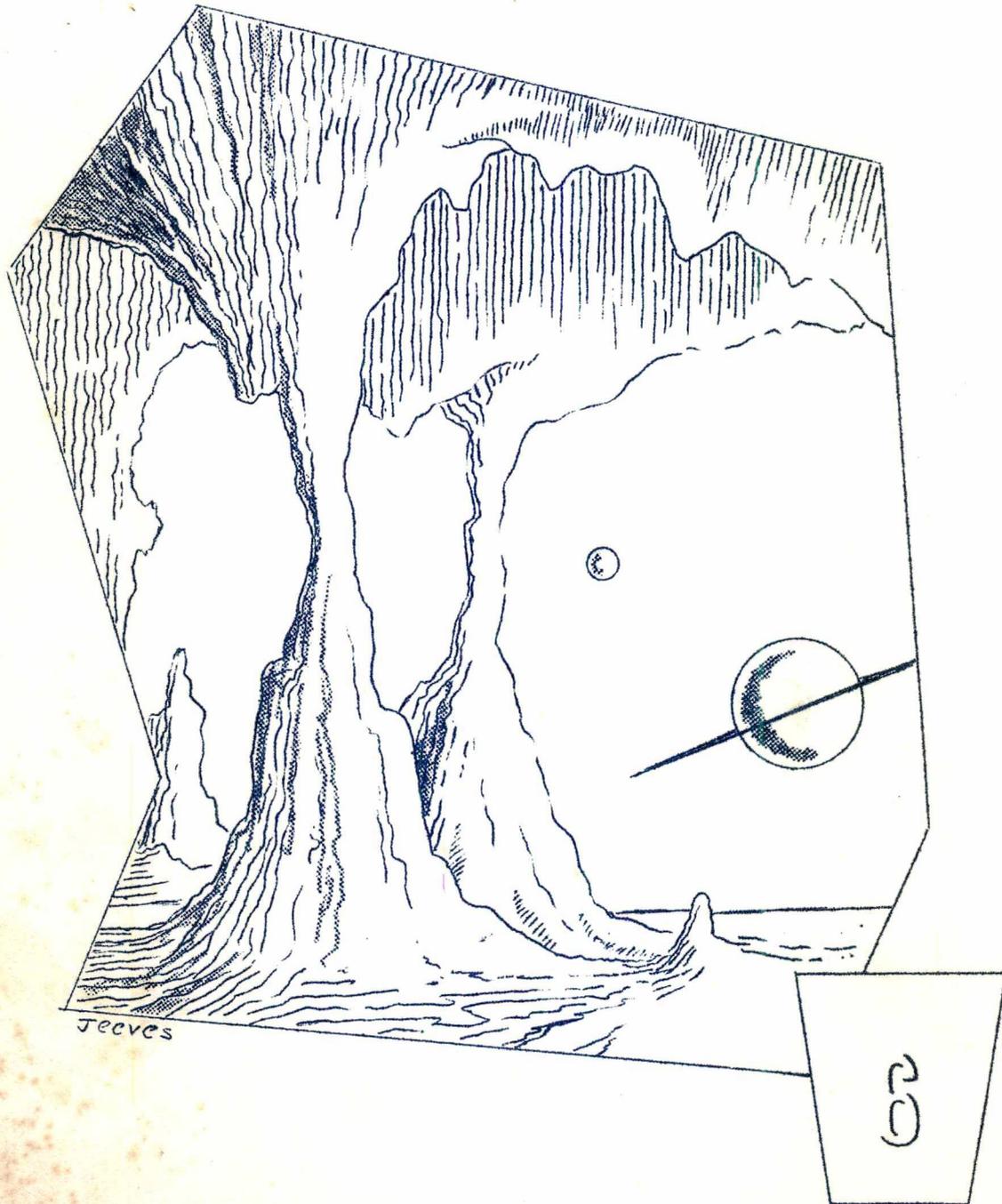


Double

Bill



DOUBLE-BILL

AUGUST, 1963

Vol. 1, No. 6

Edited by:

Bill Bowers &

Bill Mallardi

Columnists:

Robert Coulson,

Clay Hamlin

& Mike Shupp

ARTWORK

COVER & BACOVER
by:

Terry Jeeves

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J. COULSON: 14

JEEVES: 23

DEA: 36

WE B E R F O R
T . A . F . F .

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DOUBLE-BILL is, until next issue, a bi-monthly fanzine published by Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers thru the Grace of our King Rex. Beginning with #7, DOUBLE-BILL will henceforth be published on a quarterly schedule. There will be no Sample copies given away free, of #7, since it's the 1st Annish. Reviewers please note: Sample copies will cost 30¢ for it alone. Otherwise D-B is available by the usual means of Loc, or contributions of Art and/or Material, or trades. The bi-monthly sub price will remain at 6/\$1.00 up until #7 appears, from then on it's 25¢ each or 5/\$1. (See BEM's editorial for more clarification on this, please.).

Remember, mail those SUBS & MATERIAL to:

BILL BOWERS
3271 Shelhart Rd.,
Barberton, Ohio, 44203

And the TRADES and LOC's should go to:

BILL MALLARDI
214 Mackinaw Ave.,
Akron 13, Ohio, 44313

Have any written material competently done? Send it to us, please?

THE BEAMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL BY BILL MALLARDI

The '63 Midwescon is now more than a month behind us, but memories of it will stick with me for a long time to come. I travelled down to Cincinnati with Bowers & Harvey Inman...and we all had an enjoyable two days down there. I even wrote up a conreport that Harvey was conned into printing in FANTASYFICTION FIELD! While there I learned that Joni Cornell & Jon Stopa were married back in May or so. Congratulations, you two, it couldn't have happened to any nicer people!! (I do wish you'd have told me tho, instead of having me learn of it second hand.) We'll be expecting great things from you two. Joni can illustrate your stories now, Jon.

We're sorry to report that Clay Hamlin's CLASSICS, ETC. column will not be in this issue -- and a long letter from Clay tells us why -- he's very busy with the N3F story contest, taking exams, etc. He also says he's afraid he'll have to drop the column altogether - tho he will be back in the Annish. Naturally we're disappointed to hear this, Clay; we have appreciated your help and encouragement thru this past year -- and of course if it hadn't of been for you we wouldn't have found Mike Shupp! There isn't much more to say, except a sincere 'thanks from the bottom of our hearts for all that you've done for us.'

But don't quit yet, Clay, maybe what I've got to say here will keep you on?

Bill Bowers & I have talked it over very seriously for a while now, and have finally decided to go Quarterly beginning with the next issue (#7, the annish.). The reasons for it are many...for one thing, though we really do like working on D-B (and it is work, don't let anyone kid you) with a regular schedule, this bi-monthly bit takes up so MUCH of our time, that we've hardly any left for ourselves to do what we want both inside & outside of fandom. Thus a quarterly schedule would give us more of a rest between issues, with time to do other things. Also, there is a possibility in the near future of my being "promoted" to Nite Crew Head at the store, and the added responsibilities would make it necessary to curtail my fannish activities a bit - so already being quarterly would be perfect for me. Other advantages would be our not burning up our backlog of material and supplies as fast; and of course going quarterly the mag would be slightly larger, and have a corresponding price: 25¢ @ or the bargain price of 5 for \$1.00. This means for \$1. you'd get TWO annish's, by the way. Matter of fact, the more we think of the idea, the better we like it. So. Here's what we'll do: All those fans on our sub list now will get DOUBLE-BILL the old way of 6/\$1. 'til their subs run out. (From then on it'll be the new price of 5/\$1.) We also will do this...listening, everybody? ALL the fans who send in their subs from NOW until #7 appears, will also get D-B at the 6/\$1. price - - so how much fairer could we get? If you like D-B and find that #6, #7 or any other is your last issue, then send in your dollar(s) now for as many subs as you like and you'll get it quarterly at the 6/\$1. price. So remember, send it in as soon as possible, because any arriving after #7 comes out in October will get the new price of 5/\$1. This ad-

vance notice is to your benefit - we will continue D-B quarterly- - - no matter what- - - and we think you'll like it even more. At least, we hope as much. For one thing, we'll have even more time to do a better job on it, and we've some good material on hand and lined up.

Once again may I remind you then, that our 1st Annish will be the beginning of our quarterly schedule, so sub now. (Technically, by the way, the annish will be in ONLY TWO months, or October, which is when #1 came out a long year back! From then on it'll appear every three months.)

Any comments, pro or con? We'll be interested to see what you think. If you don't like the idea, let's put it this way: Would you rather we burned ourselves out completely if we stayed bi-monthly regularly?? I don't think so. At least, I hope not!!

ODE TO "NELLYBELLE the Third". Yes, Nellybelle the third is gone-- but not forgotten. She was loyal to me almost always; usually trustworthy, and she & I went thru a lot of hardships together. But she was getting old, and beginning to fail me in her old age -- so as much as I hated to do it, I got rid of her. There is now a "Nellybelle the Fourth" to take her place, but though she is gone I'll never forget her -- in her own way I loved her....

Who is Nellybelle?? In plainer terms, she was my battered-up, #rusty white '60 Valiant - and I coldly traded her in on a beautiful new, beige '63 Valiant - right now she's probably sitting on some used car lot in town, waiting for another lover. Ol' Val was A Damn Good Car -- but she took a lot of abuse from our family these past three years. She had almost 49,000 miles on her...most of it hard driving... still she held up exceedingly well under it.

In her own way she was fannish, too. She'd been to two World cons -- being mine and many others transportation to the Seacon in '61 and ChiconIII in '62; and the trip to Seattle was a helluva jaunt -- 6,000 miles added to her on that trip alone, and she gave us no trouble at all -- even fully loaded, going up and down high mountains, through sandstorms, detours, etc. Not only did she see two Worldcons, but the last two Midwescon's as well, plus various other trips - to Joni Cornell's in Pa., the Prosser's in Steubenville, and Harvey Inman's in Grafton, Ohio. The last thing she attended before being traded was the Coulson picnic. So tho I regret she's gone, I'm very satisfied with the service she gave me. I've no complaints. But does she??

NELLYBELLE #4 has taken her place - carry on the tradition, so to speak. Let's hope she does half as well. And good-bye, Nellybelle #3.... I'll miss ya....

Permit me to brag a bit about my new car? She's really sharp, my beige beauty...she's got all vinyl upholstery, a 145 HP 6cyl. engine with stick shift -- man can she scoot! -- plus of course radio, heater, etc., and (get this): 3 speed wipers...slow, medium & fast. (That's so if it rains "slow", you use the "slow" speed, if it rains "medium", use the "medium" speed, etc.!)

See you in the Annish..but for most of you Nellybelle & I'll see you at the DISCON, ok?! We'll be there, Ghu willing. Remember, sub now!

Bemmishly, Bill M.

STRATEGY AND THE SPACESHIP

SPACE WARS III

by mike shupp

For many days the great inverted cone of the Terran fleet had fallen through space without power, and the blips of his comrades' ships had speckled the radar screen of Jenkins' small craft with a thousand green traces. But at long last the hours of tedium and waiting had paid off, for, at the top of Jenkins' screen a minute red dot cautiously ventured forth. It was soon followed, and Jenkins' trained eye easily picked out the scouts, the transports, and the battleships in the enemy open cylinder formation his screen depicted.

Jenkins' coms snarled and spat and then the voice of the Fleet Admiral came on, transmitted from the great ship at the apex of the cone by maser beam. The Admiral read an Inspiring Speech, and quickly reviewed the battle plan. Not that he needed to. Jenkins and any other man in the fleet could recite the plan word for word from memory. The hypnotecs were pretty smart at that sort of thing, but custom was still ruler of the Navy, and the Admiral read his plan.

Yet another day the fleets fell, the Terrans preparing their weapons as the enemy conveniently closed in under their own power, until the base of the cone had encircled the base of the cylinder. Then Space lit up for a billion cubic miles as the Terrans finally blasted. As the mighty drives flickered on and off and again on and off, a hundred thousand men, from lonely pilots of one man scouts to the three thousand man crews of the big battleships, fought the surges of the G forces to launch missiles and aim and lock in laser beams. The multi-colored beams criss-crossed the void, like so many rainbow-hued search lights. Squadrons of missiles homed in on their targets. The enemy fleet dissipated under the sudden onslaught, scattered and lost all pretense of a formation. A battleship, seeking to evade a missile, rammed one of her scouts and both of them blundered into the beam of a laser. The missile arrived a second later but there was little left for it to hit.

In his small ship, Jenkins grimaced as the G's hit him, but continued to tap calculations on the computer console built into his arm rest. In the few seconds before his drives flickered out again, he had launched two missiles. Two more followed it, and then his drives flamed as Jenkins found his real target.

For this was Jenkins' lonely duty, his and that of a few others in the Terran fleets. No man envied him or his fellows, though their glory was great. And no one really understood them, though they might know them well. But Jenkins knew he was dying of cancer and he welcomed his lonely destiny. To seek the enemies command ships, that was the job of Jenkins and his fellows. To seek.....and to ram.....

Mighty fleets, great weapons, colliding space ships, deeds of fools, and of heros; this is the stuff of battles in space as most of us know

them. But there might be more than one type of battle, a different mode of war....

A million miles out from Mars, its destination, the Earth-Mars freighter King Olaf was boarded. Skipper Nils Christianson swore an oath when he saw a red beam play across the heavens before his ship and when he heard the coms snarl and crackle as the other's masers made contact. Boarding had never happened to Christianson before, but he had heard the tales told in the ports, and seen the embittered skippers boarded and robbed by the "raiders".

The boarder was a young man who carried himself easily. He looked rather bored about the whole thing, and Christianson felt a chill slide along his back. If this one said "Hi there, pappy. Let's be a good boy now."--and had a burn from a near miss of a laser hand gun on his left ear lobe.... "Hi there, pappy," the man with a burn on his left ear lobe said. "Let's be a good boy now." And Christianson felt the terrors of the damned. Even so had Behr's crew described this man. The man who with a bored look kicked the gun out of Behr's trembling hand and put a laser beam through the old man's brain.

