

G² *

$$\frac{3(10^{-13})\text{cm}}{3(10^{10})\text{cm/sec}} = 10^{-23}$$

$$10^{17}/10^{-22} = 10^{40}$$

Vol. 1, No. 3 August, 1961

Lightspeed

This is the last issue you'll get free.

The way I've worked this "first 3 issues" bit was to assemble an Initial Mailing List of 95 fans, including you. I've kept to that Initial List for all 3 issues -- only a few names were added as issues #1 and #2 appeared, and only when fans not included asked to be brought in.

If you've subbed G² by the time issue #4 comes out next month, your name will be scratched from that Initial List and card indexed in my Sub File.

But if you don't sub, I'll keep you on that Initial List. Anytime in the future when I'm looking for fresh victims, I'll consult that List to make sure I'm not victimizing anyone a 2nd time.

...And of course, I'm already looking for some fresh ones. But the "first 3 issues free" policy was intended only to get this fanzine started. Now that we're rolling, it's time to switch over to the more common practice of sending only a sample copy to potential new-subbers.

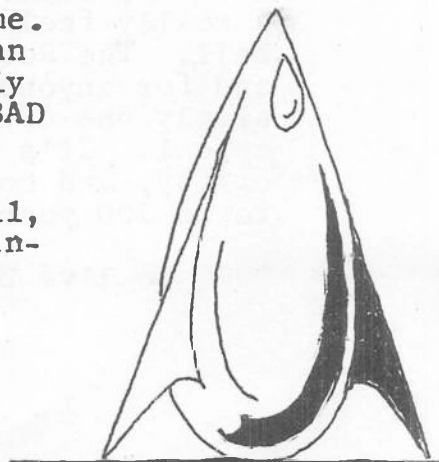
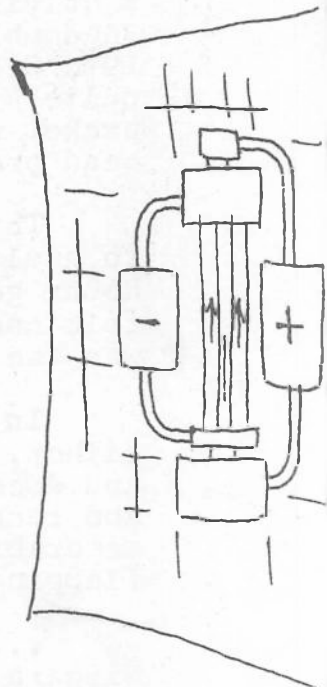
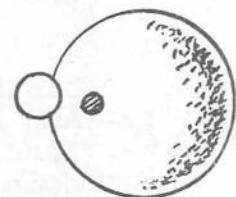
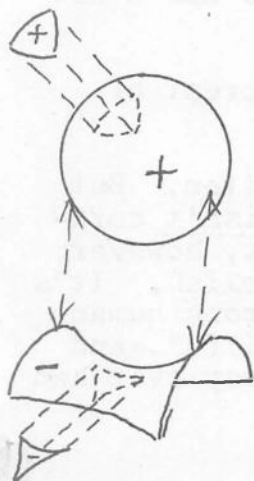
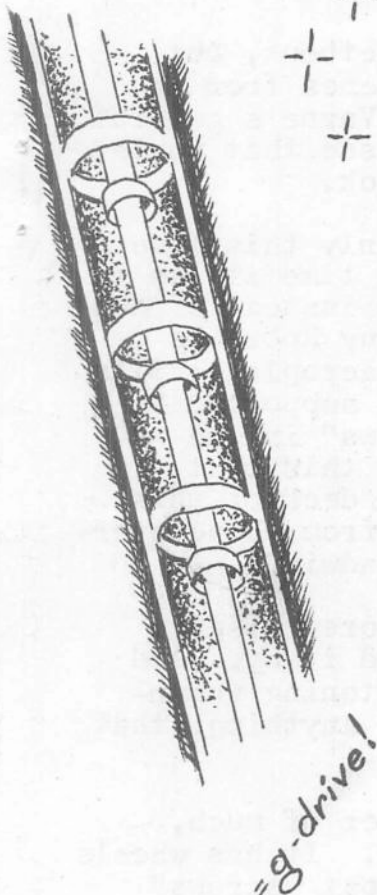
So this policy goes into effect next month.

Sterling Area fans: I want you to buy me a sub to any fanzine in your area; this includes any English-language fmz on the Continent. Notify me when you've done so and I'll sign you up for an equitable sub to G² -- your word's good enough for me. (If this means I'll get 16 subs to John Twonk's TOOFLISS, why Twonk will simply have to continue publishing until 2473AD and that's all there is to it.)

Fmz editors: No, I won't trade ... well, not exactly. Seems I have some explaining to do -- and I'll do so, in here somewhere.

$$e^2/M^2G = 10^{40}(\text{pi mesons})$$

Joe
 $10^{17} = ???$



TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE

Jules Verne's MASTER OF THE WORLD was an Ace pocketbook, but I bought it anyway. The cover depicted technicolor scenes from an American-International movie that's been rigged up on Verne's general idea (I see they've got a girl in it) but I'd like to see that movie, and maybe I will. It just might be better than the book.

