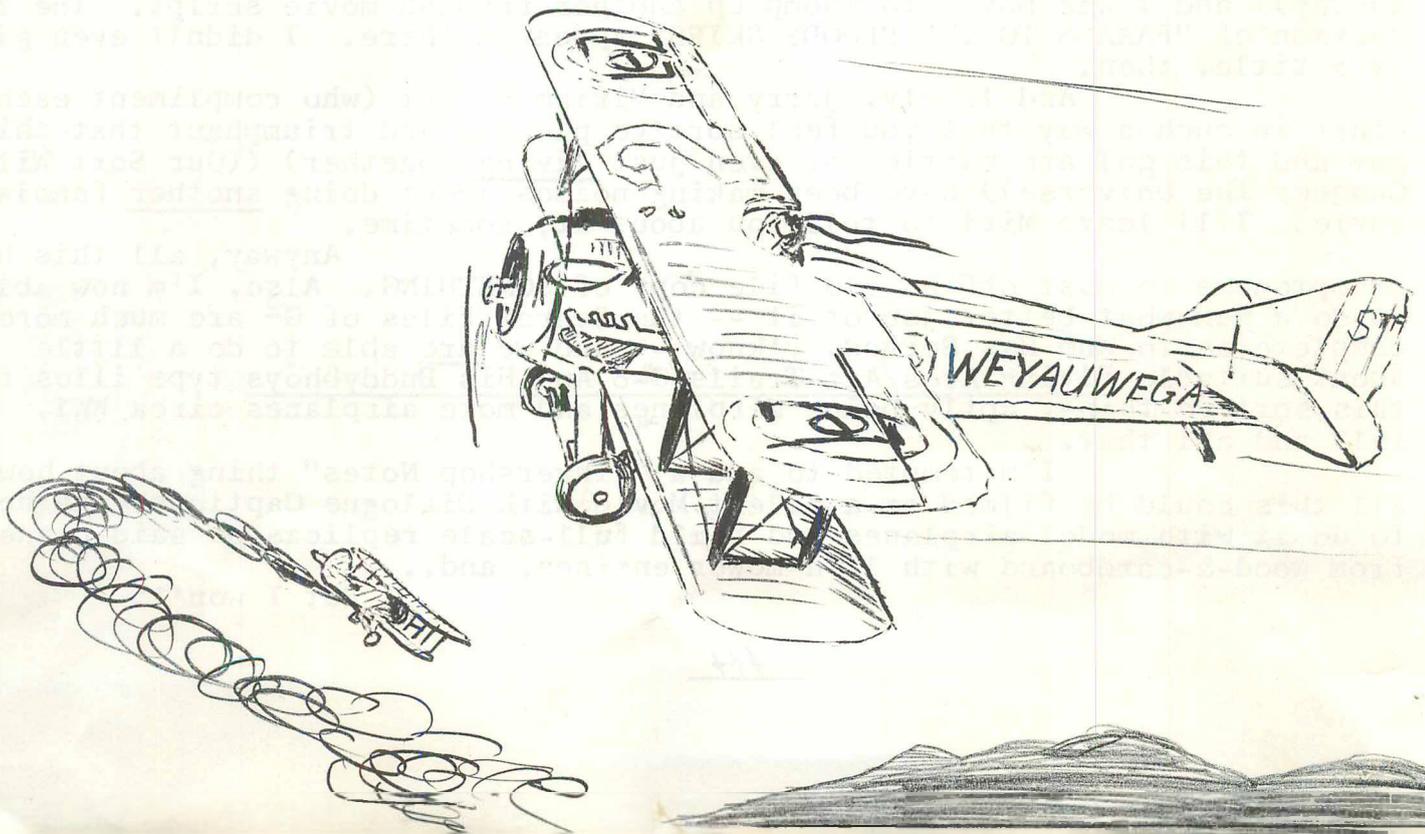
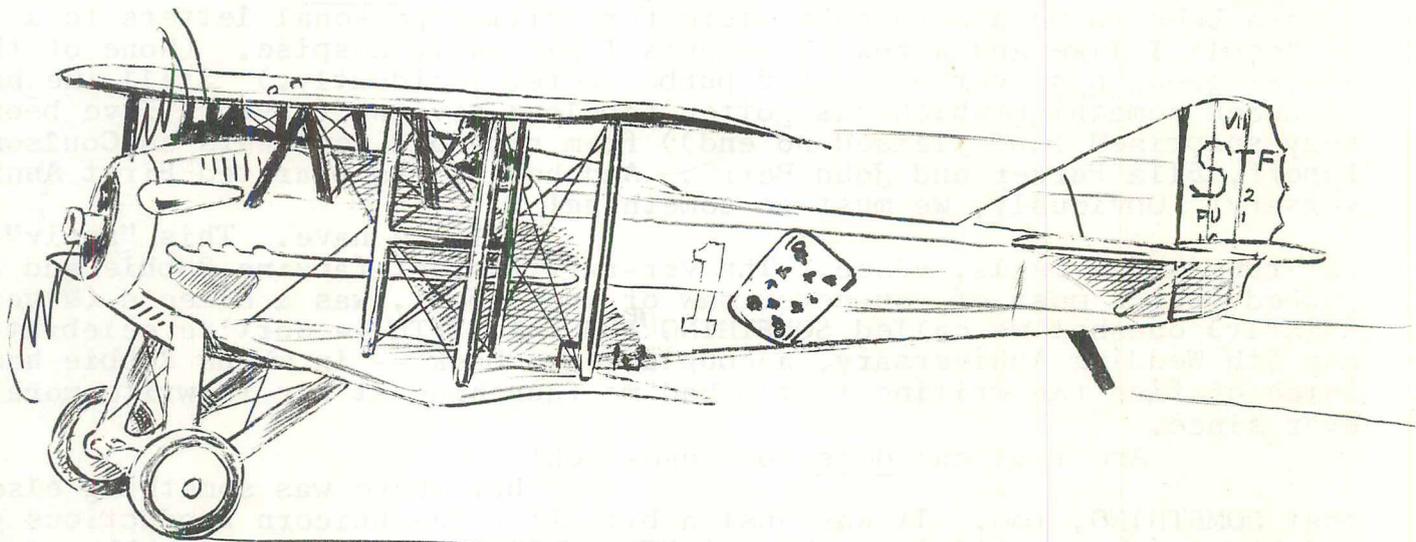


# G<sup>2</sup> AND HIS BATTLE ACES

MAY 62  
number TWELVE!



