

DOUBLE BILL



THAT'S THE ONLY BAD PART ABOUT THESE "DOUBLE-BILL" BRAWLS -
THE ENTERTAINERS ALWAYS HAVE TO CLEAN UP AFTERWARDS!



DOUBLE-BILL 16

FEBRUARY, 1967
VOL. 5, NO. 1

contents

articles:

JENGIZ KHAN PLUS THE TELEGRAPH...	
.....Derek Nelson.....	10
HOW LONG?.....	
.....Harry Warner, Jr.....	19

columns & departments:

THE BEMS' CORNER.....	
.....Bill Mallardi.....	4
TERTIUM QUID.....Earl Evers.....	6
FROM WILLIAM'S PEN.....	
.....Bill Bowers.....	7
THE POETS CORNERED.....	
.....Lloyd Biggle, Jr.....	9
THE BLOODSHOT EYE.....Ben Solon..	15
WALLABY STEW.....Robert Coulson..	26
DOUBLE TROUBLE.....lettercolumn..	
.....edited by Mallardi.....	30

special feature:

THE LETTERHACK PRIMER.....	
.....words: Dwain Kaiser.....	
.....illoes: Dick Glass.....	24

artwork:

Cover by DAVE PROSSER; reproduction
by Wally Gonser.

DAN ADKINS.....	12,14,17,21,29
GEORGE BARR.....	9
BILL BOWERS.....	19
ALEX EISENSTEIN.....	4
ROBERT E. GILBERT.....	27
TERRY JEEVES.....	32,41,43
NETTIE OTT.....	22
MAE STRELKOV.....	45,46,47

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Seattle in '68; St. Louis in '69 !

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DOUBLE:BILL is published on a mildly
irregular schedule; 30¢ or 1/9 per
copy; 4 for \$1. or 6/0. Also, for
Printed Loc's & arranged Trades.\$
\$Money to Mallardi or Smith\$Art to
Mallardi or Eisenstein\$Material to
Mallardi or Evers\$Trades to Bowers
and Mallardi\$When in doubt--send
it to Mallardi.

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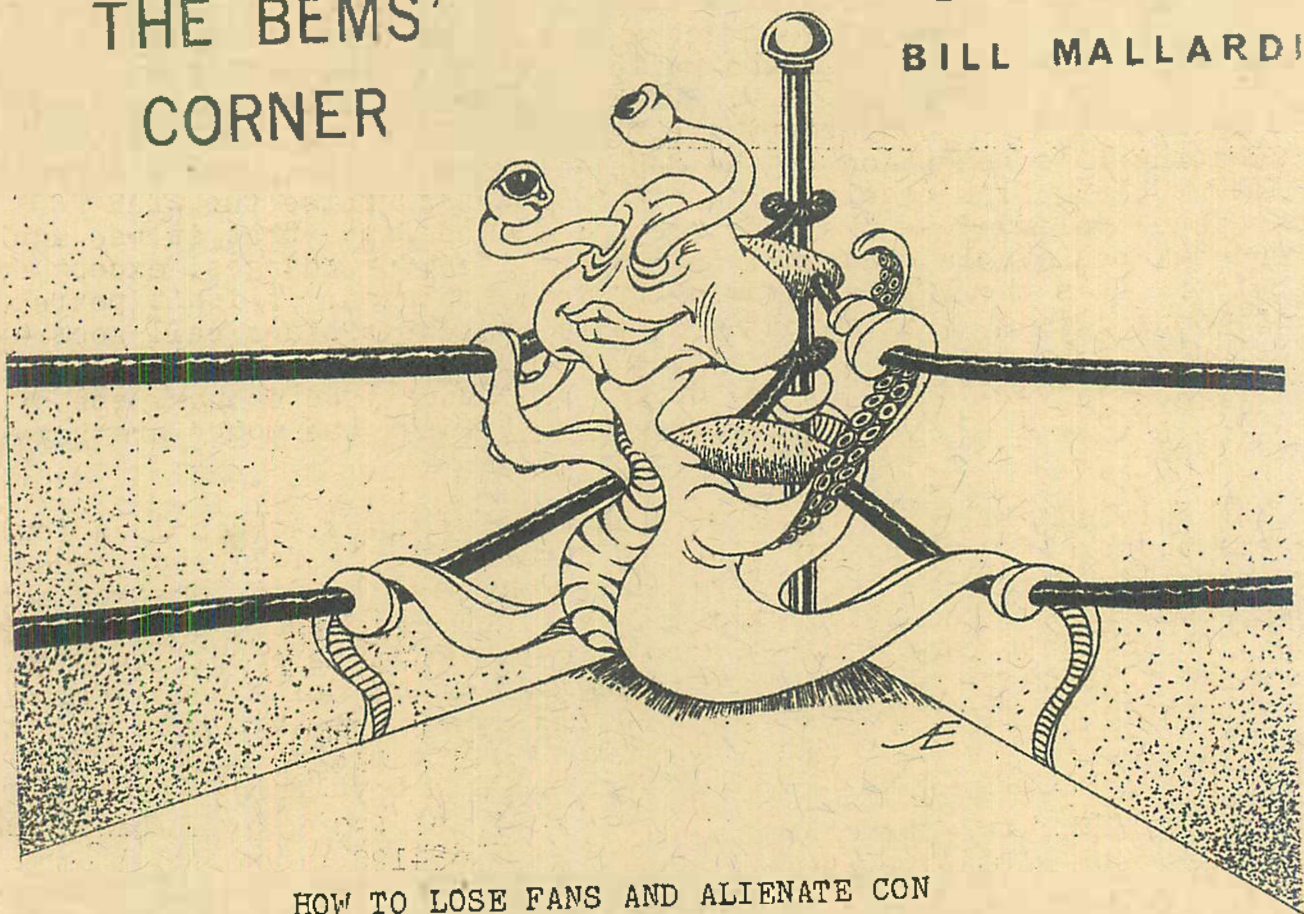
D:B Symposium Auction info: Page 34

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Next issue out Real Soon Now; but
we need Articles and Artwork--yes!

THE BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL.....
BILL MALLARD!



HOW TO LOSE FANS AND ALIENATE CON COMMITTEES

And this is my issue to do just that, as you shall see by my comments at the beginning of DOUBLE:TROUBLE, and at the end of this editorial. But on to other things first... My sincere thanks to Alex Eisenstein for the above illo of Ye Bemmish Ed. Considering my actions this issue, I think this just-arrived illo of me in a fighting crouch is particularly apropos. (Bems are more ferocious when backed into a corner, you see.) I like the illo so much I'm thinking of having it as my permanent heading, but have run into a snag. Alex wants the original back -- so how do I go about having copies made, either electronically or otherwise, if HE has the illo again? Any suggestions? (And don't tell me to ~~move~~ ~~it~~ do anything nasty with it, you smart-Alex's.)

As you can see by the contents page, I (and D:B Headquarters) have moved away from my folk's house. So keep this in mind if you send letters or sticky quarters, please... I no longer live at the Mackinaw Ave. address, but in a third floor apartment. The reason I moved was because my folks and I didn't see eye to eye on a few things -- hence the best thing to do was to leave. And you know what? I wish I had done it years ago! I like living alone, doing what I want when I want. I'm even saving more money here than I did at home, believe it or not! And I get along with my parents better, too, now. Since I have no TV set, and they know I enjoy STAR TREK, I have a standing invite every Thursday for supper and to watch STAR TREK before I go to work. And later on they'll give me their

old set from the basement, as soon as it has some work done on it.

SPEAKING OF STAR TREK, I'm happy to hear it's been given the go ahead for 30 more episodes -- but needs at least 120 more! Thanks to Lloyd Biggle Jr., Sec. of SFWA, I was able to get a handful of those "Committee Letters" -- and even before Harlan Ellison mailed his out I had sent mine. I also wrote in to the local paper, T.V. GUIDE, and NBC. I like the show very much, as I told Gene Roddenberry at the TRICON. (At the con he told me he was sweating it's reception by the fans after seeing the boos and hisses the TIME TUNNEL pilot received. To his pleasant surprise the STAR TREK pilots were applauded -- the fans recognized the fact that it was adult sf, and had believable dialogue! Let's hope it never changes, except for the better. It's the best sf show on TV in my opinion. It isn't perfect, but it comes closest than anything else to what we sf fans call good sf. I particularly like the way all of the main characters' personalities are developed. Besides the Capt., Mr. Spock, and Bones (the doctor) one of my personal favorites is Engineer Officer, Scotty. And the women are something else...

The only complaint I can make is that a few times (and only a few) it seems the plots were padded a bit to stretch them a full hour, when they actually were 30 minute storys. Maybe what was needed then was more action. Most fans I know (and even non-fans) like the show, and even my father, who doesn't care for S.F., watches it almost as avidly as I do. I understand that there may not be too many sf writers doing the scripts any more -- because of their demands for too much money. Is this true or not? If so, it's the writers' faults, not Roddenberry's or the show's. They seem to have brought it on themselves -- ruining a Good Thing instead of helping in along.

* * * *

BOB TUCKER, YOU'VE BEEN ONE-UPPED by Roger Zelazny. He also has "immortalized" me -- check the March IF. THIS MORTAL MOUNTAIN, by R.Z., has a character in it called Mallardi, not Ballard, like you had in your novel. So Sorry, Hoy Ping Pong.

* * * *

PING GO THE PONGS: No Bob, I don't mean you this time; I'm speaking of the so-called PONG AWARD the NYCON 3 Committee has decided will replace the Hugo for Best Fanzine. They are deliberately trying to "segregate" the fans from the pros -- Pongs for fans, Hugos for pros. THIS IS BAD, because I'm sure future cons, starting next year out West, will re-instate the Hugo for Best Fanzine. That means the Pongs are ONE-SHOTS; tell me, WHAT PRESTIGE IS THERE IN THAT?? I strongly urge ALL of you fans to WRITE-IN your nominations for a fanzine Hugo, no matter WHO you vote for. Someone, be it Meskys/Rolfe (NIEKAS), Reamy (TRUMPET) the Coulsons (YANDRO), Weston (SPECULATION) or us, or anyone else, will get the Royal Shaft if they win, and are given a Pong instead of a Hugo, like others have gotten for years and will later, too. As far as we're concerned, the prestige & honor for a Pong is just as degrading as some actor voted an Oscar, and getting a lapel pin instead. It was the fans who started the Hugo Awards, and now Ted White & Co. are trying to screw them out of it. I'm sure a lot of fans & fans agree with me...so please write-in your Hugo vote if you want to see justice done. We don't care who you vote for, just as long as it's a write-in. I understand from Bill Donaho that Felice Rolfe says should NIEKAS win the Pong, she'd refuse it. So will Bowers & I, should Dit win. Let's stick together on this, fans, and show NYCON 3 how we feel.

TERTIUM QUID

EARL EVERS —EDITORIAL—

It's such a big world I wonder where Fandom ties into it anymore, if indeed it ever did. Fandom, like Bohemia, not having any boundaries of exclusion, any force of authority to determine if an individual is or is not a member of the group, can't have a rigorous definition. The whole problem is complicated as much by hard-core fans who go around claiming they are not fans at all--the self-confessed fake-fan is about as popular these days as the self-confessed weekend group-party attendee--as it is by the proliferation of Other Fandoms on the order of Belly Button Fandom as opposed to the infinitely more serious and politically oriented worship of movie monster stills and Forry Ackerman.

This is to a great extent attributable to as well as derived from the collapse of the SF field as an entity with real boundaries (the SF prozines) and the merger of the genre with various degrees of fantasy in mundane literature as a structure pattern as well as a plot and background element. A literary world that contains Nova Express, Dr Strangelove, and Farnam's Freehold is certainly not within the scope of a mind on the order that would invent Heinlein's Future History, and both has and deserves forty year old bulldozes at occasional fan meetings.

Not that there has been a sexual revolution in Fandom, it's just that as some unremembered critic said 'There are more marriages and divorces per person per year in Jack Kerouac's Subterranean society than in the Hollywood movie colony.' It's also doubtful that the pollsters for the Kinsey Reports have ever attended a Worldcon, but it still strikes me as quite obvious that Fandom is not ready to enter the Terrene Age except perhaps chronologically.

This shows up in the rise of the Apas as much as in anything else: FAPA, for instance, is full of the sort of people who would rather pick and dry mature morning glories than purchase readymade acid. In other words the sort of boys who don't like boys, and for that matter don't like girls very much either, yet still consider themselves liberal to accuse Malcom X of fascism for bragging about the average size of the Negroid penis.

Or, in the realm of unbridled growth, what about the mass of abdominal wall muscle and assorted subcutaneous fat lately seen creeping down over Andy Porter's belt buckle? What about Arnie Katz's new secret Apa he's so pissed off that no one much is talking about? These are no more than average examples of insecurity caused by immaturity. There still are within the general area encompassed by Fandom, cases worthy of the name, cases worthy of a fat manila folder in a psychiatrist's office.

But I won't leave it at that; I'll try to carry this same theory of cultural psychosis-imitation on into the average fan's reaction to the implosion of a sub-culture group caused by removal of its limits--i.e. the loss of identity of SF as a separate sub-literature in the public mind--and the automatic screening process on new members has broken down or weakened to the point where anyone from Peter Orlovsky to Caroline Kennedy would feel at home in today's Fandom as much as anyone else can.

Or, but still another way, what is the ratio of free-loving bisexuals who also love to talk about it to Joe Neo, boy-virgin-and-proud-of-it-and-so-is-his-mother? What is the relationship between the casual alcoholic on the living-room rug and that other guy out in the kitchen puffing on a reefer? What about that third guy you don't see, the guy who's actually out making it with some chick, with or without acid accompaniment, but who will still come back later for the last good dregs of the fanparty, or who, even if he doesn't make it to the meeting, will still LOC the next NIEKAS and maybe sell pro the week after that?

This entire panorama of diastrophic upheaval can only be properly viewed against the background of YANDRO, which has run a Nott/Barr illo on the contents page in every issue nubb'd in the Sixties, which has only last year refused to print an article entitled "I Was a Teenage Sex Slob" even though it was only a review of a 3-D horror movie set in a drive-in theater.

In the light of all this, what would Heinlein's impression of Grok Magazine be? Or, on a much deeper level, what impression would the editor of Grok Magazine get reading DOUBLE:BILL?

===== \$Earl Evers\$ =====

FROM WILLIAM'S PEN... bill bowers

Some time back I laughingly told Bill and Earl that the time had arisen for a rather lengthy and heated editorial from this third...concerning The Magazine. But that was more than two months past; at the moment, while still tending to longwindedness, I don't feel particularly hot under the collar, so my two esteemed co-editors--as well as all of you Out There--are hereby granted a reprieve.

That may not sound extremely exciting, but before I had fully vented whatever it was that I was trying to vent, I had accumulated some five and a half pages of single-spaced elite type, and had still, at that point, not even approached a summation...if indeed I had ever had one firmly fixed in my mind.

In the ensuing period of time I have (perhaps wrongly) come to the conclusion that it would perhaps be the wiser and safer course to attempt to bring about the changes I desired behind-the-scenes, so to speak -- rather than rashly predicting sweeping changes and issuing pompous edicts on this and that. Besides, the fact that by late March I shall be approx. 9 thousand miles removed from Editorial HQ's lends obvious mockery to the idea that I could exert any noticeable effect on future issues of this magazine--at least for the next 18 months.

After that, however....

I think, though, that if you watch closely you will begin to notice some interesting changes in DOUBLE:BILL--in contents, as well as in actual format changes. We editors three, are determined to make D:B into the best fanzine around...and damned be those who may get their little pinkies stepped on in the process!

Before we move on to other topics...it is with not inconsiderable pride and pleasure that we announce the aquisition of Alex Eisenstein as D:B's Art Editor. Mallardi and I have long been desirous of aquiring art from Alex on a regular basis; this presented a problem until at last we decided that by placing him on the 'staff' we could hopefully corner Alex with more regularity. The results will begin to show next issue; we think that you'll be pleased. We are, already.

Incidently, the actual mechanics re: submission of art, hasn't yet been fully worked out. Check the contents page for the latest Progress report, as well as what goes to Mallardi, Evers...myself. Gee...lotts a fun!

By the way, while you're checking the contents page, you might note that the three unartistic editors all have managed a change of address since the 15th issue...which ought to be a record of some sort, if it isn't.

How I Walked and Talked With St. Louis Fandom

...or, a stroll through konfession korner with a self-avowed 69er...

St. Louis in '69, that is...you nasty-minded peeples!

During my last couple of months at Dickie-Garbage AFB, I made several trips into St. Louis, attending two OSFA meetings, as well as spending the New Year's weekend helping (?) turn out ODD #15, and spending several enjoyable days there on my way home. Again, words fail me as I struggle to come up with a term applicable to a foolish service bhoys who persists in making 500+ mile round-trips, solely for the purpose of being in the company of faans...particularly in a '53 Chevy. Undoubtedly, it's all due to some infectious germ that attacked me during the run of the Tricon.

I'm home now, waiting patiently (hah!) to start my 18 month tenure in The Philippines...the Chevy has all but fallen into a little heap of nuts and bolts...and I'm wondering why the past two months have been so enjoyable, particularly in comparison to the first two years of my attempt in single-handedly to Defend Our Country.

As Dave Hall would say..."He's in the Air Force!"

...and I'm a Trained Killer, too.

But be that as it may, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my uncomplaining hosts, Ray and Joyce Fisher, for putting me up, as well as putting up with me; their kindness was truly awe-inspiring, and will long be remembered. And we can't forget the Other Two, who along with me almost crowded the Fisher's out of their not-huge 3-room apartment: Dave Hall and Paul Willis. Plus Mickey & Diana Rhodes, Becker Staus, Chester Malon, and the many others of St. Louis fandom who welcomed an exile into their midst--even though he wasn't a Pillar of anything in particular. Thanks, all.

Despite my somewhat negative enthusiasm over their not-so-wonderful structure, I'm quite sorry that I won't be able to attend the Nycon III. Yes, really. But I've been trying to get overseas for the past two years--almost made it just before the Loncon, too--and all things considered, I'm more than pleased with the Philippines...particularly in view of some of the alternatives I could have ended up with. DOUBLE:BILL...the Globe-Spanning Fanzine...what with me over there, Alex in Germany, and Mallardi and Evers somewhere in between. I trust that you are likewise.

---Bill Bowers

LLOYD BIGGLE, JR.

