

DOUBLE BILL 18



DOUBLE BILL

NO. 18

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MARCH-APRIL 1968

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DAVE PROSSER's covers repro'd by LYNN HICKMAN.
(See Mallardi's editorial for explanation.)

Contents page logo by HOWARD DEVORE

Surprise! This is actually our
6th ANNISH, dated October, 1968.

SPECIAL RESURRECTION ISSUE

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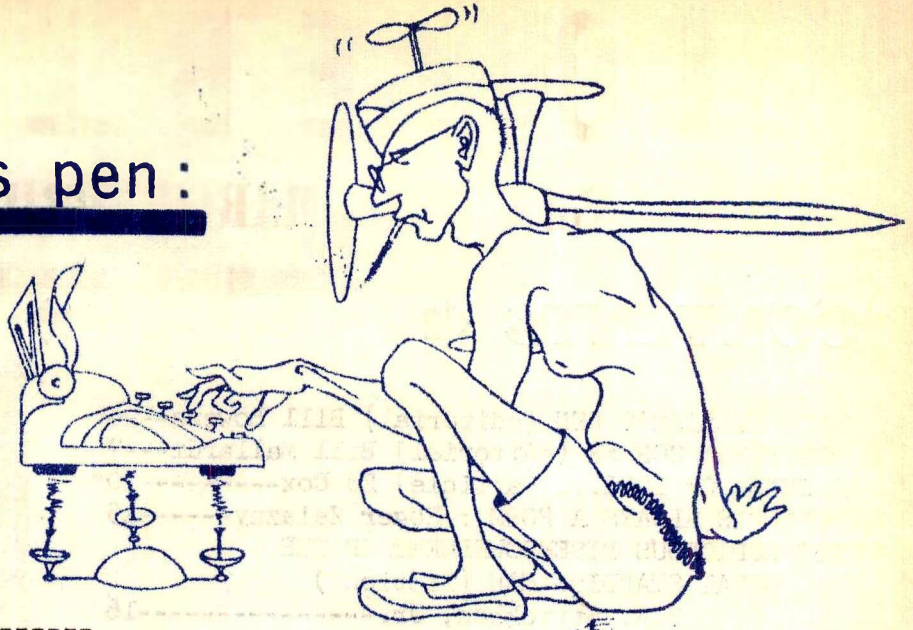
DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR D:B 19
-- 13 December 1968.

Next Issue: GALA HOLIDAY NUMBER.
Material along those lines would
be appreciated. For sure: Miesel,
Weinberg, & Cover by Barr!

from william's pen:

editorial

BILL BOWERS



Letters from the P.I. : I ---

"Through a Hazy Window...Obliquely"

ALIEN CULTURES MEETING...sometimes violently, sometimes seemingly unawares; societies of vastly different heritages and conflicting thought-bases...half-merging, yet one never wholly assimilating the other; the powerful 'protecting' the weaker...but to whose ultimate advantage?

Science fiction--the field to which we allegedly pay homage--has in its more ambitious moments attempted to depict the conflicts and results, the joys and the sorrows, the wins and the losses...of two differing ways of life meeting head-on--usually with the assumption that since one side has to be the Good Guys, the others must of necessity be the Bad Guys.

Undoubtedly.

BACKDROP: I've been 'overseas' for the past year and a half. 'Overseas', of course, being a subjective term of reference.... Any place in which one spends 18 months of his life should not be necessarily called 'Home'--that usually being a bit more than a term of reference--but by the same token, it cannot be referred to in the same fleeting terms as one uses to describe a place one visits or resides at for a day, a week, or even a month. Rather than a visitation...and with any degree of permanence made mockery of by the fact of an ~~established~~ DEROS...bearing that in mind, perhaps we may be permitted to call such an 18 month period a transitory experience-gathering sidetrack, nestling between more lengthy life segments. (Which of those proves to be the most valuable, or the most enjoyable...is not always a moot point.)

In those 18 months I've experienced and learned a lot of things--as well as un-learning not a few from the previous 23 plus years--about the fabulous but not-so-glamorous world which I happen to inhabit here and now, rather than simply speculating on that which I think I might wish to reside in some misty and imaginary future. For it was at Checkpoint there on Clark--as I imagine it to be on any overseas military base, but particularly in Asia--that it became obvious that two differing sub-cultures swirled around that gate, producing an effect not far removed from being a malestrom.

Of course, it is to be realized that for the necessities of space and time limitations, I must of needs-be focus widely varying shades of gray into a (hopefully) sharpened black-and-white print. Naturally the Filipino people bear not the slightest resemblance to science fictional BEMS--although the orientation lectures I received on landing there had me wondering for a while. ...And as the only Christianized (that being another somewhat misleading term of reference) Asian nation, perhaps the Philippines may not have been so unworldly to me as say the Japanese might be, to one based at Yokota. But that analogy doesn't work either, because the Japanese have at least a recognizable, and not all that unequal, technology, as well as a compatible standard of living.

But--and I trust that I do not become too deeply involved in my own semantics here--it is precisely the fact that these two cultures have had the most immediate impact on my life...it is the fact that they do meet in the grays that does enable me to understand both...if only a little...and translate them into the blacks and whites which seem to be the only manner in which a lasting impression can be made on me.

Still, to attempt the definitive summary of my tenure in the Phillipines is, at this moment, more than slightly ridiculous. (I haven't been gone long enough to realize that I'm really back in the land of the Big BX...and Race Riots...and Assassina-

There's a rumor going around in the Far East that you now receive a Combat Ribbon for a tour of duty in the States. A rumor...?

tions.) True, when I had been over there all of a single month, I knew everything there was to know about the P.I. After all, what was so difficult in understanding a nation that is, at the minimum, fifty years behind the greatest society this poor earth has ever produced. Especially since I was a product of that Great Society.

...somewhere around the sixth month, a few nagging doubts began to creep in. The Filipinos turned out not to be quite the simple souls they appeared to be on first impression; true, the Phillipine Islands still looked very small and insignificant on a world map. But the people, while they are considerably smaller than I, and apparently much lazier...they are not all that insignificant.

Complexity and worth are not always measured in the technological sense. There is a human value to consider.

...and so, a year, plus six months.

The doubts are not so few now; and if anything, they are all the more nagging. I have had the singular pleasure of being stationed uncomfortably close to the most evident present showcase of this 'greatest society' or ours...the wounded and maimed of which flowed in an unceasing stream through Clark Field's hospital, and the unreported casualties temporarily intransit, inhabit the warehouse in pallets of aluminum coffins, if not merely wrapped in semi-vacumnized plastic bags, as it was during the Tet Offensive.

I was stationed in a country that was 'liberated' during the Spanish-American War --a country that produced its own popularly backed government at that time (the Saigon regime cannot make such a claim)...but said government was brutally crushed for the simple reason that it didn't quite fit in with Teddy Roosevelt's plans to produce a 'Showcase of Democracy' in the Far East--American Style. Naturally.

But later we did liberate these people from the Japanese...oh, yes! (...and had the Japanese kept their hands off Pearl Harbor, and limited themselves to the Phillippines...what then? I sometimes wonder.) And now the Great Society has two major military bases (and half a dozen smaller) in that country, using them as a major staging point to produce another 'Showcase', eight hundred miles, due west.

For, By God, we shall bring these people Democracy (Made in America, By Americans, For Americans) and cram it down their rice-starved throats whether they want it or nay. (Whatever happened to the form Made in Athens?) ...and all the world shall be Christianized (as long as they can't read the Bible re: equality too easily), and wear levis, while smoking their Salem menthol cigarettes, all the while bowing...or is that groveling in the dust I see...before the newly minted sign of Almighty God...the '\$'.

So much for the more pleasant things in life...a little this side of fantasy.

You must forgive me if I sound a bit bitter: I am an American, and proud to be one. I could never be a Filipino, and do not really desire such a comedown. Simply, what I am trying to do (and somewhat inadequately, I fear) is to express the fact that attempting to mold the rest of the world into Little Americas is a futile waste of our resources--material and physical--as well as being downright impossible. The Asian peoples, judging from the limited cross-section I've observed in those 18 months, physically, mentally, and morally, find our system of government unworkable...and repulsive.

What is good and right for us is not, by extrapolation, quite so good and workable for them. If we must consider it our manifest destiny to save the world from itself, there are ways to do it with less strings attached than saying: "If you want what is ours to give, you must turn yourselves into our literal shadows...soewhat darker and smaller, but following our every move." All this theory has succeeded in doing is making Americans the most universally disliked (and surprisingly, the most pitied) race on earth.

And if there is anything that makes me more uncomfortable than being actively disliked, it is being pitied.

I think it obvious that we shall never win in Vietnam militarily. (Quote: "Anyone who commits American forces to a land war in Asia is an idiot" Unquote. Gen. Douglas MacArthur.) And we shall never win politically with the present regime in Saigon...it most definitely is without popular support.

The Paradox: We cannot withdraw without losing our honor (a valuable commodity over there...but here?). But I'll be damned if I relish the thought of dying with honor, while being pitied by two-thirds of the human race.... To be, or not to be....

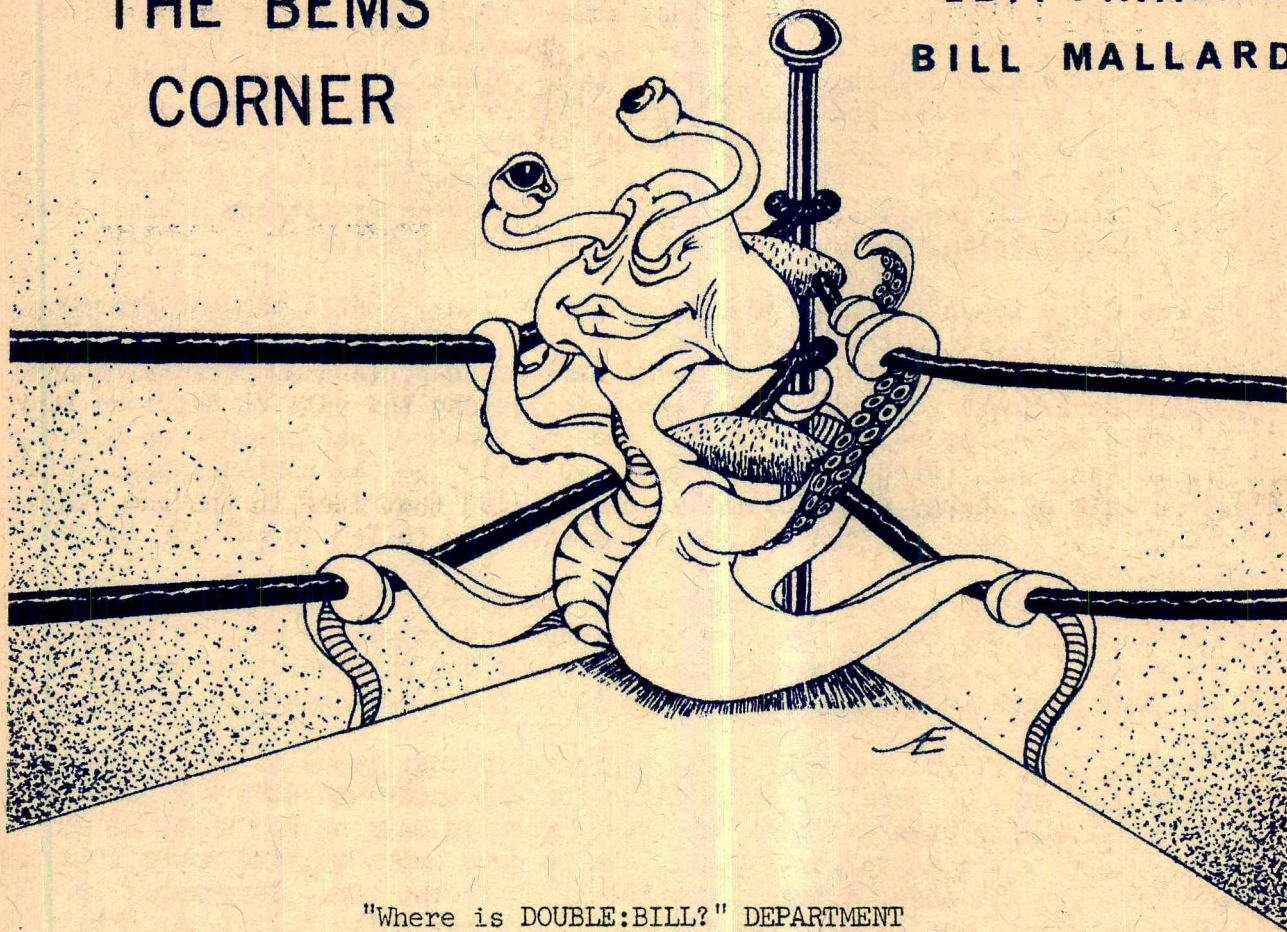
Remember the Pueblo!

THE NUMBER 18 was mentioned several times in the preceeding sermon....Welcome to DOUBLE:BILL #18 -- our special combination Sixth Annish/Resurrection Issue. D:B had seemingly faded away into that never-never land where old fanzines go to collate themselves. But Lo!, I have returned (as I said I would, neigh onto four years ago) to Civilian Status, and have managed to revitalize ~~the old fan~~ the magazine. If you would like to see it remain that way...there exists a vacuum that can be filled by articles, reviews for "Stardust", and, most certainly, Artwork. Hint/hint/hint.

Hope you enjoy this issue...it's been a long time a'coming... ---BILL BOWERS

THE BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL.....
BILL MALLARDI



"Where is DOUBLE:BILL?" DEPARTMENT

YES, THAT'S BEEN the cry from various quarters of fandom for at least a full year now. Where was it? In Limbo, as Bowers so aptly put it. I'm ashamed..my faces are red... (I blesh easily..) I suppose I'd better explain....

There have been many dissertations on GAFIA, both as a word and a condition. Suffice it to say that mine was B*A*D; in fact it caused me more problems than the problems that caused it originally did! (Am I speaking too rapidly for you note-takers out there? Or maybe just obscurely?) Ok, I'll cease the confusion and come right to the point. My gafia started after NYCON 3 and after I'd run off D:B #17. THAT was one problem: D:B 17. To begin with I had mimeo problems and ended up with a short run of copies for the sub list. Also, Bowers wasn't sending me enough money for the mimeo payments, and we fell behind. I had my own money problems...debts up the ass. (Which is one helluva place to have them, even if they aren't caught sideways, which mine were) Then too, working alone on a zine that required the work of two people (recording subs, mailing list, etc., etc.) was too much for me. We had considered "temporary retirement" for D:B, by mail, Bowers and I, but I was stubborn in wanting to keep the zine going, no matter how erratically it came out. In retrospect, it may have been the better idea to "fold" D:B until Bowers got out.....

I was also in a kind of blue, funky mood around that time, due to some old "woman problems" that kept hanging on...so, all things combined, I just said To Hell With Everything. I didn't write letters -- I made all my correspondents mad at me. Coulson even quit trading Yandro with us, and I didn't care. (Oh, I did go to the local cons,

Marcon, Midwestcon., but my fanac otherwise was Nil) I mailed out a few D:B 17's, but lack of money prohibited me from mailing them all, and the rest sat there in a huge pile and stared defiantly at me, while I just stared right back. While at the cons, everyone kept asking me: "Where's D:B? When's the next issue due out?" Hah! So I told them. I even contemplated putting a sign on my back telling "what happened to D:B" so they wouldn't bug me anymore. And then I realized, slowly, that I had the wrong attitude toward them. They really cared about the Rag...they missed it -- and a few even verbally volunteered to help "subsidize" it with actual contributions of money! I was flabbergasted. I also regretfully turned them down, with the exceptions of Earl Evers and later on, Si Stricklen, whom we have made "Contributing Editors".

I suppose I had taken the mag for granted for so long, that I thought everyone else had too. The revelation that they liked the zine that much and wanted to see it continue was like a Bright Light Shining in my darkest hour. (And my personal thanks to ex-coeditor Earl Evers for help on D:B above and beyond the call of duty, as they say! He is now a Life-time recipient of D:B) And so, though I had planned on getting out D:B #18 in April-May (with most of 17 unmailed yet!), as the contents page STILL announces, my lack of energy and especially money killed that idea in the bud. (I'm sorry, Howard, that I made you run off the thing and then failed to pub the issue, but it was unavoidable)

Finally though, Bowers sent his share of the money for the mimeo, (it took months) and then announced he was coming home. As this issue indicates, he made it safely, and has rejuvenated both me and the Magazine. I've got the publishing fever again, my fanac is almost back to normal, and we hope to keep D:B on a quarterly schedule once again.

But what of D:B #17 you may ask? Well, regrettably that issue is STILL short, and must stay that way. So here's what we'll do for all those who HAVE NOT gotten #17: Your sub has simply been extended one issue more to make up for that. We're sorry things turned out that way, but nothing can be done about it, and mebbe it's best. Now we can start D:B out anew. A fresh, completely different zine. Especially in the lettercolumn..since the letters received on 17 are naturally few, I think it more or less gets us back onto a s.f. track instead of all that talk about politics. (Yes, I realize there is ONE letter thish about that topic..but that's all. Besides, we're hoping most letters on #18 will be on the other material, which is ALL stf-oriented)

So there you see, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., the reasons why you didn't get D:B 17 until lately -- hardly anyone else did either! Those that will get it will be the contributors, now, plus as many of the rest as is possible. But for those who didn't get it, you now know your sub is extended one issue.

ON TO OTHER THINGS: The covers thish are reproductions of paintings by Dave Prosser, run off by Lynn Hickman last year on his old multilith. We tried something different: we "shared" covers..he used our bacover as his front, and vice versa. The front cover is called "PAN", the bacover (which won 1st prize at TRICON for Best Fantasy) is called "THE OPENER OF THE WAY".

With this issue you should find a poll on the movie "2001 - A SPACE ODYSSEY". Our thanks to Mark Schulzinger for writing up most of the questions for us. PLEASE, all you fans who saw the movie, fill out the poll and mail it back to us? Results will be pubbed in the next D:B, out around Christmas time. Deadline is Dec. 13th to get them in to us. All who participate will receive the next issue free. (Instead of having reviews of the movie like almost every other zine, we thought this would be different, and better. So to make it a success, fill out your poll now and send it in!)

I'd like to take this time and space to thank Robert Coulson and Lloyd Biggle, Jr., for being our faithful columnists. Coulson, especially, has been with D:B since it's inception and it's been his column, WALLABY STEW, that helped our zine along so much of the way. Goodbye, Buck, we hate to see you quit, but it had to happen sooner or later, I guess. If reviewing fmz becomes a chore, instead of fun, then of course it's time to stop. You will be missed, though, more than you may think. And any time you want to return, the door is always open....

Lloyd Biggle's column, THE POETS CORNERED, has more or less died on the Vine, due to lack of contributions from the readers, plus a lot of help from my gafia, I imagine. I still think it was a good idea..but... Yes, Loyd, any other ideas you may have, let us know..mayhaps this "2001" poll can start something off? Our thanks to you too, for everything, and also for your understanding and patience through my bad period this year, not to mention my bad judgment in not giving you enough time to get your columns in shape the last few issues.

As for Ben Solon's column..he didn't come through this time either; I haven't heard a thing from him -- could it be he's been bitten by the gafia bug, too? Ben?? You ain't Ben blue, have you?!

(Sheesh, we must be a hex..we sure do run through a lot of columnists with this zine...)