Essentially, this is another Captain Nemo plot, only this time his Nautilus isn't a submarine -- that is, most of the time it isn't. And here Verne had written two rather bad short novels instead of one long novel. In the first, ROBUR THE CONQUERER, this guy Robur is doing the Nemo Bit in an aerial machine. It isn't an aeroplane; it's a "flying platform" with a long, boat-type hull. It's supported by 36 double sets of heliocopter propellers (called "screws" in the 19th Century) which, of course, clutter up the deck of this boat quite a bit. Verne has his characters amble about the deck of this packet without the slightest mention of any downdraft from those overhead props, but he got all shook up about any stiff headwind!

This barge also had tractor and pusher "screws" fore-'n'-aft to haul it forward while those 72 topside "screws" held it up. And Robur goes roaming around the sky on this thing, frightening women-folk and horses down below, without conquering much of anything; that was the whole first story.

In the second, MASTER OF THE WORLD, he isn't master of much, either, except a new Machine. This one is streamlined. It has wheels and does 200 mph on 19th Century dirt roads. It has boat "screws" and races around both on, and under, the water. And then, in one memorable scene, it has wings which pop open on its sides and start flapping!

...And it takes off into the air from the frothing crest of Niagara Falls, with two gunboats in hot pursuit!!!

Now of course, this wasn't cornball when it was written. But I really feel sorry for anyone who claims that it still isn't cornball. The Robur/Nemo theme wasn't new when Verne used it, however; and for anyone to call it "outdated" now is even more foolish. It's simply one of those Universal Story Themes which have strong human appeal. It's still good -- and writers are far more skillful, and crafty, and downright sneaky in their trade today than they ever had to be 100 years ago.

So I've been wondering....

How the devil could you have a "Captain Nemo" type of character today? What kind of diabolical invention could he whomp up that would leave the world helpless to oppose him, whatever his nefarious schemes may be??

Well, I think it's obvious that he'd have to build an interstellar drive. It's about the only gimmick that'd lift a 50-ton Spaceboat gently and silently off a planet -- or set it down, somewhere in a backwoods sector. The principle of his machine may give him additional, quite useful gadgets: virtual antigravity for a scout sled, projectors that can hurl a hefty electric fireball some distance, propellant units for 2-ton meteors to be "zeroed in" on Earth cities.

Anything that powerful could boost him off to Alpha Centauri in a couple, three months or so!

There's enough gobbledygook in relativistic physics to give an impressive cloak to any faked gimmick; and most gimmicks in science-fiction today are faked. But we can do better than that! Consider, gentlemen: Gravity-as-we-know-it is comparable to being inside a rocket that's accelerating thru space at a steady rate of 1 g. We stand on the deck inside this rocket and, to us, the jets are "down below" and the nose-cone is "up above" us. Moreover, if a meteor pierced the wall of this rocket (and got slowed down enuff by the impact!) it would curve down and hit the deck as it crossed our chamber -- because, of course, we're moving "upward" as the meteor is sailing across here. But if we didn't know all that, we'd swear the deck "attracted" that meteor and pulled it down!

Similarly, as we've observed the Sun move across fields of stars from here on Earth, we've noticed as stars approach the Sun's disc they suddenly seem to shift in toward it! Now, those distant stars obviously didn't move -- it was the light from them being bent down by the Sun's gravity-pull, right?

No, it wasn't! That starlight was still travelling in a straight line -- the shortest distance between the star and us. But our Universe isn't flat. A straight line in our Universe (most notably thru a gravity-field) follows a Positive Space curve -- and that curve IS the shortest distance!

Now, Gravity-as-we-WOULD-know-it in a Negative Space Universe would be like standing inside a rotating Space Station -- where its spin gives "artificial gravity" and the deck is built into its outer rim. For our purposes, let's have this Station like a giant pie-pan, completely enclosed, so we can see right "up" past the hub to the opposite rim -- and the guys standing on the deck "up" there. If a meteor comes crashing up thru the deck beside us, now, it will seem to sail on up toward the hub -- and then curve off to hit the deck, again, about halfway around (or "up") the rim from us! Just as if the center of the Station had no gravity-pull at all!

It wouldn't shoot straight across the station, y'see -- while it's sailing across, the rim's swinging us around -- but rather, it would look as if the rim had attracted that meteor and pulled it down! In short, the outer rim has the gravity-pull!

However, there's a much greater difference if we'd compare this meteor's path to that one which hit the rocket: it's that our station's rim seems to have a much greater gravity-pull for the same amount of gravity than the rocket's deck has!

The hub of the station has no gravity, here; but the gravity-pull begins the moment you leave the hub, and increases in direct proportion to the distance you climb down from the hub to the rim. (What, dear? You thought it was centrifugal force? Please go away, right now -- we're busy.)