NOW, THIS ANNISH business has been done to a frazzle. I don't like Gigantic Fanzines full of longwinded treatises signifying virtually nothing, whether it's another Annish or 5-yearly or just another ish of HABBAKUK. We'll have something very much worth publishing before I will ever do that much work. Like maybe a serious Heinlein novel or a 100-page LoC from Bill Donaho....

But here 'tis, the 12th ish of g2 and by damn that is an Anniversary -- probably the most important one in the life of any fmz -- and this is all very peculiar. Because for one thing I have never thot of g2 as a really bona fide fanzine. I have never considered using anyone else's articles, or any regular column by anyone else, or very much of anyone else's artwork -- and I think a real fanzine should -- so that g2 has always been to me a mere substitute for writing personal letters to a lot of people I like and a few whose guts I gleefully despise. (None of the latter group has ever had a LoC pubbed here, incidently.) Still, we have produced something which has gotten fabulous reviews (anyway, I've been very surprised (and pleased no end)) from such odd reviewers as Coulson, Lupoff, Ella Parker and John Berry. And here's its blarsted First Anniversary! Obviously, we must do something!

Well, we have. This "anniv" bit rang a few bells, y'see. The ver-r-ry fustest fanzine Robbie and I pubbed, which most of you never saw or know about, was a mimeo'd (& very faintly) oneshot we called SOMETHING ABOUT A FIFTH -- sort've celebrating our 5th Wedding Anniversary, a coupla years back -- in which Robbie had a batch of fine fan-writing that's had me faunching at her to write more, ever since.

And that gal does love ego-booh!

But there was something else in that SOMETHING, too. It was just a bit after the Unicorn Productions gang had been with us, filming a bit of "THE MUSKEET KID" (Okay, I abbreviated spelling the title) ((it's the way I thot the title should've been spelled, anyway)) and I was moved to whomp up another fannish movie script. The 1st version of "FAAANS TO THE BLOODY SKIES" appeared there. I didn't even give it a title, then.

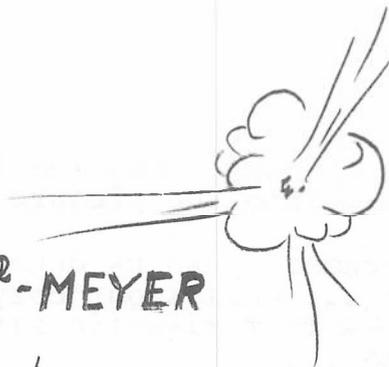
And lately, Jerry and Miriam Knight (who compliment each other in such a way that you feel sort've pleased and triumphant that this guy and this gal are married or even just living together) ((Our Sort Will Conquer The Universe)) have been making noises about doing another fannish movie. I'll leave Miri to tell you about it, sometime.

Anyway, all this has prompted me to dust off an old file copy of SOMETHING. Also, I'm now able to do a somewhat better job of it -- the Secret Files of G<sup>2</sup> are much more complete as to Who Has Served, y'know -- and we are able to do a little about suitable Flying Aces/Air Trails/G-8 And His Buddybhoys type illoes for this sort've thing, aptly being airplanes and more airplanes circa WW1, 1917 and all that.

I'm tempted to add a "Tinkershop Notes" thing about how all this could be filmed as a Silent Movie with Dialogue Captions, and how to do it with model airplanes and build full-scale replicas of said planes from wood-&-cardboard with lawn-mower engines, and....

But I won't.

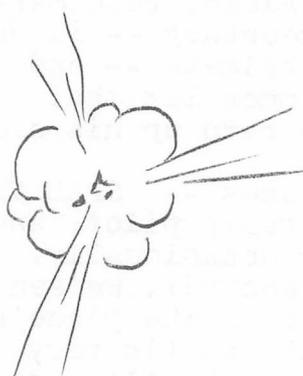
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METRO-G<sup>2</sup>-MEYER

- presents -

# FAAANS



TO



CAPT. TUCKER

THE

# BLOODY SKIES

This Production comes out in superscreen splashycolor, let's say, with credits to producer, cameraman, art director, screen director, coffeepot director, costume-design director -- it probably all adds up to Al Lewis of LA, anyway. So we wait out that bit in some sweaty hotel showingroom and ---

Comes the first scene. Up floats this large-size book with human skin covers entitled THE IMMORTAL ROWRBAZZLE as an unseen narrator starts off

with a cozy chat about the fabulous history of fandom. Bjo's freckled hand pokes down into the picture and flips open the book.

And the camera pans us down closer, the printed-in-human-blood pages fuzz and blur ... whilst our cozy, unseen narrator is chatting about The Great Fan War -- that gigantic struggle which spread its awful shadow over fandom's past!....

Fadeout/fadein -- and we've got an aerial view of All Quiet On The Western Front. Miniature trenches and muddy puddles with knotted threads tangled in twigs like barbedwire, while little firecrackers go bang and somebody blows cigarette smoke across the scene. Our view moves over this unfirm terra to a place where all the trenches seem to converge on one big shellhole.