Re: the material this issue, I think we have some excellent items, both in artwork and text...but it's our Annish, of course! Our thanks to all who sent the material and art...and Send More. (Double:Hint) Speaking of artwork, check the Bowers illo on page 16, the heading for Stricklen's wacky tale. Look closely! I personally think it's one of the funniest goddamn illos I've seen for a long time in a fanzine. There are references to quite a bit of things in the story on the illo, as well as to things NOT in it.

IT'S COMMERCIAL TIME

WANTED: Old issues of DOUBLE:BILL, before #10; especially needed are issues #2 & #5, and we will gladly pay you for them. Or worse: I have on hand some old PSYCHOTICs, numbered 8,9,10,11,12, & 14. I will trade them one for one for D:B's 2 & 5, or 7, 8, & 9. The Psy's are real collectors items and I hate to part with them..but we need the old D:B's for a complete run which we plan to auction off some day. (Anyone who wants to bid on the D:B run -- or for that matter the Psy's -- are welcome to send bids to me) Any takers on either deals? -BEM

Personally, I've more or less gotten over the "woman troubles" mentioned earlier, but every now and then I find a song or even a singer or group that emotionally appeals to me. For example I bought the album by Paul Mauriat containing Love Is Blue because it fit how I felt at the time. I still dig the song muchly, and play it a lot; the rest of the album is also good, by the way. I liked the music from the movie "A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS", so I got the album by Hugo Montenegro containing the music from ALL those Clint Eastwood movies, and it's tough all the way through, even tho, (as I have heard, not having seen any) the actual movies aren't much good. I just recently dug the Lyrics & Music of MacArthur Park, so I bought Richard Harris' album. I always buy albums instead of buying the singles; most of the time I find the whole albums good listening, tho I was disappointed once: I got the Vanilla Fudge's album for the song YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON, and it was the only song worthwhile on the whole thing. Now, however, I've become a rabid fan of The Animals, believe it or not! Hearing Year of the Guru on an "underground" station I bought the album and they almost blew my mind! (And I don't take pot!) Those boys are Too Much...

Gotta run for now...we certainly hope you dig our April-May ish out in October!

Write? -- Bemmishly, Bill Mallardi

"Obviously there's a whole new crop of pro writers working in near-total ignorance of the traditions and background of the field, and reading only the magazines they happen to write for." --- Bob Silverberg, in his FAPazine, POS HIKOMPOS, May 1966.

THE TRADITION MIGHT be called "...a sense of wonder...". Or maybe it started what became tradition...a feeling for the field of science fiction that the adventure, mystery, western and love pulps don't seem to have. And, I'm sure, this self-generating empathy existed not only among the readers of the older science fiction magazines, but among many of the writers as well.

It almost surely had to start in the old AMAZING STORIES. The very title indicates an appeal to that same willingness to behold a wonder that makes successful such pseudo-technical publications as SCIENCE & INVENTION, POPULAR SCIENCE, POPULAR MECHANICS, and the many others over the years. It is probably the interest in something new and different, an appeal universally utilized in consumer motivation, that makes such magazines sell to a good segment of the population. This, coupled with the era in which the first science fiction magazines made their appearance, probably made the scene for the sense of wonder that could be nothing but a success.

Picture those years in which the magazines were founded. The late twenties and early thirties were still, despite the Great War, a time in which the far corners of the world were yet pretty much that. Other pulp magazines of the time made much of this fact. Far, exotic places were the site of untold numbers of adventures in such as ARGOSY, BLUE BOOK, ADVENTURE, SOUTH SEA STORIES, PIRATE STORIES, DOC SAVAGE, etc. The numbing crash of the nation's economy near the end of 1929 brought about an abrupt change of pace from the "Roaring Twenties" and the average guy, and kid, had little to spend on things to entertain and amaze him. Yet great things were happening in the twenties and thirties.

Aviation was precipitated into the fore front of the world, and most kids' dreams,

A SENSE OF LOSS...

ED COX

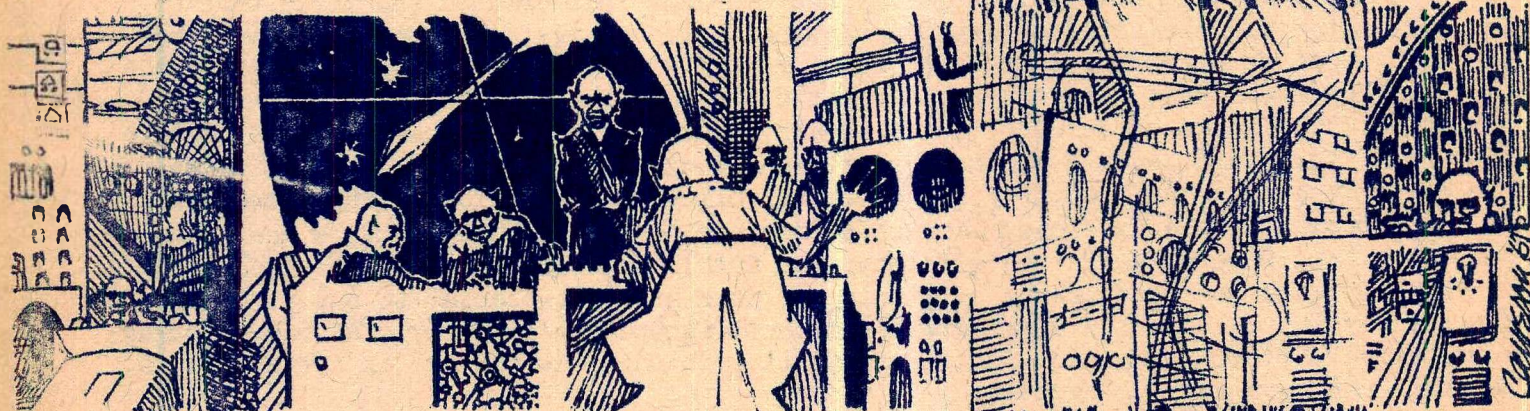
by Lindberg's flight across the Atlantic early in 1929; electricity was proliferating in the guise of many and new household uses. And everybody wanted to make money. The pages of most magazines in those days were crowded with aviation and electrical calls

of opportunities to make Big Money. The January 1929 issue of AMAZING STORIES contains no fewer than twelve full-page advertisements appealing to those who want to earn Money, lift themselves out of their drab little lives, etc. These range from Radio, Electricity and Television to a Chemistry Course in Your Own Home (taught by Dr. T. O'Conner Sloane). Although it wouldn't earn you any money, you could also be taught all about Sex from a set of books written by a Dr. David H. Keller, M.D.

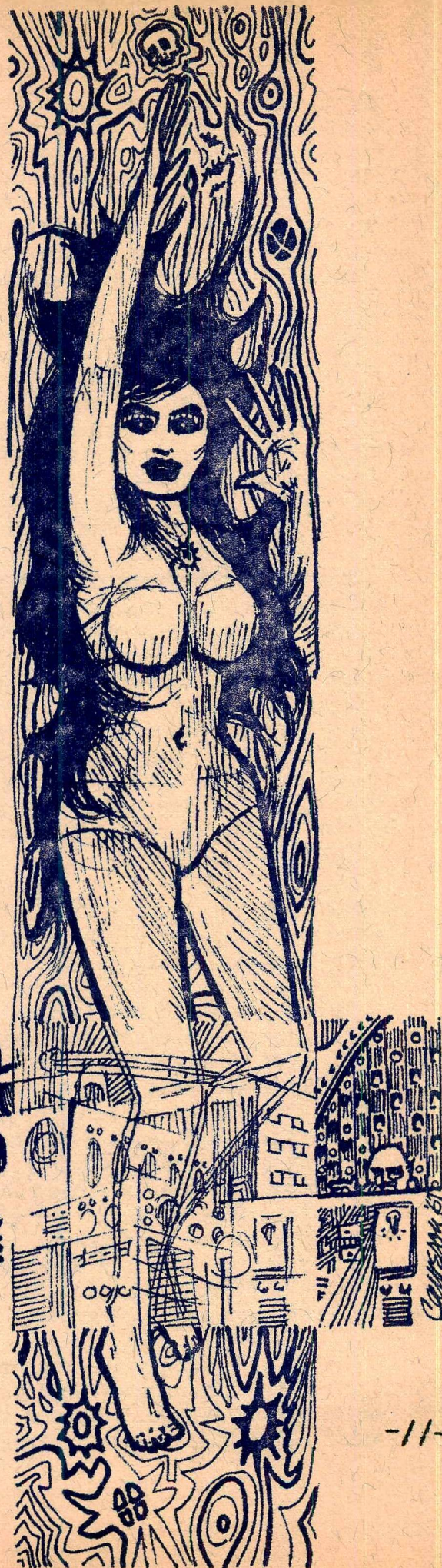
Science was the prime interest. The individual stories were often rated by the amount of science, as if calories in foodstuffs, contained therein. Supported by classics of Wells, Verne, Merritt and others, the modern stories use themes based on various flying and electrical gadgets, capitalizing on the interests of the day. But something started a transcendent trend and some of the covers started to reflect a sense of the Unknown albeit within the realm of possibility. It was this that made it so attractive.

Typical is the cover on the November 1928 issue. It depicts a tropical jungle scene on Ganymede, with a beautiful view of Jupiter, complete with Red Spot, in the immediate sky. December shows an earthman under attack by a colorful six-sided prismatic type of tentacled being on, obviously, some Other Planet. Other aspects of the landscape in the background causes one to wonder what they are, to imagine all manner of exotic, thrilling, dangerous things in the dimension of wonder.

Perhaps it was that idea that caused Gernsback to name his magazine WONDER STORIES, when he lost control of the AMAZING chain. By this time, of course, there was yet a third on the scene: ASTOUNDING STORIES



OF SUPER SCIENCE. This one featured action-adventure type stuff which didn't quite have the same atmosphere of credible calculated Wonder that was standard, some-



times overdone, in Gernsback's offerings. The key to the manifest sense of wonder generated by so many of these stories is possibly that many of the writers felt it so strongly as they wrote the stories. They lived it a little and caught up in the strange possibilities of such scientific adventures, transferred it onto paper. Many of these writers were not pulp-craftsmen cranking out a million words a year (while obviously some were), but people who believed in the credo that Science was the gateway to the world of the future. It was certainly Gernsback's and it was emblazoned across the masthead in every issue.

They were, perhaps, a little too caught up with this aspect of it. Miles J. Bruer, M.D., a name well-known from these early days, took exception to a gland-transplant story, one of a series, in a 1928 issue of AMAZING STORIES. "No one...who is not a biologist, can grasp how excruciatingly absurd the transplantation of stomach and glands and hearts looks in a story. If AMAZING STORIES were some sort of burlesque refuse-heap, the sport of innocent clowns, that might get by." And so on. But there was a growing number of young writers who reflected the sentiment of amazed, knowledge-seeking wonder. This is evidenced in, for instance, the story by a young, new writer's first effort, "The Metal Man" -- which, incidentally, copped the cover on that December 1928 issue. Jack Williamson exuded, in this story, amazement at the "...what and the whyfore of this thing..." which can generally be translated, for the field as a whole, a profound desire to know the what and whyfore of the universe. This story was typical of so many where the hero or narrator, was plucked from the commonplace here-and-now to another world or future time, or was a willing or unwilling explorer of same. Or witnessed strange manifestations of the universe via an alien creature, catastrophic natural phenomena or the like. Often the story was merely a blow-by-blow eye-witness account of whatever the writer was trying to express. The amazed bystander, open-mouthed explorer, wonder-struck witness were no less amazed, open-mouthed or wonder-struck than those people, the thousands of kids who scraped up the necessary pennies to eagerly pounce on each issue as it appeared on the newsstands. All these things contributed to what was a transporting sense of wonder, escape surely, but eye-opening, equally.

For many years the confines of fandom have often rung with the profound cry of puzzlement. Whatever did happen to the Sense of Wonder, or by-golly-the-stories-don't-have-it-anymore! Well, certainly not. For a number of inescapable reasons.

First, the world now is indubitably not the same that created the first wave of Wonder in the pioneer science fiction magazines. Technology, as nobody can deny, has mushroomed at an accelerated pace and the infant fields of aviation, electricity, et al, have expanded past the very horizon but dimly perceived in the twenties and thirties. The realm of science fiction, even, could not confine these advances within its conjecture, and today even the veriest schoolchild knows computer, nuclear and space-craft as household words. The concepts follow very quickly as they grow a little older, study a little in class and watch a phosphor-coated cathode ray tube nearly every day. The newspapers, magazines (if they read much) and movies are full of "space-age" technology, and the catastrophe of atomic war is a grim wet-blanket to any illusion of escape that anything but a firm determination to ignore can overcome. Anybody picking up a science fiction magazine for the first time in this day and age is not liable to be overcome by a sense of wonder.

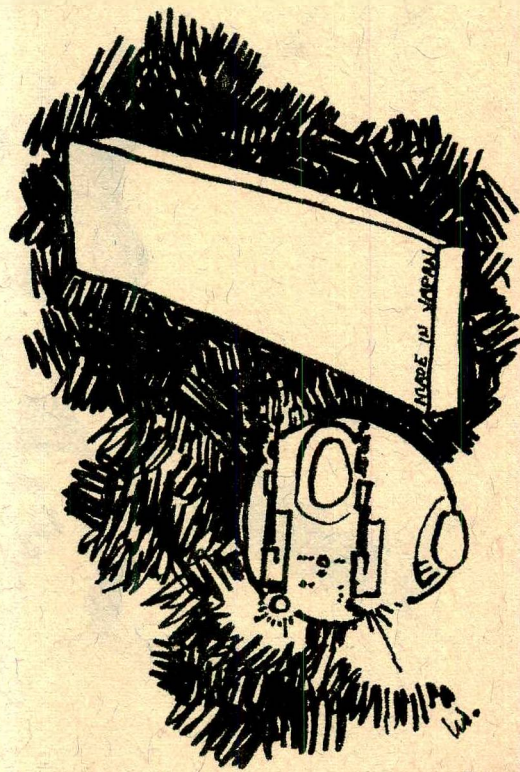
For it is not only the reader who is not subject to a titillation of the imagination, but the new crop of writers as well. Especially those who practice their trade in the pages of ANALOG. Some of them stick so close to the actual progress being made in the field that I wonder if they don't scrutinize the latest issue of SCIENCE AND

TECHNOLOGY to be sure they haven't transgressed the confines of the current level of the State-of-the-Art. Naturally the long-time readers aren't going to find this stuff any more heady than the teen-age newcomer. Or the casual adult reader. In addition to the overwhelming blanket of technology, of which a great portion is Gernsback's "Cold Fact Tomorrow", they have read the field so long as to be jaded. It would take a really startling innovation of theme and presentation to excite their sense of wonder. And it doesn't happen often these days!

Since the great transition from technical (which degenerated to what was commonly disregarded as the "gadget story") to the sociological/psychological theme, the hard science stuff has had only occasional flashes of brilliance, usually from such as Hal Clement. Shining examples of the newer trend have included such as Bester's Demolished Man, Heinlein's Puppet Masters, Farmer's Dare, Herbert's Dune, to name a diverse few. Reynolds, Anderson, Blish, Pohl, Brunner and many others often write penetrating, interesting, even challenging stories, but they usually do not excite that Sense of Wonder.

The nearest thing to the story type that can achieve that elusive effect is the current juvenile. A not very recent example that occurs to me is James Blish's The Star-Dwellers. These, of course, are written with the intent to stimulate a younger mind by adventurous, but scientific (to a degree), easily identifiable for reader-empathy-type stories with a high moral standard expertly blended into them. By their very nature they are designed to, strangely enough, bring about that thrill of the unknown, that breath-taking, pulse-thudding jump into the Unknown and the anticipation of the wonders and adventure to be found there. These still have it as witness the popularity of the Andre Norton books. But this segment of the field is slim and not adapted to steady adult fare. But it may be the only surviving remnant of story-telling which seems to be falling back before the onslaught of the New Wave which threatens even the basic art of story-telling. And this latter is becoming less than plentiful in a lot of offerings to be found by the current technical magazine transcribers. They are real keen on the science, as long as it doesn't go too far beyond the present, but they seldom know how to tell a story. The basic requirement of all this stuff is still entertainment, message or no, and more of them fail this fundamental requisite every year. Now we have the New Wave which, as far as I can see, seem to overlook all the basic requirements and communicate only unto each other in their stylistic posturings.

Fiction, no matter what type and by whom written, still has the prime purpose of providing entertainment and escape for the reader. No matter what else it may provide, these are as basic a requirement in a novel by Vladimir Nabokov as in one by Schoonover, Yerby and Robbins, Blish, Anderson or Harrison. In the field of science fiction this is, as I see it, not always achieved. And the Sense of Wonder, in a story of



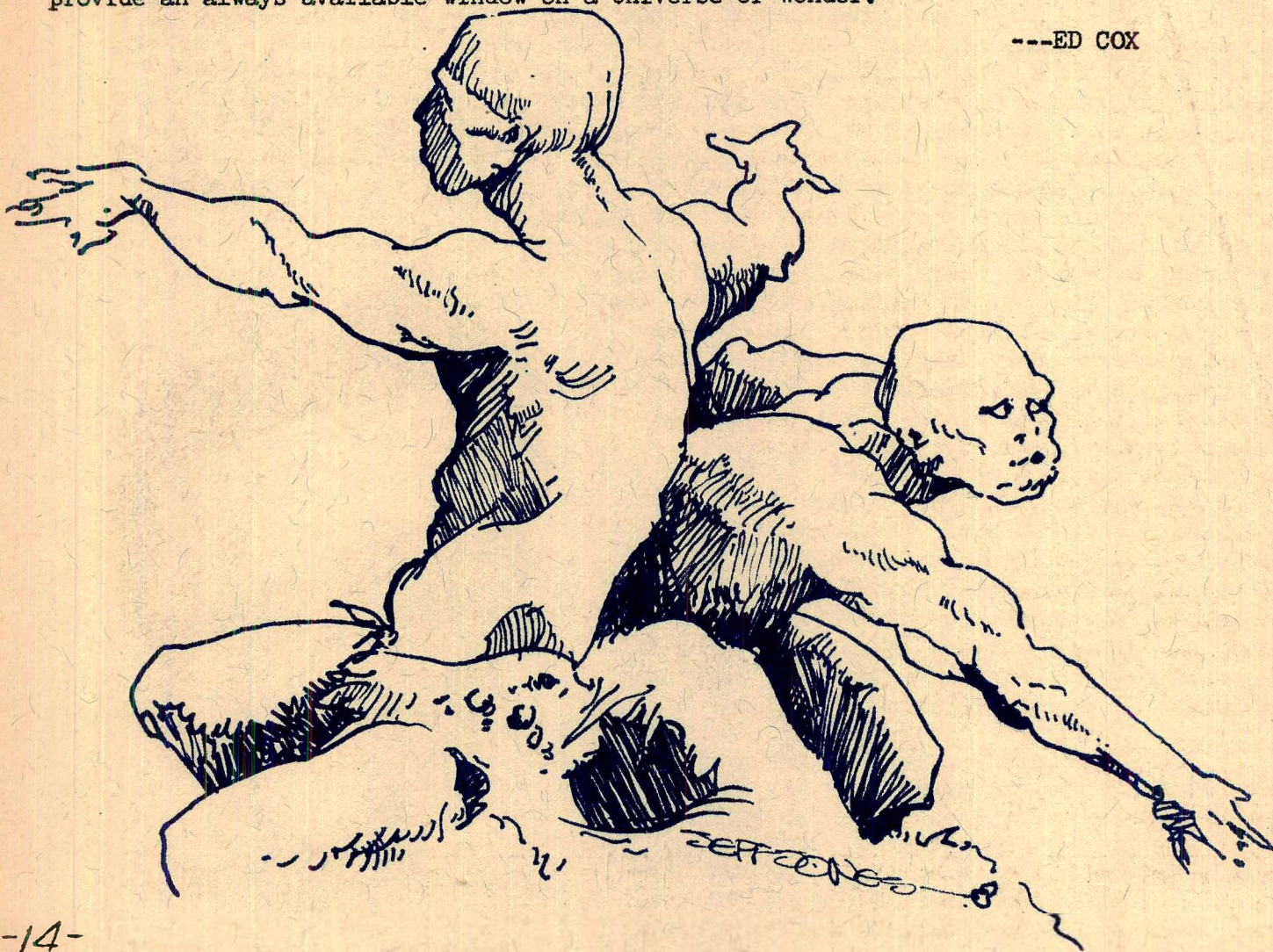
"WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?"

any length, appears to have gone by the board, for reasons stated above. Personally, I do miss "Strange Adventures on Other Worlds--", which was the motto of the rip-roarer, strictly space-adventure entertainment magazine, PLANET STORIES. It achieved a certain Sense of Wonder well into the late forties, early fifties, until it foundered in the booming, over-saturated market of the Last Big Prozine Boom.