Christianson could now see that very gun. A sleek blue weapon it was, the latest Patrol issue, as were the holster, and space suit. No doubt the Patrol markings on the vessel alongside were merely painted over. The boarder carried himself with the assurance of a Patrol officer, straight out of Patrol Academy and whatever well-hidden spot where the Patrol covertly trained its pseudo-pirates. The Patrol didn't really mind if anyone knew it sponsored the raiders, just as long as it could get away with it, and not have to explain to a fuddy-duddy and probably bribed Congress. But the Patrol kept up the masquerade of persueing the "pirates", no matter how useless or valueless that attempt. Christianson remembered the case of McGuire; the very man who raided him had been one of the investigating Patrol men when he landed at Marsport, leaving all in his cargo but food and medicines to the raiders.

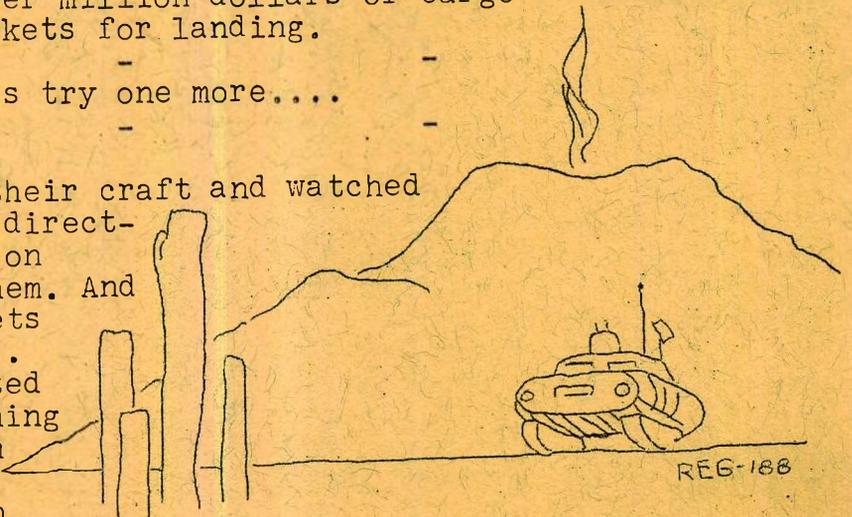
And so Christianson could only watch with sullen rage as the raider skimmed his cargo manifests, and inspected the hold. Nor did he protest as the raider directed the crew to break out the cargo and to throw most of it--anything that might have the slightest military value--out the cargo airlock.

It was a very bitter man who watched three raiders/patrolmen play a laser over three and one quarter million dollars of cargo before his lightened ship fired retro rockets for landing.

Getting the picture? Let's try one more....

It was lonely in the sky.

A half dozen men sat in their craft and watched Venus spin below them. In all directions but down the stars shine on their small ships, watching them. And beneath them, under the blankets of clouds, were other watchers. Terran Intelligence had reported that the insurgents were planning to launch several rockets from the space ports they had conquered and use them to bomb



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Earth cities. And so the six men needs sit in their isolated ships, day after lonely day as a deterrent. The rebels might plan, but they would do nothing as long as one of those six ships was occasionally visible in the port radar installations, a symbol of the armed might and retaliatory powers of the home world. Or so the rulers of Earth hoped. The six men also hoped so, but it was very lonely in the sky.

War, it has been said, is the act of imposing your will on another nation. And wars may be fought in many ways, from armed combat between large forces to James Mowry WASPing his way through Jaimec to slapping a blockade around Cuba. But there may be times when preventing wars are just as important as fighting them. In both fighting and preventing wars the space ship would be invaluable. Besides the use of space ships as conventional air craft and maritime ships are used at present, the space ship would have immeasurable value as propaganda, much as the war fears and tensions of today are bound up and put into one package called The Bomb. Remembering all this, let's go back and take another look at the three uses of the space ship in space warfare....

The first episode reads like something out of E.E. Smith's TRIPLANETARY--which is where I did get my inspiration--but it isn't. For the only weapons mentioned are lasers and missiles, both within the range of present day military technology. Jenkins and his actions had their counterparts less than a quarter century ago in Japan's kamikase pilots.

Conventional space warfare might be a lot like present day naval battles in three dimensions--about the closest parallel would be to give two fleets wings and let them fight the Battle of Britian above a Channel a thousand miles wide. Then there are all the Hells of precision bombing --single bombs at first, then later the charring and boiling of great sections of planets by an opponent who has nothing to lose and need not worry about being contaminated by the fall out from his own weaponry.

*

Since a blockade is an act of war, the United States merely placed a "Quarantine" on the island of Cuba last year, but both have the same purpose--to keep the materials of waging war out of the hands of a hostile nature which might be using or plan to use them in warfare. Of course, pirates take orders from no one, and piracy is not an act of war, unless the pirates are proven to be acting under the orders of a hostile nation.... In the second episode, the Patrol is acting upon its own initiative, but with the implicit consent of those in power to place a blockade around Mars, to keep the Martians from using war materiel other than their own. Since an official Patrol blockade would be an act of war, a highly illegal, highly approved, highly important war is being fought here.

*

In all wars propaganda is important, from reasuring the folks back home, to wooing enemy soldiers over to your side. And throughout history the thought of retaliation has prevented wars - nobody is going to walk in to a war of his own free will if he thinks that it is likely to get him clobbered, win or lose.

It's bad enough today to simply realise that the other side has nuclear weapons at hand; it would be worse to be able to look up at night and see one in orbit, free falling, over us like Damocles' sword. And to know that there is a man riding it, watching us, ready to release it, just waiting.... that is by far the worst. And so the six men over Venus.

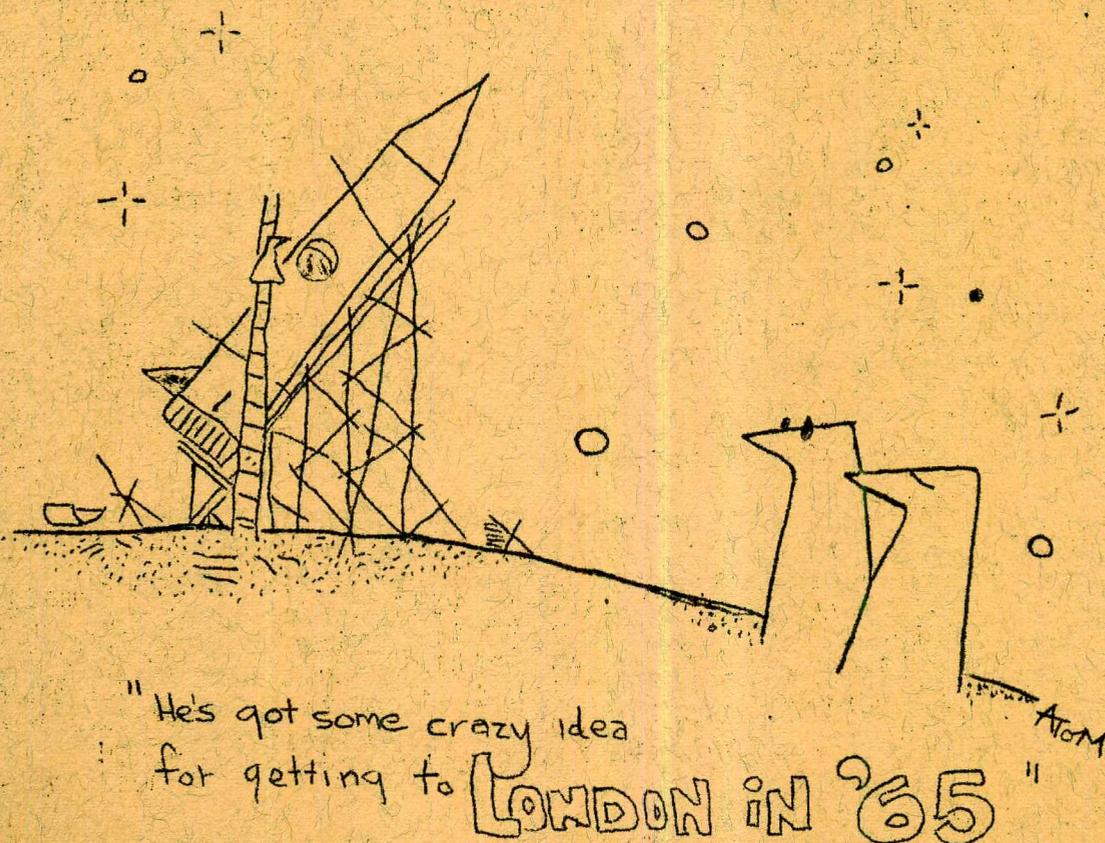
The wars of this century have been large and complex, hard to coordinate. And in the wars of the future, space wars will be even larger and more complex will be the battles. However, the overall coordination should be better, both as machines move more and more into logistics and as the combat arms are simplified. The present day division of our fighting forces into land, sea, and air branches will be senseless in a war fought in an environment alien to all three. At this point it might be assumed that all three will be abolished in favor of a single spaceborne branch and the others discarded, but throughout history, though battles may be fought for the rights of access to the sea, or conceivably to the sky, in the end all wars end up hinging around the control of the land. The jobs of the naval and air services are simply to bomb cities and enemy strongpoints and to transport troops--in short, to make things easier for the army.

Both transport and bombardment can be carried on by space ships, and in warfare beyond the planet, nothing else can do these jobs. Hence, in fighting another planet the only forces needed are the space arm and the army branch of combat. Obviously, until Man outgrows the need for war, or else bombs himself down into planet tied barbarianism, the space ship will play an important part in space wars.

POME:

Lewis J. Grant

He looked like any average Joe,
But human he was not.
Instead of a beer belly,
He had a pseudopot.



WALLABY STEW

ROBERT COULSON

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #13 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 10¢) With three newsletters devoted mainly to pro news, and several other publications providing occasional mentions of same, I'm inclined to feel that never has fandom been so well-informed about so little. The amount of pro news available is indicated by the fact that Harvey devotes 4 pages to the pros (including promag reviews) and 10 pages to the fan (including the inevitable con report). Things are looking up, though; Bill Bowers gives a brief rundown on all the U.S. promags and already he's two titles behind, with GAMMA and THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR now out.

Con report is, I guess, okay if you like con reports. I see reporter Mallardi is spreading rumors that Tucker has applied for membership in First Fandom. Gee; First Fandom, N3F, FAPA.....pretty soon the watchword will be "Tucker and Togetherness".

DIFFERENTIAL #10, 11, 12 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - frequent - 2¢) Subscriptions are accepted, it says, and since it doesn't make much sense to use a 5¢ stamp to send 2¢ for a sample copy you might as well get a 5 or 10-issue sub while you're at it. This is a one-sheet personal opinion journal....editor says it's monthly but if it is how come 3 issues accumulated between issues of a monthly YANDRO? Sometimes I suspect all fan editors of operating on separate, individual time tracks. Material is generally well-written and seems to interest quite a few people, although I'm not one of them. There is a fable for fans in #12 which lacks an ending, which I will supply here out of my innate generosity. "The first brother found out that the world couldn't be changed and shot himself in an excess of despair while the second brother lived happily in his private world and when people said he was unrealistic he replied 'What is realism?'"

MENACE OF THE LASERS #71-A (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California, 90024 - bi-weekly - 5 for 50¢) I think Pelz is getting delusions of grandeur or something; this one arrived without any postage stamp on it at all, and we had to pay 5¢ postage due on the thing. It wasn't worth it. California fan news, with an occasional professional news item sneaking in...mildly amusing.

SKYRACK #36 (Ron Bennett, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 70¢ if you want them sent airmail - U.S. agent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland) And by all means send your subs to Pavlat, since Bennett is moving on Aug. 1 and don't trust any post office to forward mail. British and continental European fan and pro news, biggest item of which is that the editor has been secretly married for 16 months. What a sneaky way to get a scoop! Recommended if you're as nosy about other people's affairs as most fans are.

THRU THE HAZE #25 (Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - more or less

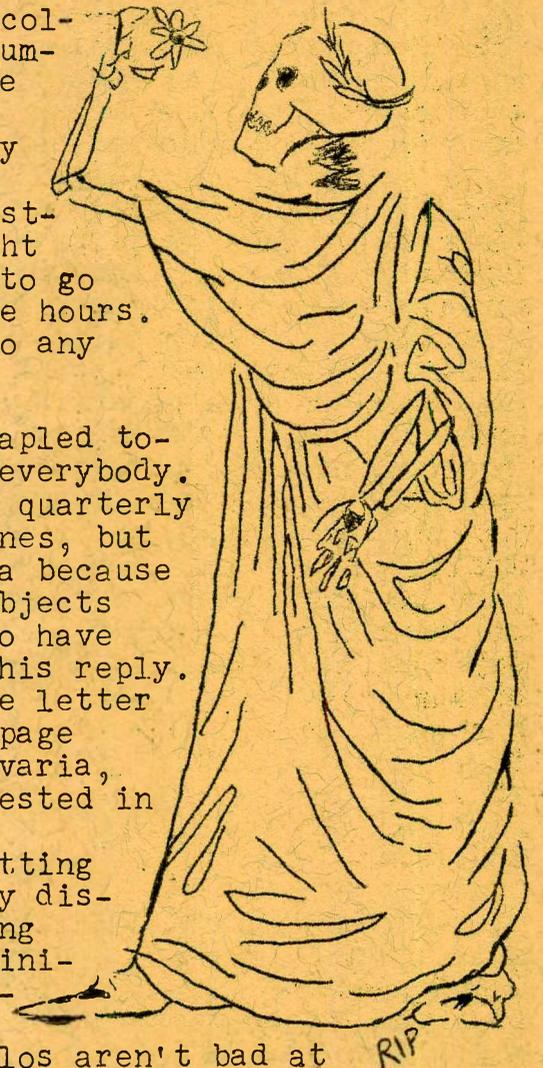
monthly - free for comment, I think). HAZE seems to be more and more taken up with Alma Hill's column on how to write professional fiction. Presumably this is because most of Art's readers like the column, and quite possibly it provides a wealth of information. I seldom read it, partly because I have my doubts that the contributors know much more about writing than I do, and mostly because writing instruction manuals for eight hours a day doesn't leave me with much desire to go home and write fiction for another two or three hours. Oh well, it keeps the neos happy and doesn't do any harm.