But our Positive Space gravity (on Earth, as in the rocket) increases in proportion to the distance squared. Start with 1 g at a world's surface, and 5 miles up you have 25 times less gravity; 10 miles up, you have 100 times less. (It amounts to very little difference, but you rapidly build up to 100,000 times less and that's something!) But at 5 miles in Negative Space, you have only 5 times less gravity -- and at 10 miles, just 10 times less!

Now, consider something else. All electromagnetic phenomena -- from light to radio waves to plain, old heat -- obeys the same dad-gummed Law in our Positive Space; it falls off as the square of the distance from its source. Also, everybody from Farraday to Einstein has tried to find some tie-in between electromagnetism and gravity. Without success, we must add.

Well, now, suppose there is a connection between electromagnetism and gravity; where ought it to be found?

Come with me, gentlemen, to my labor-a-tory. Observe, on this sheet of paper I draw a circle. Space is curved, and (in our universe, at least) it's a positive curve. Negative space is curved, too, but in the opposite direction; so I draw another circle. But where shall I draw it so it touches the first circle? Not just over it @ like that -- that's two circles superimposed, not touching. No, I should draw it thus: 8 -- so they touch, and each is opposite to the other.

Now, what goes fast enough to follow the curve of space in our Positive Universe? Light; of course. And what's peculiar about light? In astronomical distances, there's the Red Shift which seems to indicate that the universe is expanding.

But suppose, now, a portion of this light was coming to us in direct proportion to the distance it travels -- just enough to make it seem the star was closer and is leaping away from us?

And suppose anything approaching the speed of light would begin to show, in some slight degree (detectable over astronomical distances) the properties of Negative Space curvature?? Oh -- "coexisting universes" to be sure; there's no reason they shouldn't be. But there is your interstellar drive.

Let's blueprint it.

You have a tight beam of positive ions shot down through a series of positive ring-magnets, each magnet accelerating it. Enclosing this you have a tube of negative electrons shot up through a series of larger, negative ring-magnets. The positive ion beam gives off a negative charge to assist the outer ring-magnets, also negative, in pushing the electrons along; the negative electron tube gives off a positive charge to assist the inner ring-magnets, also positive, in pushing the ions along. Feedback.

The electrons would hit lightspeed first -- but they're doing that all the time in radar & TV. Their mass is so negligible that it has no noticable effect.

But when that ion beam starts approaching lightspeed -- ah, there's the difference! Those ions have the mass to kick like blazes. The electrons get one hellova blast of negative-charge push; they feed back one hellova blast of positive-charge push! This is mega-amps, gentlemen, not megavolts!!!

The whole rig is enclosed. You collect electrons off the top and ions off the bottom, and recirculate 'em and use 'em again. There are no rocket tubes. But at one point in there, you've got ions being kicked along with the equivalent thrust of 100 tons of mass. And your 50-ton Spaceboat rises sedately at a steady 2 g's acceleration into the starry firmament. And it's gone.

Now, about this time I've guzzled about half a jug of apple wine and it's perfectly clear to me that yon Spaceboat will keep right on accelerating until its velocity is damn' near the lightspeed velocity of that ion beam squirting deep inside its belly. (How long does it take to build up to lightspeed at 2 g's acceleration? Man, you better make that 1 g, even if it takes a while -- I don't want to be 2 g's heavy that long!)

But we may safely assume our "Captain Nemo" type character dassn't care to embark on an interstellar jaunt except maybe as a last resort. So what else can he do? Obviously, a trip to the Moon is a leadpipe cinch. And then there's Venus and Mars. And places like Titan.

But if we take off like Jules Verne, we'll have this chap grabbing off a couple gents and making a tour of the Solar System. He won't conquer anything or steal anybody's jools or anything to make him the super arch-criminal like it says on the jacket blurbs.

Now, this is no way to treat a real villain!

What we need, obviously, is to have Bob Bloch do a movie script on it. I can see it now....

BUT YOU GUYS WITH THE SCIENCE BUG

just sit back, there, and stop chirping at me! I could hear your howls way back before I even got this far -- yeah: "That 's sheer bunk! Why, if starlight reached us in direct Proportion to the distance, it would simply make the stars brighter -- in fact, sunlight would blast this world to a cinder! Even a little of it over astronomical distances might just make the stars look closer; you'd probably get a Blue Shift as if the Universe were collapsing in on us! Hogwash. The feedback on that interstellar drive could never violate the Inverse Square Law, and the power requirements --"

Pfui. Gimme the ol' data-sheet, here, and I'll show you.

Whether starlight reached us in direct proportion or inverse square proportion of the distance certainly doesn't affect the speed it's travelling at -- but rather, the amount of it that reaches us. Now, that's what the Red Shift is all about: we're getting a disproportionate amount of light on the red end of the spectrum similar to the Doppler Effect we'd have if the stars were hurling away from us.

What I'm saying is that Negative Space is a direct opposite of Positive Space -- and where the curvatures of the two meet, we can and do get a fleeting glimpse of that Negative Space Universe. We're seeing a little starlight from out of Negative Space where it did shine in direct proportion to the distance; and its effect in our Positive Space is the Red Shift.