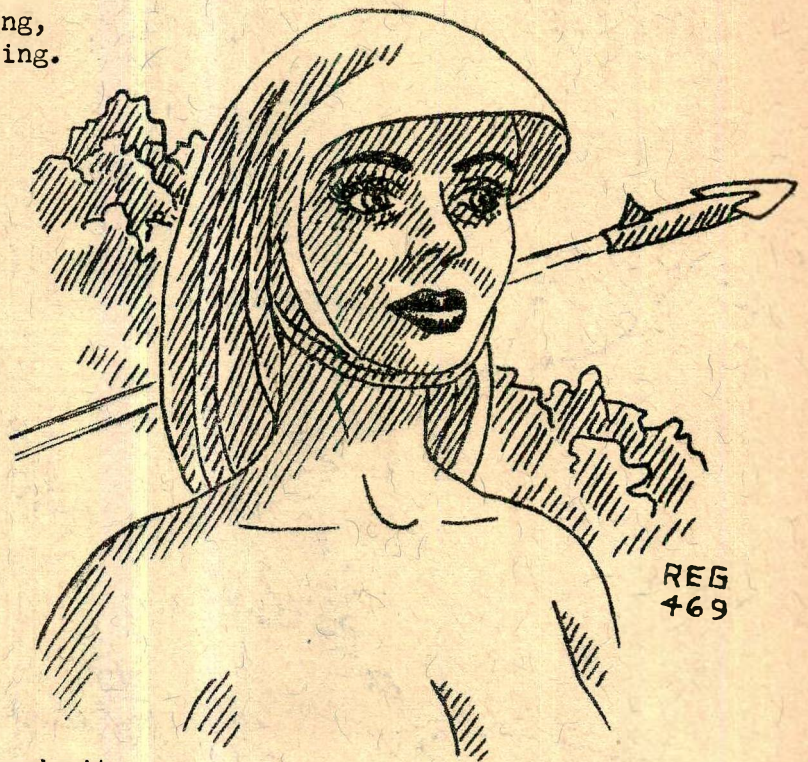
So, the Sense of Wonder belongs to a definite era in S.F. It can not be easily found in this new age, or that to come, for what seems to me to be the obvious reasons stated above. Yet for me, and probably for others, the Sense of Wonder is still available. It lurks in the piles of dusty, browning magazines. The ranks of ASTOUNDINGS, AMAZINGS, PLANET STORIES, WONDER, STARTLING, even WEIRD TALES and many more whose pages I've yet to explore. Putting myself in the mood of the time in which they were produced, it is not hard to open my mind to the excitement and wonder with which they looked upon the possible realities. Apparently a lot of the younger fans either find this hard to do or don't care to try, then blithely categorize anything earlier than 195- as pure crap, in so many words. Yet this isn't universal since, for instance, all those old stories being reprinted by ACE and others are being read by more than just us old fan/reader types. While I'm ready and willing to explore current offerings for the merit which a lot of them do manifest, it is with a sense of loss that I realize that I just missed knowing that thrilling era when the Sense of Wonder was new and Now.

Finally, I happily find that I am not alone, as witness the many reprints from that old era. It is my regard that the hundreds of old magazines, and the new as well, provide an always available window on a Universe of Wonder.

---ED COX



I have said it before,
 and I will say it again
 in a deeper and harsher voice--
 though I be the last man on Earth
 and singing to the stones:
 there is always a thing to say
 in the manner ~~that~~ is not prose.
 It is always there,
 regardless of the presence
 of a hearer.
 It cries out to be said,
 rhymeless or no;
 it begs the pulse and the voice;
 it demands the outlines of song.
 What is it?
 I do not know,
 save that it is a feeling in the palate
 for a word,
 a hole in the sight that cries for seeing,
 a blank spot in the spirit needing filling.
 Perhaps a drug can replace it.
 Perhaps a machine can do it better.
 But it is there
 and it needs to be said,
 aloud and by me:
 There is something that I love.
 I wish to share it.
 There is something that I know.
 I wish to give it.
 Man, you are probably my brother.
 Lady, I probably love you.
 Whatever,
 here I am. Listen to my words
 and feel a knowing.
 Pretend you've touched my hand, my pen.
 These words be thine.
 These thoughts be toward thee flowing.
 Talk is all,
 but tender is the saying,
 and necessary comes the pulse upon.
 The saying, perhaps, is all,
 for always there is something that so needs it.



REG
 469

ROGER ZELAZNY

THERE IS ALWAYS A POEM

The Ludicrous
DISEMBOWELMENT
of the
GREAT
Standing Man

You-- YOU crawly
slimy purple
son of a Bitch!

FIREWORKS

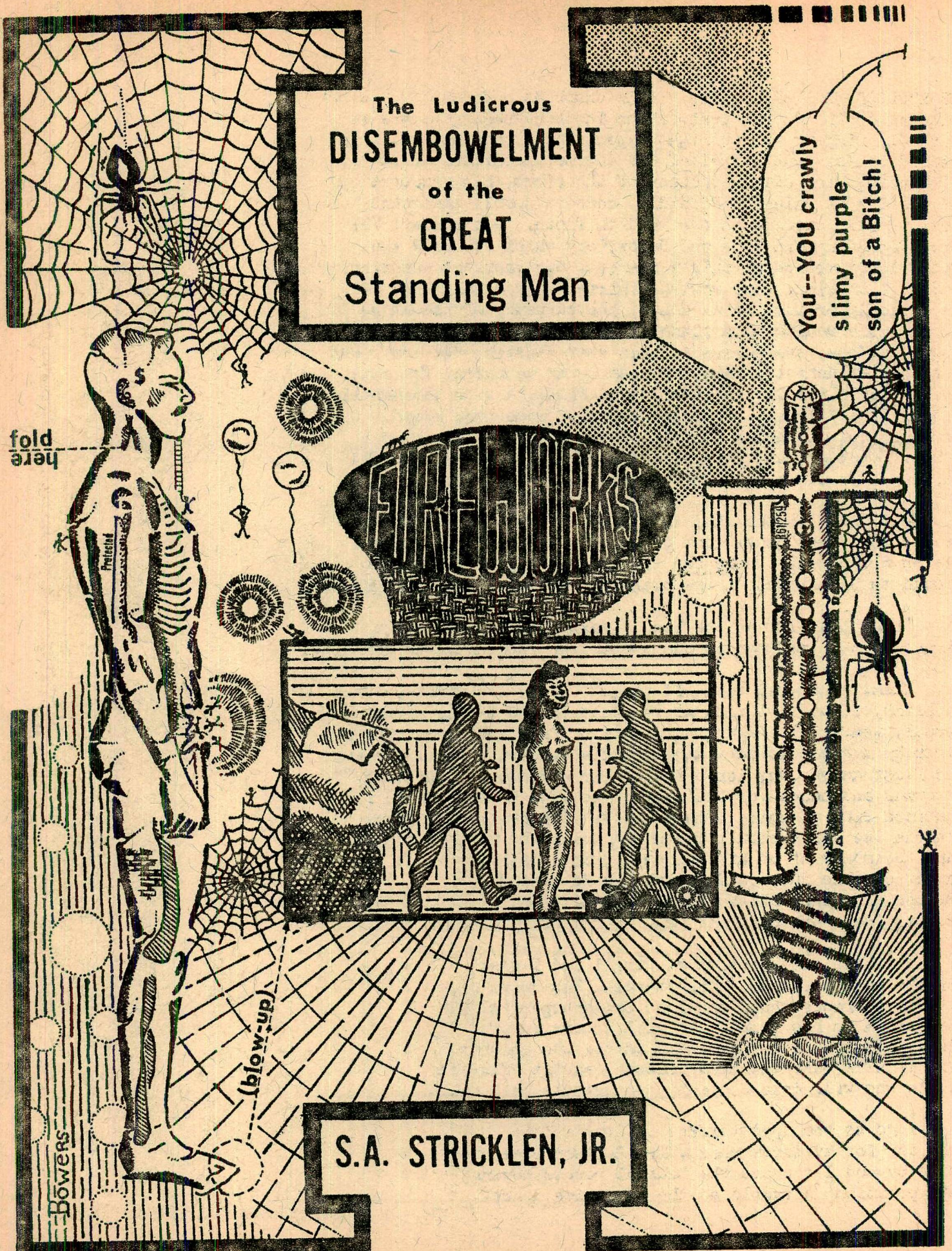
S.A. STRICKLEN, JR.

fold
here

(blow-up)

Bowers

Prohibited



WE HUDDLED TOGETHER in the little dropboat and awaited the beginning of the Jovian festival on Thoth. Number One was remarkably fidgety -- you might expect that; this was only his second independent job since the untimely solidification of El Honcho. The signal success of the first, his penetration of the Secret Vales of Forbidia, made it doubly important that we also succeed in our raid on Thoth. Our target: The Great Standing Man Bank and Depository which now held the accumulated wealth of thirty planets. Our tactics: surprise, panic, confusion. Our reward: thirteen and a half tons of metallic impervium, royal metal, the currency of the known Galaxy, the wealth of a planet. The enemy: Ole Joe and the Thothian Cops, ace police in this star cluster, the craftiest opponent an honest pirate ever had. The occasion: The sesquicentennial Jovian celebration on Thoth, a wild bacchanalia, a time to let loose -- enough confusion with none added. Problem: our non-human cohorts, Thoth being a restricted world. Problem: six feet of collapsium surrounding the impervium. Problem: The trained spiders of Ole Joe.

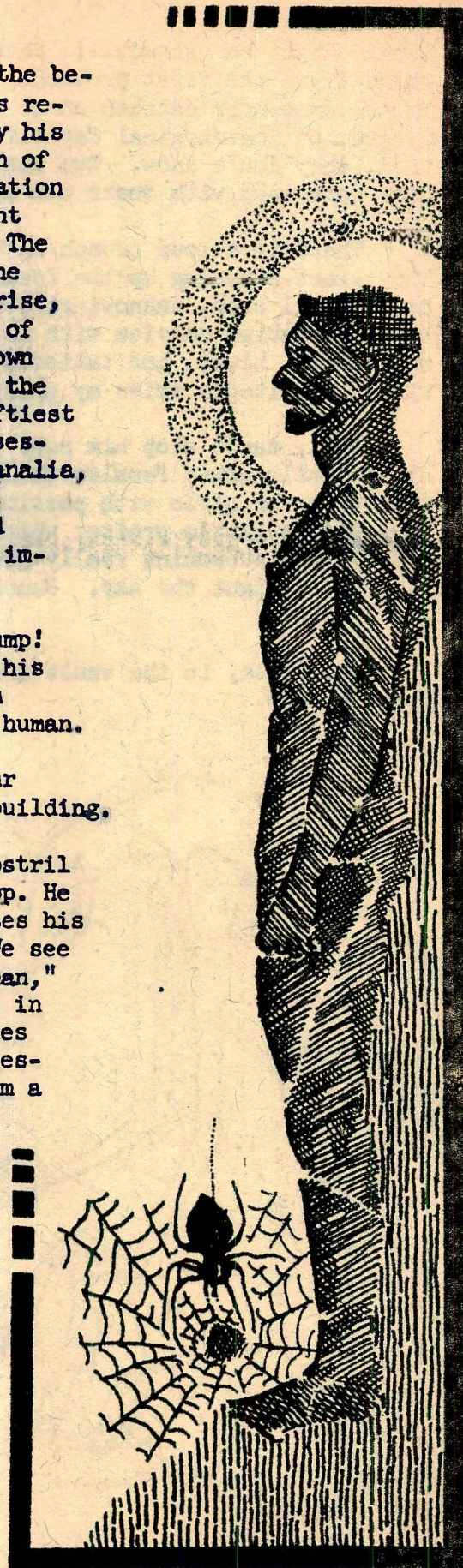
Fireworks in the sky! A planet lit beneath us! Thump! Me and the first contingent drop. I'm with SSLursh and his eleven Slime men. Where can the slime-men pass as human enough to be allowed on the planet? They aren't at all human.

"Pass them off at the head," said Number One, so our target is the left ear of the twenty-story Standing Man building.

Wham! A hundred feet off target. Into one giant nostril we climb, SSLursh flowing at the head of his little troop. He proudly wears the disgusting purplish tinge that indicates his birth by a sexed mother rather than a cold test tube. We see the first guard, who isn't fooled for a minute. "Nonhuman," he cries and heads for the alarm. He gets a dying snail in the face from me while SSLursh flows with agitated ripples towards the Men's room. The guard falls and writhes to escape the moans of an affectionate dying snail. I give him a zap of crackle juice and hit the Men's behind SSLursh. Flushh, FFLUUUUSSHH, Flush!! SSLursh and his 'men' are on their way.

A little detergent on the trail and I head for the main entrance. The Standing Man sways as, with an enormous thud, the Pogo Stickship hits the open plaza to his front. It will return in precisely ninety one minutes, and anyone who doesn't make it will make the muck prisons (except SSLursh's people who will make a clean, comfortable jail cell).

I go to the open terrace on Stan's left shoulder for my first check. Two Balloon creatures drift by and I can see the medical robots moving into position. A rumble as the subsonics start.



Good! Right on schedule! Back to the elevators for me, and down to waist level where I see the first problem. There's a planet wide broadcast from the Bay Window! If the announcer catches on he can alert the whole planet. I listen in. It's a dull program on Scatological Catholicism by the author of Bathroom Humor for the Masses. Good, they don't know. Two whiffs of psychedelia #9 into the studio and they will be more concerned with their own heads than with all the impervium in the universe.

There is a loud crunch as Giggles Malone and his boys break into the main entrance. They start rounding up the female clerical help and stripping them when I make my first mistake. I step, unknowingly, across the automatic entrance of a mechanical dyeing and body decoration service with an automatic ejection into a copulation pit. In a trice I am screwed, blued, and tattooed, then deposited in a daze on the pavement. A homing spider spiritedly spies my spastic spill and dashes dandily to report to Old Joe.

Well, can't stop him now. I go on to the foyer where Giggles now has 1,826 hysterically naked females on his hands. I give the order and the med robots begin injecting the girls with passion dope and panic drugs. My boys are assembled, so I give them a little praise, which is good for Giggles, and send them on to the inner foyer. The subsonics really give me the creeps, and the psychedelic fireworks are beginning to light the sky. Number One is due in four minutes as I kick down the President's door.

Meanwhile, in the vault area, a rather portly matron dashes excitedly out of the Women's room.

"My God," she cries, "Would you believe..." Damn right, I would believe; SSLursh and company are right on the job. I can see and hear all this, thanks to the telepathic balloon creatures. The problem is to actually get in there. Come on, SSLursh!

The greasy mass of Number One is disgorged from the throat of his saurian transport. The bank president, his exec, and a spindly old secretary jump to their feet as they sight me and Number One. I give the old boy a shot of moo-juice, and the other two hoot-juice and crackle-juice. With a great sucking noise the inner wall collapses; SSLursh has opened the vault. I direct the little many-legged bugs into the vault and soon a flow of impervium ingots starts toward the plaza to wait for the Pogo Stickship. The President realizes our plan and the likelihood of success. He turns toward SSLursh and shouts in a paroxym of fury,

"You -- YOU crawly slimy purple son of a Bitch!"

"Why, why thank you very much," mumbles SSLursh, blushing a nauseous green with the unaccustomed praise. The Presi-



dent is gray with fury. He turns to Number One,

"And as for you, you overgrown pile of dough, I'll get you if it's the last thing I MOOO!" Moo-juice strikes again.

"Yes, yes" says Number One, gloating in his triumph.

"Moooo. Moo. moo," says the president. His exec has an idea, though. He turns to the secretary.

"Miss Prickle, I think you ought to HOOT!" he shouts.

"CRACKLE" she replies, astonished that the exec would give a hoot for her.

"MOO."

"HOOOT, Hoot."

"Cackackackle." But there's no more time for fun. One of Ole Joe's spiders is watching through the window, and we're in trouble. I send Number One's escort, a former exotic dancer (more exotic than dancer) by the name of Precious Little and her brother Chicken back to the plaza. Number One waddles toward the main foyer. The girls are hopping, jumping, crying with fear of both imaginary terrors and perfectly real terrors (like my brother) and are also panting with passion. I'm worried about Giggles.

The air is raining sticky webs from Ole Joe's flying brigade. A batch of police terriers yap at my carriers. I hear the buzz of approaching mantrap spiders. Fortunately, Ole Joe didn't reckon on non-humans. so his spiders carefully test each potential prisoner, and only hold humans. That includes me, unfortunately, a personage I find of paramount importance. I give the order to fill the air with Super Soft, crowd the people against the wall, and set the disruptor. Twelve minutes before the Stickship comes.

A mantrap has Number One! The sharp claws are trying to put the pinch on him, and, since his coherence is low, he's losing considerable mass. Down below I see that a cage spider has caught Precious and she puts her fantastic anatomy into wild motion trying to escape. The spider carefully observes her and concludes she cannot be human, so she is released. Chicken Little runs up to me:

"The sky is falling, the sky is falling," he observes with some justice. It's the Stickship! I blow the disruptor and we all sail into the air above the plaza as the belly of the Standing Man crumbles outward. At exactly this moment, precisely according to plan, the Museum of Pornographic Arts, located in the Standing Man's right foot, releases its crowd of slavering, stimulated, lecherous old men. You can imagine their reaction when 1,326 naked girls mad with passion drift down to them through the Super Soft. The police terriers go insane at the sight of so much sin.

This is the sight I'll always remember: every imaginable type of creature plunging slowly from the open belly of the Standing Man. Naked girls everywhere, running, leaping, making, screaming in pointless terror. The fantastic hues of the psychedelic fireworks destroying the sky, police spiders and terriers rushing about yapping and hissing, their sticklike shadows dancing in many colors across the plaza. Gleaming spider webs fill the air.