The shellhole is surrounded by toy machineguns, all pointed outward. A sign on one side points and proclaims: Fandomburg, 4 Km.; another sign points off the other way, proclaiming: Apaville, 3 Km.

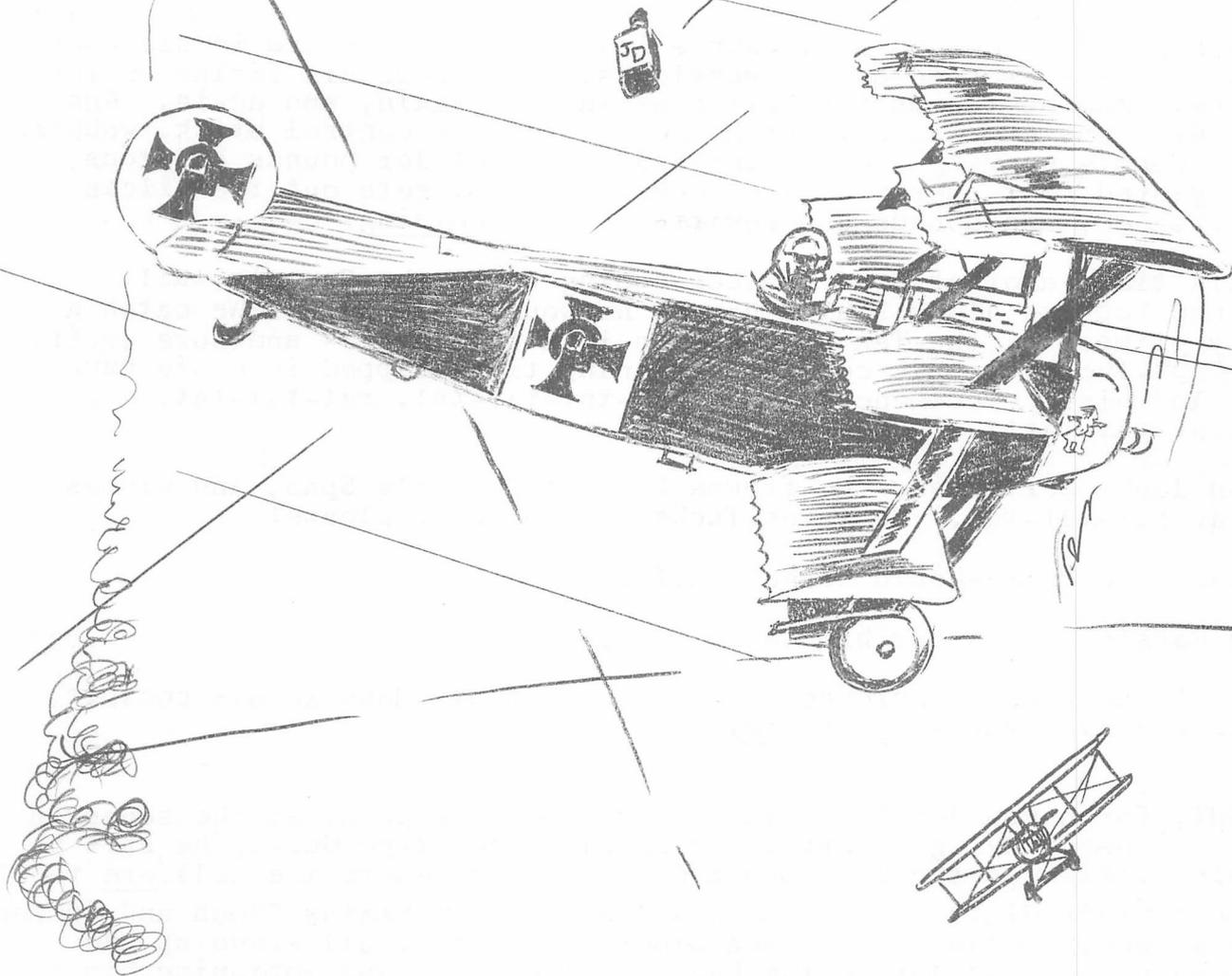
In the bottom of this shellhole, General Hamilton, General Boucher and General Anderson are playing poker with Feld Marshal Heinlein, Feld Marshal Leinster, Feld Marshal Wollheim and Feld Marshal Greenburg -- it just happens their names & rank are clearly printed on their helmets -- and Feld Marshal Greenburg looks up at the cold gray sky, commenting that The Raid should begin any time now, the while slipping a card up his sleeve.

Up in the sky, we suddenly have five little yellow airplanes -- SPAD VII's, to be fussily technical -- with a single machinegun, a trusty pilot, and an engine that sputters and backfires and roars mightily occasionally. On the lead plane in this formation, on the side of the cockpit, we see the name "Capt. Tucker" and his private hex-sign is there on the plane's tail: the Ten of Clubs. On another, we see "Capt. Bloch" and (in very large letters) WBYAUWEGA. Another has "Sgt. Hickman" and a bottle, square in shape, labelled JD; then there's one with "Sgt. Madle" and a small, ornate bronze plaque enscribed "member - The Boys' Science Fiction Club"; and on the 5th plane, "Sgt. Joe Fann" with no symbol on the tail at all -- but he wears glasses, smokes a pipe, and looks a little like Larry Shaw.

On the wings of these aeroplanes is a kind of Frenchified tricolor with the letters L-e-Z worked into it... And Captain Tucker waves his arm and points a gloved finger downward: there is their target, the Enemy! Everybody looks down from his cockpit, and then quickly assumes a 45° angle to the camera, which means he's diving. We see five little model airplanes zoom up from a dive; then each pilot is dumping bundles of papers over the side....

