

double:bill 20



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COASTLINE BAL
The world is full of things

The shirt is loose in front,
The pants are tight behind.
The hat keeps falling off,
And the sword is no great find.

The runway's lit before,
George Scithers reads my name.
I take my first steps out,
About to find my fame.

At last I'm on the stage
(the crowd begins to groan).
"Another s&s,"
I hear Lee Hoffman moan.

I turn and face them all.
My will they can not break;
My spirit must not fail--
I have a speech to make.

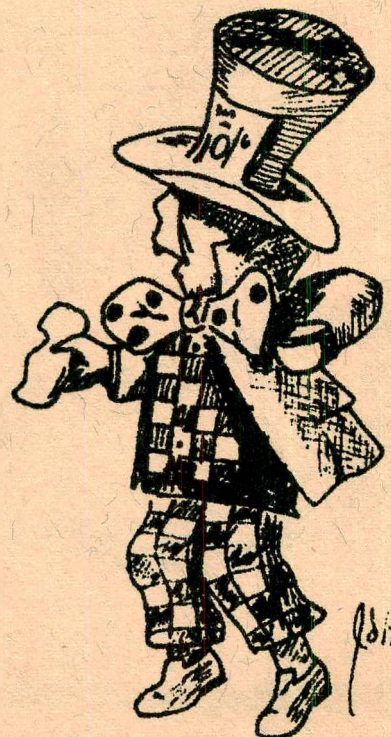
"Dear people of the earth,
Invasion soon will come,
But we will spare this room,
Fans being not so dumb."

My lines are like my clothes,
Unfitting and banal.
The crowd screams, "Throw him out!
He's wrecking our morale."

I will not win a prize,
The judges make this clear.
I raise my fist, and vow
I'll get it right next year.

I have this great idea,
A costume they can't knock.
Next year (at Nycon 3),
I'll go as Mr. Spock!

Jerry Kaufman
COSTUME BALL



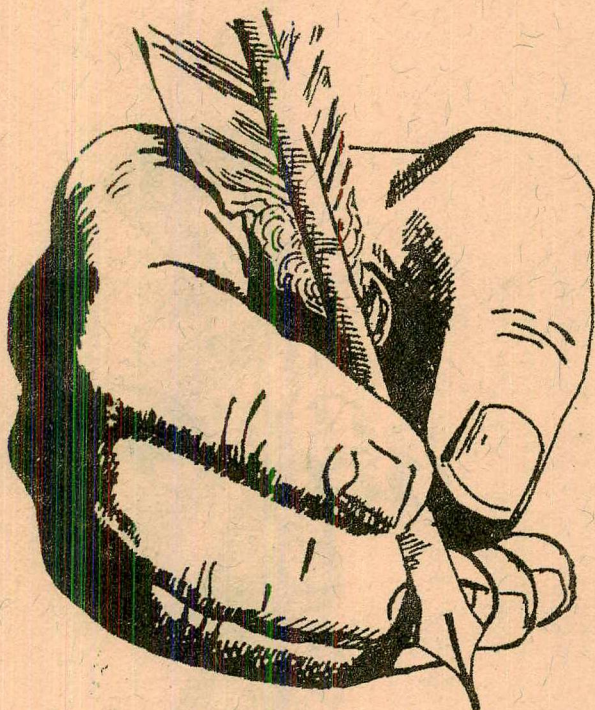
...perhaps it is time to talk about the Magazine (which is the way we refer to it, when attempting to explain the whole bit to non-fannish friends). It is not the same publication as the one with this title (transposing the ":" for a "-") in October of '62. But am I the same callow youth...as that one Back Then who had just returned from his Very First SF Convention, in Chicago? Not entirely. Both were gawky and awkward--and both were more enthusiastic than perceptive.

Time has passed--a substantial measure of it. Both the mag and I are still subject to spells of enthusiasm, and both parties are still prone to stumble at times. Still, if it be modulated with a sardonic cynicism--the outside veneer of both is a bit more polished. (...and wordy.)

...you know, sometimes it seems to me that Brother Mallardi is one of those fortunate and envied ones who has the gift of eternal youth; he seems basically the same as when I first heard a strange voice over the phone, asking me if I would mind storing several boxes of fanzines. He remains unfazed by the minor and major irritations and worries that leave the younger half climbing the walls. Essentially, I guess, that is what 'makes' DOUBLE: BILL: Two different personalities who compromise by a give-and-take method to produce a fanzine that neither of us could conceivably accomplish alone. In almost seven years, we have yet to come to blows over the thing; we have 'shouted' at each other on occasion (usually when the mimeo or typer breaks down--one always does), but when one half is 'down' the other is usually 'up'--so that by now this monster you're holding has a definite and marked 'survival instinct' that refuses to become stereotyped and die.

In other words, the past (and hopefully some of its most obvious mistakes) lies behind us -- only the Future lies ahead.

What follows is perhaps a dream, probably impossible, and certainly not all that clearly defined. It is, in essence, the goal I have set for myself to attain in my share of this venture. As such, obviously, it is a personal hangup and is not to be construed as anything else. (BEM has his own two pages in which to agree (hopefully)...or otherwise.)



from william's pen:

BILL BOWERS

Despite my somewhat questioning (perhaps even bitter) offerings in the past two issues, I have not entirely given up this tottering world. There are good things in it; things of value and beauty. A few months ago on either NBC's First Tuesday or CBS' 60 Minutes (I disremember which--but both are excellent and rewarding shows) there was presented an 'essay' on 'What Is Ugly?'. Naturally, no definitive example was offered--as they summed it up, one man's beauty is another's horror.

All this is by way of saying that if I must pin my life down to one supreme goal...that goal is to somehow, in someway--both directly and vicariously as a 'presenter' of other's work--create and bring into a world too wrapped up in gray twilight...a ray of starlight, something beautiful. It will be beauty by my definition, naturally. ...and I realize that what I find beautiful, YOU might find to be grotesque or shallow--but this is as with anything subject to a 'value' judgement.

I find beauty in many things, many places; I find beauty by no logical process...but I

do find it: a Bob Leman parody, a serious and accurate article by the Miesels; in things visual, but with 'styles' as divergent as those of Connie Reich and Stephen Fabian; in a deserved 'put-down' or satire, or an equally deserved eulogy. I find beauty in Dick Geis' lettercolumn...Granfalloon's liveliness...Odd's massiveness...Trumpet's reproduction. I even, if I stop to think about it, find beauty lurking, surviving in the world around me. I've even concluded that the endless hours of totally valueless TV offerings I've been subjected to by a bunch of mindless automations determined, By God!, to please the lowest possible common denominator...all of this shit is worth it...for The View from Space! I find beauty in a story well told, in the hope that there will be a 2001. I find beauty in the splashdown of Apollo 10 (today)...and believe me, I find it infinitely beautiful that the Luna Landing is scheduled for July 20...my 26th birthday! ...in fact, I could use the six pages I spent deploring the state of things around me, to--with equal fervence --the things which I admire. But I won't; you should have the idea by now.

(Perhaps this is why I have such a hard time 'appreciating' the stories of Harlan Ellison...to name just one example. I Care; and I reserve the right and the duty to protest in the manner I am capable of, those things that I cannot stomach, the things that aren't right. But 'telling it how it is' just isn't enough...and the age of the anti-hero, the anti-everything, is simply no more 'real' than the Victorian image of virgin ankles. I am not asking for 'pretty alternative futures' although a few of those would be nice. What I'm simply asking is that you out there open your eyes, and look around for a few Good Things...and that you do me the favor of prodding me when my eyes start closing in on nightmares...)

I ended up sermonizing again, didn't I? Oh, well....

What has all of this to do with D:B? Well, D:B is the medium closest at hand, the one over which I exert the most control (although certainly not entirely--I'm only half). Therefore, in this case fandom is the medium...and D:B will be my forum, my testing ground if you will, in order to try to create beauty...my style. It won't be an overnight happening, and I'm going to need help--lot's of it--material-wise plus the grisly green stuff.

Next issue will be our 7th Annish...and will be a definite start toward where I want to go. It won't be perfect...I'll still have more than my fair share of typos...and the Symposium will take at least 50% of the time which was intended for #21...but I think I can guarantee that the final version won't be cold, offset notwithstanding.

It will cost a whole buck--more than likely it will cost us well over a \$1. per copy in actual cash outlay...if we get as little as response as we did to last issue. (Sometimes I get the feeling we would have considerably more 'fun' and fatter wallets by publishing for 50 or 75 fans...rather than 250...but we keep trying...) I think it will be worth the asking price...I can't guarantee that you will feel the same way, though. The usual means--trades, loc's, contributors copies--still stand, of course. But a word of warning...anyone who expects to get it by letter of comment will have to have it here before July 15...in order to even stand a chance.... Sorry; simple time-factors dictate the rush. Mallardi chooses which letters to print...and not print; so make 'em legible and interesting, if you expect to get the next issue in that manner... Take heed!

If anyone is interested in being an 'angel'...we are offering 'lifetime' subs to D:B and any related items bearing the label...for \$15.00. No guarantee is made for frequency of said publications...but plans as of now call for 3 offset issues of DOUBLE:BILL a year, plus one 'book' venture a year: this year The D:B Symposium...next year, The D:B Reader, an offset anthology of the best artwork and articles, et al, from the mimeographed issues.

...after all that crass commercialism, I don't quite know how to put this in...but ...well...you see...I guess...anyway, it seems that I'm getting married this fall. Joan's a science fiction fan, of all things! It helps. (I still say she's got more guts than sense, in taking me...but I'm glad....)

Pax, BILL BOWERS

Ah, yes..this is the issue before the Big One. Yet, in itself, it seems to be a decent-sized one (Hah! "decent-sized": 60 Pages!) considering there is only the 2001 poll, a 'sampler' of the D:B Symposium, Deckinger's thing, Kaufman's poem, plus our columns, etc. (60 pages doesn't even sound possible to me, but yet here it is) Be that as it may... D:B changes...it waxes..wanes...then grows stronger again. Columns come and go; some without even a word of warning...Yet the Zine Goes On.

So, as Bowers mentioned (very lucidly, I must admit -- if not ambiguously! (Private, Ingroup-type joke, there...)) in his editorial, D:B is going offset. I can hear a lot of fans thinking now: "Hmmp! They're just imitating all those other zines who are or will be offset, too." Not so, folks, not so. We had this in the planning stage for quite some time..or at least I did. I can't always vouch for Bowers. And Bill and I had discussed offsetting our 7th Annish for about a year now, even if we did go back to mimeo afterwards. But chance plays a funny part in our lives...

It was chance that led me to go into one particular bar in town just to see a super-hypnotist's last performance before leaving for the Big Time again. It was chance that got me there early. And Fate helped me recognize a rather plump fellow eating his dinner before the Show, as being an old grade school friend. (He was a year ahead of me, and ended up marrying one of my classmates) Not wanting to bother him, seeing as how he was already talking to a couple sitting with him, I told the waitress to send "Joe" a drink on me. When he got it he promptly sent me a beer and invited me over. In the course of our conversations, I (naturally) mentioned D:B, and the fact that we wanted to change from mimeo to offset. Whereupon Joe immediately said, "I've got a little Print shop on the side..I'll give you a good deal...here's my card, call me when you & your co-editor want to talk about it." And that was that! We think Joe's shop does great work, and he's been very kind to us by lending us things to use, not to mention keeping the price down to a reasonable fortune!

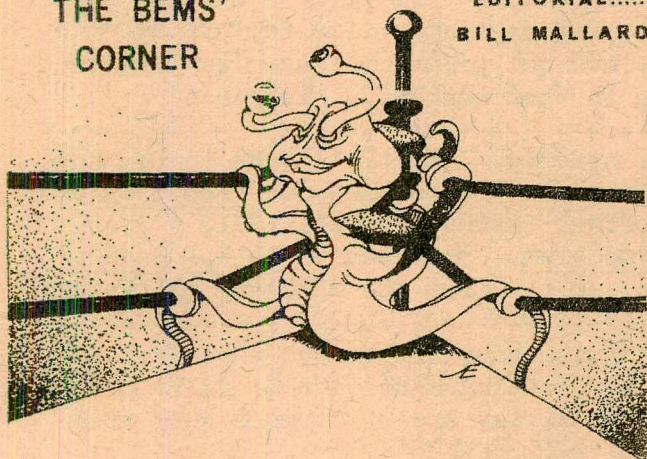
I'm never one to plump my own feathers in false praise..or anyone else's for that matter. But I can honestly say that I think Mr. Bill Bowers will do a dan-dan-dandy job, layout-wise for the printed issues. (He's done terrifically with the mimeo'd versions, lately, too, don't you think?) In my own humble way I intend to keep the editing tight, and typing down to a minimum, if not non-existent. We're keeping the mimeograph, tho, "just in case" we have to go back to it later on. I certainly hope not, though.

I am also one who doesn't believe that just because a fanzine is printed or professional looking, it is "cold" and "distant" to the fans..it's the atmosphere the zine gives you upon reading it that determines the "coldness" of it, as far as I'm concerned. (See recent remarks in the last few Shaggy's lettercolumns, or Jerry Kaufman's comparison ("5 O'clock Shadow") of a printed so-called "cold" zine --AMRA -- over the mimeographed ones -- DOUBLE:BILL -- in the last KALLIKAN-ZAROS #6, for differing views on the subject) Personally, I'm sure D:B won't suffer unduly by going offset, in that regard.

There is one thing, however, that I'd like to have D:B do, and that's print more terrific fan artwork in its pages. Like Dan Adkins did many years ago, when he was unsatisfied with his fanzine SATA, and changed the format to one based on many beautiful illustrations filling the zine..thus calling it SATA ILLUSTRATED. That is comparable to what I feel like doing with D:B. Speaking of beauty as Bowers was, I am (I think) an artistically-souled fan, and I really dig

THE BEMS' CORNER

EDITORIAL.....
BILL MALLARDI



the wonderful artwork and cartoons being done by the artists in fandom lately. They are the neglected bunch, those artists, and it's our aim to please them as well as you. Art folios, experiments in different artistic media, illustrating our articles/reviews/stories...all this will be tried in the future with D:B, so stay tuned, it should be aesthetically pleasing to the eye, if nothing else. Any artists reading this, if you haven't gotten D:B before or contributed to its pages, don't let that stop you! We promise good reproduction -- Joe's machines really do a wonderful job in blacks or colors. We will keep in contact with you, or our Art Editor, Alex Eisenstein, will, because we know how you like to know if your stuff arrived in good shape, or how things are going, etc.

Same thing with all of you prose contributors. We will try our damndest to keep in touch with you at all times..especially since our schedule of 3 times yearly should give us more time for letter-writing. We still want more faanish-type stuff, satire, humor, etc., as I editorially asked for lastish, but to balance it out, more serious articles and reviews. There is even the vague possibility that ALL reviews, such as prozine, stories, and fanzine reviews, combined with the artwork, will be used, making D:B a completely different fanzine. It all depends, in the end though, on YOU as a contributor. Whatever your bag is, do it and send it to us. If we like it, we'll use it. It's as simple as that. Good fiction is one item that we've been very lucky in getting from you fans, and we're very grateful for it. We'll continue to print it from time to time. But it's my contention that too much fiction in a zine is no good, and not liked by the majority of fans. (Personally, I like fan fiction somewhatly, if it's done well) But articles and reviews are the mainstays and most popular items in fandom...and we do need more of them.

Regarding my editorial last issue, I feel I must say a few words in explanation. The closest one fan has come to realizing what I was trying to say is Doll Gilliland in the latest WSFA JOURNAL (#66). Buck Coulson, on the other hand, reacted just as I had expected, claiming it was a "rather bad imitation of a Geis editorial..". Once again, not so. It was not consciously intended to be that way, and as a matter of fact I didn't actually realize it was coming out that way until I was half-way through the thing, which is why I stuck that qualifier in it. I decided to do my editorial that way because I thought it would be a slightly different way of presenting what I wanted to say, and also stir up some good comments on the various things I threw in it. I wanted something which was a little more contrasting from my usual stuff, and utilize the "Bemish" part of me from the Lettercolumn. It was supposed to be an appeal for more faanish material, a Bemish-eye view of the past year, plus an explanation of the why's, wherefores, of things in/not in D:B. (Especially included was the "psuedo-attack" on 4-letter words in fanzines, hoping for comments from the fans, but regrettably none was forthcoming.) Yes, Connie Reich, I imagine it was even "cute", which I also tried to do -- since I'm forever the "clown". I almost feel, however, that maybe my lightness/loudness/senseayuma/ whatever you want to call it, has given me the reputation of being like that ALL the time. For the third time...and sinking...Not So. I do have my serious side, and, Bowers' remarks notwithstanding, it has given ME food for thought -- WHY haven't I changed in the past 6 years?? Is it because I'm trying to stay young? Is my enthusiasm a sign of immaturity? I of course don't like to think so..I may be immature in SOME respects, but certainly not all. (Everybody has their own little childish quirk, I contend. Even you.) It's just that when I joined fandom, I joined to have fun most of the time, since it IS a hobby. I only occasionally get embroiled in some fannish squabble...for example the (for me at least) half-forgotten "Pong Controversy". Should I be less enthusiastic-sounding? I'd like to know, fans. Do I come on too strong?? I have a wacky sene of humor..should I repress it? Or should I just keep on Doing My Own Thing?!

I certainly hope this issue gives you as much food for thought as it did me. Please write in? It sometimes seems like we're talking to a Huge Void, out there. And now, I guess it's time to say G'bye to what we hope is our last Mimeo'd issue of D:B.

--- Bemishly, Bill Mallardi

DOUBLE: BILL

...being Issue #20, for June, 1969--wherein we have:

...a Cover by EDDIE JONES / ...on Page 3 JERRY KAUFMAN takes a fond look at a 'Costume Ball' / Following are the usual Editorials, by BILL BOWERS(5) and BILL MALLARDI(7), with Headings by BOWERS and ALEX EISENSTEIN, respectively / Opposite this page, ArtEd ALEX contributes 5 satiric cartoons on 2001--A Space Odyssey; and on Page 11, there commences a 15-page

tabulation of a 'D:B POLL' on the same subject, wherein the Editors and JOAN BAKER have collated and attempted to summarize the opinions of 65 persons, some quite verbose, on the film / MIKE DECKINGER has the only legitimate article/essay in the issue, where he reports on the PEACE MARCH - 1969, on Page 26. This is Illustrated by JACK GAUGHAN(26), CONNIE REICH(27) and JIM CAWTHORN(28)--but we hasten to assure you that the drawings so included were received considerably earlier than the article / RICHARD DELAP, BANKS MEBANE and ALLYN BRODSKY contribute Reviews, which are surrounded by book-end Opinions by Editor BOWERS (who is also repeating his Heading from last Issue)--to 'Stardust' Illustrated: DAN ADKINS(30&33); TERRY JEEVES(31); STEPHEN FABIAN(34) and JEFF JONES(35). The Proceedings open on Page 29 / Cover Artist EDDIE JONES returns with a 4-page folio(37), under the lengthy title of: 'Principal Characters from Atlan by Jane Gaskell' / Page 41 Introduces 15 Pro SF Authors in '...a Sampler' -- Son of the Original, and Fore-runner of the forthcoming THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM(a commercial Message follows on Page 46) / ALEX EISENSTEIN's 'permanent' heading has shrunk this time, but 'Double-Trouble' is the lettercolumn, and is sculpted into shape by BEM MALLARDI, per usual. Visual Comments in there are by: GEORGE FOSTER(48&57); MIKE SYMES(49); ALEX E.(51); WILLIAM ROTSLER(56); & ROGER SIMS' 'bird' feathers out the interior of the issue on page 58 / Back-to-Cover the rear of the magazine (for the second time in a row) is the man who will be Featured all-around next issue: STEPHEN E. FABIAN / ...and this page was headed by COLIN CAMERON.../