And the sounds, the sounds! Whoop, whoop. EEEEEEEK! Giggles, teehee Cackle Cackle HOOOOT MOOO MOOO MOOO. POOM clatter. UMMMMMMM (from the subsonics) and then in the midst of it all, a tremendous WHUMP! as the Pogo Stickship hits ground and glows white while it prepares its recoil energy.

Three minutes of mad activity! The bugs rush the impervium on board, I get Precious and Chicken Little, Number One's Saurian gulps him and the cop spider down and waddles aboard. Giggles and SSLursh both make it. We throw out a few stray naked girls and then BBOOIING, the Pogo Stickship is off! The rockets cut in, then, Crack! we've transferred to Subspace and the job is done.

For all of us, wealth. The losses: One slime man who liked the Thothiansewers better than money, about thirty pounds of Number One, and three human males who stayed for their own reasons. For Number One, success and hopeful prospects. For SSLursh and his, a planet of muck. For Giggles, the high life. For Precious and Chicken and the Bugs and whatnot, each his own little Nirvana.

And for me...well, for me, a few minutes relief from this hideous boredom called life.

---S.A. STRICKLEN, JR.



...being a column of Reviews and Like Things...Edited and, in part, written by BILL BOWERS...

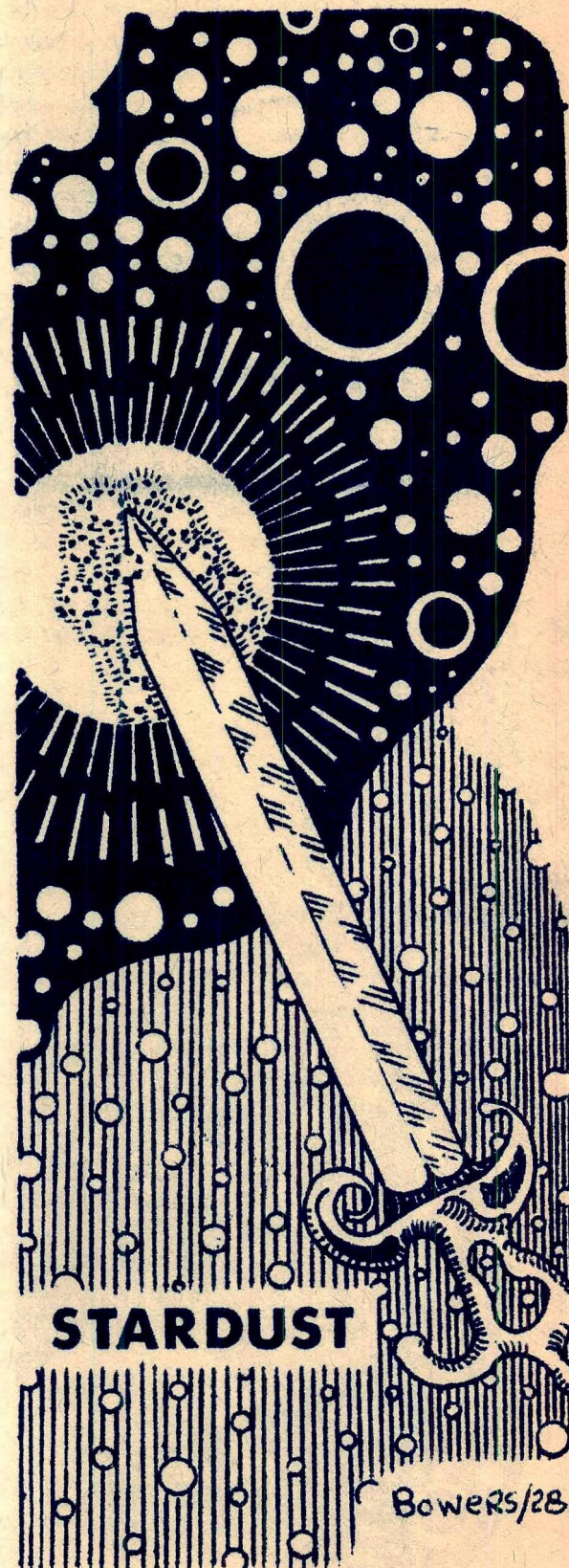
Notes on H. Beam Piper : I

Ref.: THE COSMIC COMPUTER ('Junkyard Planet'); Ace 1963; 193 pages; 40¢ :
and SPACE VIKING; Ace 1963; 191 pp.;
40¢ -- both by H. Beam Piper.

IT SEEMS THAT while many authors find good cause to avoid it, the series story typifies much of the published work of H. Beam Piper. In comparison to his well-known 'Paratime Police' series; the 'Fuzzy' twosome; and his collaborations with John J. McGuire -- SPACE VIKING and JUNKYARD PLANET (the original title being preferable to the uninspired Ace renaming) stand almost unique as non-series, non-collaborated novels. Even here however, we find that there is an obvious relationship: Both are a part of -- and are consistent with -- Piper's own Future History (as outlined in Zenith #4, April/May 1964).

This presenting of a consistent standard -- a future history, if you will -- for an author's stories can prove to be either a Good or a Bad thing; it depends largely on the particular individual's capabilities. In the case at hand, it does not markedly impair the reader's ability to approach each book on its separate merits... or lack thereof. It is a moot point as to which is preferable, but Piper obviously did not go the Cordwainer Smith route -- that in which every story is almost dependent on the reader's instant realization of a pre-established background.

If we are to judge by established literary criteria (not always preferable, but largely unavoidable), it is at once obvious which of the two books is superior. In both the level of intention, and the almost-achieving of that goal, SPACE VIKING easily outdistances JUNKYARD PLANET. This being postulated, the Question remains: Why? Certainly one expects the latter product to benefit from the experience of the first. Unfortunately, it seldom does. Apparently we will have



to argue that more than mere experience produces such an obvious difference.

It was probably John Campbell who stated that there are three ultra-basic plot summaries -- into which the majority of published science fiction fits very nicely. One of those set forth was the older-than-time case of boy-meeting girl. Simplified, SPACE VIKING definitely falls into this category. Fortunately, Piper failed to be trapped into just-another-goddamn-rewrite of this tottering theme. Certainly: boy-meets-girl; boy-losses girl; and boy-seeks-revenge. It is not being unfair to state that most authors would have ended their story on the culmination of that revenge -- be it successful or otherwise.

Most have. Piper -- perhaps by personal experience, perhaps not -- realized that time dulls the thirst for revenge; that while the quest goes on and on, it may be only by force of habit or for an entirely other-caused reason. Beautifully written stories of the life-long -- aeons, even -- search for vengeance can be enjoyable, and even an excellent end-product of the writer's craft. But they are perhaps not quite so realistic as their author intended.

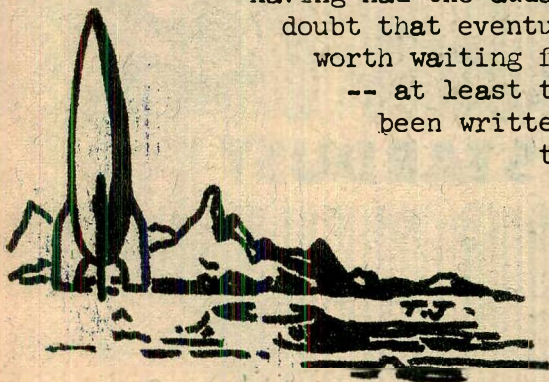
Viewed in this light it becomes increasingly evident that in SPACE VIKING, a novel outwardly unpretentious, Piper approached -- intentionally or perhaps not -- a select, and to be admired circle of science fiction writers. To wit: Those few who attempt to better their own work, as well as that of their chosen field, by incorporating into the freedom of science fiction some of the better qualities of the much derided 'mainstream' of literature -- in furthering the eternal quest for the much desired 'whole book', or the true novel.

A minor sidetrip is indicated here: The above should not be interpreted as the falling prey to the to-be-avoided Judith Merrill Syndrome of joining full-force with that mainstream. Nor is it to be construed as to support wholeheartedly the Ballard-school of the surrealistic; style is a very important part of the whole, but in itself ...a dead end. That which is being referred to is perhaps easiest defined by example: The 'whole book' which Fritz Leiber attempted in THE WANDERER...which attempt failed; an admirable failure, yes, but nonetheless a failure. Definitely the most successful in the field toward this direction -- although nearly stymied by its own flaws -- is Frank Herbert's magnificent (the word fits) DUNE.

*Before the 'minor' sidetrip becomes a major detour: Leiber is to be congratulated and cheered for even attempting THE WANDERER -- it is something from which lesser author's have forever fled. While it didn't quite come off, the published work is certainly Superior to 90% plus, of s.f.'s annual output.

Having had the audacity to once attempt such a thing, there is little doubt that eventually he will make it come off. Such is an event well worth waiting for. On the other hand, Herbert's outflow since DUNE -- at least that published after DUNE, which may very well have been written before -- has been disappointing in comparison. But the hope springs eternal; if he could produce DUNE now -- what then in five or ten years?

But, although we might wish it were so, SPACE VIKING is neither a DUNE, nor a WANDERER. Lucas Trask is no Maud'dib, and while planets are occasionally destroyed, it is through means perhaps not so spectacular as that of a wandering world.



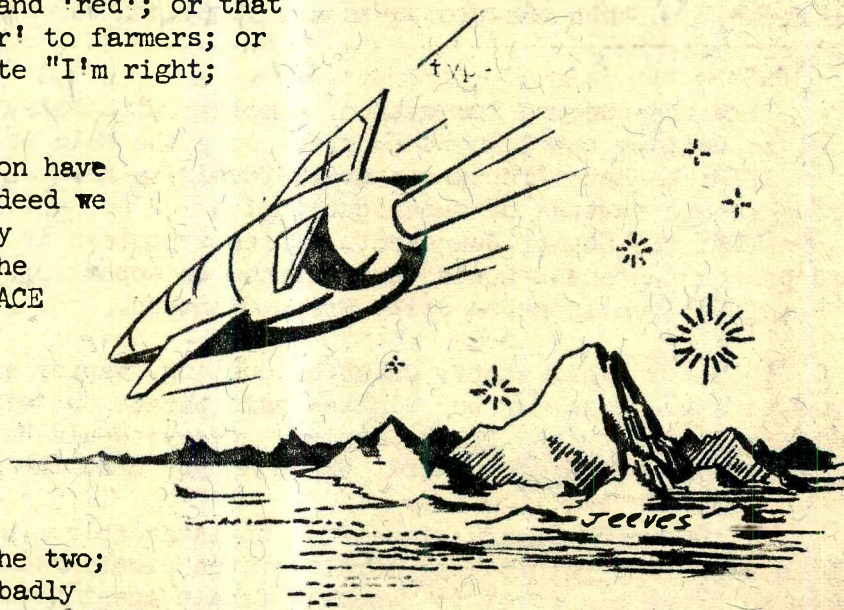
SPACE VIKING seems to fall into the second strata level of science fiction; it is somewhere below DUNE and THE WANDERER, but worlds above the prevailing medium. Whereas it would be possible for the other two to attain some degree of popularity among those not quite so familiar with the field -- SPACE VIKING, along with others of its level (MISSION OF GRAVITY comes to mind, although some would disagree), is obviously science fiction by any definition. Although well-written enough to be read by the unknowing, its basic substance is well within the heritage of the field. It is good...and it's science fiction!

Assuming -- for the brevity of these notes -- that we have 'placed' SPACE VIKING in its proper level, the matter of possible relationship to JUNKYARD PLANET arises. The comparison of any one work to another -- even if both are of the same type or author -- is essentially an exercise of futility. We seem to delight in pointing out to ourselves and others minor inconsistencies, or even why it is 'good' or 'bad'. It would be nice perhaps if everyone were to accept each and every work purely on its own merits -- but such a situation would be boresome, and who are we to condone boredom?

Ultra-simplified, SPACE VIKING is the story of one who goes 'out', and JUNKYARD PLANET is the tale of one who has been 'out' and has now returned. So...it could boil down to whether you enjoy the tale of the quest afar -- or one closer home. But it does not.

Then too, there has been much ado recently about the placing of the myth and folklore within the sacred framework of science fiction -- primarily in the persons of Cordwainer Smith and Samuel R. Delany, and to an extent, the work of Roger Zelazny. Now then...we are at times intrigued by the multitude of myths and folkloriana which comprise so large and vital a portion of our homo-sapienized version of history. But we would like to express, despite our sometime more than mild interest in such things, a cautionary hope that such do not become 'popularized' and overdone to the extent another nice bit was subjected to, not so many years ago -- the 'psi' gambit. This may be a somewhat futile wish in that, unless an author deliberately sets out to avoid them, any work is largely dependent on the small and not-so-harmless myths which are taken for granted by both writer and reader -- be it that we are 'good' and 'white' while they are 'bad' and 'red'; or that scientists are naturally 'superior' to farmers; or that...well, name your own favorite "I'm right; he's wrong" type hangup.

The two works under discussion have not escaped this myth-mythoes; indeed we are not about to suggest that they should have attempted to do so. The fact that we, personally, find SPACE VIKING's myth more to our liking than that of JUNKYARD PLANET, may have something to do with the relative placing of levels of success. But it is not the whole bag of worlds, by any means. For one thing, SPACE VIKING is the better written of the two; JUNKYARD PLANET is not in itself badly written, but it suffers by comparison. And while somewhat large jumps in space, time and



plot are taken both, they are more easily followed without the suspension of disbelief in SPACE VIKING.

If you haven't done so yet, it is sincerely recommended that you read both of these books. Although SPACE VIKING is our own favorite, we know that you will find pleasurable hours of enjoyment in both -- Piper was never less than an entertainer.

---BILL BOWERS

THE OFF-WORLDEERS --- by John Baxter
THE STAR MAGICIANS - by Lin Carter : Ace Double G-588 : 127 and 124 pages : 50¢

THE OFF-WORLDEERS sets us up on the planet of Merryland where civilization has gone to pot, religion has gone underground, and the proctors -- sort of feral policemen -- seek a mysterious stone with a mysterious power. The book fails in that earth is dull and drab, Merryland is drab and dull, the people and their customs are cloddish and stupid. Thus, a well carpentered plot and above average action were insufficient to really hold my interest. The ingredients are all there -- orgies, intrigue, chases, murder, and magic, but my overall impression is one of faint boredom.

THE STAR MAGICIANS by contrast was really bad. Like, we have Honest-to-God Barbarians -- unshaven, bewhiskered and smelly -- wearing bronze helmets and straps of leather with brazen studs. They ride around in battleships a mile long carrying swords and battle axes and laser pistols. The barbarian king has a table set with all manner of rare and delectable goodies, but he seizes a haunch of boar meat, gnaws on it for awhile and tosses it on the priceless carpet.

The story opens with a bloody spectacle going on in the arena. The peaceful traders' world of Argion has just been conquered and is in the process of being raped and plundered. A tall blonde hero gets killed, a finky jester escapes, a captive princess is fondled.

It quickly becomes evident that the barbarians are bugged by the White Wizard Calastor, and then the plot gets all lumpy and thick as Carter dumps in everything but the kitchen sink.

ITEM: The Second Foundation, complete with Mule, 'historiodynamics', and mission, i.e. to restore the defunct Empire. Only the Mule is one of the good guys, this time.

ITEM: We have (thrown in gratuitously) a hero and heroine coming from secretly bred genetic strains of super quality.

ITEM: The Day of Judgement. (Which I protest is arbitrary, unjust and unfair; not one of the sentences would be sustained on appeal.)

ITEM: So help me, a Jolly Green Giantess.

There is other stuff: Calastor dueling, rapier against battleaxe, with a big, fast pirate. Does our boy flatten said pirate out with a bolt of mental energy? No. Heroically, he sticks to the rapier. Query: Would he have stuck to a dagger? To a switchblade? To a can opener? Where do you draw the line?

Or the White Wizard himself -- unmistakeably a hotblooded idiot. For example: He is in disguise, ruining the morale of the pirate fleet, and doing a good job of it, when he blows his cover to rescue a female agent who isn't even in his organization. He may be a hero, and a gentleman, but he is not a secret agent, and he is not tough.

Give Matt Helm that bag of tricks, and you'd really have something.

One final complaint -- Abdekiel, the Shaman, the Barbarian Sorcerer -- is supposed to be a gross, deceitful, intriguing, calculating, power-hungry, fat gutless worm. But all we ever see him doing is rendering exemplary service to his king.

If you say to yourself, "He's got to be kidding!" the book turns out to be a pretty good burlesk of a sword and sorcery space opera. And if you read it as a farce, you will probably enjoy it.

---ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

Due to various and other reasons too horrible to depict here, the first two reviews are printed some two years after their composition. However, seeing how a good Lin Carter novel never goes stale... (WLB)

HOW TO WRITE THE SCIENCE FICTION STORY : Plus Other Advice and Comments : by BILL GLASS

SOMETIME BACK YANDRO ran a series of articles giving hints to beginning authors on how to write the science fiction story. These articles were obviously written by people Who Do Not Know Anything. For the clear quill, the beginning author is referred to Jack Woodford's PLOTTING FOR EVERY KIND OF WRITING, Garden City Publishing Co., 1941. Mr. Woodford, author of SIN AND SUCH, UNMORAL, and several Beacon paperbacks, will tell you how to plot a terror tale, a science fiction story, and will then analyze this strange audience you plan to write for.

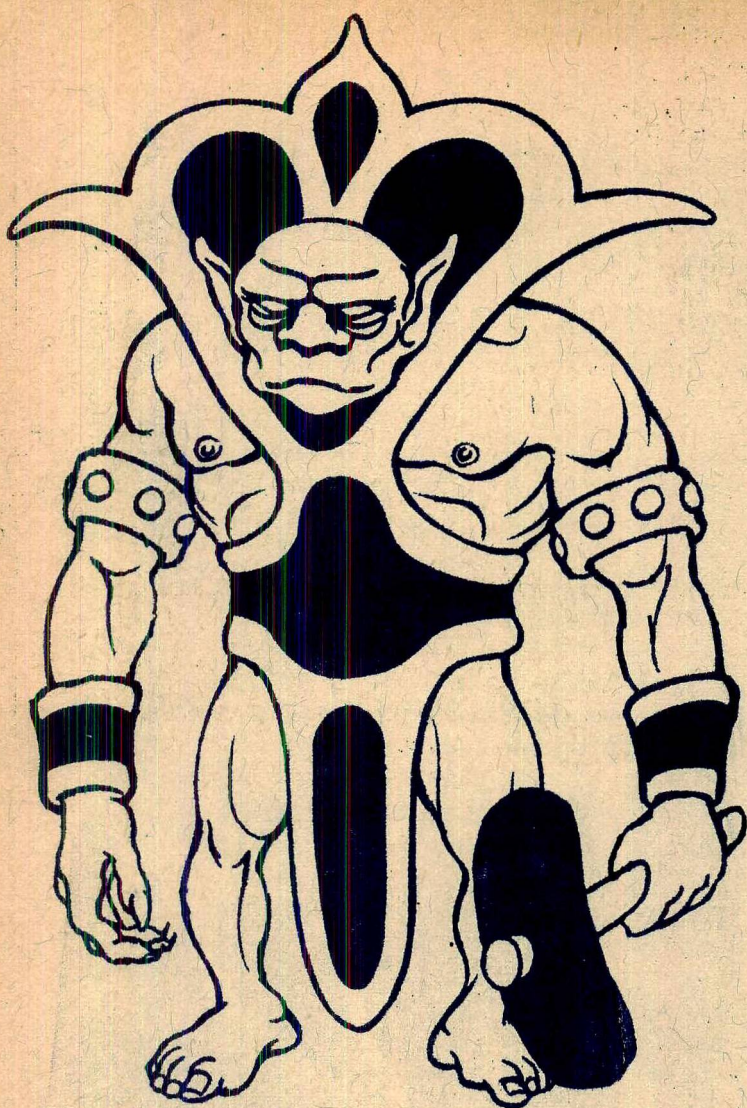
For the terror tale, you must take a man and a woman (married or Just Good Friends) get them lost, and have them seek shelter in a "house of horror" owned by a man of mystery. Your hero and heroine must now hear or see people being tortured, meet weird monstrosities in dark corners, and spy on a evil ritual wherein the participants have more enthusiasm than clothes. Now the girl is carried off and the man imprisoned. He escapes just in time to rescue the girl from a fate worse than death and to expose the fiend as a master criminal, a mad scientist, or Hitler in disguise (it's 1941, remember).

