

#### ONE MORE TIME.

I'll explain that the first 3 issues of \$\mathbb{G}^2\$ (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 \$ubscribe -- 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 <u>asking</u> 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 G<sup>2</sup>:

Bjohn Trimbles Rog & Honey Graham
Ed Wood Steve & Virginia Schultheis
Fritz Leiber 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 dozenor-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.

Robbie's Report: THE FANS THAT MOVED

TO FILL THE SAIL—

THAT MOVED THE SHIP

TO BRING THE BAYCON ////E////S

#### PROLOGUE

There's a tradition-of-sorts in fandom that a convention really begins when the first out-of-town fan arrives ... so the Baycon started off for us on the 18th of June when Ron (I am a Long Beach Fan) Ellik, Jim Caughran and Terry Carr turned up at our place. Karen and Astrid Anderson were already here ((+ with geraniums, I might add.JG +)) and Rog & Honey came by a bit later. This auspicious beginning was, of course, duly celebrated with libations of Bheer (both Rhoot and Rhegular) then moved on to Orinda and the Anderson's patio (adding Poul to the crew) where we had barbecued steaks. The one thing that was on everyone's minds was the question: how will the Baycon be?

Now we know. It was Great!

#### DAY ONE:

By Friday evening, June 30th, a ghoodly number of ghoodly fans had already checked in at the Leamington. Displays were going up, Fritz (Guest of Honor) Leiber was there, the bar was being checked out -- and we made a discovery that had rather substantial consequences on the amount of money the bar made off our people! The Leamington bar had a lush babe playing the piano that evening, and she immediately developed a great antipathy for Fen -- they pull tables together and Talk.

To the best of my knowledge, nobody saw a hotel detective during the entire con -- and we were sharing the hotel with the Canadian Legion Convention, complete with Bagpipes, Pipers, Mounted Police in full uniform and the singingest bunch of Old Timers I've seen in some time. But our gang was (twice) thrown out of the bar and (once) requested to leave the mezzanine, that evening. I think we've established some sort of record this time for being tossed out of the bar at least twelve hours before the convention officially opened.

It was also the evening of the Confounding of Ackerman. In one of the mezzanine halls, the bagpipers were piping for the Canucks, a lad was performing a LOVELY Fling, and those of us who clustered 'round the door were invited in to watch. When they finished, they marched out still piping and disbanded quite near the Jade Room, where displays and auction material were out for inspection. Two of the pipers—nice-looking young chaps in kilts, sporran, bonnets and the works—drifted in and were looking at pictures. Sid Rogers, Alva's little helpmeet, noticed them fascinated by pictures of "The Thing" — and got into a conversation. Were they familiar with Monster Movies?

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Oh yes -- they read all about them in FAMOUS MONSTERS. Sid (equal to any occasion) did not change expression, but little wheels went click, click, click --

"Are you aware," she asked sweetly, "That Mr. Ackerman is at this moment in the hotel?"

She told us later that they almost went to pieces all over the floor. Pressing her advantage, she marshalled them out onto the mezzanine again and right up to Our Monster, where she presented him with his be-kilted faaans. I am happy to say that no one (if we're lucky) will have to imagine the gosh-wow expressions on Forry's face as well as theirs -- Bruce Pelz and camera were handy. THAT one I GOTTA see!

The Friday nite party was on the 6th floor, thereby establishing what was virtually the Official Scene for the con. Contributions for booze having been assembled, our Non-Alcoholic Squirrel was delegated to go purchase the necessary and the L.A. Suite soon glowed with good spirits (even the Rhoot Bheer was a recommended brand). There were fans on all the beds, chairs, windowsills and every available foot of floorspace. Jack Speer, Fan Guest of Honor, managed sitting-space on one of the beds most of the evening — that double life he leads, successful politician and successful BNF, has obviously given him invaluable experience in the smoke-filled room scenes. I mentioned casually to him that I'd been rather active in a few campaigns in Illinois several years back, and he naturally asked which party. I told him. He paused; "Oh," he said. "That's too bad."

Two of our younger attendees, Walter Trygve Nelson and Marie Louise (Poopsie) Ellington, appropriated the bathroom and were happily washing their hands, using up ALL THE SOAP, until all hours -- being ejected periodically by one or another of their elders. Poopsie had left her dolls home, but had a lovely set of jangly keys to play with, which she kept losing. They were house keys. Walter T. and his daddy Ray took turns wearing the only propellor beanie at the con -- it was a dilly: three props.

Forry and Fritz Leiber, having an early appointment, slippit awa' about midnite, but things didn't really break up until about 2:30. Joe and I wended our way back to El Sobrante and the cats, feeling we'd helped get things off the ground in good fashion.