Our present explanation for this is that the Universe is expanding. We've computed the duration of this expansion backward, finding how long ago some original explosion could have been the birth of the Universe, and how old it is, now. According to this theory, the Universe must be about 5×10^9 years, or 10^{17} seconds, old. But this figure is really just diameter of the Universe divided by Red Shift rate; so I'm supposing the Negative Space Universe has the same diameter.

But I think it will simplify matters if we take that duration figure -- 10^{17} seconds -- and call it the Red Shift rate. It isn't, but it may as well be if we've two universes of equal size which must be cancelled out. Positive vs. negative, y'see. And maybe it's just two universes with equivalent sizes....

D'you see where I'm leading? Twenty years ago, Dirac started working out a better unit of time for this Expanding Theory than years or seconds. He chose the length of time light requires to travel a distance equal to the radius of an elementary particle. Using these time-units, he counted the age of the Universe as being 10^{40} time-units

old. Actually, this just means the rate of the Red Shift is 10^{40} time-units, whether it's caused by an expanding universe or not.

Now remember, I said if there's any direct connection between electromagnetism and gravity, it must be at the speed of light as it's moving along the curve of Positive Space.

Comparisons have been made between gravitational and electromagnetic interactions, of course -- we aren't the first ones searching for this thing! -- both in the relative times required for emission of quanta (photons vs. gravitons) and in the relative strength (electromagnetic vs. gravitic) between a pair of pi mesons.

And computation has shown that the ratio of electromagnetic to gravitational force between two pi mesons is 10^{40} .

Dirac thought this tied both forces in with the expanding universe theme; that since the elementary electric charge does not decrease with time, gravity must be decreasing (getting tired) and that this was why the Universe is expanding.

But dammittall, Einstein has shown that Negative Space can exist, too! And that "expanding universe" theory is nothing more than just that -- a theory! So....

D'you see it, now?

* * *

They said it in Werner Von Braun's fanzine, JOURNAL OF SPACE FLIGHT:

"By the time we get out to Saturn, we'll have interstellar drive!"

Right now, rockets belong in science-fiction no more than steam engines do.

This was true five years ago.

* * *

HALT!

Behind this page, you will find the lettercol -- and Alva Rogers' experiment. Wait! Don't look yet. About Rogers' experiment, now: it was drawn directly on a multigraph master. This is finicky work -- your hands MUSTN'T touch a master at any time, in this work -- and worse yet; your drawing NEVER looks good. In almost any other type of repro, the original illo looks better than the printed copy; in multigraph, the original may look like hell, the copy may or may not. Alva had never tried it before. We didn't know what we'd get.

I like it.

THE READER VIBRATES

7

Regardez LE VOMETTE:

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.,
sez ---

I fully appreciate the significance of the title
and consider it an artful way to let fandom in
on the secret but how can you be so darn
sure it will be a boy?

- + I knew it, I knew it!!... you use Bad French around Tucker and
- + there's only one thing he can think about! (Incidentally, does
- + anybody know a good name for a lettercol?)

Und Das BLOCH:

Robert Bloch, somewhere in HHHHHollywood, vicinity
of \$\$ street, writes ---

For a brief while I had a wild hope of getting up
to the Westercon at the last moment, between assign-
ments; but the moment I finished the book, they put
me on screenplay and there I sat and sit. It will
continue thru early fall at least, thus smashing
any Seattle plans....

- + Can't I get anything from you guys but trouble? Seriously,
- + tho, plenty of fans at that Baycon were saying they were sorry
- + you couldn't make it -- and they were damned well pleased about
- + the reason you couldn't. Stay with it, boy, and make your pile;
- + if there was ever a guy who'd definitely earned it, you're him.
- + In fact, we don't really miss you, Bloch ... we're with you, all
- + the way!
- + Incidentally, if you're going to assume payments on a car for
- + Sally -- check into the rates on leasing a car (new or 2-3yr old)
- + becuz it's usually less. If you can go whole hog for a new job,
- + pay ca\$h for a Fiat 750 -- and she'll be a darned good driver with
- + a nimble, little machine after she's broken it in as per instruc-
- + tions. (Also, Fiat's US factory/headquarters are in LArea.)

And another old fugghead faaan is--

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

You, doghghonit, have repeated in G² remarks about the Kemp
volume that I'd already stenciled for FAPA. These remarks about
primogeniture will not appear until mid-August, at which time fans
with good memories ((+Get away from those files, Sam!+)) will hunt
back through their fanzines until they come across this early summer
production of yours, nod wisely, and gain fresh conviction of the
plagiaristic makeup of my writings. ((+Okay, Sam -- NOW!+))



100-100000-100000

So we seem to have arrived independently at the identical suspicion that there may have been some reason other than arbitrary custom for giving the first-born the crown or under other circumstances the major responsibility.... ((+What was the old saw we used to see about Great Minds with but a Single Track -- or was it track? Maybe it was Thought.+))