DIE WIS #9 and DETROIT IRON #2 (which I got stapled together but I'm not sure they come that way to everybody. Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. - quarterly - for trade or comment) These are both apa-zines, but have some interest to the non-member of the apa because Dick makes such thorough comments about the subjects which catch his interest. It isn't necessary to have read the original comment to get the sense of his reply. If you're interested in things like a five-page letter from Bjo Trimble on Japanese food, or a three-page commentary by Schultz on Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, these mags are your meat. (If you're not interested in such things, stay away from Schultzines.)

Either Dick's art is improving; or I'm getting accustomed to it. A year or two ago, I heartily disliked his scribbles, but they seem to be getting better. The cover on DETROIT IRON is still reminiscent of a junior high art class (or the illustrations in Jack Cascio's fanzines), but the DIE WIS cover is bigod art and the interior illos aren't bad at all.

NIEKAS #5 (Ed Meskys, c/o Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley 1, Calif. - quarterly - for trade or comment) Here we have another possibility of a fannish squabble. A few weeks back AMRA came out with an article (humorous type) by Poul Anderson, with the note that was "reprinted from our world-of-if contemporary, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." (The note, I figured, was a typical Scithers-type introduction to the material.) Now here comes NIEKAS, with the identical article (even including the same illustration) and an almost-identical credit-line. Now I'm wondering if there is an Anglo-Saxon Chronicle--Anderson is the type to start one. Anyway, either Poul was very careless in sending an article (or allowing reprinting of same) to two different editors, or somebody has been sneaking things without permission. Since AMRA appeared first, and is supposedly copyrighted, I wonder..... Ed's mailing comments (this is another apa-zine) aren't quite as informative to the outsider as Schultz's, but he does run more outside material.

KIPPLE #42 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. - irregular but monthly for all practical purposes - 20¢) This is not a fanzine for dedicated science fiction readers. Ted is interested in politics, philo-



sophy, education, religion, race relations and some of the sciences, and that's what he writes about. Most of the magazine is lettercolumn, and the letter-writers generally ignore anything that he does say about science fiction or science, giving an even more political cast to the mag. In this issue, Dave Mason comes on big with the fiery denunciation bit; as I recall, he always was good at this, and I often wondered just how much he really believed. He makes John Boardman's most radical proclamations sound tame by comparison. All of the material is utterly serious (unless Mason is pulling someone's leg). In fact, I can't recall ever seeing any humorous material in the magazine at any time; Ted occasionally attempts sarcasm, but his literal-minded readers usually force him to explain himself at length for months after every attempt, which pretty well ruins the entire idea. Most of the writers are quite adept at presenting their ideas, though they do seem to have some difficulty in acquiring or even understanding a new viewpoint. (As usual, I felt an impelling urge to write to several of Ted's contributors and straighten them out on a few points, but, also as usual, I resisted it. They wouldn't straighten, and even if they would they're not worth wasting time on.)

Ted has a good go at the nits who object to the Supreme Court decision on worship in the public schools, but he did miss one chance. Somebody wanted to know if the motto "In God We Trust" would be stricken from our currency.....what possible difference would it make if it was? Does he think that God will bless his money because of a brownnosing motto on it?

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love-at-first-sight - a word portrait

I stood in the doorway staring at her, the only beautiful woman I had seen; I never hope to see another. She lay in bed covered to the chin with a sheet; heavy August sunshine crawled through a huge window, yellowing the sheet, flattening the lemon walls and ceiling into unreality, emphasizing her face--the only three-dimensional object in the room--with unbearable clarity. Her skin was transparent like the most delicate and expensive of tropical fishes, her hair had the living whiteness usually found in the blonde and very young. Her face was adult size, but there was no mark of age on it. Her eyes were mosaics of some grey nacre, allowing the sun to reveal depths of highlights. The fine glowing hair thrown in a surrounding circle on the pillow, the neutral endlessly deep eyes, the light streaming down, catching the face as of a haloed visage in a classic painting, showed her as one pure, one who had never sinned. As I watched, the eyes did not focus or the facial muscles tense in expression to mar the perfection, but I kept thinking that these eyes had seen far suns and these motionless lips could speak words whose wisdom could kill.

I stared at her for a long time; finally something touched my elbow lightly. Reality returned, and a man in a white smock. He said, "You really shouldn't have come down here. She has a strange effect on most people. We call her our Angel. Pathetic. She was born with no mind at all. Well, come on, you'll want to see the other wards."

- - e. e. evers

ENCOUNTER

FICTION BY
MIKE DECKINGER

"Keep away from me," the girl screamed sharply, forcing her pitifully thin and undernourished body back against a crevice in the cave wall. Her face was rigid with fear as she watched the shadowy figure ease toward her.

"I'm not going to hurt you, my dear, I just want to talk with you. Won't you let me prove to you that I mean no harm?" The man's tones were heavy and drawn out, intended to reassure her mind and stymie her actions while he gained a few extra inches.

"Please...no," she sobbed, "stay away from me. I don't want to talk ...not to you or anyone. Don't come any nearer." She spoke in a high-pitched, adolescent wail, which seemed strangely incongruous, coming from a girl of such obvious physical maturity. Her well proportioned, but badly mistreated body, even in the dim light, showed she was a girl in her mid-twenties. A fold of jet-black hair that was uncombed and straggly, swooped past her shoulders. She wore no make-up and patches of dirt clung to her, staining her light blouse and soiled skirt.

"There's nothing to be afraid of...really there isn't. You can easily see that I have no weapons with me. I merely wish to talk." His voice droned on in an even, unobstructed course, calmly repeating the words, though it was a tremendous effort on his part to maintain the deception so convincingly. He was frightened, terribly so. Anyone in his position would have been. But he couldn't admit this to the girl.

"Listen to me," he said gently, entering a new line of thought, "you don't think I brought the other men up here with me. Do you?" His feet imperceptibly shuffled forward a few wary inches.

The girl whimpered and looked to him confusedly. "I don't know...I don't know. There's so much I don't know...can't understand," a deep sobbing emphasized her uncertainty.

"Yes," he told her soothingly, "I know that. But I assure you that I'm here by myself. There's no one else with me. I have no weapons and I only wish to speak with you, perhaps help you if I can. Can't you accept me for that, and that alone?"

"I don't know," the girl said puzzledly, "I really don't know."

"Do I sound sincere?"

"Yes," her voice was stronger, "yes you do; but so did the others. One of them came at me with a knife and I had to...I..." She seemed unable to continue as an unpleasant memory ran through her mind. Desperately she fought to banish it, and succeeded only partially.

"But I have no knife, Marcia." He said the name slowly, watching the effect it would have on the girl.

She jerked back at the mention of her name, and alertness instantly tinged her features, transforming her once more into the pursued, hunted prey, frantically striving to protect itself. "You called me Marcia."

"Yes, I know."

"It's been so long since anyone called me by my name. Marcia..." She fleetingly rolled the word on her tongue, savoring the nostalgia it generated and the strangely familiar ring it had to it. "How did you find it out?"



"I found out a lot of things," the man told her. "I learned about you and your life, from your birth practically to the present. I learned about the explosion which killed your father and crippled your mother, even while you stirred within her. Do you recall what your mother's first name was?"

"Gail." The word came without hesitation, spoken with an indefinable trace of nostalgia that wove itself around the name; transforming it into a fondly remembered memory that fear and pursuit could not dispell.

"Your father was Carl," he told her tonelessly.

"Yes," hesitation gripped her, "it was Carl. It's been so long since I thought of either of them. I didn't think anyone else would."

"I did."

"Yes. You're different. I used to think of them at night, when I was tired of running and somehow managed to find a place to sleep, by a muddy riverbed or an empty shack. I thought of them a lot when I was younger. I cried out to mother a lot in my sleep." She chuckled mirthlessly. "Funny how you remember unimportant little details like that. It never did me any good, to think of her, because she was gone."

"But now you've got to realize you don't need her, or even the memory of her." The man pressed forward forcefully. "You won't ever need them if you'll just talk to me and accept what I have to say." He edged closer to her now, carefully gauging the distance so as not to send her into a panic with a too sudden move. For a moment he permitted a relaxation of his strained muscles as he sucked in his breath and visually measured the distance he had to go. It was crucial that she remain calm now.

Marcia cowered against the wall, watching his steady approach. A degree of her fright had vanished. She seemed more willing to accept his presence, and even displayed a tendency to welcome his advances, as if the thought of companionship, no matter how brief, temporarily overrode her fears. Uncertainty still gripped her, mingled with a troubled doubt that was contained in too tightly a compressed unit to permit her anything more than the faintest relief that he did not have a weapon with him after all. Reason and experience had taught her it was unthinkable for a stranger to approach her with no weapon and no desire to do her harm.

The man halted and eyed her with an inquisitive, yet not unkind gaze. He assessed his position carefully. Then, in a slow, easy motion, he extended his left arm, holding his hand towards her in a gesture that unmistakably invited her to come to his grasp.

Marcia froze and looked wildly about, seeking a further refuge. "Go away, please go away," she moaned in a shaky, quivery voice, not expecting him to comply but knowing she must demand it just the same.

"Now you know I can't do that," he said firmly, "not after we've come this far. There's nothing I'm going to do to harm you. I just want to speak with you."

"About what?" Marcia snapped back. She was instantly on the defensive again.

"About the accident for instance, and how it affected you. You must realize by now how different you are from others. About the other men, who so foolishly and so blindly sought to hunt you down like a beast. You only have to say what you want and nothing more. That's fair, isn't it?"

She nodded slightly, on the brink of indecision.

The man's arm began to tire but he held it straight, unwavering. "Please," he said softly.

"I..." Marcia faltered, struggling to determine what course to take, mindful of the treachery and cruelty that had been practiced against her for so long. Then she made a hesitant step towards him, forcing down the involuntary chill of terror that raced through her. She raised her arm, stretched her trembling, dirt-grimed hand towards his. He took it in his own, slowly, gently. They stood there motionless, for a split second. Marcia could feel the terror and fear begin to dissipate from her troubled nerves. She realized she would be at his mercy now, and the fact that he did nothing to take advantage of the situation seemed to bear out his claims. Numbly, she let herself be led away from the wall, along the narrow and shadowy path in the cave towards the entrance.

"Who are you," she asked softly.

"My name is Winslow," he replied, "I'm a doctor."

Instantly she jerked away from him.

"Wait," he said sharply, "you don't understand."

"Yes, yes I do now." Her voice was triumphant, as if she had just solved a puzzling enigma. "I know what it is you want now. You want to take me to your office and stretch me out on a table and take a knife and..."

"No," he broke in desperately, "you're wrong, I'm not that kind of a doctor. I'm a psychiatrist...."

"You're all the same," she said hysterically, "I should have realized that you're all the same. You nearly had me fooled. The others weren't able to conceal things as well as you did. I could have almost believed you."

"But you can," he pleaded, "you honestly can. I mean you no harm."

In answer she darted from him and plunged towards the entrance. In a second he was after her, realizing that once she was outside she could out-distance him easily and lose herself in the surrounding countryside. Winslow had to stop her somehow, and convince her of his intentions.

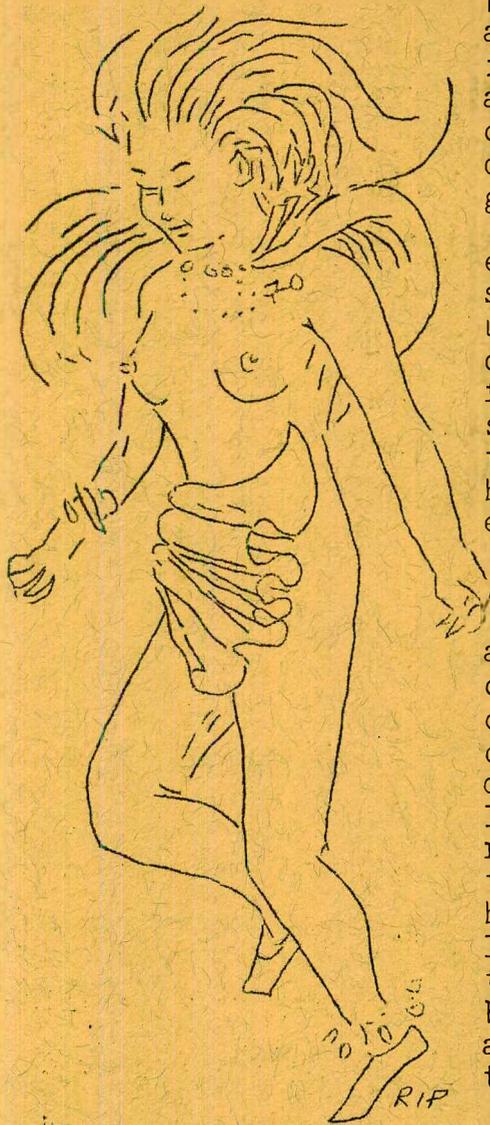
Marcia raced into the sunlight, wildly flailing her slender limbs as the old familiar sensation of fear and unrelenting pursuit gripped her. Trusting the frantic, hateful men was useless, she told herself over and over. Permitting her guard to slip for an instant resulted in near disaster. Some came with weapons and others were gentle, deceptive men who came armed with soothing words and false reassurances. But all were to be resisted.

In her haste, Marcia failed to notice a large root that protruded from the base of a bush at an odd angle. She tripped heavily over it, falling to the ground with a momentum that knocked the breath from her and left her dazed.

The man Winslow reached her as she lay gasping for breath. He tenderly knelt down beside her.

