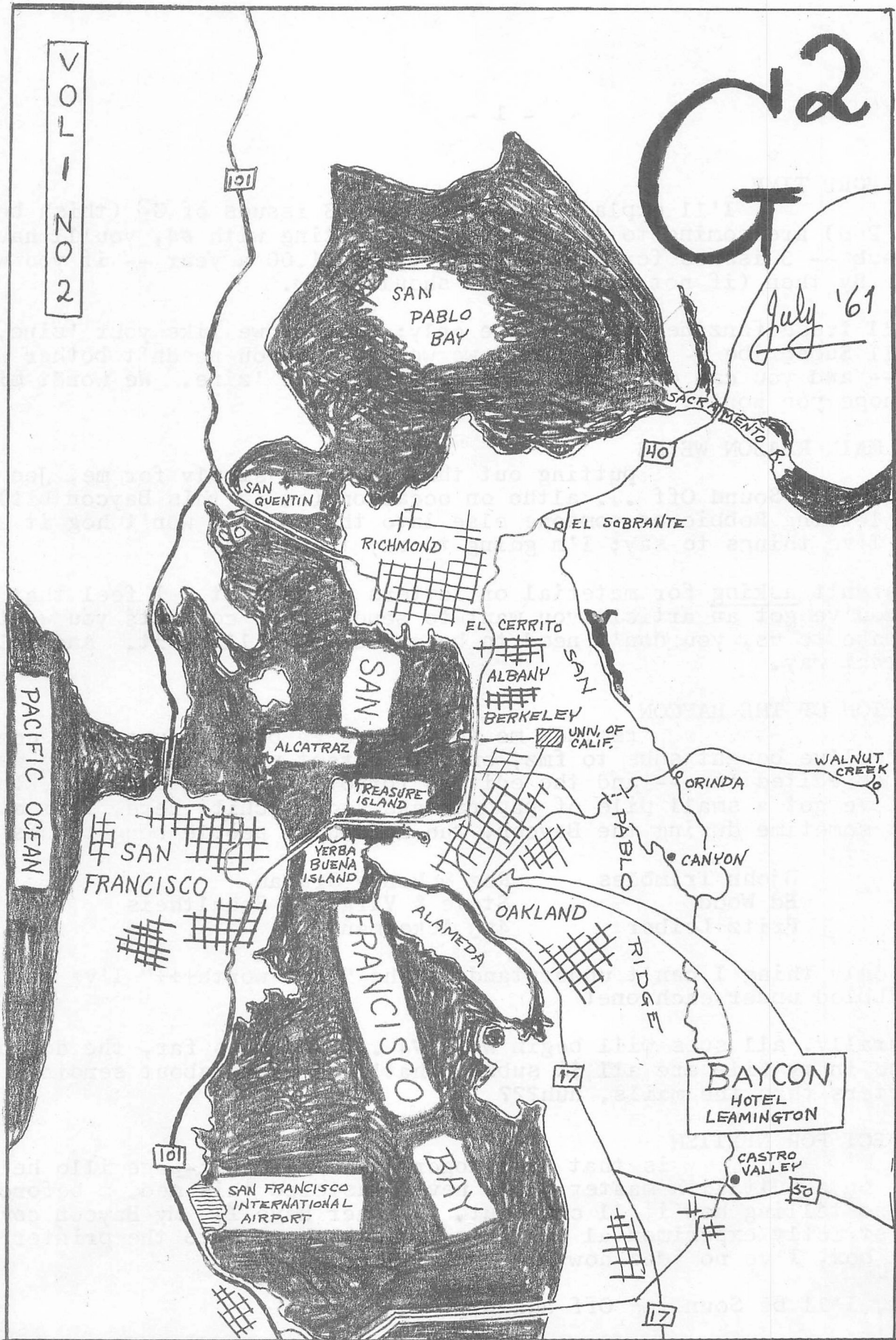


VOL 1 NO 2

G¹²
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July '61



ONE MORE TIME,

I'll explain that the first 3 issues of G2 (thish being the 2nd) are coming to you free. But starting with #4, you'll have to sub -- 3 issues for 25¢, 6 for 50¢, or \$1.00 a year -- if you want it. By then (if not already) you should know.

We'll trade fanzines for 1 issue only; then if we like your 'zine, we'll subscribe -- if we don't, we won't, and you needn't bother with us -- and you can do exactly the same with our 'zine. We won't mind. We hope you won't.