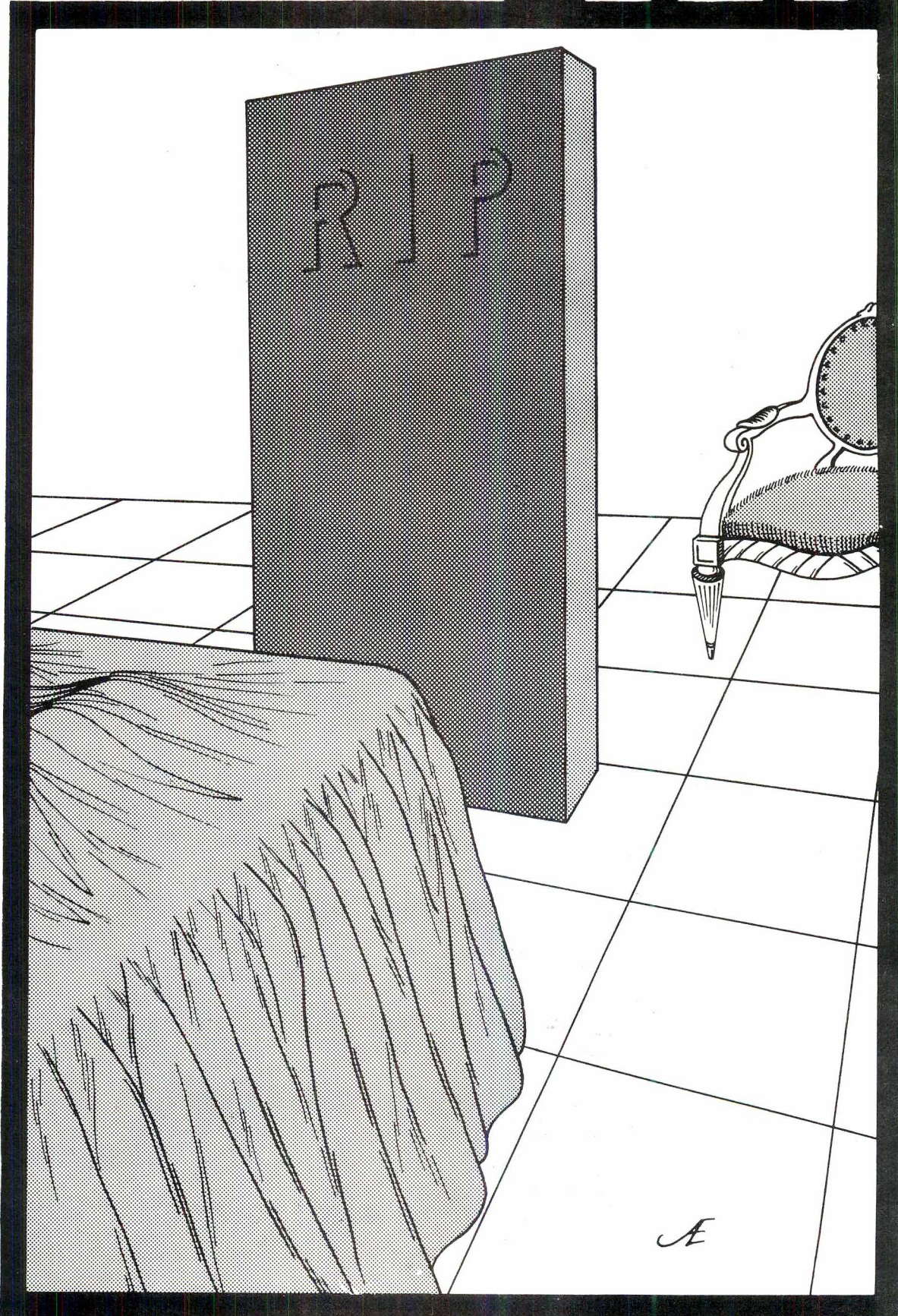
...and JIM HARKNESS did the illo on Page 3 //

BILL MALLARDI & BILL BOWERS admit responsibility for this thing; they currently reside at: 2345 Newton Street, Akron, Ohio 44305 / The future Mrs. Bowers, JOAN BAKER, wisely turned down an offer of 'Associate' status--but she's received a lesson in what a fan's wife can expect (one hellava mess!) anyway / Speaking of 'Associate Editors', BEN SOLON and EARL EVERS haven't been heard from for some time, and our Very Own SI STRICKLEN is present only briefly this issue. For shame, fellas! / Art Editor ALEX B. EISENSTEIN has moved again: 6424 N. Moyart Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60645 / ...and Please Note--there is a new 'Overseas Agent' for D:B. Long time Friend & Contributor, B. TERRY JEEVES, has graciously agreed to handle our Affaires in Great Britain. Terry may be contacted at: 30 Thompson Road, Sheffield S11 8RB, Great Britain /

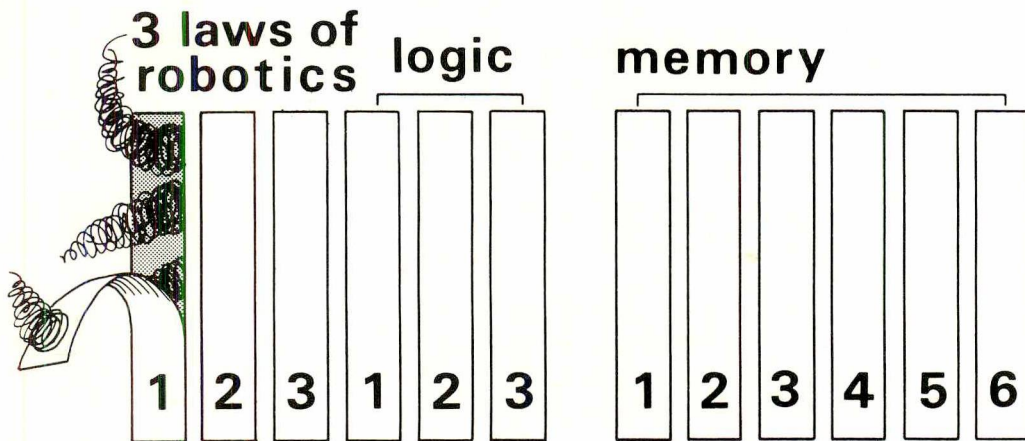
REPRODUCTION CREDITS (this time): JOE MARCINKO, of Ellet Graphic Arts printed the Alex-Cartoons and the Covers (Nice work, eh? Joe will be printing the entire issue, nextish, as well as the Symposium.) / Much Thanks to SUZANNE TOMPKINS who electro-stencilled the Department 'heads', and the Jones-folio, as well as running off the latter / and to PAT DOUGHERTY, who provided the photographic reductions of Alex's headings on Pages 6 & 47/

DOUBLE:BILL is a null-profit publication. It is a fanzine devoted to Visual and Written Works concerning in some manner, the genre of Science Fiction & Fantasy (well, we try!) The only 'payment' is in Contributor's Copies; We consider to be 'contributors' those people whose Letters of Comment are printed, as well as the wonderful (but few) persons who write, review, and draw for us. We also Trade with other similar (well, somewhat) publications; we would prefer two copies, of course...since that is what we send other multi-edited fanzines. This Issue is 60¢ by Mail. FANZINE REVIEWERS, Please Note: It is doubtful that any copies of this issue will remain after PgHLANGE & MIDWESTCON. Nextish will definitely cost \$1.00 (8s6d) & anyone sending in less will probably end up waiting till #22. / Make Checks for both D:B & THE SYMPOSIUM payable to one of the following... The Entire Contents are COPYRIGHT © 1969 by WILLIAM C. MALLARDI & WILLIAM L. BOWERS.

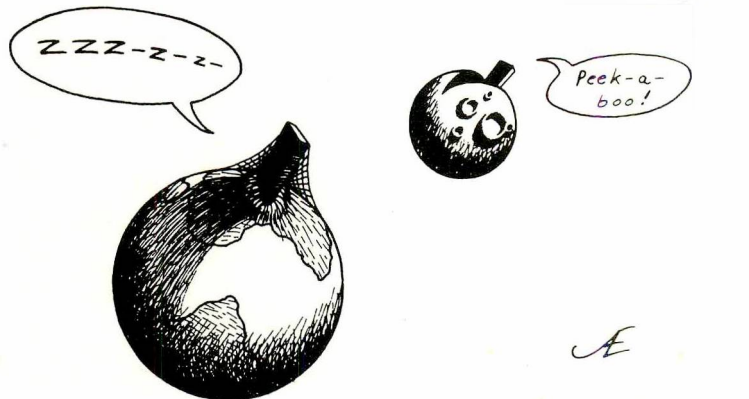
ALEX EISENSTEIN: a Look at 2001



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN (or Should Have)

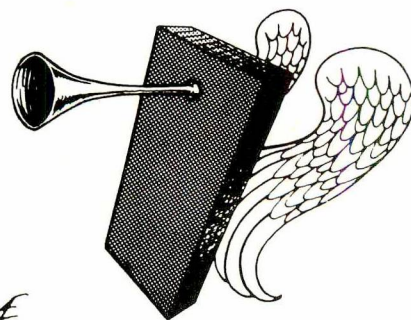


WELL! NO WONDER...



Et Spiritus Sanctus

The Trinity
(one of several)



ALSO SPRACH GABRIEL

...being the Results of yet another DOUBLE:BILL Poll -- this one on:

2001— A SPACE ODYSSEY

...based on Questions by MARK SCHULZINGER; Compiled by BILL BOWERS/BILL MALLARDI/JOAN BAKER

PREFACE: Fanzine fandom has its cyclic peaks of debate...on those occasions when it momentarily, temporarily, chooses to examine something other than its own raison d'etre. For more than a year now--perhaps sparking the revival of the large, science-fictionally orientated genzine; or perhaps merely popularized by that revival--three separate and distinct (and yet, not entirely...) Topics have provided fertile ground for the (delightfully, if not always coherently) opinionated sf fan writer, fan editor, fan artist, et al. A television show which promised much, actually delivered a little for the first year, until degenerating into something...we're not sure what...and which has thankfully been put to rest at last; the Great Debate as to the relative merits of something called the 'New Wave' when compared to something called the 'Old Wave'...said discussion losing much validity and impact when you start examining someone such as Roger Zelazny--who is too coherent to be called new-wavish, and too much of a writer to be labelled old-wavish; ...and Stanley Kubrick/Arthur C. Clarke's visual Experience: 2001--A Space Odyssey.

Perhaps the once fertile ground has been overplowed to a point where any new growth is but a sickly caricature of that which has already been written--particularly in the first two topics (in our considered opinion). Perhaps this is also occurring in the proliferation of reviews, articles, critiques, opinions, and dictums purporting to explain 2001--A Space Odyssey, to one and sundry.

Perhaps so...but in this case we think not. 2001 has an immediacy, a large dose of the much touted Sense of Wonder; indeed, it does have a reason for being. It may be that its final beauty is not entirely in the visual gimmicks, but rather in that it doesn't define itself without question. The forcing of the viewer to think, to question...to provide his own interpretation...this is an enjoyable and rewarding experience in a time when someone is always available with a neat, pat answer to any question. (Such an exhilarating innovation deserves to be carried on...but probably won't.)

It is the unqualified opinion of the editors of this fanzine, that 2001--A Space Odyssey is the best Science Fiction movie ever made...and that its successor is not even in the wings.

It is/was not perfect. We are not so naive as to claim that, or even to claim that it is the movie for all mankind. But at the least it's a little more than we expected...or perhaps even deserved.

But this is not yet another blow-by-blow description of a movie that had a minimum of dialogue, yet seems destined to provide the largest damn conglomeration of words that you ever did see.... Rather it is the (in spots disjointed) results of a random Poll conducted in a random method, and summarized in a like manner.

...if you are one of those who instantly knew what 2001 was 'all about', perhaps what follows will be of only passing interest to you. If on the other hand, you too enjoyed...but wondered; thought you knew...but had lurking doubts--then this may prove to be entertaining, interesting...and even comment provoking....

BACKGROUND: Most of the basic questions are the work of Mark Schulzinger, and were obtained by Mallardi after the '68 Midwestcon. The original intention was to distri-

bute the questionnaire at theatres showing the movie in the Cleveland/Akron area--and hopefully get a nonfan, non-science fiction reader's reaction to the movie. Unfortunately, for reasons explained in the past two issues, this proved impossible to accomplish. What did happen? We finally decided that rather than drop the idea completely, we would distribute the thing as a rider with DOUBLE:BILL 18--and approximately 250 went out this way; in addition some 75 copies were handed out/left lying around at the Philcon last November. From all this, 62 replies were received...plus Two: George Scithers, who hadn't seen the movie; and Jerry Pournelle, whose response will be interjected later. We would like to express our Thanks to Richard Labonte, who provided us with a large number of the Canadian responses.

We also contacted then Cleveland disc jockey Victor Boc, who requested 500 copies to be distributed in area record shops, and 'on request' to the station. We sent him a hundred; response: 3. David Piper included the replies of Chris Burton, a non fan from his area, and John Benson included Robyn Ray's response.

So...to the best of our knowledge, the results following represent 57 science fiction fans (our defination), per se, plus 7 not readily definable as such.

Two additional qualifications: The answers rarely add up to the above total; several left one or more questions blank. And Mark has expressed some dissatisfaction in regards to our totalling methods. Therefore the original answer sheets will be mailed to him, and he is welcome to contribute his thoughts on the matter at a latter time, if he wishes.

QUESTION ONE: Did you understand the movie?

Definite YES: 26 / Definite NO: 11 /
YES & NO: 2 / 8 thought they understood it / 10 understood parts, but not the whole / and 3 answered with a qualified 'Maybe'.

Others:*

Yes (the second time) -- MARTHA BECK.

The feeling I have in reaction to this question cannot be found in the domain of yes or no. The nearest I can translate is: Yes, I understood myself--I think. -- VICTOR BOC.

Yes...as far as it was understandable. -- LEE KLINGSTEIN.

No. But according to one review you weren't supposed to "understand" it; you have to "groove" it. Or, as Orwell said, "bellyfeel" it. -- JOHN BOARDMAN.

Ghod; No. -- GEORGE FOSTER.

Hell, no. But then neither did Stanley Kubrick. -- BOB VARDEMAN.

Summation: More 'understood' it than not -- or at least claimed to.

Conclusion: You can't reach all of the people, all of the time. Batting well over 50% is quite an accomplishment.

Assignment: Those of you who definitely understood the movie...can you explain it in less than 50 words?

(*) Unless otherwise indicated (by an "@" symbol), the answers to be found under the 'Others', and similar, categories in this summary, are not tabulated in the preceeding totals. Please do not question why we left some out...and included others; it all seemed logical at the time of collation, though some are rather puzzling to me, now.

QUESTION TWO: Did you feel the monoliths were intelligent?

13 said YES; 40 said NO;
and IAN ANGUS thought
the question 'irrelevant'.

Others:

The monoliths were not organic. Presumably, they were the creations of another race,

machines, if you will. The monoliths were capable of their tasks, if that is intelligence.
-- JOHN BENSON.

I feel that they were "aware" (which is more important, and probably includes "intelligence"). -- VICTOR BOC.

@ YES, at least in the same sense as was HAL 9000. -- CARL BRANDON, JR.

@ A moot question; but they are not, in any case, the primary intelligence, only the instruments thereof. -- ALEX EISENSTEIN. (NO)

@ NO. Merely robot tools. -- ALEXIS GILLILAND.

@ YES...although creative may be a better word. -- JAY KINNEY.

@ If you mean placed by intelligence, yes? But I hardly think that the monoliths themselves were intelligent. -- GENE KLEIN. (NO)

In a sense. -- BANKS MEBANE.

They represent intelligence. -- J.A. McCALLUM.

Not in themselves. -- DAVID C. PIPER.

Symbolically, yes -- but they represented (I believe) more than just universal "Intelligence". -- ROBYN RAY.

Not in themselves. My interpretation is that they were the machines/tools/communication devices of some intelligent entities. -- ROY TACKETT.

No---they were TOOLS. -- SUZANNE TOMPKINS.

Summation & Conclusion: The overwhelming majority agree that the 'monoliths' were not, in themselves, a recognizable form of intelligence--granting that the term is rather ill-defined.

Assignment: Those of you who (apparently) felt the monoliths themselves to be 'intelligent' -- we would be interested in an explanatory elaboration.

QUESTION THREE: How do you feel the Monoliths influenced Human development?

This, obviously, is not a Question conducive to tabulating neat Yes & No answers--and so no such effort was made. Herewith, a Selection of some of the more interesting Answers:

..... WILLIAM R. ANDERSON: They symbolized the birth of Man and his growth to adolescence and then, finally adulthood.

IAN ANGUS: Obviously an evolutionary catalyst.

JOHN BOARDMAN: I saw them as some kind of machine, distributing housekeeping hints to our ancestors. (I had always thought we came up the hard way, by our own efforts.)

JOHN BENSON: They obviously influenced it. If you mean "By what device", the question is not answered by the film, although it is partially answered by the book.

CARL J. BRANDON, JR.: By teaching them disenchantment; by showing what could be done (in re: Dawn of Man sequence).

JOHN BRUNNER: Apparently, by introducing tools for killing other creatures (cf. Ardrey, African Genesis).

DENNIS DI NUCI: They symbolized the unknown which man must always try to understand.

ALEX EISENSTEIN: The first monolith evidently planted the idea (or the potential to develop the idea) of the bone club as a means of killing animals for food, thus providing man with 'concentrated' food--animal fat & protein--which created a level of existence that allowed the possibility of further social and technical/technological development--in short, the possibility of civilization. Two reasons: the richer food supply increased chances of survival for the hominids, while decreasing the time devoted to obtaining substance. And the initial invention became the impetus and direction of future development; once the monolith sparked them with the experience of creating a tool with such obviously advantageous applications (albeit one application is the unfortunate seed of possible

self-destruction), the proto-men would continue to investigate this wonderfully-fruitful process of inventive thought. // The third monolith, of course, transformed Bowman into a super-human God; but, at the film's conclusion, this effect is not in evidence as one applied generally to humanity...perhaps it is a decision left to the new god?

LINDA EYSTER: They were machines (almost) of another race and they managed to push the apes over to reasoning and tool using.

VERA HEMINGER: They acted approximately as a catalyst to the brain and body, sparking new thinking processes and physical developments.

LINDA KAPITANY: Because of the mystery surrounding them, man then had something on which to blame things they did not understand, which is the basis for religion.

ELIZABETH BUCHAN KIMMERLY: Waves of some sort rearranging the brain.

GENE KLEIN: I don't think they influenced development at all. To me they were like "red light, green light".

LAWRENCE KNIGHT: Emanance of pure energy.

DAVID T. MALONE: They did not influence humanity, other than to stimulate already existing motivations.

J.A. McCALLUM: Ridiculous question. They represent the stage of development.

DAVID C. PIPER: Their existence did--the trip out to Jupiter was specified as a trip to study monoliths. Therefore influence was in accelerated exploration. Only.

WILLIAM ROTSLER: Gave a push. Nothing more.

BJO TRIMBLE: Yes--because humans allow themselves to be influenced by anything, however senseless that they don't understand.

BOB VARDEMAN: They acted as intelligence stimulators or amplifiers.

DAVE YOUNG: They transferred unviolent vegeterians into cunning violent carnivores.

QUESTION FOUR: Which of the following Characters seemed most 'real'?: a) BOWMAN.....12
----- b) POOLE.....1
plus: c) HAL 9000. ...29
d) DR. FLOYD....12

E) Moonwatcher. -- BJO TRIMBLE.

The apes seemed more real than any of them. -- JOHN BOARDMAN.

e) None of the above. (There was no single convincing character in the picture, human or mechanical) -- JOHN BRUNNER.

Bowman, I suppose. This is however, the great weakness of the film--it has no human protagonists. -- J.A. McCALLUM.

Conclusion: Unemotional humans lose to a humanized computer/symbol.

Query: How 'realistic' are your neighbors and co-workers, and the average Man in the street...in comparison to the humans portrayed in 2001? ...in comparison to HAL 9000?

QUESTION FIVE: Do you feel that the music helped in your understanding of the film?

YES--33; NO--27; plus: "No, they were equally kitschy", from JOHN BOARDMAN; "It added to some scenes", from J.E. SVILPIS; "...a giggle of Kubrick", from ELIZABETH KIMMERLY.

Comment: Perhaps the most unexpected aspect of the entire film (at least from this duo) was the tasteful and so apropos music. Kudos, Mr. Kubrick!

QUESTION SIX: If the book claimed to be more explicit than the movie, would you now buy the book?

30 said YES; 26, NO. / 4 already had the book. / LINDA KAITANY said "Maybe..."; and GLORIA McARTHUR commented: "I did, and now I wouldn't".

Observation: We have yet to run across a serious review of Clarke's book--as a book, a work in it's own right, rather than merely as an adaption. Would such a review be possible? Desirable?

Comment: Both the editors bought the paperback version of the Book; Mallardi read it, Bowers didn't. (He--Bowers--feels that for him, the book couldn't be approached on its own merits...that the movie spoiled it for him, so to speak. He admits that the possibility of his being wrong does exist, and that had he obtained the book before seeing the movie, it might have been different. As it is, it is one of damned few items bylined 'Arthur C. Clarke' that he has access to...and hasn't read.)

QUESTION SEVEN: Did you like the movie? : YES(51); NO(6); YES&NO(3); MAYBE(2) : Why?

...again, a selection of selected answers:

WILLIAM R. ANDERSON: It is.

JOHN BOARDMAN: NO--Whenever the slightest hint of a plot appeared, the special effects immediately pounced on it and devoured it.

VICTOR BOC: Do I like myself?

CARL J. BRANDON, JR.: For being grown-up SF without apologizing for it.

MIKE DECKINGER: Yes, very much. It's an sf film for adults.

JOYCE DICKINSON: --made you use your brain for a change.

ALEX EISENSTEIN: YES--with important reservations. Why?: Nice design, nice effects (mostly), some attempt at accuracy (which could have been improved), and a basic philosophy which is more satisfying--in the movie's approach to it, at least--than the somewhat similar, but distasteful (to me), expression contained in CHILDHOOD'S END.

LINDA EYSTER: Yes, especially the 2nd time. Why? It was beautiful.

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND: Very much. For the sheer beauty of it.

LINDA KAPITANY: No. Didn't seem to have a plot.

JERRY KAUFMAN: ...blew my mind.

GENE KLEIN: Exceptionally well done and intelligent.