But if the weird tale does not appeal to you, Mr. Woodford tells you what you should stick into a science fiction stew. First to take a brainy hero who invents something to take him to another planet or dimension. If you wish you may season with a girl who need not take a large wardrobe along. Anyhow, in this weird place, your hero encounters aliens in the form of "animals, insects, reptiles, plants, or reactionary Republicans." Get your hero into all sorts of perilous situations and then have a beautiful female inhabitant (not overdressed) fall in love with him and save his life.

Now Mr. Woodford gives a warning to all young authors striving to be science fiction writers. You may not know this, but "all this voodoo about science" is merely a ruse to distract censors and an excuse for sadism. "The purpose of the whole story [is] to take the reader through a perfect carnival of sadism." Women are expressly warned that they can never be successful science fiction authors because no woman, "except perhaps a Lesbian," will get a thrill describing a nasty octipod delicately torturing another woman scantily clad. However, many male authors and readers, "because of some quirk in their personalities, comparable to that which makes loan sharks and Federal Reserve executives," like to write and read this junk because they are titillated by the thought of a pretty girl being hurt. If you don't have this quirk, you're urged not to try this type story; if you do, you're assured success in the science fiction market.

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BOOKS RECEIVED from : ~~.....~~
OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE : by Fred Hoyle; R1155; 60¢ : SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE : ed. by Groff Conklin; R1924; 60¢ : SURVIVAL MARGIN : Charles Eric Maine; R1918; 60¢ : STRANGE BEASTS AND UNNATURAL MONSTERS : ed. by Philip Van Doren Stern; R1166; 60¢ & WORLDS TO COME : ed by Damon Knight; R1942; 60¢. Some may be reviewed next time.
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WALLABY STEW

ROBERT
COULSON

IT'S A GOOD thing Bill mentioned the name of this column when he requested another installment; it's been so long since DOUBLE BILL came out that I'd forgotten it. I'm tempted to skip reading all these fanzines and tell you all about my vacation instead, but I suppose that wouldn't be kosher, or cricket, or whatever.

amra #47, 48, 49 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Ill. 60690 - irregular - 50¢ or 10 for \$3. - editor, George Scithers) A good one to start off with is the latest Hugo winner; AMRA this year became the first fanzine title to win two Hugos. (Another fanzine won two, but changed title - from FANTASY TIMES to SCIENCE FICTION TIMES - between wins.) Theoretically AMRA is devoted to sword-and-sorcery writing; actually it seems mostly devoted to fancy artwork. Offset lithography provides excellent display of the works of artists such as Roy Krenkel, George Barr, Gray Morrow, Jim Cawthorn, and Paul Gerrior. Contents of the three issues (all of which arrived in the same envelope) include poetry by various people, short book reviews by L. Sprague de Camp, an article on editing the Conan stories by de Camp, an article on pulp ideology by • who else? - John Boardman, a comment on James Branch Cabell by Robert E. Howard, (and you can't hardly get original stuff from Howard no more), an article on the contrast between Well of the Unicorn and Worm Ouroboros by Dave Hulan, plus various short items, limericks, letters, and comments by the editor. Of course, you won't get all this in any one issue, but there is usually a fair variety. I consider AMRA one of the most entertaining fanzines being published (and I don't even like sword-and-sorcery), and with over 900 readers it certainly is one of the most popular.

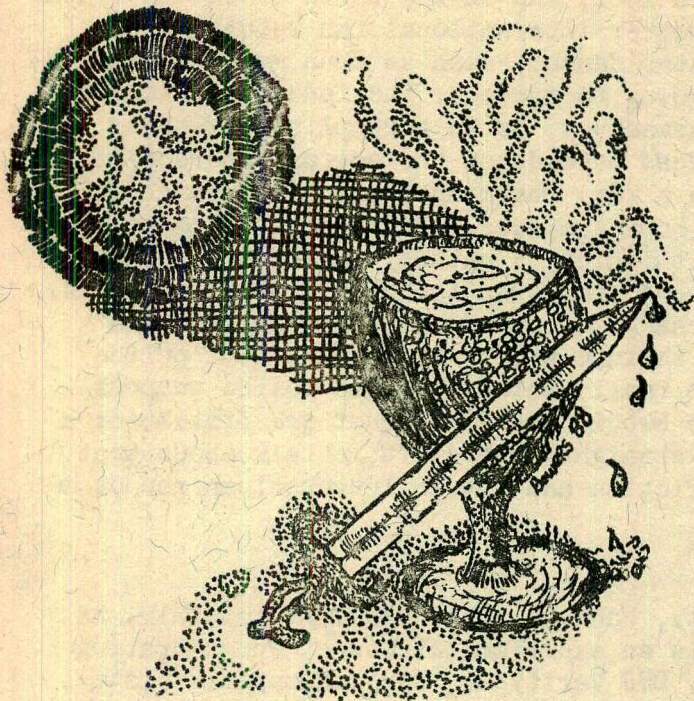
algol #14 (Andy Porter. Box 367, New York, N.Y. 10028 - quarterly - 60¢ or 5 issues for \$2.50) This is one of the big fanzines; over 60 pages, with lithographed covers, and both mimeo and ditto used on the interior for a colorful issue. (It's easier to add color with ditto than it is with mimeo, though it is not always easier

to make the colors assemble properly into a picture. Andy succeeds.) The editor starts off by commenting on the numerous fan deaths in 1968, and on the worth of international fandom. I'm definitely in favor of more and better international fan relations but I have my doubts that intentional efforts to better fandom, such as Jean Muggoch's international news letter that Andy mentions, are going to succeed. The fanzines which set out originally to carve a special niche for themselves, or to accomplish something for the betterment of fandom, generally fail; success depends on the editor's personality, not his intentions. (Jean, of course, may have a very charming personality which will make her the toast of international fandom; I hope she does.) Piers Anthony explains Chthon for all those readers who didn't get it (which, I gather, includes all those readers, period), and Anne McCaffrey makes some comments on the origin of her dragons. Dick Lupoff reviews some normal books for a change, instead of the weird stuff he usually reads (though even here he manages to include a line in which a 1931 police officer says "shoot the door down".....I don't really think they had police weapons like that in 1931). Two of the speeches of the Nebula Awards Banquet are presented; a really lovely humorous one by Fred Pohl and a straightforward little talk about what Doubleday is doing by Lawrence Ashmead. Faan-fiction and a huge lettercolumn rounds out the issue.

the pulp era #69 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bimonthly, he ----- says - 50¢ or 5 for \$2.25) This is an experimental issue, commemorating Lynn's purchase of a new Model 1250 Multilith, DSJ Varityper, Verifax copier, plate burner, etc. He's playing with his new toys and getting a wild mixture of type styles, ink colors, types of platemaking, etc. (He mentions that his old Multilith is for sale. A fan with two Multiliths - gad.) In general the mag is devoted to the old pulp magazines; western, sports, air, detective, etc., leaving the science fiction and fantasy pulps for other editors to work over. (In one way it's a very good move; there are far more general pulps than there are stf pulps, and the fanzine field is less crowded there.) A major item this issue is an article on TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS. (If Lynn hadn't reproduced a couple of covers I'm not sure I'd even believe in that one.) There is also material on Burroughs, Frederick Faust, Arthur J. Burks, book reviews, etc. Outstanding for the general pulp enthusiast, even though this issue is more fragmented and less artistic than most.

brobdingnag #84, 85, 86, 87 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular but ----- frequent - 10¢) I've been reviewing this cryptically for YANDRO for so long that I thought I'd make someone else's readers suffer for a change. This is a fanzine of Postal Diplomacy. I will not explain Postal Diplomacy because I do not understand it; write McCallum if you want an explanation. In general, I believe Diplomacy is a game in which several players get together, choose up sides, and refight World War I. In Postal Diplomacy, they do it by mail, which may or may not be safer for the participants. Players are rated. There seem to be an ungodly number of rules, most of which are apparently in dispute. All in all, it sounds fascinating if you have the time for it.

sandworm #5 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - quarterly - ----- 20¢ or 4 for \$1.00; no longer subs accepted) This is the Annish, and of course a mind like Vardeman's has to come up with the title sA^WdwISH. Vardeman also had to turn down the Ozarkon for "business"; the Retail Liquor Dealer's Association convention. He even has the gall to sound apologetic about it. Roy Tackett mutters about publishing associations. Ed Cox writes a Bradbury story; a fine item. Of course



Bradbury's style is easy to parody, but still Cox does well (swiping occasionally from the original, if memory serves). There is a review of a Delany story by someone named Paul Walker, that must be a put-on. Among other things, it says Delany is "a self-made, self-conceived, self-created individual who functions on all levels of consciousness of reality and his stories are multi-level structures which are, at their core, psychologically autobiographical." I wish I knew whether or not he was kidding; the trouble is I've read serious material which sounds a lot like that. (I'm sure Vardeman thought the review was funny, but did Walker think so?) There are various reviews. However, once we get this trivia out of the way we come to the meat of the issue, which is the lettercolumn, featuring such entertaining writers as Roy Tackett, Bill Pettit, Jack Gaughan, Ted White, Kay Anderson, Ed Cox, etc. Probably the most fun for an innocent bystander (no cracks, Mallardi)

is watching White and Anderson misunderstand one another in print. I have yet to see either of them pick the correct interpretation from the other's writing.

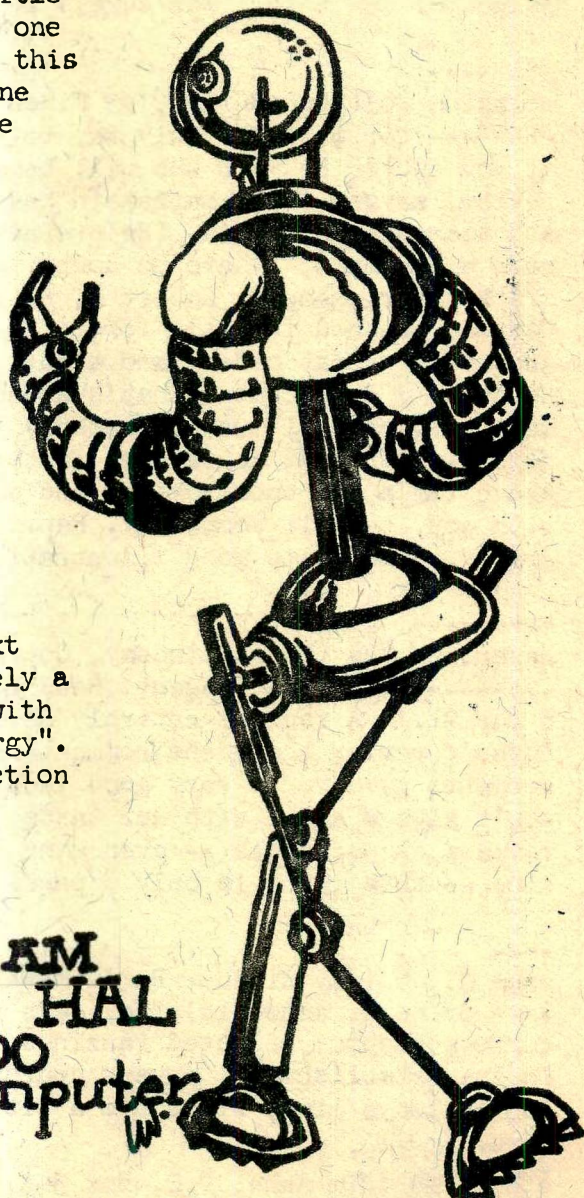
odd #19 (Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108 - 75¢ or 4 for \$2.00 - --- quarterly) This is the era of the fancy expensive fanzine. ODD is also the third fanzine reviewed here to be lithographed; undoubtedly the best method of reproduction if you can afford it. (Of course there is letterpress, but Bill Danner has a monopoly on that.) It is also a big one; over 90 pages. This seems a better than average issue. Bob Tucker reviews The Passover Plot, which I suppose I should read sometime. However, I've already read enough history to make me assume that the Biblical Jesus is mythical, and there is simply not enough evidence left for Schonfield or anyone else to prove anything. He has an interesting theory, but nothing more. Ted White discusses the problems (and solutions) of "packaging" science fiction. Not only interesting, but an original subject. Joe Haldeman writes from Viet Nam. Harry Warner writes about Wagner, which is great if you like Wagner, and Vaughn Bode has a comic strip, which is great if you like Bode. (I was amused at New York fandom's all-out defense of Bode when he "won" Boardman's "ten-foot poll" -- they seem to feel that it's quite proper to humiliate some luckless individual by pointing him out as the worst of the year, but it's terrible when the voting backfires on one of their friends.) Arnie Katz patronizes fanzines. Lettercolumn, oddly enough, isn't terribly interesting, except for Ted White.

third foundation #83? (Lee Klingstein, 1435 So. Bundy Drive, #4, Los Angeles, Calif., ----- 90025 - bimonthly - 3 for 55¢) There is more or less humorous faan-fiction (mostly less), reviews (including one of The Graphic Art of M.C. Escher, a

book I saw and enjoyed when I visited Bob Briney the last time), a collection of "interesting" dedications (well, I suppose some of them are, but I'd read them all before), and four songs from an off-Broadway musical version of The Big Time. (The songs are terrible; I assume that "off-Broadway" means at some fancub meeting, but possibly non-fans have equally bad taste in songs.) Various other things, including the conclusion of a "Lensman" parody and - most interesting thing in the issue - a catalog of "The University of Stef", with various authors being assigned to their proper "departments". I dunno, with that many issues, they must be keeping somebody entertained. Not me, however.

wsfa journal #58, 59 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly -
----- 35¢ or 3 for \$1.00) Various fans have, at one time or another, been referred to as "fanzine factories". I don't recall that Miller ever has, but he deserves the appellation, turning out half a dozen fanzines at fairly frequent intervals. (Anybody can publish 6 fanzines if they only publish each title once a year. Miller runs them off regularly.) This one is a club newsletter that got out of hand. You get this one for the reviews, mostly. Banks Mebane's magazine reviews seem to be dying out gradually; pity. There are book reviews by all sorts of people. This is good in that it provides a variety of books, for all tastes, and bad in that one never gets accustomed enough to one reviewer to be able to match tastes and be able to tell from a review whether or not you'd like the book. Doll Gilliland has an interesting method of fanzine reviewing; she collects as many issues of the fanzine in question as possible and goes through all of them at once. Probably a good way, since a single issue is less informative than a group of issues. #59 has a Lunacon report by Jay Klein that I didn't read. Alexis Gilliland has some lovely humorous bits in both issues. (Next time I go east I want to meet the Gillilands. Or maybe they'll come to St. Louis next year. Doll refers to herself as a non-fan but merely a "personable, highly critical, detached individual with unlimited interests and very limited time and energy". You ever read a better definition of a science fiction fan in your life?)

a.r.a. bulletin #60, 61 (American Reload-
----- ers Association, P.O.
Box 341, Covina, Calif. 91722 - monthly
- free to members - Dean Grennell, editor) Ah, where are those carefree days when GRUE was one of fandom's top zines? Dean still has a fanzine, but now he writes about ballistic tests, chamber pressure, the .17 Bumblebee, and gun legislation. (Any liberals who are



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A HAL
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computer

outraged by my opinions on anti-gun laws should read Dean's.) Basically a sercon fanzine, which is just as well; one does not handload ammunition frivolously. Not more than once, at least. Anyway, Dean discharges his fannishness in his professional publication, GUN WORLD.

image #7 (Carl Bobke, 1602 N. 58 St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53208 - quarterly - for
----- trade, contribution, comment only) I got this in the mail, saw that it had a lithographed cover and was rather poorly mimeographed on green paper and I said "This is a movie fanzine from Milwaukee". There is an entire club of stf movie fans up there; each member apparently publishes his own fanzine but they all do it on the same mimeo and the same (horrible) quality paper. College machine? That would explain the poor results. Photos are reproduced by what is either mediocre electrostencilling or terrible lithography. The material is much better than the package. I am not a stf movie fan, so it fails to interest me in the slightest, but the writing is always competent, and the judgments appear to be more or less mature. (Not having seen the movies being judged, I can't tell for sure.) If you're addicted to movies you might want to try it.

nolazine #6 (John Guidry, #5 Finch St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70124 - bimonthly - 3
----- for \$1.) The only way to get #7, however, is to join the Deep South Con, so if you subscribe your sub will begin with #8. (Well, there's one issue I won't have to review, anyway.) Don Markstein has a short article trying to build up Arthur Clarke and tear down Heinlein. (He prefaces this by saying "if a favorite author survey were made among fans, I have no doubt that Clarke would place far behind such popular authors as, for example, Robert A. Heinlein." Yes he would; in last year's YANDRO poll, Clarke finished in a tie for fifth place, behind Heinlein, Sturgeon, Asimov and Poul Anderson in that order, and tied with Roger Zelazny and L. Sprague de Camp. Personally, however, I don't think that's a bad showing, especially considering that the poll was made before "2001" was released.) I don't think he needs to be boosted by attacking Heinlein (or that he can be, for that matter). There are a couple of pieces of fiction, and quite a few book reviews and comments/articles on authors. Nothing to make me jump with joy, but all competent. Reproduction seems to be a mixture of mimeo and lithography. Some quite good illustrations, especially Stan Taylor's.

haverings #34 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Great
----- Britain; USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 - bimonthly - 6 for \$1.) A fanzine entirely devoted to reviews of other fanzines. (Ethel says she doesn't review them; she comments on them. Same thing, to my rude awareness.) Her comments give you a very good idea of the nature of the fanzines under scrutiny; I don't always agree with her taste, but I admire her clear writing. I dislike fanzine reviews on principle -- even mine -- but I usually enjoy HAVERINGS. It's a small fanzine -- this issue is only 3 pages -- but it has quality.

nope #5, 6 (Jay Kinney, Baldwin-Wallace College Union, Box 1317, Berea, Ohio 44017 - no
----- price or schedule) Jay says this is a letter-substitute, going out to friends, correspondents, selected fanzines, etc. Devoted largely to humor, rock music, attacks on the Establishment; a very conformist fanzine, really. Not bad, though Jay's humor isn't always mine; write him a witty letter and maybe he'll send you a fanzine in return.

cinder #9 (Jim Ashe, P.O. Box 343, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458 - no price or
----- schedule) Another personal-zine; this one considerably more serious. It also

carries some of the most obscure writing in fandom.

egoboo #2, 3 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 - 3 for \$1.25
----- cash or six 6¢ stamps - irregular - coeditor, Ted White) This amounts to two
general-type columns and occasional reviews. The columns are usually quite readable,
and for the veteran fan the small size of the mag is an advantage; it isn't another of
those damned enormous mags that take an entire evening to read through. Comments can
be -- and quite often are -- about nearly anything, but the emphasis is on fandom and
fan activities.

inside star trek #1 (Star Trek Enterprises, P.O. Box 38429, Hollywood, Calif. 90038 -
----- Ruth Berman, editor) I think this qualifies as a fan first; a major
tv studio publishing a fanzine. It is the official publication of the "official Star
Trek fan club", membership \$3.50 per year. Contents include a talk by Gene Roddenberry
to some meeting of television editors, a short article by William Shatner on what he's
doing now in addition to being on tv, a biography of set decorator John Dwyer by D.C.
Fontana, short biographies of cast members by the editor, and the inauguration of a
question-and-answer column about the show (featuring some remarkably stupid questions,
but then I suppose they get that kind). If you really like the show, or are interested
in behind-the-scenes views of tv, you'll probably want to get this; otherwise not. With
this came the latest Star Trek catalog, if you want souvenirs of the show. I've revis-
ed my opinion somewhat on the prices charged for the stuff. \$1.00 for 20 sheets of ST
notepaper still strikes me as outrageous, but after pricing comparable notepaper in
the stores I see that it's no more outrageous than similar products by other people.
(Change in price here; membership in the club still costs \$3.50, but I see you can get
the newsletter alone for 50¢ a copy or 6 for \$3.00.) The same for the other souvenirs;
they aren't cheap, but then what is, these days?

granfalloon #4 (Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pitts-
----- burgh, Pa. 15213 - bimonthly - 50¢ or 3 for \$1.) Another big one; over 50
pages. Very good reproduction; electrostencils? There is a long book review column by
Richard Delap, whose taste seems to run at right angles to mine (every so often I agree
with him, but I never know when the unexpected event will happen). There is humor
(reprint by Damon Knight, original by Arnie Katz), fiction, poetry (which I looked at
briefly and avoided reading), an article on Alex Panshin, and a long and reasonably
good letter column. It would have been a better letter column if it had been shortened
by omitting a few gee-it-really-is-a-good-fanzine comments, but then, the editors are
young. (After awhile they'll learn that this is what someone says when he can't think
of anything else complimentary....) Gee, it really is a good...no. It's an entertain-
ing fanzine, and I enjoy it. I think I enjoyed it more when it was smaller, though.