One thing that I didn't think of in time for use in Horizons and you don't mention in G² sounds slightly dianeticsic. ((+Y&know, that's a good word. I like that word.+)) But I don't mean it that way. I don't believe that a foetus of even a mne-month old can absorb all the conversation around him. ((+Yeah -- somehow, I just never had a thing about foetuses, either.+)) But there seems to be some grounds for believing that anything the child hears when he's quite young will stick in his subconscious all through life So, the parents have their first child and they are usually proud and hopeful (even if they did almost name it Encore because it wasn't on the program), and when it's very small there's constantly conversation going on around the child about the future and what will happen in the years to come to this new family and to the child itself and so on. Could this constant pounding on the future and things to come bob up ten or twelve years later in the child's interest in stories about the future, science fiction? ((+That's a shot in the dark, Harry. We aren't child psychologists -- and I'm not too sure about child psychologists, either! -- so you could be right, but where does it leave us?+))

I also felt chagrin over the form that my contribution to Why Is a Fan? took. I hadn't received Who Killed Science Fiction? ((+me, neither -- but I usually find out about these things!+)) and I didn't realize that Earl was looking for stuff to be published in this second survey, and simply filled out the questionnaire and added a particularly inane comment. ((+Well, I haven't received even that much from Earl. What d'you suppose he's up to, now?+))

As far as I can determine, science fiction as a native form of literature is evolving in the opposite direction in this country to its growth in Russia. It's just now getting down to the juvenile level in this country, with hardcovers aimed specifically at the younger generation So far, Russian publishing houses have apparently put almost all their native science fiction stories in their juvenile division, reserving translations from people like Wells and Verne for the adult releases. I have three or four Russian novels but haven't found time yet to try to plow through them on my half-knowledge of the language.

- + Arguing just off the top of my head, I'd disagree with you there.
- + Didn't s-f begin in this country, actually, with stories like Tom
- + Swift & His Electric Grandmother? Perhaps rather than "coming of
- + age" our s-f has simply reached its second childhood!

+ I don't envy your task with that contemporary fan history at all.
 + You've got much more source material than the clay tablets Sam
 + Moskowitz had for his prehistoric volume; and your views can be
 + far more objective, while every mastodon bone Sam dug up usually
 + had his teeth-marks on it somewhere. But ye ghods -- the conflicting
 + data you must have to cope with! This guy said one thing; that
 + guy said it was Absolutely Wrong ... I've GOT to see how you do it!
 + And say, fella, I'd like to see Horizons, too....

+ I don't trade, y'know. I've been getting some back-talk about it,
 too. In fact--

This is as good a place as any:

Notice to all fmz editors:

Look, suppose (as is more than likely) you're publishing a 'zine
 that's easily worth two bits the copy. Now, here I'm banging out a
 muddlin' 3/25¢ tearsheet type of 'zine -- and you want to trade???

No. Don't do it.

Like I'm telling Bill Donaho, some weeks ago ...

Bill: You've received HABBAKUK?

Me: Yeah -- that's why I want to sub VIPER.

(Background noises of Danny Curran breaking up.)

Bill: Oh? (Delicately.) Why won't you trade?

Me: Be sensible, Bill! Viper's worth the price you ask
 -- 25¢ an issue. Four copies of Viper is worth
 a year's sub to my 'zine. Yhou'd be foolish to
 trade with me, issue for issue.

Bill: (Getting agitated.) B-but -- that's not always what
 it means to trade. After all, you're publishing G2
 monthly (or at least, you've committed yourself to
 that schedule) and -- and s-someone else might not
 publish that frequently! So even tho your 'zine
 costs less per issue....

Me: (Getting agitated.) Nuts! If a guy pubs something
 worth two bits, it doesn't matter whether it comes
 out weekly or once every other year -- each copy is
still worth two bits!

Bill: I don't agree with that.

Me: (Grouchily.) Now, look. I want Viper. I give you
 a buck, that pays for 4 issues. Now, d'you want a
 year's sub to my 'zine?

Bill: (Nods grudgingly.)

Me: Okay -- I give you a buck, you give me a buck. Con-
 sider one buck exchanged. Only don't let anybody say
 we're trading!

(Background: Curran yodelling "No, Not Much!")



There are other aspects, of course, which I didn't mention; no doubt they occurred to Bill later. Suppose I give a guy a 50¢ sub to G² in exchange for, say, two issues of his 'zine --and he doesn't publish, but I do. So his sub runs out. Do I renew it? Not unless he pays ca\$h, I don't!

That same shoe could fit my foot, too.

And it's fair, isn't it? The exchange of subs takes care of the bookkeeping; there's no business of saying "we trade" and then the other guy sends nothing, or I send nothing --

So that's what I mean.

+ Now, Harry, about Horizons.....

Another old mossback fan heard from is--

Newark 7, N.J., who wrote:

Sam Moskowitz, 340 7th Ave.W.,

I have been terribly long in acknowledging your extremely kind letter, offering me sleeping accomodations if I ever get around San Francisco way. Well, it now seems a certainty that I will and I won't really need any sleeping accomodations (unless the hotels happen to be filled up) since the company pays the expenses, not me. But I'd like to get together with you and Robbie and Rog or anyone else for a bullsession.

