

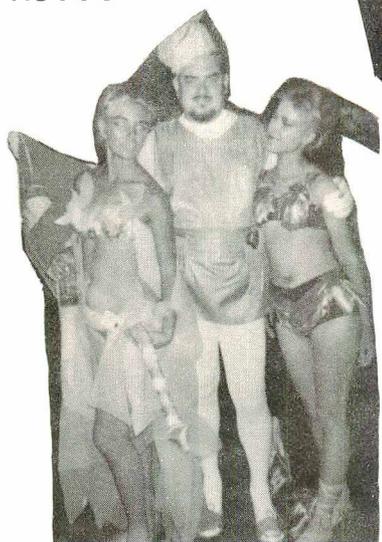
2-15 Dec 63

DOUBLE BILL 7

PHAN PHOTOS



JUDITH ANN LAWRENCE
AS BIRDWOMAN



JONI STOPA, RANDY GARRETT
& SYLVIA DEES



DAVE & CAROL PROSSER



STEVE TOLLIVER AS
GAHAN OF GATHOL
FROM CHESSMEN OF MARS



JONI & JON STOPA AS
SUCUBUS & INCUBUS



HARRIET KOLCHAK
AS QUEEN OF HEARTS



TED JOHNSTONE, BRUCE PELZ & DIAN GIRARD
FROM NIGHTS BLACK AGENTS
(GREY MOUSER GROUP)



ADRIENNE MARTINE &
JOCK ROOT AS MARAGON
(THE SUBTLE) & HIS LADY,
CLAIRE LA BRUN



LARRY IVIE
AS FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER



" FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE "

DOUBLE BILL

Volume 2 Number 1
WHOLE 7

OCTOBER 1963

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DOUBLE-BILL is a quarterly published fanzine of Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi, the Puppets of our Master, King Rex. This issue costs 30¢, future issues 25¢ each, or 5/\$1.00. Also available for TRADES, contributions of Material or Art, or printed Letters Of Comment. Copyright © 1963

Contents Page Logo by a Damn Good Man,
 HOWARD DEVORE

Edited by:

Bill Mallardi &

Bill Bowers

Columnists:

Robert Coulson

& Mike Shupp

ARTWORK

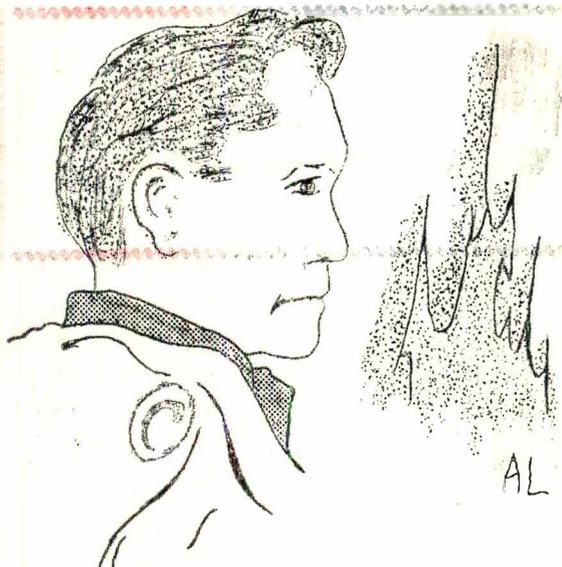
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Remember, send the Trades & Letters to:
 Bill Mallardi, 214
 Mackinaw Ave, Akron,
 Ohio, 44313; and
 Subs & Material to:
 Bill Bowers, 3271
 Shelhart Rd., Barb-
 erton, Ohio, 44203.

EDITORIAL

JUST PLAIN BILL...

BILL BOWERS



I find myself somewhat in awe of this mighty mass of mimeographed matter which goes under the title of DOUBLE-BILL #7. I find myself somewhat more in awe of the fact that I lived through it to see its completion. I think there should be a term applicable to fans who put out 100 page fanzines, but I'll be damned if I can think of a printable one.

I suppose it is the Thing To Do, in an Annish, to fondly reminisce on the First Year, the rise from a crudzine first issue to the heights of a 6 rating from Buck Coulson. But I'll spare you this year, and instead indulge in some ramblings, if you don't mind--but then you really don't have much choice, do you? Anyway, we've enjoyed putting out D-B and hope that you've got some pleasure out of reading it.

This, then, begins the Second Year.

The material in this issue pretty well explains itself, I should hope--but one note on John Foster's story, "The Reunion" (on page 26). John is an English correspondent of mine, but not a fan, although he has read some science fiction. He told us to "Americanize" the story, but we like it better the way it is...and think you will, too. Read it.

another year, another con Then there was the DisCon. It's rather difficult to remember it too clearly--seems as if it were many, many moons ago. In a minor sort of way, it was two anniversaries. One for me (since ChiCon III was my first con); and, in addition to this belated 1st Annish, one for D-B--it was on the ride back from Chicago that this creation was thought up...a day history shall never remember...and we will never forget.

I still must stand by my statement in #6 that I prefer the informal MidWesCon to the--in relation--huge WorldCon, but the DisCon was enjoyable in its own right. It was a bit smaller than the ChiCon, but the major difference for me was the fact that I knew quite a bit more fans this time around, and wasn't suffering from an acute case of being "left out". Another side-effect, somewhat egotistical in nature I suppose, is that apparently DOUBLE-BILL has made somewhat more of a "name" for itself than we had realized. It was a bit of a thrill to have someone walk up, peer at your nametag, and ask: "Are you part of DOUBLE-BILL?", or, more commonly..."Which Bill are you?" As if I could be mistaken for a BEM!

All in all, a good time was had, and we hope to make S.F. next year.

Can you realize how it feels to be half of a well-known fanzine?

This, people, is Showdown...the circulation of this magazine is becoming a bit huge, and our finances and energy tell us that it's about time to cut the freeloaders. Several people who probably expected to receive this issue...won't; more won't get #8, unless they Do Something! It has never been clearly stated how those little numbers on your address label tote up, unless you sub or trade. So let's see: for written material--articles, fiction--two issues (or, till it's printed, & the issue after); verse equals one issue; artwork--till we use it up, which might be one issue or seven; and one issue for printed letters of comment...if we should happen to run out of copies, the WAHF's are the first to go. We think the above is fair--but complaints will be heard. We prefer an interested audience...in fact with the present postage rates we almost have to demand shown interest. After all, this is a hobby--not charity. So be ye warned...and we hope that you like D-B well enough to stick with us.... (Incidentally, as BEM mentions, the pros will get all the issues in which the Symposium appears, but afterwards, if they want to continue receiving D-B...they'll have to do it in the normal ways. We hope that many of them are interested enough to do so...we'd be more than pleased if they just wrote Letters of Comment.)

A reminder: Deadline for the Ego-Booster Polls is December 14, 1963. Quite a few have voted already, but surely there must be more who received at least 4 of the first 6 D-B's. So...how 'bout it. Results will be published next issue. And remember--a free issue to voters!

It's getting to be like Old Times again: Northern Ohio fandom is apparently beginning to shake alive after many, many years--as far as we know, since the '55 Cleveland Con. Although not many in number, we seem to be gaining. There's Harvey Inman (ace editor of FFF, but sick right now...we're sorry to report--see page 76); George Fergus (who seems to be moving); Scott Kutina (whom we had to go to D.C. to meet...but we're glad we did); and a livewire by the handle of Joe Fekete (whose back in Cleveland after more than an year in Chicago). There seems to be the possibility of more--and maybe some of the older fans can be revived.... We're not planning on competeing with LASFS yet...there's the distance involved; it's 35 miles to Cleveland (Kutina & Fekete) and the same or more to Grafton (Inman). But it's sort of nice to know that there are other fans in the area....and to get together every once in a while.

Faneds, in particular, please note: Delete the COA for Mike McQuown on page 18...the one below is the latest. Mike had a stroke of bad luck a few weeks ago, when a "Little Fire" gutted his apartment. I think it might be a friendly gesture if some of the faneds would send him a few copies of their publications to replace his diminished collection. Sorry, Mike....I think a fire is one of the most feared horrors of a collector.

A few personal remarks on the Symposium (which the BEM take pretty good care of)...It was about the easiest thing we've ever stencilled--it was so interesting that we just sat and typed for hours... I personally found many areas in which I either strongly agree or disagree with one of the pros, & hope to discuss at further length. // So write...Bill Bowers

COA's: JOE FEKETE, 12315 Plover, Lakewood, Ohio
MIKE McQUOWN, 308 S. Franklin Blvd. Apt 7, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301

craft designed to return men for a landing. The craft flies

His Wife's A Sexy Li'l Devil

DR. CLARKE'S CARE CLINIC

By Dr. Chauncey Clarke

Case No: 6022

Marjorie H., twentysix years old, blonde, vivacious, mother of two children.

"It is really terrible, Dr. Clarke," the distraught husband confessed to me recently. "I have taken the two children and returned to my mother's home. A divorce is in the offing. I think poor Marjorie is mentally unhinged. She is always sleeping (you know what I mean, Doctor) with other men although I have tried to be a model husband.

"We had been married only three weeks (in fact, we had just returned from our honeymoon at Grand Canyon) when Marjorie had an affair with a repairman who came around to service our new refrigerator. The repairman did an inadequate job and following my complaint to the store, the service manager himself came out. My wife then had an affair with him.

"I thought she was merely emotionally disturbed and forgave her, but it is still going on, Doctor. Less than a month later she was sleeping with my bowling partner, a man who consistently runs up impressive scores on the alleys. I became suspicious when he

began sending a low scoring substitute, and stopped by his home one night. The gentleman there was not my partner, and hurrying home I caught Marjorie again. She displayed no shame at all.

"I can't stand this unfaithfulness any longer. My wife has had one sordid affair after another during the years of our marriage, and in retrospect I am now deeply troubled by the peculiar behavior of the bellboy at Bright Angel Lodge (an Indian youth who also took part in the afternoon rain dances). I think Marjorie is berserk and I believe I am doing the right thing, Doctor."

This troubled husband is indeed doing the right thing although a more forceful man would have taken the next logical step, because of his deep love and devotion to the woman he married. Despite the claptrap published by Kinsey and others, women do not enjoy sex and do not normally seek out illicit affairs. The key word here is normally. This poor woman can no longer call her soul her own. Marjorie is inhabited by the devil and our good forefathers knew the only sure cure for that.

(See "Sex & the Devil", p.t.o)

SHELL OF I'S

Lock
ch
m

BY BOB TUCKER

of the is reason

The distraught husband should have ended his wife's suffering by burning her at the stake. She would have thanked him as Satan fled her fevered body. Although a few New England states still have laws on their books prohibiting this febrifuge, the majority of the states are wisely silent on the matter.

But a word of caution: A suffering husband should not abandon good taste by making a public spectacle of this counteraction. A small, quiet burning in the presence of a few friends and neighbors is sufficient. Send 35¢ for my booklet, Exorcising Evil by Fire and Blade.

* * *

Case No. 6023: Dorothy D., thirty years old and the fond mother of three healthy children. The father is unaware of the problem.

"I am almost out of my mind, doctor," she writes. "I have discovered my two oldest children reading filthy books while the youngest, scarcely more than a baby, looks at the pictures! You know the kind, doctor." Indeed I do and my heart goes out to this wretched mother, for our schools and libraries are filled with like trash.

"I had no inkling of what was going on in my own little home, a clean, upstanding American home," Dorothy continues, "until one day when my oldest boy hid something from me when I walked into his room. I was immediately suspicious and demanded to see the book. It was Mother Goose. Doctor, I was sick. The double-entendre of the title shocked me out of my wits.

"I paged through the dreadful volume, knowing the worst. There must have been two or three dozen little stories and verses of the most wicked import, and many of them were accompanied by highly colored pictures that left nothing to the imagination! My children found this horrible thing in the school library. I cried all night."

We educators know that shoddy goods of this nature exist, and find circulation everywhere. Our laws are helpless to cope with the situation so widespread has it become. Parent-Teacher associations have been alerted and many conscientious librarians have saved hundreds of children by removing the books from the shelves. Eternal vigilance is the watchword for not only aberrations but subversive propaganda often lurk beneath innocent covers, and find their way into good American homes such as Dorothy's. Mother Goose is one of the more widely circulated volumes and thus the most difficult to stamp out.

Jack and the Beanstalk is almost as old as time, having originated in ancient Babylon, and we all know what that city was! The story is shot through with Freudian symbols that leave little to the imagination. Mary Had a Little Lamb is sheer pornography, and has been attributed to the Empress Theodora, an infamous wanton of history.

I am thankful our little ones lack the disgraceful adult habit of reading between the lines for Puss In Boots is a ribald shocker to the initiated. It originated in Elizabethan England, a most vulgar age. Responsible parents simply wouldn't allow Jack and Jill to go wandering in the hills without a chaperon, and that was not a mere bucket they were carrying. Little Miss Muffet is almost too libidinous for detailed examination here but suffice to say, a copy printed in the original German rests in the locked cases of the Kinsey library. The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe is scandalous, containing as it does a veiled plea for public dissemination of birth control information. Even children question the old woman's plight.

Jack Be Nimble has long been banned in the countries of the Benelux confederation, where educators recognize its true nature. Notice the candle which always appears in illustrations accompanying this scurrilous verse.

Patriotic parents must also watch for subversive ideas creeping into children's books. Simple Simon may not be published in several South American countries on pain of death, because responsible officials there recognize it as criticism of the government.

Little Red Riding Hood is a Comsymp.

Send 35¢ for my booklet, Recognizing and Eradicating Primigenial Literature.

* * *

Case No. 6024: Harold W., twentyone years old and away from home for the first time.

"Doctor," he tells me, "I have a vexing problem. I am stationed at an advanced radar unit on a certain Aleutian island. All of us will be here for six months, at which time we will be relieved by another group. There is a terrific morale problem, as you may have guessed. Of course we see movies three times a week, and in the evening selected television programs are relayed from Anchorage, wholesome programs like quizzes and panels and situation comedies. Our post library has many inspiring books.

"But Doctor, there are no women here. Several of my companions have taken to visiting an Eskimo village on a nearby island. Are you familiar with the Eskimo "good neighbor" policy? They have a startling way of making a visitor feel at home."

I am familiar with this particular Eskimo habit and have worked closely with enlightened groups who are trying to stamp it out. Eskimo husbands, lacking civilized manners, share their wives with overnight visitors. I knew what Harold was about to tell me.

"The other boys here consider it great sport to slip away for a night or two. They come back to camp with many tall tales, pretending to be greatly refreshed and in high spirits. They have tried to persuade me to come along but I just can't do it. I have principles. My tour of duty has another five months to run. What shall I do, Doctor?"

Uncle Sam has seen the need to place many spirited American boys in unlikely places around the globe. He also expects the very best of them. It is the American way of molding a boy into a man. My advice to Harold was the same advice given to many youngsters in similar positions and similar difficulties. Become a man! It is a proud and lonely thing to be an abstentious male in temptable surroundings.

Take cold bracing showers, one or two a day if necessary. Long brisk walks through the woods or over difficult terrain will work wonders in rebuilding morale and banishing unwanted desires. What a splendid opportunity Harold has at his fingertips! Think of the zest, the keen sport of exploring Aleutian trails, of hiking through the icy snows. Of building a fire at the mouth of some lost cave and eating a Spartan lunch. Of reading Shakespeare or Longfellow beneath the inspiring light of the midnight sun. I envy Harold!

Above all, I told Harold to think constantly of home and Mother and that clear-eyed, flaxen-haired girl waiting in the States. Eschew native women and native customs. Eskimo habits are for Eskimo pagans, not American youth with a patriotic duty to perform.

Send 35¢ for my booklet, Snow Rolling for Manhood.

* * *

Case No. 6025: John L., sixtysix years of age, an engineer on a great midwestern railroad.

"I just can't help it, doctor," he told me on his first visit. "I have a speed mania. I drive my locomotive far over the lawful limit, with the whistle tied down to make all the noise possible. The best thrill of my life is to race through the countryside, blowing the whistle and scaring all the cows near the tracks. I've been warned about this but I can't stop doing it."

Fortunately, John is no longer running an engine for I recognized his illness and blew the whistle on him.

He was reverting to childhood and once again knowing the wild, uninhibited sex drive of youth. He failed to understand the significance of the charging locomotive, the blowing whistle, the joy of frightening nearby cows. Cows, not bulls, bears, pigs or buffalo. I'm happy to say that John retired to a chicken farm and now makes a modest living. He has learned new skills, among them the art of candling eggs, thus converting a dangerous drive into a harmless voyeurism.

Send 35¢ for my booklet, How To Retire Before You Are Ready.

Case No. 6026: Zona G., twentynine years old, a famous and beautiful Hollywood actress:

"Dr. Clarke," she telephoned me one evening, "I am in a despondent mood. I feel so terrible I want to kill myself. My least picture was a flop and my new one just got an awful review in the Times. I've lost my sixth husband to a starlet who lives at the YWCA and the car dealer has cut off my credit because of a rumor that the studio suspended me."

As the distressed woman sobbed out her tale of woe I recalled to mind that great American dream of every high school girl, the childish notion of finding glory by "going Hollywood." Zona was a classic example. While still in her teens she "borrowed" the life savings of her widowed mother and bought a one-way bus ticket. The shock was too much for the gentle soul she left behind.

The innocent orphan landed in Hollywood and rapidly drifted into bad company, taking employment at a nutburger establishment. She learned to her dismay that the studios did not want to hire her nor the thousands like her waiting at the doors. The nutburger manager took advantage of the competition to drive down salaries.

Zona's early years were a vicious struggle simply to stay alive. She would gobble up the leftovers on the trays of her departing customers and in the process acquired a life-long aversion to french fried potatoes. She developed the knack of getting invited to parties, where she gorged herself on hors d'oeuvres and strong drink. It was at one such party that her career began.



A rake asked her to pose for pictures. Zona did and was astonished later to discover the kind of pictures they were. Her likeness appeared on bubble gum wrappers. From that she drifted on to making "stag" movies for smokers, and one day an obscure Italian director engaged her for a trifling sum to play the heroine in a feature picture he was making secretly in a nearby desert. The picture was an overnight success on the art house circuit, what is called a "Boffo" in the trade. An important Hollywood studio gave her a contract on the strength of that picture and Zona was carried to stardom.

Despite this, she was not happy.

"I'm not happy, Dr. Clarke," she confessed. "My life is a shambles. The columnists have boycotted me and now my name never appears in print. My house is constantly watched by the police because a few guests were discovered smoking marijuana. I had my hair tinted last week but there was something wrong with the formula---I'm becoming bald. My houseboy got drunk and fell into a dry swimming pool and broke his leg. He's taking me to court because my husband let the insurance lapse.

"Doctor, I'm so miserable I could just kill myself."

My advice to her was do that.

Send 35¢ for my booklet, How to Quit a Loser.

-- Bob Tucker

* * * * *

S.F. & Fantasy Quiz: III

compiled by
SCOTT KUTINA

A. MATCH THE PSEUDONYM WITH THE RIGHT AUTHOR

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Cyril Judd | A. Alice Mary Norton |
| 2. Phillip St. John | B. Robert A. Heinlein |
| 3. Anson MacDonald | C. Will F. Jenkins |
| 4. Andrew North | D. Henry Kuttner |
| 5. Lewis Padgett | E. Randall Garrett |
| 6. Anthony Boucher | F. Lester Del Ray |
| 7. Murray Leinster | G. C. L. Moore |
| 8. Paul French | H. Judith Merril |
| 9. Lawrence O'Donnell | I. Isaac Asimov |
| 10. Mark Phillips | J. William Parker White |

B. MATCH THE BOOK WITH THE AUTHOR

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. BRAIN WAVE | A. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. |
| 2. DARKER THAN YOU THINK | B. Alfred Bester |
| 3. THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO | C. Richard Matheson |
| 4. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE | D. Frederik Pohl |
| 5. THE DEMOLISHED MAN | E. Poul Anderson |
| 6. I AM LEGEND | F. Jack Vance |
| 7. PLAYER PIANO | G. Lester Del Rey |
| 8. PRESIDENTIAL YEAR | H. Charles G. Finney |
| 9. DAY OF THE GIANTS | I. James Blish |
| 10. THE BIG PLANET | J. Jack Williamson |

1 1 1

C. MATCH THE CHARACTER WITH THE BOOK

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Walter Franklin | A. THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS |
| 2. Johnathan Harker | B. SLAN |
| 3. Hosteen Storm | C. THE HAUNTED STARS |
| 4. Lazarus Storm | D. WHEN THEY COME FROM SPACE |
| 5. Mitchell Courtney | E. TIME IS THE SIMPLEST THING |
| 6. Shepard Blaine | F. DRACULA |
| 7. Jommy Cross | G. METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN |
| 8. Holger Carlson | H. THE BEAST MASTER |
| 9. Ralph Kennedy | I. THE DEEP RANGE |
| 10. Robert Fairlie | J. THE SPACE MERCHANTS |

1 1 1

D. MATCH THE ORIGINAL TITLE WITH THE NEW STORY

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. THE SPACE MERCHANTS | A. STAR RANGERS |
| 2. TIME IS THE SIMPLEST THING | B. THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY |
| 3. PLANET OF THE DAMNED | C. PAWNS OF THE BLACK FLEET |
| 4. DAYBREAK-2250 A.D. | D. FISHERMAN |

(p.t.o.)

5. MASTERS OF TIME
6. THE GENETIC GENERAL
7. STAR SURGEON
8. BRAIN TWISTER
9. THE LAST PLANET
10. WHEN THEY COME FROM SPACE

- E. GRAVEY PLANET
- F. STAR MAN'S SON
- G. SENSE OF OBLIGATION
- H. RECRUITING STATION
- I. DORSAI!
- J. SECTOR GENERAL

-o-o-o-

E. MATCH THE HERO OF THE SERIES WITH HIS CREATOR

1. Kim Kinnison
2. John Carter
3. Harold Shea
4. Fafrhed
5. Conan
6. Calhoun
7. Randolph Carter
8. John the Wanderer
9. David Starr
10. George Challenger
11. Northwest Smith
12. John Amalfi
13. Robert Hedrock
14. Gilbert Gosseyn
15. Sir Dominic Flandry

- A. Manly Wade Wellman
- B. Isaac Asimov
- C. A. E. van Vogt
- D. Murray Leinster
- E. Poul Anderson
- F. James Blish
- G. Edgar Rice Burroughs
- H. L. Sprague de Camp
- I. Jack Williamson
- J. Robert E. Howard
- K. C. L. Moore
- L. E. E. Smith
- M. Fritz Leiber
- O. Arthur Conan Doyle
- P. H. P. Lovecraft

-o-o-o-

F. MATCH THE CONVENTION HISTORICAL EVENT WITH THE PROPER DATE

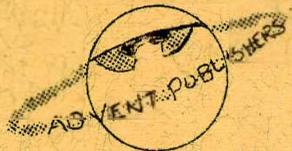
1. Devention
2. New Orleans
3. NorwesCon
4. SFCon
5. ChiCon

- A. 1940
- B. 1941
- C. 1954
- D. 1951
- E. 1950

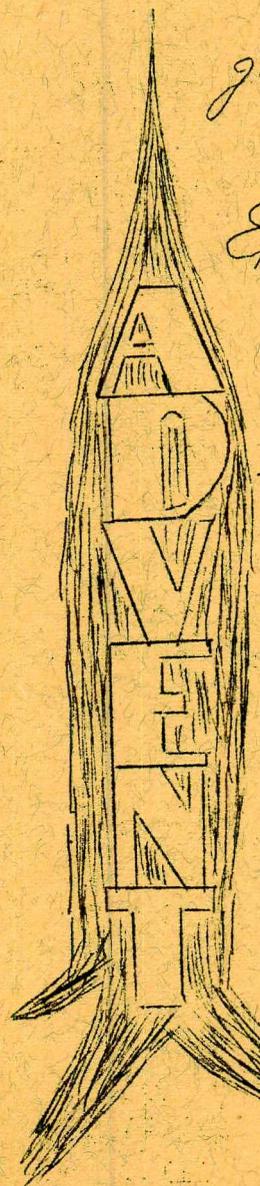
G. MATCH THE GUEST OF HONOR WITH THE PROPER DATE, CITY, OR CONVENTION

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Fritz Leiber | A. SolaCon |
| 2. Willy Ley | B. Chicago |
| 3. Richard Matheson | C. 1951 |
| 4. Lloyd A. Eshbach | D. PhilCon II |
| 5. Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. | E. Cincinnati |

H. MATCH THE BOOK OR THE AWARD WITH THE BOOK, PERSON, PLACE, YEAR, OR AWARD



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- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. STARSHIP TROOPERS | (A. 1959 |
| 2. International Fantasy Award-1957 | (B. James Blish |
| 3. THAT HELL-BOUND TRAIN | (C. International Fantasy Award-1953 |
| 4. Best Fanzine-1956 | (D. Best Artist-1962 |
| 5. Best Prozine-1953 | (E. Robert A. Heinlein |
| 6. Ed Emsh | (F. INSIDE |
| 7. Poul Anderson | (G. 1960 |
| 8. CITY | (H. GALAXY |
| 9. FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION | (I. Robert Bloch |
| 10. Best Novel-1958 | (J. LORD OF THE RINGS Trilogy |

(ANSWERS on page 39)

POME II

Ah yes, he had a pseudopot
This wily al-i-en:
It was this vessel that he brought
His pseudomarijuana in
And customs agents made it hot
For his pseudopot of pseudopot.