Below, Feld Marshals Heinlein, Wollheim & Greenburg scamper hastily to gather up all the fanzines-from-on-high. "Get them all, quick!" shouts Heinlein. "Before they demoralize the troops!" And Wollheim exclaims, "Ah (or maybe 'Ach') here's something with my name in it -- Change-of-Address column!"

Far above all this, Baron von Rotsler scowls down over the side of his



little black triplane. He has two machineguns and the black crosses on his machine have somehow been worked into letters spelling "V-o-M".

Model Spads go fleeing in all directions as this model Fokker tripe dives among them, going "rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sgt. Madle blinks owlishly and almost rams Capt. Bloch, and they fly off banging wingtips and waving angrily at each other. Sgt. Hickman throws a bottle at von Rotsler. The Baron feels a bump on his rudder, the bottle plops into his cockpit, and he grabs it -- taking off after Hickman's Spad, waving the bottle and yelling. Hickman catches it neatly on the 2nd pass, measures the contents with a jaundiced eye, and howls imprecations at the Baron -- who his back on his tail, trying manfully to draw a bead on the drunkenly weaving Spad!

But then von Rotsler sees something else, something much better -- Sgt. Joe Fann sneaking off from the fierce dogfight, abandoning his comrades to their fate, the snivelling coward! Von Rotsler's teeth glisten whitely in his black beard, in a grin of terrible joy, and he kicks his little triplane into a snap-roll and dives to attack.

He comes screaming down on Sgt. Fann's Spad, hunched forward in his cockpit, goggled eyes crossed on his gunsights, and thumbs his firing button. And frowns. And he thumbs the button again, and again, and again. And scowls. His guns are jammed! With one hand on the control stick, wobbling after Joe Fann's weaving and bobbing Spad, von Rotsler pounds his guns with his gloved fist, jerks at the cocking levers, gets out the oilcan and squirts 'em, and pounds and squirts -- but, nothing!

About this time, another Spad is seen coming up on the Baron's tail, weaving and bobbing along behind him as he pounds his guns. We catch a momentary glimpse of the Ten of Clubs on it's fuselage -- and sure enuff, here is **Capt. Tucker** in his cockpit, grinning tight-lipped into his gunsights. And his gun commences going rat-tat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, and rat-tat-tat-tat!

The Baron looks perturbed. He frowns back at Tucker's Spad, and winces at another rat-tat-tat. He waves Tucker to go away, please!

Tucker wants to know should he go 'way???

Yes, von Rotsler waves for him to go away.

Tucker looks sorrowful, scrouches more comfortably down in his cockpit, takes careful aim, and -- ka-powie!

THAT NIGHT, Baron von Rotsler with bandaged head is guest at the squadron mess. Being a very disagreeable Enemy-type Guest, he says he heard this outfit was run by a bunch of women, and where the hell are they? Listening to this diatribe from across the table, Captains Bloch and Tucker exchange a knowing glance with each other. Then they all stand up and start pounding von Rotsler on the back and laughing, and motioning him to come along with them.

There is a 1917-type Lagonda limousine with wood-spoke wheels and the back seat enclosed, but the chauffeur's front seat open with the big steering wheel and the gear-and-brake levers, and the carriage gas-lanterns on the sides and like that. This little plastic model Lagonda goes wobbling down a ruddy dirt track toward distant cottages and church steeple in the bright moonlight. Then the camera swings over to a roadside clump of weeds and there is a little sign proclaiming: Apaville.

The Lagonda shudders to a stop before a bistro called the Chez Fanette -- and here, in the village streetlamp glow, you can read the signs on the car, saying "The Phaeton To The Opera" and "Count Dracula Says You Can't Sit Here" and the one on the radiator saying "Famous Monster."

Then they are all inside, and everyone's introducing the Baron with his white teeth flashing and bootheels clicking to such well-stacked dolls as we can get to fill out loose peasant blouses with uplift bras and wiggle their rumps in short peasant skirts.

Thereupon, a svelte-looking type (who maybe looks suspiciously like Jean Carrol Engel in well-corsetted tight gown and long cigarette holder) known to one-and-all as the Comtesse Peranto (say it fast) falls by and sees the Baron snogging with these cute Apaville femmes, and forthwith A Look Is Exchanged like in a Rudolph Valentino flick.

But then, mysteriously, the Comtesse rolls offstage and toddles home to her chateau -- we see it standing black against the moonlight, and then she is inside it -- and upstairs with the flickering candle to the small room with the codebooks and wireless!!!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE standing black in the moonlight, Baron von Ackerman is chinning the fat with Feld Marshal Wollheim up in the north tower room with the codebooks and wireless. They get the message. It thus develops that they have a problem: Has the Baron von Rotsler talked? Has he succumbed to Enemy bribes and fleshpots, and Told All -- and already yet, does the Enemy know about the new Zuper-Vom being developed, to be dropped from the new Zuper-Vommer??? Ach, the Comtesse must find out!

We flash back, now, to where Capt. Bloch and Capt. Tucker are nursing their drinks at a corner table under a large poster advertising Le Blog, and musing dourly about how they both got command of the same squadron by some fool clerk's mistake, when Sgt. Joe Fann rushes in to say von Rotsler has disappeared! There is an immediate mustering of forces, including giggling and snuggling femmes, and they begin a search.

They enter empty rooms, then march on down the hall, and a guy and doll loitering at the rear of the search party immediately duck into the room just searched. This goes on until there is just Bloch and Tucker and a Frenchy little femme built like Bjo Trimble. They find this room, and the door opens, and von Rotsler thrusts the Comtesse out, snarling, "Away with the wench!" He grabs the little femme with Bloch & Tucker, jerks her inside, and slams the door.