THE POETS CORNERED

The assignment: Write a poem. Use the subject, form, length of line and rhythm of your own choice. The only requirements are that the poem must be eight lines long and those eight lines must end with these words (in this order): rain, mourn, skein, worn, lure, stress, endure, guess.

Two Solutions By Earl Evers

1. Exercise -- "Wet Night"

Touch the garments worn by rain.
Listen. Does the wind mourn
Each unravelled skein
Of thistle-down now wetly worn
By grass? The tramp of storms is lure
For fear. Wind is stress
For doubt. Will love endure?
The stars may know. This mist must guess.

2. Exercise -- "Loss"

thick black rain
white gulls mourn
long lank skein
of seaweed worn
sea's cruel lure
breaker's stress
death endures
fear's worst guess

---Lloyd Biggle, Jr.



article by

"JENGIZ KHAN PLUS THE TELEGRAPH"

derek nelson

When the Visigoths crossed the Danube in the third century after Christ, there was probably a liberal in the Roman Senate who rose and spoke as follows (in the manner of one possessing ultimate wisdom): "We are not policemen of the world; it is not our duty to protect reactionary elements in Dacia and Moesia. The success of the Goths proves their hold on the minds of the people, and you know you cannot kill an Idea with the sword. Let us withdraw, and spill no more Roman or Dacian blood."

Withdrawal. Retreat. Pull the legions home. Almost two millenia in the future modern liberalism of the left has reached the same verdict on the problems of Vietnam. They may couch their desires in terms such as "negotiations without strings", or by a constant harping on incidentals of the war, whether the torturing of prisoners or the use of gas, but every effort is directed toward the end expressed by the Morse's, Fulbrights and Lippmann's. "Our day is done in Asia. Let's bring the troops home." The arguments are extremely sophisticated, endless with twisted logic, and very indirect with much wishful thinking about Asian Tito's and violation of treaties and the democratic, non-Communist Left.

There are a number of perhaps fatal, certainly dangerous, conceptions in the minds of these men, and they all evolve from the simple premise that has colored American thinking, both leaders and masses, since the long days of peace under the White Ensign. They are the believers in the existence of political absolutes, and the induction of morality into all the works of man. To almost all Americans, war is immoral, its very existence being an example of total evil. But if, in the final analysis, armed force must be used to satisfy national policy, then it must be used as quickly and as fully as possible. For only a bloody crusade--total war--can fully justify to the liberal the existence of a war, he must have a holy cause so vital it can surmount his guilt at the use of armies. The oracles of liberalism have disassociated power from politics; for the use of power (and its associated bloodshed) to achieve a national political objective is inevitably conceived as immoral in the liberal view. To stop Pakistani infiltrators into Kashmir, or Communist rebels in the Dominican Republic, or a people's rising in Budapest--to use your armed forces to prevent these actions will invariably bring cries of anguish from the liberal balconies.

Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. Both fought a crusade in Europe ("the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world") for impossible, universal liberal aims--democracy, justice, and self-determination of nations. War was to bring victory; diplomacy would settle the peace--and never the twain shall meet! To those who think

otherwise went the spoils of war, in East Europe and China.

Today the Red barbarians are even further south, and the velvet green jungles of Vietnam are stained scarlet with blood. Here is the domino centered on the front pages of America's newspapers, the result of an action begun four decades ago on the Mongolian steppes, but only a stepping-stone, a base for subversion in lands still further south. The spread of Communism cannot be grasped by American left liberalism, and this is the irony of it all. They continually accuse their opponents of thinking in terms of black and white, yet their solution to international problems is one of ultimate simplicity. What are we offered in war-torn countries such as Vietnam and the Dominican Republic? First, you sit down and talk with the opposition, including the Communists. (Premise: He thinks like you; ie, same priority of values. He has divorced political considerations from all others.) Second, hold a UN supervised general election to find out what the people really want. (Premise: You can transplant free democracy to a land that has never known it. The opposition will compromise their ideals for liberal ideals. The presence of the UN signifies a free election.)!

The Left still seems to feel, for reasons I cannot entirely grasp, that a Communist is essentially a fellow-progressive, an ally in the fight against reaction. And, if he can be convinced of the oppressive hatred Communists have for the West, then the liberal must still subscribe to the doubtful theory that incompatible systems of governing can meet at the conference table and there fall susceptible to the liberal wiles of reason and compromise. As Lenin said, time after time, "Who has the guns?", and Communism has changed little since the days of Bela Kun. It is true, of course, that Russia has passed out of her first generation of totalitarian ruthlessness and seems to be absorbing some of the characteristics of a run-of-the-mill dictatorship--but, as the Russian press points out again and again, they are no less Marxist-Leninist for that. The aim is still a world of soviets, only the means have changed. Yet there is scarce a left liberal who will agree that we are at war with this alien ideology. Yes, war, with its blood and killing, treachery and hate. As for the Chinese, they are the worst of the modern terrors--Jengiz Khan plus the telegraph, barbarians with atomic bombs, primitive minds with modern weapons. We are presently fighting their wars from Gabon to Da Nang, savage, dirty wars of opposition to tough, fanatic revolutionaries.

This essay is not an apologia for Barry Goldwater, however; nor for the descendents of Taft and Doug MacArthur, or any of the other Right liberals, who have, so far, kept their voices muted over Vietnam. All these men, the neo-isolationists of American foreign policy, anti-militarist, distrustful of Europe, opposed to land wars yet glorifying in the cheap, clean fighting of sea and air, but, above all, men who are convinced of the sincerity of Sino-Soviet pledges to destroy America and the West. These men too rely on the total solution ("Why Not Victory?"), moral arguments, and all the other garbage of liberal rhetoric that comes to the fore once a cause is found.

And so you have those who have questioned the whole system of American (and Western) foreign policy since the close of the II World War. The Left liberals still blind themselves to the desires and abilities of the Communists; while the Right liberals, accepting the premise that we are in a war, spend their time trying to activate a new crusade against Bolshevism, reminiscent of those against Hitler and the Kaiser (which were, however, led by Left liberals). Both viewpoints are very wrong, and extremely

11

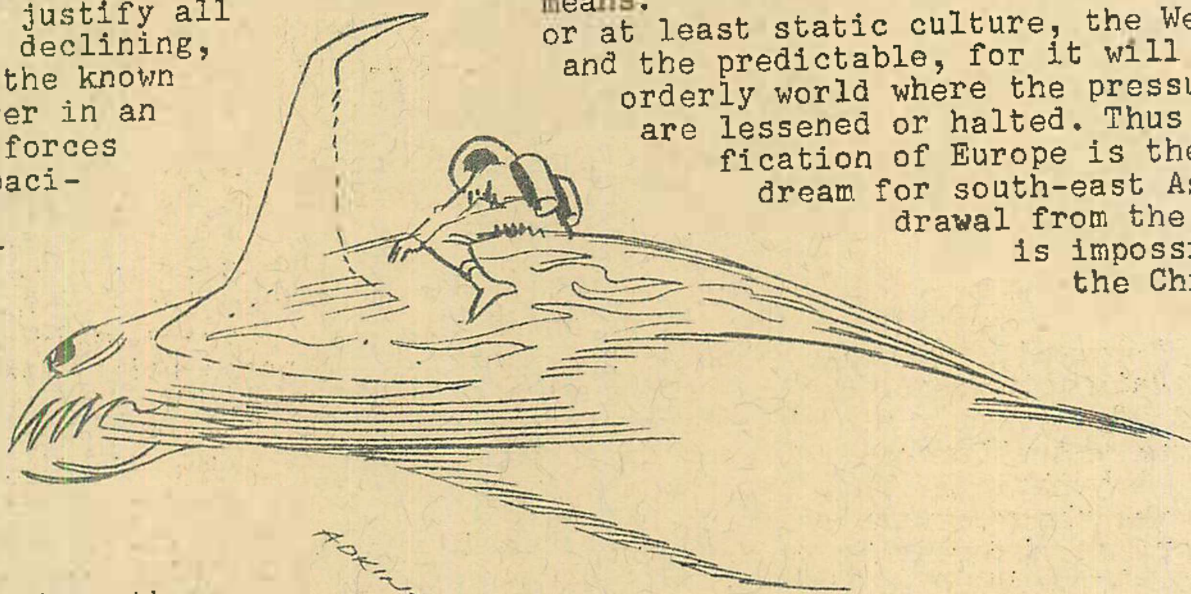
dangerous.

It is in the context of Containment that the world's troubles must be viewed. Order vs. chaos, limited strife vs. total destruction, Western civilization vs. the barbarians. From the Carribean to Berlin, the MLR in Korea to the jungles of the Congo, the West stands to defend itself--its diversity, its freedoms, its conscience and its hopes--though continually hindered by the orthodoxes of liberalism.

The aim--the maintenance of Order. This is no fight for a liberal abstraction such as "democracy" or "peace"...but for a situation likened, perhaps, to 19th century Europe or the post-Alexander Hellenic world. To tame the turmoil and shackle the future; these are worthy aims. To wait out the revolutionary phase of systems such as Communism, to hold them beyond the wall while they modify and moderate as new generations are born. To hope endlessly for the death of ideology, and the attendant horrors of wars for vague, unlimited ends where messianic goals justify all means.

As a declining, relishes the known last longer in an of alien forces present paci- Western for with- region As

or at least static culture, the West and the predictable, for it will orderly world where the pressures are lessened or halted. Thus the fication of Europe is the dream for south-east Asia, drawal from the is impossible. the Chin-



ese emphasize, the "cities" (Ie; the West) of the world cannot exist isolated from the "country-side", and for control of the latter blood is shed. To live out its days as a culture in relative peace and prosperity--these are the aims of the West--and they are called Order.

latter blood is shed. To live out its days as a culture in relative peace and prosperity--these are the aims of the West--and they are called Order.

The place-- the West, or, as some say, the American Empire. Only a fool would decry its existence, or the existence of its competitor Russian and Chinese Empires. But there are essential differences in each of these new monster states that span the planet. The Chinese is still in its totalitarian and revolutionary stage, with all that implies (purges, foreign assassinations, genocide, etc.), and carrying its Red sword of liberation anywhere and everywhere it can. The Russian Empire, second generation and aging a little; showing some restraint toward the West yet continuing to aid the forces fighting "reaction" around the world. And then then America, the most humane and generous of the three, with its confused defence of liberty, democracy and national independence (actually Order), and the wide range of beliefs it tolerates throughout its empire, justifying the term "West" to describe it. It stands against the other two, rather than for any creed of its own--in this shattered world of battle.

The method--and here is the crux of the matter. Containment, a policy begun in late 1944 in Greece when the first shots of the modern Cold War were fired between Communist guerillas and British troops. Three years later, and over the same tiny nation, a President named Truman committed the USA to the defence of Order. Three more years and half a world away in Korea, Containment met and passed its severest test, against the opposition of the Communists abroad and the liberals (particularly the Right) at home.

In 1965 in distant Vietnam the issue is again being tested, but that tiny nation is only a small part of the policy. Strung around the world the emissaries of the West serve in a multitude of roles to defend their empire, from Georgetown to Saigon, from Katanga to Seoul. There are the nuclear bombers, the mighty surface fleets and even the lowly infantrymen who serve as the military sentinels of the United States, its allies, satellites, puppet-states and neutrals. And there are other arms in the service of the West. The Peace Corps (or its equivalent), foreign aid of all description, whether free surplus food or F-104 Starfighters, trade missions and exhibits, cultural exchanges, espionage services, and, of utmost importance, the diplomatic service are other links in the chain of empire.

But the essential nature of the major opposition to the West at the present time demands that in the final analysis it is the soldier that the hopes of the West rest upon. ("Tell me the story of the foot soldier, and I will tell you the story of all wars.") It was the threat (and in Greece, the use) of force that brought stability to the frontiers of the West in Europe. With the line drawn and defended the way was clear to solve internal problems by such means as the Marshall Plan. Today south-east Asia is the only place on Earth where the battles rage and the frontiers are still fluid, where at least temporary stability has not been achieved, and where the Communist Dragon breathes his fire of death and destruction over many nations. They have launched what might be called the II Cominform War, and Western reaction has been to attempt to stabilize the region, though not necessarily to defend the 'status quo', and to bring Order out of wide-spread chaos (social, economic, military and political). For it is on the latter that Bolshevism feeds; far more than rightist tyranny or starving peasantry. It is not for Asian freedom our soldiers fight (though regimes can be changed in Saigon and Jakarta, while Communism remains a one-way street), or foreign investments, or prestige (loss of face), or even to halt Communism (alone it is not reason enough), though these may all play a part, but essentially for the preservation of our culture. For Order. And far from the homelands.

In South Vietnam the killing is the greatest and the fighting the hardest, for it is the king-pin of Western policy, both military and diplomatic. But it cannot be considered in isolation. There is blood shed in sleepy Laos where American air power and a few advisors hold the line (together with some next-to-useless native levies) in the world's most infuriating war. In Thailand both the Asiatic Reds and the Americans prepare, waiting for the spark, or perhaps the command from Peking, that will set off a new Insurrection. In Malayasia another Western power--England, held the borders with a thin line of Tommy and Anzac--against the mad New Nationalism of Indonesia. That was the power liberals tried to buy off with money, arms, praise and the people of New Guinea--and failed.

To pacify the vast turbulence of the II Cominform War, the West seeks only this. Not expansion, nor retreat, but a steadying of the situation till the line will be as clear between Order and its opponents as it is in Europe. Containment is the magic word of the defenders of Order, for it sums up the policy and the means of carrying it out, simply and clearly.



It is a word that will never appeal to the liberals, for it means American involvement in the four corners of the world. It means support of dictators who enrage the Left, and social reformers who enrage the Right. It means alliances, entanglements and agreements that limit America's options, a goad to the Right; it means fighting and dying in wars, espionage and power politics, a goad to the Left. In essence it means a disassociation of morality and legality from international affairs, and the union of national power in all its varied forms with national policy. These two things the liberal will never accept. He cannot conceive of war, for example, as a political instrument, to be used as an added or alternative means to an end. Instead, the liberal views war as a final solution, a moral answer, the last resort if all else fails.

Someday in the future, tomorrow or ten years or more from the present, the vicious little conflict in South Vietnam will end. But it will not be the last war, as liberals so fervently hope. There will be new crisis, and new tasks for the men who guard the 'limes' of the West, whether mud-slogging infantry or career diplomats in pin stripes. There will always be challenges to Order, for, contrary to liberal propaganda, peace is not the natural state of Man. How and where the challenge comes matters little, and from whom only slightly more. The eradication of Communism (the dream of the wild-eyed Right) would mean nothing, for dynamic new opposition, virulently opposed to the West and seeking no compromise, breeding on catastrophe and collapse, would arise to threaten us. Who knows the future?

All that is evident is that when the last ember fades in the fire of Western civilization, it will be a liberal that will have stepped upon it, as he negotiates the loss of his head with an atom-armed Jengiz Khan. ---DEREK NELSON

THE BLOODSHOT EYE

...of art and entertainment

There is an attitude prevalent among contemporary literary critics which contends that fiction writers are somehow obligated to expose the injustices of modern society. In recent years, this feeling has assumed considerable importance in the stf field. To judge from the contents of the magazines, the editors now require a story to "say something" before they will consider purchasing it for publication. In fact, this attitude has become so entrenched, that what a particular story "says" assumes supreme importance--the considerations of plot development, logical motivation, and characterization are, as often as not, held to be less important, in critical analysis, than the author's message.

What is happening is that an increasing number of "stories" are little more than fictionalized editorials--the only reason they appeared in a science fiction magazine instead of National Review or The New Republic is because the stf mags pay for acceptable contributions while the Review and the Republic do not.

To my mind, what we are dealing with is a form new to science fiction, a form which cannot be considered "good" or "bad" in terms of the old but which must be evaluated on its own merits as a potentially successful or unsuccessful development. Not even the terminologies of the old and of the new approaches are interchangeable.

The "old" kind of story, the entertainment story, to give it a handy if inaccurate label, "said" things. But, generally, it devoted itself to statements of broad emotions. It showed the reader a situation, a man or men in action within that situation, and required that the reader decide for himself, drawing on his emotions, whether or not what the man and the situation were undergoing was "good" or "bad".

BEN SOLON

The "new" kind of story also shows a situation and characters in action. But, in order that the reader may make no mistake over what is "good" or "bad" within the context of the story, the story specifically tells the reader, with a greater or less amount of subtlety, depending upon the skill of the author,

COLUMN

just where the "goodness" or the "badness" lies; this "goodness" or "badness" is not defined in relation to the protagonist and his immediate environs but in relation to the reader.

The characters in the "new" kind of story do not exist as people; they act as sounding boards from which the things they undergo are projected at the reader. Having served this purpose, their destinies are completely unimportant to the author, and, of course, to the reader. These characters usually die at the climax; and the climax is usually designed to make the reader understand that This Could Happen To Him if he doesn't vote Vegetarian.

This "new" form, incidentally, shows a distinct relationship to the old Gernsback dictum that science fiction must teach science and must interest its readers in science. This dictum has now been transferred to the region of applied sociology, where, to all interests and purposes, it may be classified as "new"--to stf, at any rate.

It is far from new to mainstream fiction as a whole. It is the classical dialectic approach. And, personally, I find most dialecticians--and especially the science fiction dialecticians--far too preoccupied with their personal hang-ups and not very concerned with what pesters the human race in its entirety. Their pretensions to perception and sensitivity impress me as being egotistical, and I have definite misgivings about the philosophies they push and the observations they make. Far too many shallow thinkers have taken advantage, consciously or otherwise, of the fact that the printed word is invested with far more authority than the identical verbalization delivered from atop a soapbox in Bughouse Square. Why this is, I cannot say. I fail to see how a man's fingers can be more truthful than his mouth.

If the dialectical school of writing is sincere in trying to educate the great mass of the American public, then it might give a thought to this:

In order to educate, it is necessary to achieve a high degree of communication with the person to be educated. The percentage of communication with people who are already educated (educated by your lights, that is) is extraneous, since your only accomplishment is redundancy.