-- E.E. Evers

ROBERT COULSON=WALLABY STEW

The Southern Fan Press Alliance:

This, children, is what is known as an "apa"; an amateur press association. Members send the requisite number of copies of their publications (enough copies for all members) to the Official Editor, who makes up "mailing bundles" at specified periods--usually quarterly--and distributes the bundles to the members. Publishers can distribute their little gems outside the apa if they want to (and if anyone outside the apa can be induced to take a copy) but outside distribution is delayed until after the members have a first look.

Official Editor of the SFPA is Bill Plott, P.O. Box 5598, University, Alabama. Address any inquiries about the group to him. The organization is primarily for southern fans, but I seem to recall that at one time there was a provision for a specified minority percentage of Yankee members. Also in this mailing there is a proposed amendment which would open membership to non-publishing southern fans upon payment of additional dues. This would allow any interested southerners to receive the mailings, whether they contributed to them or not. Ask Bill whether or not it passed; I don't know and, not being a southern non-publisher, don't care.

I'll review each item of the mailing, and finish with an overall view of the SFPA.

The Southerner

(Bill Plott) This is the official organ of the group, being devoted to mailing information, proposed amendments, membership changes, address changes and the like.

Dol-Drum

(Dave Locke) This is what might be considered a "typical" apa-zine, in that the best parts--indeed, the only worthwhile parts--are the editor's comments on the other mags in the last mailing. The mag isn't helped by Dave's script typewriter, which produces copy which looks pretty but is hard to read. A bust.

Sporadic # 8

(Bill Plott) This starts off with a con report on the MidSouthCon, the first such report I've seen. (I'm getting lucky in my old age.) Bill mentions the possibility of having his cat "spated", which sounds like a novel form of medieval torture; does the SPCA know about you, Bill?, and from there goes on to comments about cats, which may well delight cat-lovers. (I'm a dog man myself; cats are something to chase up trees.) There are general editorial comments, mailing comments, and an announcement that non-members may receive the mag for 15¢.

Fanzine Reviews

Outre

(Kent McDaniel) Kent is one of the graduates of Forry Ackerman's Monster-Fandom, by way of the N3F. And this is his first fanzine. (I can see veteran readers shudder.) It really isn't too bad, however; the major neofannish hallmark is an overabundance of second-rate fiction. The editorial and book reviews aren't the best examples of the types that I've ever read, but they aren't the worse, either. Kent looks like he might be a promising new fan. His address is 620 Metropolis St., Metropolis, Illinois, in case any of you want to send him samples of your fanzines. (And if anybody sends him samples, you'll have to do it, because nobody gets free samples of YANDRO.)

Wormfarm

(Bill Gibson, 415 First St., Wytheville, Virginia) A small little mag, composed of poor-to-mediocre cartoons and mediocre-to-good poetry. Hardly enough there to review.

Cliffhangers

(Rick Norwood, 111 Upperline, Franklin, Louisiana) Another little one. Rick provides some originality by doing his mailing comments in verse. It's pretty bad verse but at least give him credit for trying to relieve the monotony. It does rhyme, and it scans better than a lot of "serious" fan poems that I've read. There is also a two-page "Chapter Two" of a continued story which Rick states may go on forever. So I figure, if it isn't going to have an end, why bother reading it?

Spectre

(Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Alabama, 36204) Larry, I see, is a newcomer; he mentions owning a copy of "the very first comic-book-fanzine, Alter-Ego #1". So short is the memory of fandom; the comics fanzines that Ron Parker, Larry Ivie, Fred von Bernewitz, and maybe Ted White (did you ever put out an entire fanzine devoted to comics, Ted? My own memory is deficient) put out in the early 1950's have been published, folded, and forgotten so thoroughly that a present comics fan can believe that ALTER EGO was the "first" comics fanzine. I'll bet that Larry doesn't even know that his title was used before, though the last previous SPECTRE folded some years ago and I doubt that there will be any confusion over titles. There is a fairish, though somewhat pointless, mood-piece, and some equally fairish poetry, in addition to the editorial. A small mag, which somewhere along the way Larry mentioned may be obtained by non-members for 15¢. This issue isn't worth 15¢, but maybe the next one will be. Larry seems to have more writing ability than the average newcomer (he seems to be a fringe-fan, which follows: fringe-fen usually do have more writing ability than the average gosh-wow neofan.)

Stranger Than Fact

(James D. Harkness, 112 West Harding, Greenwood, Miss. - 25¢ a copy)
This is one of those unfortunate publications that tries to be an imitat-

ion prozine, even to story blurbs for the fiction and a story-behind-the-cover in the first issue. To be expected in this type of fanzine; the first issue wastes an expensive color printing process on one of the poorest cover illustrations I've seen in years, as well as having the contents wastefully multilithed on only one side of the page. Two issues are included in this mailing; the second issue, for economic reasons, descends to rather sloppy mimeographing. Quality-wise, it's about average. James has the services of Charles L. Morris, one of the few good writers of serious fan fiction, and the Morris stories (one in each issue) are good, albeit somewhat trivial. Issue #2 also contains a story by Dr. David H. Keller, which I suppose is all right if you like Dr. Keller's work -- I don't particularly, but I'm willing to concede he's probably an asset to a fanzine. The remaining fiction is pretty bad. A.K. Davids produces some incredibly juvenile humor in one story and a mediocre end-of-the-world in another, while Bill Ameen has a deal-with-the-devil twist which manages to get itself completely lost somewhere in the middle and doesn't quite recover in time for the "surprise" ending. The articles range from bad to mediocre (which does, I suppose, have the advantage of pointing up the good qualities of the fiction).

Iscariot

(Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - publisher, Richard Ambrose - 15¢) I figured when I got the mailing that this would be the best mag in it, so I saved it for last. I was right. Bob Williams' article on collecting is by far the best thing in the mailing, and Bill Plott's review of "Tarzan And The Jewels Of Opar", with all the little side notes about Tarzan and Burroughs, is probably the second-best thing in the mailing. I can't say that I'm really fond of ISCAriot's letter column, but having Al underline his replies so I can tell who is writing what is a definite improvement.

The SFPA in general: Unfortunately, the only apa I have ever belonged to is FAPA, so it's a bit hard to compare SFPA to apas in general. Personally, I've never been much interested in apa publishing; there's more fun in putting out a general circulation fanzine. SFPA seems pretty much in the middle; somewhat less entertaining than FAPA, and to the (many) SAPS and (few) OMPA zines I've seen, but equal or superior to N'APA and definitely superior to a couple of others whose initials I can't recall and which I think have disintegrated (I mean the idiot thing where everyone was assigned a topic to write about every mailing, and the terribly fannish one that the Post Office investigated).

Convention Annual #2

(Frank R. Prieto, Jr., R.D.1, Box 255, Warners, N.Y. - \$2) It's almost a year late, but it's still worth getting. 263 photos of Chicon III in a 24-page printed format, with 50 pages of mimeographed descriptive material. Somewhat over half of the fans shown are identified; additional identifications will probably be made in various fanzines, definitely including YANDRO.

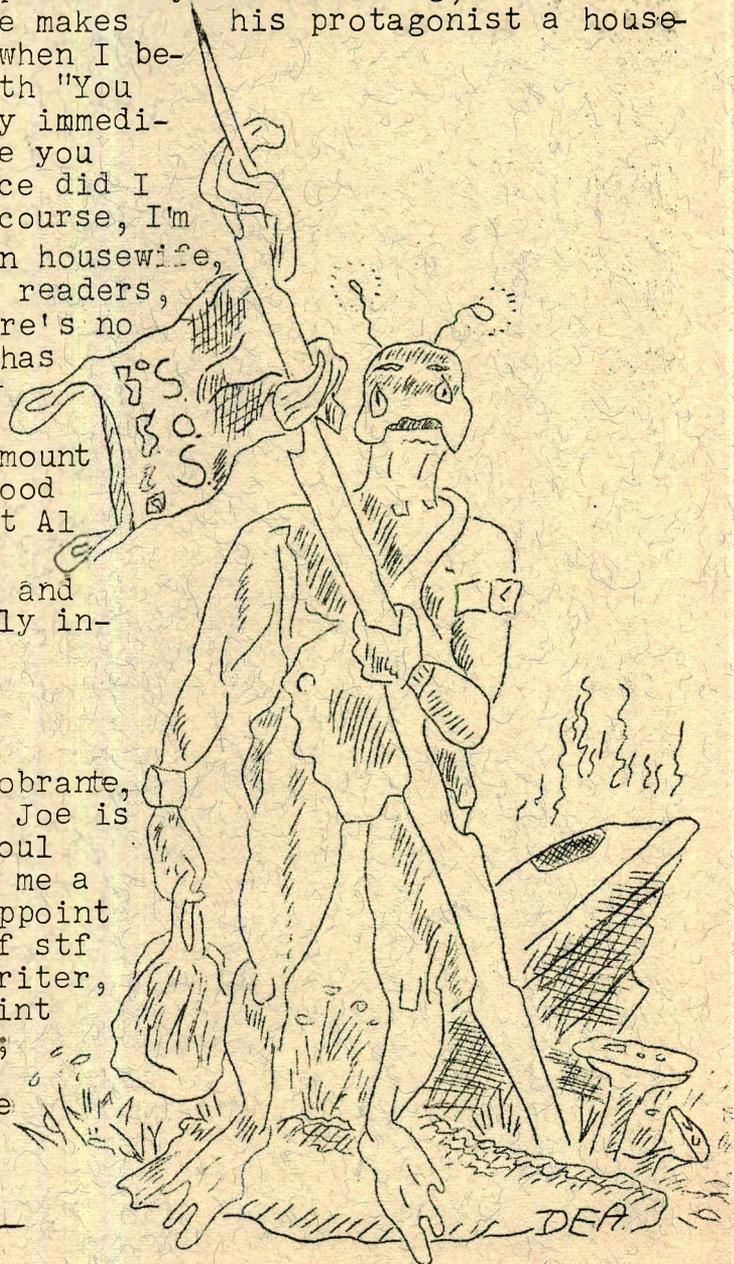
At the DisCon, Lee Riddle, 617 Shue Drive, Newark, Delaware, 19711, was passing out handbills announcing that PEON is to resume publication. New fans may not know it; older ones will remember it as one of the best. First issue is free for the asking.

Outre

(Allen G. Kracalik, 1660 Ash St., Des Plaines, Illinois, 60018 - bi-monthly - free for comment) Al shoved this one at me during the DisCon with the instructions to read it. Okay; I might prefer to look at the cover, which is quite nice, but I'm willing to be agreeable. It's somewhat of a shame that Al and Kent McDaniel picked the same title and issued their mags almost simultaneously; let's hope that Kent sticks to SFPA until Al folds or changes titles again. Al wonders why no horror-movie fanzines made the Hugo nominations, and mentions a few. I haven't seen HORRORS OF THE SCREEN, but I have seen KALEIDOSCOPE, and it's about as much of a Hugo contender as SICK ELEPHANT was. He also thinks that the first issue of GAMMA has "outdone everything else on the market". (The first issue of GAMMA, for those who haven't seen it, is a mediocre imitation of F&CF.) Al has a piece of fiction in OUTRE. For some reason (to prove his ability?) he essays the difficult second-person style of writing, and for some completely unfathomable reason he makes his protagonist a housewife. I don't know about others, but when I begin a story and the author hits me with "You are the typical suburban housewife" my immediate reaction is "No I'm not--let's see you make me one!" Al didn't do it; not once did I get any sense of identification. (Of course, I'm not likely to identify with a suburban housewife, and neither are most of OUTRE's other readers, but without reader identification there's no point in the second-person style. Al has killed most of the effect of his story right at the second sentence.) The writing, while not good enough to surmount the self-imposed hazards, is pretty good for fandom--I'm tempted to remark that Al is almost as good as he thinks he is. There is also verse, a movie article, and letters, none of which are particularly inspiring.

G2 Vol. 2, # 11

(J&R Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif., 94803 - monthly - 3 for 25¢) Joe is still arguing spaceship design with Poul Anderson and Lewis Grant, and leaving me a few lightyears behind. I hate to disappoint you, Joe, but when this new concept of stf arrives, it had better be by a good writer, or I won't read it. I don't give a faint damn how authentic the spaceships are; I want stories. If they're fantasy, so much the better, as long as they're good fantasy.



Fantasy Fiction Field # 15 & 16

(Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio, 44044 - bi-weekly - 10¢ or 13¢ for \$1) The best layout and best writing of the current news fanzines; if only he had a bit more news! #16 is taken up with the Discon report by Bill Mallardi and fanzine reviews by Mike Deckinger.

Skyrack # 57

(Ron Bennett, 43 Wm Dunbar House, Albert Road, London NW 6, England - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland - monthly, I think - 35¢ for 6 issues, or 70¢ for 6 issues sent airmail) And since Bennett is moving again Sept. 12, according to this, send all money to Pavlat, who appears to be rooted to the spot. (He won't have the energy to move for at least 6 months after the Discon.) This is the British news mag; if you're interested in the doings of British fandom, SKYRACK is the best place to find out.

Detroit Iron # 3

(Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234 - quarterly) This is an OMPazine; non-members may get it only by buttering up Schultz. (Which is a pretty sickening idea, now that I think of it, but go ahead; we can always call him Greasy Dick.) OMPA seems to be worrying about a slump -- every apa worries about slumps, but nobody does anything about them..... Dick reprints a John Berry story which is fairly good and provides something that non-OMPans can understand.

Pointing Vector # 17

(John Boardman, Box 22, New York, N.Y., 10033 - frequent - 25¢) Fandom's leading left-wing political journal. John is still out to do violence to conservatives. Frankly, I would like to see a few segregationists shot myself, but the arguments against it are just about overwhelming. John's repeated assertions that the non-violent approach changes nothing is belied by repeated instances where the non-violent approach has changed things. Negro voter registrations have increased, public facilities have been integrated, Negroes have graduated from southern colleges. So far it has been mostly "token" integration, but the southern rabble-rousers are absolutely right in one respect; this is just the first step. Once the foot is in the door, the rest will come. Similarly, he agrees that the southern Negroes could not "outshoot the forces of a police state all by themselves" but goes on to say that this "is just what we today honor the Hungarian revolutionaries for doing". And just where are those Hungarian revolutionaries today, John? Basking in the sunlight of a free Hungary, perhaps? I'm afraid I can't think much of a journal which on one hand fervently denounces the present murders of non-violent demonstrators, and on the other hand proposes a policy which would produce ten or a hundred times the present Negro casualties without producing one solitary additional result.

Change of Address: (Or, where have all the stfans gone?)
Mike McQuown, 315 E. Call, Apt. 3, Tallahassee, Florida

Bane # 9

(Vic Ryan, Box 406, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois - final issue - 50¢) BANE is going out in a blaze of glory; 44 pages and a cover. Andy Offutt starts things off with a fine article about Vardis Fisher and his work; being a Fisher fan, I enjoyed it. I didn't much enjoy Tucker, because he's writing about old-time fans that I don't know and am not interested in learning about, and I didn't much enjoy Redd Boggs, because his "fable" is just too too overwhelmingly cute for words (and I rather resent Vic's fancy headings which will probably confuse a few readers into thinking that the first page of my book reviews is part of Redd's story, at least until they manage to shift gears). There are several other articles which are good but overshadowed by Offutt's, and a surprisingly short letter column. I'm not sure that any fanzine is worth 50¢, but this BANE has quite a bit to recommend it.

Menace of the LASFS # 74, 75 & 76

(Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California, 90024 - bi-weekly - 5 for 50¢) And shame on you, Bruce; typos I don't comment on unless they're terribly frequent, but mistakes in the lettered heading? Tch. This concerns the doings of the Los Angeles club, and these issues make me even happier that I'm not in Los Angeles. For example: Lee Sapiro feels that the "comics" edition of MOTL is "damaging the club's reputation throughout fandom", which is the biggest piece of fuggheaded nonsense I've heard in a long time, though I suppose that, coming from Sapiro, it's not too surprising. Also, issue #75 details a lengthy discussion of GLORY ROAD in which editor Pelz is the only participant with enough wit to suspect that the novel just might be considered a big fat practical joke. Are the rest of the LASFans so stolidly serious that they don't even recognize it when someone laughs at them? (Sapiro probably is, but I thought better of Paul Turner, after meeting him.) And here in #76, somebody is complaining that the LASFS NEWSLETTER isn't a publication she wants to show her friends. I haven't seen the magazine in question, but damned few fanzines are publications that I want to show my friends, and I don't show them to my friends, and so what? Who in hell wants to show off fanzines to non-fan friends anyway? All in all, MOTL performs quite a valuable service for me. Every now and then I get to feeling sorry for myself, stuck out here in the midwest with the nearest fan contact 50 miles away and no fan group closer than Chicago. Then I read a copy of MOTL and realize all the advantages of the solitary life and I cheer up immensely.

As I mentioned above, there is a "comics" edition of MOTL. In the few copies I got, it consisted of having the club members referred to by the names of comic book heroes. It's a pretty stupid idea, but apparently some readers dig this sort of thing; if you're one of them, ask about it. I'm sure Bruce won't let a few fatheaded objectors talk him out of publishing it. (In case I'm confusing anybody, I think the comics edition is mildly idiotic, but that assertions that it damages the club's reputation come close to the pinnacle of stupidity. It might damage Pelz' reputation, but I think Bruce can manage to bear up if it does.).

Kipple # 45

(Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - irregular but frequent - 20¢) Ted opens up with a fairly calm, middle-of-the-road statement on the atomic test ban; nothing to argue with there. He follows with a page and a half of cogitation leading up to the statement that "value", in art or anything else, does not necessarily correspond to "beauty". I can't argue the point, but it does seem a bit obvious to spend that much space on; if he had to make the statement, a short paragraph should suffice. There is a review of a religious movie "The Crowning Experience"; until reading the review, I had remained entirely ignorant of the existence of this movie. I'm just lucky, I guess. There are several pages devoted to the Spanish Conquest (of the Incas, Aztecs, etc), prefaced by a comment that "even reasonably intelligent individuals display a surprising lack of knowledge" of the subject. It surprises me, at least; my grade-school history books portrayed the Spaniards as pretty nasty fellows (compared, usually, to the pure and noble motives of the English colonists) and while the treatment of the Aztecs wasn't particularly comprehensive, it was reasonably accurate. The only thing I've read that portrayed the Spaniards as courageous knights in shining armor was that fiction in ANALOG awhile back. Ted seems to have encountered a remarkably bad set of textbooks all thru school, compared to the ones I had, which again surprises me, since Indiana is not noted for educational excellence. Some day I'll have to dig out my old schoolbooks--those that I still have--and quote a few things from them. North American Indians were not treated so well, or so honestly, but this particular section of Indiana does have one advantage in that respect. The most celebrated local historical character is Frances Slocum, who was taken by the Indians as a child, raised by them and, when finally located by her relatives, flatly refused to return to "civilization". Even a child realizes that this story just doesn't fit with the ones about bloodthirsty savages. KIPPLE has its usual lettercolumn, filled with the usual philosophical discussions and denunciations of reactionaries.

The National Fantasy Fan, Vol. 22, # 4

(Official Organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation--N3F to us veterans --write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, 37754, for information and dues) Never having been an N3F member, I am not one to be explaining it. It sponsors all sorts of fan activities; there is a Manuscript Bureau, a Tape Bureau, an Information Bureau, a Fanzine Clearing House, a Collector's Bureau, a Publications Bureau, a Story Contest Bureau, and Round Robins listed in this TNFF, in addition to the strictly club bureaus like publicity, membership, etc. Hmmm; there is also a Correspondence Bureau--if I join, will the Bureau members take care of some of my correspondence for me? That might be a real inducement. If you feel like increasing your fanac, the N3F guarantees to provide you with more than you can stand. As riders to this came a one-shot of election platforms, issue #4 of the National Fantasy Taper, and volume 4 of the Fandbooks; this one explaining the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, and written by Len Hoffatt and TAFF administrator Ron Elik. The N3F also sponsors an apa, if your interested in that sort of thing.

—Robert Coulson

ARTICLE: THE FUTURE OF CLOTHES

As we advance from the modern era to the post-modern or terrene age, clothing is exhibiting the same dramatic changes that everything else is. (As usual, Science Fiction is not keeping up with fact.) Yet the revolution in clothing has barely started. If we "...dip into the future, far as human eye can see..." we will glimpse clothing and ideas about clothing that will be absolutely foreign to us, just as our ancestors could not visualize bikinis, identical clothing, (including pants) for the two sexes, and even Not Dressing For Dinner.

While the technical revolution that has brought us Rayon, Nylon, Orlon, Dacron, and Lycra, stretch clothing, and permanent creases has just started, the main change will not be, I think, in the technical development of clothing, but in our attitudes toward it. Clothing has always been a fruitful Fort Knox of sex and status symbols, which tell titillating tales to a perceptive psychologist.

One psychologist type who has looked beneath the surface of clothes is a costume designer and theatrical producer named Lawrence Langner. A couple of years ago he wrote a fascinating and penetrating book called The Importance of Wearing Clothes, which I heartily recommend. In it he outlined his theories of why we wear clothing.

Langner's thesis is that we wear clothing for four main reasons and a number of minor ones. The four main reasons he gave were protection against the environment, ornament, sexual stimulation, and as a status symbol.

Since Langner is an Adlerian, his use of the term "status symbol" goes far beyond what most of us would call a status symbol. By a status symbol, Langner means a certain conventionalized type of clothing which tells us what role a person is playing at the moment, from honest industrial worker to perceptive businessman to playful bon vivant.

He also includes the wearing of clothes to proclaim the status of MAN under this heading, and so important is this idea that I think we will refer to it as Langner's Theory for years to come.

Langner's Theory postulates that primitive men and those of theistic cultures think of Man as a special creation of the gods; a little lower than the angels, and definitely above the animals. As JWCampbell (inter alia) has pointed out, many of Man's customs and rituals, such as puberty rites, are designed to separate the Men from the Monkeys. Langner places the wearing of certain articles of clothing in this class.

Most primitive men who have a belief in the special creation of Man have a nudity taboo. They like to hide portions of the body they feel especially animal-like. These usually include the genital and anal areas of men and women, and often other parts of the body, such as women's breasts.

by:

LEWIS J.

GRANT Jr.

Widely differing nudity taboos are found around the world. For instance, there is an Amazon tribe where the men go "naked" but pull their foreskin forward and tie a string around it. They are careful to untie this string only when no one else is watching, and if "caught with their pants down" are extremely embarrassed.

The Christian religion used to have a strong nudity taboo. This was partly a holdover from the Judaic religion. The Jews were a desert people, and desert tribes often have a strong nudity taboo. It was also due in part to the Christian world-view that the "flesh" was corrupt and sinful. At various times there were departures from this world-view, usually connected with some humanistic heresy. Like the humanism of the Renaissance, they often resulted in a breakdown of the nudity taboo.

In 1859, the Christian belief in the special creation of Man was challenged, when one C. Darwin published a book which postulated that we are an animal, and what of it.

As a result of the spread of Darwinism and the humanism which accompanies it, the Judaeo-Christian nudity taboo has been breaking down rapidly. After all, if a man accepts the idea that he is a species of animal, why does he have to wear clothing to hide the fact?

In 1859, during the reign of Queen Victoria, Modest Modest of the Modest, clothing was at a peak. Only the heads and hands were allowed out of a voluminous mass of clothing. Often the top of the head had to be hidden by a hat to preserve the proprieties, and many women ate lunch in their own homes with gloves (and hats) on. It was not enough for a man to hide the upper part of his body in a heavy opaque suit of underwear, and then Make Sure by covering it with a heavy opaque shirt. To be really decent he had to cover the shirt with a third heavy opaque garment, the vest, and then cover all with a fourth heavy opaque mass of cloth, the coat. This same man would faint at the sight of a lady's ankle encased in a heavy opaque stocking.