There and then, amid ejaculations of "Hoo, Bho!" and standing in just her corsets and bloomers, the Comtesse blurts it all out. How she is an Enemy Spy, how she was trying to find out if von Rotsler had talked -- that is, all about the Zuper-Vom and the Zuper-Vommer, which is developed already that very night and due to take off the very next morning! And she doesn't care anymore because she's found her One, True Love and anyway, you fools, you're all doomed! Doomed, you hear?

But it's the shank of the evening yet, so back we go to the squadron mess where they are all in their flying togs and sweating it out. The old alarm clock is clanking away on the oildrum stove, somebody cranks up the Victrola and somebody shuts it off. Joe Fann is in a corner, terribly afraid.

8

Hickman is belting a bottle of Black Label. Lance Corporal Youngfan Warner, Jr., is sitting with Captain Bloch, discussing it all in low tones: how he wishes he could go along, how Hickman is too drunk and Joe Fann too scared and Sgt. Madle, well, Madle's just too old and isn't a very good pilot, keeps running into things....

Tucker looks at his wristwatch, then jumps up to announce it is time to get outside and warm up their engines. As they file out, Hickman is last. He stumbles and falls in the doorway, and begins to snore. Youngfan Warner, Jr., appears behind him, pulls off Hickman's flying helmet and goggles, puts them on, and hurries out.

Five little Spads are snarling and backfiring their engines in the chill gray light that precedes the dawn. Five little Spads in a row. Tucker looks around from his cockpit, raises his arm, and yells "Let's go!"

Four little Spads roll forward -- the fifth coughs, clatters, and erupts a cloud of black smoke with the groundcrew yelling and the pilot scrambling out. As four model Spads bounce down the field, one hits a pothole, digs a wing into the ground, and flips around. As three little Spads rise into the gray sky, one starts spewing black oil and making grinding noises and turns back to land.

Capt. Bloch and Capt. Tucker go climbing into the bright morning sunlight in their little planes, and wave pleasantly How-d'ya-do.

The first person to spot the giant Zuper-Vommer is an orderly loaded down with canteens, who's out with General Campbell and his dowsing rod. The General is still dowsing, while a cloud of canteens rise into the air behind him, as the huge shadow flashes past....

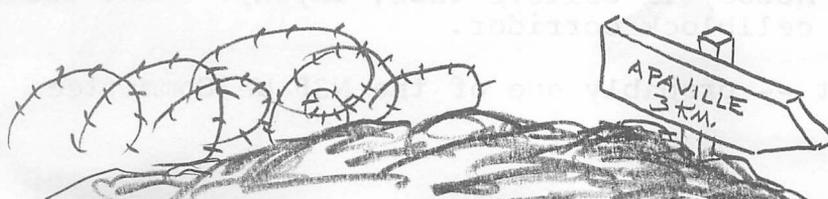
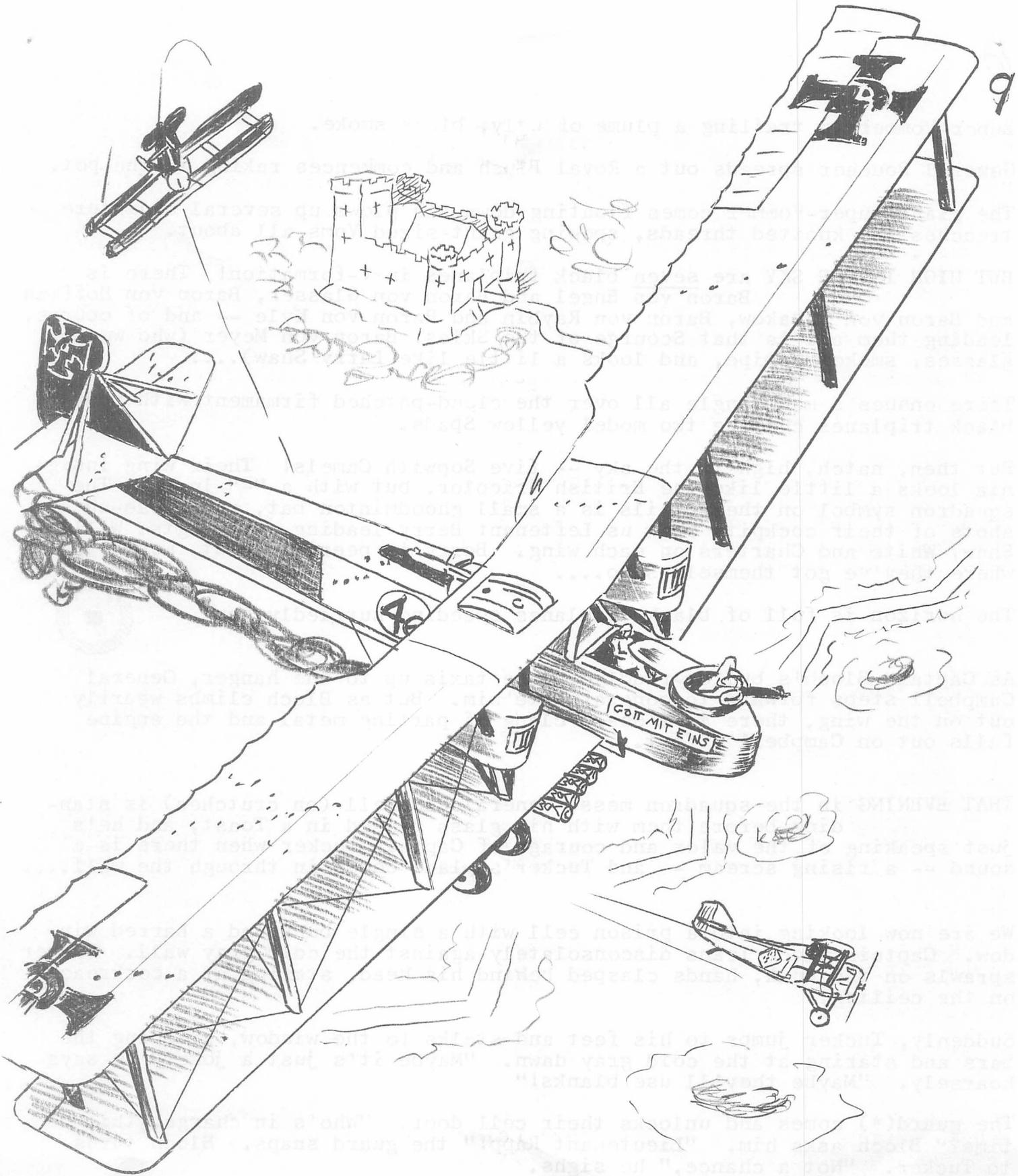
AND THERE IT IS -- the Zuper-Vommer!!! It has some slight resemblance to a Gotha bomber, a huge biplane with two giant engines, a pilot and bombardier, and two machinegunners. The gunners are Oberleutnants Eshbach and Unger. Baron von Ackerman himself is flying the thing, with Baron von Speer beside him as bombardier.