What you want to do is get your pupils to listen to you--otherwise you might just as well address your observations to the bottom of a rain-barrel and bask in the echo. I offer the following as an example of sorts:

It is essential that children learn the facts of sexual intercourse. However, there is something downright revolting about parents who elect to instruct their children in this function by copulating in their presence; there is obviously something wrong with this method of instruction. It makes no difference whether the parents in question were motivated by a desire to instruct or by some perverted passion. The result is the same: the children will quite probably emerge from the episode bearing permanent mental scars; they will go through life thinking sex is something unclean. And yet the facts were presented in the purest dialectical

manner. The reaction on the part of the children was one of rejection. Why?

I submit that this action, observed by a sexually experienced person, would call forth either attention to new wrinkles on a basically familiar technique or amusement. The children, however, were disgusted because, in all probability, they felt that sex is private, titillating in a "dirty" way, and a mysterious adult magic. The fact that their parents had entered into with obvious eagerness and no heavenly thunderbolt struck them down--an indication that the children's concepts of sex were wrong--made no impression on them.

In terms of the information theory, the children were not "listening". Not only that, this occurrence probably tended to leave them with a lasting mental block on the entire subject of sexual relationships. The attempted communication not only made no impression, it inhibited the transmission of similar data at a later time.

I hardly expect to win an argument by use of a hypothetical analogy. Nevertheless, you might keep the above in mind as we now turn back to science fiction.

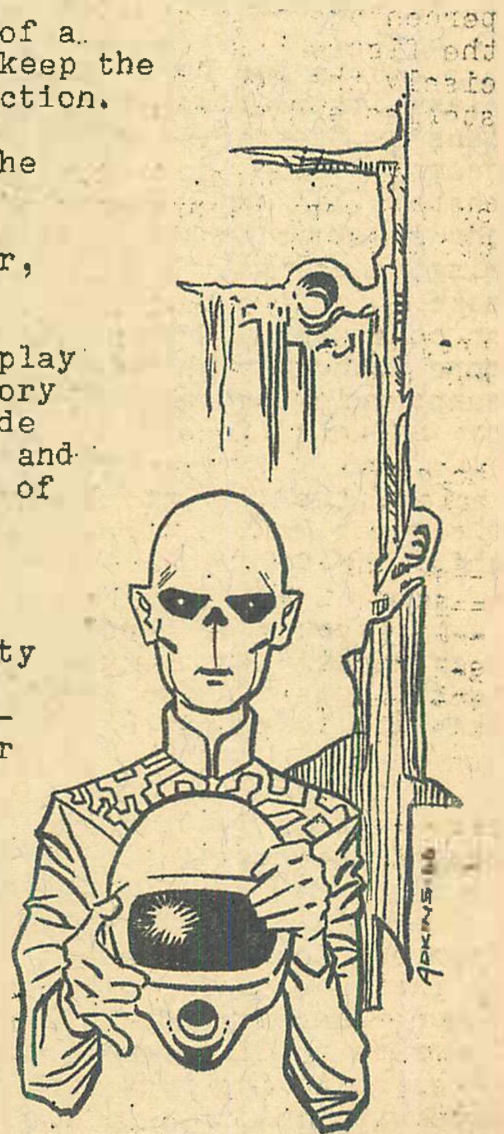
Let's ask ourselves one question: Who is the dialectical story attempting to reach?

The person who, for one reason or the other, does not share the author's views.

And this individual will never consent to play the part of the protagonist of a dialectical story in his own mind. He follows along as an outside observer, watching the deluded fool sink deeper and deeper into the morass, precisely as the reader of a Victorian tract watched the Misled Young Man fall into the clutches of the Scarlet Woman.

If, at the outcome, the fool becomes completely depraved, this reader applauds as society deals out well-deserved justice. If the fool Sees The Light before it is too late, and undergoes a fitting process of redemption, the reader applauds again. But if the fool is proven right in the end, this reader recoils in righteous anger from this abomination, and will never go near it or its kin again. What message do you suppose Fahrenheit 451 conveys to someone organizing a book-burning, except that here is more fuel to feed the flames?

The children watching their parents go away with psychic scars which will probably hamper their sexual development. The very



person whom the author of the dialectical story is attempting to educate closes his ears and refuses to listen.

Look at some more professional stories--all of which are significant in one way or another.

Where is the punch of Richard Farina's "Long Time Coming And A Long Time Gone" (Playboy, February, 1967) if you don't agree that race prejudice in general and the Ku Klux Klan in particular is irrational--before you ever learn the writer's views?

How about "Born Of Man And Woman"? In the mind of someone who would regard mutants as affronts in the sight of the Lord, what point can the story have except that here is a monster which Must Be Destroyed.

It makes no difference to my point that I read and enjoyed these stories, as you probably did. We are not the people at whom the educational mission of the dialecticians should be directed. We know. The percentage of communication with us can be placed as high as you like--the figure has no effect on the percentage of communication with precisely the people who are baffled, bewildered, or enraged by these stories and others like them.

Well, then, if the dialecticians cannot educate those who need it, by the very nature of their method of instruction, what is it they accomplish?

They entertain. You and I, who are already steamed up about race prejudice and censorship and the Spearmint left on the bedpost overnight, can read these stories and enjoy them--we understand their basic premise.

And since we understand the basic premise, there is little point in bringing the light to us--we have matches, thank you.

The funny thing about it is, I feel that the "entertainment" writers--some of them, anyway--have done more to get the great wall of ignorance--if it exists--broken down than all the dialecticians in the world. In confronting the world with the complete sex act, as it were, they are setting up a shock reaction. They are trying to butt their way through the wall, instead of getting friendly with the mason and persuading him to take it down.

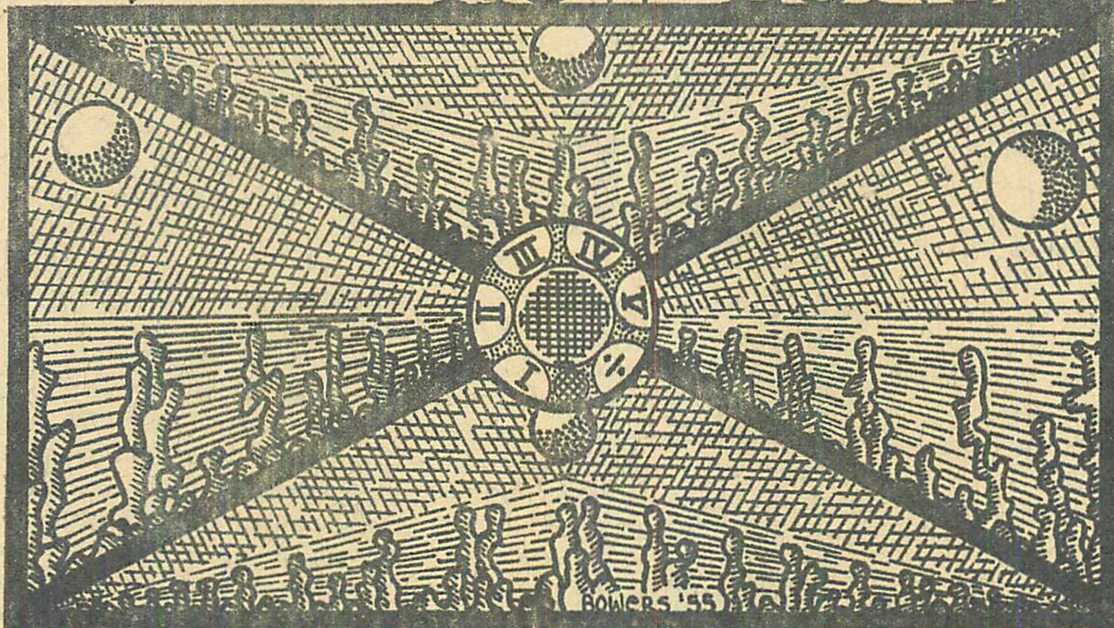
I keep thinking of Jonathan Swift, who wrote Gulliver's Travels and had it turned into a book for children. And Lewis Carroll who wasn't consciously writing for children at all.

---Ben Solon

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UNPAID ADVERTISEMENT: The Cincinnati Fantasy Group has decided that the 18th Annual Midwestcon will be held the weekend of June 23, 24, & 25 in Cincinnati at the North Plaza Motel. Rates: \$8.00 single, \$10.00 double, suites \$20.00 & up. \$1.00 Registration fee. Contact Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Ter., Cincinnati, Ohio 45236, if interested. ATTEND, if you can!

HOW LONG?



HARRY WARNER, JR.

IT HAS SUDDENLY become unfashionable to write science fiction stories and newspaper articles about an atomic war which will create the collapse of civilization. While we're waiting for another reversal of U.S.-Soviet relations, we might amuse ourselves by considering another angle to the fall of civilization. So far, I haven't seen any detailed guesses on the length of time in which civilization will fall apart. It certainly won't happen overnight. I can supply a few educational facts about the probabilities, and I'm willing to make some guesses about the length of time required for the decay of other phases of civilization. Maybe some authoritative reports on the outlook for other facets of civilization will come from...others...who are specialists in those fields.

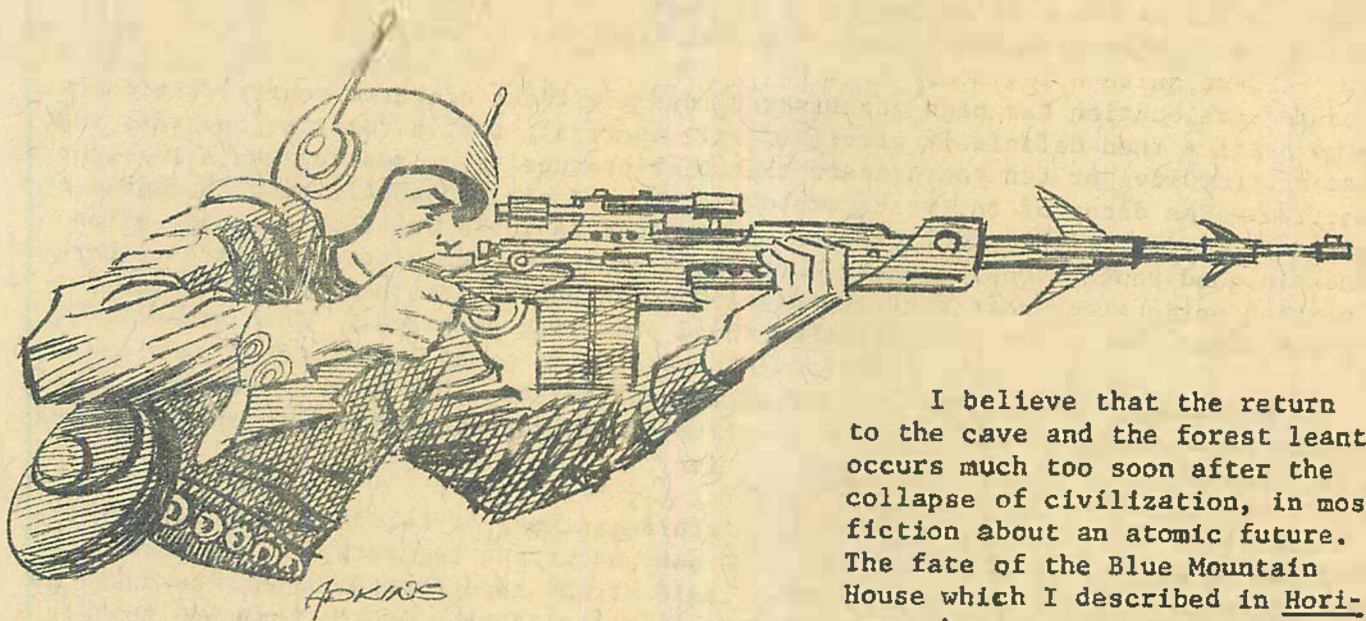
Maryland's newspaper editors have set up a committee which is designed to keep newspapers publishing in the event of an atomic conflict or some equally serious catastrophe. I think that they are wasting their time. The complete disappearance of newspapers should be one of the very first manifestations of the decline of normalcy. Hardly anything that is made today is as dependent on delicate technology combined with shipped in products. A few sunspots can ruin teletype reception; a worthless packing shed that caught fire a while back knocked out teletype service in Western Maryland completely for 12 hours because it damaged some telephone wires. A newspaper publisher can't send around the corner for a roll of newsprint or a repair part for a linotype; they must be shipped hundreds of miles. I'd estimate that two or three days after the atomic conflict, we won't have anything but skeleton, four-sheet newspapers, containing just as much news as could be picked up by radio or by word-of-mouth, and that even these will stop as soon as newsprint or ink runs out. It's hard to imagine trucks racing from one state to another with newspaper supplies, when people will be growing hungry.

Fiction about a future in which the atom has reduced us to primitive conditions usually mentions the weed-choked roads. It is possible to get some idea of the life expectancy of highways, simply by looking at stretches of road which have been abandoned. We have quite a few such ghost highways in Washington County, no longer in use because a relocation has been constructed to eliminate a dangerous curve. It looks to me as if a road definitely starts to fall apart after five years of neglect, and that another five or ten years after that will produce the situation which the stories describe. The decay of the roads would probably be speeded a little, if we assume a busted-up civilization which still had some motor vehicles, but nobody to keep the roads in good repair. On the other hand, most of the abandoned sections around here have been antiquated, narrow strips of highway to begin with, and a really modern highway might have a better life expectancy.

I'm assuming for this postwar primitivism a quick conflict in which there wasn't time to requisition the possessions of private individuals, and I'm ignoring the possible effects of bomb destruction and looting. So, how about motor vehicles? With normal use and care, it's possible to get ten years of use from an auto; by being very conscientious about maintenance, an auto would last twice that long; and even older cars can be kept in running order by a person who is skilled with motors and such internal organisms. Even if we cut two-thirds from each of those spans, because the stockpile of repair parts would dwindle fast, it still seems quite probable that lack of fuel, not broken-down mechanisms, will be the cause for the auto's disappearance from highways. It is quite impossible for any individual or small group to refine gasoline. So I don't think you need to worry about the danger of a half-dozen autos being cannibalized for parts to keep one vehicle going; there just isn't going to be anything to propel them after a few months.

Railroads are more complicated mechanisms. I suspect that a railroad which continues to have some steam-powered locomotives would be the method of transportation which would last the longest in a collapsing civilization. Mining coal to provide power for locomotives requires muscles and time but little technological knowledge, and there's plenty of knowhow on the proper maintenance of steam locomotives among the older generation of railroaders. The diesels would probably be idled as rapidly as motor vehicles, for fuel lacks. If we leave out of consideration the danger of bomb damage to tracks, it would probably be a decade before the workings of time would do enough damage to rails to prevent locomotives from operating. Railroad ties are so embedded that they would be the last place our primitive descendants will turn to obtain firewood; rails would be useless as salvage material if there were no means of melting them down to create something else. Even after the lack of proper attention caused rails to spring and stopped trains from running, I think that railroad rights-of-way might serve for a century or more as footpaths. It would be harder for vegetation to block the path of a railroad than a highway.

I'll need some help from the audience on clothing prospects, because I know absolutely nothing about mills and their machinery, or the difficulties of producing cloth in the home with primitive tools. It would seem logical that at least a decade would pass before we'd worn out all the clothing that we owned and all the reserve stocks in stores and warehouses. After all, children's and workmen's shoes are the only articles of apparel that are ever worn out, in today's civilization. All other articles of dress are discarded before they're worn out, because they've become too shiny or have lost their shine or have become too eccentric in appearance because of changing fashions or have become too similar to the garments that everyone is wearing, or have been outgrown, or need darning in places that will be obvious.



I believe that the return to the cave and the forest leanto occurs much too soon after the collapse of civilization, in most fiction about an atomic future. The fate of the Blue Mountain House which I described in Horizons about two years ago seems to agree with the gloomy predictions of rapidly collapsing structures. But that was a frame building to

begin with, and was badly damaged by fire before it was abandoned, with a result that in thirty years, it has become difficult to see where the foundation once stood. It should be a different story for buildings which are built principally of steel, stone, or brick. Windows, of course, will be the first thing to go, and won't be replaceable after existing stocks of glass are used up. But if you're willing to occupy a building without glass in the windows, and there are no destructive gangs roaming the country, I believe you could count on fifty years to a century of comfortable existence in any well-built modern structure, before deterioration became too bad. You'd probably be forced to abandon the top story after a decade or two, because of a leaking roof, and you'd hardly be able to keep the furnace going, unless you could adapt a coal-burning furnace to the use of wood. But a house without glass in the windows and unheated would still have numerous advantages over the Thoreau-model shack or the cave.

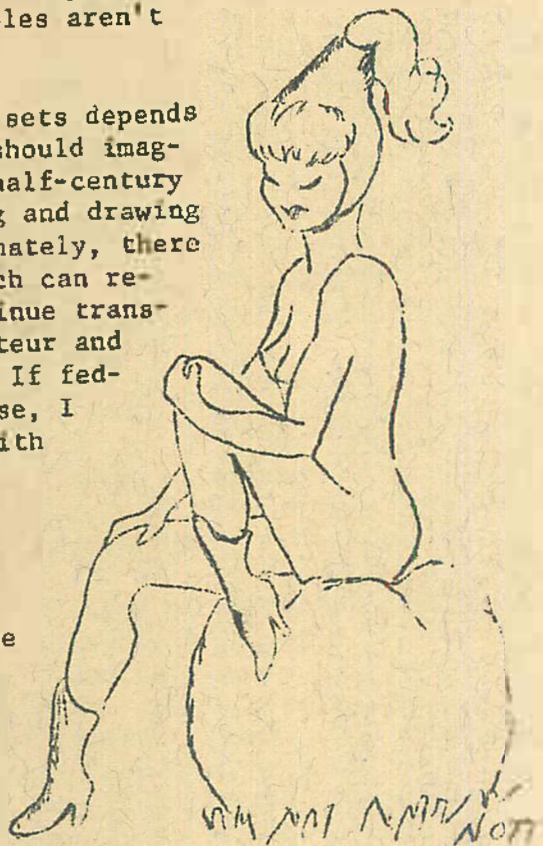
Food is naturally the biggest factor in survival. My suspicions tell me that this country would be almost certain to turn into a nation of people with a vegetarian diet, in the barbarian future. In the past, nations which have suffered disaster from war or flood or soil erosion have continued to raise cattle and pigs and other meat-producing animals. But the missing factor today is the scarcity of people with the farm experience; for the first time in the history of civilization, we have in this country a situation in which a tiny minority of the population produce almost all of its meat. Any city dweller can quickly learn to raise vegetables in the backyard, if food supplies become dubious. But it takes a lot of time, strength, and knowhow to keep meat animals alive. Even the matter of queasiness might enter the situation. Remember Damon Knight's little story about the end of humanity, because the last woman alive wouldn't enter a men's room to save the life of the last male? I suspect that a very great proportion of Americans who may be faced with the need for providing their own food might do without meat, rather than go through the messy process of slaughtering livestock. If looting and hoarding could be minimized when the breakdown occurred, I don't believe that too many people would starve. Food stocks are pretty

well scattered over the nation at any given time, and there's always an enormous surplus of seeds on hand in the stores every year; diets would be restricted to a few easily-grown, big-producing crops after the first year, however.