THE MAIN REASON WE'RE

putting out this thing is simply for me, Joe Gibson, to Sound Off ... altho on occasion (as in this Baycon bit) I'm letting Robbie or someone else into the act. I won't hog it all, but I've things to say; I'm going to say them here.

We aren't asking for material or letters of comment. I feel that if you've got an article you want to send us, or comments you want to make to us, you don't need to be asked. You'll do it. And I like it that way.

MENTION OF THE BAYCON

reminds me that there've been innumerable cons where I've bought subs to fmz, only to forget which 'zines they were or who edited 'em -- and the editors forgot I'd bought the sub, too. So I've got a small pile of paperscraps and barchits here, indicating that sometime during the Baycon, the following people bought subs to G2:

Bjohn Trimble
Ed Wood
Fritz Leiber

Rog & Honey Graham
Steve & Virginia Schultheis
4sj Ackerman

The only thing I can't understand is the "\$1's worth+++" I've got scribbled under each one!

Naturally, all subs will begin with #4 ... and thus far, the dozen-or-so in my file are all \$1 subs. What's so wrong about sending quarters thru the mails, huh???

PROJECT FOR NEXTISH

is that Alva Rogers has this half-page illo he's done on a multilith master; he's never mastered this medium before and no telling how it'll come out. Neither have I. My Baycon cover was strictly experimental (as this whole bash goes to the printer in a box, I've no idea how the cover'll come out).

Also, I'll be Sounding Off again.

In the Holiday Room, Honey called the convention to order REASONABLY close to scheduled opening time -- in fact, almost everything on the official program was prompt in beginning and of a reasonable length. This is probably the spot to give credit to the two people who should receive acclaim for keeping the program running smoothly: Honey Wood, Chairwoman, and Tony Boucher, Parliamentarian (and aide par excellence). Their patience and continuing good humor contributed much to the success of the formal side of the convention.

The program on Saturday was studded with stellar names: Reggie (Feghoot) Bretnor spoke on "What's Wrong With SF?" -- bringing out some conclusions that were, at least, different and thought-provoking. "The Future of Love" delivered by Margaret St. Clair was sprightly, brisk commentary on a subject which could (you'll forgive me this one, I hope?) conceivably have been pretty much of a drag. Frank Herbert, kind of a bearded "Dragon of the Sea" himself, (he's currently building a houseboat with Poul Anderson and Jack Vance) had as his subject "How Far Ahead of Science is Science Fiction?" Next was a debate between Poul Anderson and Reg Bretnor, "How Prophetic Is S-F?" -- which, actually, continued a long-standing poker-party argument between the two, and I am sure will be picked up again when the Outpatients meet later this month. After a break, Persuasive Al Lewis took over as Auctioneer and the first half of the art originals, manuscripts, etc., etc. slipped under the gavel. This was the first time I had seen Al in action, alternately cajoling and hypnotic, and my own thoughts are that Sam is SAM, Harlan is good, but that Al is the Kyrie Ellison of the West Coast.

The Leamington Bowl is a banquet room seemingly designed especially for Fen: the walls are paneled with huge murals from the Thousand and One Nights -- the atmosphere of which was only dispelled by the hardness of the metal folding chairs with which we were inflicted. The food, one of the sore points of many conventions, was good; service (here, as in the Coffee Shop) was prompt, accurate and rendered with excellent good humor. It was a long banquet (from 7:30 until almost 11 p.m.) but I don't believe there was a person there who would not sit thru it again, given the opportunity -- even, s'help me, with the metal chairs.

Tony Boucher was Toastmaster, swinging effortlessly into his famous mixture of the serious and the humorous -- and promptly got himself unintentionally "topped" from a least-expected quarter (or tenth, maybe). After opening remarks, he interrupted himself to announce that the party the nite before in the LA Suite had evidently been too much for some young lady, because when Al Lewis had awakened this morning he'd found a set of keys which had been left behind. At least, Tony felt that was how it occurred -- he had that much confidence in Al. At any rate, these seemed to be a set of house keys, and had a "Norge Appliance Service" tag attached, so would Miss Norge please claim her keys at that time?