LAWRENCE KNIGHT: Yes, because of its implications.

RICHARD LABONTE: It was elegant.

JANNIE LAMB: ...because it was different.

BANKS MEBANE: Yes & No. It was uneven.

J.A. McCALLUM: Not really. I am glad to have seen it, but wouldn't go out of my way to see it again.* (MAYBE)

SUSAN PHILLIPS: The space photography was breathtaking, the ape scenes fantastically realistic. It was the first "Science-Fiction", if you must call it that, that one can watch (again and again) without feeling nauseous about the obvious inaccuracies, or the monsters, or the great captain of the interstellar rocket ship... It expresses ideas that really could have happened and might do so.

CONNIE REICH: Technology, my boy, technology.

WILLIAM ROTSLER: Best film ever made.

RICHARD SCHULTZ: The promise it held that there is more to come.

ROY TACKETT: This is a difficult question because 2001 is a complex film. I admire the technique and work that went into it. The story--and some of the effects--were full of holes. Let us say that I liked parts and disliked other parts. (YES&NO)

* McCallum's comment, in particular, brings to the fore that perhaps more than any film before, people who do like it, see it repeatedly. Mallardi & Bowers have each seen it three times...and fully intend to do so again if it returns. Then there are people like Larry Knight...who had seen it something like 15 times by last Oct., but enough is enough!

QUESTION EIGHT: Have you read any reviews of the movie before seeing it? : 48/YES; 15/NO.

QUESTION NINE: Do you feel the film should have been more dramatic? : YES--7 -- NO--49.

Others:

@ Less melodrama; the real drama would have been sufficient. -- ALEX EISENSTEIN.
What do you mean by 'dramatic'? By the word dramatic, many people mean 'bad music', some mean an easily defined plot; what do you mean? -- DAVID T. MALONE.
Unanswerable. Define terms. -- ROY TACKETT.

Comment by Mallardi: Don't you hate people who answer your question with one of their own?!

QUESTION TEN: Do you feel the ending should have been more explicit? : Yes: 13; No: 42;
Perhaps: 3.

Others:

It would probably make it prosaic. -- J.E. SVILPIS.
It could have been--but it wasn't necessary. -- ANDREW PORTER.
Maybe; certainly more order to, and smoother transitions between, the fantastic images of strange vistas and galaxies; bizarre entities, landscapes, and corridors of light. -- ALEX EISENSTEIN.

Comment by Bowers: The Question is misleading; the final moments of the film were not the 'ending'...rather it was the Beginning....

QUESTION ELEVEN: Would you recommend this film to your friends? : Definite YES: 52; NO: 7.

Others:

DAVID C. PIPER said: It depends on the friends!
ROY TACKETT parried: Yes and no. Depends.
BJO TRIMBLE agreed that it: Depends on the friend.
...and BOB VARDEMAN commented: With slight reservations.

QUESTION TWELVE: Did you understand the ending? : Yes-44/No-9/Maybe-4/Yes & No-2.

Explain it in your own words:

JOHN A. YOUNG: In Dave's room he goes through the stages of old age, then 'Death'. The embryo we see is really Dave's spirit reincarnating and leaving Earth to begin anew.

CHRIS WOHLERS: The fetus Symbolized a new generation of homo sapiens that had gained another rung in the struggle for perfection.

ROBERT WEINBERG: The ending to me symbolized the realization and awakening of mankind to the vastness of his own potential and his throwing off of the shackles of conformity to space and time.

VIRGINIA VAN DEN BROEK: Hero was transformed as space and time were transcended and returned to this universe as a new being, the Starchild.

BJO TRIMBLE: (NO.) I saw it as the rebirth of man into an inexplicable intelligence (the Star Baby) but felt that the bedroom scene was stupid.

Others: It's not a question of 'understanding'. But it was the only portion I enjoyed. -- JOHN BRUNNER.

Not entirely. I think the embryo represents 'man in the universe' rather than all the religious significance that has been placed (intentionally or otherwise) in the film. -- GENE KLEIN.

Not really. Seems that Bowman became a superman as much above homo sap as homo sap was above the monkey.--BOB VARDEMAN.

SUZANNE TOMPKINS: The 'higher intelligence' had been waiting for 4 million years for man to develop into the higher technology and maturation needed for them (man) to take the next step. Burying a slab on the moon and man's getting himself to Jupiter apparently proved man's growth. Then, the next step--"super-man".

J.E. SVILPIS: The creature that Bowman became is the fetus/origin of something like Clarke's superchildren in CHILDHOOD'S END. The slabs transformed him into it.

RICHARD SCHULTZ: First, man is not alone. And we have a hell of a lot futher to go yet...Thank God!

CONNIE REICH: The ending was shitty--but--Bowman entered stargate; catalyst (slab) caused evolution of "man" to jump forward. What Bowman thought he saw tho, was hallucination!

ED REED: Man has achieved (at least in part) what he has always wanted to achieve --and isn't man anymore.

ANDREW PORTER: The man was converted into a Childhood's End-type of next evolutionary step by physical and mental action of the slabs--which looked like slabs only because that shape is cool--solid--seemingly unintelligent.

SUSAN PHILLIPS: The octagonal 'beings' who sent the monoliths, led Bowman through the 'colours' which was like a space warp, sort of, down over the planet and into the French Provincial room--which protected him while he aged and then by passing through the monolith he was reborn--a new type of man.

J.A. McCALLUM: As Wells implied, 50 years ago, God is evolving out of man.

GLORIA McARTHUR: (NO.) The ending is one that no one can really understand. One can only speculate. It is an optimistic ending in that it predicts as great an advance in the future as we have gone through since the ape Man.

DAVID M. MASSARO: Bowman is molded by the 4th machine into a star-child who will grow to the place where he can see the aliens behind the slabs 'face-to-face'. Before beginning journey to them, he takes a last peek at his birth-place, Earth, from his amniotic space vessel.

DAVID T. MALONE: I don't like the word 'symbolic' but this ending (to me only) was symbolic of man's futility in the constant search for technological development.

LAWRENCE KNIGHT: Man is either surpassed or reborn as a new race. This, however, is on the verbal level of plot: 2001 is a visual experience.

JAY KINNEY: The man was transformed much in the manner of psychedelic drugs into intense self-conscious changes marking a progress of 'human' life.

ELIZABETH BUCHAN KIMMERLY: Bowman's mind went insane (as the apes went insane--that is, changed from normality) -- we went from outside observation to inside.

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND: Hero is studied by Slab-Masters until they can regenerate and redesign. Then, they produce ?Also Sprach Zarathustra?

GEORGE FOSTER: No, I did not understand it. I'm happy with it; I'm not racking my brains trying to figure it out.

THOMAS E. ENGLE: (Somewhat.) I think that the captain of the ship entered a dimension where space-time is continuous with the mind--where there is no separation between the two. There is a beautiful continuum where man can grow and understand himself and the universe which are (may be) one and the same.

ALEX EISENSTEIN: Yes, I think so; for my explanation in full, see TRUMPET 9. Briefly, Bowman is made a super-being, after seeing the Universe of the Elder Celestial Gods, and after a lesson that demonstrates the pitiful end of even the best possible earthly alternate to life as an immortal, omnipotent, omniscient being.

MIKE DECKINGER: Bowman has evolved to a stage of existence in which he is comparable to an unborn foetus with the universe as the womb. What he will be when he is 'born' can only be hinted at, but never directly proclaimed, because human minds could not grasp it.

JUANITA COULSON: Childhood's End. Those aren't my words, but come from someone who should know.

CHRIS BURTON: Man turning in upon himself, seeing life (and death) in relation to the universe, or whatever.

VICTOR BOC: Where was I a thousand years ago? Where will I be 1000 years from now? Still at the ending of 2001?

JOHN BENSON: We're told that, before changes, the only subtitle was the first, "The Dawn of Man", which thus presumably described the whole film. At both the beginning and the end of the film, man is taken an evolutionary step with the aid of the monoliths. The progression made by man could well be stated mathematically (more like 4:16:256 than 4:8:16). Book's repetition of line--"But he would think of something"--shows it most clearly.

WILLIAM R. ANDERSON: Man has grown up--matured.

Idle Thought: Are you sure all of you people have seen the same movie?

QUESTION THIRTEEN: What was, in YOUR opinion, the meaning of the "psychedelic" section of colors, etc.?

IAN ANGUS: Our hero was zorching out of time and space--all perception in an a-temporal, a-spacial environment is necessarily meaningless.

JOHN BENSON: When I saw the film I felt it was part of the 'changes' that Bowman was put through by the monoliths to transfer him into a Star Child. The book indicates that it is an intergalactic form of travel, though this in itself is a set of 'changes'.

JOHN BOARDMAN: One vast put-on.

VICTOR BOC: I, We, all of mankind had finally reached "that point"--never to return again to all that was in the previous dream. (It can only be described by the section itself in the movie...words--eck!)

JOHN BRUNNER: Meaning is irrelevant; it was visually ingenious, extremely pretty, and the only section of the picture I found at all rewarding.

MIKE DECKINGER: Bowman is encountering a type of alien life that can neither be described or depicted. The converging colors hint at his human reaction to a totally unhuman situation.

JOYCE DICKINSON: This is the area of space between here and the unknown that we know nothing about but have seen what one person suspects it to be like--traveling at speeds beyond our imagination to get to that infinity.

NICK GRIMSHAW: The advancement of the human mind through infinity to the end of the universe and rebirth.

VERA HEMINGER: Probably an acceleration of the many processes (physical, mental, intellectual) that were necessary to achieve the form of the Super-Child.

LINDA KAPITANY: I really have no opinion on it. It didn't seem to add to the story although it was lovely.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Literal--Trip to another planet; Symbolic--Trip into mind to show where new changes will come.

JANIE LAMB: To emotionalize the audience--somewhat like charming a snake at a meeting of snake-handlers.

DAVID T. MALONE: The psychedelic section was meant to be enjoyed visually, not dissected.

BANKS MEBANE: It was intended to symbolize experience Bowman was having that was utterly unlike anything man had ever experienced--a 'trip', in fact. I thought it was lousy--an aerial shot of the Grand Canyon with color substitution doesn't turn me on.

J.A. McCALLUM: Plain nonsense. Anyone who has driven a car in a snow-storm has experienced the same idea, more intensely.*

*We experienced such a snowstorm on the Ohio Turnpike, going to the NEOSFS meeting last Dec. The reaction was much more personal and involved, but unfortunately entirely snow white...which leaves absolutely no perspective at all!

DAVID C. PIPER: It was a device by Kubrick & Clarke to put the audience in a frame of mind to 'take' the ending. It may have failed--depending on the person.

ROBYN RAY: Breakthrough--he broke out of the prison of memory and logic. (First done symbolically when he 'kills' HAL 9000, turning off his memory and logic functions.)

WILLIAM ROTSLER: Time, space, in transit.

ROY TACKETT: Inasmuch as the last 'straight' scene shows the capsule approaching Jupiter, I would interpret this section as a representation of the descent through the Jovian atmosphere to the surface of the planet.

BJO TRIMBLE: The colors (and scenery in color reverse) seemed to be a way to bridge the point of reality and the development to the Star Baby--use of abstracts to cover a time which could not be explained easily.

BOB VARDEMAN: Apparently the color section signified a rapid extension of Bowman's mind and an indication that his mind had far outraced that of ordinary man. Truly a mind expansion in terms of power and scope. The book however said it was an actual physical voyage through a matter transmitter. Again, quien sabe?

CHARLES WELLS: I don't know the meaning, but as a visual experience it was remarkable enough not to need a meaning.

DONNA YOUNG: A trip through all of the universe at fantastic speed.

JOHN A. YOUNG: Some people say it was Bowman passing through Jupiter's atmosphere, but I say it was Dave travelling through a time-space warp.

QUESTION FOURTEEN: Which part of the film did you like...

BEST?-----LEAST?-----

Color show & Ape scenes-----WILLIAM R. ANDERSON----Aboard ship to Jupiter (first few scenes)

JOHN BENSON---the film seemed to be remarkably of a piece considering the story line, and thus no parts I liked best or least.

I liked the ape scenes best-----JOHN BOARDMAN-----After the computer was turned off and the ship reached Jupiter, the film went entirely to pieces.

BEST: 2001: A Space Odyssey-----VICTOR BOC-----LEAST: All else.

CARL J. BRANDON, JR.---To me, the film was a completed whole rendering the whole question meaningless.

See #13-----JOHN BRUNNER-----It's a toss up between the 'introductions' bit above the satellite and the conference thereafter.

Dawn of Man-----JUANITA COULSON-----None

MIKE DECKINGER---I felt all segments were equally unified. I did not feel the cutting was abrupt or the film was dull.

The artful scenes and the (ALEX B. EISENSTEIN) The technical flaws; the plot idiocies; witty: the bone in air become suddenly the use of Blue Danube; the 'necessary' evil a satellite; the free-fall toilet instructions. The very first scene and of HAL-as-Frankenstein-monster (necessary only for melodrama and narrowing of cast; as a warning, it is obsolete, at least in s-f and sophisticated cybernetics circles). the very last.

BESTLEAST

The psychedelic best-----LINDA EYSTER-----the Space Station with Blue Danube--
least, though it was beautiful and great
special effects

'Psychedelic Section and the (GEORGE FOSTER) the goings on in the 'Discovery'
space station/Pan Am Jet landing

The ending-----NICK GRIMSHAW-----the converstaion in the Hilton
space station

The very beginning; the (VERA HEMINGER) the Louis XVI bedroom bit. Ugh...but
magnificent shot of the planets in line, don't really know why. (depressed me.)
with the powerful music of Zarathustra.

The music was the best part by far.---LINDA KAPITANY---The sequence with the computer
seemed least believable

BEST--last section.-----JERRY KAUFMAN-----LEAST--Ballet of the Mechanicals
(trip to the moon)

Dawn of Man-----GENE KLEIN-----The part in the Pan Am station seemed
very trivial and at best, necessary for those
who like that sort of thing--i.e., talking
in films.

The twenty second scene of the ape
learning to use the leg-bone as a

weapon-----RICHARD LABONTE-----the drawn out EVA scene

DAVID T. MALONE-----I liked it as a whole.

The technical special effects (BANKS MEBANE) The scene of Bowman's growing old in the
(not the psychedelic ones) pansified apartment...utterly unnecessary.

The ape discovering the bone (GLORIA McARTHUR) The stiffness of the actors in Dr.
weapon. Floyd's trip section--the gadgets and sur-
roundings were great.

DAVID C. PIPER---The 'cut' from the bone smashing to space ship and the final shot of
the film. I liked it All!

The ending-----ROBYN RAY-----Sections of social satire which (though
enjoyable at first) were somewhat boring by
the 3rd viewing.

Technology of film-----CONNIE REICH---Abrupt ending with Star Child

The 'Doughnut' and the Blue Danube--RICHARD SCHULTZ--the 'trip' was perhaps overly prolonged

Difficult to say which I liked (ROY TACKETT) Least--the ending: too obscure
best. Probably the section with Dr.
Floyd as it was most realistic.

The Star Baby, the moon base, (BJO TRIMBLE) The bedroom, the disappointing costumes,
the apes. the huge flaws in the Jupiter flight.

the apes-----ED & JOANN WOOD---the finish and the 'O, hi There' crap

BEST

LEAST

Scene going into space station (BOB VARDEMAN) two contenders here; the very lengthy (face it, the station was what made monkey scene and the white room scene at the whole bit) the end.

The journey to the space station (BOB WEINBERG) plot necessities like the talk on the and the opening with the earth rising space station and briefing on the moon, even above the moon. though they were necessary.

the shots of the space station and
the Jupiter ship from space-----CHARLES WELLS-----the music.

.....
ADDITIONAL COMMENTS ON THE FILM: First off, we have two gentlemen who returned the poll but are not represented in the tabulations above:

GEORGE SCITHERS scattered "No", "None" & "Don' Know" over the form...but ended up with the admission that he hadn't seen the film yet...which is all rather cute, I guess.

...and DR. JERRY POURNELLE commented: "I did not go to SEE it, because I have no desire to pay money to encourage mysticism of the particular sort. The computer that couldn't be turned off was an Idiot Bloch plot, and I will neither write nor pay for idiot Bloch plots." What sort of 'mysticism' (a particular sort, he says) Dr. Pournelle has pre-judged to be evident in the film escapes us...

Now...on to comments from those who did see the film...a final selection from the Pollees:

RANDI YOUNG: The movie was too long and drawn out. The only good parts were the photography and the beginning. The actors were crummy.

DONNA YOUNG: The movie did things which no other film has accomplished, remotely, in photography. This could be the beginning of better science fiction movies for adults. It is time to get away from the "Monster From Outer Space" type; rubber monsters and half-assed scenery.

ED & JOANN WOOD: YECH!! He should have forgotten the mystical crap and Had Clarke write a good script.

CHARLES WELLS: Had great opportunity for new music to go with the visual effect --fluffed it.

BOB WEINBERG: It is a superb focusing point in general to show the speed of our society. Those who didn't like it seem to dwell on the boredom because of long lengths with little happening. In our country today, everything must be rush rush, with no room for leisurely paced activity. This is true of course of our whole society. I liked the pace of the movie, and thought that the first scene was worth the price I paid and the rest was bonus. If sf in general doesn't react favorably to the film, it is because the fans are humans and have certain tastes, not because it wasn't good sf.

BOB VARDEMAN: I guess I just have no appreciation of fine Strauss waltzes or terribly symbolic scenes because I enjoyed Barbarella much more. While the technical effects were incredibly detailed, the acting was cardboard and only the fact that none of the characters were allowed to say more than a dozen words saved the acting from being pathetic. The plot (if you have the guts to call it that) was meaningless and I think Kubrick is having a fine laugh on all the stuffed shirts and intellectual snobs who couldn't admit to either themselves or anyone else that they didn't know whathell was coming off. Loose episodes almost barely tied together with the unexplained monolith simply isn't my idea of a multimillion \$\$ movie. Here's to Barbarella! (I don't know what her thing was either but I enjoyed watching her do it!)

}} EDITORIAL Comment, for what it's worth...both of the above 'Bob's' are the same age...which shows that the reason for appreciation can't be based on that, alone.{{

BJO TRIMBLE: This film, with a fully-developed plot to go with the incredible cinematography, special effects, and efforts, would have made S.F. the most interesting new pasttime in the world. Instead, by confusing and angering the non-S.F. person, I feel it has "turned-off" many potential fans, as well as made some enemies of people who are only too quick to put down S.F. as the "Little Green Bem" stuff--the ones who review a good S.F. book by carefully explaining that it isn't really S.F., so it is o.k. to read it--you know the type! Instead of convincing people that S.F. is vital and interesting, most of the non-fans I've talked to now feel that S.F. is probably too confusing and pseudo-intellectual for them to bother with---this as a result of seeing 2001. So where it could have placed the genre in the forefront of public concern, I feel the movie set us back many years. Even small non-fan kids picked out the stupid inconsistencies in the supposed "scientific" parts of the movie. Withal, I found it a lovely visual experience, but will probably not go to see it again because the mysticism was too annoying.

ROY TACKETT: Flawed. Too many loose ends and unexplained details. Too many unnecessary effects.

J.E. SVILPIS: The plotting was too loose, the three separate sections were not well co-ordinated. Characterization was shoddy, in other words, the film resembled Classical SF in defects and in virtues. The (gawdhelphus) sense of wonder shone right into one's eyes, especially at the opening and close of the film.

RICHARD SCHULTZ: Whatever some people might think about the 'boring' sections of the film, Kubrick didn't do anything by accident. Everything was deliberately planned, including the totally innocuous boring speechmaking on the Moon base, all was done for a purpose. Man was allowing himself to die inside the woven field of his elaborate tools. To offset this stagnation of the spirit, the catalyst, the slab re-appears, and plummets man into a new stage. The ending was deliberately left open-ended to let the audience decide for itself what it wanted the next stage to be. Here the audience failed to understand...it once more wanted its thoughts pre-packaged and pre-digested, and neither Kubrick or Clarke gave them this. Hence the shoddy TIME review.

WILLIAM ROTSLER: Not the usual plot line, so needs viewer participation--I've seen it 5 times (3 times on acid, 4 times front row center)--Mitch Evans has seen it 16 times --no exaggeration.

CONNIE REICH: The starchild looked like the christchild looking for another Virgin.

ED REED: Extremely good photography. Little plot did make it seem like a SF Documentary, but it did have a good point.

ROBYN RAY: Though I don't believe this is the 'ultimate' film, it provides beauty and enjoyment on several levels and leaves one with a good spring board (intellectual-spiritual) that can take one's mind to higher levels (a rare thing in movies). It is also nice to see good science fiction--I look forward (hopefully) to seeing more on this level.

ANDREW PORTER: See The Movie, Read The Book...

DAVID C. PIPER: The film's treatment demanded an emotional response and it got it from me. A wonderful, beautiful film.

J.A. McCALLUM: A.C. CLARKE could have done a lot better on his own, without the film 'establishment' in the form of Kubrick to foul it up.

GLORIA McARTHUR: I have seen the movie twice and read the book...in the order movie, book, movie. For once, the movie is better than the book.