We must probably resign ourselves to doing without electric power, within a year or two after the collapse of civilization. At least, that's the time interval that normally occurs between the occasions when major repairs or renovations are needed at the two power stations in the Hagerstown area. People who should know have told me that few if any of the major electric power sources could be started again, after breaking down completely, because they can't generate enough power to start themselves unless they're already in full operation, or can borrow the juice required from a neighboring plant. The latter method would seem more practical! Each summertime thunderstorm in this area of Maryland knocks out the power supply to as many as a thousand homes; without crews of servicemen on the job, it's quite possible that this sort of damage would make the power stations useless even before the equipment deteriorated too far.

There's a pretty good clue to the life expectancy of telephone service after atomageddon in the big phone strikes that were occurring regularly, a few years back. If memory serves, the telephone company said at the time that dial service could be expected to function pretty well automatically for about a month, then would begin to break down in sections over a period of several months, if maintenance men stayed off the job. I think that the moral should be: throw away your phone book or that little black book with telephone numbers, a year after civilization collapses. However, there are still lots of old-fashioned telephone systems back in the wilderness, self-contained, without dial equipment; some of those might keep going for years, if a power source could be rigged up and the poles aren't destroyed for yule log purposes.'

Naturally, the survival of radios and television sets depends mainly on the lasting qualities of house current. I should imagine that receiving sets could still be functioning a half-century after the blowup, in fair quantities, by cannibalizing and drawing on stocks of reserve parts when sets failed. Unfortunately, there are few battery-powered radio sets in homes today which can receive the wavelengths which might be expected to continue transmissions after normal power sources have failed: amateur and emergency transmitters utilizing the shortwave bands. If federal authorities are really serious about civil defense, I believe that there is only one way to keep in touch with the general public during such a breakdown period: distribute immediately crystal receiving sets by the hundreds of thousands. They have no moving parts, no tubes to wear out, no components that would be useful to looters, and weigh next to nothing. Even if homes have no power source, it might be possible to keep the public informed for years, by rigging up generating equipment strong enough to keep one or two longwave stations functioning in each general area. (I might add that you can buy a kit that will permit you to build a crystal radio, complete with earphone, for less than five bucks from Monky Ward, in case this article has done a really thorough job of alarming you, up to now.)



I don't believe that water would be a major problem in this problematical future, except for persons who refused to budge from the big cities. Without explosions or deliberate sabotage, over a period of months, possibly years, and the demand for water would naturally be cut tremendously by the cessation of manufacturing. This same factor, the end of factory operations, would actually make it easier to obtain water in many rural areas, where pollution from waste products is now a problem.

The arts would undoubtedly flourish under these conditions. The most stupid theme that I have encountered in science fiction in recent years, occurred in a story where all the characters sat around mawkishly emoting over one of the few surviving phonograph records remaining. The record was supposed to be a symbol of the almost extinct art of music. Naturally, this is all hogwash; men will be able to sing as well as ever, if every scrap of printed music and every record is wiped out; and only the simplest of tools and easily obtained materials are necessary to make very fine string and woodwind instruments. (Actually, I suspect that vinylite records will still be excavated from time to time in playable condition, when all our skeletons are crumbling into dust. They are almost indestructible without the use of extreme violence.) It might be the finest possible thing for the future of the arts, if some of them were wiped out in total war. It may be significant that painting was the first of the arts to reach great heights after the Renaissance: painting was the only fine art which didn't survive from the height of Grecian culture, and as a result, all the outmoded traditions of sculpting and playwriting and narrative poetry strangled the workers in those forms after the Middle Ages, while the painters could follow their own genius.

Summing up: Under the kind of quick, total war that I've postulated, I think that we'd continue to enjoy some of the advantages of civilization for the first decade, and that most of us would still have a few technological wonders operating around us when we had become old men and women. At a guess, I'd say that a century after this war would be needed to return normal life to the type known in North America during the 18th century, and five centuries to destroy all the clues to the scientific past.

---Harry Warner, Jr.

Reprinted from: Horizons; Autumn, 1955, by permission of the author.

An Introductory Afterword

I purposely refrained from citing the reprint credit, until the end of the above article. The reasons for this course are twofold: 1) I believe that this particular item has held up suprisingly well after more than eleven years, and wondered just how far into it you would get before internal evidence gave away its not so recent origin; and 2), it serves as a springboard to the following:

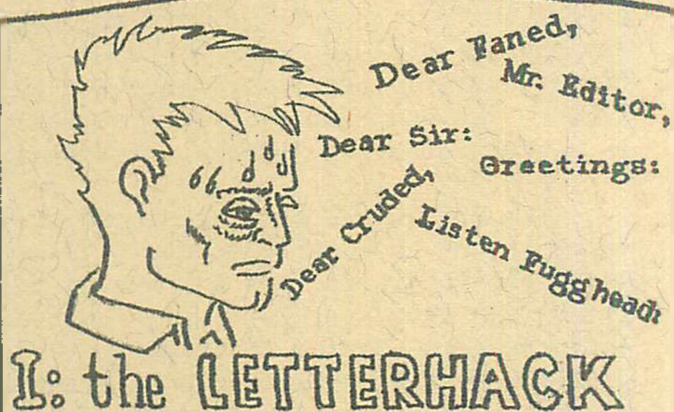
The postwar story is certainly not any more fashionable than when "How Long?" was first published--at least among the 'critical' circles. Despite the certainty of be-looked at with askance, I must confess to a personal interest in this brand of story, that is less than addiction, but more than lukewarm.

Therefore, I'd like to see the above article serve as a springboard for a new item of discussion in D:B; not stories...but an updating, corrections, opinions on the above. Plus new articles...or suggestions for further reprints. What say? ---Bill Bowers

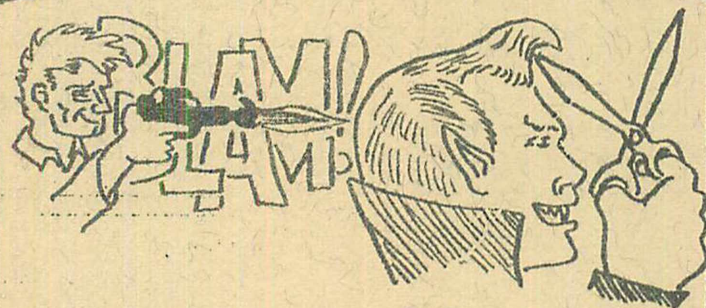
The LETTERHACK



PRIME R
WORDS: DWAIN KAISER

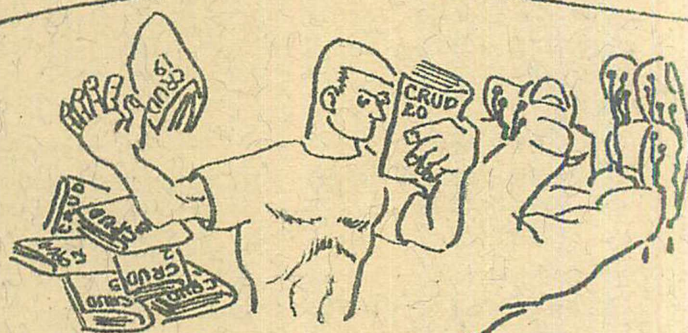


This is the letterhaak.
Notice his sleepy look, and
The bags under his eyes.
He only sleeps one hour a night.
He types letters 90 hours a week.
He never eats food--
Egoboo is the only thing that
Keeps him alive.



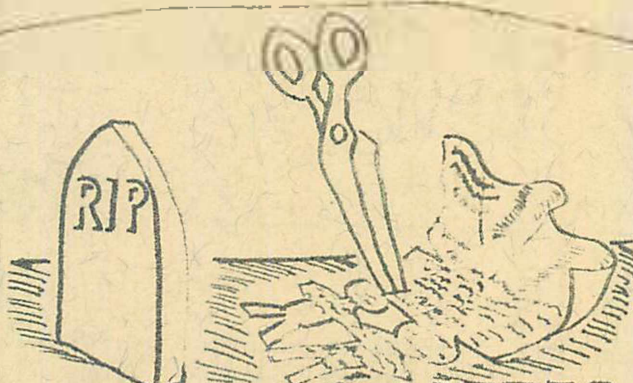
II: the FANED

Notice the evil fanzine editor.
He always tries to kill the
Letterhack.
He cuts down the letterhack's
letters.
He stops the letterhack from get-
ting his egoboo.
The nice, clean-cut letterhack
Hates him.
Look at the nice letterhack kill-
ing the evil old faned.



III: the FANZINE READER

Notice his bleeding fingers--
They're from taking staples out of
rat crudzines.
He drops blood all over the fanzine.
He doesn't even bother to read the
Lettercol.
His only way of getting fanzines
is to buy them.
Everybody hates him.
May he bleed to death all over his
Sub fanzines.



IV: the HACK'S LETTER

See it just sitting there in a
dead pile?
it is dead. All the way.
The faned killed it by hacking it
to pieces.
Hack! Hack!
Life has cozed out of it.
The faned LIVES on cutting letters.

We also heard from our good fr



V: the WAHF COLUMN

I worked on this letter for three
hours.
Eight different drafts were done.
Nobody ate because I didn't go
to work today.
80¢ postage was used. We waited--
it got one line in the WAHF column
Let us all HATE the fanzine editor
HATE! HATE! HATE!

ARTIST'S NOTE: The views of the author do not reflect the views of the
artist of this article. Some of the words have been changed to
conform with space problems.

(Another UNPAID ADVERTISEMENT --Gee, are we losing money!)

MARCON 2
presents:

ROGER ZELAZNY as Guest of Honor

DATES: APRIL 8TH and 9TH. LOCATION: HOLIDAY INN NORTH. 1821 EAST MANHATTAN,
TOLEDO, OHIO (What, no Zip Code, boys?) GCH: Science Fiction's
#1 All-Time Award Winner--ROGER ZELAZNY.

PROGRAM: Pre-publication reading by Mr. Zelazny--Pro Panel---Fan Panels--
OPEN PARTY!

(Slurp! Slurp..) We strongly urge all fans who are able, to
attend this regional convention; it's informal and a lot of fun. Ye Eds.

ROBERT COULSON'S wallaby stew FANZINE REVIEWS

CE #1 : Tom Trottier, 44 Toronto St., Kingston, Ont., Canada -- no price or schedule listed : This is the official organ of the newly formed Queens SF Club, of Queen's College. A membership in the club costs you \$1. per year, and this includes copies of the fanzine, but there is no price listed -- that I could find, anyway -- for out-of-town fans who want the fanzine but have no particular use for club membership. Write Tom. This first issue is a small 7-page affair, including a proposed club constitution, a roster of members, a one-page description of 'fanac' for new fans, and a story by Ray Nelson, presumably obtained from the N3F Manuscript Bureau. The story is quite good, although more of an incident than a story. Like many first issues, this is more of an announcement of intent than an operating fanzine. I got to talk with Trottier some at the Tricon, and he seemed about as intelligent and capable as most fans, so future issues might well be worth getting. (Or they might not; you can never tell about fanzines.)

ENTMOOT #4 : Greg Shaw, 2707B McAllister, San Francisco, Calif. 94118 -- irregular -- 50¢, 5 for \$2 or a lifetime sub for \$10 : He plans to quit after 5 years, I see. This is a fanzine devoted entirely to the works of J.R.R. Tolkien. Layout, with the lettercolumn in front and the editorial in the back, is different from but not inferior to other fanzines. The lettercolumn is the major item in the issue, both as to quality and quantity -- it covers over half the issue, and the discussions range from elvish writing to copyrights to a plea from Dainis Bisenieks for everyone to go out and buy a Theodore Alevizos record and see if Alevizos isn't the ideal of an elvish singer. (Alevizos is good, incidentally; never having thought much about elvish singing one way or another I wouldn't say how well he fits that part, though I suppose his high clear tenor would be a prime requisite. If you don't like the Greek record that Dainis recommended, he can also be heard on an early Joan Baez recording which has been reissued by two or three different companies.)

Felice Rolfe has an article on masquerade costumes from Tolkien; as I'm not addicted to costumery it didn't do much for me.)

There are three poems included. Those of Ted Johnstone and E.E. Evers are at least as good as Tolkien's and probably better: the one by Peter Sloman is rather pedestrian. There is an article on writing in elvish if you're really interested in that sort of thing, and here's another poem, by Michael Laton, which I overlooked earlier. I only wish my luck had held. In the editorial Greg mentions all the hipsters who have fallen for Tolkien (aren't they reaching pretty far for their fads these days?) and reports the most ghastly Tolkien news that I've heard yet; a possible film based on the Lord of the Rings starring Donovan and using his alleged music as a soundtrack.

Oh yes; you can have a copy of the cover of the mag for 25¢, tho I'm not sure why



anyone would want a copy; a full-page interior by the same artist is much better done. It's suprising, though; a lot of the best fan artists seem to be interested in Tolkien, but the Tolkien art I've seen in fanzines has been almost universally bad. Except for the cover, ENTMOOT does much better than most in the art line.

 THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #6 : Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St.,
 Newport News, Virginia 23605
 -- irregular -- no price listed : You may have to join the
 N3F to get this one; I'm not sure. (Well, you don't have
 to join; you can send contributions like I do. But they
 may not accept your money except as club dues.) This is
 one of the smaller issues. The editor uses his editorial
 to provide a rundown on the new members; names, addresses,
 what they have to offer and what they are interested in.
 There is a column on bibliographic material, giving titles
 and a little about each item. (You probably will never be
 able to locate any of this stuff, you understand, but this
 tells you what you've missed.) I do the same thing in an
 article on more or less rare stf books; this was revised

and updated from one I did for BANE several years ago. (I review things like Half-Gods, by Sheehan, Murder in Millenium VI, by Gray, War - 1974, by Rigg, etc.) There are several minor checklists and a good short critique of Robert Moore Williams, by Don D'Amassa, included.

 SATYR #3 : John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 -- irregular --
 ----- 25¢ : This takes off on censorship, with articles on the subject by Sutton Breiding and Mike Viggiano. They're somewhat similar, but Viggiano's seems better. Breiding tries too hard to be one of the boys, with little verbal-type tricks. ("I mean, yeah, these things are garbage of the lowest degree, but..." and lots of exclamation points after quasi-quotes attributed to his opponents.) Viggiano is content to present the facts without injecting life! action! and excitement! into them, and it comes across much better. The editor wants further articles on the subject (preferably by people who have read these two). Breiding reviews fanzines, and Berry contributes a short story. (Parable? Parody? I'm not sure.) I guess the editor also reviews fanzines, as well as including a long editorial on this and that. Greg Shaw provides a nasty but funny parody of Pickering's writing, and there is a pome and various letters. Now, personally, I've read so many articles on censorship in various fanzines -- and written some, too -- that new ones tend to bore me. However, if you haven't, you might well invest a quarter in SATYR. Breiding's article is about average for the course, and Viggiano's is quite good.

With this came AVE CAESAR!, a one-sheeter devoted to more mundane topics like politics, war, propaganda, newspaper clippings, etc. It will be "irregular...but...fairly frequent", cost 3 for 25¢, and vary in size according to what sort of material is contributed.

 COSIGN #5 : Robert B. Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 -- monthly --
 ----- 25¢, \$2.50 per year : This is the official organ of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. (What kind of a name is that? Don't you know that all good fans pick out pronounceable initials first, and then figure out a name to fit them?)

You try to pronounce COSFC and before you know it they'll be pouring cough medicine down your throat and jabbing you in the arm with penicillin.) Having had 5 issues in which to gain experience, this is a bit slicker looking than GE. The material is the usual stuff; undoubtedly the best item is Mike Ashley's article on the works of Roger Zelazny. Short, but fairly well done. There are book, fanzine, movie and tv reviews, a poem, a couple of items of fiction, and letters. The mag is developing; nothing terribly outstanding, but mostly average stuff. Larry Knight and Jay Kinney contribute good illustrations, and John Ayotte has an interesting cover. More artists in the field; good. (Andy Porter complained that I don't mention illustrations often enough; every so often I recall this and mention a few. Not being an art critic, I'm not going to go into things like Style and Meaning, but as long as the illo is fairly realistic I can usually tell whether it's well-drawn or not. Abstracts are beyond me; either they would make a good linoleum pattern or they wouldn't, is about all I can tell.)

THE WSFA JOURNAL #34 : Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 -- bi-weekly -- \$2 per year : The official organ of the Washington, D.C. club, but also a good fanzine for reviews. Books, magazines (only regularly published magazine reviews available), and tv. Must say that I disagree with their tv review; I found "The People Trap" pretentious, illogical (with people that crowded for room, why were there acres and acres and possibly square miles devoted to junk cars -- each with its own little plot of ground -- and unused sewer pipes?), with stereotyped characters and the God-awfullest dialog I've listened to since I absently turned on a radio soap-opera once. Not to mention that the central characters were the same sort of stupid bastards who brought on the whole mess, so who could feel sympathetic toward them? It left a bad taste in my mouth. There are letters, a convention report, and a list of 'forthcoming' pb books -- well, there are a few in Dec. and January listed, tho most of the list would have been published before the fanzine was.