Bloch and Tucker find it, sail in, and blaze away. Scratch two gunners. Baron von Speer is screaming at Baron von Ackerman, but Baron von Ackerman flies straight ahead. There is a slightly glassy look to his eyes. Von Speer grimaces, shrugs, then ducks down to crawl back in the giant fuselage, where he lifts Eshbach's limp form over the side and mans the rear machinegun, himself.

Bloch and Tucker whip their little planes around and go in for another pass.

Down in the big shellhole, Generals Hamilton, Boucher, Anderson and Jenkins (who somewhat resembles Feld Marshal Leinster) continue playing poker with Feld Marshals Heinlein, Wollheim and Greenburg....

Von Speer dies a hero's death, matching fire with fire! One engine on the



by goe

Zuper-Vommer is trailing a plume of ugly, black smoke.

General Boucher spreads out a Royal Flush and commences raking in the pot.

The giant Zuper-Vommer comes floating down and plows up several miniature trenches and knotted threads, spewing giant-sized Voms all about.

BUT HIGH IN THE SKY are seven black triplanes in V-formation! There is Baron von Engel and Baron von Glasser, Baron von Hoffman and Baron von Tabakow, Baron von Raybin and Baron von Kyle -- and of course, leading them all is that Scourge of the Skies, Baron von Meyer (who wears glasses, smokes a pipe, and looks a little like Larry Shaw)....

There ensues a mad tangle all over the cloud-patched firmament with model black triplanes chasing two model yellow Spads.

But then, natch, high in the sky -- five Sopwith Camels! Their wing insignia looks a little like the British tricolor, but with a "-" in it. The squadron symbol on their tails is a small ghoddminton bat, and close-up shots of their cockpits show us Lieutenant Berry leading, with Sgts. Willis, Shaw, White and Charters on each wing. Berry is peering about, wondering where they've got themselves to....

The horizon is full of black triplanes speeding hurriedly home.



As Captain Bloch's bullet-riddled plane taxis up to the hanger, General Campbell steps forward to congratulate him. But as Bloch climbs wearily out on the wing, there is a sharp clang of parting metal and the engine falls out on Campbell's foot....

THAT EVENING in the squadron mess, General Campbell (on crutches) is standing before them with his glass raised in a Toast, and he's just speaking of the valor and courage of Captain Tucker when there is a sound -- a rising scream -- and Tucker's plane comes in through the wall....

We are now looking into a prison cell with a single bunk and a barred window. Captain Bloch leans disconsolately against the cold gray wall. Tucker sprawls on the bunk, hands clasped behind his head, staring at a cockroach on the ceiling.

Suddenly, Tucker jumps to his feet and stalks to the window, gripping the bars and staring at the cold gray dawn. "Maybe it's just a joke!" he says hoarsely. "Maybe they'll use blanks!"

The guard(\*) comes and unlocks their cell door. "Who's in charge, this time?" Bloch asks him. "Lieutenant Rapp!" the guard snaps. Bloch turns to Tucker. "Not a chance," he sighs.

"Oh, well --" Tucker shrugs. "Nobody'll believe this, anyway!" And the guard marches them off down the cellblock corridor.

(\*)His name isn't important -- probably one of the N3F WelCommittee.

- + Seein' as how I'm casting about with
- + Fannish Types, here -- we just happen
- + to have this article on hand....

11.

the

# COLLOSSAL

## CRITTURS

- by Robbie Gibson -

Move over, Ron Elik! We have our own personal travellin' squirrel, as certified by two Gibsons and witnessed by two Grahams.

Seems there's this li'l bushytail who lives on our side of the gulch ((+in the dense trees next to that bluff overlooking our back patio+)) but who evidently has staked out a territory across the road, as well. He makes the rounds regularly, sometimes once, sometimes twice a day, and he avoids all hazards like cars, dogs, cats, kids ((+and bicycles+)) by using his own personal "elevated."

This squirrel travels the lower, unelectrified bracing wire on the electricity poles.