"No," Marcia hissed and arched her back. Her eyes seemed to glow in the bright sunlight; her face was a grotesquely contorted mask that focused pure hatred at him.

Terrified, Winslow backed away from her, as the first waves of a twisting, rushing, mind-wrenching force assailed his brain. He fell on his



back, futilely struggling to shield his vulnerable mind from the unstoppable onslaught. This is what happened to Willis and Berry and White and all the others who fought her, he thought crazily. There was no defence against the maddening, destroying mind-force of a frightened girl unable to control her awesome power.

Marcia was speechless, channeling all her energy and awareness into a tangible force to strike down her adversary. It was all real and undeniable; this heritage of fear and terror, of darkness and despair and unceasing flight from the individuals who feared her and thus sought to destroy her. She had no recourse but to utilize the mental powers a chance happening had given her, burning out the minds and intellects of all who sought to do violence against her.

Winslow felt the new and more powerful waves buffet his frail defences, shocking his already numbed senses into deeper and deeper caverns of lethargy and unawareness. He thought of his friends who had warned him of the folly of this quest, and how belligerently he had disregarded their wishes. Now there was nothing left for him. Nothing but a steadily crumbling resistance against the terrific mental impact that washed over him, gradually transforming him into a mindless, uncaring mental withdrawal like all the others. He shut his eyes tightly, till the burning lids ached and sensed the blackness swooping down upon him, stifling his awareness and senses, making him a prisoner in the grimy, inescapable dungeon of his mind.

When Marcia realized the man would do her no more harm she shakily arose and stretched her arms. Acceptance was useless and dangerous; this incident more than ever emphasized that bitter truth. There would be more, always more, who would drive her frenzied, tortured mind to such a degree of terror and despair that the power would be released again, overpowering the mind that sought to conquer it.

The ground beneath her feet was firm and hard. She moved with a stealthy, watchful grace, ignoring the unmoving husk of a man that lay sprawled on the ground several feet behind her. The familiar prangs of hunger were reasserting themselves.

A rabbit suddenly darted out from behind a bush and leaped to a tree stump, where he sat motionless, small nose twitching, regarding the girl.

Going to her knees, Marcia began to approach the animal.

--THE END--

The Granddaddy of Quickies: "Give me a martini," Tom said dryly....

G.M.C.

ON: INTEGRATION

The real issues in this great struggle on the part of the negroes to attain their full stature as citizens on an equal footing with whites, is merely clouded by attempting comparisons. Actually, the issue is not whether the negroes are as "good" as whites, or whether they should conform to white standards of social behavior, or even whether they care what the whites think about them -- but DO they or DON'T they have the same civic status as the white citizens.

This issue would be much more simply achieved if the United States were divided into two islands, with all the whites on one island, and all the negroes on the other... (*) If there were no personal communication between the races, there would be no objection on the part of the white citizens if the negro citizens had every possible convenience of housing, money, luxuries, jobs, education -- in short, the two islands could be identical in every opportunity and in every way, and there would be no gripes whatever from the white citizens. As far as I am able to determine, white citizens do not begrudge the negroes their right to good living conditions, good education, and well-paid jobs. What they DO begrudge, is the threat of intimacy implied by having to share the same housing, or education, or jobs.

This fear of too great intimacy -- invasion of privacy is really what it is -- does not (it seems to me) come from any real dislike of negroes. Many negroes have become popular and famous among whites, some even to the point of an almost idolatrous affection. Especially in the Sports and Entertainment fields... But these negroes are the ones who have managed to conform to the white standards. They compete with whites on the whites' own level. They manage to fit into the behavior patterns established by the white people without disturbance. White people can recognize them as human beings on a par with themselves because they do not present any threat to the behavior codes the white people have established for themselves.

But when the negroes as an entire group -- rather than as isolated, carefully screened individuals -- demand social equality, they DO present a threat to these established folkways. Negroes and whites have many points of difference as human beings, aside from just a difference in skin color. True, many of the differences are cultural in origin: they could be changed by education. But this brings up another point -- why should they? Why should negroes be expected to change their established cultural patterns -- become sort of imitation whites, so to speak -- just in order to gain something which should be theirs by right; namely, equal civic status? Among whites, there are noisy citizens and quiet citizens; there are citizens who enjoy opera, and those who enjoy bebop; there are city-dweller and suburb dwellers; citizens who dig Art the most, and others who prefer 'messing around in boats'. There are citizens who prefer to live huddles in apartments, and others who insist on a patch of earth to till in their spare time. None of these white citizens would give up their individual preference just to conform to someone else's standards -- so why should the negroes be expected to give up their individual preferences in living just to conform to the white people's standards?

And this, I think, is the whole issue at stake: In order to achieve full status as citizens, the negroes feel they must "horn in" on the white folks -- live among them, be educated with them, attend their meetings, schools, recreations, and social gatherings. But the white people do not want them, because it will change the cultural patterns they now have. They don't want to be changed. And why should they? It is no more "fair" to expect white people to assimilate the negro cultural patterns, (**) then it is to expect negroes to become imitation whites. It is an injustice either way one looks at it.

Here in Seattle, this aspect of the negroes' struggle for acceptance is perhaps easier to see than in other localities, because the negroes for many years had a full and free desegregation. When I went to school, little Bootsy Carter was my special chum in the third grade. Her father was a janitor at Stone-Fisher's Department Store in Tacoma, and they lived in a two-story house down the next street from us (we lived in a house just like theirs). She was as shiney-black a little pickaninny as ever strayed out of Africa, but neither of us thought anything of it and neither did anybody else in the school. Her brothers and sisters played with their schoolmates (including some Chinese, Japanese, Jews and one little Finnish boy that looked so oriental that he must have been a Laplander). Fifty years ago, there were so few negroes that they could be absorbed among all the other conflicting first-and-second generation backgrounds. This remained true up until WWII brought in a tremendous influx of negroes from the South to work in local war-industries. They came in by the hundreds and thousands. Housing was tough all over; hotels had a 3-day limit on tenants, black or white. Gov't agencies and Housing Authorities controlled all rentals and put ceilings on rents. Consequently, these newly arrived negroes tended to settle where they felt most at home -- and where they could get a place to stay. The scattered areas where negroes already were settled, became foci for "niggertowns". And when the war was over, they stayed that way. Now, 20 years later, a Commission studying the negro situation here in Seattle, has come up with the discovery that there is "segregation" in Seattle. Not because the white Seattleites insisted on it, but because the negroes themselves were the ones to huddle down along Jackson Street instead of moving out into the rest of the city. Negroes who wanted to move out into white neighborhoods, have done so. But it has been at the cost of conforming to the mores of the white neighborhoods. In short, those who want to have white neighbors, have to act like whites. Those who want the comfort of acting like negroes, stay down in Jackson Street even if they have to live crowded a half-dozen families to a single dwelling.

Now -- egged on mostly by the national wave of negro unrest -- the Seattle negroes are "demonstrating" for better housing. The demonstrations usually consist of a hundred or so negroes parading down the Mall or gathered in front of the Mayor's Office on the plaza there. It's mostly a token gesture, because nobody opposes them. No one has stopped them in the past from making the effort to leave their own self-imposed "segregation", and no one is stopping them now. But still, there is an intransigent demand from some of the agitators to enact a City Ordinance that will give them "open housing" -- whatever that means. (***)

The point of this reminiscing is that even the Negroes do not seem to know what they want: whether they want adequate living conditions on a par with those the white citizens live in, or whether they want to be welcomed

among the whites they live near.

I think that is an important distinction, and one the negroes themselves should figure out. If what they want is adequate housing -- there's plenty of room for housing developments out in the suburbs. Negroes could build there just as well as whites do -- and make just as elaborate houses. But if it is a welcome from white neighbors they want -- that's something no amount of money nor Civic Ordinances is going to procure.

The way I see it, the only way the negroes can find acceptance among the whites is either by becoming 'imitation whites' to the degree the whites don't notice their encroachment, or (as they've done in the South) by keeping out of sight as much as possible. But if they want acceptance as citizens, that's different. They don't need the whites' permission for that, and they don't need to "horn in" on the whites, either. All they need is their own self-respect and a little gumption -- and it looks very much as if they've finally got it. Personally, I wish 'em luck... (but I still wouldn't want my sister to marry one!).

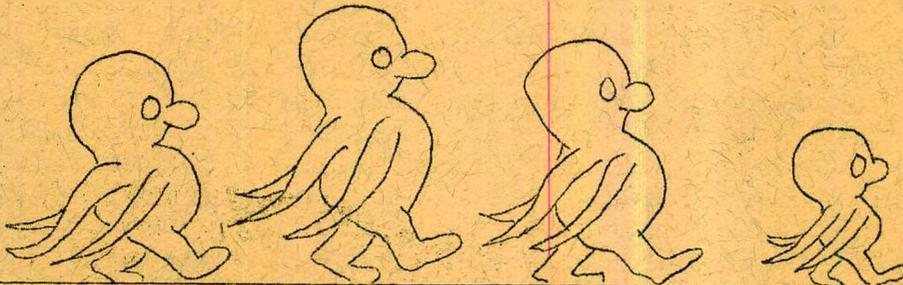
-- G.M. CARR

((Some editorial notes below, re: the article above -- denoted by the 'asterisks':

(* This is what Malcom X of the Black Muslims continuously asks for.... separate areas for the whites and blacks to live in.)

(** Whites do assimilate some negro patterns, viz.: jazz, talk, clothes, and suchlike. That's what supposedly makes America what it is, a "mixture" of different cultures, races, etc.)

(*** I've noticed that when individual negroes do try to move into white suburbs, they face white opposition because of its "lowering property values", etc. I've even heard of one negro family trying to keep its identity secret when trying to buy a house in a white suburb, and offering lots more money than the home was worth, just for the example they'd set by moving in. The sad thing is its true, the property value does go down -- but only because of the standards set by the whites.-BEM))



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THE MIMSY BOROGOVES



Mike Shupp

TRIUMPH
Philip Wylie
Doubleday and Co.
\$4.50

In 1954, Philip Wylie published a book dealing with an atomic war, TOMORROW! Now, nearly a decade later, nuclear weapons systems are larger, more complex, more deadly. And the chances of global holocaust are greater. The fate of the twin cities, Green Praries-River City, in 1954 would not be the fate of them in 1963. Nor in the seventies, which would seem to be the approximate date of this nuclear war.

And, needless to say, TRIUMPH's Atommegedon is not that of TOMORROW's, although in some places the two are similar. In TOMORROW! Wylie advocated strong civil defense policies, and contrasted the fate of two towns who prepared differently for nuclear warfare. "Wylie's civil-defense sermon" as P.S. Miller referred to it in Analog. It offered hope. TRIUMPH does not.

When the war begins, fourteen people retreat to a mammoth bomb shelter hundreds of feet below the ground. Originally they are a microcosm of American society--two children (shades of WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE), a multi-millionaire who built the shelter and his alcoholic wife and beautiful daughter, and the daughter's fiance and a Jewish nuclear scientist who comes to love her, an elderly Negro man servant and his attractive daughter, the millionaire's mistress and her gigolo, a Japanese engineer, a lovely Chinese woman, and a meter reader, apparently thrown in to represent the "Common Man". At the end of the war, the fiance has died of radiation, the Millionaire has his marriage back, and there are two and possibly three love affairs.

There are also only thirteen people living in the Northern hemisphere.

This could have been an excellent anti-war book, but it isn't. Wylie threw that away. No doubt a possible nuclear will be just as bad as he has described this one--and there are some masterful touches: such as the description of the Russian war strategy, the commander of a satellite pleading for his orders, and the pictures of the small city where nothing appeared wrong but the lack of anything alive. But where the survivors of TOMORROW! were defending themselves from peril of nature, bomb, and fellow, the chief danger of TRIUMPH's survivors is claustrophobia and boredom. As a result much of the novel is concerned with love affairs, descriptions of the 150 million dollar shelter, and personality clashes.

TOMORROW! was horrifying, and that was its strength as an anti-war novel. Nuclear war can be averted only if people want it averted. And they will not want it averted till they realize the alternatives. But the alternatives must be brought home. It is one thing to read in TRIUMPH of the death of 180 millions, of ten times that, and to read just the figures. It is entirely different to read the many gruesome things that happen to a handful of people and then realize the total horror of atomic holocaust. I think of a thousand deaths in TRIUMPH by seeing mentally a field-full of peacefully sleeping people, no blood, no mussed up clothes.

The thought of Ruth Williams stepping on her dead baby's dangling viscera as she carries the corpse, crooning to it, leading her blinded husband and family by a clothesline, and the car driving by, the kids taking her teenage daughter into the car--this brings the horror to home.

And the final damning indictment of TRIUMPH as an anti-war novel-- which also applies to TOMORROW! though not so much--is that at the book's end, the war has been literally that, "ironic title" of the dust jacket to the contrary, Mr. Wylie does consider it a Triumph. The thirteen are saved; civilization in the Southern hemisphere is saved; all the Russians are dead, killed by the US in a "Last Ditch" plan reminiscent of TOMORROW!, nuclear subs to boot; and a world government is being started. Triumph!

A good anti-atomic war novel, but not one of the great ones.

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WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

Philip Wylie & Edwin Balmer
Paperback Library 52-180
50.cents

I remember sneaking this book out of the high school library back in seventh grade, and reading it to the neglect of my studies, during study halls. While the librarian and my teachers might have disapproved, had they

known, I had fun. So now the Paperback Library has put out a pb reprint, and I no longer go skulking through the sacrosanct shelves, searching and snaring. Of course, I too am now one of the unholy Holier-than-thou high school students, and they don't have to go skulking through, etc., but the library at this school doesn't have a copy. So I skulk through my sacrosanct shelves.

Anyhow, it's about time that a reprint has come out. First printed in 1932, the book and its sequel, AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE, were published in the same volume back around 1950, and made into a movie about that time. So here it is, in clear but miniscule type and--for a pb--ample margins.