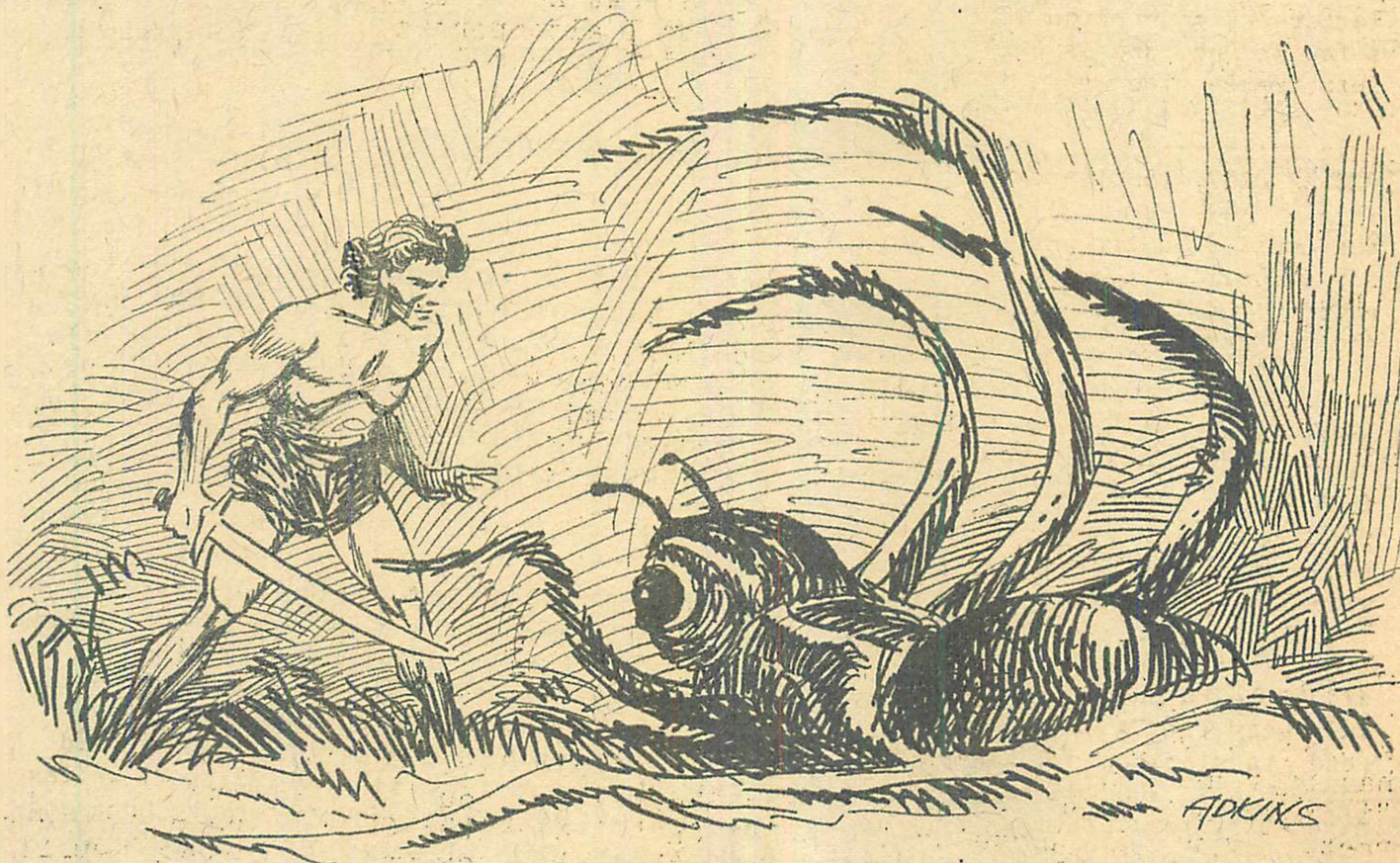
DEGLER #157, 158 : Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St., New York, N.Y. 10028 -- weekly -- 3 for 25¢ : A two-page newsletter. I wouldn't have thought anyone could find two pages of fan and pro news a week, but Andy manages -- tho I must say I consider a paragraph on the number of pages in a FAPA mailing to be more padding than news. It's well worth your money, though, if you're interested in fan and pro news and gossip.

NIKKAS #17 : Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301 -- quarterly -- 50¢ or 5 for \$2 : Ed Meskys is chief editor, but I believe you send money to Felice. That's a lot of money for a fanzine, but then NIKE has been running 70 to 90 pages per issue; a lot of them printed in micro-elite type. I can get through the average fanzine in 10 or 15 minutes; NIKE takes a solid hour or better, even when I skip the Tolkien material (which I usually do). In addition to Tolkien articles, this has an essay on "The Arabian Nights" by Piers Anthony. Rather surprisingly, considering that I've never read any of the translations of the stories, I didn't learn much from the article, but it's a good basic article for people who know very little about the stories. (If, for example, you didn't know that the good translations are generally referred to as 'unexpurgated', you probably should read this.) The editress of a science-fiction book-publishing house in Italy writes a rebuttal to a previous article on Italian stf. Diana Paxson compares The Once and Future King with Rosemary Sutcliff's A Sword at Sunset. (She prefers White's

Arthur to Sutcliff's; I wonder what she'd think of Henry Treece's version, in The Great Captains?) Larry Janifer urges everybody to go out and buy Crank, by Robert Paul Smith. Ben Solon reviews fanzines, various people review books, and there is a long and generally rewarding letter column. (I see that John Boardman has run up against someone who can talk longer and quote more statistics than Boardman can, tho he isn't as entertaining while doing it.)

STEFANTASY #60 : Bill Danner, R.D. #1, Kennerdell, Pa. -- irregular -- for special
----- people only : Bill is a fanzine editor who is not interested in money. He sends out STEF 'for the hell of it' and to attract interesting people. If you want a copy, write him and try to sound intelligent and if possible witty. Send a contribution. The magazine is devoted to the humorous aspects of modern America -- a sort of superior version of GRUMP. This issue includes professional (or almost professional) quality fiction, a lovely verse on the high cost of 'cheap thrills', parody-advertisements, a complaint about 'handling charges' and various odds and ends. It's probably the best fanzine being produced, but it probably doesn't have a big enough readership to get it a Hugo. (I nominated it several times, but apparently nobody else did because it never made it on the final ballot.) Incidentally, on that advice to 'sound witty'; don't sound like the usual juvenile joker. I'm sure Bill would prefer serious intelligence to cheap humor. Anyway, if you don't get an issue you've only lost a nickel; it's worth the gamble.

---Robert Coulson



send your LETTERS to:

This NEW Address....:

Bill Mallardi
369 Wildwood Ave.
Akron, Ohio 44320

DOUBLE

TROUBLE

LETTERCOLUMN -- being
letters from the Read-
ers -- Edited by BEM.

((Editor's note: The following letter I am print-
ing whole for the perusal of all D:B's readers. Whether you agree or dis-
agree with what this person says -- is of course a moot point. It appears
he is trying to "change" Fandom, per se, into a strictly Sercon Group,
and I'm happy to say he is failing. Instead of helping Fandom, it is my
opinion he is actually doing it harm; and in the process doing his own
reputation no little good, also. Needless to say, DOUBLE:BILL will no
longer print any more Articles or contributions by him as long as I can
help it. I will not say anything either way to you other Fanzine Editors
reading this -- what you do is your OWN business re using his material; I
just want my position understood by the rest of fandom. (What material we
DID use was criticized unmercifully anyway, so apparently his style (?)
of writing is not popular with the fans; I will be sending all material
by him in our files, back to him. The fact that it all is not good calibre
material is most of the reason for the rejecting, naturally, but there is
also a secondary reason. I don't like what he is trying to do TO fandom,
and a few things he says in this letter I also personally disagree with.)
Along with the letter was attached a personal note to me, which I am
also printing verbatim. It follows.....--BEM))

STEPHEN E. PICKERING, 46 WAINWRIGHT DR., BAKERSFIELD, CALIF. 93308

Bill:

I rarely take a lot of the nonsense in letter columns seriously -- often,
individuals will reply merely for the sake of replying (as in the case of
many publications of the Free Speech Movement, to which I contributed),
as often as not saying nothing. But, on page 40, of your convention issue,
you make a rather annoying statement, assuming that I am "16" years old.
Unfortunately, you are four years behind. While I enjoy the editorial
content of your publications, I find these little misinformations abomin-
able.

STEVE.....

((Well, Steve, I, apologize, for the, information, being wrong, but,
you, see, it didn't originate, with, me. Someone, I forget, who, at the
Midwestcon, last, year, mentioned it to a bunch, of us, fans while we
were discussing, you, and your Contributions, to, fandom. The general con-
sensus was, that your, material, seemed to show you were a young person. I
had no reason to doubt whoever said it originally, and just mentioned it
"in passing" to Buck Coulson. That Shows to Go you that you must be cor-
rect. Never Take Anything in Fandom On Blind Faith! Check your references
first! \$\$ Seriously, I'm sorry about that, but how was I to know? BEM)))

STEPHEN PICKERING, cont:

A REPLY TO THE DYNAMIC YOUNG FOGIE: REBEL FROM THE RIGHT

Congratulations on your recent publication for the convention, and much success to you. This is to advise that your September issue managed to stir me up more than anything I've encountered in a long time. The letter by Jerry Pournelle, specifically, inspired me to stay up all night preparing an answer to Pournelle's absurd thoughts.

Some individuals suffer from the acute inability to face facts; encountering the ostensible complexities of political life (and even, we now see, the relatively lesser complexities of discussing a liberal's views) is too much for such a person. And, he must turn his frustration to either political apathy or the half-truths of pseudo-conservatism, often expressed in a general pomposity which too often (like the prose comic books of Ted White) becomes an insensible wail for social destruction.

The appallingly prolific Mr. Pournelle, writing in your pages, calls the observant reader to the divergence between the realities of our national ethos, and our ideas about it. Then, through the use of a veritable blizzard of nonsensical verbage ((Sic)) , attempts to snow the reader into believing that Dr. Boardman, a liberal with many astute qualities, is wrong in assuming that the Radical Right of our society is exclusively responsible for this divergence. If one has the patience to take a sociological snow shovel to Pournelle's reasoning, the absurdities of his allegations become insultingly clear.

First, as we have noted (and we refer Mr. Pournelle to Daniel Bell's studies, The Radical Right, and The End of Ideology), Pournelle ignores the role the Radical Right has played in the divergence between idea and ideal. Then, for some unknown reason, Pournelle ignores a readily available fact: that student movements, particular those "radical" movements, can dispel this divergence through the introduction of unpleasant, but incapable facts. Perhaps, Mr. Pournelle did not want to analyze his own reasoning, but we had best take a closer look at our conservative, would-be redeemer.

One difficulty I find in criticizing his letter, from a sociological viewpoint, is that so many of his ideas, authoritative as they may sound, when boiled down to their essence actually say absolutely nothing. And it is hard to attack something that isn't there. Anyway, I shall do my best to point out my objections to those bits and pieces of meaningfulness I can manage to find in the letter.

One of your conservative's more repulsive statements is that "One of the candidates for Republican nomination for Congress in my own College's district happen to be coloured." One almost can hear the pseudo-liberal or conservative: "Why, some of my best friends are colored."

Since when, Mr. Pournelle, are the platitudes of this Police State reflected in such actions (by those same people that make the aforementioned statement) as the deliberate inciting of ethnic group clash, the adulation of militant anti-communism and McCarthy-ism, and the supporting and applauding of such individuals as Russell Kirk, Billy Hargis, etc.?

And, Pournelle goes on to suggest, such things as youthful liberals demonstrate the norms of the radical left, as opposed to the Glorious

STEPHEN PICKERING, cont:

Tolerance of the conservative element.

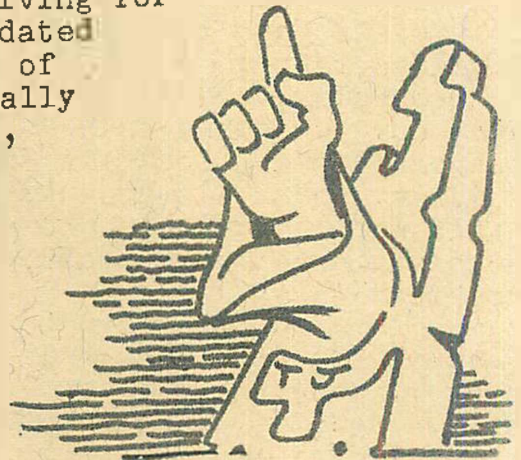
I think that Mr. Pournelle, in the reasoning that typifies those conservatives who endeavor to analyze political spectrums, is perpetrating Ted White-like nonsense--he is confusing publicity with power or intelligence. I think it not improper, often, to equate extremist "conservative" to "bigotry." In attempting to prove that the conservative is interested in individual rights, many Birchites have ignited violence and fear (e.g., Hargis' hate records; Constructive Action's books, such as Pass The Power, By Please, etc etc.), lies and misconceptions. Mr. Pournelle, like many fans of like mind, just does not seem to have sociological facts to back his arguments -- there are many more magazines and analyses other than The National Review, etc. May I recommend Kenneth Newberry's The Yahoos, or Irving Howe's The Conservative Papers? What about Lipset's studies of the conservatives' racism, Toch's studies of conservative social movements, etc.?

In the final section of his letter, Pournelle presents an image of two, emotional young liberals. All summed up, his topics all try to convince the ill-read reader that liberals such as Dr. Boardman are merely isolated and relatively unsupported, because of an implied credo of peace and justice from the conservative element. This is as bad as Evers' nonsense.

But what brand of peace and justice is actually forwarded by the radical right? McCarthy-ism; intolerance; paper mache reasoning; lack of knowledge; fear -- and other factors (I suggest Mr. Pournelle consult Alan Westin's analyses of the John Birch Society, and the Conservative party; then, he can attempt to argue). It is a rather irritating thing for conservatives to cry about a mythical communist conspiracy, but an even more ignoble thing for Mr. Pournelle to perpetrate ideas similar to those he gave on war a few years back at a major convention. But, instead of offering constructive advice, Mr. Pournelle, and others in the Radical Right, perpetrate the dangerous ideal that our entire military policy is specifically geared to hunting out (and, in the effort, ~~napalming~~) 44 Sic; I presume you mean "napalming", Steven? That's the only word I can figure it to mean.--BEM-- the "evils" of communism, whether Marxist, Chinese, or whatever.

In true half-blind fashion, the Radical Right decries the tangible aid the United States is giving for old age pensioners, the development of flouridated water centers. But the insults and atrocities of Dan Smoot, Robert Welch, and others are virtually ignored. After all, the reasoning seems to go, Welch and Smoot are "Americans", too, so why should we object if they want to invade and butcher other people's lives who are, after all, only communists anyway?

This deliberate underplaying of the motives of the far right, and the school to which Mr. Pournelle seems to belong, has gone far enough. Those who insist that this is a battle for "freedom" against "infiltrating communists" are ignoring the most painfully obvious facts.



STEPHEN PICKERING, concl:

The Radical Right (or, if you wish, the "conservative") position can best be summed up by quoting from The Blue Book: "...because the American support of the of the international Communist conspiracy is now the backbone of its strength, and has been for many years. If and when we reach the point of helping the Communist conspiracy everywhere in the world, we shall have won a most important battle in the war ahead." Or, more to the point, "And this is taking us over /the communist "infiltration"/ by a process so gradual and insidious that Soviet rule is slipped over so far on the American people, before they ever realize it is happening, that they can no longer resist the Communist conspiracy as free citizens, but can resist the Communist tyranny only by themselves becoming conspirators against established government." The latter statement, with my emphasis added, is suffice to show that a mythical "conspiracy" of the communists does not exist; rather, the conservatives, particularly the Birchers, are advocating a "two hundred year" plan of overthrowing the "communist liberals!" control.

A pretty future, indeed.

As a Marxist socialist, I do not say that the United States is perfect, nor that our present government under Johnson (or, conceivably, under Reagan or Goldwater) is desirable or "democratic." But the way to build improvement is not to invoke fear, McCarthy-ite intolerance, or perpetrate the nonsense Pournelle has been writing about. One cannot agree with the phrase which states that conservative Extremism in the pursuit of "virtue" is no wrong. For each man must define "virtue" for himself and, having done so, strive to show others what he has found. Such a sharing can never come about if each man is a conservative extremist (for Motherhood, Virtue, and Patriotism; against LSD, "smut", and "subversives") who defines his own idea of "virtue," and then moves to force it on his fellow man. We do not need extremists of a rightist hue who will only destroy and defame.

For those "fans" who cannot read beyond a letter column of a fan magazine, allow me to quote from Karl Marx: "The materialistic doctrine that men are products of circumstances and upbringing and that, therefore, changed men are products of other circumstances and changed upbringing, forgets that circumstances are changed precisely by men, and that the educator himself must be educated....The standpoint of the old materialism is 'civil society'; the standpoint of the new is human society...."

Hopefully, the readers of Double Bill (who are not so politically naive nor so stupid as Pournelle ostentatiously implies in writing his "authorative" letter) will resist the luring howlings of the Radical Rightists. Mr. Pournelle should read; analyze; study the New Left's ideals a little more; and, then, he can attempt to write the same, insulting attacks against the honorable Dr. Boardman -- that is, if he believes in the "American Way."

((Let me ask you something, Steven: "As a Marxist socialist"-- your own words I quote there -- do YOU believe in the American Way?? Makes me wonder... And, if you or anyone else questions me on what it is in your letter I disliked enough to reject all articles by you, (that I said on first page of lettercol, if you forget) it's that above quoted statement. Politically, I'M a mixture of conservative and liberal; make of that what you will... Derek Nelson's article thish airs my sentiments exactly.BEM))

DWAIN KAISER, 1397 NO. 2ND AVE., UPLAND, CALIF., 91786

Excellent...a really fine looking issue. I'm not sure I like the use of the heavy covers, on fanzines they feel wrong and besides they get damaged easy when bent back to allow the reader to read the material inside. (You know, allow the readers to see what's inside....that is the important part of publishing a fanzine, is it not?) ((Hell no! Any real trufan knows the interior is just filler...it's the front and back covers of a zine that really count!--BEM))

The cover drawing by Adkins was excellent, to be expected of course since Dan Adkins is a top grade artist.

Mild-Mannered isn't exactly what I'd call reviews by Buck Coulson... but then it's always nice to see him doing long reviews. (I enjoy seeing the axe swing up and down again slowly on some poor fan's head....ugh... thank god it isn't me.)