I was certainly sorry that my trip couldn't coincide with the Westercon, but you can't have everything in this best of all possible worlds.

+ The reason we hauled you out to our place that first evening, Sam,
+ was that you were in no condition for a late-nite bullsession --
+ and Robbie wants me to remind you of our standing offer: arrange
+ the itinerary of your next trip, if you can, so you can knock off
+ for a couple of days out here with us, and rest up. I trust our
+ Master Arranger of Bullsessions around here, Ben Stark, did well
+ by you? And you know, I suppose, that you came thru here just a
+ week ahead of L. Sprague de Camp ... we wouldn't have been at all
+ surprised if your trips had coincided, so you and de Camp came all
+ the way to the West Coast to see each other; after all, there are
+ LA fans who've never even heard of each other until they've met
+ up here! But your letter suggested something else to both Robbie
+ and me -- that made us exchange wistful looks and then stare at
+ the walls for awhile What a terrific charge it would be for
+ us to take a lengthy trip East, to pop up at a Midwestcon -- and
+ then, say, the Chicago convention in '62 -- and then, roll up the
+ Turnpike and stroll casually in on an ESFA meeting!!! (Why couldn't
+ I start a fan-fund to pay off our 2nd mortgage??)



...And then there's this note from Alva's little helpmeet -- a lady who, I'm always pleased to note, really has what it takes (in either a low-cut frock or a lowdown bull-session):

Sid Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, Calif.---

I enjoy G-2 because Joe is much nicer when he gets violent in print. In person he scares me.

You probably heard that The Moskowitz stayed over for the GGFS meeting. (Whild Jaguars could not have dragged him from town.) ((+That's my whild typo -- have you seen the new B-class Jaguars?+)) He enlived the evening ((+as Guest Speaker; GGFS is the Golden Gate Futurian Soc'y+)) and filled Bill Birdsell's rumpus room with ego-maniacal noises. Occasionally, the sound barrier was broken by Darwin Dias' parrito, "Doc", who fell in love with Alva, pecked gently on his chin, screeked in his ear and inevitably shat upon him, but it was a loving shat. The bird would occasionally fly to Sam, and I was praying "Doc" would play Union Square on our Speaker, but no such luck. Sam, no bird-lover, acted like the tiny creature was a 95-pound eagle on his shoulder.

Alva looked up from the sizzling Royal the other night, and said, "Thirty-three pages I've written for one year of ASTOUNDING."

"My God," I said, "you're writing a book!" And so he is.

We are expecting you two Sunday for dinner. In the pet department: I'll bet our dog is the only two-months-old creature ever to intimidate Poopsie Ellington. Also, we have a neighbor who swears he is a non-neurotic poodle because his family is so calm and well-adjusted. Hah!

+ The Rogers have as little contact with most of their neighbors as
+ we do with ours -- and they have more of 'em just over the fence
+ to have little contact with. They've a darned good house, tho; I
+ like that layout. The book Alva's doing, and the mimeo reproduc-
+ tions of old ASTOUNDING covers, was the main reason I wanted to
+ ~~trade~~ sub Viper so bad. If you haven't seen 'em, Bill Donaho
+ (1441 8th St., Berkeley 10) is serializing this write-up with
+ those repros, and it's terrific. We've got to repeat that Sunday,
+ kids, at either your place or ours -- that was good. Odd how
+ these visitors to Valhalla seem to have such trouble with the
+ animals! (Karen Anderson thot, for a while, we'd have to hire
+ a hall to meet the deCamps, what with their violent allergy to
+ cats!) But I guess that problem's solved, now. The Nelsons are
+ going to be Different, Ray tells me -- they're NOT going to have
+ any more goddam pets! Let the rest of us poor saps feed all those
+ dirty little beggars, Ray sez. Not him! Heard him with my own
+ two ears, and Robbie was sitting right there, too; we've got him
+ cold on this....

Another welcome voyageur around here ((+who traipsed into the Post with the Trimbles & Schultheis's, just after the Baycon+)) was Ol' Jim Bowie, hisself--

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif., who then wrote:

This is a letter of thanks, joyes, and sorrows. Thanks primarily for opening your house to poor wayfarers. It is something above and beyond the normal call to have guest arrive in the middle of the night, and then sleep through your own departure for work.. Then get up and ravage the icebox and leave -- without giving in return the standard pay of the wonderer...a evening of news and gossip. (Songs too, but I fear only Virginia would dare admit to being able to sing.)

Which brings me to my sorrow.. No, not that I can't sing.. I'd rather be able to write--but I am sorry not to have seen more of you on our all to brief stay.. That was the chief sorrow of the trip -- the people I didn't get to talk to..

But dispiste it all, I had a very good time. I met (or re-met) the Rogers, and got to spend a good deal of time with Ernie.. something I rarely do at home. And travel was actually as plsent as possable. Trafic was not bad eather way, and we saw no accadents.. The burned out moter on the Microbus, and Steve's brush with the VW seem to be the only troubles any of the LA crew had, and there were a lot of them on the raod.. But we are all looking forward to next year, when we don't have to travel.