BANKS MEBANE: I have mixed feelings about it. They tried to put too many different and mutually irrelevant things into it. There's no excuse for leaving out reasonable transitions between the sections. It was designed by a committee.

DAVID M. MASSARO: Its chief flaw is the indirect way the plot was developed. Motion pictures should explain as they go along. The medium does not permit what a novel gets away with. The film is saved by its enormous visual stimulation, which is why it can be warmly recommended to your friends. Tell them the story first, however.

LAWRENCE KNIGHT: Wow.

LEE KLINGSTEIN: What we need is not a revised 2001--but more films that do try to be dramatic rather than show space 'landscapes'. Cinerama has always been a clumsy medium for dramatic films--and this one is no exception.

GENE KLEIN: Definitely the best film I've ever seen, even with the technical (or scientific) inaccuracies--or what there were of them.

JERRY KAUFMAN: WOW wow wow WOW Best SF yet. Now time to combine this expertise and outlook with human characters.

BRIAN HILL: My feelings on the film have perhaps been coloured by having read the book which has helped with my understanding of the end. When I saw it I didn't really get the meaning of the end and would have liked to have seen it again to get a better idea of what it was about.

VERA HEMINGER: Photographically, a masterpiece. The beginning, which many people deplore as too long, was superb, especially in the motion of the ape with the bone. Maybe I'm prejudiced because I find "Zarathustra" one of my favorite pieces of music anyway... A few technical flaws mar the film (no lifeline in space??). The 'trip' sequence fine the first time, but a bit long on re-viewing the movie. However, this is a film I could easily see 3 or even 4 times, at spaced intervals. Definitely should be up for Hugo.))It is.((

NICK GRIMSHAW: Visually the best I have ever seen, along with the best musical score, and the most challenging. On the whole great!

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND: Should win Hugo--Hell, should win Oscar for best art film.

GEORGE FOSTER: It was a work of art.

THOMAS E. ENGLE: Best I've ever seen. It shows that the universe may be inside and outside of the mind and vice versa. Psychology and astronomy now study these aspects separately, but do not integrate them. 2001 does. A beautiful movie--inspires me to think.

MIKE DECKINGER: 2001 has stymied many because as an sf film it should theoretically be aimed for juveniles, which it is not. Very little is spelled out directly to the viewers, one is forced to draw his own conclusions and inferences by some of the more enigmatic moments. The below surface meanings are varied and the picture should be viewed several times. Those claiming boredom from it are mentally earthbound. The film is an example of Kubrick's genius combined with Clarke's genius. I feel it is not only the best sf film ever made, but the best that ever will be made. The effects have never been equalled and the concept while intellectually exhausting is balanced by the stunning visual effects.

JUANITA COULSON: It needs none. It is its own comment.

JOHN BRUNNER: This picture is a standing monument to Kubrick's inability to keep his mind made up for more than a few days at a time; it's more like bits of four pictures cobbled together than one consistent conception. The technology of the spaceship was nonsensical, the development dragged and there was no character who amounted to more than cardboard. I go along with two comments I heard on it at the Brighton Arts Festival this year: "An instructional film for Pan Am space hostesses", and 2001 BC!" We went to the London press show, free; if I'd had to pay to get in I'd have felt cheated.

CARL J. ERANDON, JR.: Possibly, I think it too purely SF: familiarity with SF techniques and especially with Clarke's earlier stuff adds much to it, and this is bad from the viewpoint of the general public.

JOHN BOARDMAN: Bad science, bad anthropology, bad plotting, incoherent, and vastly overrated.

JOHN BENSON: 2001 was filmed in 70m.m. and projected in "Cinerama" causing horrible distortion. I'd dearly like to see it in 70m.m. but will probably never have the chance, as neighborhood release will be in 35m.m. for sure.

MARTHA BECK: The first time I saw it, couldn't talk about it--second time, couldn't stop talking about it...

.....

Neither can a lot of people, Martha. But that's the beauty of 2001...very few who saw it have lukewarm opinions--either way! However, one more page, and we'll stop...for thish...

A Listing of Participants in the D:B '2001' Poll: William R. Anderson/Ian Angus/Joan Baker/Martha Beck/John Benson/John Boardman/Victor Boc/Carl J. Brandon, Jr./John Brunner/Chris Burton/Juanita Coulson/Mike Deckinger/Joyce Dickinson/Dennis DiNucci/Alex Eisenstein/Thomas Engle/Tim Evans/Linda Eyster/George Foster/Alexis Gilliland/Nick Grimshaw/Robert T. Grogan/Vera Heminger/Brian Hill/Linda Kapitany/Jerry Kaufman/Elizabeth Buchan Kimmerly/Jay Kinney/Gene Klein/Lee Klingston/Lawrence Knight/Richard Labonte/Janie Lamb/David Malone/David Massaro/Banks Mebane/Gregory E. Moore/Gloria McArthur/J.A. McCallum/Susan Phillips/David Piper/Andrew Porter/Robyn Ray/Ed Reed/Connie Reich/A.C. Rodger/William Rotsler/Richard Schultz/Susan Skirven/J.E. Svilpis/Roy Tackett/Suzanne Tompkins/Bjo Trimble/John Upton/Virginia van den Broek/Bob Vardeman/Bob Weinberg/Charles Wells/Chris Wohlers/Ed & Joann Wood/Dave Young/Donna & Randi Young/John A. Young.

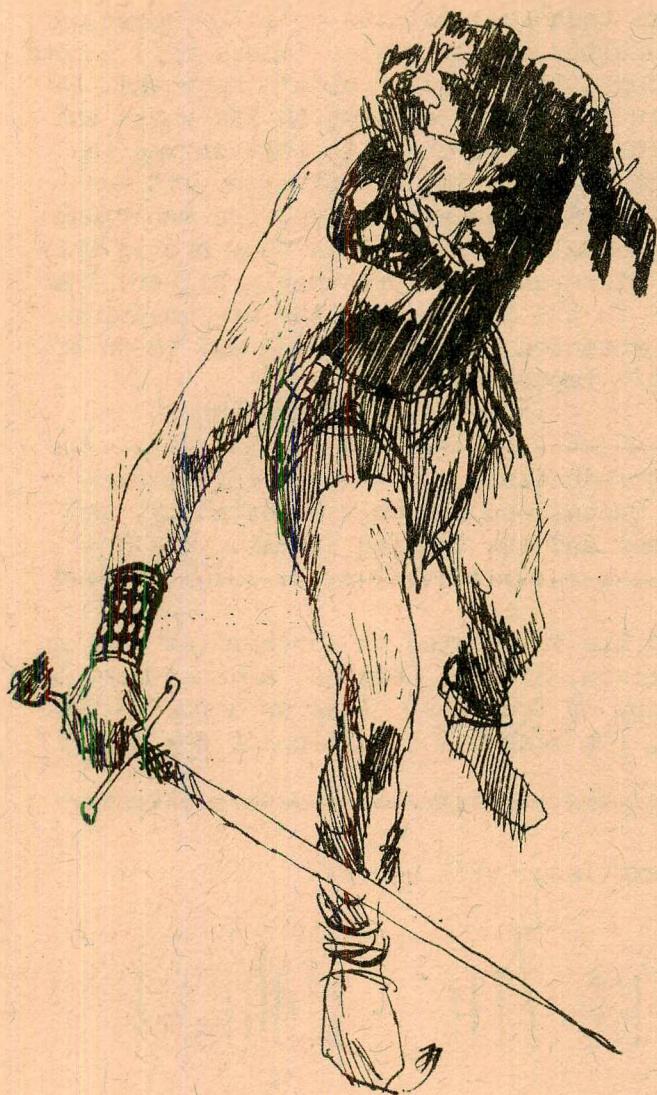
...by Age (Age first...enclosed no. following is the number of participants in the group):
14(3); 15(2); 16(2); 18(4); 19(7); 20(5); 21(7); 22(5); 23(2); 24(1); 25(5);
26(2); 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 36 & 37 (1 each); 34 & 35 (2 each); 39, 41, 52 & 53 (1 each);
and 42(2). Therefore, the Average Age = 24.9

Education Level: 26 College Students; 16 College Graduates; 5 H.S. Grads & 6 Others....

...by Occupations (in no particular order, & only 1 of each unless otherwise indicated):
Housewives(8); Housewife/artist; Housewife/writer; Accountant; Author;
a Physicist/Prof.; Disc Jockey; Insurance(?); Bank worker(2); Research Engineer; Investor;
Chemist(2); Rockbender; teacher/student; H.S. English teacher; Meteorologist; Assoc. Ed.;
2 British Civil Servants; Photographer/Director; a Retired Sergeant of Marines; manager
of a liquor store; mathematician; and a social worker.

...in other words, while the relatively Young and the College Students dominated the results, there was enough overall span in age and variety in occupations to make the consensus valid...at least as much so as anything coming out of independent-minded S.F. Fandom. Our thanks to ALL who participated and helped us get this in some semblance of coherency.... Dave Piper wondered "How the hell you're gonna tabulate these results is beyond me!!" Well, Dave...this is It...with one exception: Contributing Editor SI STRICKLEN, found the questionnaire format too confinding, so he put his thoughts down in letter form. We offer it as one fan's version of what everyone Up There (believe it or not) was talking about...

"First of all, it certainly seemed to me that I understood the movie. In fact, I've been surprised at the number of people (fans, no less) who say they didn't. It was clear, I thought, that it was an apocryphal and complete explanation of the origins and destination of man. Clarke does this sort of thing often, so you could almost expect it. I also thought that was a terrible idea for a movie. In general that idea seems to me impossibly ambitious for a decent novel, much less a movie. I thought the monolith (was there more than one? I thought the same one moved around) was a machine belonging to a 'higher' kind of being. I suppose you could think of the monolith itself as being one of the beings if you want to, but that's irrelevant. The monolith did the following: a) provided the spark which changed a type of animal into human (the first episode); b) informed our higher beings that man had reached the moon (and thus was advanced to a certain point); and c) obtained a specimen to change into something higher than man. None of the characters seemed particularly real to me. The music did not help me understand the movie, but did add to the enjoyment. I would not consider buying the book because none of the things I liked about the movie could be written better than they were shown. I did like the movie because of the opening scene which I thought was excellent, and the psychedelic part. I did not like the space parts. I thought the bit about HAL 9000 was a short story inserted into



AT TWENTY-SIX, I've been feeling guilty too.

My country, the U.S.A., the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, where a man's social advancement is determined by the color of his skin, has been waging a war in Southeast Asia in order to perpetrate a thoroughly repugnant government that has become the mistress of Washington, D.C. and Uncle Sam, by not identifying its form of repression as tyranny.

There have been objections, protests and demonstrations against this monstrosity, culminating in the welcome departure of one President who got himself hopelessly tangled in the mess, and his replacement by another dunderhead who is hell-bent for surpassing his predecessor's record for blunder and stupidity.

Like most citizens I've responded to this with weapons that appear impotent at best; a flood of letters to local newspapers and personally debating the opposition. I'm a poor letterwriter and a worse public speaker. I know my convictions, although I often feel unable to properly convey them to others. And yet, I can't follow the trail of apathy blazed

PEACE MARCH—1969

MIKE DECKINGER

by the majority of the citizenry of this country. I can't allow myself to fall into the pit of hypocrisy that now stagnates with the clergy; deploring abortion on one hand because of the theoretical deprivation of a human life, saying nothing about the war on the other hand when lives are unquestionably being taken, through means a millionfold more gruesome than the doctor's scalpel.

I will not support violence as a means to dispose violence, the use of this method obscures the guilt of the original cause, and makes the irresponsible protester no better than the half-wit bomber pilot who relieves his frustrations by coolly napalming fleeing children in the dawn's early light.

Today, April 5, 1969, the day before the annual Easter Charade, with its tasteless display of affluence, New York's third annual peace march was held. Under a cloudy sky, in a light intermittent rain with humidity heavy in the air, I attended along with two hundred thousand other persons who were tired of sitting on their asses, waiting for some sign of hope to come through.

When you read about this march in the papers, along with marches in a dozen other major cities, you'll be told that it was a hippie march, filled to overflow with long-haired perverts of both sexes, smoking pot and shamelessly parading themselves for the

purpose of antagonizing the police. This summation, briefly, is bullshit and anyone who believes it needs an education quickly.

I saw characters in hippie garb and some of them might have caused a few suburban heads to swivel in dismay, start a few medieval thought processes spinning, about this younger generation. I saw old persons too and they made up a substantial portion of the march. Old men and women with white hair, striding beside young mothers wheeling baby carriages, flanked by out of uniform servicemen and veterans proudly bearing banners. I saw the very young, the teeny-bopper generation, weaned on a diet of rock and Pepsi and maybe a dash of pot when momma wasn't looking. I saw students from thirty different colleges and universities carrying emblems of their schools. I saw middle-agers wearing grey flannel attire, some with briefcases so as to make their social rank unmistakable, outout to prove that it was not just a hippies parade or a beatnick parade.

The banners waved aloft said hundreds of different things, but the most common was "Peace" and "End Killing". A tall blonde girl with hair to her waist became a chaste beauty as she waved a white piece of cardboard, neatly lettered "Love". No other statement was required. She was saying in four simple letters what other banners said in a dozen cumbersome words, what everyone was silently projecting in the sudden, unexplainable atmosphere of acceptance.

The vulgar and the tasteless lingered behind police barricades, shifting about like loathesome grey insects. A sudden furtive "Fuck all traitors", hurled at an angelic brunette who did not belittle herself or dignify the caller by acknowledging she had heard his obscenity. A minion of Uncle Sam, wearing a drooping American flag from his hat brim, unmistakably identifying himself with the ultimate representative gesture of his class, giving the finger to a row of elderly marchers.

The counter-demonstrators, The National Renaissance Party, cretins worshipping Hitler like the Virgin. Off to a corner circling in a purposeless ring with signs reading: "Karl Marx was a Jew", "The Enemy of America is Zionism", and other memorials to unmovable ignorance and intolerance. The contrast between these foul presences and my companions whose message is the opposite of the poisonous hate they ejaculate is exhilarating. I feel more and more a part of this diffuse army of rebels, protesters and Americans. The counter-demonstrators pour their acid hate into the sewer. They are ignored, by passed, overcome.

The police know how to handle the crowd. They are firm but responsive to the demands of the marchers. Brutality has become the word that invariably follows "police", but they seem desirous of maintaining a good image. Unlike their brethren in Chicago who underwent orgasms of delight during the Democratic National Convention, inseminating the streets with the fluid generated by their power to club, kick and beat, the New York police deal adequately with the parade. They are plainly disgusted with their motives, clearly out of sympathy with the causes, and yet they prevent violence and keep the parade line flowing smoothly. For at least a day they have abandoned their elaborate pig disguises, decided instead to do the job, often with astonishing politeness and concern.

The rain slackens, New York streets are slowly scoured of accumulated grime by plodding feet. Progress is slow because the segments of the procession must pause every few minutes to allow side streets to disgorge lines of traffic, indignant at being shunted off a major artery. Ahead of me several hundred servicemen march. They have been given the lead of the parade because their stake is the



biggest. If they will have a future or if they will be scarred mud-covered corpses will depend on how many persons are influenced by the paraders. They are followed by the veterans, Draft Resistor groups, Religious groups, Black groups, Puerto Ricans, Trade Unionists, Women's groups, Pacifist groups, Teachers, Artists and Writers, Students, Faculty, and unaffiliated. But demarcations change rapidly. The goal is the same for each, huddling behind a self-explanatory category is unnecessary. These are people for humanity, for dignity, for the rights of others.

A curious observation. The crowds swell as we pass along Sixth Avenue, past swank shops catering to the super-rich, the only class which can comfortably live in New York City. And the people in the crowd, who have come to observe but not to march, are cheering. Son-of-a-bitch, they're shouting encouragement, making restless "V" signs, waving banners that parrot what we are carrying. Many of them wear the official armband of the parade, a jet black cloth containing "33,000", the number of dead Americans killed since the war was started. A few dregs of the opposition pollute the view, their monotonous obscenities have long since lost any severity. Their credentials are always the same; an American flag, a disgusted expression, frequently a picture of Nixon, Goldwater or Wallace to emphasize their love of America. Like an invisible shield of Gardol, the Star Spangled Banner is swathed about their slovenly forms, permitting the commission of all unspeakable atrocities in the name of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

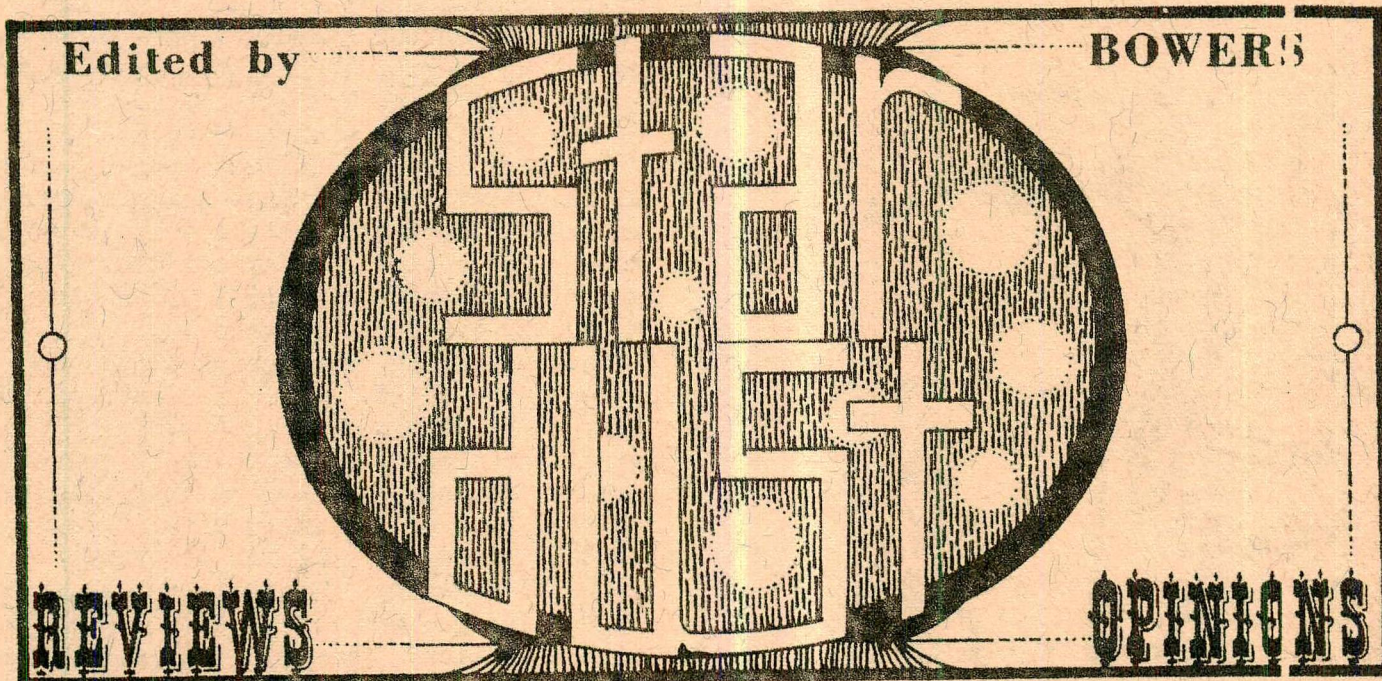
Someone shouts "What are we for?" "Peace." "When do we want it?" "Now." The chants rush back through the ranks, spilling over to the spectators who pick it up among themselves, delirious at participating in the ritual. Again and again it's repeated, and any lagging spirits that have wilted by the rain, the tedium and the walking are raised. Revitalized, we push on.

Thus it continues all day, to the mammoth rally where speakers denounce the cross of genocide thrust upon us by an indifferent government, almost with sacrilegious precision so that it cuts the flesh more severely on the day before Easter. As the paraders pass, the crowds lining the street follow them, gladdened as we have been. We may not have moved Presidents, may not have deflected bullets or quenched fires. But we have spoken. Two hundred thousand strong we have shown that we will not accept the rhetoric of imbecilic military explanations. We will not accept murder by government fiat, we will not remain quiet and complacent while destruction is carried out by gun, fire and neglect. We are aware. We care.

---MIKE DECKINGER

The opinions expressed above of course are Mike's. However, the Editors Care, also. Pax.





reviews this issue by BANKS MEBANE : RICHARD DELAP : ALLYN B. BRODSKY

...there will be no Formal Reviews by the Moderator this time. With my Worthy Co-Editor currently working dual jobs, and with the Symposium and D:B 21 emitting birth pangs...in other words, while the inclination toward lengthy, perceptive reviews remains, the opportunity just doesn't exist. Fortunately, the Three Esteemed Gentlemen above have taken up the slack. Still, I cannot let you escape without a few typically opinionated words:

1969--so far, is proving to be an exceptional year, at least insofar as the SF novel is concerned. Perhaps my reading habits may have a little to do with this--of economic necessity (this fanzine, among other minor expenses) my obtainal of hardcovers is limited to the offerings of the SF Book Club. Of late, this organization has attained a rather high level of offerings...much to my suprise. Anything that doesn't come by this route or doesn't appear first in paperback, waits until it does. As it is--much to the dismay of several people around here--I still purchase three or four paperbacks for everyone I actually read. The actual taste has become much more selective--but the purchasing habits of a more carefree age are still firmly entrenched. Although, with the sudden rash of shit & stuff, it becomes easier to let the poor things lie dormant in the rack.