Soon after 1859, fortunately, clothes started to shrink. Moreover, they have shrunk in just the pattern that Langner's Theory called for. In 1859, the head and hands, our most human and least "animal" parts of the body were exposed. Since then the unclothing wave has proceeded up the legs and arms toward the torso. In the case of both men and women, when it got to the torso, it jumped to the midriff and then proceeded in both directions. Thirtyfive years ago men were wearing that daring two-piece bathing suit we are hearing about again. However, the mens' bathing suit top became holey-er and holey-er until it finally went to hell. In the late twenties this occasioned a few arrests; not more than you'll find in the average small Alabama town on an average day, today.

Thirty-five years later, women's clothing has reached the same point, or even gone beyond it, and it is apparent that the Christian nudity taboo is disappearing at a rapid clip. There are many articles of clothing, such as hip hangers, shifts split to the hip, and jersey bathing suits which would have been too far out just ten years ago. What would Dwight the Good have said?

The proliferation of home swimming pools is something I think is going to have a great deal of influence upon the nudity taboo. Shortly after the happy pool owner gets his pool he finds that it involves Work. There are all sorts of things which shouldn't be in a pool, like germs, body and hair oil, dirt, and bathing suit lint. There are remedies for all of these, but they involve taking a shower before jumping in, washing the suit out

afterward, Work., etc., etc. Also people who take showers and change suits often do it in the owner's house, which produces the Mysterious Case of the Disappearing Beer, complete with muddy footprints on the floor, mysterious clanks and groans from the plumbing, and hideous screams as the pool owner opens his gas bill.

A good part of the problems of a pool can be charged to the whole swimming suit syndrome. This is why professional swimming pool operators hurl anathemas at the swim suit, and suppress it as much as the customs of the time permit. The private pool owner will shortly find this out. He, and especially his kids, will also find that swimming without suits is much more pleasant, aesthetic, and exciting. Already, midnight skinny dipping has become somewhat of a local sport in many areas where pools abound, and is considered a wonderful way to end up a party and get the guests in condition to drive home. The Post, that (former) paragon of conservatism, reported in its cover article on Palm Springs that a good slice of the townspeople would be in jail if the nudity laws were enforced.

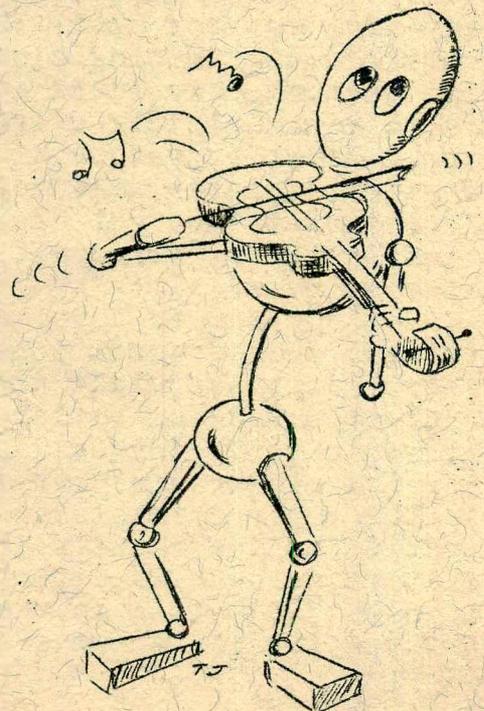
I suspect that within a few years swimming suits will get more and more perforated, and we will have suits that can be removed easily in the water. One was demonstrated in Life magazine back in the forties. We will also have a spread of the custom of women swimming in bikini bottoms in their own pools, and children not wearing suits. This will be followed by women swimming in their neighbor's pools in trunks, then the appearance of one-piece (formerly two-piece) suits on the ritzier private beaches, then on the less ritzy private beaches, then on the public beaches.

Concurrently, some women will not be wearing suits in their own pools, followed by etc., etc.

Now, I hope no one will misinterpret me when I say the Christian nudity taboo is disappearing. Clothes will still be worn, because the clothes covered by Langner's three other main classifications will still be useful. Only a certain few kinds of clothes will disappear, such as bathing suits, pajamas, sun suits, etc.

One other result of the breakdown of the nudity taboo is predictable. Underwear as a separate and taboo garment will be integrated into the field of general clothes. There are a lot of perceptive young ladies walking around with fancy bras on that they paid a fortune for, under semi-sheer blouses, so that you can barely see them. Soon, one more perceptive than the rest is going to ask: "Why am I putting all this money into lingerie to be wasted?" Soon after, fancy lingerie will disappear or dresses will get much sheerer. (Wanna bet which way?). Don't laugh, you may be attending the opera in your Maidenform quite soon.

One thing we can expect of future clothing, as you might guess, is that it



will be bright. The dye chemists have been at work for 113 years, and they are not going to quit now. Dayglo, for instance, is just in its infancy. We may soon see electroluminescent clothing, powered by battery packs, which glows softly in the dark.

The textile and polymer chemists are not going to slow down, either. There are two dozen textile polymers on the market now, and there will soon be hundreds more. Moreover, new methods of treating and processing the old standbys make them into new fibers. Pretty soon one will need a computer to tell which fabric to use where.

Stretch clothes will get a big play; they are neat, comfortable, and fit our active mode of life. I suspect we will have summer stretch pants on the market shortly (if they aren't here already. This is one of the occupational hazards of the modern prophet.). The day will shortly come when the aggressive young businessman will roar off to work looking remarkably like Superman. (The S will stand for Studebaker.) Of course, he won't look exactly like Superman. Did you ever notice that Superman must have a Superjockstrap, or sump'n. Maybe the inhabitants of Krypton don't reproduce that way.

What's Krypton like, Superman?

It's a gas!

In line with the interest in stretch clothes, knits will be popular, especially pieces knitted to order by computers. Someone has developed a rather simple-minded computer which knits. You feed in thirty or forty measurements, and out comes underwear for an elephant, or what have you. One idea which sounds just as silly is probably quite practical: knitting yachts. The designer takes a set of blueprints, feeds the requisite measurements into the computer, and a week later it presents him with a Fibreglas pile which looks like the Big Top just had an abortion. But, when you clamp the edges down and blow it up, the pile forms a Fibreglas yacht hull, ready to be sprayed or plastered with resin.

Another idea about clothing which will be new will be the practice of renting clothes extensively. You will have a wardrobe of things you wear every day, but for special costumes, such as evening dress, ski clothes, yachting duds, camping clothes and equipment, scuba sets and suits, equestrian costume, skydivers equipment, or just plain fancy dress, you will turn to your friendly neighborhood combination cleaner, renter, and dress shoppe. He will produce a catalogue, (including 3-D pictures), and a reservation computer will tell you if he has your size in stock and reserve it for you. If you get caught in a rainstorm downtown, you will be able to rent rubbers, raincoat, and umbrella and turn them into the agency near your home.

For hot summer days, until we get the whole city air-conditioned, battery-operated conditioners will be in vogue. One is being developed by Kaiser Industries right now: It consists of a small blower driven by a rechargeable cadmium battery, which feeds a stream of air into a porous belt under your clothes. Just removing the thin laminar film of warm, saturated air around your torso will increase comfort 100%.

The paper chemists are still hard at work on paper clothing, and we may expect to see results in the next decade. The first uses will be highly utilitarian, such as aprons, coveralls, paper sheets for hospitals, paper raincoats for ball-game vendors to sell, etc. However, the whole field of non-woven fabrics shows a great deal of promise.

All in all, we can say that the clothes of the future will be more beautiful, more comfortable, longer wearing, and cheaper than they have been for quite a while.

The Science Fiction world can do its bit toward improving the clothes of the future. For one thing, I would like to suggest that amateur artists and fanart connoiseurs set up two awards. One will be for the best illustration published in a given year, and the other for the best costume design in an illustration, or worn at a convention, etc., in a given year. This will help encourage illustrators to put a little more thought into their work, instead of just going to their mental swipe file.

Fandom can also push gently at the Judaeo-Christian nudity taboo, not too much, not enough to cause public comment or put them in jail, for instance. But in illustrations, does that bikini need a top? I doubt if the cops or the general public is really going to raise a fuss about it. A bas le bra, that's my motto.

Two Cities in Syrtis

Just powdered rock and dried-out rust
That run like flour through the hands:
Seen close they're only ocher dust,
These celebrated Martian sands.

Where stars stare cruel as death-locked eyes
And even mock the sun at noon
Out of black transparent skies
Almost as on the airless moon.

Where empty seas whose desert floors,
Cobwebbed with dry canal-bed,
Gape like huge, time-rendered doors
On tombs of unremembered dead.

The wind-sounds keen so high you hear
Them through the teeth and facial bones,
They irritate the inner ear
With almost nonexistent tones.

Here among the dunes that once were beaches
And cliffs that once were waterfalls
And hills once wooded reaches,
The nameless Syrtis city sprawls.

In air for eons left unbreathed
Dead cities bare their sand-etched bones,
Their heritage of life bequeathed
To lichens cringing under the stones.

Here once the Martian towers planed:
Now alien life in a foreign dome
Clings slenderly to life sustained
By air shipped from a distant home.

-- E. E. Evers

THE REUNION

by JOHN FOSTER

When I went to Hampton, a small seaside town of tumbledown shops, bookstores, and junk stands which had about them a feeling of cold, rainy Autumn days, I happened to meet her in one of those tea-rooms which are quickly being replaced by help-yourself snackbars and bingo parlours.

The tea-room was above a confectionary shop; the Tudor furniture oakly polished, the crisp white table cloths, bare floor and beamed roof was an attempt to convey a quaint atmosphere, which didn't quite come off. When passing through the town, I often went in there where it was quiet.

Carol was sitting at the table nearest the window, spooning an empty teamug. She wore a tweed skirt, a black jumper, dark-toned stockings, and, when I went up and spoke to her, no smile for me.

"Hullo", she said in a stainless-steel voice. She still wore her hair as she used to: long and straight, curved at the ends.

"Can I sit down?" I asked, and did so when she nodded. "What are you having?"

"Oh," she said, "I'm afraid I'm rather a bad customer. "I've been here all afternoon and had one mug of tea."

So I inclined my head at the waitress, who then came over. "Two mugs of tea please, and a plate of cakes."

"No cakes for me," said Carol.

I told the waitress: "Forget the cakes."

I looked at Carol and noticed that she was smoking a cigarette. "How are you?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I've still got ten toes."

I laughed. "Still the same Carol."

"Not quite. I've changed a little since you knew me."

"Not the adventurous little schoolgirl, who always drew large crowds of spectators from the boys' side when you played netball?"

"Those were the pretty days"—she leaned back as the waitress put the teas down—"and they're best forgotten."

"But why?" I asked.

"You don't know why?"

"Because of Don?"

She didn't answer, but cradled a mouth of cigarette smoke between her lips and slowly released it.

"I read about it," I said. "I thought about you. It must have been hell."

She looked at me and sniggered. "The same old right-wing socialist aren't you? Do you still read Orwell?"

"My enthusiasm has cooled," I admitted, "but I still read and admire him."

"Don never read a book in his life. I was very much in love with him."

"I know," I said.

"You don't. You can't." There was a long silence. She asked me suddenly: "How's the writing?"

"Oh, plodding along."

"Had anything accepted?"

I thought it best to be honest. "Not yet," I confessed.

She smiled as most do when they ask that question of me, which made me feel like a wing busted bird in cat country. "Nevermind, you'll be famous one day."

"So everyone tells me," I said.

Despite the appearance of the liquid in the mugs, it tasted like tea and I drank it down quickly. She stirred her's slowly.

I looked at her carefully. Her neck was wide and suntanned. "Would you like to tell me about Don?"

She looked at me squarely. "Why should I?"

"You've been here all afternoon thinking about him. If you told me—"

"Oh," she sighed, "the Doctor Kildare treatment."

"I'm trying to be sincere," I said. "I'm afraid I can't think up anything more intellectual."

"There's nothing to say really. Only sustaining the feeling I had for him seems important."

"Is that the answer?"

"I was very much in love with him."

"Even so—"

"I loved him and I want to keep that. I want nothing more than that."

I looked down at the embroidered table-cloth.

She said: "You didn't know him very well."

"At school?"

She nodded.

"No."

"He was regarded as a bit of a tarraway, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I said, "you're right."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No," I said.

"You should have."

"I don't have time for wine, women or song."

"You haven't changed much. Gone a little fatter though."

"Thank you," I grinned. (Whenever anyone talks to me it's either to give me advice, or to tell me I've gone a little fatter, and Carol was no exception.)

"And I suppose you're still buying lots of books you'll never read."

"That I don't read them is a bad assumption most people make."

"You couldn't possibly read all the books you buy!"

"I may be a fast reader."

She smiled for the first time in our conversation. "You were a very slow reader," she said.

"You're right. I still buy too many books. What about you?"

"Womans' magazine serials, mostly."

"Not you!"

"It's true. The world changes people."

"Where do you work?"

"In Hampton. Typist for an Insurance Company."

"Do you like it?"

"No," she said, "but it's bread and butter. You still in your Town Hall?"

"Yes," I said. There was a pause. "What will you do?"

"She killed her cigarette in a plastic ashtray on the table. "I've no plans."

"You should have. Forget Don."

"Can you forget him?" she asked.

"Me?"



"Knowing he's dead, and the way he died?"
I lit her a fresh cigarette. "It's just another sickness of our society."

"Is that all you can say? They led him down a corridor—"

"Forget it."

"It was deliberate - he knew it was going to happen—"

"You don't have to convince me."

After a pause, she laughed and said suddenly:
"Remember we used to put stones on the railway track in the woods and wait until a train came by. When you said you loved me?"

"Well, who didn't?"

"Somehow I didn't expect it from you."

"Orwell said, in every fat man there's a thin man trying to escape."

"Orwell again," she sighed. "Was it Orwell who said that? You used to do nothing else but quote Orwell."

I looked at her in silence for several seconds.

"I know," I said bitterly.

Her face looked thinly into mine. "And you used to quote Lincoln. You used to go mad over Lin-

coln. Do you still?"

"Not so much," I said almost in a whisper.

"Do you see any of the others?"

"Sometimes. Brian I write to. That's all."

"Brian is a hell of a snob. I think he thought I was going to turn out to be a whore."

"I'm sure he didn't."

She laughed. "I can imagine him saying so -- "She's just a slut going around—...."

Her voice trailed off and she let some cigarette ash drop into the tray. I said: "Don was always outside our circle."

"He didn't used to go down to the cafe and drink espresso-coffee and read D.H. Lawrence poems out loud if that's what you mean."

She looked up at the beams across the ceiling. "I know what he did but—"

"But what?"

"When his father beat him, his brother taught violence for cooperation, and his teachers canned him as example—"

"He never had a chance," I said, tritely.

"But he's dead and I'll never feel his arms around me again, or his breath against my cheek, his lips against mine. He's dead—" She looked at me straightly, her face pale, lips tight, her hair framed around her cheeks. There was no emotion in her face or voice.

She said very flatly: "It's funny."

"It would be better to forget about it. What do you do with yourself in the evenings?"

"Please, don't ask me. I'd like to go for a walk now, if you'd like to take me."

"Yes. Where?"

"I'll tell you."

I paid for the tea noticing she hadn't drunk hers. We walked past the waitress who was telling a woman at the door of the tearoom, that in two months a new college would be opened in the town and in a few weeks the tearoom turned into a juke-box snackbar.

We walked through the center of the town, and took a narrow track which led to the coast. It was early evening; the air was as clear and crisp as a ripe cucumber, and smelt of newly mown grass.

"Do you remember those cafe sessions after school--in the fifth year? Six of us crowding around one table and drinking coca-colas?"

"Yes," I said, "and I could never afford my share. The stuff used to turn my stomach anyway. You never used to come in much."

"I remember better the debates. Do you remember the debates?"

"Yes, and the Thursday afternoon English lessons. Orwell and Lawrence, Henry Reed and Lord of the Flies."

She laughed.

I said: "One story we read about a man chased by a monster. Whatever the man did he couldn't stop it coming after him--he fired at it, cluffed boulders onto it, but--no good. The monster caught him, looked him over, and just threw him aside, rejecting him. Then it went down into a nearby valley and preyed on animals. Did you read that story?"

"No."

"Funny how things like that stay in your mind. I can't even remember what the story was called--just the image of a man lying on his stomach firing bullets which ricocheted off the monster."

She didn't speak but looked out to sea. We were standing by a farm gate and the track was stoney, rough and overgrown with grass, weeds, and stinging-nettles. A stern breeze hissed some green leaves in a big chestnut tree nearby. I moved towards her and touched her arm. She turned around and looked into my eyes. I pushed back her hair which lapped onto the side of her cheek.

Then I kissed her lips very firmly and felt her resistance ebb, kissed her twice more before she broke away. She turned and stared at a thin line of trees along the neck of a hill.

I placed my hand on the gate. I said: "I'm sorry."

"What's the matter?" she asked a little bitterly. "Have you never kissed a girl before?"

"It's not that. Obviously you object."

She turned and faced me, smiling. "Take me home?"

We walked, without speaking, down the track from the coast, past the fields fenced in by blackberry hedges, a small pub in a silent and empty village square--our footsteps echoing sharply on the cobbled pavements. The street lights were beginning to ping on. In the town we stood outside the shop above which was her flat.

She said to me very briefly: "Goodbye and thank you," turned and walked to the side-door of her flat and went in.

I caught the last bus out of the town and sat in the corner seat upstairs feeling very sorry for myself. A woman came upstairs whose breath smelt heavily of beer. She laughed fatly, and I looked out of the window.

The woman belched and shouted at me: "Ooh! Wassa matter? She turn you down?"

I looked dumbly at the woman who began laughing again, and I thought of Carol and the expression on her face as she turned towards the side-door of her flat, which was the last time I saw her.

—John Foster

SPACE WARS: ~~IV~~ CAUSE...

by Mike Shupp

It's been suggested that man created himself, not with Campbell's Rites of Passage, but by the use of weapons. Certainly the use of weapons has remained with man through many centuries, and in one form or another, from revolts to "police actions" to full scale wars, combat has come to every spot of Earth ever seen by Man. To extrapolate into the near future, not over five centuries or so in space:

We start with a rather limited form of war, rebellion and revolutions. Neither absentee landlords nor irresponsible rulers have ever been popular, which may help to explain why nearly every nation of the world has either thrown off the domination of another, or radically changed its government or attempted to do so, in the past century.

Rebellions are fairly easy to start. All the revolting colony needs are intelligent leadership, nationalistic or class fervor, the desire for a revolt, and an excuse. None of these are hard to provide or find in any colony of decent size. Weapons are needed of course, but a colony, by definition requires either weapons or special tools; otherwise more people would live there and it wouldn't be a colony, but a protectorate.

We'll arrange for the colonization of the solar system with an axiom: every body the size of a planet has some worth and is worth possessing, if you look hard enough. The reasons may vary from the desire to found an empire, or to a mountain of uranium, to providing living space (if you really want to extrapolate), or to such negativism as simply trying to keep some one else from claiming the planet and finding something. On Mars, the lure might be the metallic oxides bound into the soil.

As soon as someone decides to start converting this soil into ore, and finally into the pure metal, colonization will have begun. After all, no matter how much of the actual labor is done by machinery, someone has to take care of that machinery, tell it what to do. No successful business can wait a year for a repairman, and I'd hate to attempt sending radio signals during a year of sunspot maximum activity, let alone when Mars was on the opposite side of the sun. In due time, it becomes practical to send families and wives also, to hold down the turnover and ensure that the company, or government involved maintains its hold on the planet.

And who are they who go forth as colonists? The malcontents, the ambitious, and occasionally the convicts. The intelligent and the imaginative survive, and the rest die. The leadership will be there when the revolt begins; the intelligence will always have been there. Of course, the colonists wouldn't think of Mars as "home", no matter how long they lived there on another planet. They'd remain transplanted Earthpeople. But their children and their children's children would be, not Terrans, but Martians, Venerians, Titians, or Ganymedese. Even attending boarding schools at their parent's "home", another colonial custom, wouldn't make the planet home to the children.

Given time the colonists would cease to think of themselves as colonists. They would think of themselves as Martians, etc., and would be such in fact. But the people of Earth would think of them as colonists, sent

out to Mars from Earth, and as such subservient to the wishes of Earth. The colonists are hardly likely to appreciate that. The will and desire have emerged; now only the excuse to revolt is needed.

Excuses wouldn't be hard to find; they never have been. The slightest act of anti-Martian feeling on Earth, and unfair discrimination against visiting colonists, a special tax on items needed in the colony, all these would be excuses for a cooler attitude between the colony and home planet. Martians might nationalize an Earth bank to show they meant business. Earth would retaliate by sending a warship to investigate. The next step would be to seize the space ports, and impound the Earth ship when it landed.

The war would have begun, and though outnumbered, and with less equipment, the colonists would have a few advantages. In the first place, the Martians would be fighting at home. Anyone who has ever played King-of-the-Mountain knows that the King has an advantage, as long as he is free to deal with his opponents. In the same way, the Martians would have months to prepare while the Earth government was still debating their proposals and while the Earth warship was enroute to Mars. Then the Martians would not have to worry about a fifty million mile supply line, either. Nor do they need to worry about atom bombing. The general attitude on Earth would be that the revolting colonists were merely rebelling, and that the colony and the planet belong to Earth. Nobody is going to atom bomb his own property.

Particularly when the rest of the world is eagerly watching, for the colonists will have a great deal of public opinion on Earth in their favor. The big, "have" nations prefer a maintenance of the status quo; being top dog, they want to stay top dog. Smaller, "have-not" nations have little to lose if the top dog gets lowered a notch, and possibly something to gain. And nations that were once colonies would naturally be on the side of a revolting colony. Just as the US approved of South American and French revolts a while back--till it became a powerful nation.

As long as the rebels are willing to sit on the ground and watch the Earth spaceships orbit overhead, the only way to break the stalemate would be for the Earth ships to land and disembark troops to attack the rebels. Rebels who by this time would have dug-in in the deserts, planted mines and booby-traps liberally through the space port, devised weapons, and so on.

Martian conditions would aid the rebels also. Combat planning being done on Earth by men not on the scene, and hence unused to Martian climate beyond a textbook, either the Terran trooper nearly freezes every Martian night, or else while he struggles with a stubborn zipper that keeps him from attaching a respirator, some unfriendly individual with a native-designed snap-on respirator is liable to sneak up and use a knife to ventilate the trooper, or brain him with his own weapon. Nor is our trooper likely to be familiar with living through a dust storm. The trooper is an Earthman; he knows that the deserts of Mars are hostile; it's home to the rebels. So psychology is on the side of the rebels; the trooper doesn't think Mars is worth fighting for.

The full scale space war in this solar system is unlikely for some time, as long as peace continues on Earth. The major world nations, presumably still the USA and the Soviet Union will probably present a happy face to the world, maintain some sort of peace, and sign anti-war petitions. Meanwhile, by unofficial order, their roving space scouts will take

pot shots at each other and the various publics will be assured that the meteors are unusually heavy this year, but it is believed that the Other Fellows also are plagued by meteors....

We'll get to Doc Smith's interplanetary conflicts sometime, but most likely with other breeds coming from other planetary systems. Bombing enemy home worlds would be rather difficult, over interstellar distances, but simply an act of war. In these circumstances, a space war would simply be a space war. But a war between Earthman and Earthman would be racial suicide. The war would climax on Earth, as each side attempted to wipe the other out with dirty atomics in ICBMs, and spacecraft would locate and bomb other spacecraft and space bases.

Solar System wars will probably be classified as "police actions" like Korea. Though both colonizing powers would prefer to place their colonists on separate worlds, it's not unlikely that at sometime the two powers will put colonies on the same satellite or asteroid, at the same time, and refuse to relocate. Or a colony might decide to become squatters near another colony.

But, though it's sound in theory, you can not split a planet or even a nation down the middle and announce "this part's mine and that's yours, and never the twain shall meet." Nor can you just plunk the colonies down and let them get along together. Very probably the colonies would get along very well together, but how would that look to the folks back home? The parent nations would attempt to end this foolishness right then. No incidents and border violations must be duly investigated, and mobs stirred up, till the colonists very sensibly hated each other. Then the parents would withdraw and permit the colonists to start a war. Both would insist to the United Nations or whatever organization then prevalent that order be restored, and both would volunteer to straighten things out. For the cause of Peace, of course....and any little gains to be accidental, and never mentioned.



... AND EFFECT SPACE WARS V

Very probably the wheel was designed and built by a caveman who got the idea when he rolled rocks down a hill at another caveman. Certainly, as soon as any nation developed the wheel, the war chariot came soon after. Unwelcome as the thought may be, nearly every widespread cultural and material advance for mankind in general has come about as a direct result of warfare and colonization. Greek culture received its greatest impetus from the Persian Wars; and that same culture was carried throughout the ancient world by the armies of Alexander. Roman law and Roman peace came on the footsteps of the legions, and, had Germany never developed the V-2, modern rocketry would still be unable to orbit a

satellite--if it ever became that ambitious.

