regards to semantics arises in John Boardman's letter. He continually sprinkles his letter with references to conservatives, then lumps liberals, progressives, Negroes, Jews, Socialists and communists together as the groups the conservatives would throw into prison camps. Now it is quite obvious to me that he and I mean something quite different by "conservatives". In this country, the conservatives are probably no more reactionary than your liberals, with whom they have quite a lot in common. The extreme right, which, I presume, is what John is referring to, over here are generally labelled as fascists or near fascists as with the Empire Loyalists. Conservative is a fairly honorable term of reference. Then later in the letter column Scott Kutina indulges himself in a little diatribe against the creeping socialism in your country. He even seems to consider that both Kennedy & Johnson are socialists and that socialism is against everything his forefathers fought for in the War of Independence. Again a political term used with overtones of abuse. Now I'm a socialist all the way. ((That's it; end of letters thish. Thanx for writing...no time or room for WAHF's, sorry...--BEM--)) -52-

THE BEMS'
CORNER

editorial by
BILL MALLARDI

Would you believe it? It's just a month shy of four years since DOUBLE:BILL was first started...four years of weird, but fun-filled experiences. Many of you (if you're lucky?) will be reading this at the 24th World S.F. Con -- the Tricon --Sept. 2-5, 1966. That's because it's a Special Tricon Issue. It also means that Bowers and I worked our proverbial Tails off to get it to you, since this editorial is being typed on August 27th --the Con is just a week away! And we have 50 pages to run off, collate, and staple yet. (Don't tell me fans aren't

crazy!) But we hope you all enjoy this issue.

If you're unfortunate enough not to make it to Tricon --then you're getting this through the mails, weeks after it's over. You have my sympathy... (For missing the con, I mean!)

Speaking of which -- here is a bit of information that should help all of you fans that have reserved suites: When you pay your bill at the end of the Con, be sure and check to see that the clerks at the desk DO NOT charge you extra for the cots in the suites. They are free, and came with the Convention Rate. When I first reserved our suite I ran into that problem, you see. They insisted on charging us an extra \$3. for each cot, and I finally had to go over the clerks heads and check with the Head Man. (And also chairman Ben Jason.) I was right, they are free. This applies only to suites though -- other rooms with cots WILL be charged the \$3. I hope I've headed off a lot of haggling come check-out time, by the rest of the fans with suites... Now don't say I never did anything for you!

(Don't ALL flock to thank me, though!)

Awww, shucks, fellas..it wasn't much.....

* * *

Bowers mentions in his editorial about comments made at the Midwest-con re: D:B's supposedly "uninspired" layouts and headings. Also the heavy emphasis on fiction. I'll agree with the latter - not an issue of D:B has ever seen print without at least one piece of fiction in it. So we're going to try something different and see what happens -- a de-emphasizing of fiction. This issue we've only the surrealistic Zelazny short, and next issue (#16, whenever it's out) won't have any at all. (Who knows about #17? It may not, either) But what do the majority of you fans think of this? Like the idea, or no? If most of you would rather not see much fiction in D:B then for Ghu's sake send in good articles and contribute to Bill Bowers' Review Section! We have to have SOMETHING to intersperse between our three columnists. (As an afterthought in my requests for material, herewith a plea to you Fanartists out there: We desperately need a lot of SMALL spot illos for the lettercolumn. This



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issue the lettercol has no illos at all, because of it's size and the lack of good, SMALL illos. They would really be appreciated..) But back to the comments made about our layouts, etc:

Those remarks I completely disagree with — I think our headings and layouts are just as good as any other fanzines' — considering the location of ye eds. Fanzines like QUIP, NIEKAS, etc., are located in fannish areas — cities and states where a lot of fans are relatively close together; and some are even pro's, like Ted White and Terry Carr. Thus it's relatively easier for any faneds in towns like New York or Los Angeles, etc., to find an abundance of talented fans to choose from for contributions of art and ideas. Akron, Ohio, on the other hand, is an area completely barren of such groups — so Bowers and I are more or less alone in a desert when it comes to that.

Admittedly, I'm not too good at very "imaginative" headings a lot of the time — Bowers is better at that than I am. But he's usually in another state — far from home. My talents (if I have any) lean more to editing and desiring perfect spelling and reproduction. Thus I think we more or less complement each other. (As an aside, I sure wish I could correct the typos in Bill's editorial and article thish, but my typer has different size type, and it's impossible!) You may notice in the zines mentioned above I left out YANDRO — I did that on purpose. The Coulson's are marooned in a sea of mundanedom like we are — but Juanita is so talented in layouts, stencilling art, etc, she overcomes most of the obstacles! (The headings in YANDRO, though, aren't any more inspired than ours — but to tell the truth I like those kind. Simple, yet effectively done. After all, there is only so much you can do with lettering guides, you know.)

So all in all, I think we do a more than adequate job on D:B in that respect. I'd like you fans' opinions on that, too, as well as our new fiction policy. This is a genzine, after all.

If I recall, Ted White made most of the remarks concerning D:B at the Midwestcon...anything more you care to say, Ted?

* * *

Well, it looks like D:B did get on the final ballot..so my resigning from the Tricon Committee wasn't completely in vain. Our thanks to all who voted for us...

Also, many thanks to all you fans who wrote in offering home remedies and condolences about my ulcer! It really surprised me... I'm about cured, now. It appears my remarks on the Warner Brothers cartoons hit close to home with a lot of you, also. You people amaze me more each time...there must be some sort of kindred spirit between us all....

And now an official announcement: Recall the D:B Symposium? And our promise to auction it off to The Highest Bidder at a con, proceeds to go to TAFF? Well, it's all bound up by Lloyd Biggle, and will be/was auctioned off at the Tricon. Ed Wood is our Auctioneer, and we hope it brings a good price. Minimum bid is \$30., which Bowers and I will start off if no one else does. Details on who won it (that lucky soul) will be pubbed in the next issue.

Until next time -- have fun at the con--or turn green with envy if you didn't go! Write! --- Bill Mallardi



DOUBLE: BILL