#### DAY TWO:

This started at 7 for the San Quentin Expedition -- organized and abetted by Rog (Greenbird) Phillips, who has a writing class behind the pink stone walls. He collected Forry and Fritz Leiber, took them to breakfast at "Q" and had them speechify (we hear Forry was speechless) to his class; but they were all back at the Leamington in time for more conventional activities.

SHEER BHEER BHEER

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 excellance). 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 A1 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 interdupted 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 rustrum -- 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 Holly-wood, 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
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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 blasting 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 A1 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

and Director of LASFS to boot) stepped outside for a moment. When he returned, it was to find the business meeting over, Honey closing the Convention, and people leaving the hall — the business meeting was that brief! John Trimble put in the bed ((+ sweetest typo I ever made! +)) for Los Angeles, there was no opposition, and amid howls of derision ("Don't you Angelenos know when to quit?") it was unanimously voted South.

Next year's Committee, if my information is correct, will consist of: Al Lewis, Chairman; John Trimble, Secretary; Ron Ellik and Forry Ackerman, Publicity; Bill Ellern, Treasurer; and Rick Sneary, Advisor. Memberships can be obtained from the Fan Hillton, all you West Coast fen; the dates will be June 30-July 1, 1962. Good Luck, gang!

After the close of the formal convention, the hotel was still, of course, jam-packed with fans -- it seemed as if almost no one was leaving immediately. A group of us went back to the coffee shop (they have one waitress at the Leamington who is, we are all convinced, the original for the "Hazel" cartoons in the Post -- she even had Fritz setting tables for her once, and he did it like a lamb!) and talked; we went back up to the Mezzanine -- still milling with fans and Canadian Legionnaires (all of whom were showing signs of wear by this time) and talked; we went by the bar, found fans at last acceptable, and talked.

((+ We were sitting in the bar, there, when Ghod hove into view. I ignored certain remarks regarding the choice of his ties -- this one sported the Confederate flag; but after all, the South had won -- and motioned Elmer Perdue to sit with us. He did, but he did not ignore the remarks. "I am contemplating the design of a tie," he intoned, "On which, in letters of appropriate color and size, I shall have emblazoned the most vile, obscene and utterly shocking word known to Fan!" He paused, sipped a double neat off the contents of his Old Fashioned glass, and creased his leonine brow with a frown. "But I'm of two minds," he admitted grudgingly, "With much pondering and research, I've narrowed my choice down to two possible words: c--t and f--t. But I've yet to determine which is the most fittingly obscene, the most shocking."

As he spoke, I'd been staring at the distant (now deserted) piano and I trust a steely glint came to my gaze, then. "I can suggest a word," I told Him. "In its everyday, common usage, it's not at all obscene -- but placed by itself, as you have suggested," and I nodded gravely to Ghod, "It is unquestionably the most vile, obscene and filthily shocking word as ever stunned fandom's eye."

Master Perdue studied me, quizzically, while the others had expressions of doubt and faint derision. But Perdue sensed something. 'What word is that?" he asked; and he spoke softly.

BOOZE BOOZE

#### And I told him.

There was a gasp or two, as the others' minds envisioned all the vileness and obscenity which my one word had unleashed. Even the Great Perdue was momentarily taken aback; but then his beady eyes narrowed, a smile of fiendish delight, appreciation and respect diffused his features with satanic glow.

And Ghod nodded back, as gravely as I. "It shall be done!" He promised. "When next you see me, I shall wear such a tie!" +))

Someone turned up with a slide projector. ((\* Bruce Pelz -- and this is the last page, kiddo! +)) They had gotten to the Pittcon slides, the ones of the Masquerade, the last time I looked in; and I found that It Was True about Sylvia White's costume.

The Trimbles had made advance reservations for the sleeping accomodations in our study for that night, but I now discovered that an additional contingent (Steve & Virginia Schultheis and Rick Sneary) were scheduled for sleeping bags on our living room floor. So we had to depart about nine o'clock -- the cats had (I notized it that morning) been emptying the ashtrays again, and I had to get home before that crowd and vacuum the place! Also, both Joe and I had to work on Monday, which means like Dawn Patrol for us, so we skipped further parties that night.

The cats were by this time beyond being pleased to see us again — it was kind of a "so you finally decided to come home, huh?" thing. Being a conscientious hostess, I tried to sit up and wait for my guests, but I gave up around 1:30 ayem. According to what I heard later, the convention was spreading out all over the BArea.