Often the advance may have been developed, or investigated, long before, as were atomic energy, rockets, and the airplane. But only under the press of war did any significant advances in these areas occur. Goddard and Oberth were building rockets before the days of the Third Reich; Einstein was formulating the equations that lead to atomic energy forty years before Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and it was over a decade to the time the airplane was used in war, from the initial short flight of the Wrights. Yet rockets were scorned before the London Blitz; the energy-mass relationship was purely academic till 1938; and airplanes were unwanted by the great number of politicians and generals because "the damned things will frighten the horses."

And yet all three of these concepts either played an important part in war or demonstrated that they had the potential to play such a part. Modern rocketry - including all our space probe boosters - has come about as an answer to cold war problems. Had atomic energy not been used in the second World War, 2000 AD might have been an optimistic estimate of the date of its harnessing. World War One made development of the airplane a necessity, which led to the development of the jet aircraft possible during the Second World War, which in turn led to the jet transports of modern travel, travel made safer by the use of radar, which is another war development.

Contrawise, had the WW I Zeppelins not shown what a fiasco the big blimps could be, we might still watch the dirigibles go overhead - and read about them when they go up in flames.

As the military has control of the space programs in both the US and the USSR, it is logical to extrapolate the space race into the exploration of the solar system. And the rate at which we equal Russian space efforts - and the rate we colonize - may well depend on the speed of our space craft.

After all, living in a colony is rather impractical if necessities arrive only once every decade - or lots more. Nor is planetary exploitation worthwhile when an inordinate amount of money is used to ensure that cargos are both small and rare.

But it is to the advantage of the military to develop swift space craft. You can't win a race without running, so if you are in a race, it is expedient to have something to run in. And in the military aspects of the space race, we have to run as fast as we can to keep in the same place.

Speed is not enough though; the military space craft must be relatively easy to operate, and as nearly fool-proof as possible, to protect the military's investment in it. A draftee, inducted away from the farm two months ago, should be able to pilot it with a little training - say flight school or its equivalent.

When commercial space travel comes, the ideal space vehicle should have perfected in two standard forms - marked USA and CCCP.

Similarly, military design will become civilian practice. Military pilots will perfect trajectory computations; laser weapons could be converted easily to asteroid mining equipment; civilian cities and spaceports would be built on designs used in military installations; and military-developed power units and fuels, in military-designed spacecraft will carry non-military colonists through the System.

And if the space race continues to the limits of the solar system - and beyond - military installations spread throughout the system would be

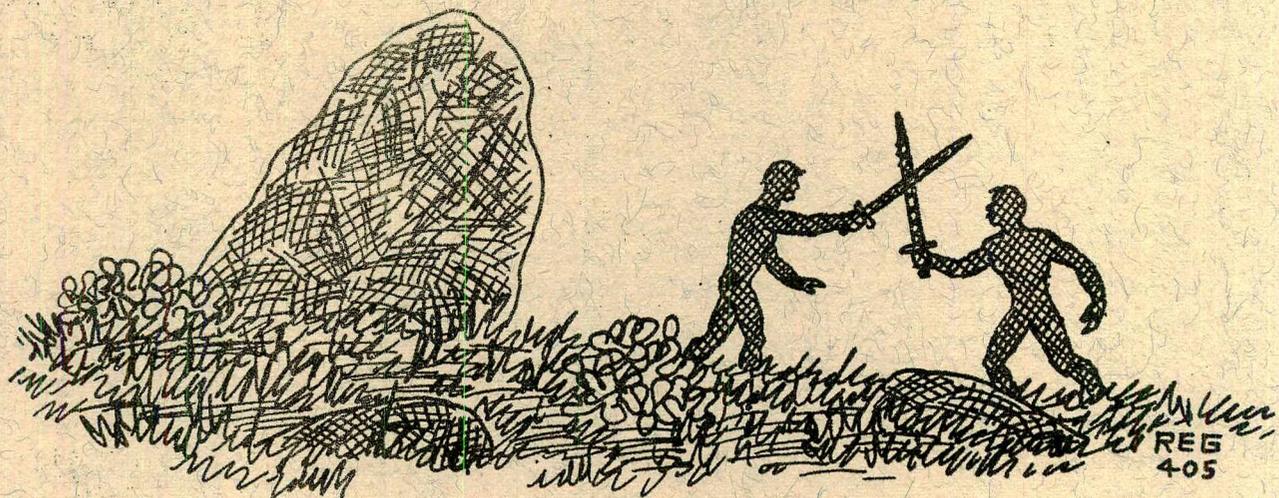
needed. As the colonists follow, it would be natural to settle near military bases. Military police and military law would be obvious extensions of military influence. Hence, the military may play an important part in shaping the space civilization. The colonists being colonists, they would be highly individualistic, of course, but co-operation against an alien environment would require some sort of organization. And what more obvious organization than one modeled on the military? Colony governments might be founded on a strictly military organization, or with elected officials with strong powers, and responsible to the citizenry, rather than to a legislature.

The extension of the military into space, and far away from the home planets, might have another effect. Sherman's march on Atlanta signalled the beginning of modern war--conflict in which the military potential of the enemy, rather than his troops, became the target of warfare. The old order of war, in which the civilian stayed home and payed taxes to supply mercenaries fighting for his government, had gone. The draft, and mass warfare has changed the face of combat. Today, literally nothing has no military potential. And so--Sherman marches through Georgia; mushroom clouds form over Japan; and the RAF and USA Air Force combine forces to "avenge Coventry" by reducing German cities to dreadfully even stacks of rubble.

Should a general flare-up ever occur in space, it might escalate into a full scale atomic war on Earth. But it might limit itself to battles between space forces--preferably very rarely and non-efficiently done. If so, then the day of the mercenary soldier may return. Mercenaries, though, aren't very enthusiastic fighters, so should this day ever come, battles might be less gruesome than those holocausts predicted so frequently in a number of books and magazine articles.

Should this development ever occur, the average citizen might become accustomed to a peculiar institution known as peace. It is readily obvious that this might change the course of the future entirely. However, the possibilities inherit in this modest proposal are endless, and far beyond the scope of this article.....

—Mike Shupp



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NO HOLDS BARD

BY

JOHN BERRY

Today, 30th July 1963, I visited the little town of Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England, and no one needs be told that this is the birthplace of William Shakespeare, exactly 400 years ago in April 1964.

The editors of this fanzine wrote especially requesting one of my more cultured articles, to fit in with the aura of high education and literary merit it invariably displays. I informed the editors that especially for them I would undertake a pilgrimage to Shakespeare's Birthplace, and I can now report that the operation was successfully accomplished.

I feel (seriously) that I am doing a service to the American clientele who've never had the good fortune to visit Stratford-upon-Avon. I stress this particularly, because I was surprised at the vast numbers of American tourists I saw there. They were snapping away with their cameras like mad things, and buying up the Shakespearian souvenirs and postcards at such a rate that I had to assume an American accent to even get into the queue for these necessities--which meant of course that I was charged twice as much for them.

It can be taken as a conclusive presumption that when an American visits England he must scoot immediately for Stratford, and therefore I calculate that my undertaking this assignment will ensure that none of you will ever find it necessary to come to England. In this way, I've calculated that I've kept about \$250,000 in America, and that's what President Kennedy wants, isn't it? The very least I expect is the Congressional Medal of Honor.

I approached Stratford-upon-Avon from the north. I took my family with me, wife Diane, son Colin aged 13 and daughter Kathleen aged 9. We were staying at my mothers house in Birmingham, and we caught a Midland Red omnibus at Shirley, a suburb of Birmingham, at 2.p.m.

Moving south, we reached the flat Warwickshire countryside, where green fields and even darker green hedges reached to the horizon, which is dotted here and there with the jutting fingers of grey church spires. (Hang on, the humorous part starts fairly soon) Quaint villages are sign-posted, with picturesque names like Culverton, Hockley Heath, Snitterfield and Tanworth.

Twelve miles from Birmingham is a large village called Henley-in-Arden. In Shakespearian times the Forest of Arden stretched all over Warwickshire, but now there are only a few isolated woods left. Henley-in-Arden is older than Stratford, and it is most interesting to notice the clash between the few modern red-brick-and-concrete residences at either end of the village with the black-and-white timbered four or five century old cottages--the roofs, chimneys and ostentatious bay windows leaning several degrees off the square.

Southwards another $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles through typical Warwickshire countryside I've described until we arrived at the 'bus terminus at the center of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Let's face it...Stratford-upon-Avon is a beautiful town. The streets are wide, and a good percentage of the buildings which were standing when Bill Shakespeare was a tad are still standing. True, here and there a concrete chimney has been conspicuously added to a 16th century thatched roof, but it must be admitted that a praiseworthy effort has been made to retain some of the atmosphere of Shakespeare's day and age.

We decided to leave until last our visit to the celebrated birth-place....to look forward to it as a sort of climax, which indeed it was.

Turning left, we saw a most beautiful scene. On the extreme left was a brick-built several-arched bridge over the gentle-flowing Avon. The Clopton Bridge, built in the 15th century. On each bank of the Avon were wide lawns, on which the many visitors sat, relaxing in the congenial atmosphere of history and the unusually warm sunlight.

In the right foreground was a monument to Shakespeare. He sat atop a wide pillar, in a pensive pose....facing westish. Below, at four extremities, like the four points of the compass, were slightly larger-than-life statues of his most famous characters....Prince Hal, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet and Falstaff...also chosen, no doubt (and this has just occurred to me) to represent different extreme facets of his writings....history, tragedy, philosophy and comedy. Flower gardens were arranged in close proximity.

Swans majestically swept up and down the Avon, with punts, canoes, rowing boats and pleasure cruisers dodging around them.

To the right of the scene was the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. It was built in 1932, and quite a considerable part of its cost was borne by subscriptions from the U.S.A. The theatre, built in red brick, in a simple architectural style, is an attempt to be structurally pleasing, meld with the scenery, and at the same time serve to be functional and "be with it" Shakespeare-wise.

After our heads had stopped moving like radar scanners, taking in this breath-taking vista, we moved to the river, and decided to go boating on it. That's where all the trouble started. My wife, who had been in a rowing boat with me before, insisted that she wanted to go on a nice pleasure cruiser, with an engine at the rear and an experienced man at the helm. Colin wanted to go in a canoe. Kathleen seemed to want to appreciate the idyllic pleasures of a punt. Personally, I wanted to get my wife into a rowing boat again, to prove that the time I'd inadvertently stranded us in a clump of reeds and lost the oars was a mere mishap for which I wasn't to blame.

We took a vote, and our household being based on democratic lines, I led them proudly to where the rowing boats were parked.

The children were happy enough, but I had to use physical violence to get my wife into the boat. As soon as she'd stopped shaking, the boatman pushed us off into midstream.

The one great disadvantage about a rowing boat is that the oarsman cannot see where he is going. This isn't so bad if you've got someone at the rudder who knows what the rudder is for. My wife didn't, so to keep our embarrassment as private as possible, I decided to aim away from the Memorial Theatre (where the crowds were) and row eastwards into the countryside where, we hoped, there wouldn't be too many people about.

I don't want to go into unnecessary detail, but it took us seven attempts (not including the broadside-on fiasco) to get under an arch of the Clopton Bridge. Once this hazard was negotiated, we headed nervously downstream.

Fifty yards further on there was a sort of bottleneck, and an odd assortment of manually-operated boats scraped around in ever decreasing circles. I was in the middle of this chaotic mess, carrying out assorted arguments with neurotic rowers who were trying to maintain that it was all my fault.

Suddenly, someone shouted in horror that a pleasure cruiser was bearing down at full speed on our intimate group. Within ten seconds we were alone in midstream, caught in the vortex caused by the rapid retreat in all directions by our erstwhile companions-in-oars.

I had discovered that by manipulating one oar separately, you turned fairly rapidly in one specific direction. My wife had discovered (when we'd narrowly avoided disappearing under an iron grid leading to an underground sewer) that the boat could also be moved rapidly in one specific direction, by adroit rudder movement. The fact that we were now spinning violently in midstream, 20 yards from the approaching cruiser testified to the fact that we were both energetically applying force in one specific direction IN TWO SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS.

The pleasure cruiser passed us without mishap - if you don't include the tree branches it broke off whilst taking avoiding action too near a remnant of the Forest of Arden.

The situation was well gummed up, I feel, by a rustic yokel who was standing on the opposite bank, watching us. He was an old man, with a length of straw dangling from his slightly opened mouth. I looked up at him as we passed. He returned my gaze, and gently, incorporating a wealth of wisdom, he shook his head slowly from side to side.

In an attempt to eliminate farce from this factual narrative, I shall refrain from taking up valuable space describing the degrading scene when we docked, save to say that I finished up with my fingers gripping the end of the landing stage, and my left toe was caught in one of the oarlocks of the rowing boat. My family eventually reached dry land via my prostrate body, my stomach just barely touching the water.

Before we left the river, I did observe one rather uncanny experiment in the silent mass ESP of the common Mute White Swan. Seriously, this is absolutely true. I'm including it in case it should prove of interest to students who have nothing better to do than spend years of their lives studying communications between our feathered friends.

On the river bank, immediately under Clopton Bridge over which I was watching two scantily clad gals rowing a punt, a large dog leapt into the Avon to retrieve a stick thrown in by a person obviously interested to see if such a huge dog could swim.

It could. The stick was thrown in several times, and the dog, delighted with this new medium, happily continued to dive for it. Soon, several swans collected in an interesting group, and as soon as the dog dived in they arched their necks, ruffled up their wings and hissed. More swans seemed to collect, and they moved forward en masse to defy the dog entrance to their own private mass of H₂O.

This, in itself, was strange enough, but I turned and looked upstream towards the theatre, and noted that literally dozens of swans were furiously moving dogwards. Even three hundred yards away I could see them turning and making a beeline towards me. Now obviously there was some sort of mental contact between the vanguard of swans attacking the dog, and those out of sight hundreds of yards away...at least, I can vouch for the authenticity of the arrangement...whether or not there is any scientific significance I don't know, never having ventured into the medium before.....

We walked back into the center of Stratford, and followed our noses to Henley Street, where lies the birthplace of Bill Shakespeare (his father, John, having been born in the charmingly-named Snitterfield, which I've mentioned previously.)

I must confess I've never been what you could call a Shakespeare fan. True, I read a couple of his plays when I was at school, once actually playing Bottom at a Christmas Concert, although I don't really talk about that very much. My acting ability wasn't the cause for my reticence, what actually happened was that my parents had proudly come along to witness my Bottom, and when I made my entrance, instead of flowing into my lines, I crossed to the front of the stage and peered all over the hall, trying to find my parents, and I actually did just catch sight of them as they scuttled out in some apparent confusion.

So when I 'did' the birthplace, I possibly didn't take as much notice of it as no doubt some of you classical types would have done. It's a nice half-timbered house, dating from the early sixteenth century. A modern concrete chimney was, I thought, rather blatant, but the official guide circumvents that by adding 'Though it has suffered some changes and necessary restoration the property bears substantially the same appearance as in the earliest surviving representation of it, and having regard to its age it contains a great deal of its original timber framing.'

The charge for admittance to this house is two shillings, say about 30¢..half price for children. Cheap enough, I'd say. Half of the house is furnished in period style, and even displays the wooden cot in which Bill was wont to kip down at nights. The other portion of the house is designed as a museum, having a unique collection of books, manuscripts, pictures, and objects relating to Shakespeare's life at the house. Interesting, no doubt, if you go for that sort of thing. I'm a fossil and archaeological fan myself, and must even confess that I did little to suggest to son Colin that his scholastic career was due for a few shots of Shakespeare in the future, and that perchance he would find more interest in his studies of the Shakespeare plays if he were actually to go back to Belfast and tell all the other provincials he'd been there, where it all started.

There is a nice garden at the back, specifically containing for some esoteric reason all the plants, trees and flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

And that was it. We jostled with the crowd round the visitors book. I eventually got it, and ruffled through it. On the last page, although most of the visitors were American...Italians, Germans, and even a solitary Albanian had signed that very afternoon. In fact, we four were the only ones from the British Isles to have signed.

Stratford is exceedingly commercialized, as you'd expect. Most of the shops feature picture postcards and souvenirs. That's one thing I am a sucker about, collecting souvenirs...and from Stratford I purchased two items....one a sort of alabaster match box holder, bearing on the front of it a bust of Bill with an inscrutable expression on his face....a look pensive enough to suggest that if his spirit is still drifting around it is bemoaning the fact that it can't collect any of the vast profit being made in his name. The other souvenir is a little plaster model, in technicolor, of the birthplace, which is rather delightful as souvenirs go, and looks well in the china cabinet in which it now reposes.

There are other places where we could have gone.... the Holy Trinity Church, where his remains rest....Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery... Harvard House...which property, in case you didn't know, was purchased and

presented to Harvard University in 1909 by a certain Mr. Edward Morris of Chicago. I expect you didn't know, either, appropos Harvard House, that John Harvard, who founded the university, was the son (now let me get this correct) of Katherine Rogers, (who was married to Robert Harvard) and Katherine was the daughter of Thomas Rogers, an Alderman on Stratford-on-Avon, who built the house (later to be called Harvard House) in 1596. This is just about the most amazing fact to ever appear in a Berry Article...amazing not only because it's true, but because it shows what lengths I'm prepared to go with research if I am asked to give a serious essay on a special subject.

We hit Stratford-on-Avon on a good day, when the sun was beaming down and when it was holiday time and the shopkeepers were coining in the lucre from susceptible visitors from all over the world. It's a clean and tidy place...and the many half-timbered black and white houses in Stratford do a hell of a lot to make an atmosphere of history, as if it was still slightly possible that Bill Shakespeare could still toddle round the corner with his typer under his arm.

I liked it, and, if you ever do get the chance to go, you'll like it too, and no doubt, if you're classically minded, revel in it. It's that sort of place. I hope I've given you some little idea of what Stratford-on-Avon is like... certainly for me it was a pleasure to visit the place for you.

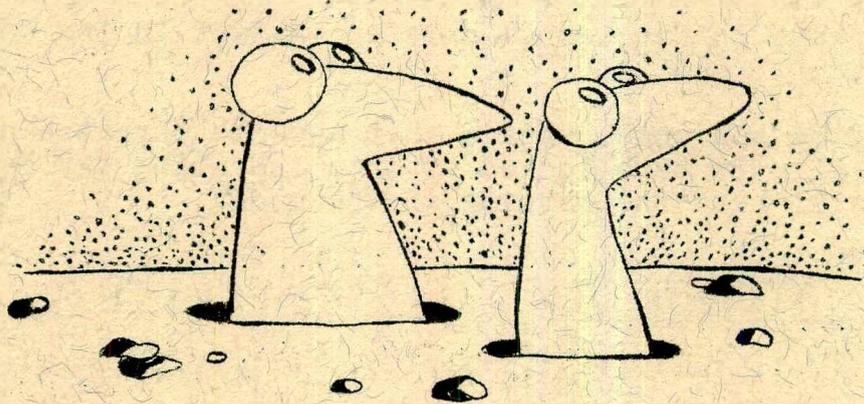
--John Berry
1963

-o-

QUIZ ANSWERS:

- A. 1-H; 2-F; 3-B; 4-A; 5-D; 6-J; 7-C; 8-I; 9-G; 10-E.
- B. 1-E; 2-J; 3-H; 4-I; 5-B; 6-C; 7-A; 8-D; 9-G; 10-E.
- C. 1-I; 2-F; 3-H; 4-G; 5-J; 6-E; 7-B; 8-A; 9-D; 10-C.
- D. 1-E; 2-D; 3-G; 4-F; 5-H; 6-I; 7-J; 8-B; 9-A; 10-C.
- E. 1-L; 2-G; 3-H; 4-M; 5-J; 6-D; 7-P; 8-A; 9-B; 10-O; 11-K; 12-F; 13-I;
- F. 1-B; 2-D; 3-E; 4-C; 5-A. 14-C; 15-E.
- G. 1-C; 2-D; 3-A; 4-E; 5-B.
- H. 1-E; 2-J; 3-I; 4-F; 5-H; 6-D; 7-G; 8-C; 9-A; 10-B.

-o-



ATOM

" I wonder if he'll land, or just shower down those 'London in '65' leaflets again "

ONLY
TIME
WILL
TELL

Manning turned away from the controls to gaze out the porthole at the scarred surface retreating swiftly behind the rocket. Its first, and last nuclear war had turned the world below into a charred and gouged ruin. The glow of spreading radioactivity could already be seen faintly near the edges of the rapidly-diminishing disk.

If their world had only achieved space travel sooner, he thought, at least some part of the remaining population might have been able to escape; only death awaited them now. Theirs; his and Kearns', was the outdated scout ship for a grand fleet of six, all that the shattered remnants of a once-great civilization had been able to put together and equip. The select group of passengers would follow to a new world, a world in the dawn of life, where they might be able to survive and preserve that civilization which it had taken thousands of years to build.

Kearn's sudden question interrupted his somber thoughts; neither could Manning's companion keep his mind on the present. "Do you think it'll ever happen again; I mean, out there on that other world?"

Manning thought a few more moments, then sighed with the realization, "Only time will tell."

Their tiny ship drove out into the void like a spear, pointing toward a new horizon in the history of Man. One, two, three, four, five, six . . . its sister vessels followed, bearing the seeds of a new civilization, to be planted in the fertile soil of a nearby world. Reaching the other planet safely, the tiny remnant of a dying race established a colony, or rather a new home. Their numbers fell, then wavered, and finally grew, as they became adjusted to their environment. The camp flourished, to become a city. As time went on, empires rose and fell. Man's old home, in its self-wrought death throes, was forgotten.

From the pharaohs to Napoleon—only an instant in the endless stream of time.

But now the time has come. Again that awesome threat hangs over the race of Man. All who have looked up into the night sky have seen the result. Who will head the warning of the moon?