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From the back of the room, a young lady arose and marched promptly up between the tables to the speaker's rostrum -- as a small ripple of laughter spread across the hall. Fritz, next to Tony, nudged him; Tony looked up. "Hello," he said, and went back to his notes. Fritz nudged him again and whispered urgently. Tony looked startled -- looked again -- and sheepishly handed over the keys to Miss Marie Louise Ellington, who said a grave 3-year-old thank you and went back to her mother as the entire hall roared with laughter.

A surprise feature of the program was engineered by Tony. The night before, a number of fans split off from the main party and adjourned to another room for folksinging. Ted Johnstone (acclaimed for the Wrai Ballad from The Musquite Kid) and Bruce Pelz (for once without his camera (Bruce, PLEASE send us prints -- I'll pay, even!)) have a repertoire of true folk music, of course, but more of interest to most fans is the satirical ditties they have concocted. "Loud Randall, My Son" should be taped for every fan group, without a doubt! Their voices are sweet, without guile, and the words they sing have the sting of a wasp -- delightful!

Jack Speer, adding a bit of Sercon to the affair, seemed to be having just a wee bit of trouble remembering that we weren't, after all, voting constituents ((+ I'd argue about that, but what's for Lunch?JG +)) but I will say that before hearing him, I wouldn't have admitted that I could hear a (deleted party name) razzing the (deleted party name)s, and not only not be irritated, but laugh as hard as anyone else. Huzzah, Jack, and may you YET see the error of your ways!

Forry Ackerman brought us up to date on what's doing in Hollywood, but was at a bit of a disadvantage -- Tony's introduction overshadowed anything he could have said ("The man whose name is on everyone's tongue; everyone is saying 'What's wrong with Science Fiction? Who killed Science Fiction?' etc.) --

Al haLevy, representing the Little Men, presented their Annual Award (like Tony said, it's been presented three times in fifteen years) of The Invisible Little Man to Cele Goldsmith, fair editress, as having contributed most to science fiction in the past year. After seeing Cele, I'm not sure it was the magazine they were talking about. For fen who have never seen one, the Invisible Little Man stands on the usual trophy pedestal -- only his footprints showing!

Fritz Leiber, Guest of Honor of the Baycon, spoke of Witches. Witches real, witches phantastic, witches today and in the past -- and was, himself, utterly bewitching. I know we all remember Guests of Honor, Speakers, who were mere sensations of the moment; some of whom could write, but couldn't speak; the ones who not only didn't know and understand fandom, but seemed not to care; Fritz is none of these. A commanding figure in every sense of the word (in a field

BULLSESSION BULLSESSION BULLSESSION BULLSESSION BULLSESSION BULLSESSION BULLSESSION

where outstanding personalities are the rule, rather than the exception) Fritz is, and always will be, one of our Truly Great.

Chicago threw a Free Bheer party after the banquet, with Official Hosts Sid Coleman and Ed Wood (from Pasadena and Idaho Falls, respectively, but you know how confused fandom can get these days) which started out on the Mezzanine, but transferred (yep!) to the 6th floor when the management found out. They were reasonable, tho -- they didn't care WHAT we did in the private rooms ((+ careful, girl, careful +)) but we couldn't give beer away out in public like that.

And so on, into the wee hours.

((+ I dunno how many were killed on California's hiways, Freeways & byways that Saturday, but I was out in it twice whilst Robbie dug the above scene -- first, that afternoon, with Karen and Bruce Pelz folded into our li'l machine, I cranked thru Oakland traffic out thru the Broadway tunnel to the blāsting heat of Orinda, and up into the hills to the Andersons' place. Bruce got something out of the garage and Karen got her subscription list. When we got back, the hotel felt cool; in fact, it felt clammy -- I almost had heat stroke! If I'd known, of course, I wouldn't have had so much ice beforehand.

Second trip was home to feed the cats & freshen up; Robbie'd brought a change with her to the hotel. I skinned off the Freeway so shook that I chopped myself, shaving, bled all over a fresh shirt and had to change into another. Going back to Oakland, cutting up with that bunch of 300-horsepower Freeway jockeys, I hit close to 75 m.p.h. a couple times -- and one just doesn't drive a Fiat 500 much over 55 or one blows the head off the engine. She didn't blow, but the Bay breeze did; a gust switched me lane-straddling, once. But I'd switched from bar booze to private stock, by then -- no ice, y'know -- and my reflexes weren't at all bad.