## DAY FOUR:

((+ What?! Hey, this was a two-day convention! +)) The unbeatable combination worked again, under circumstances more than usually difficult: the alarm clock went off at a quarter to five, the alarmost cats concentrated on Joe and got him up, and then all of them persuaded me, too, that the day had (ugh) dawned, and if I didn't get up RIGHT NOW I'd get my fat head beat in. Drifting out, I found that our late, late show had put in an appearance — the door to the study was shut, and sleeping bags were pulled up around ears in the living room. But we determinedly woke everyone before we left for work; after all, we had promised! Ungrateful wretches, too, every last one of them.

During the day (later, much later) they dropped by the Po-leece Dept. on campus (where I work, sillies) and told me that the Volkswagen bus they cam e up in would probably not be fixed until Wednesday, and that they (and mebbeso one or two more, who'd been stashed somewhere else that night) would be forced to stay over until them. It had thrown a spark plug or sheared a carburetor or some darn thing --

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I don't understand engines. What was clear to me was that I would have to fire up the charcoal grill next day, so (since we already had Ed Wood booked into the study for THAT night) I went out and bought pounds and pounds of frying chicken -- I put this into print because those shady characters went out and BORROWED RON ELLIK'S CAR after that, and didn't stay after all!

Rog Phillips had picked up Ed Wood at the Leamington that morning while we were at work, and we collected them and Honey after work and all went out to dinner, thence out to our place to feed the (now resigned) cats, and then on back to Berkeley again where Bill Donaho and Danny Curran were throwing a conventional party -- at least, everybody from the Convention was still there -- with the house absolutely bulging. People were dead on their feet, tho; it was only about 1:30 ayem when we started home -- Ed in our Little Bug with Joe and me with the Schultheis's in their car. (Steve & Virginia were staying over, but only for the night.) Some of the younger squirrels claim to have been there until three, but you know how it is.

# DAY FI--((+ FIVE?!!! Whaddaya think this is -- HABBAKUK??? +)):

This day dawned more auspiciously in that there were no alarums -- clockwise, anyway. The cats did get Joe up (altho not at 4:45 ayem) and I slept a while longer. Ed and the Schultheis's trailed out to the kitchen eventually and we went thru one pot of coffee, put on another, and had breakfast. Then we packed Steve & Virginia and they got under way for Santa Barbara (via Oakland, where they were collecting Larry Ware) about noon.

Joe was already in his "at-home" attire, swim trunks and zoris, so I changed into shorts and bra-top, Ed pulled off his shirt and we repaired to the patio; after all the late nights, it was good to see the sun again. Rog and Honey came out, and I did fire up the charcoal grill. There's something awfully relaxing and reassuring, at the end of a convention, about a mountain of fried chicken, oodles of potato salad, and bheer (even if Honey and Ed prefer the rhoot variety). It was so relaxing we almost forgot to remember what time Ed's plane left. We flang his suitcase into the back of the Bug, he and Joe got in front, and off they roared to the San Francisco Airport. The Grahams presently betook themselves back to Berkeley to get reaquainted with their little greenbird; like Honey said, "CC doesn't remember who I am anymore!"

On the way back from the airport, Joe picked up a nail and had to pull off the Freeway to change tires. ((+ On the Bug, that's a little like winding your watch. +)) By the time he got home it was already half an hour past the time we were supposed to be over at the Andersons' to watch fireworks -- it was the 4th of July, remember? We talked it over, called Karen, and cancelled out. If we had gone, more than likely we'd have ended up off the Dam Road and in the reservoir

BHEER BHEER

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 rhoot bheer, Sid had a sandwich. Ron was idly nibbling Sid's potato chips when he suddenly realized that that, precisely (rhoot bheer and potato chips) was what he'd been living on for four days.

Hail and farewell, Baycon! Seattle, anyone?

Robbin

((+ 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?

# OMETTE

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

G Fandom, Chicago Branch ((+ "Lew-wy GRANT!" +)) 5810 S. Harper, Chicago 37, I11.

which sez:

Thanks for the copy of G<sup>2</sup>, which has some interesting insights in it. I'm getting to be quite an expert on insights; I've been paying \$6 per hour at the Counseling Center of the U. of C. to try having 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 Oddbalk!" 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 international language addicts are, in general, "solitary" children, too.

... You must tell more about G fandom, whatever that is. Whatever 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. L had a pretty bad fire Monday night, so my transfer may be delayed slightly.