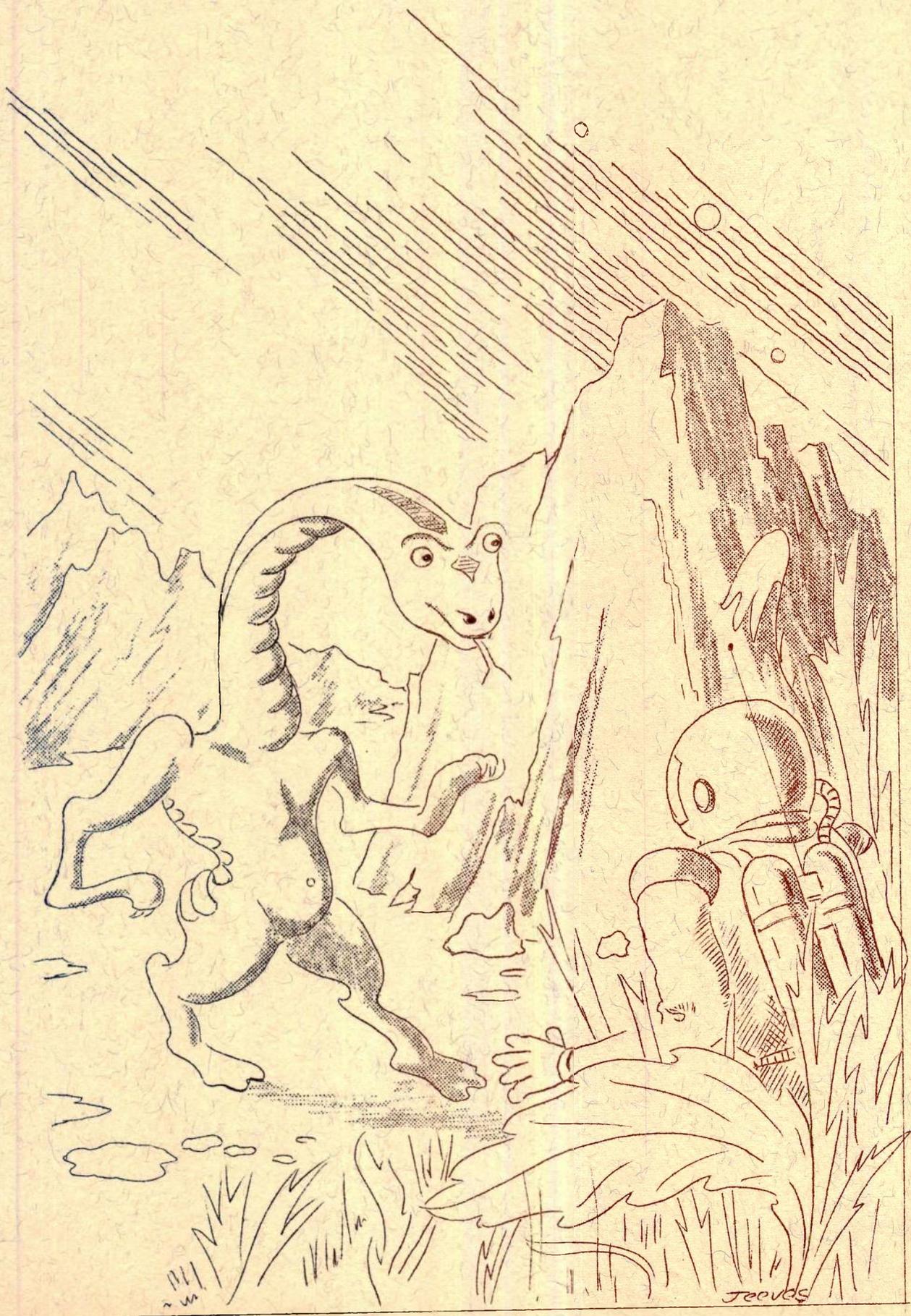
FICTION BY *George Fergus*

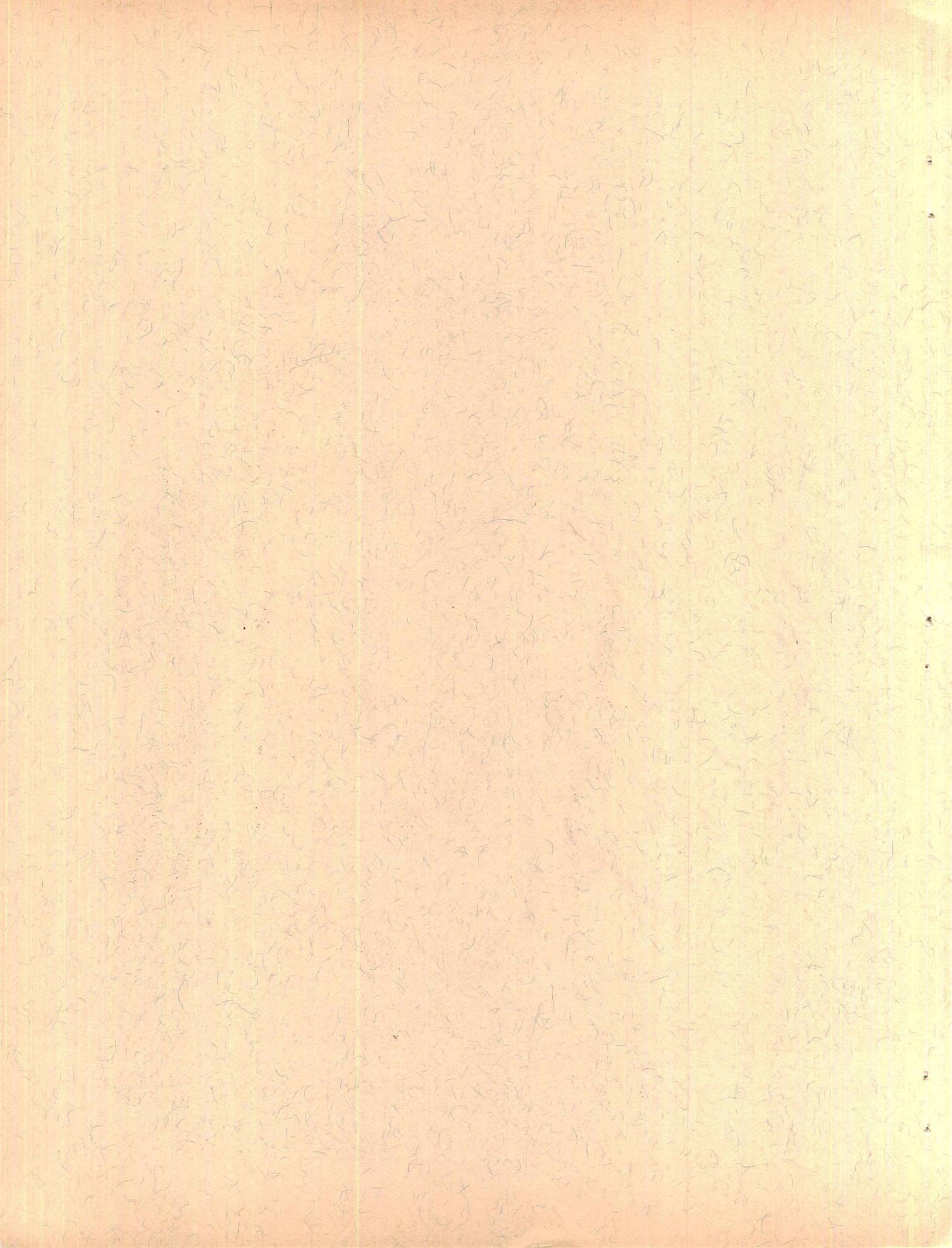
.....

Changes of Address...More:
MIKE SHUPP: 2333 Mayfair, Dayton, Ohio, 45405
E.E. EVERS: 118 W 83rd St., New York, New York, 10024







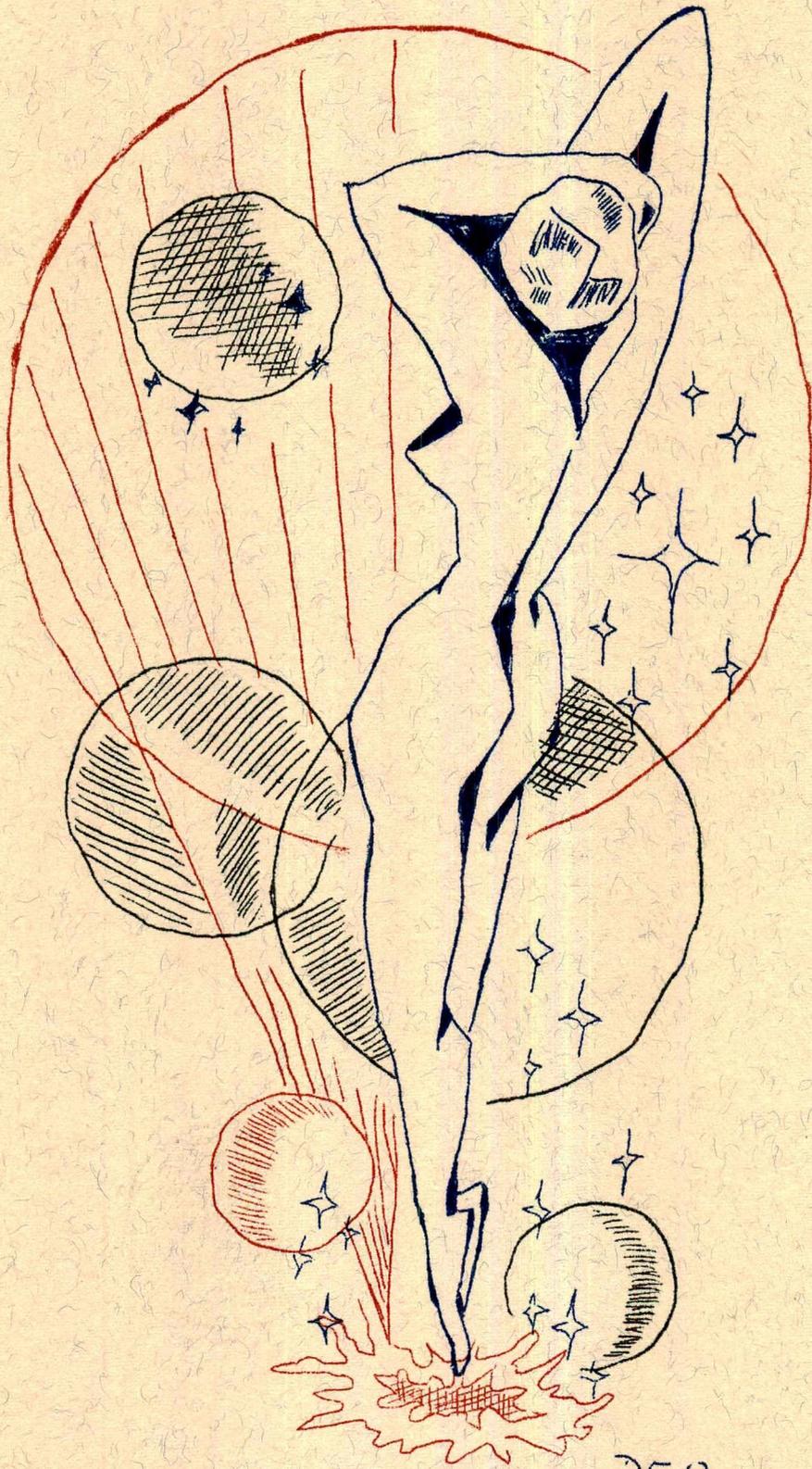












DEA.



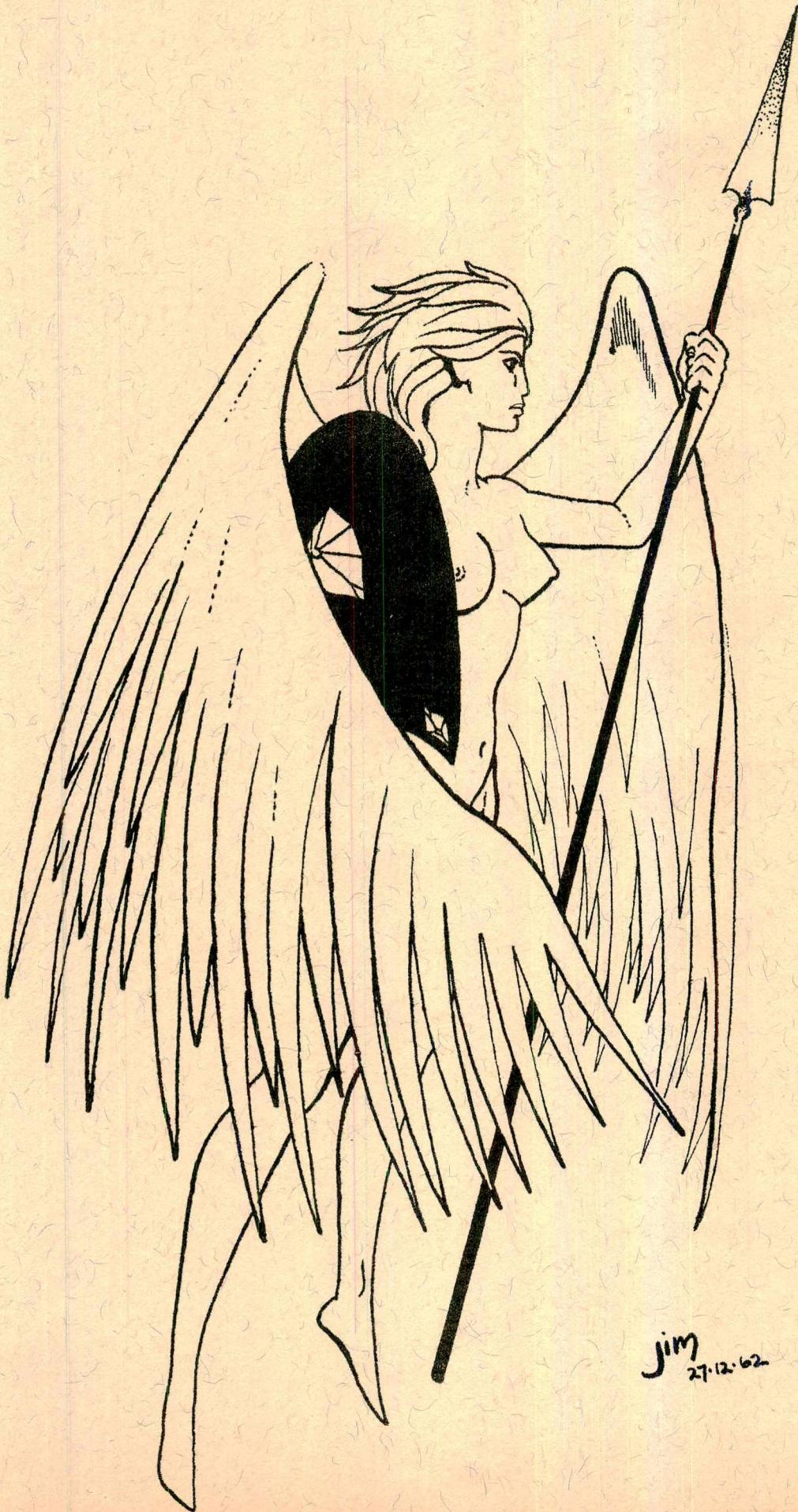
M. COURT



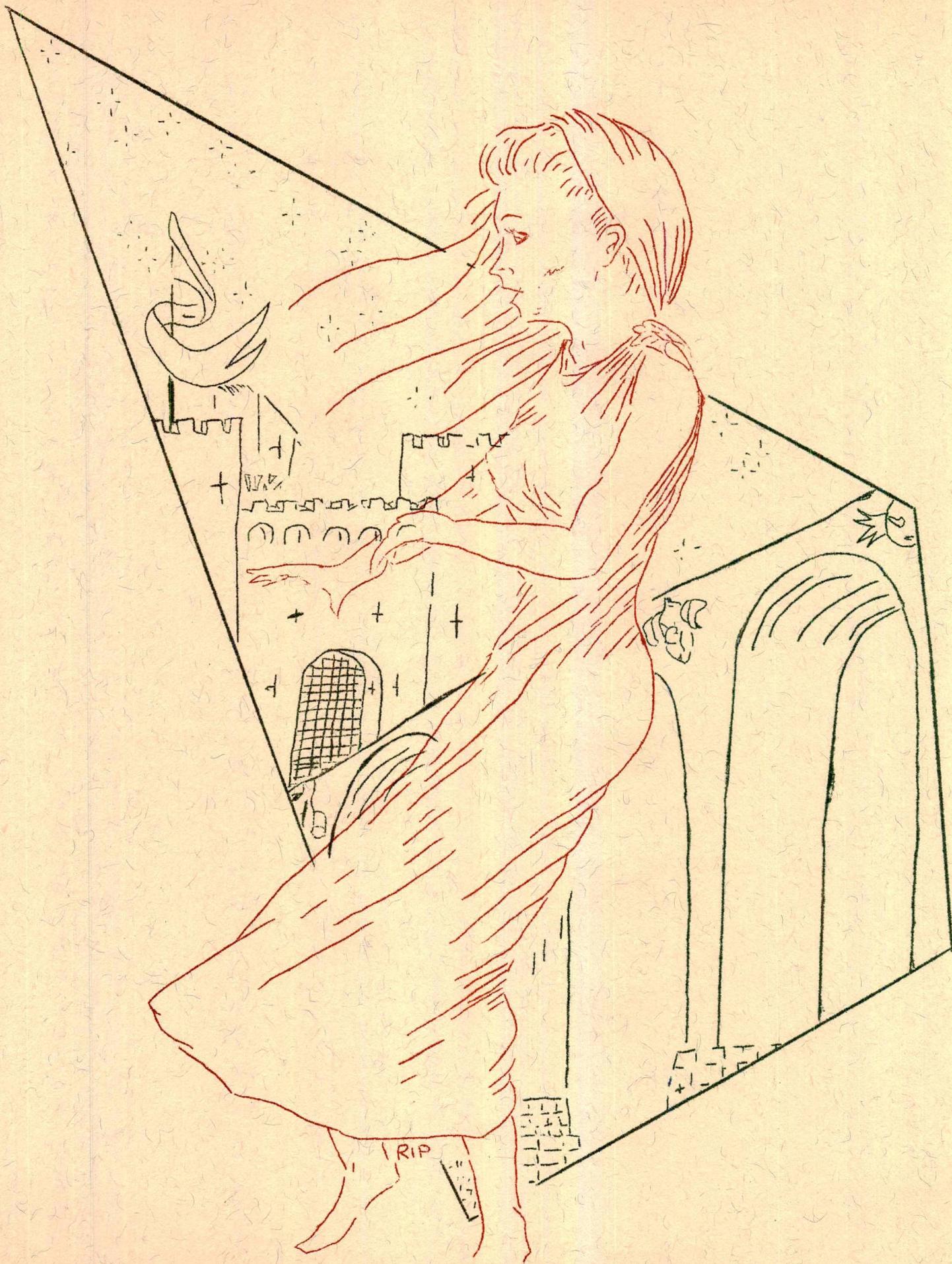


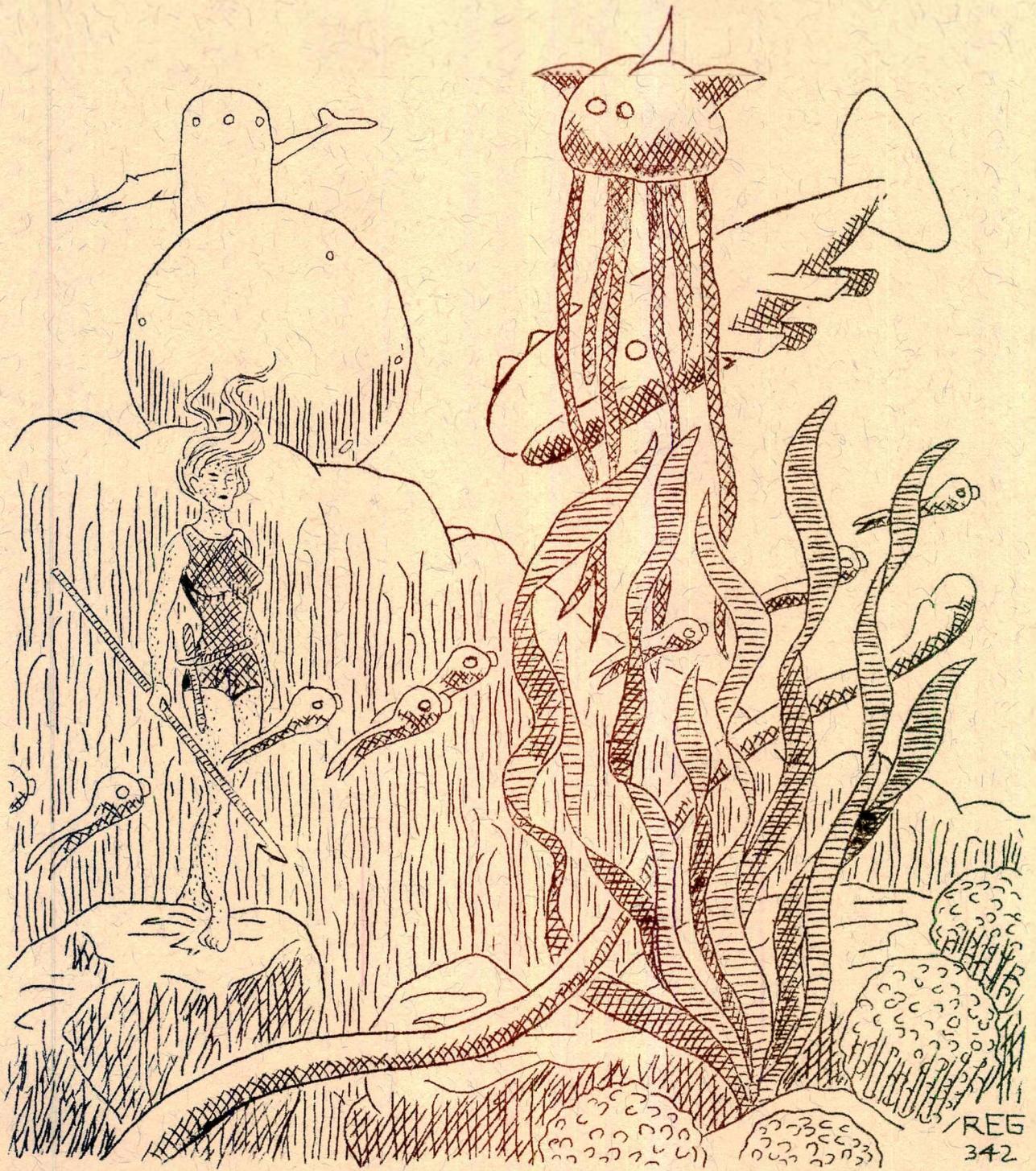


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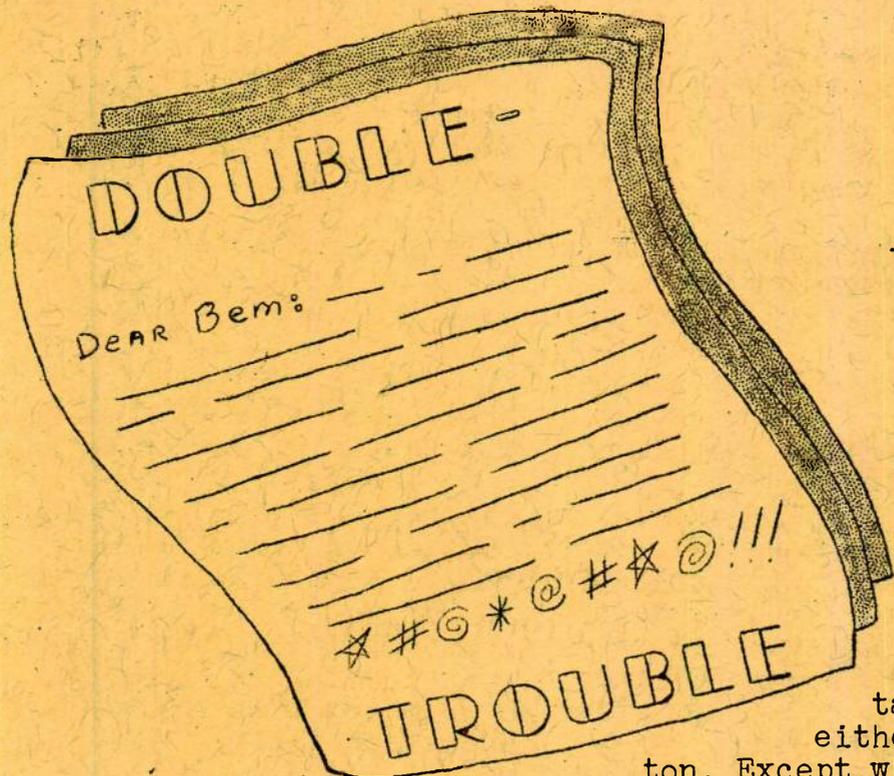


Jim
27.12.62









Lettercolumn:

...where equal
time is given the
readers to Damn or Praise.

{(Edited by the BEM, so I
still get the last laugh...
chuckle, chuckle...)}
--- --- ---

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

A fairly prompt letter
of comment might compen-
sate partially for my
failing to do as much
talking as I'd have liked to
either of the Bills at Washing-

ton. Except when I went out with fans for
meals, I don't think I succeeded in getting more than three minutes of
uninterrupted conversation with anyone. The only really extended dis-
cussion that I remember was in the early morning when Ed Wood and I, the
only non-drinkers on the floor, stood in the hall just outside the Cali-
fornians' party, listening to the noise, greeting people as they walked
in and flowed out, and reliving the old days when prozines were prozines.

Your decision to put out Double-Bill quarterly sounds sensible. Of
course, there's no real reason why fanzines should appear on any spec-
ified schedule. A regularly recurring lapse between issues is a holdover
from when fanzines imitated prozines. So why fret yourselves if you de-
lay four months between two issues and then get energetic enough to put
another out only two months later?

Mike Deckinger is getting pretty good command of narrative technique.
I wish he had turned this story-telling ability to somewhat less hackney-
ed purposes.

I got the willies from reading Mike Shupp's review of When Worlds
Collide. That is the only science fiction story that has ever provided
me with a nightmare. It ran serially in a Baltimore newspaper soon after
its original appearance, I followed it avidly, and one night I had a
vivid and terrifying dream whose memory still makes me uncomfortable. I
was in the room of my home, listening to a favorite radio announcer de-
scribe the approach of the invader from space. It was so realistic that
for years after that, I wondered if I might have had a peek into the real
future. But the announcer died several years ago, so I suppose that we
won't all go in that manner.

There are several good books on humor, some of which claim that it
derives from several sources, only one of which is the satisfaction from
seeing someone in trouble or pain. Simple mimicry of strong emotions
seems to be the basis for a lot of humor, mainly in animals and primitive

HARRY WARNER, concl:

people. We used to have a cat that loved to hide behind furniture or doors and pretend to scratch the legs of people who passed by, never sticking out her claws; and puppies love to engage in the most terrible-looking mock fights. The animals get the same kick out of these jokes as various fans at the Discon derived from the jokes about Sam Moskowitz.

S/ Harry

Our schedule will be more flexible now, especially since the Symposium will be continued in future issues. #8 may come out a bit early because of it -- but you can bet it will be MUCH smaller! (We hope!) --BEM }>

MIKE SHUPP
2331 MAYFAIR
DAYTON, OHIO

I rather enjoyed reading Mr. Jeeves' rebutal of my treatment of the dogfight in space (albeit a bit dubious of his reaction to the concluding articles in the series) but I feel that his points can be answered, or at least I should make the attempt. I will make a preliminary defense that all of the articles in the series have been extrapolations and admittedly vague predictions. It's just that putting "probably" in every second sentence would be rather irritating, for myself and for the readers. Hence, the entire series has been a set of my predictions, deriving from a general interest in history and a general interest in the future. That Mr. Jeeves should take the theme of war in space so to heart that he feels it is necessary to do some extrapolation of his own is heartening- and flattering.