THAT'S IT FOR this issue, and I suspect, for future issues as well. I spent two even-
ings writing these reviews (largely because I had not previously read most of the fan-
zines reviewed, admittedly), and I no longer have this sort of time to spare. I am too
far behind on book reading, and I would rather spend the time doing that. (Reading is
a pleasure; fanzine reviewing is a chore.) I got over the thrill of seeing my name in
print a long time ago. Fanzine reviewing used to be an easy out when someone asked me
to write something for him. It's still easy, but it takes time and is one of the easiest
fan activities in the world to stop. I would much rather have spent these two evenings
finishing The Spanish Armada by Michael Lewis, and from now on that's what I'm going to
do. Fandom is for enjoyment--my enjoyment. Fanzine reviewing is no longer enjoyable.
So long, people. ---ROBERT COULSON

A FALSE
HISTORICAL
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The
Yellow
King

IN THE PAST four years Randall Garrett has outlined a colorful Neo-Plantagenet alternate universe in the pages of Analog. This series, comprising "The Eyes Have It", "A Case of Identity", "The Muddle of the Woad", and "Too Many Magicians", construes the career of Richard the Lionhearted as the pivotal event in Western European history. By extending Richard's reign and having him succeeded by his nephew Arthur of Brittany rather than his brother John Lackland, Garrett's Plantagenets maintain their vast French holdings, successfully exploit the fourteenth-century discovery of systematic magic, and confound the Hohenstaufen rulers of the Holy Roman Empire, thus sparing the Slavs the Drang nach Osten and making possible the emergence of a mighty Polish Empire. The handsome golden-haired Plantagenets are still reigning over the West's most powerful nation in the 1960's. Their society enjoys a vaguely Victorian technology but knows nothing of theoretical science since the fortuitous development of magic blocked its appearance.

A romantic picture this, but unfortunately, an impossible one. We can afford to tolerate minor difficulties: political retardation, the incredible eight-century duration of the Plantagenet dynasty which moreover continues breeding true to type (1), (their blondness being refreshed with periodic infusions of Scandanavian blood), and the convenient non-occurrence of any Anglican schism much less the Reformation (which actually sprang from roots laid down in the twelfth century). However, major intellectual and political objections demonstrate that the author is guilty of false historical reasoning.

Our refutation on intellectual grounds rests on the relation of magic to science in the medieval world and the body of knowledge available in Europe at the time of Richard's actual death (1199). It should be noted that the high noon of magic came in the Renaissance rather than in the Middle Ages. The witchcraft delusion caused far greater anxiety in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than in earlier times.

To the medieval mind, magic and science were not necessarily antitheses. Knowledge-hungry men were acquainted with both. The same translators who gave Europe Greek and Arabic science also provided her with books on magic. Although magical practices tainted with paganism or involving the invocation of demons and spirits were sternly condemned by the Church, those which depended upon the "occult virtues" inherent in animals, plants, minerals, heavenly bodies, etc. were tolerated. The latter is "natural" or "white" magic. Among the phenomena classed as natural magic were forms of ESP.

The intellectual merit of magic was rated in comparison to science, not vice versa. Early scholastic Hugo of St. Victor attacked magic as unreal and untrue (thus "unscientific") and Peter Abelard argued that the magical wonders performed by demons were really due to their subtle ingenuity and long experience with the properties of nature rather than special powers or a higher mode of perception. With sufficient study of nature men could equal or surpass these demoniacal operations. In the thirteenth century notable scientist, philosopher, and theologian Albertus Magnus concluded that magic was a kind of science and thus worthy of serious investigation.

Reams of Greek, Arabic, and Oriental writings on magic were widely disseminated in Europe before 1200. Countless works, including the Hermetic Books (reputed to date from antediluvial times), Pseudo-Aristotle, and writings attributed to King Solomon

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- (1) Not only is this genetically absurd, but in characterizing Arthur as a 'true' Plantagenet and John as a 'sport', Garrett overlooks the extremely close physical and psychological resemblances between John and Arthur's father Geoffrey.

and even Socrates are the antecedents of most subsequent occult literature. Magic, along with astrology and alchemy, was the subject of diligent experimentation.

What was the state of scientific knowledge in this period? By the end of the twelfth century the following major works were available: the Physics and shorter scientific treatises of Aristotle plus Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna, Archimedes, Hiero, Ptolemy, Euclid, and Al-Khwarizmi. Europeans knew Arabic mathematics, medicine, and astronomy. They brought algebra and geometry to states not improved until relatively recent times. The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century flowered in universities at Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Salerno, and Montpellier. While early scholars of nature were credulous and handicapped by too great a reliance on past authorities, a few like Adelard of Bath argued for the primacy of reason and direct observation. By the next century the beginnings of genuine scientific attitudes could be discerned, notably in Albertus Magnus, Emperor Frederick II, and Roger Bacon. Medieval physics was groping toward quantification by the Fourteenth century.

It must be pointed out that these scientific interests had nothing to do with technology. The technological advances upon which medieval civilization was based were made by artisans, not scholars. But the technological level of Garrett's world is not thereby justified -- it is difficult to see how pure empiricism could have produced the steam locomotive.

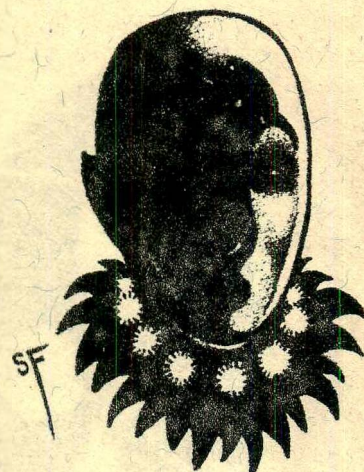
To summarize: The seeds of modern science, both information and attitudes, were planted before Garrett's hypothetical discovery of systematic magic. Considering medieval awe of ancients and suspicion of contemporaries, such a discovery could not have immediately extinguished interest in natural science, which after all, bore the imprimatur of Aristotle. (When it was realized that The Philosopher had not written the magical works attributed to him, the prestige of these books was permanently eclipsed.) Even if magic had proven itself highly effective in Garrett's world, it seems incredible that science would not have lingered on as an esoteric discipline as magic did in our own world. (2) At present astrology is becoming a popular craze and even witchcraft is reviving. It seems equally incredible that intelligent magicians would not occasionally investigate the "unorthodox" claims of science as modern researchers investigate folk medicine and ESP.

The political discrepancies in Garrett's scheme are even more noticable. Contrary to cherished stereotype, Richard the Lion-hearted was a worthless king. He was cruel, capricious, callous toward his wife, and a poor judge of character in subordinates. He hated England, visited it only briefly, and never learned its language. To him the island was merely a source of revenue for his crusade, ransom, and French wars. To expand this revenue, he sold offices and royal privileges, effectively destroying the centralized administration built up by his father. The best we can say for Richard is he was handsome, brave, a fair poet, and a great warrior. It is hard to accept the radical improvement in Richard's character after 1199 postulated by Garrett, for illness and hardship on crusade and long imprisonment afterward only matured him slightly. Richard's glamorous image was due to a superb public relations effort by his mother Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Upon Richard's death the succession was disputed between his brother John and his nephew Arthur of Brittany. Richard had made Arthur his heir in 1190 but subsequently changed his mind and confirmed John as his choice on his deathbed. Queen Eleanor and

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- (2) For an example of a more plausible treatment of magic supplanting science, see Poul Anderson's "Superstition" in The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, #3, 1956.

the barons supported John because he was an adult, had been reared in England, and despite his all-too-well-known defects of character would resist the French. Young Arthur, nurtured on hatred of his Plantagenet relatives, was deeply under the influence of wily King Philip Augustus of France at whose court he was living and to whose daughter he was betrothed. However the unruly Celtic minorities of the Plantagenet Empire found Arthur so appealing that some even regarded him as the reincarnation of their legendary King Arthur. The absurdly impractical young pretender was captured by John during an attempt to kidnap his own eighty-one year old grandmother Queen Eleanor. John secretly murdered Arthur with his own hands on Holy Thursday, 1203. Arthur's sister, the Pearl of Brittany, was imprisoned in England for the rest of her life.



For grave breaches of feudal law, John's vast fiefs in France were declared forfeit in 1202. All except Aquitaine were lost forever after the Battle of Bouvines (1214). The most feasible way for Garrett to keep the Plantagenets' continental empire intact and eventually absorb France would have been by eliminating Philip Augustus rather than by prolonging Richard's reign. Dynamic Philip, his father's only son, was the architect of modern France. He and his successors, Louis VIII, Blanche of Castile, and St. Louis IX were the strongest and most competent line of monarchs France ever enjoyed. And of course an interesting alternate universe could be constructed on the opposite premise: France absorbing England. Louis VIII invaded England in 1216 at the barons' invitation and had an excellent chance of conquering her until the papacy intervened on John's behalf.

At the crucial battle of Bouvines the forces of John and his nephew Otto IV of Brunswick were smashed by those of Philip and the young papal ward Frederick II Hohenstaufen. This secured the crown of the Holy Roman Empire for Frederick and joined his patrimony of Sicily to the Empire. Garrett implies that Richard's military genius would have won the day and that the Empire would have fragmented more rapidly under inept Otto than brilliant Frederick. This is plausible but it would have had no effect on German expansion eastward or benefitted the Slavs. The Drang nach Osten, begun long before Bouvines, was not conducted under imperial auspices. This tide of conquest and settlement was the private venture of commoners, young noblemen, and particularly the Teutonic Knights and the Livonian Brothers of the Sword, military religious orders.

One aspect which Garrett does not develop is the fate of Norman Sicily. Had Frederick not become emperor, Sicily would have remained independent under either Frederick or another native ruler (perhaps a non-Hohenstaufen might have been friendly to the Plantagenets). This magnificent realm would have then avoided the ravages of papal wars and foreign interventions and been able to play a dominant role in the Mediterranean scene.

The Spanish Reconquista was never successfully completed in the Neo-Plantagenet universe and Christian Spain is politically irrelevant in the twentieth century. Some special, unmentioned postulate must account for this situation. The existence of the Anglo-French state cannot explain the failure of the Reconquest. In fact it ought to have fostered it in a minor way: the trend toward centralization in the Plantagenet government and its prohibition of private feudal warfare would have driven larger numbers of restless French nobility to adventures across the Pyrenees. Moreover England had her own interests in the Iberian peninsula due to commercial and dynastic ties



(Richard married Berengaria of Navarre, his sister Eleanor to Alfonso of Castile, and other such unions followed over the centuries).

Another unanswered implication in Garrett's thesis is why the mighty Plantagenet kings did not also become Holy Roman Emperors? Henry II and Richard dreamed of this crown and John's son Richard of Cornwell was actually elected to the post. To dominate Europe in title as well as in fact would have been an irresistible temptation to a powerful ruler. This ambition would have brought the Anglo-French state into sordid conflict with the medieval papacy resulting in dire political and religious consequences. The orthodox and harmonious Catholic world which Garrett depicts is unrealistic.

Finally, the quaint and highly idealized social structure of Garrett's world is not especially convincing -- by what reckoning do Plantagenets plus magic equal social harmony? The terrible socio-economic upheavals and revolutions of the late Middle Ages were spawned by forces beyond the control of any dynasty and occurred under governments of every size and type. Neither do we see any effects of economic dislocation due to New World colonies such as Spain and England experienced in our own history. But since Garrett's stories have chiefly depicted the upper classes perhaps he has not had the occasion to round out his society. Also why is the Anglo-French Empire the only European nation to colonize the

Western Hemisphere? Scandinavia might have relieved its population pressure by emigration to the colonies of their Angevin allies, but must every state except Poland remain abjectly passive before the mighty Anglo-French? Portugal, already strong and independent by 1200, had begun to plant colonies in Africa and the Atlantic islands before the close of the Middle Ages. What would have prevented her from expanding to the New World in Garrett's universe as she did in our own?

In short, Randall Garrett has plainly misread the realities of medieval history. His conclusions cannot be deduced from his premises. The career of Richard the Lionhearted was not a crucial historical nexus. The Neo-Plantagenet stories are pleasantly written, entertaining mysteries, but they are set in an impossible alternate universe.

---SANDRA L. MIESEL---

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(Editor's note: On hearing of Ron Ellick's death, I wrote to Bjo Trimble, asking for particulars, and also for permission to reprint one specific column of Ron's that appeared in Shangri - L'Affaires (Shaggy). I had gone gaffa and was rereading a lot of old fanzines, when I came upon it, and it seemed tragically apropos. Besides the permission, I received the following:)

— A LETTER FROM BJO TRIMBLE —

Details: Ron was driving from Minn. to his UNIVAC job in Penna. when he hit some ice on the road and skidded into a bridge or overpass. Something jutting out caught him in the head, killing him instantly. This happened on Jan. 29, 1968. The sheriff found a package of Wisconsin cheese, addressed to the Grennells that Ron had bought for a gift, got the phone number and notified them.

Ron was cremated in Wisconsin, the ashes flown here for the Rosary, and then scattered by plane over the ocean (yes, you can do that, now). A fitting end, I think, for a man who never called any one place "home". Ron was 29 or 30 years old, I think.

The sheriff is sure that it happened so damned fast, Ron never even knew what happened. I guess nobody could hope for a better ending. We can only wish that it hadn't happened so soon, that's all.

Well, at least Ron went fast. He had a book coming out, a past of good times and fine times, and a future that had no limits. He was in the prime of good health, and was (I am positive) at the moment, very happy.

You may have known that Ron was "family" to John and me; and I still have trouble with thinking too much about this. Also, I had something happen to me that has made some very, very deep scars. Harlan Ellison phoned and asked to drive me down to Long Beach to the Rosary for Ron. I agreed, since we were (so I thought) close friends. On the way down, Harlan hits me with this info: I should drop all thoughts of putting out a Squirrel cartoon collection (something I'd mentioned as a possible memorial, in about a year from now) because Ron hated Squirrel cartoons! He gave as his backers, the names of certain fans all of whom claim to be very close to Ron, and who "knew" this. I can't tell you how much that hurt me; these people seem to think, then, that for all these years, I've been the perfect bitch; using my talents in cartooning to torment Ron!

Enough...I can't discuss it.

I've read recently that we shouldn't waste our time berating the senselessness of death; we've all known that would come, so it truly makes more sense than life. What we should do is give thanks for the miracle of life, and be more aware that life is what is senseless and random; and therefore the very fact that someone like Ron existed at all is a miracle and something to be joyful about. That we were privileged to know him, for however long he was here in this random pattern of life, is something for which we should be exceptionally thankful.

That philosophy has helped me over the rough spots; hope it does as much for you.

Best,

Bjo

RON ELLIK

THE SQUIRREL CAGE

GET ME TO THE BAR ON TIME DEPT

THIS WEEK, AS soon as we wrap up this issue of your favorite fanzine, four of us are going to wing our way in Al Lewis' Peugeot (pronounced pooh-zho) to the thirteenth annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference, which you probably know better under the Hallowe'en mask of "Boycon". Sid Coleman, Andy Main, and I have signed a suicide pact to be executed in case Al insists on doing more than 60% of the driving, and we're going to make rest stops and pour coffee down each other, and force coffee down Al, who doesn't drink the stuff, at every possible opportunity, because we have long memories.

However, we don't expect the trip to be uneventful, or at least I don't. I've never managed to get to a Westercon without some sort of hassle about transportation, so I hardly can expect the Boycon to be a thionite dream of efficient planning in the wheels department. In fact, even disregarding all the ribbing I do of Al Lewis since his collision last year on the way to Seattle, I honestly expect something to happen. Something good or bad, but nothing indifferent; it may be a thousand-dollar-jackpot in Reno, or a bit of highway construction making it impossible to get there from here, but I am sure something will happen.

The very first Westercon I attended was the 1954 affair held in conjunction with the 12th World SF Convention in San Francisco, and this was, in fact, my very first fan gathering beyond the scope of a LASFS meeting; it was also the first con for Wayne Strickland of San Diego, who was one of my most frequent correspondants at the time, and he and I naturally decided to go together. But we were only 15 and 14, and I'd never hitchhiked further than Garden Grove; our parents were hardly likely to release us to the mercies of the cruel outside world as mine began to do habitually in 1956... doubtless they feared for the world...so we went by Greyhound. Wayne's folks drove him up in early September, and we caught the Greydoggy from downtown Long Beach.

We had a normally uneventful start--normal for us, anyway: Wayne was two hours late, according to schedule, and we had to make it on the double-hop to dig the ten pm bus to SF via the coast. We clambered aboard with a handbag or two and my typer after a brief hassle with some rule-beleagured baggage clerks who didn't think we could possibly check all our luggage at that late hour. We took seats half-way back in the bus, and I picked up my typer to begin my conreport.

Reprinted from SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #51, July 1960, by permission of Bjo Trimble.

I forget who had asked me for a conreport--maybe it was Strickland, although now that I try to pin it down I don't think anybody had asked me--but in 1954 the trip report was becoming part of every convention report, and I had evolved the further innovation of writing my report as I went; and so, I started to open the case of my typer...and found I'd left the key at home.