The plot is fairly simple. Astronomical photographs reveal the presence of a body moving towards the sun without deviation over a period of years, a la Fred Hoyle. But not at the sun, precisely; like the finger of God (to which they are compared to more than once), the Bronson bodies happen to be aimed directly for the Earth. Bronson Alpha is a gas giant, half the diameter of Jupiter; providentially Bronson Beta is an Earth-type planet, of the same size and possibly capable of bearing Earth-type life, when warmed up by the sun. This providence is played up more than once in the book--too much really, for my liking--by dull but, in intent, stirring monologues and dialogues.

Not content to prepare quietly for the oncoming disaster, most of the world's scientists form a closed League of Last Days. Then their leader, Cole Hendron, releases a preliminary statement to the press, which has absolutely no result except to warn people of what is coming in the vaguest possible terms, and starts his plans, which involve saving part of the Earth's population.

How? By rocket of course. Which has yet to be built in the short term remaining to the Earth, about two years: So in that time, Hendron builds his rockets, other nations build theirs, crews are selected, and finally at the last minute everyone Hendron thinks is worth saving, including a Frenchman who is nobly acclaimed for leaving his nation and coming to leave with Hendron, deserting the ship he was originally intending to escape on. So everyone takes off for Beta, and some of them get there. And Beta turns out to be better than Earth to live on. Till the sequel at least.

Like I said, the plot is simple, one of Knight's "idiot plots" to swipe a phrase. But there are some positive points, if you care to look

for them. If your tastes (?) should run to love triangles and so on, here is a dilly; which never does get resolved, as I remember it, in either book. This, by the way, is the result of something casually mentioned a few times in the text, and came out in a fraudulent memo on the inside blurb: "The women will be chosen for one purpose only: to breed a new generation in the new world. ...Love and marriage are earth concepts and will be tabu once the Chosen Ones are on Beta B...." I guess this is supposed to help sell the book; but it's saddening to think that someone might buy a book for that reason only.

But back to the subject. Whichever author put on the final polish on the last draft has a marvelous sense of description at intervals; Duquesne witnessing the death of the French would be spacers, the collision, the mental state of people experiencing weightlessness, human reaction to the prospect before them--these are all well done.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE is not a great book, but it does have virtues. The chief of these is that it is a prelude to the far more interesting AFTER WORLDS COLLIDE.

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THE FALLING TORCH
Algis Budrys
Pyramid F-693
40 cents

2513 AD: "The cortege moved slowly, slowly down the broad white marble esplanade that bent to overhang the inward curving shore of Lake Geneva. Wireman was dead at last...."

Seventy-five years before Earth was defeated by a race of humanoids known only as the Invaders, usually simplified to Vaders. Before the final collapse a small spaceship escaped to Cheiron, Alpha Centauri IV. It carried Ralph Wireman, President of the United Terrestrial and Solar System Government, his wife and small son Michael, and his cabinet. The Government in Exile.

Twenty-five years later, the Centaurian System Organization and the Vaders are sparring off, preparing to battle for the space that each desires. Neither is willing to start the war: that might mean destruction for both are evenly matched; neither is willing to back down: for that means eventual destruction by the strengthened opponent.

The CSO needs a beachhead within the Vader possessions. Earth. Terrans would do the fighting, sweeping out of the hills where the free Terrans were holed up, carrying weapons supplied by the CSO.

The first shipment of weapons also brings a passenger. Michael Wireman, sent to Earth as a symbol of the resistance until the Government in Exile arrives after the fighting. Wireman knows that Earth is a glorious place, his mother has told him so. And he is a misfit on Cheiron. He went to Earth with great hopes.

And lost those hopes. The Free Terrestrials fought only themselves; the General of the resistance was an egotist who had to be goaded into action by his subordinates; and whose idea of action consisted of massacring a small Vader outpost to get revenge on a Vader who had once insulted him.

Wireman surrendered. And escaped. To the hills where he killed General Hammil, and took command of the Free Terrestrials. To his eventual destiny as world leader.

"Wireman was dead...."

It is impossible to read THE FALLING TORCH without recalling Budry's background, and to some extent I suspect that it is largely autobiographical. Himself the son of the Consul General of the Lithuanian Government in Exile to the UN, and an exile since a small boy, he might well be

Michael Wireman's prototype. But as to how much is self biography, how much daydream, how much novel, I cannot say. Read it and make your own opinions.

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KEY OUT OF TIME After reading THE DEFIANT AGENTS, I had a vague
Andre Norton feeling that Miss Norton had worked the Time Agent
World Publishing Co. theme (TIME TRADERS, GALACTIC DERELICT and THE
\$3.50 CROSSROADS OF TIME) to death. So I grabbed this off
 the library shelf last week and started to find out.

She hasn't.....but, it looks as if she'd like to finish off this series.

KEY OUT OF TIME is not the best of the four books in the series--I'll assign that honor to TIME TRADERS--but it's running a close second. Despite opening up a wonderful door for speculation and then slamming it in her reader's faces, and dragging in a girl for no apparent--or even unapparent--reason.

Gordon Ashe and Ross Murdock of TT and GD have just set up a time gate to investigate the strange past of the lotus-land planet of Hawaika--crude castles and advanced design boats of ten thousand years ago; rubble, mighty metallic pylons, sunken in saucer depressions and utter absence of life in two hundred years later; no pylons, no rubble, no life another five hundred years later; Polynesian type paradise now--when they and Karara Trehern, descendent of Hawaiian gof-chieftains, and two telepathic dolphins, are suddenly and inexplicably whipped through the time gate, and the gate just as inexplicably disappears. They are cast off in time, marooned in the past, ten kiloyears before their births.

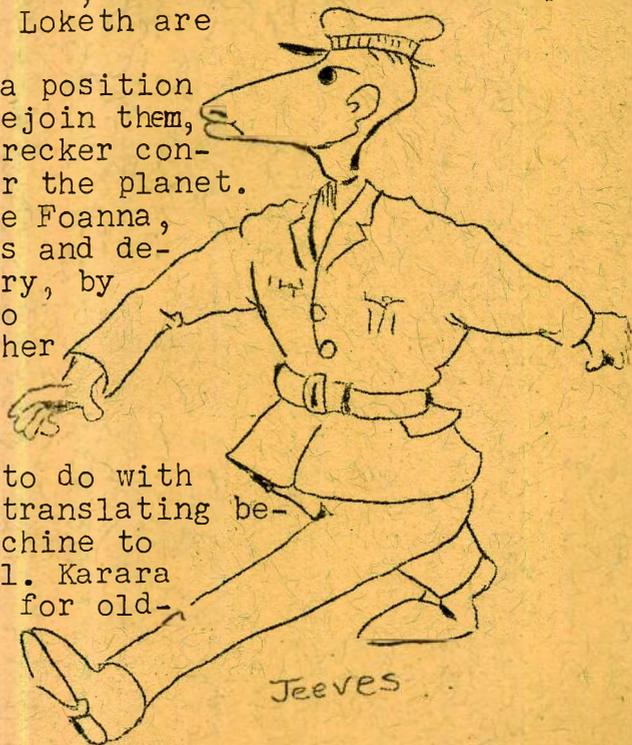
Ross and Karara promptly make friends with a crippled noble's son, Loketh, a promising character whom Miss Norton tosses in, then ignores. The three--and the dolphins--set out to find Ashe, who has been given to the Foanna, a dying race--four women--of wizardry and mistresses of illusion, by the Wreckers, land dwellers who live by plundering shipwrecks. The three promptly run into a squadron of Rovers, the third race on the planet, rulers of the sea and commerce. Ross and Loketh are captured.

Ross wins their freedom, and gains a position of trust. Then Karara and the dolphins rejoin them, and the Baldies begin to provoke Rover-Wrecker conflicts, as an initial step to taking over the planet.

After finding Ashe and allies in the Foanna, the Terrans and Hawaikians combine forces and decide to alter the course of future history, by killing all the Baldies on the planet. So they do, and remain behind, left to another time, with no chance of returning.

And now, the faint damns:

Both Karara and Loketh have little to do with the story. Karara might be justified in translating between Loketh and Ross, but Ross has a machine to analyze languages that works just as well. Karara might be there to provide a sex interest for older adolescents, but the closest Miss Norton gets to this is to say that she "....was an exceedingly pretty girl" and hint that Ashe and Ross are no longer as



close together as they were on Earth. Similarly Loketh does disappointingly little, and though he refers to himself as "...this useless one", Miss Norton does not comment on this, and neither does he.

Ross is also somewhat puzzling. It seems that all the Terrans and Hawaikiians have telepathic powers but Ross. Nonetheless it is not explained how he was able in TT and in this book to defend himself from mental domination by the Baldies. And finally, the silvery pylons and saucers, the ruin of Hawaikiian life, the radical changes of the typography in ten thousand years, the sudden failure of the time gate; these are never explained satisfactorily.

Still if Miss Norton publishes another book in the series, to get her characters back to the present and more time voyaging, it should be a hum-dinger. This way, she can put off getting her characters out of the past, by simply writing no more about them. All the advantages of the van Vogt-ian technique, and none of the disadvantages.

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WITCH WORLD "For the myriads of Andre Norton readers, those who know
Andre Norton Norton's books to be the tops in science-adventure, WITCH
Ace F-197 WORLD will prove to be a special treat..." That's the way
40 cents the back blurb begins, and for once, it appears that a blurb
writer has bothered to read the book. WITCH WORLD is not a
tour de force; but it is the Author's best novel since STAR GATE some
years ago.

Taking bits from the Odyssey, her own past work, and the style and technique of J.R.R. Tolkein, Miss Norton has written a powerful, involving science fantasy novel of the type that F&SF only occasionally publishes. The animal-man symbiosis, the subtle depiction of other-directed breeds of Man, the intelligent characterization of her previous novels, and the touch--here a basic part--of wizardry that she does so well--all are here in one large pb original. There's even an intelligent love interest.

Simon Tregarth, discharged from the Occupation Army on trumped-up black-marketing charges, prowler of the darker side of life in the cities, takes the one way trip offered by the mysterious Siege Perilous, Keltic stone of magic, to escape a Gangland execution. He arrives--Elsewhere. In some other-dimensional world where his talents and weaknesses will suit him best.

Before long Tregarth has saved a witch of Estcarp from death as a spy, met the eldritch witch rulers of the Estcarp matriarchy, and been enlisted in the forces of that ancient race, allied with the sea commerce lords of Sulcar, resisting the advance of the nations of warfare and conquest: Alizon, Karsten, Kolder.

Within a quarter of the book the principal characters--Koris, Captain of the Estcarp Guard; the unnamed witch of Estcarp who shares most of Tregarth's adventures; Loyse of Verlaine, who is to be the unwilling wife of the ruler of Karsten, so her tiny nation of ship wreckers and looters may join in the tide of advancing foes of Estcarp--have appeared. Swiftly, then, the relations of political, economic, religious life on this other Earth are flashed in, while the protagonists fight, magic, and intrigue their way through the novel, down to the repelling of the last invaders of the world, and a concise denouement.

Somehow, with all this action going on every page, Miss Norton has also sandwiched in the basics of half a dozen--by count--separate cultures and races. Lurking in the background are more races and long told legends dating back to the far past times when the lords of this world were not men.

(Concluded on Page 27)

SPACE WARS: The Highly Improbable DogFight

rebuttal article by

Terry Jeeves

Having read the recent article on how easy it is to foretell the actions of future spatial dog-fights, I can only throw up my hands in horror...or more simply, just throw up. I am not going to be so foolish as to go out on a limb and state such actions are impossible; but I do wish to go on record as saying that (a), they are improbable, (b), highly so, and (c) extremely so, under the conditions described. And here's why.

Let's first have a closer look at that pretty little opening analogy whereby a German ace with a name suspiciously like Ferdinand Feghoot, compares the dogfight to a raven vs falcon fracas. Bear in mind that in this instance, speeds and powers are limited, as is the area over which the shindig takes place....and yet it is implied that if the raven can drop to earth he can escape....or, simply if he can get out of detection range of the falcon. Remember that bit.

In World War 1, when dogfights took place, they consumed a limited amount of time (fuel and ammo limitations) and a limited amount of space. They also hinged largely on surprise...again, the detection gimmick.

Between the wars, barnstorming air displays featured mock dogfights and other stunts...they were performed within a small distance of the base airfield. The aircraft could manoeuvre in a limited space, and could thus be observed well...detected by the audience.

In World War 2, the dogfight consumed a far greater area of sky, and lasted slightly longer. Detection (radar) had improved, weapons and fuel were better, but higher speeds used up larger chunks of sky and made interception more a problem.

The modern air display of today (witness Farnborough and Paris) is a masterpiece of logistics and timing; and keeping the jets within sight of the airfield while they perform requires great skill, reduced power, and good visibility.

So much for what might be termed the historical analogy; now before we extrapolate towards the space dogfight, let's do something Mr Shupp neglected to do in his article...stipulate a few parameters for the operation...basic little things, such as fuel, detection, speed and weapons. Such things as these go a long way toward governing the feasibility of any encounter. Mr Shupp casually mentions 'he fires his missiles'... and heat beams such as lasers. Let's be more specific...and generous. First, we'll assume technology has made great strides, and fuel is no longer a problem. Our space ship can use fuel like water (we'll also equip it with an everlasting food/air/water/toilet capability, and wide screen tv to keep the pilot from boredom). Weaponwise, we can't be so prodigal, but we'll not niggle about missile quantity, and we'll allow a gay neglect of whether it is a heat seeker, a beam rider, radar locked-on or what have you. Anyway it will have a proximity fuse, and a shrapnel effect which can disable its target by puncturing it, even if no direct hit is scored. Heat beams are almost certainly out, for several reasons. A laser type gadget not only requires heavy back-up gadgetry, but focussing and aiming such a beam is a problem...plus the fact that you can't get

out of a heat beam more than you put in, and this will disippate sharpish between gun and target...you can bounce a beam off the moon, but that isn't drilling a hole in it.