Did you hear about Humble, America's greatest 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'11

explain in a moment. It's from

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 Edgewater Blvd.,

Minneapolis 17, Minn.:

٠,

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, arbitrarily, 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

1.1

+ just by sheer, cussed chance he managed to get a sampling of pret cisely 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 poctsard from a couple neos we met at + the Solacon --

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

Multi-arigato for G<sup>2</sup> No. 1. a Good Idea in Fanzines. ((+And we'll get back to that size nextish, s'help me!+)) I trust G<sup>2</sup>2 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 G<sup>2</sup> 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 G/D fanzine. So we'll just waits and when that idea goes the way of the rest, we'll casually drop by and pick up thoney's material for our next issue ...

Seriously, the -- 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 sef, 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 sef 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 to

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

+ from Mishawaka,

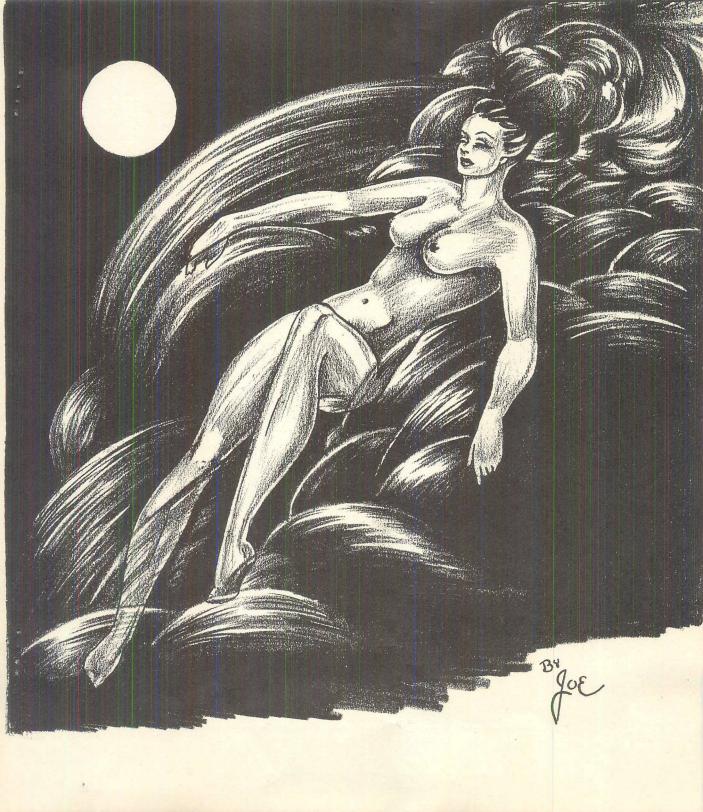
BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St. South Bend 14.

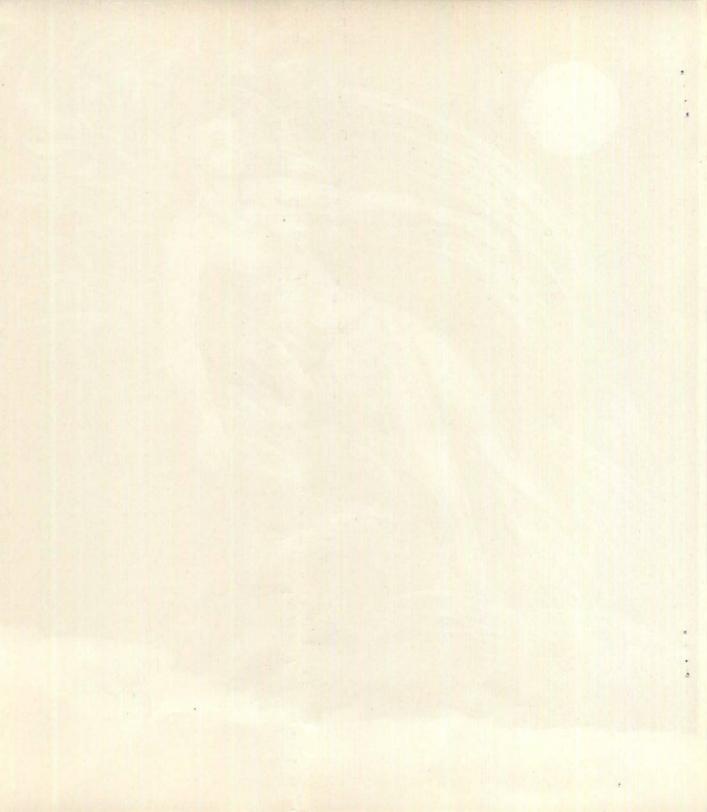
# Indianas

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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 Españole 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 slobs we really are.

And whats 'a second level to add to the patio'?? I envision a patio with a secondfloor 4- 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 G<sup>2</sup> 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 them 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!

U.S.P.OSTAGE 84

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