I have increasingly become firmly convinced, that for me, the novel length science fiction is the only length worth reading...and then only by Name (several of whom I mentioned last time). It's been something more than a year since I read an original sf short story, of shorter length than 'novelette', that is. And that was in a volume whose visions were apparently made dangerous by virtue of their fouling already putrid air--rather than acting as filter/screens to offer some constructive alternatives to the mess which the authors (and I) deplore. (The entire volume wasn't that bad, but overall it left more of a sour taste in my mouth, than actual food for thought.) We now have two kinds of sf short stories: The ones that don't say a damn thing, and the ones that say too damn much too obviously to be termed a 'story'. (I know; I write the latter myself.)



I still purchase all the SF magazines that are available on the stands--I have even resumed buying Amazing & Fantastic (mainly out of curiosity) since Ted White inherited them--but all I ever seem able to do is to read the book reviews and look over the god-awful 'illustrations'. I have no more desire to waste my time reading stuff that is watered down by an editor 'for my own good'--than I have time to watch the local CBS outlet at 9 PM, Sunday evenings, anymore....

Several people have remarked that the excitement, the actual joy to read and absorb, is only to be obtained in the novel--or the original anthologies. The volume I mentioned before may not have pleased me entirely, but I did read most of the stories in it, and applaud the idea...if not the delivery.

The SF magazines are teething rings for the uninitiated...and are usually looked back on with affection. However, they are looked back on...

I would like to mention four recent novels that I enjoyed immensely--in four different ways: Roger Zelazny's delightful ISLE OF THE DEAD; John Brunner's massive THE JAGGED ORBIT; Samuel R. Delany's eruptive NOVA; and Ursula K. LeGuin's remarkable LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. These four, people, may not be strictly called science fiction, or even science fiction. But

they along with the Piers Anthony works mentioned last time, and the 'new' Silverberg, are where I'm currently at, in reading preference. Go thou and be likewise astounded.

(Younger readers of this column may note with alarm that at least 5 of the above six authors are over Thirty.) (I note with alarm that of the four books I mentioned up there by title, three are ACE Specials. Tell me, someone...has Terry Carr become the Secret Master of prodom?)

RECEIVED from Barbara Hendra, at Fawcett Books: THE OTHERS (Gold Medal/R2044/60¢), an anthology edited by Terry Carr (yes, the very same Terry Carr who...). This collection contains six excellent and enjoyable tales...and Daphne DuMaurier. Overall, it is a welcome addition to the anthology ranks...but mainly recommended for the newcomer.

We also received something entitled PREDICTIONS: FACT OR FALLACY? (Crest/T1266/75¢) by Hans Holzer, 'Famous Authority on Psychic Phenomena'. I attempted to read this, altho I'm not particularly intrigued by this sort of thing. However, after about five pages, I deduced beyond outside doubt, that the author was in kemmering during the writing of this 'book'. (One tearful Query: Why do publishers invariably lump 'sickie' and flying saucer True Accounts into the same 'list' as science fiction? Why?)

-----BILL BOWERS

Ever on the outlook for a chance to add a little flavor to these proceedings, I sent an advance copy of the review that follows, to Mr. Spinrad. His comment: "...I do not believe in answering legitimate reviews in print, no matter how assinine they may be". But perhaps Mr. Spinrad might comment on Mr. Delap's first story, coming up in IF. (Shame!)

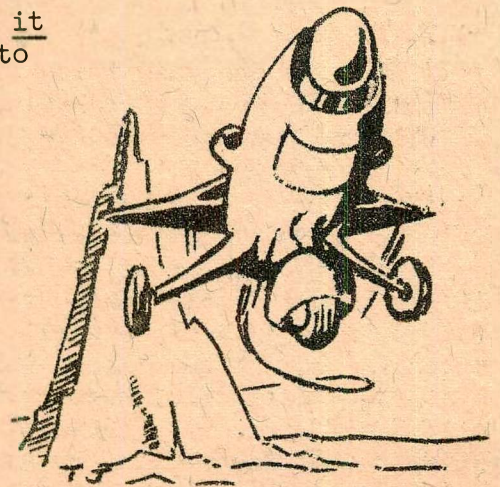
-----a review by RICHARD DELAP-----

THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE by Norman Spinrad, Doubleday, 1967, 240 pp., \$4.50

I have spent the past year or so reading endless pros and cons on this novel, all of which finally aroused my curiosity enough to make me get ahold of a copy, and now I find myself unable to explain the various reactions. THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE is inordinately dull with pages of bloodshed and brutality that, if trimmed, would show up the plot to be a most shallow, "mass-oriented" probing of a serious theme--the means and ends of violence. Apparently some readers think it is enough to even bring up such questions in an sf novel. Each individual has his own interpretations of "morality", and Spinrad (as well as any others) has every right to make his elaborations-on-a-theme known as widely as he can in either fiction or non-fiction. Such freedom, however, does not mean that every expression is a work of art, and Spinrad has not even proven himself capable of being acceptably literate, much less adept at probing with any craftsmanship the fallacies of contemporary morality. In short, the author has taken on a chore that he seems quite incapable of handling, both philosophically and stylistically.

Fleeing the Asteroid Belt which is falling under the control of Terran powers, Bart Fraden, Sophia O'Hara, and Willem Vanderling eventually reach the planet Sangre (Spanish for 'blood') which is ruled by an aristocratic Brotherhood of Pain who have over the years conditioned the entire populace to live under and accept a brutal existence of torture and cannibalism enforced by the Brotherhood's specially-bred Killers, a murderous group that lives up to the name. Bart sees a chance of assuming control of this grisly world by spilling the seeds of revolt among the downtrodden natives, and progress is made by using the very tools of control he urges the populace to fight against: murder, cannibalism and hate. The final carnage is reached as Fraden and his "Free Republic" invade the capital city of Sade on "Pain Day" (the Brotherhood's annual slaughter that makes the Roman dispersal of Christians look like a tea party) to destroy the Brotherhood and its maniacal leader, Moro. And, as Fraden stands among the tons of human rubble, he finds that slaughter breeds itself along incestuous lines that come full circle, and very much in character, he again flees. The End.

If Spinrad is drawing parallels to the present world crisis in Vietnam (as has been said), he's doing it poorly by erasing the grays and working in stark black-and-white. But discarding this standpoint, I still find the book prominently lacking in nearly all the points that make a work of fiction lastingly (or, at that, even momentarily) good. Spinrad works with all the subtlety and finesse of a blow-torch--damn the story, damn reason, sock it across to the clods!--from the one-dimensional characters to the crude vulgarity of the language. The author seems to have no control over his lead character, Fraden, whose actions and rationalizations are so inconsistent that one can easily see everything he does is not to make the reader believe in him but simply to make the reader wonder what the hell is going to happen next. Fraden's lover, Sophia, is less a person than a figurehead who stands (or usually lays) around waiting for both of them to realize that "true love" will make a path out of the mess they're in. Vanderling is a figurehead for betrayal and opportunism, slipping to the other side as he discovers pleasure from Sangre's horrors. In short time, the reader realizes he is not becoming involved with any of the characters because they are not people





at all but marionettes that move and hop about at the author's whim but never once take a breath.

The trimmings, admittedly, are sometimes arresting. There are several scenes of gore and bloodletting that are bizarre enough to catch even the most jaded, but the repetition of such incidents enjoins reader disinterest...Spinrad should realize that apathy should not be created to the point where the reader longs to quit the book before finishing!

And then, there's Mr. Spinrad's writing, and a sloppier piece of work I've not seen in some time. The erotic sequences, which should strongly probe into the characters involved, are unforgiveably crude, and fellatio is described in terms-- "triumphant, engorged, expanded, larger than life...[she] feasted upon the mad glory that sprang from him to her, drank deep from the bottomless well of his triumph-engorged ego." (p. 139-40) --that are far more objectionable and "dirty" than a straightforward description could ever have been. The total effect is pretentious, tasteless and more than a little stupid. One also tires quickly of reading how "salty" human flesh tastes. He litters page after page with unimaginative similes, and endlessly repeats himself when nothing else seems to come to mind. "Had he copped out? . . . Was it merely a cop-out? Did Sophia know that it was a cop-out? . . . The real cop-out. . . "-- all this in the space of three short paragraphs. Now I ask you...

It would be very interesting to see how a writer such as Theodore Sturgeon (or Philip Jose Farmer, or Piers Anthony, or almost anyone with talent as well as guts) could handle such delicate subject matter. Spinrad's assault with hammer and tongs is a bloody mess in more ways than one. If he ever learns how to write grammatical sentences about dimensional characters...well, perhaps, someday. But don't hold your breath.

---RICHARD DELAP.

----- two reviews by BANKS MEBANE-----

THE DEMON BREED by James H. Schmitz -- Ace H-105, 60¢

This Ace Special, which first appeared in Analog as "The Tuvela", is the latest book from one of our best story-tellers. Once you've picked it up, a Schmitz story is deucedly difficult to put down--you've just got to find out what happens next. THE DEMON BREED is a real reader-hooker.

It's set in the galactic future Schmitz has built in recent years; man has spread out from Earth to many other planets and has encountered other races doing the same thing. The leading character is Dr. Nile Etland, an intrepid lady who has figured in other stories. Schmitz favors female leads, and in his Telzey Amberdon series many of the plot twists depend on Telzey's being a girl. In this novel, the sex of the protagonist is irrelevant, but that's enough quibbling: whatever the reasons for her being here, Nile Etland is a capable and delightful heroine.

She's faced with having to abort, almost singlehandedly, the invasion of the human waterworld of Nandy-Cline by amphibious alien aggressors. Her only allies are a few mutated otters and a human scientist who has been captured by the Parahuans, the bad-guy aliens. These friends and a thorough knowledge of the creatures and ecology of Nandy-

Cline's floating islands, plus the "Tuvella Theory", turn out to be all she needs to stand the enemy on its head.

The Tuvella Theory is a cork devised by the Parahuans to stop a chink in the dike of their self-esteem. After failing in an earlier invasion of human space, the amphibians couldn't believe that ordinary Homo Saps could defeat the Great Palachs of Porad Anz. They decided that a clique of superman, the Tuvellas, must be the Secret Masters of Humanity and responsible for their first failure. Nile Etland pops this cork spectacularly by pretending to be an invincible Tuvella.

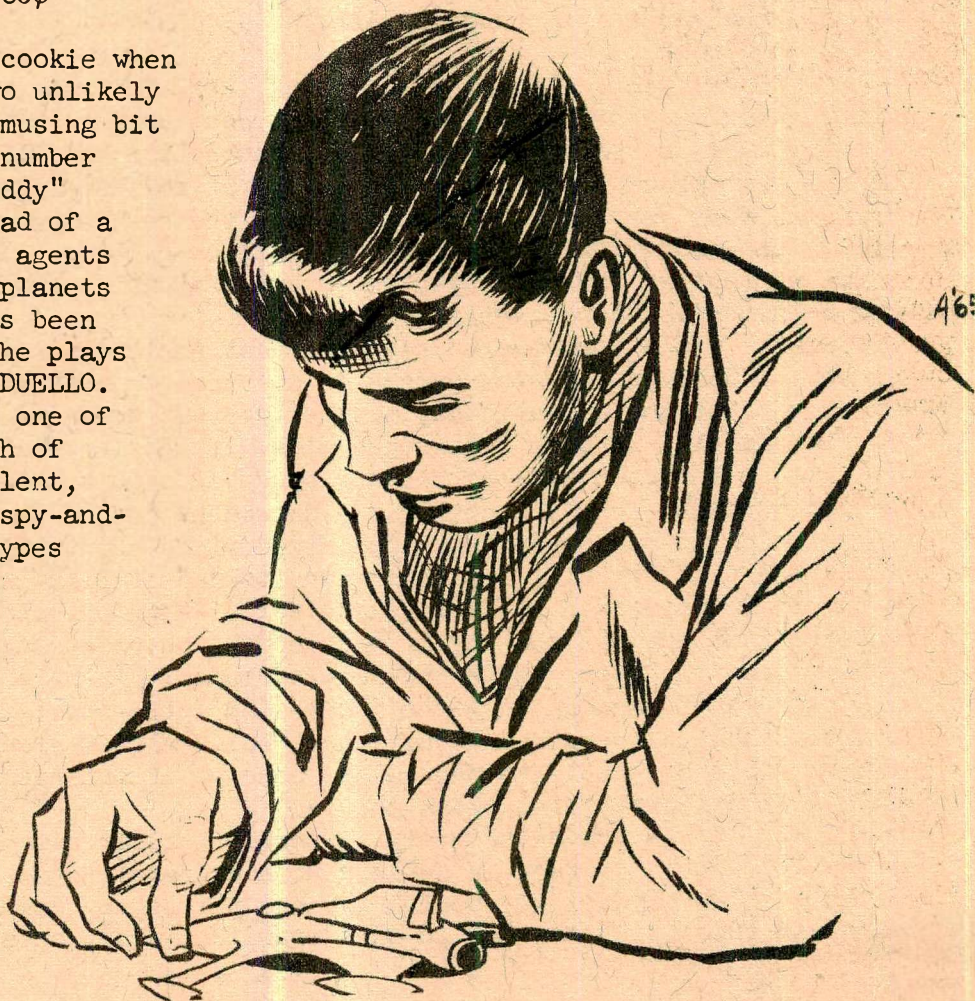
The drama is played out against the scrumptious background of one of the floating islands, a great raft of plantlife supporting an exotic and convincing collection of flora and fauna. Schmitz has devoted much TLC to bring this setting alive and to make the fast-moving plot plausible. He's a thorough craftsman, and what he builds holds water--and the reader. The one structural fault I can find is an unnecessary epilogue tacked on to drive home the significance of the book's title (which isn't what you might think), but that's a very minor fault indeed.

Much work went into this book, and the reader can find much food for thought in it, but Schmitz is not here (and rarely elsewhere) dealing with our contemporary concerns and problems. Unlike so many sf writers, he is not a social critic or a reformer (and we have too many of those). Aside for showing a very large faith in humanity, he writes only to entertain---at that, he's hard to beat.

CODE DUELLO by Mack Reynolds; THE AGE OF RUIN by John M. Faucette -- Ace H-103, 60¢

Mack Reynolds is a sharp cookie when it comes to parlaying one or two unlikely notions into a fast-paced and amusing bit of spyplay. He's turned out a number of novels in the "stute and cloddy" future in which Ross Metaxa, head of a sort of Galactic CIA, sends out agents to pull political-deviationist planets into line. Ronnie Bronstein has been the hero of most of these, but he plays only an off-stage role in CODE DUELLO. Instead, Reynolds comes up with one of his unlikely ideas: that a bunch of kooks, each with an odd-ball talent, can be welded into a topflight spy-and-agit team. He assembles such types as a super-gymnastic midget and an absent-minded professor who can drive his fists through steel doors or whatnot (pace, Doc Savage) and ships them off to a totalitarian planet that is uptight about a supposed subversive movement.

This yarn is fast and funny, but one thing always bugs me about Reynolds' books: he is far more interested in political and economic theories than I am.



Not only do his plots and backgrounds poke fun at real-world idiocies (which I like when done well) but his characters spend their spare time, between bouts of frenzied action, lecturing each other on the way things should be. All this is laid on with too heavy a trowel for me, but if you swing that way, you'll love it.

In THE AGE OF RUIN, the flip side of this Ace double, John M. Faucette gives us yet another post-disaster, Moorcock-science-fantasy world. In this case, a pack of nasty aliens all-but-wiped-out the Earth, reduced centuries later to primitive enclaves, monsters, and mutants.

The mighty-thewed hero of this charade was found in an air-wreck as an infant and raised by the warrior-people of Clan Chevvy (other Clans are Dodge, Oldsmobile, and Caddy). Grown to manhood, he sets off on a greathorse, brandishing his sword, to seek fame, fortune, and his folks. He achieves all this in a breeze (he has a talent for surviving through sheer luck while all around him are dropping dead), finds a chick, and sets man on the way to recovery. The adventures come fast and furious, the marvels and monsters are middling-well imagined, but the awkwardness of the prose is hard to fight ("But if I had to die, I would die like a warrior of Clan Chevvy, inflicting as much damage upon my enemy as possible." p6).

Only when the gorgeous but evil Queen of Koutyir made an appearance wearing her golden breastplates did I realize what I was reading: this is not a novel, it's continuity for a comic strip. Imagine it as it would be if drawn by somebody like Wood, and you may be able to wade through it.

---BANKS MEBANE.

-----two reviews & some notes by ALLYN B. BRODSKY-----

Gordon R. Dickson's latest hardback, NONE BUT MAN, ranges about middle on a scale drawn between the cosmic breadth of the Dorsai universe (or that of the Space Swimmers) and, very much on the other hand, the light action of DELUSION WORLD or the Hoka stories. NONE BUT MAN struck me as a brother in spirit to THE ALIEN WAY, which was out in paperback about four years ago. In both books, the best aspect is Dickson's detailed, supremely able depiction of the feel of an alien culture. In NONE BUT MAN, the alien culture is that of the Moldaugs, whose cultural value analogous to humanity's Right-Wrong polarity is Respectability.

Great. It's a groove to see some neat sociological-philosophical speculation of this sort. One trouble--the humans do not seem to come across with anything like the dark forcefulness of the aliens, despite the inherent drama of a clash of cultures.

Let me fill in some background plot. Humans have colonized the Pleiades stars, which are on the frontiers of Moldaug space. Colonists have recently won a degree of uneasy independence from Sol but remain dependent on Sol for trade and defense. The Moldaug are beginning to make menacing diplomatic noises about the human colonies, the colonials are worried that Sol will let them down instead of fight, and Solarian humans fear that the unruly frontiersman will provoke a war. An ex-privateer for the colonies named Cully When (and I do not see the why of that confusion-producing last name) discovers that he is the man on the spot. With the help of humanity's only Moldaug-expert and a human psychopath, When manages to force inter- and intra-species communication. The Moldaug learn that humans operate on a different cultural wave-length, and we learn that Sol humans tend to be unable to handle the concept of interstellar humanity since they suffer from a sort of territorial space-phobia.

O.K. It's a provoking story, expertly handled science fiction. In some places, particularly where Dickson is dealing with Moldaug customs and myths, it is extremely well told. The psychology, sociology, and philosophy can all be argued. But I wish the humans had the depth of those in the Dorsai universe, or even those in WOLFLING.

* * *

It's hard to review a book that turns you off as much as Philip K. Dick's UBIK did for me. If someone has to review the damn thing, in fairness (or charity) it should be someone who has some sympathy for Dick's perspective on man. But I intend to try anyway--if only for the sake of interesting letters about how I missed the point.

Plot--or rather, the events of UBIK: It's 1992, psi talents are available for hire and so are the talents of people with the ability to neutralize psis. A gang of anti-psis, their boss, and his assistant, go to the moon to tangle with psis who have infiltrated a project. Instead, they meet a fatal(?) explosion. The boss seems to have died so he's taken back to earth to be kept in a state called "half-life" where he can be available for consultation over the next twenty years or so.

Meanwhile, the anti-psis and the assistant discover that time seems to be running backward. Their boss, who has to be buried because he cannot be given half-life, keeps trying to communicate with them by putting his face on their money and appearing on TV commercials. He claims that they all died on the moon and he's trying to communicate with them in half-life. So now we realize that all this confusing, mysterious menace is simply staging to ask the age-old question: How do you know you're real?

Given this, and the knowledge that the standard reply (which Dick brings in on the last page or so) is "You'll never know!", may make you feel a bit more charitable towards the half...well, half-hearted, explanation of all that mysterious menace. You might also have more sympathy for a set of characters whose strongest emotion towards themselves and others is hate, at least more sympathy than Dick seems to have.

But my own preference in speculative fiction is for plots that go somewhere, characters who do things and may even enjoy life now and then, and a glimpse of things that are wonder-full. So UBIK turned me off.

Brief Notes: The first volume of the German Perry Rhodan series is out from Ace. ENTERPRISE STARDUST and THE THIRD POWER seem a slow opening to what is reputed to be a 400-book series of galaxy-wide adventure. A bit more editorial activity might help to cut out repetitious recapitulations in mid-book and Germanic English:

"At the northern entrance to the center's main underground building, the heavily armed sentries saluted sloppily." (first sentence). Nevertheless, the book is at least a half-step above, say, Doc Savage in characterization, even though major heroes tend to be blond and blue-eyed.

A current Ace double contains TOYMAN by E.C. Tubb and FEAR THAT MAN by Dean R. Koontz. The Tubb novel is the third concerned with the adventures of Earl Dumarest (see THE WINDS OF GATH, and DERA) as he searches for Earth. The planet Toy is the standard sci-fi dictatorship plus aristocracy and Dumarest's experiences there are weak on consistency but action oriented. Passible light stuff.