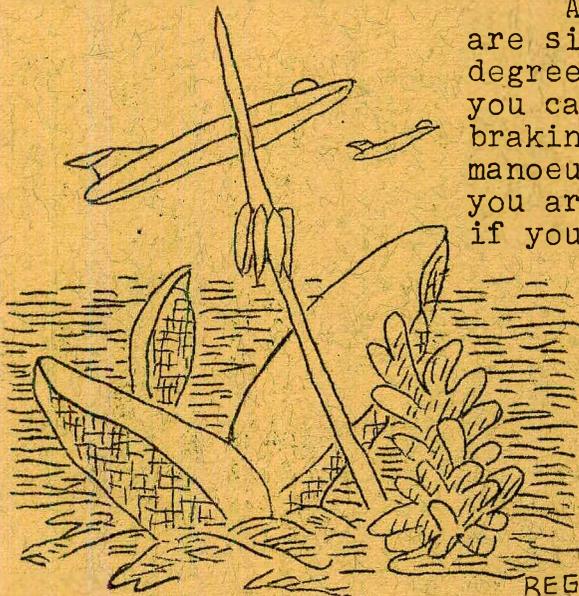
Right now, let's not try to argue the reasons behind the dogfight, nor to decide if a dogfight is useful to the war in general, or to carp at the dogfight itself. But here goes, and we'll take Mr. Shupp's cases to carp over.

IN ORBIT...Raven and Falcon Why should one ship stay in the 24 hour orbit?? This fixes it at one spot over the equator, and at 22,000 miles, this gives an orbit length of around 160,000 miles, and a spatial coverage of one little bit of it. Our little raven would be darned unlucky indeed, if his take off orbit gets anywhere near the falcon. With our fuel surplus; he needn't even take off towards the East for that free rotational 1,000 mph from the Earth. So, his orbit can be at any angle of 360° different from that of the falcon. Worse, his altitude can be anywhere from say 100 miles up to 30 or 40,000 at apogee...and his velocity will vary accordingly. Let's be kind to the falcon, he has a darned good radar, and can spot his raven ANYWHERE. He can turn his fighter and aim it to intercept...he has enough fuel to carry out an interception...IF his body can stand the probable G forces...IF his computer is good enough to figure out an interception...IF the raven sticks around long enough to be intercepted. In practice, he won't, his own radar will have detected the falcon, and either he will have been long gone on his own mission before the falcon gets anywhere near, or he'll have started his own interception maneouvers; and is no longer a raven. How long such 'he changes course, now I change course' will continue is anyone's guess...but it certainly isn't a matter of glibly "spinning the ship on it gyros, spotting another ship below him, firing a short blast on the braking rockets to drop down on him, and then popping away with the missiles."

Similarly, you don't "slow down" behind someone and stay in their orbit. You either slow down, and by judicious rocket work, enter their orbit...whereupon you're fixed with respect to them (and probably too near or too far away) or else, you slow down and fall out of their orbit.

All of this assumes that the two orbits are similar in direction. Put them just a degree or two apart, and at 6 miles a second, you can't change orbits by mere 'blast on the braking rockets'. In actual fact, such manoeuvres **COULD NOT BE ORBITAL AT ALL**. If you are in an orbit, it can be predicted, but if you are chopping and changing, then you are a free operating body until (if you are lucky), you establish a new orbit...if you don't, you either fall on to the Earth, or vanish off into space.

As for fighting in the asteroid belt, or using it for ambush, I think any pilot who willingly entered such a hazard when he could go around it, would be bonkers. Rather like a World War 2 fighter pilot hiding in a thunderhead to make an ambush. Everyone else



REG
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DOUBLE-TROUBLE

Letters: somehow
edited by the Gem

BILL PLOTT, P.O. BOX 654, OPELIKA, ALABAMA

Bowers: In your rebuttal you handled yourself fairly well until the last line in your answer to my comments. Example: "And what do you consider 'perfectly normal lives in the mundane world?'" I never expect you to resort to something as trivial and hackneyed as that theme to worm out of a verbal exchange. That's kind of like saying prove that existence is on the basis of "I think, therefore I exist."

Mike McQuown's story was well written as far as fan fiction goes. He carried the theme very well up to the conclusion. The alter-identity of the wolf was a little too convenient for my taste.

The SF quiz I won't even attempt to work. I have a remarkably good memory for authors and their novels, but short story titles, characters of stories (including novels), and quite often overall themes are generally forgotten after a few months.

The illustrations, interior and covers, were good overall. I especially liked the bacover, the ATom, and the Juanita Coulson work.

BEM's account of Superfly was rather interesting. Having worked in a grocery store for most of my 20 years, I am well acquainted with putting up stock and fighting flies. My two younger brothers and I have found the long aisles particularly good ground for rubber band battles after hours and during slack hours (when my father isn't around) s/ Bill

{{ And working nites like I do, I see many nutty things happen...that every once in a while may get written up in D-B, so be on your guard...--BEM}}

SETH JOHNSON, 339 STILES ST., VAUX HALL, NEW JERSEY

Mike Shupp had some interesting ideas about space wars. Only trouble is that I doubt this would be the system at all. At light or near light speeds I doubt if it would be possible to have dogfights a la WWI. More likely it would be form of mine warfare with spaceships laying mine fields across line they expect enemy fleet to be taking. But unless your spacemen had lightening reflexes and were able to withstand 100 G turns why the target would be out of sight a split second after it was in range.

Maybe the war would be totally automated. One robot fleet going out to battle another robot fleet and plants of robot factories to manufacture replacements. Of course the human race would have to be exterminated as hindrance to the war effort on both sides.

Congratulations on your Bjo cover, by the way. Love those Venusian gals.

Mike McQuown sounds like a really up and coming author. I hope to see more of his stories in DOUBLE-BILL in the future.

Coulson's column was good, but not up to his par for some reason. Wish I could put my finger on what is missing, but somehow it isn't the same.
s/Seth

ROBERT COULSON, ROUTE 3, WABASH, INDIANA

As far as Wyszowski's comments on the fannish "h" go; by my lights, Paul is a neofan-once-removed and can be expected to approve of the "h". (Though I will concede that he may not use it as a deliberate gesture of showing off.)

If Kracalik hasn't had anything published yet, then he sure as hell hasn't equalled Geis as a writer, and I see no reason to withdraw the comment. I also said that he doesn't impress me as having much talent. If he'd show this talent of his a bit more and talk about it less, I might be more impressed.

Come now, Betty Kujawa; let's not be bandying jokes about wounded nuns in one fanzine and decrying humor based on "handicaps, disabilities and the like" in another one. (I will admit that Skelton is funny in spite of his basic material, rather than because of it; but that's getting a bit off the original subject.) To get back on the subject, what Skelton or any other comedian does on a tv show has nothing whatsoever to do with their personalities. Every comic, even Mort Sahl, works from a series of set, rehearsed routines. Did you see the Emmy Awards show? And if you did, did you listen to the award given to some part of the Skelton show having to do with the writing? The announcer stood there and reeled off the names of Skelton's writers for what seemed like five minutes -- you think all that funny stuff is the Skelton personality? He projects a personality in tv, but that doesn't mean that it's his. (Before some liberal jumps on me for saying Sahl isn't all ad lib and unrehearsed let me say that I have tapes of most of Mort's records and I have heard him do some of the same "unrehearsed" routines, word for word, on various tv shows. He works without a script -- if he actually does -- because he has a good memory, not because it's all unrehearsed material.)

Kyle shows me up a bit. I didn't know that Clarke was a fan prior to his being a professional, and I did know about Blish but I forgot him. However, while I didn't know about Damon Knight's fanac, I would have ignored him, Pohl, Beaumont, Harrison and certainly Harmon anyway, because I was referring to first-rate pro authors and none of them are.

Which collection and which novel would I recommend to the person who has never read science fiction? Well, the collection is easy; I'd recommend the same one that got me interested, the Healy-McComas ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE. The novel presents more difficulties; you want something which is farther "out" than ATLAS SHRUGGED or ON THE BEACH, which they may have already read as mainstream fiction, and yet which is understandable to a beginner. And it should be reasonably well written if it's going to attract attention. All in all, I think I'd settle for Hal Clement's NEEDLE. It's really a juvenile, but it was adult enough for ASTOUNDING readers and it certainly fits the other criteria.

Artwise, I particularly liked Gilbert's were-wolf, though possibly the red ink has something to do with it. Anyway, it's striking. s/ Buck

G.M. CARR, 5319 BALLARD AVE., SEATTLE 7, WASHINGTON

Very entertaining issue -- especially the lettercol. Am sparked to write by Dave Locke's attempt to correlate illegitimacy vs contraceptive devices as they pertain to Catholics or Orthodox Jews. As to the latter I cannot speak, but I think Dave's argument fails to take into consideration that although Catholics are forbidden to use contraceptive devices because

G.M. CARR, concl:

it is Sin, they are also forbidden to commit fornication or adultery on the same grounds. Therefore, a Catholic who expects to commit the sin of fornication or adultery would scarcely be deterred from the use of contraceptives while doing it... After all, using contraceptives isn't going to make the fornication or adultery any greater sin than it already is! The sin is already total. So, I should imagine, would be the case among Orthodox Jews, too. The only condition in which Dave's argument might conceivably apply, might be that Catholic young people would be less likely to carry contraceptives as a routine matter of course just in case.... (Perhaps I am naive, but I rather doubt that non-Catholic young people -- virgins, that is -- go fully armed in event of opportunity, either.)

However, the issue of negro girls' morality vs white girls' seems rather pointless... s/G.M. CARR

{ In regards to the negroes wanting desegregation -- yes, it is pointless. It was just my opinion that I interjected into the article at a time when I was angry. In regards to the morals of a country -- our country -- I DON'T think it's pointless. In my opinion it's serious.--BEM}

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 SUMMIT AVE., HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

These fanzines that run quizzes on science fiction can be embarrassing. They prove that some of us really do read stf., and that nobody reads all of it.

Cycle of Retribution shows promise in several respects: it's a real story, not just an incident, and the writer avoids some of the cliches that frequently appear in this type of yarn, although he includes the rest of them. But there's no consistent style, causing the story to read as if two or three persons had collaborated on the writing. "The wolf was caught!" and "Nought but the wolf did he see." are hardly consistent with one another on the same page. I've tried and tried and can't think what kind of typographical error or misunderstanding could have created "it de seigneur": it should be droit, not it; and du, not de.

This time Clay Hamlin is writing about a novel I didn't read. He makes it sound interesting and rather frightening for a special reason: I once tried to sell a story with a quite similar theme, and I would have been the target for copycat charges if my story had seen print, from people who wouldn't believe that anyone interested in stf. had missed this famous Brown story.

The letter column is very well edited: as I remember my comments, they were considerably longer but I wouldn't be able to say without looking up the carbon copy just where you did the cutting, so skilfully was it accomplished.

You think you have trouble with Superfly. Just wait until you start to get bats in the house. If I keep on having to chase and kill them, I am going to have a belfry built atop this house in the hope that the bats will take the hint.

s/ Harry

{ Didja ever think of selling the bats to the Orioles? They could probably use 'em. Or is that idea for the birds.... Thanx for the kind words re: editing. I enjoy doing it, and learn more each time I attempt it. (Cutting isn't hard, but my machete is rather blunt now...) --BEM}

MIKE DECKINGER, 14 SALEM COURT, METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

The cover of DB #5 was a distinctive, attractive, and eye-catching blend of competently drawn artwork and adequately reproduced heading. Bjo's wistful female face is as attractive as all her females generally are, and coupled with the bacover fragmentary female, it gives the distinct and unjustified impression that you two are perhaps publishing a girly fanzine.

ALAS, BABYLON is considered to be one of Frank's better books though I was unimpressed by it. The inevitable results of a non sf writer accomplished in his own line of work venturing into an sf theme is generally a hackneyed, unspectacular book, roundly acclaimed by outside critics, who would raise their voices over anything this particular writer produces, and discredited by sf readers and fans who have read precisely the same thing before, more competently handled with less pretentious undertones of "quality" writing. Wylie's TRIUMPH struck me as adhering to this dogma, as did FAIL-SAFE and SEVEN DAYS IN MAY. These three are noted, too, for the timeliness and urgency of their subject matter, even though they may be tripe in content.

Coulson doesn't seem quite so good this time around. Possibly because he is in agreement with the zines he reviews, and doesn't care to point out some of the more noticeable faults. I think I like Buck better when he is enraged over some crudzine, and devotes his full talents to needling the editor.

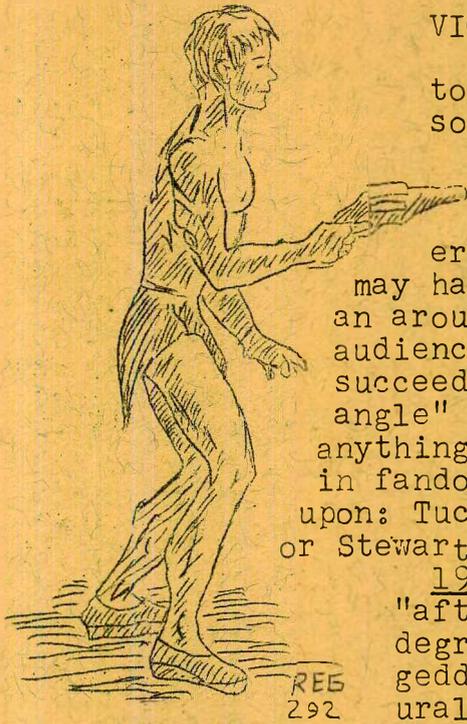
Shupp's series on space wars is developing into quite an interesting and readable field of extrapolation. I hadn't realized the complexities that interstellar warfare would entail till I read this article. I guess there are numerous strategic devices that can be employed in repelling the enemy, as well as equally numerous aggressive tactics.

WHAT MAD UNIVERSE has always been one of my favorites too, and I'm glad to see Clay giving it the write-up it deserves. Anyone who treats sf and fandom the way Brown did in the story is worthy of some commendation anyway. One minor quibble however; "Come and Go Mad" is not a one page vignette as Clay seems to imply (though his wording was ambiguous and it's possible I misread his intent.). It's considerably longer than a page, though easily one of the most terrifying horror stories ever constructed.