I'm sorry too, that we weren't around long enough to be taken on the grand tour of your new home.. I rather suspect you bought the place, largely becouse of that livingroom. ((+Robbie did, I think!+)) It is a room that would be easy to fall in love with.. At least for someone with my taste in design.. And I have a strong leaning toward big fireplaces, high beamed ceilings, and low, comfortable couches.. -- The rest of the house looked nice and modern -- but that room looked like it went with a house that went with 10,000 acers of fine range land. But my taste are a reflection of love of the desert.. ((+Mine, too, fella+)) I'd rather live in the desert than the city, if it didn't mean giving up so many friends..... The Outlander Society once planed an imaginary retreat to which they would go, after the Big Bomb... If one had a good salection of friends with one, it could be a good life..

Kitchen duties were preformed by the male half of your guest. In doing the drying up I noticed something else with the pleased smile of one who finds some one else enjoying the same things.. Namely, the care you were giving your Gerber blade. Still in it's box.. I have a "Pixie" too, and went wild about it - as I have a small passion for knives.. But not having a house of my own, the only time I could use it was when we had stakes.. It accured to me that if I had a small case, just the size of the knife, I could carry it out to dinner. In older times a gentleman often carried his knife and fork with him.. So I sat down and wrote the Gerber company,

suggesting just such an idea.. And low and behold I got a letter back from one of the young Gerbers, thanking me for my prase of the design of the knife, and for the suggesting.. But it seems they already had had the idea, and produced a leather sheath similar to one used for a hunting knife, that could be worn on the belt.. And out of appreciation for my letter, they sent me one. It is almost as good a design as the knife... My only problem is that it has lost its razor edge, and I'm afraid to try and reshapen it, for fear of damaging it..

+ Rick, you got buffaloed by our place! I'm glad that big naugahyde
 + couch is comfortable -- ghoddness knows, we paid enuff for it, but
 + I hadn't tried sleeping on it yet. But you should've known, Rick,
 + when you found that Gerber steakknife. I'll bet your nose ~~was~~
 + was twitching, at that, but you just didn't heed your own instinct.
 + You were, most emphatically, buffaloed. Almost within reach of
 + where you slept there's a bonehandled bowie knife with a 10-inch
 + blade -- a very trusty butcherknife around a supper fire in the
 + Big Woods; and there's a Marine bolo knife with a hefty 2 lbs. of
 + 11-inch steel that's a real bushwhacker when you need brush under
 + the wheels to get a car out of a mudhole.

--- As for the Kemp poll, I was not greatly impressed. And someone in LASFS--I think it was Steve Schultheis--pointed out something about this only child/first born bit.. A good many fans, especially of those that answered the poll, are about 30 years old.. And as Steve pointed out, 30 years ago, the average family was usually only one kid. ((+H'mmm -- he's right; that was during the Depression.+))

To me, the poll was badly worded.. The first part was alright, but the second part wasn't thought out properly.. I found it hard to answer, and the part Earl copied, while it said something different than some others, was not the overal effect I wanted to have.

I go along more with your views on Science Fiction. An old fan friend was through here last weekend, and I think he stated the case for the ones who reads s-f for ideas.. He says he is reading other jurnals and magazines fo find out what is comming. There aren't enough speculative idea stories these days.. The reason I would guess as being (a) the men with the knowledge and brains to come up with new ideas are doing them in some business were they are better paid, and the results more asured, and (b) the really imagitave writers are writing for better paying fields.. With the exception of a few who just can't stop writing s-f, we have a crop of well meaning second raters who get their science and ideas from reading each other or from editorial handouts..

Another gripe is they have all but done away with high adventure, or the PLANET, TWS/SS school. I doubt that I could read much of it now with out chooking--but I loved it then.. And I think it is to bad that the curent young fans don't get a chance at this same type of adventure..

+ The slipstick guys at Pasadena and MIT will probably recognize
 + -- tho I'm afraid it will be faint recognition -- the basic pos-
 + tulate I've butchered so shamelessly in my Super Science buffoonery
 + this issue. That "odd coincidence" involving the figure 10^{40}
 + was pointed out in the March '61 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN by George
 + Gamow. But yes, men with knowledge and brains are still very
 + definitely hatching speculative ideas -- and you won't find out
 + about it in ANALOG.

+ If any of this is going to get anywhere near science-fiction,
 + the fans will have to bring it. Just as we'll have no really
 + good s-f art unless fan artists do it. We have fan artists who
 + can do really impressive work; I've seen color abstracts done by
 + Ray Nelson which are very good, and I'm pleased to report that
 + both Alva Rogers and George Metzger have lately expressed an urge
 + to do oils. We have guys in fandom who love speculative ideas,
 + too; I know, because I'm one of them.

+ But it's more than that, actually. Science-fiction can become
 + good stuff, again, and I have more than a few speculative ideas
 + about that. Next issue, I'll sound off.