FEAR THAT MAN is in a different class since it takes on the question of God. The first third of this book was a short story not too long ago in IF or GALAXY. It dealt with an attempt to free God from an imprisonment of several centuries, during which mankind had created a decent society and given up on killing sentients. The second third manages to introduce some relatively unnecessary characters. The finale has mankind coping with God's God. The premise--that Gods must be



horrifically insane--is quirky and intriguing. It might have been handled better, but FEAR THAT MAN does push some serious and deep emotions at you. Worth reading.

---ALLYN B. BRODSKY

-----Closing Comments & Stuff by BOWERS-----

We were sent something called WEIRDBOOK TWO for review. The slant is indicated by the title; apparently Editor W. Paul Ganley is attempting a semi-prozine, but judging from the issue at hand, he has a considerable way to go. 32 clearly offset pages contain 17 items...mostly unremarkable even though some of the contributors are Names. Layout is competent but thoroughly unimaginative, artwork can hardly be distinguished by the label. For those of you who would like to see your name in print though, Mr. Ganley does pay for material...a dollar per published page. (Humm...I wonder if the SFWA would accept this?) WEIRDBOOK SUPPLEMENT is an 8-paged mimeoed lettercolumn which could, and should have, been edited down to two pages, maximum. WEIRDBOOK is available at 4 issue for \$2. from P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Penna. 17201. It has possibilities, but needs Help!

...some RECOMMENDED Fanzines (and these are not reviews): GRANFALLOON 6 (edited by Linda Eyster & Suzanne Tompkins) This is their 1st Annish, about 66 pages (they have their odds&evens crossed), excellently mimeoed with a Jack Gaughan fold-out, bacover by Connie Reich, and a scratchboard cover by Your Humble Fake Artist. Some copies may still be available from Linda, at 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, Penna. 15217, at 50¢. / ODD 20 is from the two delightful people who first encouraged me toward illustrative efforts: Ray & Joyce Fisher. Naturally, I am a mite prejudiced, but their 20th Issue/20th Annish is a remarkable 100 page plus production. The lengthy 'battle' between Jack Gaughan and Vaughn Bode is alone worth the price of admission...but there is much more. Reproduction is Fantastic!! This is undoubtedly the best mimeo work since Bill Donaho's HABBAKUK, about two years back. Ray also provides what is definitely the most 'wide-open' layout in fandom. \$1., from the Fishers: 4404 Forest Park Ave., St. Louis, Missouri 63108. / SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 30 (Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, California 90403; 50¢ or 6 for \$3.) is surrounded by a Stephen Fabian, centered by a Stephen Fabian, and contains a number of beautiful smaller Fabian illoes. It also contains Harlan Ellison being Harlan Ellison, Poul Anderson muttering, a disproportionate share of able book reviews, and the most dangerous (for the unwary) lettercolumn in fandom. Recommended; My choice for the Hugo this year. / Andy Porter's ALGOL 15 is his fifth Annish (another 3 issue a year averager) and contains much good material about SF--of all things! (60¢ or 5 for \$2.50 from: 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201)

The most interesting thing in the last mentioned item, though, is Andy's editorial on the so-called American World SF Cons. He has, I think, a number of valid objections and has my support...but I have neither the time nor the energy to summarize his editorial at this time. Contact him. ((This is the BEM speaking..heh, I finally made it his column! Just want to say I agree with Andy about the National Cons too.--BEM)) And that just about wraps it up for this time. Next issue: well, we have a delightful, full-page heading-illustration for this column...by Steve Fabian. I do need reviews, of books, stories, movies, etc., as well as short opinionated essays on SF or Fantasy.

---BILL BOWERS

D:B is looking for 2 regular Columists--one perhaps serious SF, and the other Faanish.

We Need Addresses for the following: Mike Shupp; Tim Dumont; Charles E. Smith.

Since Page 46 was run-off, we received replies from; PHILIP JOSE FARMER & GREG BENFORD.

There are no copies of D:B 18 or 19 available, now; we do have a few earlier ones to go.

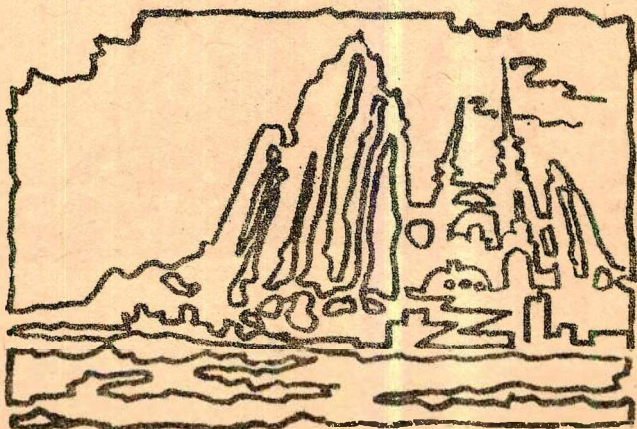
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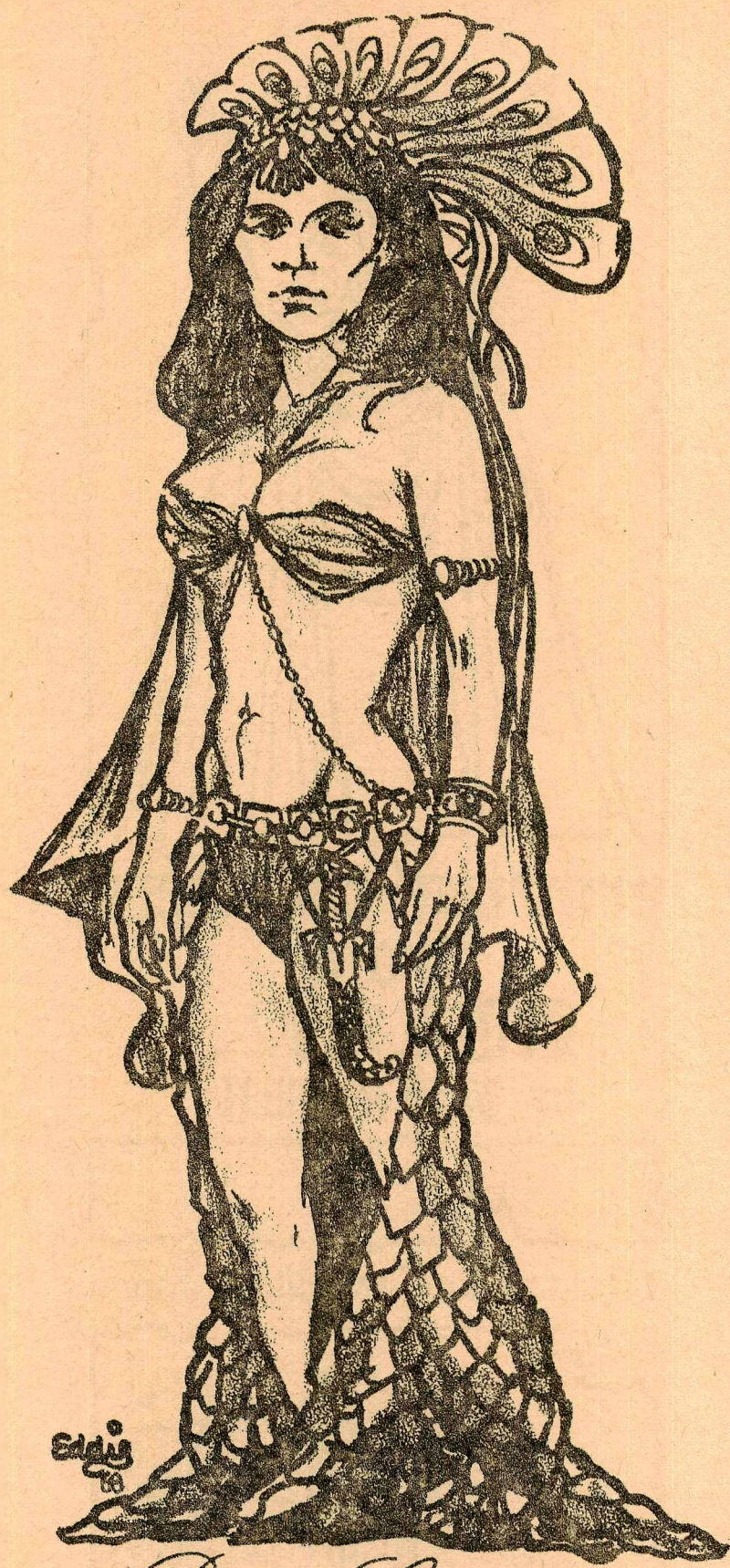


principal characters
from
ATLAN
by Jane Gaskell



Illustrations by Eddie Jones





Princess Cija



Eddie
08

Emperor Zerd



Prince Imahil

DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM, THE

A SAMPLER

INTRODUCTION: In July of 1963, while searching for material suitable for our First Annish, we wrote to Lloyd Biggle, Jr., requesting a contribution. He pleaded lack of time prevented him from offering an article at that time, but he offered a counter-idea... If we would come up with a list of ten questions, which we as science fiction fans and readers would like the pro's to answer, he would send the poll out to as many professional writers and editors as he possibly could and then act as our go-between. (The actual details of how this worked out, how the questions grew to eleven, and much more, will be explained in the final volume.) At any rate, Lloyd, for his pains in avoiding an article, ended up doing an amount of work undoubtedly sufficient to have produced a novel. And we -- well, instead of a feature article for our Annish, we ended up with an all-devouring 'thing' which totalled over a hundred pages, and required serialization in three successive issues of D:B. (Numbered 7, 8, and 9)

You see -- where all three of us had hoped...had dreamed of possibly ending up with 25 or 30 participants -- a total of 72 sf authors and editors responded.

It is a valuable work, both as a reference, or simply a pleasurable reading experience. We're sure that anyone who read those three installments will attest to that. For more than a year afterward, we tried every means possible of having it published as a complete whole. It didn't work. And then Bowers spent nearly four years playing the military Traveling Ghiant, and we did well to keep the magazine itself alive during that period. But with his discharge last fall, we decided that since we couldn't ~~bucket~~ persuade anyone else to do it, we would attempt the project, a considerable investment in time and money ourselves.

We also attempted to contact those we had missed the first time around, and those who had 'emerged' in the past five years. So far we have garnered 16 additional sf writers -- there may be more, as the deadline we set for the questionnaires falls after the publication date of this issue. Even as it stands, with 88 participants, we honestly feel that it is well worth the asking price.

What follows, then, is a selection from the 'new' answers. It is, quite frankly, a "teaser" to intrigue you into purchasing the complete work. But we also trust that it will serve to prompt some discussion in these pages.

AS A FOOTNOTE: The 'original' signed answer sheets, bound in one volume, along with the 'Symposium' issues of DOUBLE:BILL bound in a matching volume -- were auctioned off at the Tricon -- the entire proceeds of which - \$60.00, was donated to TAFF. With the final volume, rather than paying miniscule or nonexistent royalties to all the parties involved, we have promised to take 15% of each copy sold and donate it to TAFF. (This is not to say that we are 'TAFF' Sponsored -- rather that we believe it to be the most worthy of Fan Causes -- and deserving of much more support than it has been receiving)

-- The Editors

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

Leo P. Kelley: I prefer to write science fiction as opposed to other forms of fiction (which I also write) because it makes me ask questions about the future, about human beings, about non-human beings and about life in general which have answers that become peculiarly mine in that the questions themselves are usually extrapolative ones and the answers, be they joyous or alarming, are inevitably stimulating. And I suspect that the reasons why I prefer to write science fiction are the same or similar reasons why many people prefer to read science fiction.

Michael Moorcock: I began writing sf and fantasy as a boy because that was what I chiefly read. Originally it was undoubtedly an escapist occupation but gradually, as I grew older, I began to see the serious possibilities of the medium and have, since about 1965, been experimenting with ways of using certain aspects of sf and fantasy in the construction of the kind of fiction I like to write. I attempt to get the spirit of 'GoldenAge' sf into what I write (and publish, for that matter, in NEW WORLDS).

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

Hank Davis: The same as any other artform--pleasure. However, you probably mean a value peculiar to sf and not to be found in, say, Jane Austin. The job of fiction is to lie entertainingly (proponents of Realism I will not argue with, referring them instead to C.S. Lewis' An Experiment in Criticism) and sf has the additional impact of newness. Fiction should make that happen to you which, normally, would not have happened to you, pulling you from the reality that you are in to another reality. Sf can make things happen to you that have never happened to anyone before, and thus its value.

Such things as messages for peace, for world brotherhood, for more active PTAs, for bigger pieces of chicken in TV dinners, as well as Judith Merrill's SIGNIFICANCE are not necessarily in conflict with the business sf ought to be about, but they are definitely subsidiary to it, as they are to any other artform.

Dean R. Koontz: The chief value of any fiction should be to entertain. The reason, I think, that mainstream literature is selling less well than it once did is because it has ceased, in many cases, to entertain the reader. A second answer to this question might be: "warn of possible future." Somehow, I disagree with this. By saying that sf's chief purpose is to warn, you are ruling out all stories that present an interesting, pleasant future. No, I think, besides entertainment, the value of science fiction lies in its ability to show that Man, despite what he has done to himself and what he still might do to himself, can grow, can expand, and can one day raise himself. He may still have war and hate, but science fiction can affirm that he will still progress.

QUESTION THREE: What is your appraisal of the relationship of Science Fiction to the 'Mainstream' of Literature?

Keith Laumer: I believe that science fiction (terrible name) is slowly engulfing the main stream. This week, reviewed in TIME are: Kurt Vonnegut's SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE; and WHEN THE ENEMY IS TIRED, by Russell Bradon. Both are within the SF canon. The third book dealt with is by Anthony Burgess, best known for his SF. Of course, none of the above call themselves SF writers. But WE know.

Anne McCaffrey: I have never bothered to appraise the relationship: I am merely too delighted that s-f exists to question its right to be.

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

Michael Moorcock: I think that it is probably a hindrance to most would-be writers. Sf conventions these days seem to share much with the sf magazines already mentioned. Their function seems to be to offer mutual consolation to what might be called the Old Guard in sf. As such, they serve a purpose -- we all need consolation from time to time -- but they offer very little in the way of stimulus to the writer seriously interested in tackling real problems. Fanzines vary. The most intelligent of them do give a writer an insight into a certain section of his readership which is worth listening to. Would-be writers, however, might be made cynical about their audience if they read most fanzines.

Andrew J. Offutt: Benefit, obviously.

A writing career can be 'hindered' by it (I have begged Ted White to lay off letters & give me more like Sorceress of Qar). It can also be furthered by it, in assorted ways. Some have obviously made valuable contacts/friendships via fandom (Lin Carter, Ted White, Terry Carr, e.g.). Others become better known, creating more of a market for their fiction (Alex Panshin, e.g., &, I think, me).

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

Piers Anthony: People are forever asking me, as they do all writers, "Where do you get all your weird notions?" and I'm forever at a loss to reply. I used to list all my story ideas, but when the numbered summaries passed 200 and I found myself way backlogged on unsummarized ones, I quit. I am blessed with imagination, if you want it straight; as a child I conjured fearsome monsters to flee from (and this was no voluntary or fun thing), while as an adult I write fiction. But I realize this isn't much help to the would-be-writer who is short of notions. And of course the ideas do originate from somewhere. So, stimulated by this question, I delved into a score of my successful stories (i.e., those published, sold, or hot prospects), pondered each one, and tabulated the result. What I sought was not so much the basic content of the story, but the origin of the original germ--the thing that actually crystallized into a going piece of fiction. In some cases the story hardly resembled that focal point. Results: five categories, several of which require further explanation.

- A) Nonfiction research: 5 stories suggested by my various delvings into dentistry, astronomy and paleontology (also fertile fields for novels).
- B) Collaborations: 3 original stories done unsuccessfully by other writers, that I re-worked and sold, or passed on for further rework. Obviously I can't take credit for the original notions--but possibly novice writers can benefit from collaboration similarly.
- C) Personal Experience: 4 stories suggested by things I was involved in.
- D) Random Notions: 4 stories whose origin I can't quite pin down or classify.
- E. Miscellaneous: 4 stories.*

What sources do I recommend for beginning writers, then? No source; only a frame of mind, an openness that realizes the potential in every experience for a new story, be it even so prosaic as a spelling paper, a piece of cake, or a toothache.

((Editor's note: Mr. Anthony's answer was much longer than showed here, it has been edited out for lack of space; to see the whole answer, see the Symposium - details at the end of this Sampler on how to purchase it.))

41 B

Larry Niven: 1) Scientific American Magazine, and other science journals. Read the article whose subject is interesting, and re-read until you can visualise what's happening.

2) Cultivate friendship with Hal Clement and Poul Anderson and, if you are a pretty girl, Larry Niven and Isaac Asimov. Get their phone numbers. This is great for ideas and research.

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

Dean R. Koontz: There is a tendency today for a writer to concentrate on the novel. For one thing, the market has never been better. For another, the short story and novelet market has almost never been worse (though it is improving slightly). In a way, I think this is tragic. I firmly believe that the very rudiments of writing are best developed in the short story and novelet. The writer has fewer details to concentrate on and does not have to worry about sustaining his story past the ten or twelve thousand word mark. Many of the very best novelists first forged their ability in the short story. It is a shame that finances prohibit this today. With the necessity to write novels to make a living, the beginning freelancer may have to write a number of them before he can even begin to comprehend the form he is handling. This happened to me. I am just now, after six rather mediocre novels, beginning to understand the makings of a good book. THE DARK SYMPHONY, I hope, will show this. However, it is interesting--to me at least--to note that my understanding of the novel did not come until my understanding of the short story was complete.

Joanna Russ: Short stories, absolutely. A failed short story is, perhaps, 10 pages of misery and dreck and two weeks of wasted work. A failed novel (much easier to do--i.e. fail--since novels take so much sustaining) is a year's or at least months worth of wasted time and wretchedness. And there's a much bigger investment of emotion in something that takes months. Some people (like Chip Delany) seem to be born novelists, but most aren't at all, at all. I also suspect that short stories are still a more natural form for s.f.

QUESTION SEVEN: What suggestions can you offer to the beginning writer concerning the development of 'realistic' characters and writing effective dialogue?

John Jakes: Character: watch closely those people you deal with in everyday experience. I like to make little "character lists"...a simplified Good and Bad ledger; things I like about them, things I don't. Plus notations on reasons why they might behave that way. The sides of the lists, except in the case of out right s.o.b.'s, usually balance. People are all gray, as I am and you are. That makes them people, and people in stories become good characters. "Cardboard" people in stories that's basically adventure-oriented is another bag entirely.

Dialogue: the old saw: listen. And read published versions of successful plays--the great dialogue writers like Neil Simon will amaze you with how much information they can structure into a sentence or two--at the same time capturing the absolutely genuine ring of contemporary speech...

Alexei Panshin: I don't think that characters are realistic or dialogue effective in any one single way. Different types of stories, including different types of sf stories, demand different approaches to character and dialogue.

Dialogue takes a good ear. I'm not sure there is any way to teach that.

The most obvious deficiency in sf characterization is that the characters have no history, no families, no thoughts, no inner life. Until sf writers begin to provide them,

most sf characters will remain automatons.

QUESTION EIGHT: Do you believe that an effective novel requires a message or moral?
Please comment.

Norman Spinrad: An effective novel does not require a message or a moral but it does require passionate involvement of the writer with his material.

Andrew J. Offutt: 'Course not.

But they're nice, aren't they? I've always been nuts about de Camp, Van Vogt, & Heinlein. I can't recall that de Camp & V.V. ever gave me a message or a moral, other than a very simple one, perhaps. Heinlein always gives me several.

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

Keith Laumer: Unless the writer is a cold-blooded hack, churning out stuff between yawns, he reveals himself fully in his work--with the exception of those personal faults of which he's conscious, and succeeds in concealing. Quite often, of course, there is compensation in writing; we see, not how the writer behaves, but how he'd like to behave--whether it's a 97 pound weakling coming on like Superman, or a shy, retiring soul indulging in orgies. But this, too, is revealing.

David Gerrold: It depends on the writer. For instance, it is almost impossible to separate Harlan Ellison the writer from Harlan Ellison the human being. The same applies to Robert A. Heinlein and Ray Bradbury and Larry Niven. These men are writing what they know and believe.

On the other hand, I know of one or two writers who play games with themselves and with their readers. One story will argue one point of view and their next may take the opposite tack. (A writer like this is not only versatile; if he does it well, I would tend to suspect him of being a genius.)

For the most part, I would say that writers put quite a bit of themselves into their stories.

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

T. L. Sherred: Author? O. Henry, possibly. He plays such snide tricks on his readers. Background? Shanty Irish, not lace curtain. Real poor.

Education? College. Bored stiff.

Experience? Truck driver, brush salesman, editor, engineer (military, which requires no degree and no brains), piano player in a whorehouse (this is cross-my-heart, and I had fun), radio script writer, ad agency copywriter, technical writer, cleaner and dyer (I can still, I think, turn out a razor press on a Hoffman), and die maker.

I wish I could say some one of these made me want to write. I'd go do whatever it was again.

Piers Anthony: I am aware of no single influence in my formative writing; I generally go my own way and do my own thing. I do devolve from an educated family--both parents have PhD's--and have had an expensive education. To this I attribute most of the writing finesse I may have. I consider it to be a tremendous advantage. Yet, for

all that, I am learning more and better now than I ever did in school, because of the difference in motivation. I suspect that motivation--the sheer, blatant drive to excel--is really the most important influence on my work. And I think that only a profound egotist could actually believe that other people would pay to read what he writes.