I'm inclined to support Betty Kujawa's remarks re: Red Skelton. I too do not find anything funny in a shambling, stumbling, bleary-eyed drunk, progressing through a series of contrived misadventures. I've seen enough genuine drunks in my life to realize that the sight is more pitiable, or revolting, than funny. Red Skelton is elastic-faced enough to manage to convey a plausible characterization of a drunk, and thus all the more revolting. He can be quite clever and funny at times, however, so I don't totally condemn him. I would say that Ernie Kovacs was probably the most "fannish" of the names Betty listed. This man was a genius in originality and design, as witness his regrettably few half hour tv specials. His death was a noticeable loss which I don't expect will ever be filled. s/ Mike

{ We thought mebbe some people would be fooled by the two females on the covers and think it was a "girly" mag...I like illos of pretty girls.... what BEM wouldn't? We wish we had MORE like that.--BEM }

Change Of Address:(Eff. Aug. 10th) Gary Deindorfer, 40 Atterbury Ave.,
Trenton, New Jersey, 08618.



VIC RYAN, 2160 SYLVAN RD, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
Bowers' passing condemnation of On the Beach, and, to a lesser degree, of 1984 bothered me for two reasons. The first was the off-hand comparison with Alas, Babylon, a novel which I've always regarded as the epitome of successful but uncraftsman-like "dabbling"; the second was what I'd considered the comment's undeserved nature. Nevil Shute may have failed with On the Beach, because he was using an around-the-corner technique to impress upon a general audience the horror of nuclear war. He may or may not have succeeded with what one fan has called the story's "love angle" (much as the youngster resents the cowboy kissing anything other than his horse), but he could hardly succeed in fandom, which has at least two better examples to look upon: Tucker's Long Loud Silence (the primitivation theme) or Stewart's Earth Abides (sheer prosaic craftsmanship.). 1984 offers a completely different problem. The "aftermath" author deals in a problem concerning only degree: the degree to which man's reactions to atomageddon differ from his reactions to air-raids and natural halocaust. The author who, like Orwell, chooses to portray any sort of radically different yet complete-

ly stable society chooses one hell of a problem of characterization.

Mike Shupp's article was an exceptionally fine treatment of a subject I'm sure some of us would just as soon have forgotten. Since it was raised, though, I'm pleased that it was handled so well.

Perhaps, as Locke suggests, "many whites are prohibited (by religion) from using contraceptives," but I suspect that far too large a segment of the Negro population is similarly prohibited, not through religious decree, necessarily, but through plain, ordinary, secular ignorance. Even the rhythm method would be of calculable aid among such people, but a surprisingly large number fail to even grasp the relation between a woman's menstrual cycle and her periods of highest fertility. The correct guess isn't necessarily the most logical one, unfortunately.

Bill Plott...suggests that the basic sexual drive lies in the man; I question his use of terms, at the very least. Our culture frowns upon any show of sexual interest in unmarried women, so the man is somewhat shoved into the agressor's role through the back door.

It's true that most men do have a greater or lesser desire to marry only a virginal woman, but more and more are beginning to see the advantages of mutual experience. I doubt that there'll ever be too great a demand for the promiscuous female, but her cousin, who recognizes the value of sex with affection, is probably the premium of the future. s/Vic

GEORGE FERGUS, 3825 WEST 160th. ST., CLEVELAND 11, OHIO

I'm sorry to have to say this, but issue number five of DOUBLE-BILL hasn't maintained the quality that you set in #3 and 4:

First comes Bill Bowers, who does nothing but correct and comment on his article from #4. And I think he's wrong, anyway, because so far as I can see it's impossible to pin down a fan. Some fans have the most un-imaginative and un-inquiring minds I have ever seen. There may be some common de-

GEORGE FERGUS, concl:

nominator among all fans, but he hasn't found it yet.

"Cycle of Retribution" was well-written, but rather dull as have been its two predecessors.

Next an SF & FANTASY quiz that is my big gripe. A quiz shouldn't be something that takes reference work; it's supposed to test how good your memory is and how widely you've read. Now who in the world remembers the titles of the short stories they've read? So all you do is pick up your handy copy of Donald Tuck's author's works listing and dash off the correct answers. You trying to find out how many people have access to Tuck's listing or something? I could make up a better quiz in my sleep.

The article by Mike Shupp about space dogfights was quite interesting, and about the only good piece in the whole issue.

Nothing spectacular in the issue's appearance either. Wish you'd continue using covers like you did on issue #4, Bills. ATOM's illo on page 19 was nice though; let's have him on the cover one of these days.

However, the issue wasn't a total loss, for way down at the bottom of page 6 like it was trying to hide I found a provocative question by Lloyd Biggle as to what one novel and one collection should be recommended to the reader as yet uncontaminated by SF. Anything that takes space travel for granted is out. Anything set too far in the future is out. Time travel is too confusing; the alien invasion theme would make him sick. We could try a comedy piece like Anderson & Dickson's EARTHMAN'S BURDEN, but it doesn't lead up to well to SF in general. Telepathy will get them every time. Russell's THREE TO CONQUER comes instantly to mind. I can't think of anything that approaches van Vogt's SLAN in this category. As to short story collections, any of Heinlein's would be fine, or Brown's ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS perhaps. If an anthology would give more variety I can think of hardly any better than BODYGUARD. s/George

It's funny you should think so badly of #5....we both thought it was one of our better issues. Oh well, each to his own taste....~~###~~ It seems the cover on #4 spoiled everyone and they want 'em all in colors! People, can't you judge each cover on it's own merits? --BEM}

CHARLES E. SMITH, 61, THE AVENUE, EALING W.13, LONDON, ENGLAND

As usual Coulson is marvelous. I can only repeat all the comments the other letter writers have expressed. This is the best review section that I have had the privilege of reading.

Mike McQuown's piece of fiction was quite impressive. One of the biggest drawbacks to fan-fiction is the very limited space most editors are willing to give to such works. Thus we have short vignettes which give the author no room to develop any kind of mood or style. He has only time for the bare bones. I found the opening of the story somewhat off-putting since I have an aversion to fiction in which the author's fore-knowledge of future events intrude into the story - you know, the "Little did he know" bit. After getting past this personal hurdle, I enjoyed the story muchly.

Agreed entirely with Hamlin's remarks re Brown's "What Mad Universe". As a pure piece of entertainment this is about tops. Although the plot presumably will stand up on its own, it's nice to find a novel which can only be fully appreciated by science-fiction fans.

I am not convinced by Betty Kujawa's remarks about humour. I would agree that probably everyone could find a form of humour that he personally

CHARLES E. SMITH, concl:

would find offensive but it is impossible to state that a particular form is offensive in its own right. If you get down to fundamentals, most humour is theoretically offensive as it is based on sadism, or is it? There are so many subjects that at first glance have no comic potential (that in fact suggest exactly the opposite) and that have been treated in a comic manner and succeeded beyond all measure. One excellent example is Billy Wilder's "Some Like It Hot" dealing with transvestism and the Saint Valentine's Day massacre and yet the treatment is hilarious. The same applies to Voltaire's "Candide" which is a chapter of tragic incidents but is highly comic because Voltaire treats these incidents in such a humorous manner.

I think if I was suggesting two books to a non-s-f. reader, I would probably recommend Healy and McComas's "Tales of Space and Time" (obviously) and probably Heinlein's "Puppet Masters" because that's the book that hooked me. s/Charles

⚡ I don't think you could say humor is based on "sadism" -- rather a better word would be "tragedy", don't you think? ~~##~~ Guess I'll jump on the bandwagon and name MY personal choices to recommend to a non-sf reader: I've always been a lover of GOOD horror tales -- and I think many others would be too -- so for a collection of shorts I'd plug the pbk I mentioned a few issues back, "Science Fiction Terror Tales", which has always been the most cherished of my collection; (and incidentally, was also how I got hooked) and I think I'll go along with you on "Puppet Masters" for the novel.--BEM→

⚡ This next LoC needs an explanation, since it wasn't actually mailed in -- it was given to me personally by all the fans who signed it after reading #5 that Bowers & I brought with us to the '63 MIDWESCON in Cincinnati, June 28-30th. It was brought about by a statement in the lettercol, and "ringleaders" Tucker & Breen wanted us to be sure to print it. Being editor of the column, I had to change one specific word -- but I don't think any of you'll have trouble deciphering it!--BEM→

"Society for the prevention of dissemination of Bull_ _ _ _."

Pretty Much of a Fact, Dept:

"It seems to be pretty much of a fact that most men prefer to marry a virgin, or at least, a woman who has not had sexual intercourse with anyone else."

B U L L _ _ _ _ !

(signed:)

Bob Tucker

Mark Schulzinger

Ray Beam

Walter Breen

Al Lewis

Marion Zimmer Bradley

Jim O'Meara

Bob Leman

Earl Kemp

Larry McCombs

Lewis J. Grant B.S.A.

"I admit that bull_ _ _ _ is a fact."

(s) Bob Pavlat

"Agree with the statement except for the word 'bull_ _ _ _'."

(s) Bob Madle

⚡ And a p.s.:→ "I have nothing against virgins, but would you want your brother to marry one?" ⚡(No signature, but methinks its

MZB??--BEM→

MIKE McQUOWN, #2954, FSU, TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

I was quite pleased with the end result of my story - it's the second piece of fan fiction I've had published, and I'd rather forget the other. Was more than pleased with the illustrations for it. Very nice job, especially the Earl.

There were a couple misprints. - I know it should read Droit de seigneur, but no doubt someone will say it was illiteracy on my part, so tell 'em it was an accident, huh? Or did I mistype it?

After all the shouting about integration and segregation downtown, the school has taken in a number of Negro students with no mishap - so far. The only possible problem is the chance that some trouble may arise over the refusal of the adjacent-to-campus eating places to allow the Negro students in. It is, of course, their privilege to do so; they are not owned, subsidised, or controlled by the school, and may do as they please until the law tells them to do otherwise, and makes it stick. So far, there has been little action on the part of any faction to do anything about, and not even the Negro students seem to take it as a burning issue. The school paper, the Florida Flambeau, has taken a few half-hearted swipes at the situation, but has produced no results, as it appears that their protests are really a matter of form.

On top of every other bloody thing that's happened this week the Young People's Socialist League has started a campaign of sneaking leaflets under room doors in the dorms. My roommate and I drafted a letter for the Flambeau, stating our feelings on their tactics and policy. Some reaction should result. I, for one, would just as soon step on one if I catch another sticking things under the doors.

Watch for change of address about the end of August, if not sooner - I may be in school or no, but I will have to be off campus. s/ Michael

{{ We're pleased you liked the results of your story -- do some more for us, please. ~~##~~ Yes, we checked the manuscript, and it was misspelled...and we typed it up just as it was, not knowing it was wrong.--BEM}}

WALT TAYLOR, 390 WEMBLEY RD, UPPER DARBY, PA.

After that shiney and eye-pleasing cover that adorned ish #4, the Trimble sketch was a let-down due to the monochromatic presentation. I guess #4 spoiled me... now I fell as if I'm being cheated if the cover has less than two colors. I'll forgive you though, as pages 12 and 21 broke the monotony of consecutive black-and-twil-tone-yellowishness.

I enjoyed thish. I was especially glad to see a scarcity of faaaanish material. Al Kracalik is wrong; of all the stfzines out today, I have found that DB is the least fannish of the bunch. Of course, I am not much of a fanatic over stf (I prefer fantasy and weird tales), but I think that a fanzine supposedly devoted to stf should at least mention the subject occasionally.

Re: Biggle's request for an idea of what reading material (stf) would be most suited for a new enthusiast; I would say that the best choice for a new reader would be the annual Galaxy collections. In these anthologies the newcomer can become acquainted with many of the best stf authors of today. The stories published are generally quite acceptable as "short stories" rather than highly scientific fictional messages of world destruction, or some such crap, and are usually of high quality.

So Skelton is a fannish type, eh? God help fandom, in that case. The

WALT TAYLOR, concl:

thing that has alienated me against ol' Red is his constant use of "subtle" vulgarity ("Let me delve into your Id." Reply from Skelton accompanied by a gesture of bodily concealment; "You wouldn't dare!"). To top this off, Red suddenly develops a Shirley Temple cuteness at the closing of the show, and signs off with a sincere-sounding; "Thank you vewwy much for making us pawt of your evening. Goo-nite evewybody...and may Gawwwwwd Bless! Goo-nite!"

Ye-e-e-ch!

Anyway, Double-Bill is a better fanzine than Skelton is a Caroline Kennedy. Keep it up, by heaven! s/ Walt

{(Thankee kindly...we sure hope to keep it up..even if we do go quarterly ...--BEM)-}

SCOTT KUTINA, 16309 MARQUIS AVE., CLEVELAND 11, OHIO

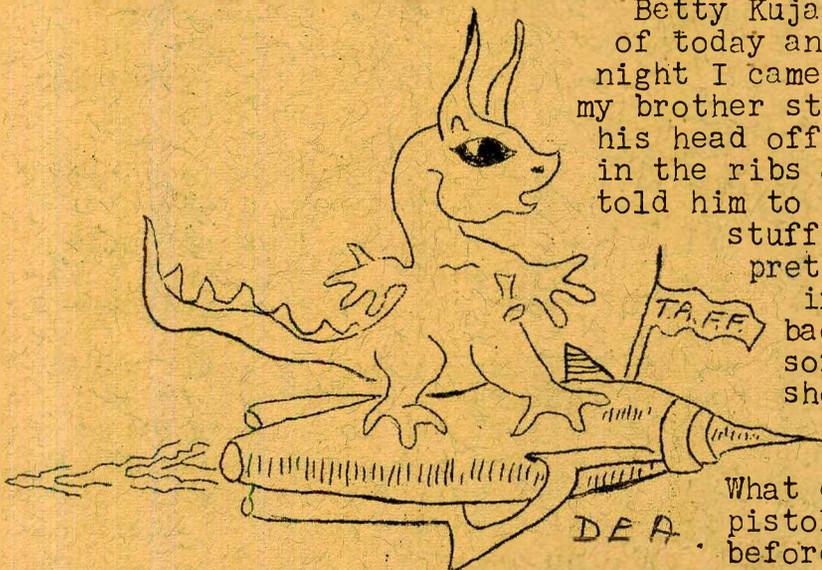
BTD seems to have stirred up quite a bit of trouble and controversy. Well now, maybe I shouldn't say trouble, more like a hornet's nest. I agree generally with what you said, but I believe that most fans aren't misfits, they're just a little "different" in the long run. Fans have a keener imagination than most people, and are usually just a little more intelligent sometimes. They reject the norm at times and are very individualistic, and just don't plain give a damn about what any one else thinks about them. For instance, when I attended the Chicon, I noticed more interracial marriages than I have noticed any place else. Now don't get me wrong, I pride myself on not being prejudiced to any race or religion. Some of my best friends in school are Jewish and Negroes so I can say I'm not prejudiced. Another thing, fans speak their minds and don't give a damn about the consequences, at least what I've seen in TB they do.