These run straight up the hill (N and S) ((+from the telephone pole across the road to the pole behind our house, then zooooom up to the pole on top of the bluff+)) and have a subsidiary system branching off at right angles (E and W) ((+ following the road, from pole to pole, on up the gulch to a dense clump of trees on that side+)) just in front of our place.... So it goes from the other side of the gulch to the TOP of the hill behind us (the road doubles around up there, forming a loop which looks down on our place AND the other side where the Whitecliffe housing development mars the scenery). The N&S route is the real steep one. Downhill, Mr. S goes a-scooting, but during the return trip at least one rest stop is mandatory on the steepest section ((+going up the bluff+)) with usually two being made. He hooks all four paws around the cable and balances with his tail while he regains his breath.

The only time I've seen him daunted on this quarter-mile trip from one batch of trees to the other, that he calls home, is when a couple of bluejays enlivened their otherwise dull existences by dive-bombing him repeatedly on one of the open stretches of wire. He finally made the pole, retreated to the upper crossbar, and sat there behind an insulator, cursing those jays in a manner to rival their usual strident language.

This enterprising young executive (you can almost imagine him nagging his squirrely wife about the amount of starch in his collars) got me to thinking about several other unusual animal characters I've seen or heard about recently.

There's Officer Hull, of the U.C.P.D., to which I recently belonged. ((+That's the Univ. of Calif. Police Dept., of course.+)) Hull, like Joe

and myself, is a sucker for cats. He, too, at the time I mention, had five. I haven't checked recently. However, he and his wife, Bonnie, both work. For a couple weeks, after they moved into a different house, they were completely mystified by a daily occurrence: They would arrive home in the evening, after having been away all day, to find that the TV (carefully turned off when they departed each evening on their way to work) was not only on, but BLARING, and that all five cats were sitting there enthralled with the latest doings of the Mickey Mouse Club, or whatever.

Those cats were turning the 'telly' on - all by themselves! They hadn't mastered the switching to different channels, because it was plain that they were always the same ones to which the thing had been tuned in the morning, but by golly, they were TV fans! After a few agonizing weeks, Hull finally figured it out. It wasn't (actually) deliberate. The screen of the set was on a vertical plane, but the tuning knobs were on an inclined plane that sloped about two inches back toward the top of the set. And the set was in front of a window. When they got DOWN from the top, after watching birds, etc., in the yard, they invertibly turned the thing on. But, however, once it was on, they watched. Talk about subliminal advertising!

Ever see a commuting pigeon? We did, one morning, on our way into Berkeley. There's this 'feed-on', see, on the Freeway, see, and onto the Freeway comes this bird. We're in the low-speed lane (partly self-defense and partly because that's where our Fiat 500 belongs) and he comes on just ahead of us. In fact, just about three feet in front of our little Bug. And there he stays, flying straight, true and in the center of the lane. We also note that he is strictly within the traffic pattern, inasmuch as he is just about 3½' off the tarmac and varies not-at-all. Joe finally got irritated and stepped on the gas. Did our feathered friend panic? Not in the least! Turned out that the center lane was (at that moment) unoccupied for a certain space, and our pigeon turned his head, signalled with a slight wag of his left wing, and moved into THAT lane. Slightly flabbergasted, we dropped our speed to our usual cruising speed, the pigeon noted this, and (again after 'signalling' his intention) reentered our lane. ((+Just above and slightly ahead of the car's bonnet, too, the @'#//\*@%=!!!+)) This, so help me, went on for about eight of the twelve miles we have to travel on the Freeway! I still wanta know where that pigeon works that he has to commute like us peons!

Another officer at UC, Jones, has a mynah bird which he and his mother (Jones is unmarried) have had to move to the back of their house since a certain untoward incident.

Seems that about six months after they assumed responsibility for Horatio, the paper boy knocked at their door, intending to collect for the past month's newspapers. Jonesy and his mother were not at home. The following, reconstructed from the individual involved, is close as possible to the actual conversation:

(Newsboy knocking).

Horatio, "What's YOUR name?"

Newsboy, "This is Clarence, I'm your newsboy, I want to collect for April."

Horatio, "What's YOUR name?"

Newsboy, "I just want to collect for the paper."

Horatio, "What's YOUR name?"

About this time the newsboy decided that retreat was the better part of valor, and departed. Sometime later, Jonesy got a querulous phone call from the newspaper office.

As I say, Horatio has been moved to the back of the house, in a more-or-less permanent position.

Of course, there is a reversal of the 'critturs conquer all' theme, too. Credit the ingenuity of Us Gibsons. Rog and Honey Graham Had A Problem. There was the planter box in front of their duplex, where Honey had lovingly imbedded marigolds, petunias, pansies, zinnias, and which already had a couple lopsided evergreens and one miniature rosebush. And their neighbor (they, personally, have a parakeet) had cats. The cats, being rational type characters, used the planter box as their most convenient sandbox. This, naturally, raised hob with the petunias, etc., etc.

They tried shooing the cats away. They tried spray that was supposed to discourage the presence of cats. They tried leaving the water-sprinkler on. Nothing worked.

Finally, they came to the experts (?) on cats - Gibsons. Very simple, I said - all you have to do is get some of those thin bamboo strips which are manufactured for barbecue shish-kabobs. Insert these in the earth every two-three inches, the cats can't squat without inflicting great physical anguish on themselves; ergo, they will depart to other, non-retaliative climes.

It worked.

Rog was on the phone to me the afternoon that he installed the 'barri-cades'. First, he told me what he had done, and that it had just been completed. Then, he noted that Lover Boy, the main transgressor from next door, was approaching. Then he yelled, "Wooww!" Seems that Lover Boy had investigated the new arrangement, discovered the inevitable, and high-tailed across the street like a black streak to the church flowerbeds. And the score stands at that. Occasionally they find a bamboo strip with a slight bit of fur, but no more cat-nuisance!