I did the most logical thing, while Strickland choked on his laughter--I borrowed a hairpin from the lady in front of us, and began to work on the lock. It took me about two hours to undo that lock--Long Beach to Santa Barbra--and a full moon rose over the Los Angeles Basin as I began hacking out some of my immortal prose. Undaunted by the hints of snores around me, I typed a half a page, and then got in an argument with Strickland, who wanted to read over my shoulder. I can't type with someone watching me, so I told him to go gafia for the rest of the trip.

This led, somehow, to a discussion of how we entered fandom, and my conrep sat untended while I monopolized the conversation (one of my better-known abilities) and talked about Balint and Outlanders and Ackerman and LASFS and like that.

We discussed Outlanders at some length, I being recognized (by Strickland) as an authority on the subject, and Wayne inadvertently made the mistake (to my ears) of pronouncing a certain word shnary. At midnight, or later, on a crowded bus, I tilted my leonine head back and bellowed gently, "SNEARY! ESS ENN E A ARE WHY." I demanded to know how he could mispronounce a word so obviously pronounced as it was spelled. I berated his ignorance, I accused him of not reading science-fiction. And it wasn't until years later that I bothered to ask Rick Sneary about this, and found that the original German pronunciation of his name is shnary.

But at San Luis Obispo we got off for a rest stop, and as we got back on, one of the ladies in the extreme front seat of the bus stopped us, and asked if we were going to San Francisco and if we were going to the convention, and--and bigolly if they weren't the mother-and-daughter team of Pat and Roxanne Crosley from Costa Mesa, two of the brighter lights at that convention...especially Roxanne, the girl in the leopard skin. You know how they knew we were fans? Yup--something about shouting fan-words. "Nobody but a fan," said Pat, "would spell Sneary that loud." Roxanne came back to our seats and talked to us, sitting on my typerwriter, which was stood up in the aisle for her. She told us about rock-hounding and being born into a science fiction family and we told her about us and thus we passed away much of the trip.

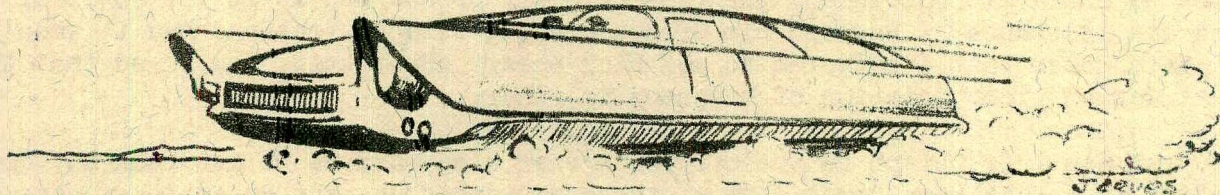
The next year, the Chesley Donovan Foundation (at that time, the Chesley Donovan SF Foundation) held the Westercon VIII in Los Angeles, at just the time that Long Beach fandom had sort of broken up because of mass enlistments in the Air Force, or moving away, or something. Even at that time, at the ripe old age of 16, I was not the traveling giant I am today, and I believe I told in a recent installment of this column how unusual and important a trip to Los Angeles was to us of Long Beach in 1955; so preparations were made for the trip to LA for the Fourth, and at a LASFS meeting in May I gave Helen Urban a dollar to register me for the conference, she being treasurer.

In late June, I received my dollar back, with a crisp, business-like little note from the secretary of the conference, who shall remain nameless, telling me that certain people (me and Burton Satz) had acted so juvenile and irresponsible during the SFCon that they (the CD boys) did not desire our presence at their conference.

You can, perhaps, understand that I was slightly miffed. In fact, I crushed the envelope in my chubby little fist, hopped into my mom's car to dash over to Trimble's house, and had a wreck on the freeway; I think "miffed" covers that.

About two hours and \$300. worth of damage after I received that letter and my dollar from Burbank, I was telling the story to Trimble, who was home on his boot leave from the Air Force. I was going to write a real nasty letter back, and tell them to try and stop me, but Trimble and Russ Martin talked me out of it and we played a couple of hands of Harts so I could cool off. I always cool off when I'm losing at cards, and I always lost to Russ Martin, who had one of those memories like a steel trap. The result of all this was that I went to the Westercon with a chip on my shoulder, with Paul Turner, and got so entangled with talking to other fans that I clean forgot to start a fight. I am told I spent the night in the bathtub in Cliff Gould's room, but I am sure this is an untruth because I took a bath before leaving Long Beach. I remember seeing Anthony Boucher in Bermuda shorts with shaving cream all over his face, but I'm sure he would consider this a vile calumny. It was a good con.

By the time of the 1956 Westercon, Bill Courval had become interested in fanzine fandom, and had spent a weekend at my place reading the Fancyclopedia and Laney's Memoirs and all like that, and he was very interested in going to Oakland in the company of other fans. Turner and I were virtually the last of our lot in the southland, as all the others were overseas or (worse!) in Arizona at this time, and we planned to go to Oakland in Paul's brother's Renault. When Courval bought in and asked if Dean



McLees could come too, we had four riders for one small car--but that didn't stop us picking up Lew Kovner in Burbank just to make things as tough as possible, on passengers and car alike.

Paul Turner was ever a good judge of dramatic effect, and I'm sure he thought long and hard to discover the proper emotional moment to tell us that one of his tires was bald and that he had no spare. I'm sure he wrestled with himself prior to the trip, fighting down the urge to buy an extra tire and not even tell us about it; I'm equally sure it was his thought that the tire could not be bought after the trip, he fearing for our safety. In short, his sense of drama and his altruism combined to time the revelation precisely so that we might all be able to chip in and buy the extra tire. A leader of men, that fellow.

That was a trip not easily forgotten: five fans, the oldest (Courval) no more than 20, crumpled up into a pocket-size gasoline operated roller-skate, making the Ridge Route scene at thirty miles an hour and scaring hell out of motorists on that six-percent grade on highway 99. Turner and Kovner did all the driving both ways, leaving Dean, Bill and me to fangab in the minute back seat. Sometimes I slept, sometimes I talked; but I'll not soon forget the occasion when a 1956 Buick decided we needed a lesson in dimming our headlights, and Turner decided the Buick needed a lesson in maneuverability, and we careened along 99 at fifty mph, dodging in and out of traffic near Fresno at two ayem. It seemed like the fannish thing to do, I guess.

I didn't make it to the 1957 Westercon, which was held once more in Los Angeles under the auspices of the CD boys; I wanted to make it, because advance publicity had it labelled as the biggest thing to hit the West Coast--but I was taking my six months tour of active duty with the Marine Corps at the time, and it was the weekend of the Fourth of July, 1957, when I and several hundred other trained killers were dropped in our tracks by the first ravaging effects of Asiatic Flu to hit this continent. 50% of Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, were flat on their backs that weekend and we didn't get back to full strength for ten days. I was hardly in any condition to ask for weekend liberty.

But 1958 came around, the year of the jackpot, and I hit the jackpot on conventions for sure. After travelling east for the ninth MidWestCon and the first IllWisCon, I hightailed it back home and went to summer camp at Camp Pendleton with my reserve unit. Summer camp was over the day the Solacon started, and I was confident that nothing could keep me from getting off that afternoon and hitchhiking the sixty miles to Los Angeles--and then they told me that I was expected to travel back to Northern California, to my unit's home base, and be released from active duty in the Bay Area, the second day of the SolaCon.

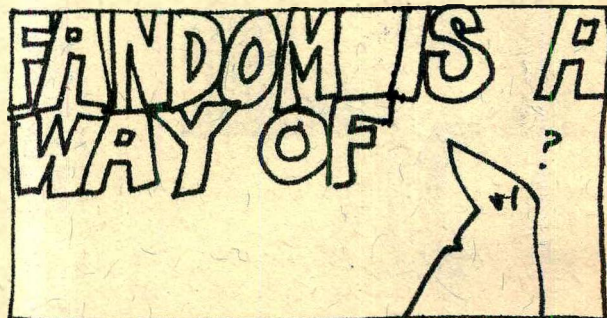
Sometimes I think the Marine Corps should refuse to enlist science fiction fans, because I think I have been more trouble to them than any three other Marines. When they told me I wasn't going to South Gate in fifty-eight, they began to have trouble; and not until things changed did the trouble stop.

First I talked to my company commander, and he told me he didn't think I stood a chance; the battalion commanding officer wouldn't listen to me. I told him the colonel would listen if he (my company commander) would approve the request. Then I talked to a captain who thought clerks were the best members of the unit, and I convinced him I was the best clerk in the unit and admitted to him that it wasn't an emergency, but that I wanted very much to be released at Camp Pendleton, the day the unit left for Alameda. Honesty helps a whole lot.

Finally I got to talk to the colonel; it was brief, because he thought that it couldn't be done without writing a letter to Washington. I thought about that for a minute, and asked him why I couldn't write a letter to Washington, whereupon he cleared his throat and told me to go clean out the head or something.

Then the Segeant Major stepped into my company office and asked for my name, rank, and serial number; he wrote it all down and vanished mysteriously. And the day before summer camp was over, I was handed the original and one carbon of a letter informing me that I was to travel home by private conveyance from Camp Pendleton--meaning that the Marine Corps had decided I could attend the Solacon. I caught a ride to Los Angeles with another Reservist, and then discovered that I was a couple of miles from the Hotel Alexandria with seven cents and my paycheck--and nobody would cash my paycheck.

It wasn't like it was a personal check or for a thousand dollars or anything. It was a government check, payable for twenty-seven dollars, about as solid a check as can be found. Nobody would cash it.



I finally found a professional check-cashing service in a drugstore, and paid fifteen cents for the privilege of getting enough money to buy a busride into downtown, to the eleventh Westercon combined with the 16th Worldcon.

Tired from two days of camping out and operating a teletype under simulated battle conditions, I stumbled into the Alexandria to find Noreen Shaw (then Falasca) using my name as a cussword because she'd just found out that Carl Brandon was a hoax. Yes, I was back in fandom again.

Last year was just an ordinary Westercon, as most of you know if you read Shangri - L'Affaires at that time; we went to Reno and some of us won money, some of us lost, and then we got turned around in Klamath Falls and started to head back towards San Francisco, and then one of the drivers (who shall remain nameless) fell asleep at the wheel and lost a quick tussle with a highway divider. At the same time as this was happening, Elmer Perdue was arguing with me about who should drive, as he had just had a cup of coffee and a pink heart-shaped pill and he thought he could handle the car...so I let him, only to find him dozing off after a mile or two. So I forced myself to stay awake and got one of the two cars into Seattle in time for the con, and in time to find that the other'n had been totalled.

This year I'm expecting something exciting to happen. It may be good or it may be bad, but it won't be indifferent; something will happen on the way to Boise, and maybe I'll write about it next month in this column.

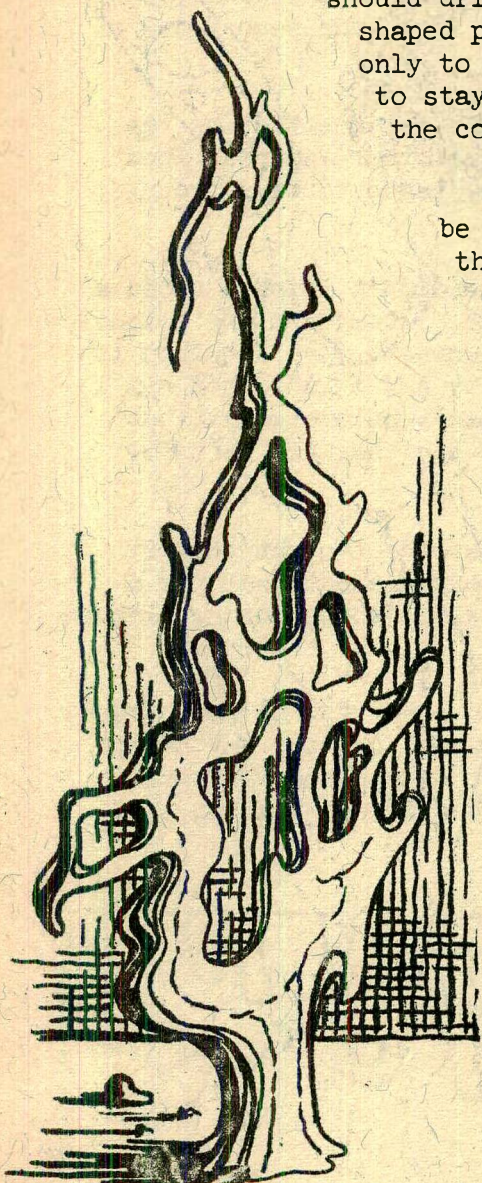
---ron ellik

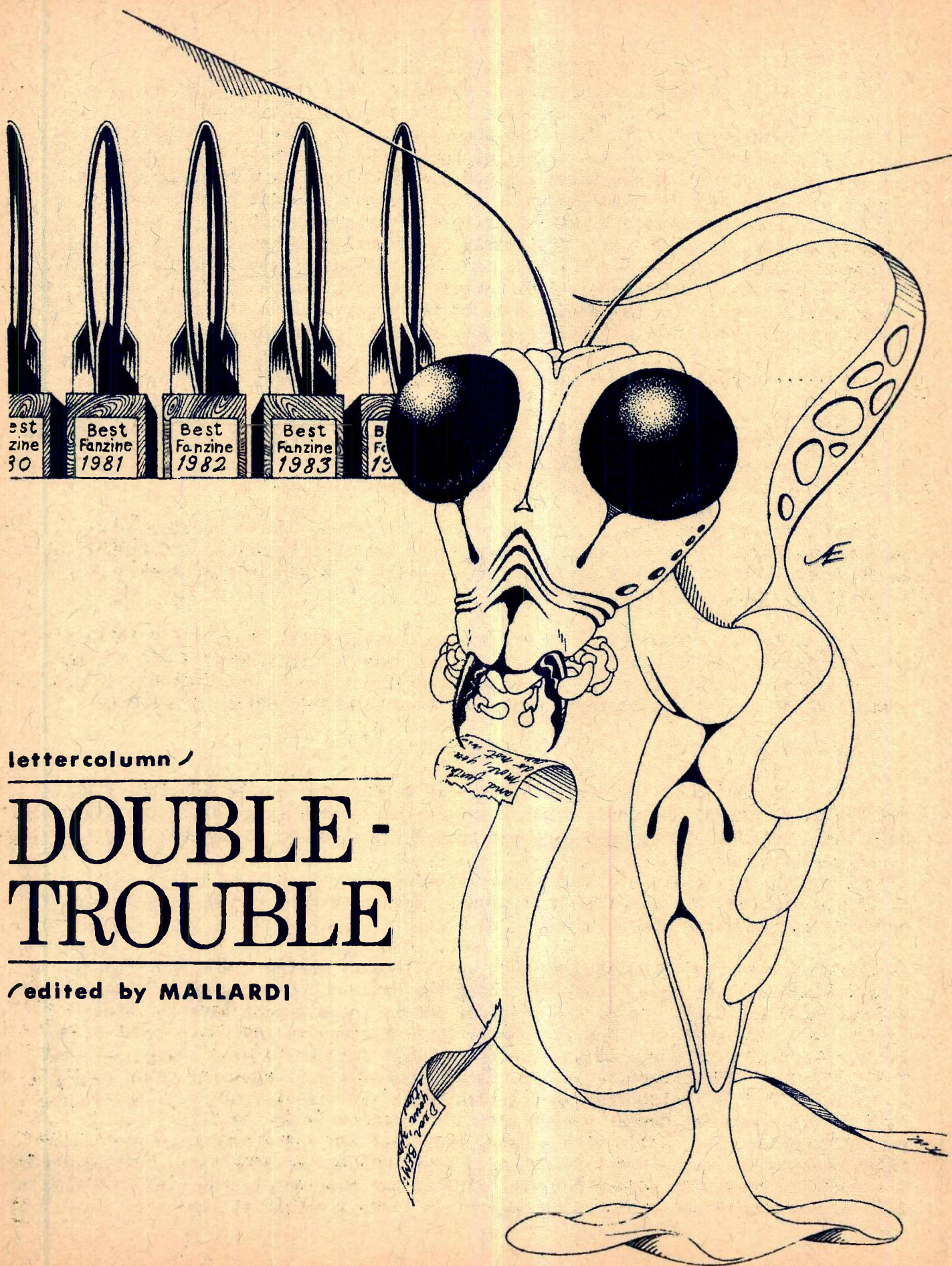
AND THERE YOU have it. To me, on rereading Ron's column in Shaggy by accident while in the throes of my prolonged gafia, it seemed strangely ironic, for I had just heard of his death. It does sort of make one pause and think about how fans travel so much, and the possible danger in accidents. I'm surprised it hasn't happened more often than it does. (Though I'm thankful, too!)

Our thanks to John and Bjo Trimble for their kind permission to reprint Ron's column.

SOME SIDE NOTES on it all: In a P.S. on Bjo's letter, she adds the following: Feb 9th, Barbara Pollard died of virus pneumonia. A week later, Lee Jacobs died of a heart attack. A few days later, old-time fan Dale Hart died of cancer. ## And Tony Boucher, who Ron mentions in the column, also died this year. If, as Ron said, 1958 was the year of the jackpot -- this stuff runs in 10 year cycles -- because regretfully enough, 1968 was also the Year of the Jackpot in regards to fan deaths. Let's hope there aren't any more years like this one.

We certainly didn't intend to make anyone feel bad with these short notes -- but we had this space to fill up...we Do hope reprinting Ron's column refreshed your memories of Ron, both as a man and as a fan...Ye eds.





lettercolumn /

DOUBLE- TROUBLE

/edited by MALLARDI

PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN, CMR, BOX 291, 36 CSG APO, N.Y.N.Y. 09132

It seems to me that Lloyd Biggle is cheating. This isn't a personal gripe, but... well...I wouldn't have sent him my poems if I'd thought he was just going to pass them on to you to be printed; I'd have sent them straight to you. No, I wouldn't have sent them at all because they're not stfnal or fannish or ironically politically topical; they're mundane, and I don't think mundane poetry belongs in a fanzine. I sent them because you said Biggle would discontinue the column if he got no submissions. But it looks to me like the reason Biggle wants to discontinue the column is his own waning interest in the thing. He makes absolutely no comment on my poetry, and he did the same with Evers' stuff in D:B 16. Yet, it's his responsibility to write that column. Depending on fans to write analytical letters, to do his work for him, is pure laziness. Or apathy. If that's the way he feels about the poetry column, he should let it die. Or, rather, he should let it rest in peace, since it's already dead.

{{ Lloyd....?? --BEM}} {{ Lloyd's letter is a few pages farther on...}}

JERRY KAUFMAN, 2769 HAMPSHIRE RD., CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO 44106

The covers were very good. I am surprised that it has taken you so long ~~to get~~ ~~published~~ to use Bowers' work. As for Katuzin's drawing, it reminds me of some ghostly Spanish conquistadores revisiting the scene of past glories.

Well, Evers' editorial is in part wrong - so far no "white backlash" but it could happen yet. Maybe since the causes of the riots are irrational, an irrational solution is in order. How about a new religion of love, led by a gentle charismatic Messiah-type? Or has that been tried?