Dr. Jerry Pournelle asked in his letter if "Heinlein is a Racist..?" Strangely enough that was a point I was arguing out at LASFS with Steven Pickering just the other day. Our answer? Yes, we both agreed that he was. ((If you were ARGUING about it, HOW in 'ell did you both AGREE to it?!)) Some of the other members of our little group disagreed, as is their right, but the over all viewpoint expressed by Heinlein in most of his novels are that of a racist. Since I don't know Robert Heinlein personally (certainly not well enough to call him "Bob" like Dr. Pournelle can) I can't state for certain that in person he's the same way, but then I haven't seen anything from him to argue much different. I'd like to state the same thing from what I've seen of the editorials of ANALOG SFAC, SFICITION.... Campbell also seems to slide into the range of an outright racist, in ideas and belief. But then Heinlein uses ideas in his novels which I agree with, and at times which don't seem to be that of a racist....perhaps it's a case of reading something into his work which doesn't exist there....And the whole question could be solved if I knew Heinlein personally, well enough in person to be able to understand his viewpoint in person not his viewpoint in print.

Did the D:B Symposium finally get auctioned off.... WHY how strange, knowing you Bill's as well as I do I was certain that you'd figure out some reason for it not to be sold at that WorldCon too..... I'm looking forward to the details.... ((Well, Bowers & I wanted it so bad we considered absconding with a bound-up Collector's Item like that was; but Lloyd Biggle Jr. was at the con too, and he can run faster than we can. So we were forced to bid on it ourselves, legal-like. We chickened out, though, at \$50.00; the details? Lloyd had it bound up in a BEAUTIFUL 2-volume set, for a VERY reasonable fee. It finally was sold to a fan I had never heard of before, and who didn't seem to realize just what it was he was getting! (Guess he'd never heard of the D:B Symposium before!) Anyhow, it now is making a beautiful addition to the bookshelf of: WILLIAM J. CLARK, 1300 North Scott St., Apt.#9, Arlington, Va., 22209. The Winning bid was an even \$60.00, ALL of which went to TAFF. Clark made the check out to Terry Carr -- Terry, it was a Good Check, I hope?! It was up to Terry, as the American TAFF Administrator, to put it in the TAFFund; or send it on to the next Administrator. That \$60. should make a good starting nestegg for the up-coming TAFFrace. \$\$ Bowers & I were proud to be associated with such a project, and glad it got so much money for TAFF. \$\$ I hope Wm. Clark keeps and enjoys his prize for many years to come. --BEM))

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

Thanks for the opportunity to examine Mr. Pickering's letter. Tell me -- he isn't really twenty years old, is he? He's got to be in early adolescence? (I 'Fraid not...) In any event, it serves no useful purpose for me to enter into some kind of discussion in print with opposition consisting of an uneducated child fascinated with his discovery of polysyllabic words, and convinced that somehow he is a leading authority. If he were a genuine Marxist -- ie., if he truly knew anything about Marxist political analysis -- his very rarity would justify a certain amount of effort spent in debate with him. Unfortunately, on the internal evidence of his letter, he isn't very likely to know more about Marxism than, say, one of my sophomores.

In my own defense, let me, gently, offer the following: In my letter in #15, I took exception to John Boardman's constant and irritating equation of conservatism with racism. I particularly took exception to Dr. Boardman's manufacture of evidence. Boardman stated that in the publications of conservatism he found full and sufficient evidence to warrant his predicting that liberals, progressives, Jews, Negroes, Communists, and sundry others would all end up in concentration camps. This is typical Boardmanese, and I listed all of the reputable conservative and Conservative publications I could think of, and asked in which Boardman found his evidence. I have yet to get an answer, and I am not surprised. And I do not consider myself answered when Mr. Pickering lists a raft of left wing authors and writings and suggests that I read them. First, I have read quite a few of them; and second, I still do not see where that proves from conservative writing that we are already stringing the wire for Dr. Boardman.

Then, I objected to Dr. Boardman's assumption that Mr. Elliot Shorter would, because of his race, be unwelcome at Conservative Party headquarters in New York. I said that I could not speak for New York, but that in conservative political circles in which I am active, he would be most welcome; and I produced as evidence the following facts: 1) that the local president of the YR's on campus, and 2) a candidate who recieved the support of the campus Young Conservatives, were colored. If this be invalid argumentation, then I don't know what else I can say. It appears that when Pickering adopted Marxist socialism, he decided that only evidence which supports his position can be presented. Come to think of it, this is universally true, so why am I suprised?

I hadn't intended to write at any length, but one thing disturbs me sufficiently to make me want to continue. I wonder how many readers really do equate conservatism with "radical right"? Because it is the height of political naivete--even for a Marxist socialist--to accuse conservatives of being radicals. Really. Heaven's above, look in the dictionary, even, already yet. And I will greatly appreciate it if in future DOUBLE:BILL's correspondents will get their villains straight. Russel Kirk is a brilliant political philosopher, author, historian, and columnist who I am proud to claim as a friend. Billy James Hargis is a radio preacher who has called me a "left wing liberal" among his kinder epithets. It isn't nice to put the two into the same box, Mr. Pickering. But more than that, it not only isn't fair, it betrays the usual kind of undergraduate inability to make meaningful distinctions between one's enemies.

Gee, I wish I were apallingly prolific. If I get that designation just from a one page letter in DOUBLE:BILL, gosh, just wait until I write a

JERRY POURNELLE, concl:

regular column for somebody..... ((How about D:B being that 'somebody'? At least from time to time, if not regular?--BEM)) what words can Mr. Pickering come up with then? Stupefyingly prolific ...no.....

If this confusing bunch of tripe is the result of an all-night vigil, I suggest, Mr. Pickering, that next time you should go to bed and write in the morning.

((As a side note to my actions in barring Pickering from D:B: I see that Robert Coulson in YANDRO 167, which just arrived, has ALSO barred him from his zine, because of a report in newszine DEGLER! #164 that Steven Pickering allegedly robbed Forry Ackerman of collector's items worth a lot of money...(He returned it, apparently; though Coulson still is banning his material & letters). Since D:B will be/is out AFTER YANDRO, I'd best clarify any misconceptions from you readers -- I came to my decision to ban Pickering before Buck did, and wasn't influenced by anything or anyone in deciding it. I'm sure Buck hadn't even read about the incident in DEGLER! when I came to MY decision, because I decided months ago, when I first received Pickerings letter; and I don't receive DEGLER!, so until it was mentioned by Coulson in Y, I hadn't heard of the incident. But it seems my actions proved right after all. That makes two zines I know of who won't print Pickering anymore!--BEM))

TOM DUPREE, 809 ADKINS BLVD., JACKSON, MISS. 39211

The review of REPULSION was very good; I enjoyed it. The picture has not played any Jackson movie houses, and I have my doubts as to its ever playing here. ((So do I, now. It was at Akron's Art Theatre over a year ago!)) But the short subject you described was fascinating. Can you give us any more information about its production? (('Fraid not... I don't recall anything else re the credits, or anything. ONE thing I DO recall: the man playing the fisherman looked familiar to me -- he was either one of the many-times-photographed MAD staff members, or Bill Gaines himself. He was short, stocky, and had a mustache or goatee, I think.--BEM))

There's a lot of folk music talk in the lettercolumn, if indirectly. Perhaps I could ask a favor of D:B's readership -- while in Virginia about two months ago, at a meeting of the Fellowship of the Purple Tongue, ((???) I heard a tape recording made by a group called the Fugs. They are undescribable and really wild. I like them. I've been trying to hunt down the album that the tape came from (I think it was called VIRGIN FOREST), but I don't know the label, nor do any of the local record shops. ((Write to Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. I'm sure HE has the info you want.--BEM))

I am in favor of fiction in D:B, and to hell with those faaans who insist that you have too great an emphasis on it. The fiction which I've seen in the past few issues of D:B are a cut above the normal fan fiction offerings, and Roger Zelazny's surrealistic story here is very good, as is his poem.

And, by the way: I like your headings! I must say though, that the normal lettering-guide headings like on Ben Solon's column look more and more out of place after seeing the fancy electro-stencilled things.

I was surprised myself to see all that talk about the cartoons in the lettercol, too. The consensus goes with you, though, about the Warner cartoons, as you noted (except for that Grouchy Old Buck Coulson, who has successfully convinced some quaking neofans that he never smiles -- or that if he did, the world would end or something).

TERRY JEEVES, 30 THOMPSON RD, SHEFFIELD,, 11, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

Adkins' cover was excellent, slightly reminiscent of Cartier, but more artistic, and less cartooning than Cartier was inclined to produce. A nice economy of line, yet adequate hatching where needed. The whole thing's full of action.

Of the interior illos, my favorites were undoubtedly those beautiful little bits by Barr...again, a strong Cartier influence, this time with the cartoon touch...but what lovely little sketches. You can pack the magazine with these, and I for one, will not complain. Eisenstein's illo was good, but overshadowed by the work of Barr & Adkins...who also had a good little sketch on page 10...not as good as Barr's, but only slightly below them in quality. Your own three little ventures into the field were not displeasing either, and well up to the quality if not the ambition of the rest of the stuff in the art line. {{ Uh..correction...I didn't draw them; you must mean Bill Bowers...I can't draw for diddley-poop!--BEM}} Scott and Smith, sorry but I can't give them any lollipops, as their work had nothing to recommend it. REG on page 53..well this is one of those fillos which needed filling in before shoving in the corner... {{...??..--BEM}}

Bowers' editorial.. Interesting..I liked the 'shoulder blade', and the problem re enlisted and officer type faneds.. and b b fandom.

Wallaby Stew...excellent, just the right size and shape for fmz reviews...

The House of the Hanged Man...chum if you publish much more of this I'll tell you who needs hanging.Seriously, it was well written, but (a) too damn' clever and (b) too damned pointless.

Poets Cornered. Well, though I hate poetry, and fan fiction type poetry is worse than most, I enjoyed seeing Lloyd Biggle coming up with a condemnation on fannish poets for NOT learning their craft first. I heartily concur. Too many fannish poets just write down words, and sit back in the hope that somebody will acclaim their genius.... here is a sample..
"I saw...stark a ravine tearing thing of bones

and blood

Phlitter phlattering through the phalangers
and green, green, green."

{{ Hey..that's GREAT! I like that poem very muck.--BEM}}

Fair makes me sick. More power of Lloyd's elbow if he can uproot the like.

Bowers' piece of 'Whither the Prophet' left me adrift. I couldn't quite find out where he pursued the theme of his title, and where he was discussing the modern trends (and types) of story.

Repulsion. An excellent pair of reviews..I enjoyed them, but the theme repulsed me...I SHALL NOT go and see this film.

Bloodshot Eye. ...its nice to see that I'm NOT the only one who feels modern s-f is bogged down in its own cleverness with the 'philosophical' story.

A while back, I said the first editorial smacked of wondering what to write about...well, I'm afraid that Evers' Editorial showed this to high heaven. Virtually every paragraph was a cast-around for some peg to hang a theme on...no pegs turned up I'm sad to say.

Personally, I think you only need to do one thing to silence all critics of your layouts...namely, increase the size of the letters used in the title. At the moment, being fairly small, and not spread out, they tend to lack impact alongside large areas of type. Increase the letter size, spread a little more, and your problems will be solved. {{Will do.}}

MIKE DECKINGER, Ap't. 12-J, 25 Manor Drive, NEWARK, N.J. 07106

As I first mentioned to you at the convention, "The Fisherman" was published in one of the E.C. horror comics about thirteen years ago. I don't recall the issue or title (I have no E.C.'s in my possession) but I'm quite sure the artist was Jack Davis and the plot was exactly as you outlined. This is the first instance I know of an EC comic book story being adopted as a short subject, and it makes me wonder why more such stories aren't looked into. There were many EC stories that make perfect plotlines for projected short subjects, in both the horror and sf comics. (And perhaps the sf comics might be a better choice, since there wasn't such an intense emphasis on gruesome details and death.).

Earl Evers' method of taking over D:B, by pulling rank, is quite unique in the history of fanzine publishing. Ever's has hit on the ideal solution to the problem, and I hope that when he finally outranks Bill Bowers, he'll allow Bowers to remain on the D:B staff in some menial capacity. ((Oops...Earl is Out of the service now..but though he doesn't outrank Bowers, he STILL is taking over more responsibilities, from BOTH of us...certainly hope D:B can survive being pubbed by three fans who are so far apart! (Bowers is being transfered to Manila, the Phillipines).))

Zelazny's story is nowhere as good as his pro submissions (and I'd be damned surprised if it was). It's good to see he hasn't begun to ignore fanzines.

I would hardly expect the Analog of today to be comparable to the Astounding of fifteen years ago, and if Ben Solon is disturbed at this fault, he should observe the downward trend more closely. Whether or not Campbell has been solely responsible for this drop is debatable. I think several conditions have combined; higher productions costs, more and more writers becoming disenchanted with sf and seeking other fields, and faulty editorial judgement that holds circulation-building gimmicks are acceptable in a magazine which appeals to the most sophisticated and educated readership. Campbell just isn't demanding enough. He let Garrett get away with the "Mark Phillips" stories, and he's letting Garrett get away with "Too Many Magicians".

The I.B.M. card on page 30 provided one of the satisfying releases I've ever experienced. Upon sighting the object, I immediately ripped it from its page, and proceeded to bend, twist, fold, spindle, mutilate, tear, rip, burn, soak and cut the card. I am no sadist at heart, but this particular form of activity has been suppressed, with frequent warnings, for so long a time that I could contain myself no longer. I feel better now. Thank you. ((You're welcome. We figured some fans would do that to the card -- as a sort of therapy -- and we didn't care one whit. But it seems (so far) that you're the only one to do so...--BEM))

All this talk on different types of animated cartoons reads like a put-on, though I gather those involved are quite serious. I used to get a kick out of the cartoons myself, many years ago, in both movie houses and on the tv screen. I once went to a Saturday matinee that consisted of four hours of cartoons. (Such a program gives me nightmares today.) But I can't bring myself to sit through any these days without feeling definite symptoms of creeping boredom. I saw a few Flintstones features when the show first came on the air and I was more than bored, I was disgusted. This was billed as an "adult cartoon series", though presumably the adult tag was justified by use of some of the phoniest canned laughter I've ever heard.

ROBERT BLOCH, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

There are two items in the current issue on which I'd like to comment; the first being Harry Warner, Jr.'s letter. Speaking of paperback editions he says, "Now all the major publishers get displayed in thousands of places, and except for a rare all-out promotion of some timely book, the display space is equivalent." As a writer whose work has appeared in the paperback editions of many publishers, I must point out that Mr. Warner has seemingly overlooked a most important factor; i.e., the number of copies printed. The "best-sellers", the more literate examples of disguised pronography and the titles in popular mystery and spy series often are put out in print-orders of a half-million, a million, or even more; as a result, they are (a) regularly and rigorously promoted by their publishers, who in some instances even furnish special display-shelves for these titles, and (b) occupy, and most prominently, a disproportionate share of newsstand and magazine-rack space. Whereas most sf and borderline-sf titles are given little or no special promotion and are often limited in their printings to a hundred thousand or a hundred and fifty thousand copies. As a result, sf is often difficult to locate; it's buried away at the bottom in general store displays and relegated to the least conspicuous place in magazine-stand setups. Most dealers, swamped by the number of publishers offering titles, tend to regulate their selection by the amount of supply available rather than wait to judge demand; if a publisher has printed a million copies of Book A and ballyhoos the fact, the dealer will reason that Book A must be a good bet and therefore he takes a substantial order; Book B, with a printing of only a hundred thousand, scarcely merits a token order. This is, certainly, not the only factor governing the success or failure of sf in paperback editions, but it is an important one, as most writers quickly learn.

I was also interested in the review of REPULSION; most particularly in the "Prologue" remarks regarding the short subject, THE FISHERMAN. I'm certain that this theme -- the fisherman who is actually being fished for himself -- is an ancient one; but I do happen to know of at least one source.

In the April, 1939 issue of STRANGE STORIES there's a story entitled THE BOTTOMLESS POOL, by Ralph Milne Farley. Here's your fisherman, actually fished for -- and caught -- by a denizen of a mysteriously deep pool. I recall the night at the Milwaukee Fictioneers, late in '38, when Roger-Sherman Hoar (Ralph Milne Farley) proposed the one-line notion as the basis for a fantasy. He couldn't seem to implement the idea in terms of plot and characters; and ended up by suggesting that somebody take the premise and work it up. This was done, and the result sold under his byline, because his collaborator happened to have two other stories in the same issue -- one under his own name, and one under a pseudonym.

The reason I happen to remember this so vividly is because I was the guy who wrote the story. Small world....

But a pleasant one, brightened as it is by your latest issue.

((Thanks for writing, Bob, we appreciate hearing from you -- and one version of the origin of THE FISHERMAN. Feel free to do so frequently! \$\$ Thanks also to Mike Deckinger for HIS information on the tale; methinks you're right, Mike. However, I regret to say someone else sent a note explaining the story also appeared in an anthology edited by Damon Knight, I think; but I HAVE LOST THE NOTE. Sorry about that. I think it was Bill Roberts, or someone else from Calif. If he's reading this: SEND INFO AGAIN? I'll print it next issue, ok? --BEM))

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

Don't fret and fuss over complaints about your layout and editing procedures. Attractive layout, to me, is something that literally attracts-- cause the eye to linger long enough to get the reader started in the procedure of reading the contents of that page. Most of us read everything in a fanzine anyway, so my publishing ventures have always reflected my personal notion that once you have legible typography, not too many mistakes in it, and clarity in whatever artwork you're running, there's little more to be accomplished.

I suspect a scholastic origin for Bill Bowers' article on science fiction and prophecy. But if it's how it came into being, it reads much better than the stiff and obvious style of most examples of this source of fanzine material. ((You must be psychic! You're absolutely correct.. Bill says he did it for one of his classes at the AFB.--BEM)) The one major point on which I disagree is his assumption that the sputnik created some kind of turning point for science fiction. I can't recall anyone gaffing or becoming a simonpure faan and announcing that this event was the cause of his transformation. Nor is it at all certain that the first satellite had any real effect on the sort of professional science fiction that was being written.. Of course, there's the limited effect that it made it impossible to write a story in which mankind sent up its first orbiting object only to find it snatched by lurking creatures outside the atmosphere or in which the first successful orbiting object tripped the trigger on something that had been left in space to wipe out humanity as soon as it reached this point of development. But as I remember the reaction nine years ago, a few technically minded people like Andy Young got excited because they realized what a feat the first sputnik represented, and the rest of us wondered why there was so much excitement over an accomplishment that was still a long way from manned and controlled flight in space.

Repulsion sounds interesting, although I've been disturbed by the tendency of the movies to show in sharp focus for considerable footage so many revolting objects. Once Hollywood accustoms the public to bones protruding through flesh and decomposing scalps, what can it do to give a genuine jolt to the hardened audience?