QUESTION ELEVEN: What do you consider the greatest weakness of Science Fiction today?

Joanna Russ: Staleness -- the same weakness every other field has. And a kind of thinness that may be unavoidable. We can't delve into individual psychology in the taken-for-granted way that realistic fiction (18th century & on) has always done. But this thinness also shows up in much contemporary mainstream fiction. One of the greatest advantages of being in s.f. is that there are things to write about, and that nobody bothers much about the thing that does bother other writers: the feeling that everything's been done. Also, the physical sciences are a fund of metaphoric thinking and feeling that the "mainstream" writer just doesn't have access to, a real treasure-trove. There is also the fixed idea that we ought to be prophets or religious figures or Great Teachers, which is pretty silly. The teaching will be done by the medium itself, and quite unconsciously (therefore uncoltrolledly.). An interesting example of the latter: I know people who are radically Left (New Left) for whom s.f. by people like Heinlein and Poul Anderson was very important when they were growing up. They seem to have been influenced not by these authors' obviously stated ideas (which are, in fact, incompatible with their own ideas) but by the very fact that the stories were about colonizing the Moon, traveling into another galaxy, the fantastication, the wildness, etc. I know people who fell in love with Flash Gordon movies for the same reason, and whose ideology is Communist or communalistic or groupy or what-have-you. The covert and the overt message here are very different. The serenity with which some of these people will throw away the explicit moralizing in a story is astonishing.

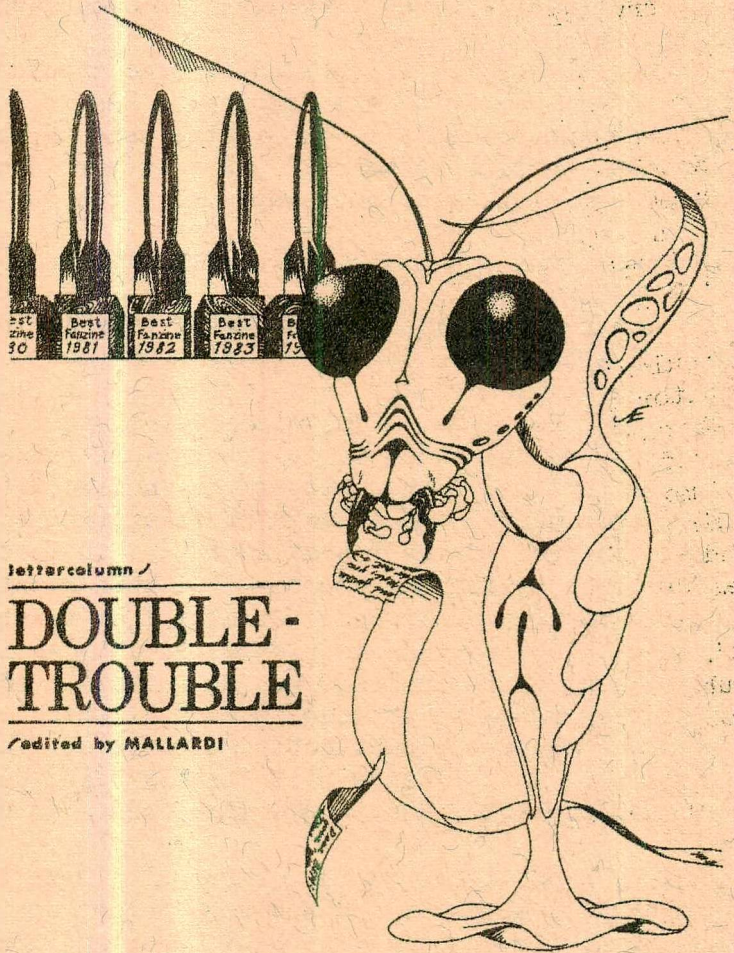
Larry Niven: Judith Merril, Alexei Panshin, Sam Moskowitz. Take your pick.

Norman Spinrad: Fandom.

...from the original Symposium: Brian Aldiss; Poul Anderson; Isaac Asimov; Charles Beaumont; Alfred Bester; James Blish; Robert Bloch; Anthony Boucher; Leigh Brackett; Ray Bradbury; Marion Zimmer Bradley; R. Bretnor; John Brunner; John W. Campbell; John Carnell; Terry Carr; John Christopher; Arthur C. Clarke; Hal Clement; Mark Clifton; Groff Conklin; Basil Davenport; Avram Davidson; Charles De Vet; Lester Del Rey; August Derleth; Philip K. Dick; Gordon Dickson; Harlan Ellison; Daniel F. Galouye; H.L. Gold; Martin Greenberg; James E. Gunn; Edmond Hamilton; Zenna Henderson; Joe Hensley; Damon Knight; Allen Kim Lang; Fritz Leiber; Robert A.W. Lowndes; Richard Lupoff; Katherine MacLean; J. Francis McComas; Dean McLaughlin; P. Schuyler Miller; Andre Norton; Alan Nourse; H. Beam Piper; Frederik Pohl; Arthur Porges; Mack Reynolds; Eric Frank Russell; Fred Saberhagen; James Schmitz; Robert Silverberg; Clifford D. Simak; Jerry Sohl; E.E. 'Doc' Smith; George O. Smith; Theodore Sturgeon; Jeff Sutton; William Temple; Theodore L. Thomas; Wilson 'Bob' Tucker; Pierre Versins; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; Ted White; Kate Wilhelm; Jack Williamson; Richard Wilson; Robert F. Young; and Roger Zelazny. ...additional 'new' participants: Piers Anthony; Hank Davis; David Gerrold; John Jakes; Leo P. Kelley; Dean R. Koontz; Keith Laumer; Anne McCaffrey; Michael Moorcock; Larry Niven; Andrew J. Cffutt; Alexei Panshin; Joanna Russ; T.L. Sherred; Norman Spinrad; and Robert Moore Williams.

...all in The DOUBLE:BILL Symposium : \$2.00 before Aug. 1; \$3.00 after Aug. 1, '69.
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lettercolumn /

DOUBLE- TROUBLE

edited by MALLARDI

Mark Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237

Thanks for printing my pome, although I still don't see why you wanted to. I just dash the things off for the hell of it whenever an odd idea strikes me.

In rereading what I wrote to you about the 2001 questionnaire, I realise that I sounded a bit harsh. I didn't want to sound that way at all -- just wanted to chide you a little for the way you handled it. A comment, though, on the fact that out of 100 questionnaires sent out to nonfans. The usual return on any sort of unsolicited material runs from 1 to 4%. In getting back 4 replies you were actually hitting the high end of the return scale. People don't send stuff back for a variety of reasons -- sheer laziness being the most obvious.

If you have some sort of captive audience; a group of people who are not only given questionnaires but pencils with which to fill them out and places on which to write and a box to put the things in, you'll probably find that you get more response. The fact that people don't return a questionnaire that was sent or given to them in a more-or-less haphazard manner doesn't mean they weren't interested; just that they didn't respond. That's why psychologists like large groups of captive bodies -- collecting the data is so much easier under enforced conditions. Trouble is that any manipulation of the environment affects it. So, where do you go from there?

Mark Schulzinger concl:

At any rate, I'll be interested in seeing what people have answered to the questionnaire.

I went to see the flick when it came around to the neighborhood theatres. I dragged the Art Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer along with me so that I could point out my ideas about the film. He did the same thing to me, indicating the philosophical implications. We both managed to get a better idea of what Kubrick was trying to accomplish and how Clarke got swept under the rug.

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Do you realize what fanzines like this new Double:Bill will do to fans' ability to make decisions, when the time comes for them to vote for fan artist Hugo awards? There's enough splendid art in this issue to threaten catatonia and you don't even have Rotsler, Bode, Bergeron, ATom, and several other equally splendid artists. But I can't really decide on favorites of my own in this issue, except for one possible symptom. I know that if I had been publishing a fanzine with this selection of art work, I couldn't have endured the thought of relegating those two George Barr masterpieces to the inside covers. Wouldn't they look nice in wood carvings over the fireplace?

I've been trying to remember if I came right out and said "A Primer for Heads" shouldn't have been published. Normally I am fanatic about the right of any fanzine editor to publish anything he pleases as long as it isn't maliciously destructive to someone's reputation. But this was definitely a borderline case, since in effect it advised the reader how to proceed in conduct which is for the most part against the laws of most areas where the publication circulated. There's always the danger that something like this in a fanzine will finally bring down upon us the all-out investigation and national publicity that could make fandom an unpleasant place to be while the heat was on.

All my best wishes to the campaign to make love more effective in the world today. It's probably my advanced age and some recent disillusioning experiences that make me doubtful about its success. Two basic problems: Evil is evil and even an increase in the number of people firmly committed to love won't make less evil the evil that will continue to exist. The young people with these splendid ideals invariably get older and begin to compromise with those ideals when they'll make more money or impress potential mates that way. I'm afraid that the only hope is something that will come to the aid of love and serve as its ally: a method to brainwash children into thinking the right way from the cradle up or hypnotic techniques that will drive into frightened helplessness anyone who behaves counter to what he basically knows is right.

Maybe someone will someday get energetic and compile an anthology of all the parodies of "A Christmas Carol" that have appeared in fanzines. This was one of the better efforts, although I assume that people who know the co-editors well would get more from it than I did. Someone, Maybe Cy Condra, wrote my favorite in one of the early SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES Christmas supplements, about a half-dozen years ago.

But Mark Schulzinger's Christmas Poem was absolutely unique, a masterpiece that should survive any number of imitations. I can't believe that this is its first appearance; it's too good and too generally comprehensible to be restricted to the few hundred readers it'll find in DOUBLE:BILL.

I liked "Unpredictable" very much. Can it be that Robert Weinberg is an old time fan who has just discovered fandom



Harry Warner, Jr., concl:

after decades and decades? It sounds like it, from his letter in this issue, and for the hundredth time I wonder why such people remain inactive all those years and then suddenly begin to bob up in fanzines. The only trouble I found with the little yarn is a minor one. My attention wandered for a while from the course of events, as I wondered why the hoax called for such a complicated getaway for the apparent abductors, when Triy was unconscious and couldn't be impressed by the cloak and dagger tactics.

In the letter section, I doubted for a while the total authenticity of the Arnold Wellsly letter. Then I came to the grim revelation in the form of the address to which money is to be sent.

If he has an unlisted zipcode, he must be in true seclusion. All the remarks about Ed Cox' sense of wonder complaints were intensely interesting. From the variety of explanations and theories advanced, I suppose that there's really only one major, basic factor at work here, and it was spotted by one or two people in their comments. Whatever the deficiencies in the stories, we get older and we don't get as excited about things as we did. As we get older, we read more and more stories and by the law of averages the next story we read is less likely to contain gimmicks and episodes and concepts that we haven't already encountered in previous reading experiences. And as we get older, a lot of us improve our literary standards. The description in a science fiction story that might have aroused our sense of wonder a decade ago won't have quite as much success today because our attention has been diverted by what wooden figures are wandering around in the stories instead of the living characters we've learned to enjoy in better literature or a pedestrian writing style keeps intruding on our eyeballs when the eyeballs should be temporarily subordinate to the imagination that the words should be creating in the mind. In any event, you might want to keep in mind for some future day another poll, this one seeking nominations for stories of the past and present that awake the individual reader's sense of wonder.

((I don't think you actually came right out and said "A Primer for Heads" shouldn't have been published, but you did express disapproval of it, which is what I was trying to get across.## Once again you are uncanny in your deductions: Schulzinger's Poem WAS printed before -- though only by Mark (dittoed) on a few sheets of paper and passed around at the MidwestCon last year, I think it was..I liked it so I asked if I could use it in D:B.## Uhhh, methinks you're pulling our legs, Harry, regarding Weinberg, as well as Wellsly! Weinberg, as far as I know, is a young fan from New Jersey. As for Wellsly, we were in error in saying he was alive and well in Pa., actually we should have said 'alive and unwell'. Does anyone think he knows WHO Wellsly really is? Send in your guesses.## I won't mind printing anyone's lists of stories that gave them a sense of wonder in the lettercol, but as for another poll..we've been taxed enough! Offhand, I can think of THE LORD OF THE RINGS, Fred Brown's ARENA (and like someone else says in one of these letters, I think; many of Brown's tales), THE LEECH (Sheckley?), and NIGHT-MARE BROTHER. Which ones gave YOU the sense of wonder, fans? Send them in.----BEM}}

Sandra Miesel, 4365 Declaration Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46227

Aha! A last minute reprieve from letter-debtors' prison!

But in all sincerity, we enjoyed #19 very much. It was a pleasing blend of serious and whimsical material. The appearance and lay-out of the zine is truly excellent. The Barr illos were wonderfully lush. Bowers is imaginative and original. His "textured" drawings could be done up very nicely as crewel embroidery. (Bet he never thought of that!)

((He thought that was a cruel thought/idea: him taking up embroidery! ---BEM}}



Sandra Miesel, concl:

The humorous pieces were quite funny indeed. Robert Weinberg's was supposed to be a satire on Lanier's Ffellows stories in F&SF, wasn't it? They deserve to be satirized for they're rather ridiculously old-fashioned tales to be appearing in such a stridently Modern magazine.

Stricklen:

Again

Insane.

But his remarks on my serious article in #18 quite ruffled my fur. Why do I write such things? Why does anyone write for fanzines? We enjoy expressing our knowledge, opinions, skills for an audience and hearing that audience's reactions. My pride compels me to do a careful job on anything I submit, even a critique of such a trivial target as Randall Garrett. I most certainly do think SF backgrounds should be authentic--whether hard science, history, the arts, psychology, mythology, etc. The particularly annoying feature of Garrett's stories was that they were described as accurate by Campbell and by the author's note attached to "A Case Of Identity". But I don't want to just damn the lazy writers, I want to praise the experts, such as Poul Anderson. Careful reading of 7/8 of Anderson's entire output has revealed exactly three minute historical errors. You could find that many in one Mack Reynolds novelette.

Jerry Kaufman suggests I might know where the Wonder went--a flattering question. Well, one genre of literature still filled with wonder is children's books. Any readers with small children could verify this. There are so many lovely, splendidly illustrated ones out now and the best ones never age. I enjoy THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK, THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, BABAR, etc., just as much now as I did when small. I think the test of quality in a children's book is whether an adult can enjoy it, too. Wonder is where you find it, not just in SF. But as far as I'm concerned, Wonder on TV is limited almost entirely to documentaries and news. After a National Geographic or Jacques Cousteau special we sigh and ask "Why can't entertainment TV be as good?" But it's not so we won't watch it.

You shouldn't send things like that occult letter in the lettercol into Indiana. Somebody might believe it.

Obviously, the 500 missing girls are stashed away in Jane Parker potato chip boxes, sealed in waxed paper to keep them crisp and fresh.

{{ Obviously! ## What? You mean you don't believe in Arnold Wellsly?! For shame... I'll give you pippie one itsy bitsy hint: 'Arnold Wellsly' also appeared in the lettercol under his own name..can you guess who he is now? ---BEM}}

Piers Anthony

I prefer to have thoughtful comment on my work, and it does not have to be favorable, though naturally applause is sweeter to hear than booing. Perhaps this is a subjective impression, but I often find the negative comments to be inaccurate in detail (one thinks of Lin Carter) while the positive ones seem more perceptive. Bill Bowers' remarks on three of my novels (he missed my collaborative one, The Ring) fall in the latter category. I suspect there will be some backtalk on that, as his opinion of my work is by no means universal, and it behooves me to stand reasonably clear, but I can't resist some observations.

You are not the first to remark on the difference between my magazine items and my novels. The reason is simple: only relatively conformist pieces get accepted by the magazines, and four out of five of my stories never sell at all. Only in novels do I have relative freedom to write my way. My natural forte, I felt originally, was the story form--but I had to struggle into the novel-form for this reason. I'm sure the same is true of many contemporary writers, and that this accounts at least in part for the boom in novels while the magazines are at a fairly low ebb. Only three magazine publishers

*Piers Anthony, concl:

seriously in business today--compare that to past times! (I'm speaking only of SF/fantasy, of course.) I could turn out much better short fiction than I do, if the editors were simply to guarantee acceptance of any piece I chose to send in, and to publish it without changes. If that sounds ridiculously arrogant--well, I feel that most writers would react similarly. Let it be known that the author and no one else guarantees the quality of the fiction, and there would be real incentive to upgrade material. I do care what I write--but I can't get it published. All too often, at any rate. And I am not an obscure writer, or an obscene one. I merely have more on my mind than forgettable entertainment.

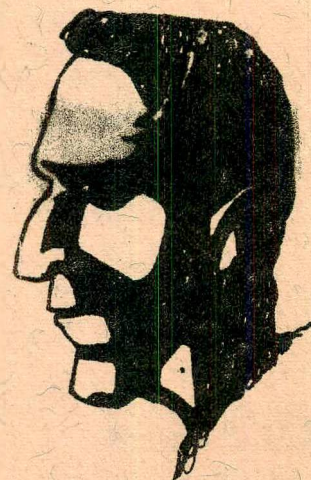
You expressed veiled apologies for being glad the movie option was not picked up on Sos the Rope. Don't; I was hoping that it would not be exercised, because it was a poor deal. As it happened, I got the money and publicity for the contest, without having to choke down the bad part. I was lucky. I had pondered declining the prize, but was advised by SFWA to take the money and run, and that did pay off.

Your assessment of the general quality and intent of the three novels is accurate. I have read none of them in book form, but did go over the galley proofs, and had differing reactions at that time. Chthon was mixed: crude in places, polished in others. Sos was generally poor, the language less sophisticated than I liked, though the plot line was strong. Omnivore pleased me, for there the special thoughts and effects seemed to work, such as the segment you quote. One you did not quote, that I also liked: (I can't find the place now, so from memory:) "The chief advantage of the simple answer is its appeal to the simple mind." I see so many "simple" answers, such as "bomb the hell out of North Vietnam; that'll show 'em we mean business" and so few of them have any genuine relevance to reality. (Of course, the same can be applied to my own simple answer, above, re editors' guarantees.) Perhaps you'll be interested to know that I have nearly completed the first draft of the 100,000 word sequel to Omnivore, Paleo. P is less sophisticated, more adventurous, however. I never do the same thing twice.

You are going out on a limb with your conjectures on my eventual place in the SF hierarchy. I believe that limb will hold or break on the next novel, Macroscope, and if I judge your tastes correctly from your several editorials this issue, you will not be disappointed. There is more to it than astrology--and even that may not be quite what you anticipate. But one can never tell, eh?

Connie Reich, Box 193, Carnegie-Mellon U., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213

That was certainly a searing revue of '68, I must say.... Not that the blasted year didn't merit it. It was the worst nationally and morally (but not personally, thank Ghu) that I can remember. I wonder so much if it is really NOT a lack of morality that crumbled Rome?? What is happening resembles so very much the inwardly rotten decadence. Why?? Perhaps our "old fogey" grandpas aren't as off the beam as one would think. "Kids have no responsibility today." "If they had to work for a living, they wouldn't have time to worry about all the things that seem to be bothering them." Those seemingly insignificant and unrealistic charges don't appear to be so fantastic and archaic when they are taken in the larger context: What appears to be bugging us is what can be described as an "excess of democracy". Too much freedom. I watched the MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW last week, on which they had a young man (about 19 yrs old) whose name now escapes me. This kid dropped out of school in the middle of his



Connie Reich, concl:

senior year (after having been suspended some twenty times before) because he found that he couldn't cut it in h.s. anymore. It was too much of a drag for him, and they wouldn't let him do what he wanted to do (which, for all I could understand, was to write an underground newspaper and "dance in the streets"). He refused to concede that one must take a certain amount of grammar and English to be able to write ANYTHING in standard English. His philosophy did not even include the usual "do my thing AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T HURT ANYONE". Now I have nothing against writing in underground newspapers---some of the finest literature and the most honest and reliable columns are printed in them; nor have I anything against dancing in the streets... this kid (and I suspect that he is very much the epitome of what the average left-wing student or non-student wants to be) thinks that computers will run everything, should run everything. (Even at that, he is displaying his ignorance, for certainly computers are still at the Model A stage, and a long way from running much of anything other than purely academic or financial programs (I meant that to encompass research and simulations)) That boy frightened me. He really did. Much more so than Johnson's nasty little war, and almost as much as the stupidity of Daley's cops and Rap Brown's extremism. I can understand those things in terms of power-and-fear tactics, of human and experienced values and desires. Not so this unmotivated, disinterested, and aimless kid. And I blame it on an excess of democracy. On tv. On affluence. On moral (I don't mean sex and booze and drugs, but rather the purposefulness of life) disintegration. What this country and world needs is a spiritual revival (I'm an atheist, and I don't expect any religion to do this, but rather, I hope for a revival of Humanism and brotherhood). I thought we were about to get it when the hippie-movement got itself on its feet, but unfortunately, that took a nosedive into the present state of drug sub-culture. Rock music isn't headed the right way for it either. The only popular entertainer who holds any sway which he directs for revival of the Man in men is James Brown, and he generally only grooves on Black, not on Man. TV is trying to sell a product and can't be bothered to be interesting or educational. (Except the Educational channel, and really, who watches it except the already-educated?) What is left????