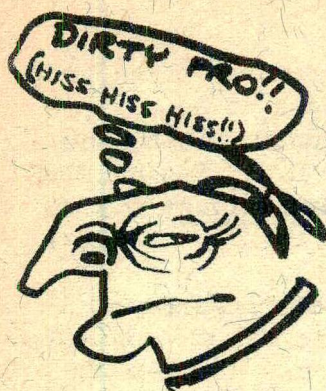
Certainly the fifth degree of creativity exists, Alex. Many of the fantasy novels about imaginary worlds based on their own logic are of this nature. All of ERB's novels are as separate from reality as possible. They aren't too logical, so a better example might be the Middle Earth books, or even FIDDLER'S GREEN by McKenna.

My reactions to Phyllis' poems - they're trite.

The positioning of the dragon at the end of Phyllis' conrep was really quite effective. By making the words farther and farther apart, it gave the feeling of let-down that seems to follow each con, and that Phyllis seemed to be trying to show in her final quiet words.

I enjoy, not talking to, but about, whatever is filling the screen and I don't do it at the theatre. At home though, I usually keep up a good stream of comments and complaints. The worse the show, the more I talk.

{{ Bowers never ever tried to draw much until lately, that's why we never used his stuff! Dig his stuff this issue.## I used the Katuzin cover over Art Editor Alex's objection. I liked it, and so did a lot of people. Does anyone have Katuzin's address, by the way? Did he get drafted, or what?? ## I expected to get faint damns from readers re the separation of words at the end of Phyllis' conreport, even though I thought the same as you -- it's effective in conveying her mood. Your agreeing comes as a pleasant surprise to me! ## I also find that I talk "back" to a movie, or even inject my own satiric dialogue that seems better than the character's in the film -- if it's a stupid or rotten show. (Unless I'm with a date, that is.) But for a serious movie I'm always as quiet as possible in order to not miss anything. At the same time, though, I have the strange faculty to notice how the REST of the audience is reacting to the film, and if many people are restless or just plain rude, I notice it immediately. -- BEM}}



JACK GAUGHAN, P.O. BOX 516, RIFTON, N.Y. 12471
Thanks for DB -- I enjoyed.

The art was excellent. Those were some of the best Barr's I've seen. Cawthorn's drawing was damned good! And the back-cover by Katuzin was encouraging. I'm so sick and tired of fan artists going in for elaborate pen/scratch-board technique and ignoring the natural "language" of the pen that when I see a drawing like this where perhaps something is wanting in draughtsmanship but the Line is free and inventive I feel as tho I've breathed a breath of fresh air. The masses and grouping and tones were the work of a thinking artist not a slave to technique. Lovely!

Since I've become hung-up on technical jazz lately I doubly appreciate something which isn't so hung up.

Jerry Kaufman mentions an animated thing called Clutch Cargo -- if I remember correctly they animated the mouths in that cartoon by superimposing live photos of actual, flesh and blood mouths talking. Weird! I used to art-direct animated films. As a so-called executive I didn't have to belong to the union but if you could see what the union demands of the producer of animated films you'd have an idea why every trick in the book is used to cut costs. I was an art-director and a lowly "inker" made more scratch than I did!

RON SMITH, 644 S. COURT ST, MEDINA, OHIO 44256

Lord! Reading Steve Stiles' letter in D:B 17 I about did a double flip and landed on my ass. "I am not afraid of communism; it is, after all, an unworkable system-- as events in Russia demonstrate," he says. Steve, please note that the government in Russia is not communism (little "c"); it is Communism (large "C"). There is all the world of difference between the two. Tho I dislike both, the latter is by far the worst. Theoretical communism as developed by Marx is, as you stated, an idealistic but unworkable system. But, as many noted historians have stated, if Marx were alive today he'd probably be here in the U.S. and an anti-Communist (note large "C"). Communism (large "C") is the government that rules all of today's so-called "communist states" and "people's republics" and must not be confused with "communism". Communism is totalitarian dictatorship; in other words, a form of government which might be referred to as a non-regal monarchy, with a defacto class of upper party members who might be compared to nobles if you want to stretch it a bit. The people have no rights. Despite what the dictatorship hiding behind the skirts of the communist dream will tell, the state, or rather the Party, is everything, and the individual is nothing.

Therefore, we are not attempting to hold back communism but totalitarianism. Too many people fail to realize that the theory of communism is just a ragged old cloak these dictators cling to, to try to make themselves look better to their own people while they're suppressing them. And it sounds good if you go boasting about "People's soviets" and all that "comrade" stuff in some underdeveloped nation, where, like Derek Nelson has pointed out, there is disorder or discontentment. To a person who doesn't realize that communism doesn't work in practice like it does in theory, it probably sounds like the Garden of Eden, or the native equivalent. After all, there's always something to get somebody riled about if you look hard enough even in a so-called "orderly civilized nation", so when problems are rampant in a new backward nation it is easy to stir up the people and then infect them with the communist pipe-dream. The basic thing we must do is try to get the governments of these nations (yes, including South Vietnam) to the point where they can stand on their own feet and do something

RON SMITH, cont.:

about these problems. The first thing is to try to get a stable government. There is now a relatively stable one in South Vietnam. The age of the coup seems to be over, and I think that we must all admit that this is the best government South Vietnam has ever had. I quote from an interview with Malaysian ambassador to the U.S., Tan Sri Ong Yoke-Lin by Carl T. Rowan printed in the November 1967 issue of Readers Digest for all of you who want to go digging through your magazine racks.

Q. Some critics say that the Siagon government is a dictatorship, unworthy of support under a pretense of defending freedom and democracy....

A. You cannot ignore the fact that, for years, South Vietnam has been under vicious attack. What the South Vietnamese have is a war government. Even in a democratic country, the government necessarily takes on extra power during periods of national emergency. Some of your President's powers during World War II might be considered "dictatorial" when viewed from peace time. South Vietnam must move toward democracy, but first it must have a period of peace-- of freedom from aggression.

One more point about this: Don't forget that the Hanoi regime in North Vietnam is a dictatorship beyond any doubt. It is easy to criticize the harassed leaders in Siagon, but does any critic maintain that the group in Hanoi is preferable?

I think the ambassador has come straight to the point. And this is an observer from a non-involved nation. The vast majority of Far Eastern nations support our stand in Vietnam and are encouraged to move toward democracy because of this promise of protection. You will see this if you read on in this interview, if you read articles published in

other journals such as "Why the U.S. Can't Quit in Vietnam" in U.S. News and World Report for Nov. 13, 1967 and Newsweek's "The Global Costs of Quitting" in the November 27, 1967 issue. The reasons we must stay are so pressing that thought of a pullout, even a coalition (which would inevitably fall) is ridiculous. Those who favor such moves have simply not faced the facts. The talks in Paris may do world confidence some good but they will do the war no good. We will be fools if we actually think we can deal effectively with North Vietnam and negotiate the war. Quoting journalist Ray Cromley's column in the May 13th, 1968 Akron Beacon Journal, (Cromley is presently stationed in Hong Kong) he writes of an interview he had with the head of the Japanese Communist party, Nozaka Sanzo (also

known as Okano Susumu), about Communist philosophys (the Japanese Party is one of the most influential in Asia):

"You westerners think of peace and war as two separate things. To Communists, peace and war are the same thing.

"We Communists," said Nozaka, "use the same tactics in peace and war. Negotiations--in fact, all talks and all relations between Communists and non-Communists--are merely another form of war."

Nozaka went on to explain. Sometimes, he said, objectives can be obtained more quickly by fighting. On other occasions when the time is right, those objectives can be reached more readily, or more easily, by talking. It's all part of the same strategy.

Westerners believe it is legitimate to lie, use trickery and subterfuge in war, Nozaka continued. Communists believe it is right to use these same techniques--lying, treachery, subterfuge and deceit in negotiations, in agreements--in war and in peace "because we believe that peace and war are the same."

RON SMITH, concl:

There, they've said it. Now say you can deal with Communists and expect them to sincerely uphold their agreements. They never have, in most cases, and they certainly won't here. They keep a treaty or agreement as long as they think it does anything for them, and then declare that it was illegal in the first place and ignore it. The reason Communists are such a danger in the world today is that they put their revolutionary goals ahead of any morality. You may criticize the foreign policy of the U.S., but remember why you can do this. You certainly couldn't in a Communist state. You can do it because we are following this policy of defending freedom. The freedom of a South Vietnamese or a South Korean, or an Englishman, or what-have-you means as much as our own freedom. A plot to subvert the freedom of a South Vietnamese is a threat to my freedom as well as his. Ed Cox said it well in his letter when he simply stated: "People want to be happy in this the greatest consumer-oriented nation in the world, enjoy sitting on the top of said world and maintain the same foreign policy as Calvin Coolidge." When a free people come to the point where they are no longer willing to defend their freedom, they are no longer worthy of that freedom, nor are they going to keep it.

May I remind Steve that though it too is half way around the world, the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, an isolated incident of aggression which no one condemned because they had Chamberlain's "Peace In Our Time" attitude, did lead to our involvement in the greatest war in world history and that the Japanese did not have to walk across water-- they flew. I would also like to remind him that we are not so safe here in "Fortress Americana" that we can just ignore the problems of the world and not get involved. Don't get involved; that seems to be the thing today. Mind your own business, don't look for trouble. And may I add to the latter statement, "it'll find you." Ideas are a basic part of what must be done, Steve, yes, but an idea can scarcely kill a soldier or stop an army if it's insistent on attacking and conquering. Ideas can develop only where there is a basic feeling of security. U.S. involvement can cause this feeling of security in other nations and bring them around to us. We're never going to be loved, but this type of involvement can create friendship and respect, and that's pretty good in itself. We are not being "World Policemen" as those against the war scream. Make the position more that of a "Big Brother", someone to help the small, weaker, less stable nations achieve stability and freedom. If we cut and run, or just turn our face away, we are going to be facing sure doom as a great power or nation. There are always problems, and sacrifices and backaches that come from involvement and there always will be, but I think you will find that noninvolvement may seem quieter and less hectic but includes the greater of the two headaches. I have often felt, and it has often proved true, that this non-involvement complex and anti-war drive is based on isolationism. "Care for ourselves before others" it often boils down to. It is long past time that people realized that today there can be no "others". We are all in this together. It is now the time when we must be citizens of the world first, and citizens of America second. We must look at things from the outlook of what is good for the world. It is either sink or swim, freedom or totalitarianism for the world's people now. I certainly hope somebody besides the Red Cross is giving swimming lessons.

LLOYD BIGGLE, JR., 569 DUBIE, YPSILANTI, MICH. 48197

Your readers, and especially Phyllis Eisenstein, are entitled to an official statement regarding POETS CORNERED. The main difficulty in providing one is that I haven't known myself what the situation was.

I began with a very definite idea of what I wanted to accomplish and was able to carry it through the first--three, I think--installments. Then problems developed.

LLOYD BIGGLE, concl:

The first was the lack of poetry. I was able to stretch the initial contributions through those first three columns, but it took some stretching. I couldn't proceed as I had intended without a flow of new material, which I didn't get. I'd have to agree with Phyllis: at that point the column died of starvation, and subsequent efforts most charitably could be termed well-meaning attempts at resuscitation.

Failing to receive the poems I had to have to continue the original plan, I tried for a new direction, and at the conclusion of the last three columns I handed out a general assignment to D:B's readers. I have used the same assignment with many groups and invariably it has met with interest and enthusiasm: it's fun. From D:B's readers I received only one response, the two poems of e.e.evers. The column I had planned to base upon the response to the assignment couldn't be managed with such flimsy support. This was the second demise of POETS CORNERED, and when I sent you a column consisting only of the evers poems I so advised you.



I heard nothing more until long afterward, when you suddenly wrote saying in effect that your deadline for the next issue was yesterday and please send something, anything, and keep the column going through one more issue. Naturally I was fighting a deadline of my own at the moment. Phyllis's poems had just arrived. Having written off two failures, I decided to see if I could stir up anything in the line of thoughtful criticisms of poetry. I sent her poems and sat back to see what would happen. Nothing happened.

Which brings us to the final problem. When we started all this D:B was aiming at quarterly publication. What the schedule has been for the past couple of years I have no idea. {{ VERY irregular. ---DEM }} You know why I have no idea-- you stopped sending it to me! Until you suddenly asked for a column for No.18 with a deadline the following {{two}} week(s), I didn't know you had published No. 17 and used Phyllis's poems. The POETS CORNERED series I was attempting required continuity, both for the writing and the reading of it. With such an irregular publication schedule I had difficulty keeping track myself of what it was I was trying to do.

So let's write the official finis but without recriminations. I know that the lack of response did not indicate a lack of interest. Comments showed considerable interest on the part of many readers, but unfortunately I couldn't fashion columns of that. Knowing too well the time, effort and money required to get out a fanzine, I can't blame anyone for not investing them more often. This is not the first notion of mine that did not work, nor will it be the last. However, my last suggestion to D:B, the D:B Symposium, worked rather too well, you thought, so just mark this one up as compensation. I'll let you know when and if I have another idea.

My thanks to all who sent poems. While they lasted it was fun. And apologies to a few who recently sent poems . . . much too late.

{{ Our thanks, too, to all who participated in POETS CORNERED; and our deepest THANKS and APOLOGIES to you, Lloyd for putting up with us... ##### For an ~~apology~~ explanation on my failure to send you & many fans D:B #17, see my editorial. ---BEM }}

LINDA EYSTER, APT. 103, 4921 FORBES AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA. 15213

Loved the illustrations, especially Eisenstein's Bems' Corner. Connie Reich, whose gorgeous artwork will be appearing in future issues of GF, was nuts about the Bowers cover.

As for content, wow! I wish and hope GF will be so good. Thought Earl Evers' ed. on civil disorder quite well-thought-out. It seemed to take an unbiased view to look over the situation and come up with an unbiased and logical forecast.

The conreports were great too. They both demonstrated the quality both Suzanne and I admire in a fanzine, a good sense of humor interspersing seriousness. I guess that's one reason we both enjoyed D:B as a whole, it's got that quality.

Enjoyed Buck Coulson's reviews and the lettercol. The replies were so interesting I wanted to read the previous issue which inspired them. By the by, who the hell is Steve Pickering? I see he is "horrid, idiotic, and horrendous" and won the worst fan award (Boardman's 11 foot poll).

Well anyway, what did the bastard do that was so terrible? A few of the comments suggested he was a marxist or something but does that ostracize him from fandom? With all the liberals like Boardman, and segregationists and conservatives, etc., I've heard of so far in fandom, this doesn't seem like so much of a sin.

{{ Thanks muchly for the wonderful egoboo...I blesh at all that praise. Have no fear, Granfalloon has already become a Top-notch fanzine...and after only 4 issues, yet! ## Pickering was "ostracized" -- if that's the right word to use in his case -- for a number of reasons. First off, his many articles in all the fanzines he appeared in were obscure, contradictory, and just plain didn't make much sense. The fans were unanimous in their criticism of his work. They just didn't like it. Secondly, he stole a few thousand dollars worth of collector's items from Forry Ackerman, and among fans that's a capital crime. He also attacked fandom and fans for doing "nothing constructive" and tried to change them. He had delusions of grandeur: he called himself a Sociologist while he was only a sophomore in college. As for his claiming to be a Marxist socialist - I personally didn't relish that --- perhaps it's ingrained in most fans to be leary of discussing such topics for fear of any "investigations" into fandom as being "subversive" --- fans hate to jeopardize their little microcosm, no matter how much they may argue & feud among themselves. Though I may have let the latter reason sway me more, personally; in my banning Pickering from D:B's pages - it was the combination of all the above things that led me to my decision. I heard later that Steve had a mental problem of some sort and voluntarily agreed to get treatment. Does anybody have any more info on this? I still would like to send him his \$4.60. -- BEM}}

EARL EVERS, 131 PITT ST., APT. 8, N.Y.N.Y. 10002

The cover should be entitled "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds". I was stoned on grass when I first saw my copy of D:B#17 and I must have spent two hours just staring at the cover, watching all those little stars and spheres vibrate. {{ Sounds crazy, all right--but that wasn't what was intended...at all! -- BEM}}

The worst fears I prophesied in TQ in D:B#16 didn't come to pass this past summer, but I still keep my opinions about the basic situation. Hopefully, the government will take remedial steps in law-enforcement, welfare, housing, employment, and education this winter and manage to avoid major violence (or at least open insurrection) again next summer, but I'm not really too hopeful. I still see no long range remedy for the problems of poverty and racial prejudice.

I've never read a really satisfactory definition of "creativity in writing" any more than I've read one of "love" or "high" or "SF". Alex Eisenstein's article is no

EARL EVERS, concl:

exception, though at least I agree that the examples he cites fit his arbitrarily assigned categories. Meaning that the article is consistant and specific even though meaningless as a whole.

I'm not in favor of wasting time trying to define the undefinable. (In commenting on the attempt, I'm merely exercising my intuitive powers of judgment, not trying to define them in words.) I don't think conscious efforts to define creativity help much in being creative yourself or in recognizing creativity in the works of others. Both processes are entirely unconscious, and while practice, knowledge, and life-experience increase them, talking about the subject doesn't seem to. If it did, then the best philosophers on the subject of creativity would also be the best creative artists, yet this has very rarely been the case. Usually, the man able to talk about it ("it" being almost any artistic endeavor) is not particularly great at doing it, and the man who does it rarely even tries to define it or talk about it in abstract terms. A painter might talk about the technical aspects of his art, and the experiences that inspired it, but only rarely about the theories of creativity behind it.

Phyllis Eisenstein's three poems aren't too bad, though they're far from good. I suspect she's suffering from the same poetic ailment I've had myself on occasion, namely, having good reason to write a love poem and not quite having the knack for it. Some poets can very easily produce love poems that compare with the rest of their work without even worrying about minor details like actually being in love. Others can't, no matter how much they might want to. I'm in the latter category, and it proves damn embarrassing at times, like when I'm involved with a female poet in the first category. Usually I end up writing some love lyrics and showing them to no one but the girl they're written for, claiming they're "too personal" for general circulation when the truth is they just aren't as good as my poems on other topics.

Lloyd Hull - I didn't have any particular fans or events in mind when I wrote "The Fan Who Lost Things". The characters and plot are entirely fictional, though of course I drew a good many details at random from my personal experience. So most of the bits of dialog and description refer to actual fans I've met, but there's no plan to it, and none of the characters are disguised versions of real people. One exception - the names of the main characters are real names, but not of fans. I wrote the story in the Service Club at Harbord Barracks, France with a couple of friends looking over my shoulder. They'd never heard of Tuckerization, but they didn't mind if I used their names, so I did.

Ed Cox - Yes, I was on acid when I wrote my TQ for D:B#16, but my statement about FAPA and morning glories is no fantasy. There actually is a member of FAPA (I'm not saying who.) who raises morning glories in his back yard and has been known to dry, crush, and swallow the seeds, but who has never taken lab-produced LSD. I might add that I've recently heard that he no longer turns on with the seeds, but my reference is still based on fact. What I meant by the whole reference was that there are a great many fans who will venture far out of their way to avoid violating the letter of law or custom but don't feel bound by the spirit. Morning glory seeds don't give you as intense an experience as LSD does, but they're legal. I disapprove of this attitude - if I intend to violate the spirit, I won't pay lip service to the letter either unless there's good reason, like a high probability of getting caught. (Note: unless you sell the stuff or are utterly conspicuous about carrying it around with you in public, there's little chance of getting busted for possession of acid.)

((And that does it for this issue -- no WAHF's to speak of. Let's everybody Loc it to us and make the next DOUBLE-TROUBLE a lot longer? -- Bemmishly, BEM))