Your editorial makes me feel more ashamed of myself than ever for missing the Tricon. I got up sick on the stomach in the middle of the week just before leaving for the event, stayed sick all that day, and got up the next day with a pain in my belly. I didn't think that even a Tricon was worth the risk of finding myself with appedicitis somewhere on a turnpike somewhen during the eight hours between Hagerstown and Cleveland. So I stayed home and didn't get appendicitis after all, even though the stomach ache has returned this week. ((Don't apologize for being sick, Harry.... there's no need to. We do wish you could have made it to the Tricon; but instead we'll see you at Nycon 3?--BEM)) ((Could it be you have my ulcer??))

There seem to be a whole variety of techniques now in use to reduce the cost of producing animated cartoons. Tom Dupree mentions the most noticeable variety, in which only one tiny segment of the frame contains any motion while everything else is a still. I've seen segments in which a second or two of action had obviously been rephotographed a half-dozen times or more, for the purpose of a chase or a fight. Somewhere or other, I've read that there are also producers who don't produce 24 frames for every second of screening time, but only 16 frames, rephotographing the



HARRY WARNER, concl:

other eight frames. I imagine that this would be hard to spot, even if you were looking for it, because of the general jerkiness with which most animated cartoon action is supposed to occur. Meanwhile, I wonder if anyone will ever again produce simon-pure full-length cartoon movies in the old Disney tradition, without resorting to combinations of animation and straight photography.

((Speaking of Disney, it's too bad he passed away. One of the best films he's ever done, in my opinion, is his famous FANTASIA. That's one of the Classics; I really enjoyed it...saw it two or three times, myself. Did any of you other fans out there like it as much as I? Let me know...ok? I realize that many fans didn't dig his "family" movies..neither did I; but contrary to fannish belief, I personally think that if he ever made a cartoon version of Tolkien's THE HOBBIT or even THE LORD OF THE RINGS, he would have done an excellent job on it, without being overly "cute".))

Curiously, Hagerstown has undergone the kind of superintegration in its elementary schools that Alex Eisenstein writes about. Virtually no schools were constructed in Hagerstown for nearly 20 years, because of the Depression and then the war. The first new school built after this interregnum was right in the geographical center of the Negro section, and 15 years later it's still superior in some ways to the buildings that have gone up since. But federal and state pressures forced the local school system to abandon it for general education purposes, and divide up the Negro children among other schools, almost all of them creating longer walks for the pupils and in some cases overcrowding classrooms badly. I suspect that the change, ridiculous though it appears in some ways, was a good one, because of the way it has helped to break the barriers between the white and Negro children when they're small. Of course, a town Hagerstown's size doesn't create the same difficulties that such scholastic integration creates in a metropolis with several Negro areas and prohibitively high costs of land needed for new in-city schools.

LLOYD D. HULL, 2532-9TH., GREAT BEND, KANSAS 67530

I don't know why, but I seemed to enjoy 15 somewhat less than 14. I think the main reason possibly was that 14 was the first fanzine that I got as I tip-toed my little self into fandom (6-3, 210 pounds).

After I got my first Double:Bill, I began throwing money into envelopes, left and right, prepared to spend huge sums of money for any fanzine that I could get a hold of. Soon however, I began to realize how stupid I was (I ran out of money), and began to sub to any fanzines that were in my opinion best. ((Sorry D:B disillused you so much!--BEM))

In The Bloodshot Eye, Ben Solon said that he could still remember the first science-fiction magazine he ever bought. I too remember mine. It was a juvenile by Robert Heinlein, called Have Spacesuit, Will Travel. From that point on I was a fan of Heinlein.

There seems to be a great deal of discussion on Stephen Pickering. How come? ((He's controversial)) Do you really think he merits all of it? ((Not really)) At first I thought that perhaps it was because I was new to fandom that I couldn't understand him. But soon I realized that he didn't have an idea of what he was talking about. I dunno. He's always saying that we should do something more for science-fiction than we

LLOYD D. HULL, cont:

are. I actually think he is doing it more harm than anyone, writing that crud of his. ((You hit the nail on the head... And you seem to have good judgement for a so-called Noofan.---BEM))

Your review actually made me want to see the movie "REPULSION". If it's as good as you indicate, then it's very, very close to being a masterpiece of it's kind. I wasn't really surprised to find that there were people laughing at the serious spots in it. You'll find soft headed morons like that everywhere.

There seems to be a lot of discussion on "Fail Safe", and how it isn't true science-fiction. Then what is it? Certainly isn't a detective novel. Nor a western. I maintain that anything which is written about future situations is science-fiction. I think the reason "DAVY" couldn't get wide-spread readership in areas other than science-fiction, is for the simple reason that the average person outside science-fiction can not identify with it. The possibility of a nuclear war they can. My girl friend and I were watching "Fail Safe" on television the other night, and it really did something to her. She said, "if this is science-fiction, I like it." Oh, by the way, Scott Kutina might like to know she's the most intelligent person I've ever known, (with the exception of my Father) man or woman. Oh, and also, Scott, I doubt if your hair was any longer then mine. Now I've got what we call a Bobby Kennedy cut out here. Incidentally, he's going to be President in 1972, along with his brother as Vice-President. Any bets? Better not be, cause you'll lose. Bobby's our man.

Dr. Pournelle has some very good points in his rebuttal of Mr. Boardman's letter. Perhaps here we have a half way responsible conservative. Or is it that after the conservatives long struggle to stamp out liberals, that they are finding themselves stamped on. Now the all mighty conservatives are shouting for fair play. After all it is true, that in this country liberalism is In, and conservative principles are Out.

Look Dr. Pournelle, I'll agree you've got some good points. But now let me tell you why I'm against you, and you're so-called conservatives.

1. I am against any group of people who would rather destroy a house clear down to the ground, and leave it without even it's foundations to stand on, rather then doing it the democratic way.
2. I'm against any group of people who state that such people as: John F. Kennedy, Dwight D. Eisenhower (even though I don't like the man personally), Arthur Goldberg, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert F. Kennedy, Cordell Hull (of which I take personal offence), Adlai D. Stevenson, and many, many other respectable men Communist, or Communist controlled.
3. I am against any group of idiots who state that such organizations as: the AFL-CIO, American Bar Association, Central Intelligence Agency, FBI, NATO, United Nations, The Peace Corps, and many others are Communist controlled.
4. I am against any group who praise such things as: the klu klux klan (notice I didn't capitalize it, the idiots don't even merit capitalization), joseph mccarthy, george lincoln rockwell, the minutemen, adolf hitler, and many, many others. And if any of you out there disbelieve me simply read "none dare call it treason"; by john a. stormer. All that I have just stated are plainly stated therein. mr. stormer does it by taking isolated cases from files, and building it up to a certain point to make you believe that it is actually fact. You can find the same elementary diatribe in any of many other conservative magazines, or newsheets.

LLOYD HULL, concl:

Now to Mr. Boardman. I remember right after I read his remarks in double:bill I sent him a long involved letter, commenting on how I was so glad to find a liberal in fandom, and all. Since that time I've changed a bit. Perhaps I'm growing up? While I still consider myself a moderate liberal, I'm beginning to see that perhaps the conservative elements have a few good points themselves. Though I gotta admit they're few and far between.

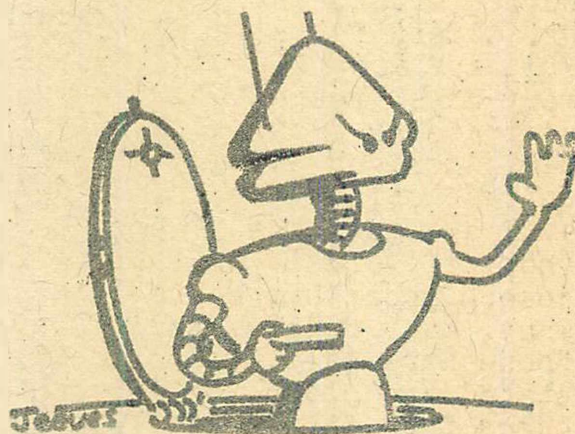
So-called liberals often state that they're liberal only because they're against something, and want to protest. Another thing about some liberals is that they do the very things which they say the conservatives are doing. They call conservatives Facist, because they feel that conservatives are against freedom of speech. But if that's true many liberals are also Facist inclined, because they too are against freedom of speech. They tried to drown out all those who speak for the Viet Nam war, or stage roadblocks, and tried to stop troop trains.

The reason I became a liberal in the first place is because a good liberal is traditionally a person who can see both sides of a question, and thus decide what road is best for him to take. It is the principle on which John Kennedy founded his life upon, and that principle which his younger brothers Robert and Ted are following presently.

Perhaps I'm a day dreamer, but I hope that perhaps when I'm ready to run for political office (I'll be 18 in February), that conservatives and liberals will have finally gotten to understand each other. We better. 'Cause buddy when those bombs start to fall, it isn't going to make a goddam bit of difference as to who's a conservative, or who's a liberal. It's going to be who's an American. And if those bombs ever do fall we sure as hell aren't gonna have time to fight between ourselves. We're going to have enough of a problem just living from one day to the next. Maybe those in big cities such as New York, Los Angeles, Washington, etc., are the lucky ones, they won't have to worry about staying alive, they'll already be dead.

WILLIAM TEMPLE

Although I pleaded with you not to send me DOUBLE:BILL because I waste precious hours reading it when I should be doing better things (Query: what better things?) you still persist in sending it. ((Stubborn, ain't we?!)) There's only one way out: to move away from here. Accordingly, in a week's time, I'm moving out. I hope you'll feel suitably ashamed at driving a poor old man out of his ancestral home where he dwelt -- man, boy, & clot, --for 27 years now. Thank heavens I've escaped from you at last. ((Then why did you enclose your COA, eh???--BEM))



MAE STRELKOV, LAS BARRANCAS, ASCOCHINGA, CORDOBA, ARGENTINA

Sweethearts to be willing to consider some pics of the place (I raved about), if I make them small enough to include. So I've concentrated for this time, on just one boulder -- there are hundreds besides, up to mountain-high I could talk about next, out there.

Because the overhang in question at Cerro Colorado, here, never got named, I've named it: the Jovian Abris. Jove (like Yahweh's angels of the Bible), is four-faceted at times -- so's this boulder, at the very least.

It's so subtly sculptured, one has to acknowledge it, human hands never did that work. The bygone natives only added white and red details (fresco paintings, it's been proved by a specialist here on Etruscan frescos who suspects Cerro Colorado is the source of the Etruscan technique).

You said to make the sketches smaller; but one pic I couldn't. The "Eagle Head" I'm leaving the same size as when I sent it to you last. At any rate, it is "as traced", but originally I left the remarkable and tiny details out, to give emphasis to the eagle itself.

That is the "Right Cheek" of the Jovian boulder. Seen from in front, a different scene appears, that "grows" on you as you study it.

Hope you can print those photos too, but if not, just remember my sketches are a poor copy of the originals; yet they're the best I could do. ((It would cost us too much to print the pictures, Mae, but your sketches (and good ones at that) are on the following pages..hope they look ok to you-- some details may have been lost in electronic-stencilling because the machine doesn't pick up blue ink, just black. By the way, readers, the pics she sent DO look like there are carvings/paintings there; though they don't show too distinctly. Something is there, tho. (I imagine in person it's easier to spot.) And Mae, you draw pretty well; care to send us some Artwork for D:B?--BEM))

The front view of the Boulder shows a bearded human head with a ram-head over its forehead, and an ox-head to one side. In the flowing red lines of the rock wall itself, below, one discerns a series of ox-heads also, emphasized by white lines the natives last repainted at least half a millenium ago, by now...

So far you've seen "ole Jove or Yah, or Jah", in his four principal facets. But Jove has hidden facets too as our camera has begun to demonstrate. I give you some four more sketches attached, made from black-and-white films I tried to trace for you now. (All but the "Mother Hippo" which is a composite study of four color transparencies. Imagine God being also a Mother Hippo, like in Egypt. Our stuffed shirst won't like that!)

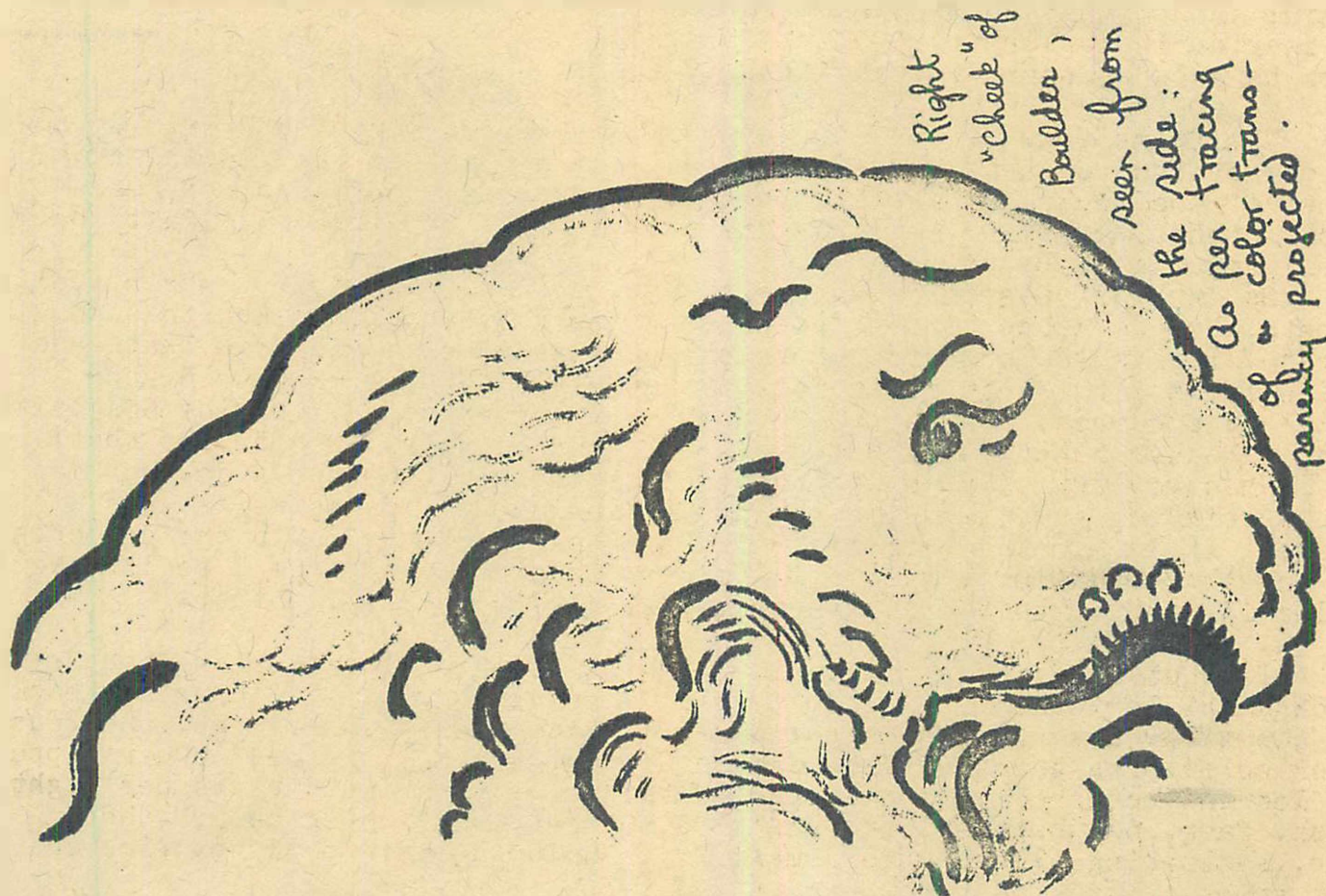
When you try to view the Eagle still further from one side, you get an astonishing surprise. The boulder is no longer impressive, it has shrunk. It is now the mere beak of a bigger "bird" hidden in the contours of the abris' walls. The more I look at that pic, the more I feel there's a leonid cast to that "Bird" -- a Bird/Lion, I'd call it, perhaps.

Is that all? No -- the boulder and its surrounding rock shelter seems inexhaustible in new themes, I'm still discovering. Go still further back to one side, and start snapping all the pictographs, one by one, then put your color pics together and, God in Heaven, but Egypt's old Mother Hippo is leering benignly back at you, with the "Jovian Boulder" as her right tusk, fang, or whatever! And she's such a dear old ecological "Mother" too, sheltering all sorts of small fry, including some perky puppies on her snout.

Left "cheek" of
Jordan Boulder



"Jovian" abut, looking down from ab-
New view above picture, upside down -

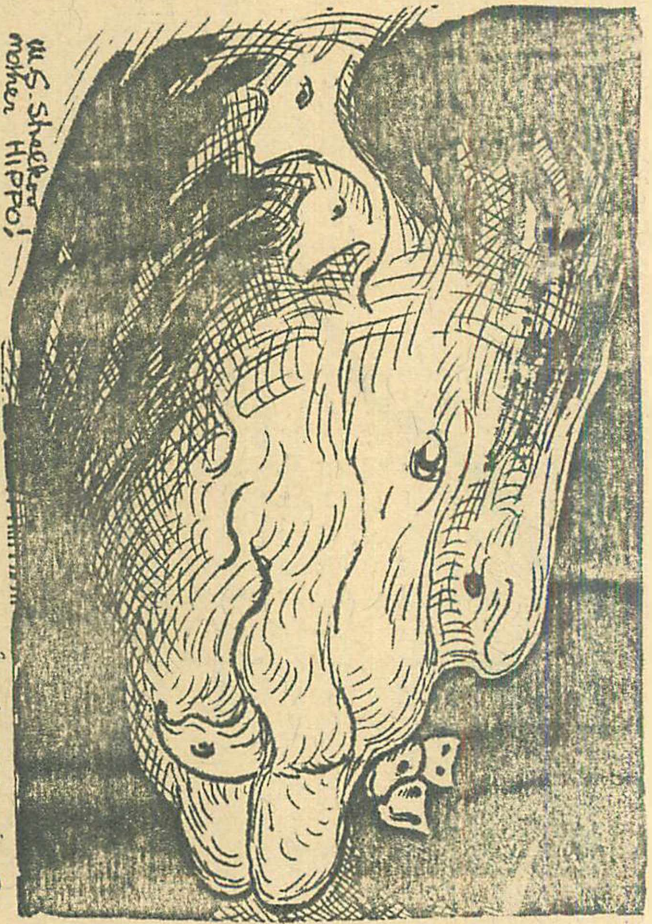


Right
"cheek" of
Boulder,
seen from
the side:
As per tracing
of a color trans-
parently projected.