I suspect Nixon may yet turn out to be an improvement over LBJ (Yes, yes, almost anything would...). I have high hopes for the man, though, much to my own surprise. He has displayed an amazing amount of energy.

The BEM's editorial was really cute...loved it. To comment on your own (Bowers') I hold it to be basically infallible and accurate. However, I hold hopes for fandom which I do not hold for the rest of the world. I think there IS (or at least can be) communication here. Fans are intellectuals, but even more, fans are LIVERS. (not the organ, silly, the action)...

A Fannish Xmas Carol was certainly funny...the best part was the description of you in your cloak and chain (bet you had a blast doing the illo!) and the degeneration of D:B into Scientology, Saucer-cults, etc!!

Impressions was astonishingly and frighteningly personal in nature. It shook me. I'm actually conditioned to expect anything but that in a fmz. It was almost like finding someone's diary and reading it. I felt almost an intruder into a strange world of intense bitterness.

The Asimov cut was atrocious, cruel, and unwarranted (despite the fact that it was funny). I would be very interested in a cookbook by the good doctor, and I hope he writes one!!!!

MAY ALL YOUR ENEMIES GO TO HELL, NOEL NOEL NOEL NOEL!!!!!! The high point of the zine, after your Impressions. I read this to my non-fan fiance, who declared it both atrocious and hilarious. Who in the name of X is S.A. Stricklen, Jr??????

((I happened to see that same show, Connie, and couldn't agree with you more. You failed to mention, tho, that the boy's father was also on it, and appeared overly tolerant of his son's views. What the kid needed, actually, was some parental discipline to help straighten him out. ---BEM}})

Dennis Livingston, 3004 $\frac{1}{2}$ Fairmont, Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118

I was surprised at the warmth, openness, & willingness to share self-criticism of you two, as expressed in your editorials. Obviously people like me. I guess I had the image of fanzines as being interesting, but flimsy stuff that had little relevancy beyond a tight sf clique.

{{ Well, I guess you could say that there IS a "tight sf clique" in fandom, and even cliques within cliques..and whether this is Bad or Good is enuff material right there to do a few articles on. Anyone Out There Game enuff to try it?? ---BEM}}

My definition of futurology (no "e") is "the art of anticipating alternative futures", i.e., science fiction. {{ Explanation: Dennis is a Prof. at Case Western Reserve University, where he teaches a course on "Futurology".---BEM}}

The kind of world Bowers would like to see is mine too, especially the stress on communications. Do not despair; as you may know, one movement going around these days is precisely getting groups of people to engage in meaningful communication with each other(not the same thing as loving everyone! Just being clear about what you're saying, & being able to understand others, then give them straight feedback). Thus, when you say "If we only knew how to go about it", you should know that we are starting to get ideas on just this. I refer specifically to the encounter group/gestalt psychology bag, in which I've taken personal interest both for myself & as I try to be an effective teacher. I recommend books on this like Schutz's "Joy" and Satir's "Conjoint Family Therapy" (for laymen).

On drugs, I disagree with Bowers. While the hardest narcotics I've taken are iced tea and coke, my impression from reading & talking with people is that the generalizations he makes just don't wash. Whether a drug user is copping out or avoiding reality simply depends on the person & his social context - as always. Gods, sf readers have been accused of the same escape from reality!! Pretty unfair, right? So like I know students who are as active as anyone in the world's affairs, & they also happen to, say, smoke pot - like they also eat food, take walks, read books, you see, just a part of life, nothing to make a fuss over. As to LSD, I would never recommend anyone take it since our knowledge is so vague on it, & I've heard little about the stuff from students these days. But on the principle of using conscious-expanding drugs (which we may be sure science will provide us in safe versions some day) I see nothing wrong with someone who wants to totally withdraw on the "inner trip", when he is acting within the framework of truly engaging in deep exploration of the self - precisely one way to better communicate with others!

D:B has Another Project. Briefly, Dennis Livingston feels that 'Futurology' & SF have much to offer each other...much more than is presently being attempted. In an effort to interest fans in, and perhaps explain the system to fans, he has proposed an undertaking which we have agreed to initiate. What do you say to an attempt to 'predict' the State of SF Fandom in...say...1980? This will be accomplished by the Delphi Questionnaire method, and the final analysis will be presented (with graphs) in scenerio form in these pages... hopefully within a year.

First, however -- we need some help from YOU out there -- What Questions do you feel would be necessary to project such a future; what trends should be noted, & what should be the state of SF itself, by then? Any ideas? We also need a 'panel' of 15 to 20 fannish 'experts', self-proclaimed/ otherwise, who will volunteer to answer these questions in 3 or 4 rounds. (They will, if possible, remain unknown to each other until the final results are tabulated, to retain some degree of objectivity)

We think it will be an interesting experiment, & one that can prove quite entertaining - as long as you realize the final 'prediction' will have to be taken with a grain of salt. What say? Send in your ideas on questions to be asked! Ye Eds.

Richard Delap, 532 S. Market, Wichita, Kansas 67202

I note that Harry Warner and others are still chewing the fat over the supposedly lost "sense of wonder", and this particular piece of blubber is beginning to wear away (well, I mean, after 20 years of the same argument -- "modern sf just ain't got that SoW no more!"). Mr. Warner's statements -- "the change in story-telling techniques... Now the reader is usually plunged right into the distant time or place with the first words of the story..." -- do not convey anything to the newer discoverers of sf. I do believe part of the older fans' sense of wonder derives from the newness, the outre break-from-reality that came with youthful discovery. I find that some of the books I read ten or more years ago do not deliver the "sense of wonder" they once did; yet others have lost nothing with the passing of time, such as de Camp's Harold Shea romps or almost anything by Kultner, and some of the works of Frederic Brown, etc. And, of course, there were many that never did convey anything other than sneer boredom. Somehow, I don't think sf has changed all that much. The newer authors are attempting different techniques to reach the desired effect, but only a reader with braces on his brains would deny there are some writers today quite capable of achieving that effect (i.e., SoW).

Mallardi, I'm strongly beginning to suspect you are really Ted White -- you can't spell asinine correctly either (p.6). {{ Cor Blimey! ME really Ted White?! You trying to start another feud or sumpin'?? Mebbe Ted & I just happen to think that ASSinine is a more fitter (fitting?) word spelling-wise than the other way! ---BEM}}

The next step forward in motion pictures, Bowers, will not be from Kubrick. . . he's planning on some historical thing (about Napoleon, I think, but I'm not sure of this without checking). Universal has got a \$4-million sf spectacular coming up from D.F. Jones' Colossus, which has just undergone a title revision to "Colussus1980" according to recent press handouts. Gotta have a date in there somewhere now because 2001 hit it so big. Also, Vercors' You Shall Know Them is being filmed under the title "Skullduggery". And, a sequel to Planet of the Apes is underway. SF is once again big boxoffice and may stay that way for awhile if Hollywood doesn't glut itself with cheapjack shoddies like in the 50's.

The Banks Mebane Asimov-spoof was hilarious!

As to Sandra Miesel's comments regarding the superiority of the EL CID film, may I ask her to remember that complete authenticity of costumes, sets, etc., do not a good movie make. Her specialized interest was perhaps catered to beautifully by the visual splendor of the film, which perhaps interfered with her hearing the most abominable script ever written for such a large-budget film.

{{ What'd you think of the Sound-track music from EL CID, then? I have the album & like it, although I admit it's a bit too repetitive with it's main theme. ---BEM}}

Terry Jeeves, 30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield S11, 8RB

Many thanks for DB.19. A Fabulous production..it may not be as spectacular as Trumpet, but it isn't far below...and it has life.

First off, I liked the preponderance of artwork breaking up the blocks of type... I wish other fanzines would appreciate how off-putting solid masses of fodder can be. Layout is excellent too, even the first quick scan-through of the zine makes one want to get at the job of reading it. My favorite illos were the bacover, interior bacover, and page 39. Credits to Barr, Fabian and Eisenstein...wish I could do half as well.

I wasn't too taken by the Christmas Carol..partly because it has been done before I believe..(Vince Clarke ?) and partly because it had no outstanding difference or 'twist' from the original..Otherwise, well written. McCain on interlineations was good, and what is more has given fandom a chance to invent a new form ad infinitum...by inventing the 2-line interlineation he points the way to the 3 liner (I bags the inventing

Terry Jeeves, concl:

of that one), and now others can go on extending the scope of their interlineations with gay abandon...egad, imagine the ultimate....a sixty page interlineation, with a one line fanzine around it !!! Christmas Poem ?? Friend, much as I love thee, I love poetry less ...far far less, so as I have said elsewhere..

I nearly throw up when I see...

... a fanzine full of poetry.

I'm inclined to agree with Kaufman's suggestion about a Sense of Wonder...we're just jaded. Or to put it more specifically, I feel that the much vaunted (and very wonderful) Sense of Wonder which we all had at one time or another (I hope) is really a once and forever thing for each individual. In my own case, it was brought on by the hunting for... and finding, early Astoundings in the second hand book dealers. However, as far as s-f is concerned, you can't revive your SOW again....but I think it may be possible to get another sense of W, in a different field. For instance, I am currently dipping into the creating of 8mm animated cartoon films....my fifth..an epic on Man in Space is just being started....and I again feel stirrings of the SOW in this new field. If this is really true, then you can re-experience the feeling any time you want, by giving up s-f and turning to a new activity.

Another pleasing item, was the list of Asimov's books...this might become a series or competition...might I suggest the forthcoming A CHILD'S PRIMER OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS... Doubleband and Sons. \$2.50 covering all the basic equations. methods of isotope separation, and with an appendix on how to make a simple bomb from common kitchen ingredients.

"Unpredictable", was to my mind, the best thing in the issue. Well and interestingly written, and with a good punch line. I bet that only its length kept it from the prozines. Stricklen's piece was also very good, and a joy to read. As for the letters, I fully agree with Ben Solon in his complaint against 'Horse Barbarians'...I agree it was just about as much a s-f story as that good old Galaxy bacover advt. "Jets blasting, Bat Durston...." which intended to show that in Galaxy at least, you couldn't find adventure yarns set on other planets to qualify them as s-f. Seems that Analog doesn't have the same taboo. Incidentally, have you or your readers got a similar aversion to a certain author who currently bugs me? He writes an interesting (sometimes) story, then after two or three pages, one character will start to give another character s short history of how things reached the state they are now in (In the story, that is). When I get to this potted psuedohistory discourse, I look quickly at the author's name.... invariably, it is Mack Reynolds. I go on record as being fed up with this particular gimmick where one character has to tell another all about the world in which he lives... ..heck, at this rate, we'll be back tp the Gernsbackian and O'Conner Sloane system of footnotes explaining what goes on.

Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore St., Arleta, Calif., 91331

Let me first say that Stephen Fabian is sure to flash rapidly into a high position in the firmament of fan-illustrators. In fact, what he is doing in fanzines rather than prozines already is a topic of some curiosity...for me. For all of that, it is truly a delight to see him immediately assume a position alongside of such as George Barr and other established excellent artists, fan and pro. George's cover is a delight. Damn near Bok-ish in some respects. But quite distinctly Barr's own.

Anyway, of most interest, naturally, to me was the segment of D:B concerned with comment on my article. While I thank everyone who so expressed themselves for their good words re the writing of the article, some of them evidently didn't pay complete attention to what I said. Jerry Kaufman, Bob Weinberg, Mathew Drahan and especially Si Stricklen. I think if they will go back and re-read portions of the article, they will perceive that I was not talking about a comparison of older writers vs. new writers. I was trying to put forth what I considered to be the reason the Sense of Wonder, as so often referred

Ed Cox, concl:

to by many people (not distinctly my own), no longer existed because it was generated by the time, the era, in which that type of science fiction was written. Today's background is very much different. I wouldn't say I'm jaded (Jerry), not that nostalgia is entirely clouding my judgement (Mathew)! I wasn't entirely dispassionate, I'll have to admit. But my main object was to explain why the old SoW, as so often referred to by others over the past few years, can not possibly be generated by science-fiction written against today's background.

I think that is simply it. That younger readers can experience a sense of wonder at today's s-f is not my point. I'm sure that some sort of SoW is experienced by today's new readers reading today's s-f. It is the fact that the older fans do not seem to be able to equate it to theirs of the past, and many newer fans wondering where it went, because of the difference in the technological background of our lives, is what I was trying to point out. It wasn't a comparison of the writers. I don't feel that I'm particularly "jaded" as Jerry thinks. Nope. I still flip over a gem here and there and enthuse over some good stuff and, like always, deplore the rank-and-file filler material.

I do want to mention that I'm in complete accord with EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF. I'm not putting down good ol' Bob Shaw. Hell, I sat and talked to him and th' Mrs. for hours at the bar in the Alexandria during Solacon. It's just that I've never had the opportunity to do the same with good ol' Eddie.

Unfortunately, whether Eddie or Bob get to the St. LouisCon, I won't. I was hoping, among many other things, to get to meet the Double Bills at same but Anne has come down with a severe case of pregnancy which quite thoroughly cancels out any extensive traveling, especially since she is due near the end of September! Maybe next time!

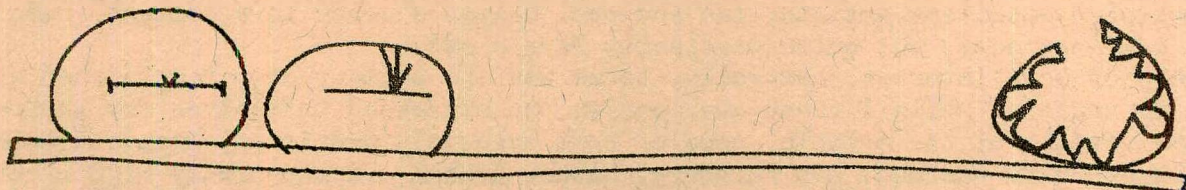
According to my log, DOUBLE:BILL 19 arroveled here on March 7th. Even then, the Holiday season as evidenced in D:B 19 was sort of jarring. Yet I enjoyed it. The optimism for a better year ahead, for instance. At least it isn't exactly another Year of the Jackpot. I enjoyed the bit by the Miesels and the illo along with it. Also the 2nd 100 books by Asimov as predicted by Banks Mebane. Very funny indeed.

In fact, it seems that this issue of D:B featured a bit more light material. Enjoyable. And in the editorial segments, it would seem that the faanish type is ol' Mallardi and the Sercon is ol' Bowers. Yet I'll certainly have to agree with the latter's philosophy.

{{ We certainly were looking forward to meeting you at St. Louis, too, but the birth of a new fan is certainly more important! ## Looks like we succeeded in our intentions with #19 even better than planned..we may have depressed a few people with it - seeing as how the loc's weren't as many as we'd hoped for. ---BEM}}

Rick Brooks, P.O. Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211

Bowers, I found your editorial to be quite in line with my thoughts. But lately,



YOU WANT TO GET UP AND FEED THE BABY, HOUER, OR DO YOU WANT ME TO?

up to

Rick Brooks, concl:

I've begun to wonder if too much concern is just as bad as too little. We see these student fanatics destroying blindly because they believe so strongly and are so involved in their cause that they see as evil all that stands in their way. I'm beginning to wonder if we weren't better off with the apathy. When you care too deeply, you're likely to go off the deep end.

I finally saw 2001 up here and loved it. I would have cut the "trip" sequence by about 50% to bring it more in line with my concept of a hyperspace trip. And I'd have tidied up the science and idiotic flaws (such as our two astronauts discussing terminating the computer where he could read their lips) in the show. But flawed as it was, it was wonderful. The credits especially were impressive with the earth, moon, sun backdrop. But why all those goddamned tapirs trotting around instead of a more familiar animal?

Sense of Wonder is still being batted around, I see. Some books, like Lord Dunsany, LotR, Most of Norton's, Doc Smith's Lensmen, CL Moore's Northwest Smith, and John Campbell's THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE and THE INCREDIBLE PLANET, give me a lift no matter how much I re-read them. Dunsany especially can send me even with a passage that I've almost memorized.

John Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

Yes, we're well done with 1968. I can't recall a year I was as glad to see the end of. Unfortunately, we don't get a clean slate with each year, and the problems of 1968 are still with us. (1968? Hell, we don't know yet who killed President Kennedy in 1963, and nobody seems to give a damn either. Nor is it yet clear how this whole sorry business in Vietnam was foisted on us.)

The problem has in it, as Bill Bowers points out, the fact that people don't care so much about one another or what happens. But this is no accident; we are actively being persuaded to this view by the actions of our leaders. There are people with tangible financial interests in polluting our lakes, or conquering Vietnam, or keeping Kennedys out of the White House.

If people really did care about what happened to one another, war would not be possible. And without war, there would be no war profits. So a certain amount of callousness is necessary to keep the present economic system going. See the Iron Mountain Report for further details.

Fortunately, there are countervailing ideas which also receive support. Against Hoffer and Lorenz can be balanced Marcuse and Wertham - not that I agree with everything they say, or disagree with everything said by the Establishment intellectuals, but at least an opposing viewpoint is not entirely lacking.

("Wertham - ahahaha - isn't he the guy who said comic books were bad for you?" Once this objection is made, there is more than a little to be said for him. I doubt whether people are completely unaffected by seeing shoot-em-ups on TV night after night. And how about kids who have been watching for several years a TV cartoon show whose villains are a pair of Russians named Boris and Natasha? Wertham has been in the forefront of the criticism of excessive violence and political indoctrination on TV.)

I think that the editors have engaged in a little satire of their own by juxtaposing Arnold Wellsly's and Ben Solon's letters. Both Wellsly and Solon seem to believe that vast conspiracies are Out to Get Them - Wellsly blames the Demon Gods, and Solon blames the International Communist Conspiracy. The only thing left is to put the people who share Solon's delusion in the same place as the people who share Wellsly's.



John Boardman, concl:

Once he gets off his conspiracy, Solon makes a good point about The Horse Barbarians. Like much of the late H. Beam Piper's stuff, it's a lazy man's historical novel.

{{ Ye Olde Bem is the one who arranges the letters for the Lettercolumn, John -- and if you (or anyone else for that matter) choose to think that I placed those two letters satirically, that's your (or their) prerogative! Unless aroused tho, (disclaimer!) I am normally a mild-mannered Bem, so how in this ever-lovin' world could you think I'd be se narsty?! Heh....---BEM}}

And Now, On To The: WE ALSO HEARD FROM'S:

ISAAC ASIMOV sent us a pocsard, saying: "Very funny squib on my 'second hundred books' in the January 69 issue.

"Actually, my hundredth book is scheduled for sometime this Fall (hopefully before my half-century mark) and it will be called, barring last minute change, OPUS ONE HUNDRED.

"Something you haven't guessed is that I am working on a huge book on Shakespeare--- but not on the Koran." {{ I also deeply wish you'd take Connie Reich's idea to heart and publish a cookbook! We're glad you took Banks Mebane's fake review in a kindly, humorous manner. We were kind of worried you just might not appreciate it! ---BEM}}

BILL CAPRON wrote in, and said he liked the issue. Especially liked Bowers' editorial, Connie's art/ImpressionsIV, the Christmas Poem, etc. He also sez: "Your computer card - aagghh! Around this place students are known to become frantic at the sight and IBM reigns supreme. Seeing all those BEM's in the lettercol is kinda (read kinda) disturbing. Visions of Godzilla run through my head." {{ If you'd gotten D:B before, Bill, you'd have known that we've sent a computer card out before, too. At least one fan (Mike Deckinger) used it thusly: He bent, folded, tore, and mutilated it all to hell, thus venting his built-up frustrations on IT, instead of his loved ones. That's D:B, the Theraputic Fan-zine! ## And of course we must use all those BEM's in the lettercol..after all I needn't point out that it's run by one..but then I just have, didn't I?! ---BEM}}



WAHF an old friend, MIKE McQUOWN, who shared the hotel room with me at NyCon 3. Mike liked the artwork a lot, but complains (as did Bill Capron by the way) that pages 13-14 were missing from his copy. Damn! In spite of our efforts to try for perfection, we had to screw up anyway. Thanks for the interesting letter Mike..write again..lack of space prevents us from printing it this time 'round.

ALAN THOMPSON wrote a 2½ page hand-written letter -- but Alan..much as we appreciate your lengthy letters, could you please type them nexttime? They're too hard to decipher this way! Mine eyes have seen the ~~glory~~ last of 20/20 vision after all these straining years of reading. England's DAVID C. PIPER is weird! Viz: "Suddenly I stumbled across an unusual quality of an IBM 5081 Punched Card. If you tear your wife's clothes off (which I do often) and hold the card at an approx. distance of 6 inches in front of your eyes, short side at the top, & look thru the holes at said naked wife, you get an intensely erotically tantalising view of naked flesh which blows one's cool & causes extreme sexual arousalment..."((CENSORED))! WAHF: Dave Prosser, Jerry Kaufman, Jack Gaughan, and Joanne Burger. WRITE! Until the Annish...JONES FOR TAFF! Bye... The BEM.