Richard Kyle thinks we are decadent, and I'm inclined to agree with him. This era has all the earmarks that Rome had just before her fall. Loose morals, wars, bickerings, internal strife, etc.. I'm not kicking though, let the good times roll on, for tomorrow I join the army (no I'm not, but I thought that that would be--- ah skip it.).

Betty Kujawa doesn't like the sick comics of today and neither do I. One Saturday night I came in from playing ball, and I find my brother stuck in front of the TV laughing his head off at Frank Fontaine. I kicked him in the ribs and then I turned the TV off, and told him to go somewhere else and watch that stuff, well he started swinging and pretty soon we had an A-1 brawl going. I won naturally. But to get back to the point, I think that this sort of stuff is abominable and shouldn't be let on the air. Another sign of our decadence. Bob Lichtman doesn't like Doc Smith!

What do you want Bob? Ray guns or water pistols, at 50 yards? Do me a favor before I sign off, will you Bill? Kind-

ly spread the news around that there is a club called THE ORDER OF



SCOTT KUTINA, concl:

CTHULHU and is dedicated to H.P. Lovecraft. There are no dues at the moment, because we only have about 5 or 6 members, and we need more, desperately. I am asking you because you have an international circulation, and maybe some of the foreign fan might be interested. Thank you. s/Scott

{{ Here you go, Lovecraft fans...if you're interested, contact Scott--}}

PAUL WYSZKOWSKI, BOX 3372, STATION C, OTTAWA 3, ONTARIO, CANADA

To clarify my remarks on fannish personality in my last letter, I should state that I had chiefly in mind the truest species of a fan, the FIAWOL fan. The FIJAGH fan is a far more variegated species (of which I am a member) and much more difficult to generalize upon. I would also like to call your attention to my statement in one of the DIFFERENTIALS that goes something to the effect that the best liked and most respected fans are virtually indistinguishable from people. It is certainly true that many fans, such as myself, lead comfortably bourgeois lives of suburban mediocrity, and carry on fairly successfully with the pursuit of mundane status symbols such as money. However, to a greater or lesser extent this is just a sop to the civilization as we know it to keep it from sinking its fangs into our tender flesh. Actually I consider myself primarily an amateur artist & philosopher who has made engineering a career and fandom a hobby.

DOUBLE-BILL has been improving technically with every issue. No.5 shows a scarcity of illos, but then I have always said that no art is better than cruddy art. Incidentally, you should have put the bacover in front and vice versa. Bjo's illo is hardly what you normally expect of her; on the other hand, Ruth's illo is quite effective.

I disagree somewhat with Mike Shupp on dogfight tactics in space. The technique of an engagement in space is necessarily confined to an engagement of unmanned weapons rather than manned ships themselves. In other words the manned craft would remain on their respective trajectories, and the dogfight would occur between the remote controlled missile sent out by one ship to destroy the other, and the antimissile missile sent out to destroy the missile. The missiles having only a small fraction of the inertia of the manned ships will be able to engage in a dogfight but the manned ships cannot do so without a suicidal waste of fuel and serious risk of becoming both derelict in space, regardless of who wins the battle. s/ Paul

LEWIS J. GRANT, JR., 5810 S. HARPER ST., CHICAGO 37, ILLINOIS

#5 was pretty good. Tactics of the Dogfight was excellently written, even though I don't believe a word of it. I don't think space war will work. Did you ever think of what could be done with 100 lbs of wolfram needles dumped in front of a spaceship? You should see the Wolf ram those. I thought the Atom illo was the best in the book, though.

On the question of the fannish H. I remember being told many years ago that some fan made fun in a letter about an ad he had seen for rhum, and commented that he couldn't afford rhum, just bheer. I don't know if this is true or just a piece of fan etymology, but it certainly sounds plausible, and as far as I know, bheer was the first word to have the H inserted.

I'm glad I got to see you at the Midwescon, so that I can tell Y'all apart. I hope to make it to the Discon, but hae me doots. s/ L.J. Grant

AND LAST, BUT FAR FROM LEAST, ARE THE FANS WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Well, as I roll around here in all these piles of money, I suppose I'd better list all the ~~suckers~~...uh..lovely people who made it all possible: (sound of drawing deep breath) Watch out, Bowers, don't slip on that twenty! Now where was I? Oh, yeah...Green Lettuce subs have come in from ED MESKYS, WALTER TAYLOR, ENID JACOBS.. to mention a few... and while down at the Midwescon we conned LEWIS GRANT, FREDERICK W. JACKSON, and STAN SKIRVIN to fork over in person.... And then, we had the gall to force MIKE McINERNEY and his mundane APA friend, ROY LINDBERG, into donating when they unluckily decided to stop by the House Of King Rex in person after attending the NAPA Convention that was held in Cleveland this year..'Twas very nice meeting you two..tanks for tinkering of us.....

But that's not all....\$\$\$ also came from PAUL GILSTER, DEA, (Margaret Dominic), HANK LUTTRELL, and new fan LOU POCHET finally brings to a close for this issue the nice fen who support D-B! We appreciate it, All. Never fear, folks, the money will be wisely man-handled..it shore do cum in handy.(Nextish, the Anniversary Issue.. will no doubt take most of it..)

We also heard from RICHARD KYLE...whose short LoC seems to think we are just "marking time this issue. There's nothing really bad or really good." Hope this issue prompts more out of you, Richard...and if it doesn't..the Annish will!

ART HAYES also wrote, and sez: "Just Plain Bill, the Editorial of the zine, by you. I do not like this type of editorial. This type of editorial is too reminiscent of an apa mailing comment. To be able to judge it, one must remember too much of the previous issue." Not necessarily, Art. Bowers was commenting on the letters that appeared in the SAME ish. (Not that I agree with everything he said there tho.)

CHUCK WELLS wonders how Bowers & I can keep publishing so regularly without trouble. Well, I'll tell you, Chuck, it isn't easy, but we manage; There are difficulties between us at times, and we both have habits that irritate the other, somewhat, but we try to overlook them most of the time.....and DOUBLE-BILL managed to come out regularly despite the occasional differences...seems like it had a mind of it's own! All in all, tho, things've run rather smoothly for us, we like to think. (And by the way the fact that we're going quarterly does NOT have anything to do with the small problems I mentioned above, so please don't think it, people!)

ROBERT GILBERT sez he liked D-B, and quips: "With Bill Mallardi it may be superflies, but with me it's wasps. These deadly insects slip into the house by some magic means of their own. They climb the windows and buzz against the ceiling. My mother kills them by cutting them in two with the scissors." (!!!) So I guess I'm not alone, huh? Everybody has their own personal "bug-a-boo!" ### DAVE HULAN writes, and among other things corrects us on Sharon Towle's name -- do I got it rite, now, Dave?? Sorry we've been spelling it wrong -- mayhaps thats why she hasn't written since #3?? Thanks for catching our error. We Keep Trying...but genius is hard to overcome.....we've got a short & nutty WAHF LoC from ROBERT E. MARGROFF here: "I like Double Bull. It's just the right thickness to put under my cat's dish. (Unfortunately my cat objects to it. Oh well, there's always the box with the sand in it....)" Sheesh! I knew Double-Bill was good for something...but that's going too far! (I didn't know your cat could read). (HEY! Whaddaya know? Thats's all for this time 'round...WRITE SOON --RIGHT NOW!! This BEM enjoys hearing from you all...and send those \$1. subs--BEM)

From now on, I should think, you out there in Fandom Land might do well to treat me with more respect. Like, what other fan can say that three such momentous events as the Coulson Picnic, the eclipse of the sun, and the Miss Universe Pageant all occurred on his birthday? (Now just watch some wise character come up with the fact that his birthday is also on July 20.)

SERMON OF THE MONTH CLUB

I have a tendency for sticking my foot in my mouth (and for me, that's some distance!), in that I seem to make statements which come out in twill-print sounding a shade uppity (re: Sharon Towle in #4), which is certainly not the way I intend them to sound. But I bravely forge ahead, hoping that one of these days I will be able to make myself understood without having everyone feel that I've insulted them.

This time I may be doing more than just sticking my foot in my mouth. I can only hope that the following is taken in the spirit that it is given in.

I'd like to briefly take to task the butchering of artwork which has been evident in a few of the zines that we've received during the past few months. (Names withheld to prevent a cycle of retribution.)

I am all for more artwork in fanzines--fan artists are just as talented, and sometimes moreso, than fan writers--but not at the price of inept stencilling and reproduction. You would not throw an author's work on stencil resplendent with strike-overs (unless intentional), and typos (though they do slip through on occasion, as we well know)--or would you? I believe that an artist deserves the same consideration as the author does. If you do not have adequate equipment or patience to stencil a drawing, and can't afford electronic stencilling, forget it. Besides the ethics involved in ruining a piece of artwork, it certainly seems to me that such an illo would detract more from a fanzine than equal area of typos.

I'm not by any means claiming that we have fandom's best stencilled artwork in DOUBLE-BILL, but on the whole, I'm quite satisfied with our presentation of artwork, and believe that we are improving in that area, as well as other areas, with each issue. We try to take adequate time and care with it, and with the addition of a lightscope, thus saving our backs and arms from the pains of window stencilling, I think even more improvement will be shown.

This is not a Mission to Save Fanzines, people; only a pet gripe. May you have many of your own.

BITCH OF THE MONTH Dept.

Like, what's with GAMMA's distribution system? When we were out at the Coulson's on July 20th (and we had a thoroughly enjoyable time--thanks Buck & Juanita), there were a couple of copies floating around. Apparently GAMMA had gone on sale shortly before Out There. But, here it is, almost a month later (and we're a bit late too), and still no sign of GAMMA around here. Look people, I don't care how good you claim your magazine is, it just won't sell if all you distribute is invisible copies.

Included with this issue is the 1rst Annual DOUBLE-BILL Ego-Booster POLL. Heed it and VOTE! We think, and probably rightfully so, that we've published some pretty good material in spite of the odds during our first year. So we'd like to give our faithful contributors a chance for a bit of glory. To give the overseas crew and those of you who are journeying forth to the DisCon a bit 'o time, the results won't be published until #8, so you have till December. BUT VOTE BEFORE YOU FERGIT!!!

Speaking of material (as I often do), may I again remind you that we're in dire need of same--all sorts: artwork, articles, fiction and fillers. Remember that, and DO YOUR FAIR SHARE!

And speaking of the DisCon, may I also remind you that we'll be there in person to personally twist your arm if you're reluctant about contributing. Remember: there's twice as many of us as there be of most of you!

DISCON ATTENDEES: Do not be alarmed if you see a two-headed creature striding about -- it's merely DOUBLE-BILL

During the interim since #5, we have become Traveling Ghiants (sorry Buck), having added our beneficial presence to the MidWesCon, Harvey Inman's, and the Coulson Mash. On my vast experience of one WorldCon (Chi-III), I think I find myself enjoying the informal, relaxed, atmosphere of the MidWesCon more than the hectic melee that was ChiCon III--though the fact that it was my first con and I wasn't aquainted with any one besides Bill might have helped my confusion. Harvey went with us down to Cinncy, and after that we journeyed up to deliver Bem's SuperConReport. Harvey and his wife are both delightful people, and I'm glad to have met them. And, for a while coming back, we wondered if it was worth it, but we had a wonderful time out on the Coulson Manse. It was something over a 500 mile trip and since we left 7:15 Sat. morning and got back 7:20 Sun. morning, you can see we put ourselves and Bem's "Nellybelle" through the paces. All in all, we enjoyed ourselves muchly at all places and would do it over again if we had the chance.

For the benefit of the Doubting Thomases among you, let me reiterate part of Bem's editorial, re: our going quarterly is no indication of our intentions to fold. Rather, the other way: with more time, we hope to present a more meaty, and generally better overall fanzine--for your enjoyment and ours. Besides our both being young and single (& all that), thus having things to do outside of fandom & D-B, no matter how much we enjoy the same, there are other reasons. Like money: Bem's new car & stereo; my new Polaroid & car insurance soon (plus the fact that my car is a somewhat ancient (('52)) vehicle that may need replacement soon.) Excuses cont'd: I'd like to spend more time on my writing (eliminating on-stencil editorials such as this), both for other fanzines and attempted pro-type, and I have a guitar that I'd like to take lessons on one of these days. So stick with us and contribute: both material-wise and/or money-wise.

QUESTION OF THE YEAR:

What do you think of Robert Heinlein's F&SF serial--GLORY ROAD? I found it a delightful fantasy in parts, and easily readable. It's not to become my favorite Heinlein--THE PUPPET MASTERS has that honor; yes Charles Smith, & I convinced BEM that he should read it--but its one of the better ones. Anyone want to start off a discussion of his premise this time! There's certain to be one, and it might as well be here....

And on that thought, I'll leave you for the time being....

BILL BOWERS