I will agree that the man quoted at the beginning of the Dogfight article had a name resembling that of Ferdinand Feghoot. However, the name Ferdinand does not have a copyright, and if Captain Ferber (not an ace, and a Frenchman, incidentally) happened to have that name Ferdinand, I see little reason to change it.

Capt. Ferber said that the raven would escape if it could fly higher than the falcon. In short, the way to escape is not to make it difficult for the other to see you; the best plan is to place yourself in some position where the other cannot or dare not go.

Actually, stipulating parameters is a waste of time. Sitting here and saying "Space ships will have x missiles, will use y different forms of lasers, and have a speed of z mile-per-second." is senseless, when I'm obviously not in any position where I can take notes on a space craft.

You see, as soon as anyone says "This is the ultimate", someone else feels a compulsion to start doing some figuring and mutter "But what if..". Scientists have proved that neither the bumblebee nor the airplane can fly, and it was once common knowledge that if you travelled at excessive speeds -say 15 to 20 mph - both the automobile and its passenger would disintegrate.

What this leads up to is that nobody, including Mr. Jeeves, can simply say "Heat beams are out, because we haven't got all the bugs out of lasers." We can't say that, because just around next week some character who doesn't know this is impossible is going to pull out a slide rule and start mumbling to himself. After all, any power plant capable of moving a space craft, should certainly have enough megawatts to make any beam weapon thoroughly nasty.

As to the actual mechanics of the dogfight cases mentioned, I believe I stated the reason the awaiting space craft would stay over one spot of the earth is that this way he would have the

MIKE SHUPP, concl:

earth as a reference point, thus simplifying his calculations. In addition at this altitude he could see a much greater part of the earth. However, if Mr. Jeeves doesn't approve of one watcher, he will let me have three, won't he?

But really, to quote Mr. Jeeves, it is a matter of "a short blast on the braking rockets to drop down on him, and then popping away with the missiles." If it takes our space pilot several hours to figure a maneuver to bypass a meteor and get back on course, he's likely to be a very dead pilot.

So my intercepting falcon will be able to spot another ship, predict its course, and come within a short distance of it, even if for no more reason that he would need to be able to do this to destroy the raven. Accordingly, control of his space craft would have to be automatic in large part leaving less work for the pilot to do, and giving him more time for knocking his opponent out of the sky.

As for getting in someone else's orbit, all that's really necessary for our falcon to do is to have an orbit that intersects that of the raven. I did mention that our pilots had different orbits, at different altitudes.

The section on the asteroids said "Russian Roulette is safer". The Asteroid Belt, I agree, is an unlikely place to fight in. But if pilot a thinks it unlikely that pilot b will enter such an area, and if pilot a is worrying about staying from b and his guns; etc., heading into the asteroids might not be such a bad idea. After all, there was nothing to keep your WW II fighter pilot from ducking into a storm because he thought nobody else would, thus enabling to have some chance to keep an entire skin.

I didn't say that controlling space would enable anyone to control a planet DIRECTLY. But until a planet becomes self-sufficient, anyone who controls the flow of necessities to that planet, definitely has some control of that planet.

S/ Mike

ROBERT COULSON
ROUTE 3,
WABASH, INDIANA

GMC has a nice, logical-sounding argument. Unfortunately, it's as full of holes as most of her arguments are. The Negroes settle in separate districts in Seattle (and by implication, in other northern

cities) by choice? That's been proved false so often that I'd think she'd be ashamed to trot it out again. There are dozens of books like But Not Next Door and scores of magazine articles like the one in the POST a few months back (written by a real-estate agent, who knows a hell of a lot more about housing conditions than Gem Carr does) and other scores of newspaper accounts about what happens when a Negro tries to settle outside his little ghetto. Nobody is stopping them from leaving their segregation in Seattle, she says. I don't believe it, and I'd like to see her trying to tell it to a group of Seattle Negroes. Also, Bem, your footnote is wrong. Property values do not go down when Negroes move into a neighborhood. In the long run they go up, because owners make more profits from Negro tenants than from white ones, and Negroes have to pay more for the same house than a white buyer would. (This isn't just my opinion; this has been documented by all sorts of investigations and commissions).

This business of "established cultural patterns" is so much hogwash, too. The established cultural

ROBERT COULSON, concl:

pattern of the Negroes in this country were changed when they first arrived as slaves. Today it's no more different from that of American whites than the established cultural pattern of descendents of Italian immigrants differs from that of the Swedish ones. There's a damned sight more difference between the established cultural pattern of an American Negro and an African Negro than there is between that of an American Negro and an American white. Gem says she played with a Negro girl when she was in the third grade. I'd like to know if she's ever had any contact with a Negro since then -- like maybe after she became an adult? I have, and I say she doesn't have the vaguest idea of what she's talking about.

I wouldn't say that Triumph was even a "good" anti-atomic war novel. It's a miserable novel, almost as bad as Wylie's earlier one (I forget the title) where a Pacific atomic test shoots down an angel. Wylie is one of the very few mainstream writers who can write good science-fiction, but he hasn't done it lately.

I can't quite see why McQuown should object so strenuously to having Socialist literature shoved under his door. Surely it isn't all that much trouble to stuff it in the wastebasket? I've never understood all the uproar about trash mail, and leaflets under the door and stuck on car windshields and the like. You don't have to read the stuff if you don't want to; it isn't like a telephone solicitation, which practically forces you to answer because it might be a friend calling. I rather welcome this sort of thing, myself. Mostly -- about 90% of the time -- it's simply dull, but occasionally it's unintentionally funny and on rare occasions it's interesting. And since that's almost as good an average as unsolicited fanzines have, I don't understand fans who object to it.

I'm more or less in agreement with your comments on butchering artwork, but I don't quite see the need for them. The artists themselves can stop the situation any time they want to, by refusing to send work to fan editors who fail to do justice to it. A good many of them -- including Juanita -- already do. If the young artist feels that he just has to send some work to editor X because the better fanzines won't take it, then he should buy some stencils and submit the art already cut. It's very easy to patch an illustration onto a fresh stencil with stencil cement.

S/ Buck

{{ We've found that patching art onto stencils works fine for us--but the Gestetner stencil cement we get is too damn sticky for days after we put the illo on. We've got to be careful we don't tear the illo before we run it off.--BEM}}

HARVEY INMAN
1029 ELM ST.
GRAFTON; OHIO
44044

Now I have what I consider a well founded prejudice against fan fiction. Almost all so-called amateur stories are not really stories at all. Just what they are-- narrations, incidents-- I am not always sure, but they are not stories. But in the case of Mike Deckinger's fiction

in this issue I will have to modify this stand to the extent of uttering a few words of appreciation. Of course the amateur touches still show in many places, but Mike is definitely on the right track, and this is a genuine story. It would be of interest to learn which of the pro mags rejected this.

HARVEY INMAN, concl:

I always get a boot from Mike Shupp's space warfare articles. Most of us know that war in space will not be fought in the manner depicted in sf stories, at least not in any foreseeable state-of-the-art, but I would not be one to discourage it. A minor irritation in Mike's article this time-- and he is not alone in this-- is the casual assumption that the death-ray of sf has arrived in the form of the laser. Of course they have been able to do cute tricks like burning pin holes thru objects at point blank range, but its real importance lies in the new principles involved. As an analogy to radio, it might be compared to the development of the triode vacuum tube. In later generations of development will come the real rays, and they probably will not be lasers. As for masers, I do not work with microwave, but to the best of my knowledge masers are low noise receiver amplifying devices. So I don't think anybody's maser is going to make contact with a spaceship, not as a transmitter.

S/ Harvey

BOB LICHTMAN
6137 S. CROFT AVE.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
90056

In your letter column, permit me to agree loudly with the "Society for the prevention of dissemination of Bullshit". Of course, out here in Los Angeles, or "Hollywood," we have many funny-type lines about virgins, funny depending on how you look on

the subject. One of the best I heard was from a lovely young lady from Oklaholma who said once, studiously, while next to me in her Bucik (no typo, that's what it said in chrome letters on the back), "A Hollywood virgin is a girl who's no more than four months old and very, very ugly."

Perhaps I will run an advertisement for David Locke in the National Inquirer -- "Wanted: Virgin, or at least, Woman Who Has Not Had Sexual Intercourse With Anyone Else. Object: Let's Play Monopoly. Apply Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y." Will some charitable fans offer to split the expense of this advertisement with me?

Ha, so Scott Kutina (whoever he is) is annoyed that I don't like Doc Smith! Well, Mr. Kutina, I don't like this Lovecraft chap you're pushing, either, except insofar as I dig his stuff written in the field of amateur journalism, like his material in the Californian, the Olympian, and the National Amateur. For a Lovecraft disliker, I have quite a bit of Lovecraft material and source-stuff in rare editions.

I have the Lovecraft memorial numbers of both The Californian and The Olympian, and ought to have several of his Conservatives one of these days soon, if things go right. Ha, and ha! Seriously, I don't dislike Doc Smith; but I can't take his writing. In person, however, he is a fine old chap with a chatty and interesting wife. They go around the country in their house-trailer, and I met them in Berkeley a



BOB LICHTMAN, concl:

couple & a half years ago when I was living there and they dropped by for a couple of weeks and we had parties and Little Men meetings and all for them.

Also I want to take exception to Paul Wyszowski's remark that FIAWOL fans are the "truest species of a fan", since it seems to me that someone whose life is All Fandom is a sickie, and though he can perhaps be more easily generalized about than a person whose interests are more fragmented -- like his, to judge from his letter, and mine, to pick someone I know about pretty well -- that doesn't make him any better or anything.

Hey,
"Harvey and his wife..." Harvey Inman is married? I thought he was a 14-year-old kid or something like that from FFF. Appearances in print are certainly 'deceiving.

Looking back over this letter. it occurs to me that someone is going to say (assuming you print this stuff), "My, but that Bob Lichtman is being an uppity crank." Well, this isn't entirely true, but Bob Lichtman just got over three days of intestinal flu and has to do something for kicks after three days alone in bed.

S/ Bob

[[Speaking of virgins, wouldn't that last sentence have sounded better worded THIS way: "has to do something for kicks after being in bed three days alone."?? heh.--BEM)]

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

G.M. Carr's article on segregation I'm afraid I couldn't stomach (I don't think you could either from the comments you added). The whole concept of segregation even into two islands is to me abhorrent. This is virtually what they are trying to do in South Africa, not into separate islands but the division between the two races is just as marked. It's too late to start bringing forward this sort of idea, the point is surely that the two races are forced to live together and any kind of comment stating how much better off the two races would be, were they separated by national or geographic boundaries is pointless at present. Even if such a situation existed, there would still be a need, in my opinion at least, for the two races to meet and mix freely. The comment at the end, the "marrying your sister routine" really finished me. This kind of emotional argument is always being dragged up in this country as well and is used as if it were the final argument, as if no-one could carry his enlightenment this far. Personally, I see mixed marriages as the only solution to the problem. As the races become more intermingled, so the problem will disappear. Of course it's tough for those attempting such a deal today because of the reactions of loathing and distaste of the many bigots who live around us. If my sister ever expresses the intention of marrying a Negro, she's got my blessing at least and all the help she needs.

A pity
Clay Hamlin is dropping out of circulation, I shall miss his reviews.

I am not very well up in what you people call sick humor. Over here Lehrer has been described as sick, Lenny Bruce definitely is considered as such (I can't comment, as I have never heard him) and even Mort Sahl which I cannot understand.

Coulson's remarks about Sahl's routines not being improvised simply because he uses the same jokes on two separate occasions seem

CHARLES SMITH, concl:

a little unfair. Surely, even in jazz, the performer, after he has played a piece once or twice and genuinely improvised his variations tends to repeat the same solo or at least part of them on later sessions simply because he finds he likes those selections particularly. This doesn't stop moving away from these repetitions onto something genuinely new and unrehearsed or remove the definition of improvisation. Of course Sahl has some idea of the general lay-out of his act before he comes onto the stage but he doesn't stick with this. He drifts off at tangents as the mood takes him. He drifts so far away from his main subject that it comes as quite a surprise to the audience when he returns to it. This still comes under my definition of improvisation.

Glory Road? I enjoyed it, two thirds of it anyway. I felt the last third was rather tacked on to allow Heinlein to climb up onto his soap-box. Still the story itself was fair enough, even if he was guying Heroic Fantasy as some people have suggested. He should concentrate more on his natural gifts for story-telling and leave the preaching to others more capable of delivering original ideas.

S/ Charles

BILL PLOTT
P.O. BOX 5598
UNIVERSITY, ALA.

At the risk of sounding like a typical segregationist (which I most definitely am not), I'd like to point out that among the reasons for the Negro not being accepted by many whites is his social and moral standards. Negroes are going to have to reconcile themselves to the fact that you can't work regularly in one county and draw unemployment insurance in another county. You can't go without bathing and expect to be offered invitations to cocktail parties. You can't foster a dozen illegitimate children who will be kept alive by an already overly burdened welfare roster and expect people to respect you. These are not isolated incidents they are common everyday occurrences around here. The latest figures on the Lee County welfare department shows something like 80% of them Negroes. And of that eighty percent, about 75% of the money allotted is for their bastard children. I realize that it is to a great extent the whites fault that this situation exists, but the Negroes are taking damned few steps of their own to change it. The key to the entire problem, of course, is education. When Negroes are afforded better and more equal educational opportunities their lot will increase.

BEM, you may see many nutty things happen after hours in the grocery business, but you have to work in the daytime with the public to see the nutty people in this world. For instance, there is the guy who buys a big order of groceries which you struggle to get sacked up during a rush hour. You ask him which car he is in and he says, "Oh, it's out there in the parking lot." Thornton Wilder once said, "99% of the people in the world are fools, and the rest of us are in danger of contagion." You have to work during the day to believe it.

S/ Bill

Oh, I do believe it, indeed. Most supermarket shoppers seem to be the stupidest people at times. I worked days years ago, before I went on nites. A lady's brat once purposely pushed a cart into the catsup section, knocking down & breaking some. "Isn't he cute?" she asked our asst. manager. "Yes, he's a cute little bastard!" he replied tersely.--BEM-->

⌋⌋ I'm purposely cutting the lettercol short this time to give us more room for the Symposium, and also to keep this issue under 100 pages... (if we can help it!). Next issue the lettercol will again be back to it's (un)usual size. So Write!--BEM) Without further ado, we'll go directly into:

THE ALSO HEARD FROMS:

While at the Discon 5 fans were kind enough to subscribe to D-B...FRED GOTTSCHALK, DURK J. PEARSON, FRANK PRIETO, JR., WALLY GONSER, and the infamous editor of CRY's lettercol, "butchering WALLY WEBER", all contributed \$1. subs...and don't forget folks, it's still WALLY WEBER for TAFF. 1 year subs have also come in from JAMES ASHE, ROB WILLIAMS, MIKE IRWIN, DEREK NELSON, RICHARD MANN, and DANNIE PLACHTA, and non other than ALVA ROGERS sent us \$2. for a 2 year sub! My God, Alva, do you ever have FAITH!

WALT TAYLOR got crowded out of the letter section this time, but made the AHF's with: "Mike Shupp knocks out a mean review column. I predict that Mike will be recognized in years to come as one of fandom's best book axers."

E.E. EVERS sez: "DOUBLE-BILL #6 gets a numerical rating of 8 in my book, with a 10 for the repro, especially the art. I like the duel-personality affect of your zine(sic) and the well-balanced content." ## Thanks, Earl, but I hope that typo was unintentional!--BEM.

GARY DEINDORFER didn't like Glory Road, and recommends instead Ulysses.⌋ If you want to read a book that puts LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER to shame, try MY LIFE & LOVES, by Frank Harris...hoo boy!--BEM) Gary also quips: "I can never in my life remember having had the desire to marry a girl who was a virgin. Or am I just different? However, if I happened to fall in love with a girl who was a virgin and wanted to keep her virginity until marriage, I would respect that wish."

TERRY JEEVES really went ape over last ish, with a four-page, hand-written letter, plus contributions of art & material. Among other things, besides still not caring for the 'Space Articles' very much, he didn't care for Evers' piece.... well, Terry, while at the Convention in D.C. Bowers & I talked with Earl, and he mentioned that "Love-At-First-Sight" had actually happened!

Terry then closes his letter with: "Lettercol was also good, and fascinating here and there, but why oh why do people comment lengthily on written material and seldom if ever mention the art-work. We artists would love a little ego boo now and then." ## Right, Terry; it's what we've said all along. More people should comment on the art -- this time no-one remarked about your cover at all -- or I would have printed them. Comments, please?

I take that back, HANK LUTTRELL does mention art: "I can't be accused of being spoiled by your past issues, I've never seen one...but I still don't think there was anything very outstanding about the art in #6, all of it seemed rather average to me." ## Maybe the interior illo's were "average", but I'm still rather surprised & peeved that more fen didn't comment on Jeeves' excellent and (I thought) highly unusual cover....

⌋⌋(Not much room left, so in the remaining space we'll put our last change of address.

COA: Samuel D. Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., L.A., Cal.

WRITE RIGHT NOW!--BEM)⌋



THE BEAMS' CORNER

back-ward editorial by:

BILL MALLARDI

N
E
R

Well, here it is, folks. This is it. The culmination of a full years publishing...and to think that just a little over a year ago I hadn't even seen a mimeograph, much less turn a crank. When we started D-B we had no inkling how it would be received, and were as inexperienced as we could be in the ways of publishing and editing. Bit by bit we like to think we improved on layouts, material, etc., and planned on celebrating with our first anniversary issue to be a big one.

We didn't realize at the time just HOW big!

So here we are...and a bit late at that, I might add. We offer no excuses for it though. Work on this issue started a few days before the Discon and got into full swing afterwards. But the issue kept getting bigger and Bigger, as the material we requested started to come in. And in the middle of all this, when Lloyd Biggle, Jr. thought of the idea for a Questionnaire to pro writer's, instead of contributing himself, Bowers and I went to work on it.

The questions we thought up may or may not jive with the ones YOU would have asked them, but we chose the one's most suited to help us "would-be writers", plus get the writers' themselves into positions where they would answer interestingly about themselves. All in all, we're pleased with the results. Stenciling the Questionnaire was the easiest part of the whole magazine for us, because it was so interesting to read that we breezed right through it. (We had edited and arranged the answers ahead of time for more contrast.) We hope you enjoy it, and the pro's get a kick out of it, also. We're only sorry we couldn't print all the answers this issue, but if we did, it would be more in the neighborhood of 200 pages long! Most of our other material was already planned, stenciled, and in some cases run off, before we knew just how big the questionnaire was going to grow. So we're dividing it up into the next two issues of DOUBLE-BILL with the participants getting each issue it appears in, and if we're lucky by the time of Pacificon II the original answer sheets will be bound up as a collectors item -- benefiting TAFF -- to some fortunate bidder at the auction.

Speaking of other material, our thanks go to all who have so kindly contributed: Bob Tucker, John Berry, Robert Coulson, John Foster, Lewis Grant, Mike Shupp, and all the others. (One sidelight on Tucker's piece -- does anyone out

there recognize just WHAT it's a satire on? Three guesses -- and the first two don't count.)

Then of course there's all the artists who answered our please (no typo) for contributions to the Art Folio -- we only wish we'd of got more -- but I think the ones who answered know how much we appreciate and like their work, and are happy in celebrating our first anniversary issue with us. Some of it is very unusual, as you no doubt have seen, and with the colors we used we think you'll like most, if not all, of them. I think many of you will be surprised at the Prosser illo, by the way, which we both think is something altogether different from his usual style, and is more than good enough for pro publication.

Special thanks also go to Juanita Coulson, Greg Trend, and Dian Girard for putting their art on stencil in person during their less-busy periods at the Midwescon and Discon, at our urging.

For years I've had the ambition to put out a fanzine with a photo-page cover (that's from seeing too many of them on CRY, I suppose!) and at last my dream is realized. (I just wish it would have come out better than it did.) The pics are all of the Discon Costume Ball, with the exception of the Prosser's, at whose abode the picture was taken after the convention. Looking close at their picture you can tell they like good things: On the table is a book, behind them a piano (Dave's a classic-music lover) and a painting Dave did that Carol posed for.

DISCON DATA:

Of the other pictures, 4 of the 8 are prize winners: BIRD-WOMAN won the Most Authentic S.F. category; SUCUBUS & INCUBUS the Most Beautiful; NIGHTS BLACK AGENTS the Best Group & Judges Choice; and MARAGON and His Lady, CLAIRE LA BRUN, the Best Fantasy award.

Last year in D-B#1 I had a rambling-type con report of the Chicon III---needless to say there will not be one in this issue on the Discon. There are enough Discon reports out now, and besides there just isn't any room in here for one. However, let me say that I did enjoy myself very much down there in D.C., meeting a lot of my old friends from previous years, plus some new ones I'd never met before, like Harry Warner, Gary Deindorfer, John Koning, Enid Jacobs, Judi Sephton, and many others I can't recall off hand.

The hotel was better than last year's, tho security-wise I felt they were a bit too strict in cases where it didn't need it, and too lenient in cases where they should have clamped down. But it was an excellent con -- and I'm looking forward to next year's at San Francisco.

A few weeks back Joe Fekete scared hell out of us by calling long-distance from Cleveland to tell us Harvey Inman almost died on us with a severe attack of appendicitis. They rushed him to a hospital, and during the operation discovered his gall bladder was also bad, so they removed that, too. Apparently he's recovering fine, now, but FANTASY FICTION FIELD, his newszine, will be delayed for quite some time. Get well, Harvey!

That's all for this time, except to say that we still need good material from you people out there -- send it in, please? And now, get on to the next page and start reading the Symposium! Bye! Bemishly, Bill

Mallardi

DOUBLE-BILL &
LLOYD BIGGLE, JR.

"A Questionnaire for Professional
Science Fiction Writers and Editors"

PRESENT:

IN THIS ISSUE:

*"the D-B
SYMPOSIUM"*

Alfred Bester	Andre Norton
Ray Bradbury	Arthur Porges
John Brunner	Clifford D. Simak
John W. Campbell	Jeff Sutton
Ted Carnell	Pierre Versins
Groff Conklin	Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Daniel F. Galouye	Richard Wilson
Damon Knight	and
Dean McLaughlin	Roger Zelazny

Part 1

QUESTION 1) For what reason or reasons do you write Science Fiction in preference to other classes of literature?

DANIEL F. GALOUYE Science fiction provides the only truly satisfying vehicle for exploring the full range of future developments along any of the facets of human experience. By its very nature, it is free of the convention which restricts other forms of literary expression to relatively mundane circumstances. Any plot line that offers no opportunity for stimulating a sense of wonder in the reader hardly seems worthwhile.

DAMON KNIGHT Kicks and money. Science fiction is more fun and pays me better than anything else I've tried; and to tell the truth, I've never been much interested in anything else.

PIERRE VERSINS Because I don't think (a) that everything is going well in our world; (b) that one can find an answer to every question and problem through the habitual way, science, technology, philosophy, morals and the like, and hence another mean must be used; (c) that other classes of literature are able to replace science fiction as a way of thinking.

RAY BRADBURY For the same reason I started in this field in the first place, for love of the subject, for excitement concerning man's place in the universe and what he will do with himself and his machines in the next ten thousand years. This was exciting in 1928, when I was 8, and remains just as overwhelming now.

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK 1-Basically, I suppose, it's a matter of sticking to what I know. I know I can write science fiction; I'm not sure how well I could write anything else, so why waste my time.
2-I believe in it as a fiction form, and have faith in it. And, more than likely I'd get terrifically bored writing anything else.

TED
CARNELL

As an editor, this is a more difficult question to answer than if I were a writer, but, basically, s-f literature has always given me a bigger 'bang' than any other writing. In 40 years of perusing the printed page. Where, however, the pleasure was confined to one of personal reading when I was younger, the last 15 years has seen that pleasure changed and intensified in helping to develop new writers into the field and giving other publishing houses the benefit of my many years of experience in the field. Creatively, I can apparently do more good as an adviser than as a practitioner. // Basically, the changing patterns of s-f fascinate me and I get a great deal of enjoyment out of predicting such changes and trying to guess ahead. Without doubt, the novel is changing in style and tempo, whether the hardened short story readers acknowledge the fact or not.

ANDRE
NORTON

I don't prefer S-F - I alternate between such and historical-adventure.