Doubt if I can do it many more years, tho. Fatigue got me that night. Going home was slow, cautious and extremely rough! +))

DAY THREE:

Registration continued, of course. Altho I haven't checked with the Committee, I believe that total attendance reached a hundred and fifty -- not bad for a regional con.

At 11 a.m., the N3F held their meeting, with about 25 in attendance. National Director Al Lewis was in charge, and the discussion centered mainly on the story contest which the Federation is sponsoring.

The program itself resumed at 12:30, with a panel on Crime and Mystery in Science Fiction composed of Anthony Boucher, Poul Anderson and Miriam Allen de Ford. It would be hard to assemble any group with more knowledge of the two fields, or which could (and did) speak so entertainingly. Miss de Ford's presence was an especial treat -- altho active and well-known in Mystery Writers' meetings, she's seldom seen by fan-groups.

After a break, the Auction continued with Al Lewis happily encouraging a sharp duel between Eleanor Busby and Bill Ellern. After the Auction, Ron Ellik (part of the LA group bidding for the next Westercon

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on the way back, we were that tired.

It was the end of the Convention.

EPILOGUE:

Looking back, everyone I've talked to agrees that this was the longest two-day convention ever. Ron Ellik was reminded of the Oklacon in Enid in '57, when some of them (after a car breaking down there, too) hitch-hiked on to someone's place afterward and went on fanning for several days, but here almost everybody at the convention went on -- and on -- and on. Ron told me that when he drove Sidney Coleman out to Oakland Airport Tuesday evening, they waited in the coffee shop for the plane to be called. Ron had a rhoöt bheer, Sid had a sandwich. Ron was idly nibbling Sid's potato chips when he suddenly realized that that, precisely (rhoöt bheer and potato chips) was what he'd been living on for four days.

Hail and farewell, Baycon! Seattle, anyone?

Bobbi

((+ AND THAT'S THE END of what I believe is a rather exceptional con report -- it doesn't tell merely what WE did, and saw, and said to WHICH bnf's. So I cut very little of it, tho its length makes this issue far bigger than I like. +))

* * *

WERE YOU A FAN

in '52?? Then you're to blame for this! Yes, YOU -- Shelby & Bob & 4e, and you other jokers. I said it then, and I'll say it now: 9 years ago, come this Labor Day, fandom committed a most grievous error. They got Walt instead of Madeleine. I said so to Walt, himself, I did -- we'd gone thru our 3rd Greyhound bus, by then -- I said, "Walt, why the hell aren't you Madeleine?"

It's taken fandom 10 years to rectify this Awful Mistake, which shows the finer quality of Fen we've got today ...

Everyone on our mailing list already knows about the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund, and that the address for \$\$ is Shaws, 16 Grant Pl., Staten Island 6, NY.

But if you haven't -- doggonit, it's time you did!

Wot the hell, Robbie dear; wot the hell
Since we've gone this far
Why stop?

LE VOMETTE

++ I am perfectly aware that 4sj, Tucker and the rest of That
+ Fandom would accept no apology for this -- and they'll get
+ none. This is the lettercol.
+ Fact is, the humanoid-type female tucked between the sheets
+ here was actually done for VoM -- which, int'restingly enuff,
+ means she's around 18 or 19 years old, now -- and in fact,
+ she was actually reproduced by some bit of 4e's legerdemain.
+ All this time, there's been the whole stack of her lying around
+ wherever 4e keeps stacked girls. Recently, tho, I suppose he
+ just decided that this girl and Robbie ought to be introduced;
+ so here she is (I'll save Robbie for some future ish) and many
+ grateful thanks to Collector Ackerman.
+ As for letters, one that elicited Robbie's whoop of joy was
+ from

G Fandom, Chicago Branch ((+ "Lew-wy GRANT!" +)) 5810 S. Harper,
Chicago 37, Ill.

which sez:

Thanks for the copy of G², which has some interesting insights
in it. I'm getting to be quite an expert on insights; I've been pay-
ing \$6 per hour at the Counseling Center of the U. of C. to try hav-
ing some, and also writing an article on creativity and associated
phenomenon for the International Language Review. It will be called
"The Care and Feeding of Oddballs!" and believe me, if you think SF
has more than its share, you should investigate the international
language field. ((+ No thanks! 4e once led me into a place where
they were having an Esperanto meeting -- and I was just 18 years old
then! +))

After thinking over the O'Meara hypothesis about SF fans, I have
an idea that perhaps this is true of other groups of the same type,
too. Specifically, I am going to advance the hypothesis that inter-
national language addicts are, in general, "solitary" children, too.