However this, I'm sure, is just a beginning. What 'crittur' tales would Reggie Bretnor (Siamese cat fancier) have to add? Dick Ellington? Or mayhap the Kyles, enroute here via house-trailer?? Rog and Honey with their Li'l Greenbird???

Critturs, anyone ?

"THE AWFULNESS OF IT ALL --" :

I'm printing the following excerpts because this, I want you to know, is the sort've thing that makes me feel frustrated and lonesome and misunderstood.

DICK LUPOFF: (From his fanzine review column in AXE #27)

"Joe has established a circulation policy for G<sup>2</sup> which is the soul of simplicity: if you wants a subscription, you pays for it, and that's that. So what, one is tempted to ask...there have been more circulation schemes used by faneds over the years than you can shake a crank at. But Joe argues about it, and readers (in the current issue Terry Carr) argue back, and Joe argues more and...and so it will go, back and forth, to no useful purpose, indefinitely, I expect. If Joe had stated, calmly and non-belligerently, what his policy was, and had replied calmly and not in print to those who complained, the whole argument would never have come about. But, as we are learning, argument is Joe Gibson's fannish stock in trade, and I suppose if it weren't this it would be something else to argue over."

LENNY KAYE: (From a letter which we didn't publish)

"This strictly 'Cash-basis' with g<sup>2</sup> doesn't seem quite right to me. If a person wants to make money in fandom, he may as well start huckstering books, and not bother trying to make his money selling his fanzine. To me, publishing is something I expect to lose money in, and with that in mind, I send it out for letters of comment, trades etc. I want people to read my fanzine, and I want to know what they think of it. It is a hobby, and as a hobby, I expect it to cost money...I believe I get more pleasure out of receiving a good letter of comment than a dollar bill for my efforts.

.. . . .

"But it is your fanzine, and you can do with it what you damn well please. I enjoy it most of the time, and I suppose if you want to keep it on a cash sub basis, I'll keep paying for it. (Upon reading the above paragraphs, I see that I haven't stated exactly what I feel, but you get the general idea...)"

&DICK KUCZEK: (From another letter we didn't publish)

"One thing that strikes me right off is your low sub rate. I'd rather get 3 issues for \$.25 than 1 for \$.25 and take a chance on suppling my sub by letters of comment anyday. I don't think fans should be refused a fanzine just because they don't like to write letters of comment. I thought one purpose of a fanzine was to inform fans about various fannish doings and stuff. I also can't see why any editor would refuse a sub to a person who thinks so much of his fanzine that he will pay good money for it."

\_\_\_\_\_ Lupoff, you're nuts! \_\_\_\_\_

You Want A Lettercol?

# WRITE

Otherwise, the main reason we've got no letters for this issue is very possibly because this is getting typed onto multi-master before issue #11 has been put into the mail!!!

ToIja things were goin' to get hot-and-heavy around here, for a while.

Also, this is an Annish. Ever'body else puts out 100-page annishes. Gibsons put out a slim annish. And now, we're only four months behind on our publishing schedule! But I must state, most emphatically, that anyone who feels he's being cheated by getting a much smaller fanzine than he'd expected to get at two-bits for 3 is entitled to gripe about it. I don't know if it'll do him much good, but he can gripe.

ANYONE WHO SEES THE KYLES before they reach the Bay Area with that house-trailer, please note and pass on:

When Doc & Jeany Smith visited the Bay Area with their house-trailer, they couldn't find a trailer park that accepted transients anywhere near here. They had to stop 'way over near Vallejo or somesuch place and then commute by car, back and forth 15 miles or so, to visit faaans and dirty pros around here. The Kyles might check ahead on this and make arrangements to pull into someone's driveway for the time they're here.

Unnerstand Phyllis Economou's put a date on her longterm plans to move to the Bay Area: 1964! And that both she and Betty Kujawa are plotting dark plots for a trip out here nextyear, for the Westercon.

Ethel Lindsay and the Willises are due here, shortly.

Honey Graham's mother was out for two weeks' visit, having taken in the Seattle World's Fair enroute from Cleveland. She proceeded to take in the Sacramento State Fair while she was out here -- and took Honey in with her. Honey says it's all still the same: she still likes the pig-judging contests best of all -- they're the one bunch of critturs that won't stand still for the judges, and it inevitably ends up as a pig-chasing contest. Squeee - squeee - squeee -- soo-ooh, pig pig pig!

Bill Donaho's mother was out fo' a visit with Billy, too. She took care of his house & cats while Big Bill attended the Trichicon. Seein' as we couldn't go, we dropped by and let Mrs. Donaho talk at us a couple times -- the second time, we walked in and nearly dropped in our tracks! It was the first time in years that Donaho's place had ever got dusted&swept!\* We imagined Bill coming back, walking in, getting a startled look on his face and backing out, muttering apologies for entering the wrong house!

\* And we don't mean any lick-and-a-promise!

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Which about does it for this time... our policy remains the same, meaning no free copies for LOCs and no more trades -- you may recall that we began this "no trade" policy becuz we were already getting 12 other fmz, & that's enuff. Sorry.

+ + + + +

This is g2#12 supposedly for May, 1962, and here it is September ... comes from Joe & Roberta Gibson, at 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif., USA ... this'll be monthly once we're caught up, again.

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- (  ) You subbed for 3 more g2's.
- (  ) Your sub has expired, now.
- (  ) This is a sample copy.

+ + + + +

Back in my Shaggy bit on Thieves, Whores & Moochers, I tried to warn fans about some nut pulling a John Birch stunt -- but Jennings' muck is worse than I'd even expected. I'm just afraid, now, that he may not be the last. You guys will be dnq about this stuff!//Nuff sed.

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