RICHARD
WILSON

The freedom of expression permitted in the field, plus its lack of taboos, are important factors. Also, in no other accessible field, outside of amateur publishing, are the chances of getting printed so good. (Thanks for the implication that my s-f, or anybody's, is literature.)

JOHN
BRUNNER

(a) I've been reading it for entertainment since I was about 7 years old; (b) I appear to have a knack for it; (c) I make a living out of it now. // But I enjoy the mere act of writing--even composing ephemerae gives me a considerable kick--and to write S-F (which to my mind is a genre with some substance) is to have jam on the bread and butter.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

I write the stories I think of--not the ones I don't. For reasons of personal interest and mental bent, this happens to be SF.

ARTHUR
PORGES

Because I developed, rather early in life, a strong taste for the imaginative and fantastic in literature. The preference probably had its roots in my particular environment and rearing. Some people are of so severely "practical" a bent that they have no patience with any kind of fantasy; obviously, writers of science fiction are a different breed of cat.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL

There's room to think and move!

ROGER
ZELAZNY

[I have lumped together my first two answers. It was easier than untangling them.]

I have a feeling for SF which I do not have for any other class of literature. I do not normally view SF in the same critical light in which I would regard other writing. SF's subject can be anything, set anywhere, in or out of time and space. I like that notion; I like it a lot because it involves a premise of sorts to the effect that anything might be possible. It also indicates that any angle of vision might be brought into play in regarding a particular situation.

In operation, this demonstrates hitherto unexplored/unexploited areas of the human condition--mainly by confronting its people with possible, eccentric happenings. This, in my opinion, is sufficient justification for its existence as an independent class of writing. This is one of the reasons I prefer writing it. Another reason is the fact that it presents more immediate opportunities for developing writing ability while still selling stories than any other area. This, because of the variety of specialized ways in which an SF story can be "good"--i.e., if a writer is weak on characterization he can focus on an idea, gimmick, or gadget, and play down the human element; or it might be the other way around, in which case he can set the people in the foreground and use the science only as a prop; if weak on both, he can still try a space opera. Because of these alternatives, the new SF writer has crutches available to him which he would not possess elsewhere. SF gives him a chance to make sales while still struggling with his weaknesses, to turn out competent stories while still at a loss regarding many phases of story construction. As a highly unskilled novice, I have been appreciating this fact since I began writing. When I decide to write a story I make a quick mental checksheet of all the items I consider myself capable of handling with impunity; I then think about the debit entries and consider the best ways to cover over the majority--and always I pick one, usually the one I deem my most egregious current failing, and I force myself to write it through. Thus, SF permits me to learn some things about writing and to market some things at the same time.

1 1 1

QUESTION 2) What do you consider the raison d'être, the chief value of Science Fiction?

ALFRED
BESTER

For the reader: the fact that it is mind-stretching; it is probably the most iconoclastic form of literature existing today. For the author: the fact that it offers the opportunity to exercise a free-swinging imagination, and a canvas so broad that he has the opportunity to be genuinely creative.

JOHN
BRUNNER

The raison d'être - obviously - is that people read fiction for entertainment; some people read SF. This is not the same as assigning hypothetical values to it. But I do feel it has considerable value. Apart from accustoming its readers (occasionally) to the idea that a changing world can be exciting and challenging, I find it an excellent vehicle for conveying social and political concepts shorn of their present-day emotional labels. I'd instance the picture of a warless world, with its primitive nationalisms gone the way of religious hysteria.

KURT
VONNEGUT, JR.

I do not think that science fiction is logically a separate form of fiction. It is simply fiction with an emphasis on technology. The term has meaning only because there is a little society of writers who are, for some reason, pleased to think of themselves as separate.

ARTHUR
PORGES

Entertainment, although many would argue that its main value relates to criticism of society, particularly in regard to future trends.

- RAY
BRADBURY To deal symbolically with our problems, to tell parables about us to ourselves. Man's trials are so great, they cannot be written about realistically. The parable has always been the most compact and telling way to gather up our sins and virtues in one packet. Good science-fiction is Biblical, then, and has much in common with the mythologies of all imaginative religions.
- JEFF
SUTTON Freedom of the mind. In writing science fiction, and in reading it, we escape the shackles of today. In writing, particularly, we escape the conventions that bind -- drop the whole social order, in a manner of speaking, to explore a new one. It is travel to a strange land.
- PIERRE
VERSINS It seems to be (in the best cases) that science fiction is written - and read - by people aware that something is lacking in the common ideas taught us by common people.
- DEAN
McLAUGHLIN This is like asking what is the principal use of scotch tape. It can be simple adventure entertainment in an exotic setting. When well and intelligently done, this is nothing to disparage. Or it can be satire---a vein I've myself been toying with of late. Or perhaps the simple chewing of an intellectual bone. (BROTHERHOOD OF KEEPERS was such a piece.) But it should be none of these exclusively---I dislike pigeonholes.
- DAMON
KNIGHT Kicks and money.
- CLIFFORD
D. SIMAK The purpose of all fiction is to entertain and that also must be the prime purpose of science fiction. If while entertaining, fiction also can instruct or can force the reader to think, then that is a further value. I believe that science fiction, perhaps, can do this better than any other form of literature.
- JOHN W.
CAMPBELL Gives a chance to consider how else things might be - and decide whether those "elses" are better or worse.
- DANIEL F.
GALOUYE It would be gratifying to indulge in idealistic camouflage and proclaim science fiction as an avant-guarde medium opening the doors on and stimulating the developments of the future, prophesying the fortunes of the human race and sounding tocsins against the social pitfalls that lie ahead. But, let's face it: Perfect honesty will have to recognize science fiction, and all other forms of literature for that matter, fundamentally on the basis of entertainment value. It is satisfying to know, though, that besides discharging its primary function, science fiction can and does provide these other services in the nature of bonuses. In that respect, this genre stands out as the most thorough and most appealing.
- ANDRE
NORTON Stretching the imaginations of the readers and making them wonder for themselves "what if--"

1 1 1

QUESTION 3) What is your appraisal of the relationship of Science Fiction to the "Mainstream" of literature?

JEFF
SUTTON

Science fiction is part of the mainstream of literature, and in time to come, will be recognized as such. As people become more oriented toward space and the future, they will become more cognizant of some of the writing of the past. Science fiction writings, that is.

ROGER
ZELAZNY

There is no relationship between SF and the "Mainstream" of lit. I do not believe that SF has ever exercised any influence on non-SF writing. It has been a steady one-way affair, as I see it. In recent years SF has been responsive to many outside influences, influences which I feel have been salubrious--to wit: the falling away of some of the taboos, as demonstrated by the success of Philip Jose Farmer's stories, and the currency given some of Mr. Heinlein's more recent works; greater acceptance of purposely stylized pieces of writing, as shown by the continuing success of Mag of F & SF; and the increased occurrence of humorous stories, Kingsley Amis to the contrary. This would not have occurred if sufficient readers had not approved and enjoyed the same. To me, this implies that the SF reader of today, more aware of what is being done in other lit-places, has lost something of the first-generation provinciality that typified early SF, and has come to expect more. It is not a loss of wonder so much as a loss of naivete, and it bodes well, I believe, for the field itself; a raising of standards & an extension of the range of subject-matter attracts new readers and should not but please the old.

JOHN
BRUNNER

It lags considerably behind. Aside from the area I've already indicated under 2, I don't feel that the techniques of most of our writers are properly matched to the size of their preferred themes. You get a phenomenon like Sturgeon who stands up in any company... but I've just read Vance Bourjaily's THE VIOLATED, and there's a picture of a changing world for you. (And Bourjaily isn't top in his own league, either!) You have to list the qualifiers, chief of which would be EARTH ABIDES, but we have few by-any-standard great works.

ALFRED
BESTER

It has very little. It is a special art-form, only indirectly related to reality. I would class it with cliches-verres, the glass prints with which the Barbizon artists amused themselves in the middle 19th century. They achieved some spectacular effects, but after a brief vogue, glass prints died out.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL

"Mainstream" literature is a very limited fraction of the total field of fictional exploration - the here-now fraction. "Science fiction" properly explores all time and places.

ARTHUR
PORGES

It could and should be in that mainstream; as to why it is not, see (11) below for my own opinion.

RAY
BRADBURY

It is at the center of literature but, paradoxically, nobody knows it but us'n writers and you'n readers. The central problem of our time is Machinery made by men and the choices involved in using it for good and evil. It follows that our time is, by its very nature, science-fictional. Any literature that speaks of this is automatically Mainstream. SF has been avant-garde always and forever, but again, how rarely has this truth been drummed forth upon the land by the intellectual critics.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Commercially, SF will never be more than a tiny corner of the market. It appeals to only certain types of mind. But any specific SF piece can occupy any position along the spectrum covered by the "mainstream" term, from shallow froth to elaborate, many-levelled Literature with a capital L. (I've always been a bit suspicious of the term, by the way--it's really no more definitive than that bit about "the class of all classes." Merely a convenient way of saying non-specialized literature--yet almost any specific work can be classified more narrowly, be it Western or Eastern, or Love story or business story or . . .)

GROFF
CONKLIN

There is too little relationship--because there is too little absolutely top science fiction and much too little emphasis on "real" people and "real" events. (Natch!)

PIERRE
VERSINS

It depends on what you mean by "mainstream": for readers and critics of mainstream literature, science fiction is either no literature at all, or literature and nothing else when successful (those idiots who say that BRAVE NEW WORLD is science fiction, you see?); for us (or for me), there are two kinds of science fiction, one which, being well written, may be used as mainstream literature without ceasing to be science fiction, and another one which is science fiction without being literature (this lacking of literary interest being of no importance).

TED
CARNELL

In recent years, s-f has come a long way along the road to recognition as a part of general literature, largely due to leading writers in the genre tackling novel themes acceptable to general readers of fiction, as opposed to the regular readers of short story s-f. This widening of writing horizons by writers such as Robert Heinlein, Jim Ballard, Poul Anderson, Arthur Clarke, Brian Aldiss, Frederik Pohl, and many others with first-hand experience of the genre over many years, has made a large part of s-f acceptable to the mainstream literary critics--and because of their acceptance, s-f itself is becoming accepted.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE

As noted above {({#1})}, science fiction is the most generally satisfying form of expression and, as such, enjoys a distinctive relationship to the mainstream of literature. That relationship is one which sets it apart, with a certain degree of justified aloofness. It would be a bold prediction to say that eventually this distinction will cease to exist, with the "mainstream" conforming itself to the "offshoot". But such a prediction is not unreasonable. Today's narrow viewpoint determines that man's principal concern is with his past and present. Sophisticated appreciation

of the long-range perspective will inevitably generate the mature realization that the future is equally valid exploratory ground in the literary field. It may very likely be a case of the offshoot dragging the mainstream along by the scruff of the neck until the former becomes the dominant force.

ANDRE NORTON Same relationship as other specialized types such as westerns and mysteries--pure action relaxation.

RICHARD WILSON If a science fiction story (novel, play) is good enough, it is literature. If it's not, it isn't. It's not the subject matter that counts, but the quality of writing and the accuracy and intimacy with which it reflects a period or era. Science fiction has a big handicap because the question of whether writing is literature is usually not answered for a generation or more, and science fiction, by its very nature, is highly perishable.

l l l

QUESTION 4) Do you believe that participating in fandom, fanzines and conventions would be a benefit or a hindrance to would-be writers?

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK I don't suppose it would be a hindrance; it might even be a help. But it takes time and that is a commodity of which any writer never has quite enough.

JOHN BRUNNER Benefit - provided said writers bear in mind two important facts: first, that these vociferous enthusiasts aren't their audience, just a conspicuous and influential segment of it (the whole of fandom, past and present, at one copy each, wouldn't by a long way use up even an Ace Books print order); second, that to be a working writer is to be a WORKING WRITER. We aren't all chips off the old Bloch. How much real talent have you seen dead-ended into duplicated publications? I've lost count!

ALFRED BESTER Participation would be a hindrance. Fans have an extremely special and distorted point of view (as a rule), and some of this might rub off on the would-be writer. Writers must mingle with people, not with fans, enthusiasts, or even other writers.

PIERRE VERSINS Would-be writers aren't one precise kind of people: the question seems nearly pointless, since people either like meeting people or dislike it without being, for that, less or more would-be writers. Science fiction fandom is nothing really different of literary coteries; in going to conventions, publishing a fanzine and participating in fanacs, you don't do anything mightly different to haunting publishers' parties, putting out little reviews of prestige and corresponding with other writers of your kind.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL As they are now--a hindrance! They have become Mutual Admiration Societies--and are highly conformal. Precisely what a good, new science fiction author should not be.

ARTHUR
PORGES

That depends entirely on the writer. I am essentially a hermit, and would find any such activities intolerable.

RAY
BRADBURY

Very important. Young writers need to know other beginners, to laugh and cry with them over similar problems. I could not have survived my teen years without being a member of the L.A. science-fiction group which put up the money to finance my own fan magazine Futuria Fantasia when I was 19. Time and again my flagging spirits were sustained by contact with other young writers and older established writers in the field, met at meetings or conventions.

JEFF
SUTTON

No knowledge. Have never participated in either. As a rule of thumb, I'd say that participation in any convention dealing with a specific subject matter would be of value to anyone interested in that subject matter. We can always learn from the next fellow.

RICHARD
WILSON

Participation in any activity which gives you a chance to observe your fellow man is valuable to anyone who would write. It's impossible to speak, except in self-centered dullness, from a vacuum. After having observed, of course, you go hole up and write. You can't write in a crowd.

TED
CARNELL

Experience proves that a combination of all three is a great benefit to would-be writers, especially amateurs, although participation in any of them does not necessarily mean that a professional writer in other branches of literature will benefit. Undoubtedly, new writers to the genre learn a great deal from fellow-fans (and one can quote a whole list of presentday prominent s-f authors who started from such small beginnings) but an essential quality for would-be writers is to read and study contemporary literature as well as actively participating in the above.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Can do little harm, unless the tail begins to wag the dog and the student never gets around to graduating. For some, anyhow, it's good for practice, making contacts, getting a good grounding in the business before plunging in.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE

The answer to this one, of course, depends on the definition of "participation" since there exists the danger of having too much of a good thing. Association with fandom, interest in fanzines and attendance at conventions can, in moderate amounts, be both stimulating and conducive to copy production. On the other hand, by its very nature, writing requires a large measure of withdrawal, isolation, go-it-aloneness, if one expects to maintain a steady flow of manuscript from typewriter. Only the individual can be the judge of what best suits his requirements.

ROGER
ZELAZNY

A benefit, doubtless. Fandom provides an outlet for his first attempts at writing, it renders opportunity for him to observe the reactions of SF enthusiasts to his work--to hear their criticisms, to enjoy their praise--and this gives him an ego-boosting incentive to go on, to improve. There is, of course, a seductive side to fandom, wherein the would-be writer

finds himself, after a few stories, writing mainly about other writings, spreads himself too thin across too broad a spectrum of activities, and ultimately becomes a professional fan--which, while a very proud and etc. thing, can be deleterious in that it can cause him to lose sight of his original goal. A sense of proportion in re time-commitments is vital. My first story, back in the elder world, appeared in a fanzine, as did my second, as did...

GROFF
CONKLIN I do not know, since I have never participated. Perhaps that means I think it would be a hindrance?

I I I

QUESTION 5) What source or sources would you recommend to beginning writers as having been, in your experience, the most productive of ideas for Science Fiction stories?

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN Anything will do, from Scientific American and/or bits of information gathered here and there---to elements already common (or uncommon) in SF. It's not so much the material you start with but what you finish with. For myself, I don't think I've ever cribbed from the same source twice except in the sense of doing sequels.

ARTHUR
PORGES A wide and general background in good literature -- for style; and intensive reading in science and fantasy -- for ideas. However, as in most creative enterprises, serendipity plays a significant part; one often finds his best ideas while reading purely for pleasure.

ANDRE
MORTON Charles Fort - Books on Folklore, native magic, anthropology, archaeology, natural history, and travel.

KURT
VONNEGUT, JR. I would recommend that the beginner associate himself with a large organization engaged in varied scientific research.

PIERRE
VERSINS Here is a great point. Through extensive studies of the field, I feel I've discovered who are the near relatives of science fiction writers and readers, and this, I fear, will send some people jumping high: I'm sure that the mind of a science fiction writer is by no means different of the mind of an astrologer, a magus, a sorcerer, in one sentence those who seek knowledge outside of "mainstream" science. Example: you can't discard Charles Fort's books as one of the most powerful source of ideas in science fiction; but Charles Fort was not different from lots of men who, before him, were finding flaws in our knowledge and trying to stop up the gaps, like the medieval authors of some Imago Mundi, or like Restif de La Bretonne in Philosophie de Monsieur-Nicolas, or..., or... Nonetheless, there is sometimes a difference between those men and present writers of science fiction (beside the fact that writers of science fiction write fiction - but at times they write non-fiction, too, and may well be put in the class of Fort and the like, you see? Heard writing on flying saucers..)

:the difference is - and not always - that science fiction authors use logic instead of analogy, analogy being the mental instrument of magic, sorcery, astrology, etc.

JOHN BRUNNER Other people's stories - picking up ends they overlooked. The newspapers. Textbooks of social and psychological theory. Mainstream novels. Handbooks for laymen in all scientific disciplines from archeology through zoology. One's own reject file. Casual conversation with friends or acquaintances. Quotations which would make good titles if a story were hooked on. (Sorry - I'm one of these people with more ideas than they can handle. I have over 100 items in the card-index box where I keep plot germs.)

RAY BRADBURY Some poetry, like a good medicine, should be read every day of one's life. The metaphor of the poem, compacted, can open out into the larger metaphor of the short story, given a will and a ready and perceptive imagination. Essays, also, provide good seed-bed material. Catholicity in taste, a total approach to life and all the arts is certainly necessary.

JEFF SUTTON Science itself. My first four books of science fiction extrapolated present systems and vehicles into their near-future use. For example, BOMBS IN ORBIT and SPACEHIVE dealt with future uses of vehicles which since have come under study; in fact, under R&D. I pick up many ideas from such magazines as Space/Aeronautics, extrapolating such ideas into what seems their logical uses.

GROFF CONKLIN Science and one's own head!

RICHARD WILSON H.G. Wells. Gernsback's Wonder Stories, in that it taught me to consider the variety of plots considered publishable. Gabfests with other s-f fans. Odd bits in a newspaper story or in the science (or medicine, or education, or even business) section of a news magazine. Lying under a tree in summer, face up to the universe, and wondering what's out there.

DANIEL F. GALOUYE The everyday world. For myself, scouring scientific journals has from time to time provided authentic technical background and, admittedly, an occasional story idea. But commonplace things have a way of suddenly thrusting themselves forward as "sleepers" insofar as plot material is concerned. For instance, the appearance of a blind person being led about by a Seeing-eye dog is likely (as it once did to me) to suggest the possibility of induced telepathic empathy between man and dog which allows the sightless person actually to see through the trained dog's eyes.

DAMON KNIGHT Sources are not important. What you have to learn is the peculiar attitude of mind that keeps you ready for ideas and able to manipulate them when you get them; then you find them everywhere.

QUESTION 6) Do you feel that a beginning Science Fiction writer should concentrate on short stories as opposed to novels -- or vice versa? Why?

ALFRED
BESTER Short stories. For the simple reason that editors are reluctant to allocate too much space to an unknown whose name will not be a draw with the readers. I would suggest that a beginner never write a story longer than 3,000 words until he has published at least half a dozen. If he could keep the lengths below 3,000 words so much the better.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN For most, probably the short is best. Learn to walk before trying to run---especially a marathon! Nevertheless, a novel is probably easier to sell in the present market (magazines excluded) and adds more to a writer's personal mana than a whole clutch of shorts.

PIERRE
VERSINS Here again, the question seems unanswerable: it depends on who is the writer. Some will be at ease in the novel, and some in the short story. And it depends, too, on what you think is a novel and a short story. In most cases, the books labelled novels are merely short stories expanded (one short story dilated or several short stories bound together, the first being most atrocious). In other cases, the argument of a short story could have been used instead to write a novel. Rare are the books which are really a novel or a collection of short stories. I'd hate the idea of putting a beginning writer in the short story path when he'd be able to write novels, and vice versa. To say nothing of writers who aren't writers at all and will write against the whole world.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL Yes--because he has a better chance of a sale with a short; because he can get more practice in story-telling per month of effort, and because rewriting isn't so appalling an effort.

JEFF
SUTTON Novels. I never managed to publish a short story (and I tried!) until after I'd published seven full-length books. The good short story requires high art. Characters and situations must be depicted with minimum words, yet depicted with punch. The novel is not so demanding. You can ramble and, within bounds, get away with it.

JOHN
BRUNNER Yes: start with the short ones. They hurt less when they get bounced. Also anyone seriously intending to live by writing - unless he has congenital logorrhea like, say, Frederik Faust/Max Brand - has to realize that time equals care equals effort equals a chance to avoid making the same mistake twice. Also the best aspect of SF's technical qualities that I know is the way the finest writers have carried through, from their early short stories, attention to detail in their longer work.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE Again, this is a matter of personal preference and specific talent. Bradbury, Sheckley, Leiber, seem perfectly at home with shorts in which they can generate terrific impact. Heinlein, Clarke, Pohl, on the other hand, appear

RAY
BRADBURY

Write every day of your life. Characters and dialogue will come to you if you write honestly, from passion, about things you love or hate. If you write for money your characters will never ring true. If you write for intellectual acclaim, the same is true. There is only one answer, write out of a wild declaration of affection or detestation for or against something. The rest will follow.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Try to 'hear' the people talk. When the words on paper, read without recollection of inflection, seem to sound alive, you've got them talking. It's not easy. Characters? Try to be inside them, looking out; they're people---individuals---not specimens for clinical examination. Avoid actions motivated only by requirements of the plot---that can be your reason, but not your hero's.

ALFRED
BESTER

Experience, cold-blooded observation, and constant thought and comparison, so far as characterization goes. For dialogue, one must develop an ear, and only constant practice can do this. Many successful professional authors still have a wooden ear and write miserable dialogue. I suspect that the ability to write good dialogue may be inborn, and after years of hard work the writer who doesn't have it will never achieve it.

PIERRE
VERSINS

The development of "realistic" characters come in meeting people and the writing of effective dialogue in hearing them. But a question arises: is it necessary to draw "realistic" characters and to write effective dialogue? Writing has nearly no more to do with real people than painting with photography (I mean ordinary photography, not photography as an art). Here, it depends on what you think literature is: if you feel you must translate reality by means of words, then you must follow the advice in my first sentence right above; if you think you're a creator, then create and don't bother with "reality". Anyway, your reality is nobody else's reality.

RICHARD
WILSON

Carry a notebook. I use a size that fits into my shirt pocket, next to the ball-point pen. Listen. Take notes. Look. Put it down. Think. Write it down. Too often a wonderful phrase, or thought, or idea vanishes because you're "sure" you'll remember it and don't make a note. But when using your notes, edit. Compare what you have heard and recorded with spoken American speech as transmuted into readable dialogue by such writers as Steinbeck, Richard Bissell, Mark Harris, Red Smith, Ring Lardner, Art Buchwald, or playwrights such as William Gibson, George Axelrod, Paddy Chayefsky, Tennessee Williams. There's magic in these people's selection. It's the selective writer, not the non-discriminating tape recorder, who is the magician.

ARTHUR
PORGES

My critics hold me quite unqualified in this regard, and I agree. My stories are based on gimmicks, and what I hope is an entertaining way of writing about them. But my "characters" are cardboard, and have neither form nor being as people.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL

Let the characters act and do and talk--don't try to tell the reader what they're like; let the character show what he is.

ROGER
ZELAZNY

First, re characters: In most of my stories, thus far, I have begged the problem of character development by making the action revolve about some sort of plot gimmick, or by invoking some kind of stylism. This was not pure laziness, it was self-defense; I wasn't sure how to go about producing the kind of characters I wanted, and the other things were selling pretty well, so I let the problem pend awhile and did a lot of thinking about it. Finally, I hit on a method which seems about right for me. First, I take a story out of the air, usually a pretty flimsy one, and I sit down and put a few sets of characters through the paces, interchanging them quite often, just to see what happens. I never name them. Names are tags, and I'd rather think of them as bundles of characteristics and reactions at first. As I run them through, the plot itself is altered and the characters become more and more prominent in my mind. I finally wind up with just a trace of the original plot, or maybe not even that, and a handful of people I feel reasonably comfortable to work with. By the time I've reached that point, names usually present themselves. I then write a one-page, single-spaced synopsis of whatever action I now anticipate, to help crystallize matters. I never follow this synopsis. Seeing the thing written out, though, makes me feel sort of committed to carry through on a complete transcription. Then, if I've hit things off right, the story flexes of its own accord after a few thousand words and suggests its own lines of development. When I've completed it I retain no critical faculty whatsoever towards its possible validity or schmaltziness. The thing to do is to let it lie about awhile and write something else, and later "cast a cold eye on life, on death--horseman pass by" if necessary. I wish I'd started doing things this way some time ago. // Re dialogue: There isn't too much I can say about dialogue. I write it up, and then before I type the good copy I read it aloud to see if it sounds like somebody talking--if that's how I want it to sound; it is not always the effect I desire. I make some changes at that time, and that's it.