W.S. Shelton
The Hidden Bird/Lion.



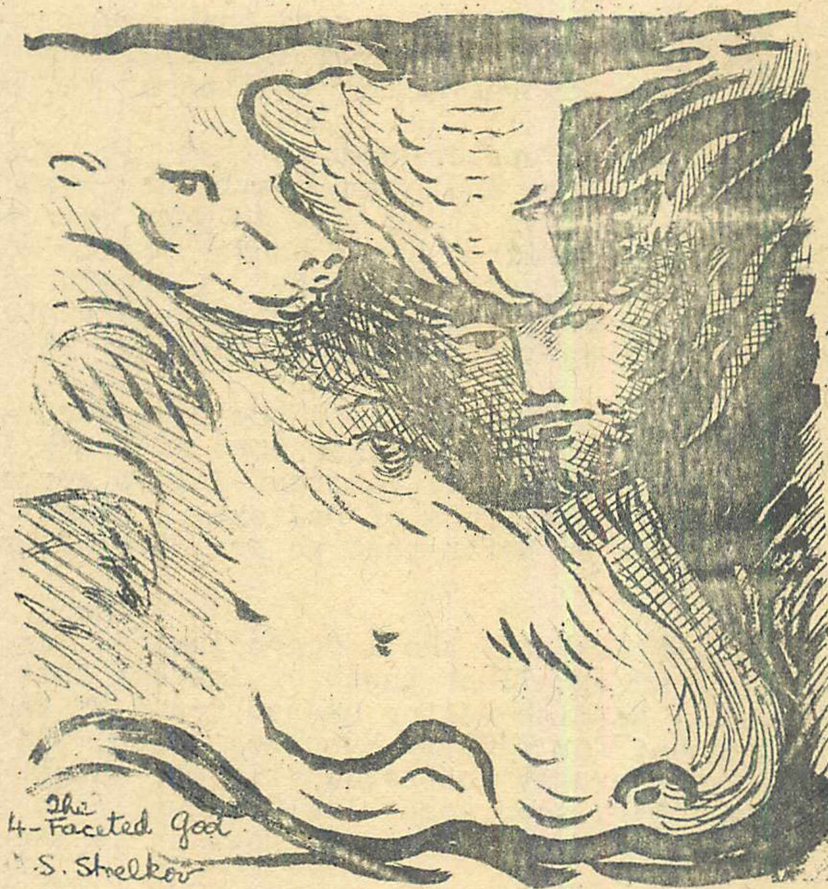
W.S. Shelton
mother HIPPO!



The Swooping bird-effect (below) is best seen in a photo of this album in a book by Rutisha archaeological gardeners, published some 50 years ago

Winged
eyebrows.
W.S. Shelton





sketched
not trace

also it depends on your viewing angle

The
4-Faceted God
S. Shelker

These are "Shadow" Sculptures.
The shadows do the work, achieved
interchanging effects

One sunset, sitting reverently on a rock in front of the abris, studying it and the play of light and shadow flickering uncannily upon it, I became aware of new facets still. Firstly, the ledge on either side of the jutting boulder became the fluttering wings of a bird in flight. And then, as the glowing, rosy shadows deepened, they became the "winged eyebrows" of a lovely, great Mother, in the deepening gloom, gazing tenderly back at me. It was uncanny! Her "beak" was the boulder, as you can perhaps (even though the snap was not taken at twilight), see... She looks like the pre-Grecian Athena, or an owl woman on a Mochica vase, to me here.

After that I was sold. Mother Nature "came alive" henceforth for me. One last facet still appears...and it's the most uncanny. Son Danny (20), called down to me, as he was climbing around there taking snaps: "Stay put--I'm taking one last photo, looking down."

The Boulder had seemed to have no "left Face". But Danny's photo now reveals there is one. Now turn that picture upside-down, and by Jove, but another (Carthaginian-like) profile appears, though it is also as swathed

& stylized as a mummy (in the photo). I hate to send that snap--I'm also in it and it was when I was still fat as a pig. I'm slim now, from such fervent climbing and stalking around on the hills, to "catch" yet newer aspects of Nature!

If the grass and twigs, viewed upside-down in this pic, seem to form the shape of a giant, shadowy feline, and even, maybe an ox-head; combined they do the same in the photo, believe it or not. So many coincidences; and these weren't sculptured by "vanished human hands". Since more and more of our snaps, these days are equally "Uncanny", I accept the most obvious explanation--friendly-seeming "spooks"! This was a region formerly of "salamancas", called by the invading Spaniards, "devils' caves". (Devils? Ha, ha! nuts!)

And if you don't believe in spookiness (and the nice sort exists, too, believe me), look up the story of a nastier sort of spook in a Hollywood mansion, in the last READER'S DIGEST. Not that I like horror--I deny its objective existence. I adore the "Norm of Heaven", I guess. We sometimes still deviate, poor things on Earth that we are. Grovelling has not been good for our psyches.

[[And now, dear people...to finish off the lettercolumn -- an elongated WAHF section. It's been such an excellent bunch of letters this time around, that Ye Hard-Hearted, Bemmish editor has softened ~~in the hands~~ his "No Issue" policy for once, for WAHF's. Even Reg Smith, who expects a free issue in exchange for a crummy postcard, will get thish. But NOT after this, Reg! If you want D:B, send something worthwhile to get it, like a Good Loc, or material, or even sub money. Now, on to Excerpts from the WAHF's:]]

RICK NORWOOD: The Bowers article, "Whither the Prophet?" was the best item in the issue. I just finished Sam Moscovitz's "The Psychiatric Syndrome in Science Fiction" (WOT 2/67) which compliments Bill's WtP. Ben Solon's column was fairly good, but a bit disappointing after the tightly written and well-thought out articles he has written. He does come down hard on some of science fiction's main faults, the only really interesting part of the column.

When I was young (and I'm not much older than Ben), we did not sit in front of the tv and slug down Pepsi. I was never exposed to tv in my formative years. It was radio I spent my time at. Tom Mix, Bobby Benson and the B-Bar B Riders, The Lone Ranger, Nick Carter, The FBI Story, The Green Hornet, Capt. Midnight, and numerous others that have slipped my memory including three sf programs (one story I remember was based on "Courtesy" by Simak in a '51 ASTOUNDING). In fact, I never have gotten much interested in tv except for the specials. Besides, with a radio program, you can pay part of your attention to something else. TV is just too demanding. A book is best. It not only leaves you to fill in the scenery and people, but is also available when you choose to look at it.

I think that NIEKAS is a better mag than D:B because there is more variety to it. Secondly, it has a pair of editorial personalities that come across to me better. They also have, in my opinion, the best lettercol in fandom since the late lamented CRY. Maybe even better. [[The only thing I don't like about NIEKAS' lettercol is its eye-croggling micro-elite type. My eyes are strained enuff!--BEM]]

MARY OUNG: Your review of REPULSION put me in mind of another movie that I saw a while back...HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR....the audience had much the same reaction to any sort of love scene; giggles...but the story also concerned a protest against atomic war, or rather war of any sort. It contained some photos of the Japanese people after the blast...I must say it was rather stomach wrenching, but it sure made you think. By the way, has anyone seen the movie DEAR JOHN? I had one neighbor tell that it was just horrible..."there were naked love scenes and....". Remember, honesty in any form is something to be laughed at or called immoral.

Yes, there is a lot of poor stuff...perhaps it is a transition period. But the authors that wrote well 15 years ago are still writing well...that is, the ones that write in depth. And yes, I agree that Fleming's Bond stories are bad...illogical and badly written. John LeCarre's writing strikes me the same way....I prefer Edward Aarons Assignment series, and the Len Deighton books... ((And I agree with Ted White: Raymond Chandler & John D. MacDonald are tops.--BEM))

And television has the same problem...why cause the people to think? It might disturb them. Take the supposed ratings of TIME TUNNEL over STAR TREK....of course there's hope, I hear rumours that ABC is thinking of bringing back the AVENGERS series as a replacement.

Earl Evers; You mean somebody else besides me remembers ACCIDENTAL FLIGHT....how about Hubbard's TO THE STARS? Noticed that fans are fickle too....in the Sky Miller poll no one mentioned L. Ron.

On the subject of cartoons...the new crop seems to be animated adventure stuff...perhaps this serves the same purpose as the fifteen minute radio serials did when I was a kid.... ((Between Rick & you I'm beginning to feel as if I awoke in the middle of a TRIVIA book! Yas...I recall those old radio programs too...MR. KEEN, JOHNNY DOLLAR, LET'S PRETEND, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, etc. Plus a few ghosties like SUSPENSE, LIGHTS OUT, and some show about a "Ghost-Chaser" that I forget the title of. I've sure been on a ~~Neuralgia~~ Nostalgic Kick lately, first recalling the Warner Bros. cartoons, and now the old radio shows. Guess I'm getting old!--BEM))

Poetry is a touchy subject...I feel that likes and dislikes can be related to a personal experience and perhaps the way poetry was originally introduced to you. For example, we have a book called BEACH RED, by PETER BOWMAN. It's a book length narrative poem about the war in the Pacific. And at the end of each chapter, the author throws in a little bit of sage advice, gratis...

"God will protect idiots, drunkards and Americans. It's his profession."

"But nobody ever issues any instructions on how to die."

"With a bit of practice almost anyone can be extinct."

"People don't know how to live. They only have suspicions."

EARL EVERS: "William's Pen" - no sweat, airman Bowers! I'm not only dropped out of OCS, but by the time D:B#16 comes out I'll most likely be a civilian again. ((Ed. note; He is))

"Initiation" is a good horror poem, but the first stanza is irrelevant to the rest and spoils the mood before it's even created; it confuses the reader to the point where the last two stanzas lose their effectiveness. Of course the solution is easy - just throw that first stanza out completely. The last two stanzas create a strong effect, although there are

EARL EVFRS, concl: (End of WAHF's, believe it or not!)

a couple of weak spots - I'd put a comma after "churchyard" in 2-3, try to get rid of the weak rhyme-pair "waiting - palpitating" (A complete feminine rhyme like that simply has no place in a horror poem.), and change 3-5 entirely - it's the only really clumsy, stilted line in the poem. I'd also change the last word in 2-1 and 3-1 to "my son." "Boy" is too abrupt and has connotations which tend to break the mood. "The Poets Cornered" was excellent this time - Lloyd Biggle's device for teaching poetic discipline ought to work. Specific, detailed instructions for building a poem are hard to come by, yet I can see where they would do a lot of fan poets at least some good.

I don't know why fanpoets don't experiment more with form. Probably because the quatrain, ballad stanza, etc., are tried and proven vehicles for verse -- well known, easy to write, and, at their best, extremely effective. But experimenting with a variety of forms is a good idea. And most everybody will agree but do nothing about it.

Boardman's review makes me want to read "Memoirs of A Spacewoman" just to see if the review is a ploy or exaggeration. I suspect John lifted every sexy reference he could from the book just to get dirty-minded fans panting to find it, and the damn thing will turn out to be about 3 hundred pages of small type that not only is, but reads like it was written by a female biologist. {{ You're correct-- read Jeeves' note, below }}

"Whither the Prophet?" - I think the modern SF "philosophy" story is just the old prophecy SF yarn in a new guise. It's just that an idea is used as the gimmick instead of an invention. The basic SF concept of "idea-as-hero" is still present. Bill B. does point out that the actual writing in SF has improved steadily over the years, and he gives some of the mechanisms by which this was brought about - higher editorial standards, more talented and better educated writers entering the field, etc. But I think he misses the point in not telling why.

He also states that SF "has forsaken it's youth" and "appointed itself the examiner and foreteller of humanity". I agree with this statement also, though I'll insist that no fundamental change in outlook has occurred, that the "new" SF is merely a more sophisticated, more cerebral form of the same old "literature of futuristic ideas". But again I think the reason for the change is the most important point. Why then? SF has changed because the SF reader himself has changed.

As for Mae Strelkovs' being called "a second Shaver", I'll have to admit her subject matter and even her writing style are Shaverian. But I still wouldn't call her a crackpot or a Shaverite. She admits she is no follower of Shaver and Palmer, and that she isn't sure of her own beliefs.

TERRY JEEVES on Boardman:I read this book a while back, and thought for a while it was one of those "translations from the Russian"...it isn't, but has all the tedious pedestrian action and description, and paraphernalia of those yarns...I can thoroughly recommend it as a paper weight but as for the article in D:B...it fails to bring out this aspect of the yarn which will probably bore most readers. {{ Apparently it's just a "put-on" by John to fool the fans...--BEM }}

And that about does it -- we've also heard from Dan Adkins, Jerry Kaufman, and Laurence C. Smith...plus many sticky quarters, etc., from neo and monster fans I've never heard of; looks like McInerney's reviews in Castle of Frankenstein are "paying" off! Many good loc's..send more? BEM



§ Welcome to the D:B RIDER § (Being a bit of addenda to
===== Important items discussed in
this issue of DOUBLE:BILL...)

FIRSTLY, AND MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU FANARTISTS: Don't send artwork to me any more -- send it ALL to Alex Eisenstein. His address is:

USA artists 36th Combat Support Group,
send Art to:.....CMR, BOX-291, APO, New York, N.Y. 09132

EUROPEAN Fanartists send their art to him at THIS address:

Alex B. Eisenstein
5521 Erdorf
Kalkstrasse #19,
Deutschland, (Germany)

Alex says to send them AIR MAIL; and also that all unworthy illos will be rejected, but will be returned only if postage is included. Acceptable art will ALWAYS be returned free -- on the written request of the artist AFTER publication of the drawing in question. So Adkins, Barr, ATOM, HFG, CANTHORN, JEEVES, ROTSLER, KINNEY, JONES, ETC., please note our policy change, and send your good art to Alex! PLEASE! Help us make D:B even better?? Layouts, etc., will be mostly Bowers' job -- but hold on to your hats -- here's another New Feature for D:B: In the near future D:B will be brought to you via an electric Gestetner instead of Old, Tired King Rex! (By the way fans, We're in the market for a GOOD electric, preferably of Gestetner make -- got any for sale? Or know of one we can purchase? We'd appreciate hearing from you, if so.) So our reproduction should be even better -- and also more chances for color work....

REMEMBER -- -- - SEND THE ARTWORK TO ALEX EISENSTEIN - -- -- REMEMBER

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Now for a continuation of the discussion on the Pongs in my (BEM's) editorial:

Upon hearing of the Nycon 3's switch from Hugo to Pong for Best Fanzine, I sent 5 carbon copies of a letter to these faneds: Robert Coulson, Felice Rolfe, Tom Reamy, Peter Weston, and Ray Fisher. In the letter I asked for the opinions & support of each faned. I'm happy to report that of the five, three immediately wrote back, agreeing with me; Rolfe, Reamy, and Weston. I haven't heard from Fisher yet, but according to Bill Bowers, Ray doesn't like the switch either. Coulson is the only dissenter; he says he doesn't mind the switch, and wouldn't mind winning a "Pong"... but it must be remembered that he's already got a Hugo. The other faneds agree with us, and approve the "write-in" that we and others suggested. REAMY SAYS: "I think we should go even farther and outlaw such changes on the whims of a half-dozen who just happen to be the con committee. Any change the committee wants to make should be voted on by the membership and stop all this nonsense. Actually, I suspect there is more to it than meets the eye. Ted White is obviously behind it and he surely must know the kind of reaction such a goof-ball move would create. Perhaps we're reacting the way he wants us to." (-- Turn over for more...--)

Felice Rolfe writes:

"I can only speak for myself. I haven't talked it over with Ed. Speaking for myself alone, then -- I will not compete for anything called the Pong award, and if it is presented to me I will not accept it. What Ed does about it is up to him (he's more likely to be at Nycon anyway). I suppose any kind of an award would be an honor -- but the Pong award? Come on now. Yes, I know "Hoy Ping Pong" is supposed to have some meaning. Dave Van Arnan explained it to me on coast-to-coast phone call, but it still has no meaning.

"I doubt that the con committee can be forced to award a Hugo, write-ins or no write-ins. However I do hope and believe that this idea of the con committee's stems from their essential isolation from the rest of fandom -- Dave seemed very surprised that I should object, though I should think that any student of human (and especially fan) nature could have predicted an uproar. ((Mebbe they just don't care.BEM)) Perhaps when it's brought to the committee's attention that this is (to put it mildly) an unpopular move, they'll reconsider."

I certainly hope so, Felice. Many other fans -- some of them aren't even faned's, are against this move by the committee. What do you say, NYCON COMMITTEE? Ted White? Boardman? Van Arnan? The rest of you? You all understand that if the write-ins outnumber the regular ballots, they must be credited and followed? Because write-ins ARE legal.

I can't find the letter from Peter Weston right now -- but I can tell you that he DOES go along with us --he's against the Pong's too. Herewith is his Change of Address: (And I hope Bowers wrote it down right Pete -- somehow it doesn't look right to me! Is it Trescott or Trescott?? Owell, I'll use the "r" -- it seems more sensible:) PETER WESTON, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, ENGLAND.

And let's hope it's correct... Bowers copied your handwritten letter, as best he could, I guess...but now the damn thing is lost and we can't print your comments, or double:check your COA.

Which reminds me... please all U.S.A. Fans...be SURE your Zip Code is on your letters to us...there are a few fans we don't have Zip Codes for. Guess I'd best go to the P.O. and check their New Zip Code Directory!

DON'T FORGET FANS! WRITE-IN YOUR BEST FANZINE VOTES FOR A HUGO...NO
MATTER WHO'S ZINE YOU VOTE FOR! WRITE-IN WRITE-IN WRITE-IN

DOUBLE:BILL Needs good articles and artwork; please! Contribute...when we get our Gestetner our format will be even better, as well as reproduction! Remember Artists -- send ART to Alex Eisenstein; his address is on reverse side of this page. \$\$\$ Other faneditors; Please help us & the above mentioned Faneds re the Pongs vs Hugos; your support is needed too....you don't know how much!

THIS HAS BEEN A RIDER TO D:B #16
---Bills Bowers & Mallardi