...You must tell more about G fandom, whatever that is. What-
ever it is, I'm for it! ((+ Ya think you got troubles -- Ed Wood's
changing his name to Ginsberg! +))

Just went down to the Midwestcon. Among Chicagoans present were
EK & family, Joe-Jim, Mr&Mrs Richard Hickey, Ann Dinkelman, Jerry
Demuth, Mike Teller, Mark Irwin and Marvin Moore. I suppose you don't
know half of these people, but they constitute the central group of
Chifandom. As it looks like we will get the '62 con, you may meet
them next year.

If, as the latest cosmogonys ((+ Huh? +)) seem to indicate, the

Moon was formed by the Mudball method, there are probably large deposits or caverns of ice, water, petroleum products, etc., under the Moon's surface. Somebody has suggested that it might be possible that we may be able to support ten million people quite comfortably in the Moon. This is one reason why the Federals are faunching to get there first.

((+ Lew goes on to mention a new device that turns greenhouses
+ into "purplehouses" -- a flourescent light which looks purple to
+ you, but fine to plants. We missed you out here, Lewis Grant;
+ Ed Wood and Sid Coleman, Robbie and I were having bullsessions
+ like back in the cafeteria at Chicago -- but the old team wasn't
+ there, part of it was missing. +))

Been getting ready to move from this place. I was going down to St. Louis for 6 months for my company, but got news today that the company whose inks I was supposed to make in St. I had a pretty bad fire Monday night, so my transfer may be delayed slightly.

Did you hear about Humble, America's gréatest energy company, starting a new Indian Subsidiary, Humble Pie?

((+ Now you know why I chose the name for this lettercol! Sorry
+ to chop you short, Lew, but some of your remarks anent cons/fans
+ sounded DNQ -- and while "the nuclear rocket program is going better
+ than a George O. Smith story," I suspect fans would care less about
+ that "microwave rocket" you've heard about than how you go about
+ making incendiary ink!
+ Now, I've got a letter which may be important to fandom; I'll
+ explain in a moment. It's from

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 Edgewater Blvd.,
Minneapolis 17, Minn.:

Er -- it wasn't "always the firstborn ..., who inherited the post."
Usually. You're probably right in saying that the convention of oldest-
take-all wasn't solely a matter of arbitrary convenience. But, arbi-
trarily, it is convenient -- and the conveniency, I suspect, has more
to do with the custom than the responsibility which oldest and first-
born get shoved on them so early. ((+ Well, the oldest and f-b's get
the works because that's convenient, too -- right? But I rather doubt
that people keep up any tradition because it's convenient; what about
us guys wearing coats & ties in summertime? There's so much nonsense
like that. +))

Me, I wouldn't know -- I'm one of the exceptions proving the rule.

((+ If you're the only girl in the family, with 3-or-so brothers
+ -- if it's something like that -- yes, you're one of the exceptions
+ that prove the rule. But are you? Rog Phillips has 4 sisters;
+ he's another example. But ARE YOU?? Because, well, I don't know
+ how it could be, but just suppose Kemp's survey was wrong -- suppose

+ just by sheer, cussed chance he managed to get a sampling of precisely the wrong fans?!! How would we find out? Anyway, I think there must be exceptions -- complete exceptions, I mean, which don't prove the rule at all -- and we may learn far more about WHY IS A FAN? from them than from the rest of us run-of-the-mill characters.

+ Comes now a booklength postcard from a couple neos we met at the Solacon --

ANNA & LEN MOFFATT of Moffatt House, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.:

Multi-arigato for G2 No. 1, a Good Idea in Fanzines. ((+And we'll get back to that size nextish, s'help me!+)) I trust G22 will feature a Compleat Baycon Report by the both of yez ((+Nope. Robbie did it; I can't remember a thing -- and I'm not too sure she does, either!+)). ... anyway, hope y'all are having (or have had, depending on when this card arrives) a ball at the con. // Agree that death of the pulps in general helped kill s-f as-we-knew-it; TV has stolen away the general pulp readers, as has the lurid-covered ("sexy") paperback or pbs and the so-called "fact" mags (True Adventures with Native Girls Fighting WW II ... remember how many times WW I was fought in ye olde pulps? G-8 & His Battle Aces, etc.) But would an s-f mag in "men's mag" size and format survive, if it pub'd Good s-f despite its use of lurid, "come on" covers? Well, maybe, if the publisher was making a healthy profit from other mags, just as the pulp publisher did. // Would love to see Rog & Honey writing for G2 too!