JOHN
BRUNNER

Oh...honestly! Keep your ears open! Keep your eyes open! Read some historical fiction. Read some comparative philology. Get a sense of the processes that are operating on language (for the dialogue) and society (for character). Shut the door firmly on anyone who attempts to enter with a line of light banter and a stiff upper lip. If necessary, start by asking, "What would I do?" (If the result seems foolish, maybe that's due to the writer being a fool...?) The foregoing, of course, assumes that the question implies the need to develop characters and dialogue for a type-SF story - i.e. one set in the future. Otherwise, the answer can be found in any writer's handbook.

1 1 1

QUESTION 8) Do you believe than an effective novel requires a message or moral? Please comment.

GROFF
CONKLIN

I like it better if it does--but it doesn't absolutely have to--explicitly. Implicitly any work of written art says something: i.e., a "message..."

KURT
VONNEGUT, Jr.

Every effective novel has a message and a moral. It is impossible for a novel to be effective without both. A novel is a message, a long one. A person without morale can't write one.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE

To be effective, in the general sense of the word, a novel must primarily be entertaining. Any particular moral or message that goes along for the ride is, in a sense, icing on the cake. There are, however, those novels whose raison d'etre is "viewing with alarm" or some such purposive objective. These, of course, comprise a special and very acceptable category and have often contributed much to the mainstream of social development. But I would be appalled at the great number of excellent novels that would have to be rejected if it were a rule of thumb that all novels had to carry a message or moral before they could be considered effective.

DAMON
KNIGHT

If you mean propaganda, no. A good novel always has something to say, but it's always something that can't be said in an essay or a broadside.

TED
CARNELL

Not necessarily. Even though three out of four of Bob Heinlein's last novels contained moralistic viewpoints or personal philosophising, they can be read upon a purely entertainment level -- as can most of the s-f novels "with a message". Novels without a message have been just as successful. // Like abstract art, novels with a message or moral can be viewed from many angles, the beauty or reverse being in the eye of the beholder (or his mind). Basically, all novels should primarily be based on entertainment value first with the moralistic viewpoint subsidiary. This is the old one of "sugar coating the pill", but is still as effective now as when Gernsback did it in the late '20's.

JEFF
SUTTON

Not necessarily. We usually read fiction to be entertained, to escape -- not to be lectured to. In more serious fiction, the moral is...by convention...included as the "reason" for the story. More often than not, I believe, the moral serves, as an excuse for what the writer really wanted to say. Oh yes, some publishers demand messages.

RAY
BRADBURY

Any good novel automatically has imbedded in it some message or moral. If it is not imbedded, not part of the true blood of the novel, it is a false and mediocre novel.

PIERRE
VERSINS

Yes, to be effective, it must. But I find out that even the worse popular book has a message to deliver. Be it only a message which was delivered 3662 times between 1700 B.C. and 1963 A.D. And even in this case, the message may have a peculiar flavor of its own, unlike any other's. The most terrible writer has always something to say; he says it in an unpalatable form, certainly, but you're not bound to eat and drink all a restaurant has to offer you.

ARTHUR
PORGES

No; no; no -- NO. The matter was settled years ago.

CLIFFORD D.
SIMAK

It has to make a "point". A message or a moral sounds too obvious. Perhaps, in some instances it doesn't even have to make a point, but it should stimulate the reader to think toward the point.

JOHN
BRUNNER

Every work of fiction which ever impressed me was capable of providing a message or moral. I think what the question is aimed at is more than merely the presence or absence of an overt sermon; I think it should refer to a point of view...though on reflection that's still vaguer. Put it

like this: you can't escape having an opinion on something you write about. The opinion, particularly in SF, may be a borrowed one, adopted to throw a problem into fresh perspective (A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, say). But if you don't think your subject is important enough to have a personal attitude on it, why should your reader?

RICHARD
WILSON

Not an explicit one. The message or moral, or credo or banner, will be there in some form if it is a good novel. It will reflect what the writer believes, and reflect it honestly. (FAIL-SAFE, for instance, is a dishonest novel.)

ROGER
ZELAZNY

No, unless "message or moral" can be stretched so thin as to include the satirizing of particular persons, apart from their functions in society, or good graphic descriptions of neutral objects, or stories that are patently hooks on which the author wishes to hang a stylistic experiment, like an overcoat. All of these can be, in some hands, very fine things indeed. Personally, I do not find a message or moral in Malcolm Lowry's Under the Volcano, and I have never known anyone who has. I consider it a literary tour de force, however. Ronald Firbank was a singularly brilliant writer, but The Artificial Princess, for example, possesses approximately as much of a message or moral as The Importance of Being Earnest. The picaresque novel is also an area thin on message or moral, except in its sometime reflection of class values while satirizing innkeepers, cutpurses, petit bourgeoisie, and etc.--these things are present, but they could hardly be called the "aim" of a book such as Gil Bas of Santillane.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Depends. An adventure job doesn't. But if it's one that you want people to remember, it's best to leave them a little more educated than when they started. (Oh sure, there's exceptions---MISSION OF GRAVITY, for one, but everybody isn't Hal Clement.)

1 1 1

QUESTION 9)

To what extent do you think it possible to detect a writer's viewpoints as to politics, religion or moral problems through examination of his stories?

JEFF
SUTTON

To a considerable extent, although the writer may try to hide this. When we write, we are motivated by what we believe, and although we might dodge around the issue, I believe our viewpoints are discernable. The writer might even learn a bit about himself from what subconsciously has emerged. However, we all fight to avoid the crusade, at least in fiction. The obvious message curdles the publisher's heart.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL

If you can, he's sold his birthright as an author for a pot of message.

PIERRE
VERSINS

See my answer right above ((8)); it's the reader who plays there. Or the critic, if you prefer, the critic being often a reader who says what he thinks. It's always possible, and depends always on the reader's ability in finding little drops of politic, religious and moral problems in a gigantic compound of printed words. When a critic or a reader tells you that a book has nothing to say, be sure that he's not a good critic or an honest reader (after all, he may be honest). Even by saying nothing on a particular question, the author says something. Example: the Archbishop of Paris wrote to publisher Hetzel that Jules Verne's books were just lacking something; what? religion. And it was discovered not one year ago that Jules Verne was a strong atheist and even "red". Is not this lacking a message? And Sartre used to say that people claiming not to be interested in politics are nonetheless interested in politics: they only think that their actual government is doing well.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE

Possibly to no extent whatsoever. One does not have to subscribe to a particular idea or creed or viewpoint in order to appreciate its potential as intriguing background for a story. For instance, one might readily recognize pantheism, or universal acceptance of the Code Duello, or some of the precepts of an alien political system as comprising interesting stepping-off points--without surrendering his Christian, démocratic, or what-have-you convictions.

ARTHUR
PORGES

For many writers, it is easy to determine their attitudes; for others, like Shakespeare, it seems impossible. I believe there are more writers in the first group, by far.

TED
CARNELL

You have to know the author personally to be able to detect any of his viewpoints, although you may reasonably guess at some of his pet problems. Usually such guesswork turns out to be wrong in the long run, although side issues can colour an authors thoughts. As an editor, I often see authors' personal problems entangled with their plots and characters; at times I wish that I did not know them so well, because the same viewpoints continue in story after story and becomes personally annoying. Nevertheless, such viewpoints never affect my personal judgment of a story's worth and even if I disagree personally, I am just as likely to publish the story. Often, just to provoke controversy.

KURT
VONNEGUT, Jr.

If the writer is a good writer, he will imply answers to all those questions about himself.

CLIFFORD D.
SIMAK

I suppose it's possible. A man writes what is inside himself. He expresses himself. He must leave a lot of clues as to himself scattered along behind him. But it irritates the hell out of me when someone tries to figure out what kind of man I am from what I have written. The picture is always overdrawn, because I overdraw.

DAMON
KNIGHT

It's tricky.

RAY
BRADBURY To every extent.

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN Depends on the writer. Heinlein, Piper, and Poul Anderson are fairly clear. But Bob Silverberg? Rule of thumb: what he tells you three times, he believes. Thus, the author of CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, STARSHIP TROOPERS, and, say, PUPPET MASTERS can be charted with fairly good accuracy. But some don't let personal opinions intrude so much. Arthur Clarke, for example, would be hard to interpret.

JOHN
BRUNNER See 8. This depends very largely on the writer's current intention. But...well, to start with a writer's choice of theme is partly conditioned by the personal opinions he holds; next, the way he handles his characters generally reveals a sympathy or antipathy (some writers, for example, just can not portray a really nice guy, because they don't believe in nice guys, and this may suggest that life treats them roughly); finally, he may wish to persuade his readers without preaching at them. I do this much of the time, as a matter of policy. My future worlds tend to be internationalised, pacified, and so on; I use coloured characters deliberately, and non-WASP names.

RICHARD
WILSON If the author has written enough, his work, if not simply space opera, is bound to reflect his conscience, provided he's not a hypocrite or a ghost writer. Generally speaking, I would say that reading half a dozen stories by an honest writer (who is not writing hack) is the equivalent of knowing him personally for as many years.

L L L

QUESTION 10) During your formative writings, what one author influenced you the most? What other factors, such as background, education, etc., were important influences?

ROGER
ZELAZNY One author: Stanley Weinbaum.
Other factors: A fondness for oddity.

ALFRED
BESTER No one author influenced me the most; many different authors influenced me in many different ways. As I've said before, background, education, and experience are the raw materials with which the author works. The background can never be altered, but education and experience must continue constantly throughout the author's life. At the moment when he becomes incapable of learning and unreceptive to life, he ceases to be an author.

ARTHUR
PORGES Kipling, now much under-rated, but whose later stories, like "Dayspring Mishandled", and some of his very earliest, like the powerful "Little Tobrah", are incomparably good. If anybody wants to see how a master deals with the supernatural, let him read "The Wish House", or "The House Surgeon". Without any raw-head-and-bloody-bones fustian, Kipling makes the reader's skin crawl. Other influences were general: I read a great deal as a child, and ever since, and in wildly unrelated fields -- from archery to bell-ringing.

JEFF SUTTON Newspaper background and M.A. in psch got me thinking a lot about people, individual motives and society in general. Former work as a research engineer in the aerospace industry awakened...or sharpened...my interest and curiosity concerning this future world into which we are moving so fast. Future man plus future vehicle can be intriguing.

ANDRE NORTON Haggard, Merritt, Mundy, Dornford Yates--- Wide and constant reading helped me most. Very Keen high school class in creative writing under inspiring teacher.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL A. E.E. Smith, C.E. Scraggins, James Jeans, Arthur Eddington. B. M.I.T.

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK It's hard to pick any one author. The only influence any of them had was style --- I admired the way they wrote. I wouldn't say I tried to copy style, for that would be fatal, but I did unconsciously follow along the way they showed. If I had to name anyone it would be Galsworthy and Marquand in my early years --- and crazy as it sounds, Proust in later years. And I am sure that my early life on a farm and my love of the outdoors has been a solid core of my writing attitude.

PIERRE VERSINS Jules Verne, naturally (I'm French and 40, hence Verne was one of the first authors whose works I read), and, a little later, J.-H. Rosny Aine, Jacques Spitz and Rene Barjavel; the French School, to be short and precise. But I was influenced also by mainstream authors and by philosophers; mainstream authors: Kafka, Joyce, Samuel Beckett and Raymond Queneau; philosopher: Soeren Kierkgaard. Background, education, etc, were important factors certainly, but one event was predominant: I was in concentration camps at 21, and I can't forget it.

DANIEL GALOUYE Odd as it may sound, I think my interest in imaginative literature might be traced directly back to Aesop, Grimm, Homer, etc.--all of whom were encountered at an early reading age. Later came Verne, Wells, Burroughs. Then the moderns whom we today know as "science fiction" authors. It would be difficult to conceive of a more influential factor, however, than Wells. My particular background was contributed to, in large measure, by an impelling interest in science courses--physics, astronomy and the like--while pursuing an arts degree in journalism. Helpful, too, was considerable wartime experience as a naval test pilot, lapping at the fringes of automatic guidance, lorán, radar, JATO, drone planes and remote-control buzz bombs.

KURT VONNEGUT, JR. George Orwell, George Bernard Shaw, Mark Twain, and H.G. Wells all excited me.

I was editor of a high school daily, liked it. I was managing editor of the Cornell Daily Sun, liked it. My literary training was newspaper work. Academically, I was a biochemistry student, with post graduate work in anthropology.

DAMON
KNIGHT

Kuttner, I guess; I always thought he was the best craftsman in science fiction.

RICHARD
WILSON

H.G. Wells, unquestionably. Please, everybody who hasn't, read The Complete Short Stories of H.G. Wells. The Complete, mind you, not 28 Of, or Selections From, or The Best Of, but The Complete. I found my sense of wonder in this volume; and years later in Gernsback's WONDER STORIES and Lord Dunsany's Books of Wonder. // An important factor was the opportunity of publication at an early age. I was probably 9 or 10 when I was first published, and regularly in the children's pages of a Sunday newspaper. No pay but plenty of exposure--and what a boost to the self-confidence.

RAY
BRADBURY

Fairy tales to begin with, the Oz books next, then Edgar Rice Burroughs, then Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Jules Verne!, Walt Disney, Jack Williamson, Leigh Brackett, Henry Hasse, Henry Kuttner, Ross Rocklynne, Charles Hornig, Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, in that order. All important; all needful. Oh, yes, Popular Mechanics and Tom Swift, and Joe Strong, Boy Magician. I have no college education. Not necessary!!!!

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Exposed to science fiction from childhood. Find an intoxication of sorts from seeing odd, unrelated material put together in a logical structure. (Or old, familiar items seen suddenly from new point of view.) My own influences? Asimov I'm sure of. Probably also Heinlein (I've certainly been impressed by him). Poul Anderson. Don A Stuart I suspect. (But not so much John Campbell, if you can grasp the distinction.) At one time, was much enamoured of the elaborate stylistic ventures of Sturgeon, but have long since abandoned that particular field to a man who can master it.

TED
CARNELL

No individual author influenced my formative reading (not writing); it was an accumulation of all the early pre-magazine era novelists, plus magazine writers such as Jack Williamson, E.E. Smith, JWC Jr in the early 1930's, who were the giants of that era. By 1940 I was greatly influenced by the new writers developing - Heinlein, van Vogt, Bradbury, etc. Background influence, however, was tremendously affected by joining the British Interplanetary Society in 1937 and meeting Eric Frank Russell, Walter Gillings, Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple and many others who were early members. The discussions at those early meetings all centered around astronautics and the fact that we were at the dawn of the space age. It seemed to me at that time that what had been almost a dream might conceivably come true within my own lifetime. The fact that technological advances during 1940-1946 were to hasten this possibility was completely unknown to us in 1939. Nevertheless, it has almost come true and I am still young enough (I hope) to expect to see a man on the Moon while I live. A fantastic thought to look back on in retrospect. // While the BIS was the focal point factor, the people I met -- many of them to later become outstanding authors of science fiction -- had the greatest influence

on my s-f thinking and indirectly led to editorship.

JOHN BRUNNER Almost certainly, Rudyard Kipling, whom I regard as probably the most complete short-story writer ever to use the English language. (Read his science fiction and fantasy, if you haven't done so.) // As to background, I suppose growing up in a house full of books is as good a start as anyone could have.

1 1 1

QUESTION 11) What do you consider the greatest weakness of science fiction today?

GROFF CONKLIN Low quality. Period.

CLIFFORD D. SIMAK I wish I could detect these weaknesses. If I could, then maybe I could write better. I think all of us would write better if we kept in mind at all times that we were writing about the human animal, not about ideas or contraptions or gadgets, but about how these ideas and contraptions and gadgets affect humanity. Which, of course, is no answer. Sorry I haven't got one. Maybe if I had I'd be selfish and keep it for myself.

ANDRE NORTON Pretentious and self-conscious writing, but this is a fault shared by all modern fiction writing -- the story must be the important thing.

ARTHUR PORGES The basic weakness is not in science fiction at all, where much excellent writing is being done, but in the reading public. The average person will accept the most wildly improbable treatments of sex, but lacks the courage (or flair) to grapple with the most obvious and inevitable extrapolations about the future of our society. Add to this the widespread illiteracy about science, and the emotional freeze about social change, and no further explanation is needed.

PIERRE VERSINS And this is a question! It could be that science fiction has hardly anything to do with science and with fiction, but, for my taste, this is not a weakness, since I don't think that science is important in science fiction (see my answers 1, 2, & 5), and since I can perfectly read a book written by a literary moron, or else I'd have little to read each year (in this case, I seek in the book something else than literature). It could be that this kind of printed words appears only in specialized magazines, but it does appear also elsewhere (in France at least). Now, if you want an answer, I think this "greatest weakness" is that science fiction writers and readers seem to live in a ghetto and are always asking for the sunny side of the street. But we have got it already... After all, if they're happy to live in the ghetto in which they think they live....

KURT VONNEGUT, Jr. You are asking about a little social unit about which I know almost nothing.

JOHN W.
CAMPBELL

The failure of authors to carry out the basic function of exploring new idea-areas. After 30 years, they're still yakking about rocket ships and atomic power.

ROGER
ZELAZNY

Oh damn! Beardless am I. I carry no bombs. I am just not qualified to sit in judgment, to suggest that SF's greatest weakness is also part of its greatest strength--its autonomy, its appendix-like position in the body of modern prose--nor to observe that this specialized character is, of course, the reason that it attracts so few new writers, as compared with other mediums which produce a plethora of interchangeable competencies with every passing season. I do not possess sufficient authority to suggest that while the weakness of this position lies in the fact that SF can generally only draw onto itself writers from its own small, circumscribed segment of the population--people who are aware of what has gone before and who are familiar with the present exigencies involved in writing for the field--that the strength of this position lies in the writers' odd integrity, their dedication to the principle of The Different Thing That Has Not Happened, But Might; and the cohesiveness that is born of their near-incestuous self-fertilizations--the latter allowing for many stories to explore, over a period of time, the alternatives to any given concept. I feel that this situation cannot but be salutary in the long run, because I do not believe that SF will always be so insular a thing as it is today.* Such being the anticipated case, SF's uniqueness should ultimately be the key to its drawing of more unique writers onto itself, and in greater quantity, once its slow-growing circulation indices have been upped. Present though, re this inherent paradox, is SF's inherent verity (I'll wrench poor Santayana out of context to say it for me, since I do not presume to speak on these matters): "To attempt to give such things a wide currency is to be willing to denaturalize them in order to boast that they have been propagated." Beardless am I. I carry no bombs.

*If, for no other reason, than by positing that the percentage of SF readers in the total population is a constant, and assuming that the population is likely to increase. Mainly, though, I feel that the reading of SF may be expanded during the coming decade because of the nature of most college degrees being handed out these days, and the attraction of new readers after any big scientific break-through.

DANIEL F.
GALOUYE

Science fiction appears to be running scared. Having fairly well exhausted major themes in all categories of extrapolated development, the field is attempting to reach ever farther outward in an almost frantic search for the bizarre. Part of this complex derives from the hot breath of contemporary technology which frightens us away from contemporary subjects and settings. It's too easy to be tripped up these days if a writer stays close in--unless, of course, he happens to be an Arthur C. Clarke. Apparent sanctuary lies in going far out where technology hasn't yet managed to reach. But this is an unfortunate reaction. Along the main avenues and boulevards lie so many interesting lanes and alleyways that invite exploration.

TED
CARNELL

Insufficient experienced writers, especially with a good general background of the genre as a whole.

RAY
BRADBURY

Not enough people are writing it. I wish more so called mainline writers like Steinbeck, or name your own hero, would come into our field and push us around.

JOHN
BRUNNER

It has lots of them! Some of them are foisted on from outside, like its (happily diminishing) "bad name"; others are intrinsic and maybe connected with the matters raised under 3 above. // But what we need more than anything is a body of first-rate critical opinion scaled to the same criteria as general fiction. In other words, we need an army of damon knights crossed with gadflies. (This may be a personal complaint - I feel I work largely in a vacuum, with only occasional reader-comment and the editor's acceptance or rejection to tell me I'm on the right track. But I think plenty of people agree with me.)

RICHARD
WILSON

Lack of a sense of wonder. (That's a cheap answer; I don't really know. Whatever the weakness is, it is what keeps me from haunting the newsstands for the latest issue of every magazine, as I once did; what keeps me from reading more than about 1% of what is written in the field today. Maybe reality has outmoded old-fashioned s-f and a properly sophisticated form has not yet come along with enough regularity to replace it. Let me put it another way: Science fiction has lost its power to awe us; now it should entertain.)

DEAN
McLAUGHLIN

Conditions are such that few, if any, can survive writing it with no other source of income. Therefore, it becomes hard for SF to hold what talent it has. Even harder for new talents to develop. (Yet some striking ones emerge in spite; was struck just this evening by Roger Zelazny's A ROSE FOR ECCLESIASTES. If it's not a fluke, and I don't think it is, we have a man with Bradbury's different-ness but without Bradbury's gosh-ain't-I-cute flashiness.)

ALFRED
BESTER

See #3. As a rule it is written by people who know little else but the small world of science fiction; and read by people who read little else. There are exceptions, of course, but in general the readers and writers of science fiction have limited horizons.

JEFF
SUTTON

Too much of it is merely the horse opera moved into space. Too much BEM, too much "fiction" and not enough science. We need more of the Isaac Asimov approach -- the helluva good story which is soundly based and realistic, regardless of how deeply the future is penetrated. Asimov's worlds evolve from today...his people, machines and total environment. I don't like "horse operas" in space; I do like a plausible future history written now.

DAMON
KNIGHT

Editors.
Publishers.
Writers.
Illustrators.
Readers.

(to be continued in DOUBLE-BILL #8.)

PAGE 100:Miscellaneous Trivia

The writers and editors to be in "Part II of the Symposium" include Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Bloch, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, Frederik Pohl, H. Beam Piper, Isaac Asimov, and 20 others. Part III will be in D-B #9, with the remaining authors and editors. (Another 26 or so.)

The original answer sheets, signed by each author and editor, will be bound as a collector's item, the same to be offered at auction at a future World Science Fiction Convention for the benefit of TAFF -- probably in time for the Pacificon II to be held in San Francisco next year. Included with the complete bound-up Symposium will be introductions by Lloyd Biggle Jr., and yours truly, the two publishers of this zine; plus a copy of each issue of Double-Bill in which this printed, edited edition of the Symposium appears. So bring lot's of money to next years con if you want to get this Project for your very own...we want it ourselves and will be prepared to bid as high as possible for it! It's a very interesting and unusual item, and don't forget, TAFF will benefit with the proceeds of the auction.

Our sincere thanks go to ALL the professionals who co-operated with Lloyd Biggle on this, we appreciate it very much. The response to it was far and beyond our expectations, with over half of the Questionnaires sent out returned! We would have been content with one-third. But everyone responded beautifully and well to it, which was gratifying. Each author or editor has been thanked personally via postcard by us, but we also want them to know in public how much we appreciate their efforts.

Special thanks go too, to fans Earl Kemp and Howard DeVore for services rendered to Lloyd Biggle at his request, while unknowingly helping on the Symposium; and to pro writer Dean McLaughlin for being Lloyd's right-hand man regarding preparation of the Questionnaire. And of course, our overwhelming Thanks to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., himself, for his help in everything. Not only did he spend his own valuable time and money on this project, but it was his own idea to have the thing in the first place. Thanks, Lloyd!

Lastly, our thanks go to Cleveland fans Scott Kutina and Joe Fekete, along with my 15 year-old brother, Rick Mallardi, for helping Bill and I in the final collating and stapling of this monstrous blight that fills your mail box. Boy, what a job!

We usually don't hold with the idea of copy-righting a fanzine, but in the case of the Questionnaire in the issue, we felt it was necessary. So be ye warned: No part of this issue may be re-printed without the editors' permission.

One possible side effect, regarding this Questionnaire, is that it not only proves beneficial to the fans reading this, but also to the writers and editors themselves. If this can be the start of a "common meeting ground" for them to air their gripes, differences, etc., it could be the beginning of an improvement in s.f. in general, which I personally would like to see. This is something we think is rather unique, and not been done very often in fandom -- we hope you find it as interesting to read as we did.

This whole issue has been fun for us, though we are a bit tired now...so we'll just sit back and relapse for a while...this seems to be about it...hope you enjoy the issue. Write?? (100 pages...that's too many!) Bills Bowers & Mallardi