((+ Now what did I ever do to you two to make you wish Rog & Honey onto me like that? No, Honey's gone bughouse -- she's threatening to publish her own G2 fanzine. So we'll just wait, and when that idea goes the way of the rest, we'll casually drop by and pick up Honey's material for our next issue ...

+ Seriously, tho -- you almost latched onto the real answer for s-f, there. I caught onto it this past weekend, between sieges of sercon from rabid collectors Ed Wood and Steve Schultheis. You want a guy who talks serious s-f, get one who's got the whole mess in mint editions!

+ And I'm going to describe this "real answer for s-f" in my #4 ish. #3's already done, y'see -- I know damned well s-f can develop some new themes becuz I've half-a-dozen lying around here, myself. Just to prove it, this'll be one of 'em. Can't keep ahead of science, huh? Like hell we can't.

+ And now, sheer egoboo -- this one's for us! -- a letter from that luscious exotic Eurasian cutie (are you there, Ron Bennett?) from Mishawaka,

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Indianas

My Spanish dictionary tells me that 'sobrante' means margin or surplus -- funny name for a town -- how come? Margin...surplus... this is a town, maybe, for the overflow from another bigger city??





((+ Stay away from Spanish dictionaries -- 'el sobrante' means + en Español exactly what a certain phrase means in English: 'the + leftovers.' And this valley was here (there's not really a town) + before any city grew up over there across the San Pablo Ridge (which + is called 'the Berkeley hills' in Berkeley). Local natives tell + us before the Freeway came thru, bringing "civilization", you could + ride thru here and smell the mash cooking.+))

You planted ice-plants along your drainage ditch?? That's a thought for me -- wonder what ice-plants are? ((+ Mesembryanthemum -- which means 'tourists' in Martian, I think. +)) Have a ditch bank that's a real bastard to keep looking half-way decent -- I'd like to pave the whole lot with green concrete. Neither of us dig gardening or lawn-keeping -- in honor of Ella Parker's forthcoming visit I did toss in some flower seeds -- I hear the British are sold on flowers and gardens and the like -- don't want her to think us the uncouth slob we really are.

And whats 'a second level to add to the patio'?? I envision a patio with a secondfloor +- or sun-roof over it -- and that's pretty wild, Joe. ((+ Well, y'see, there's this mountain we have hitched onto the back washroom -- and it looms up over the patio, back there -- and there's this ledge ... well, there's a good project for the next ten years! +)) Five Siamese cats, eh?? How you-all keep 'em from scratching up the furniture?? If you have a solution please print it in G² for the rest of we cat owners.

((+ As a matter of fact, they don't scratch up our furniture! + I'm not at all sure I can explain why, but -- well, let's see: it + just might be a matter of non-training! + Y'see, we try to warn everyone who enters our house (tho we some- + times forget until much too late) that they're to be extremely + careful about showing affection to our cats. You know how they'll + pick 'em up onto their laps, and scratch their chins, and pet + them, and get them purring. Well, our cats will start kneading + their claws into your leg at about that point -- and they'll not + only ladder a pair of stockings or completely ruin a good pair of + trousers in one sitting, but it's quite likely they'll draw blood. + In fact, anyone who tries cuddling one of our cats as tho it were + some child's toy will very probably get a hand ripped open. + But no, they don't scratch the furniture. + Roll-call for the bunch runs something like this:

Ming Fu-Tse -- Chinese: 'illustrious philosopher' -- the Old Man
Hsing Wan -- Chin.: 'evening star' -- the little Lady
Som Phong -- Thai: 'chip off the old block' -- & he certainly is!
Kla Han -- Thai: 'very brave' -- if anyone's sick, it's usually
him ... but you'd never know it.

Mekong Mike, Whiskey Mike, or just Mike -- we think she went across the river for him, but he's named after Mekong Rice Whiskey -- the fat, little bastard has the personality of a Chopstick Joe!

FROM GIBSONS
5380 SOBRANTE AVE
EL SOBRANTE, CALIF



RICK SNEARY
2962 SANTA ANA ST.
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.