Now comes a brief note from--

Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village
 of Norton, Ohio:

YANDRO 102 says that the first ish of G² is a serious considera-
 tion of what makes a fan. Since I am a rather neo neo, this should
 be of interest to me -- I think.

+ I'll bet you aren't so neo that you don't know your name & address
 + are on at least two dozen Sucker Lists, right now -- perhaps in
 + addition to the Sucker Lists you're already on! But at least
 + you'll find that the majority of fans want to treat you right;
 + there are just those few who would like to take advantage of you.
 + I hope you have a good memory for both kinds.

+ The review in YANDRO was totally unexpected, gave me entirely
 + too much egoboo, and created a problem. I hadn't anticipated any
 + queries for this 'zine until I'd pubbed at least 6 or 7 issues;
 + consequently, I was very lucky to have these first 3 issues run
 + off at a commercial lettershop -- I ordered 100 copies and got
 + 110 to 115, with extra sheets up to 125. Else I'd have run short
 + by now. But I expect no "exchange deal" with YANDRO. The Coulsons'
 + minimum sub is \$2, so I'm sending 'em cash. I value all those
 + fanzine reviews.

Speaking of \$\$, if you haven't got that most commendable ATOM Antho-
logy, send your \$1 to:

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14,
 Indiana (but query first; they might be sold out) who writes us about
 cat houses:

((+H'mmm'. How'd we get down here? I should mention, too, that
 Betty's Yank agent for the ATOM thing; comes from England & Ella Parker.+.))

+ Where were we? Oh, yes -- with Betty Kujawa about cat houses:

...(and NO wise cracks, Buster!) Got one for our kitty--suspicious of it at first--now she thinks it's peachy keen. Gene calls it a wicker-womb.

Thought of you and of Ken Cheslin and Donaho and all your herds of cat boarders--picturing the whole row of them on your split-level patio--and the neighbors putting up a big howl thinking those crazy Gibsons were now keeping bees!

Thanks for the map on der cover--this helps me 'get the picture' so to speak--mighty mighty black water you got round there.

Relished the BAYCON report--even with that title! Yuk. Real delightful, the pictures it brought to mind. Forrie surrounded by be-kilted fans--can well imagine the looks on his face and theirs--only in fandom would such an event happen.

I gather that Robbie is a Republican?? ((+Well-1-1, yes, as a matter of fact, I suppose you'd say that!+)) Good girl, that wife of yours! Fine femme!

I hope the Fritz Leiber speech on witches will be pubbed somewhere in some zine--any hope of that? Sounds like something I'd very much like to read. ((+You might try Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif. -- and threaten to send money. They're off on a trip, now, and will probably be flat broke when they get back!+)) So okay, Joe--you gonna let us in on what should be put on that tie of Perdue's or not?? ((+Nope. Perdue wasn't sober and neither was I.+)) Hellish thing--building us up like that and then not saying--humph!

Wunnerful report this was, friends...wunnerful. Hope you plan to attend the SEACON.

Was telling a buddy of mine, Joe Szilagyi, of fandom--of knowing fans all over the globe and mentioned how Bob Smith in Australia knew many Hungarian Freedom Fighters there now. The guy about flipped, as his wife's oldest sister went there during the exodus with her husband. His wife and mother-in-law have been grieving ever since as they can't find them via Red Cross, etc.

So am gonna write Smith and give him the info to pass on to the Hungarian lads there who will pass it on and on thru the Social Clubs and Hungarian weekly papers, in hopes of finding someone somewhere there who will know of her. A minute ago Joe's wife phoned me with more detailed info and with the story of their escape and all. The mother has said for ten years she so wants to at least hear of her daughter before she dies -- the sister, during the exodus, carried another baby sister in her arms for hundreds of miles (literally) and was like a second mother to the brood of younger children.

I certainly hope that I can help out. We ARE lucky...you know? This would be one hellova fine deed for fandom to have accomplished!

+ Yes, Betty, it would be a damned fine deed. I knew refugees, of course, in wartime Europe & immediately after; in Dachau, of all places -- but it was the town, not the camp -- I knew a lucky one, an Austrian music teacher, and whenever I hear that tune the French called "Symphonie" and the Germans, "Komm Zureit" I remember this old guy at the piano & the last time I heard him play it, there: his wife and kids had just walked out of the Red Zone and were waiting in Vienna. You may not succeed, Betty -- but it's worth trying! And the rest of you faaans (I've been a fanclub-cum-convention fan too long to have any contacts overseas), has any one else anything to contribute? Any suggestions??

Yeah -- the kneading of the cats on laps and legs--yeah, that I've experienced. So why not invest in some claw clippers? We have a dandy pair and every time we are invited out Gene slips them in his pocket--the dogs and cats of our hosts are clipped during the visit--its s.o.p. round South Bend now--- and for Gene all animals are gentle and mild and objecteth not, by the way. Remind me to take them along on our next West Coast trip. I have a cat-clipping husband -- not many fans can make that statement!

+ Yes, bring the cat-clipping husband along too, by all means. I suspect that Buchanan Field, over near Martinez, would be better for a tie-down, even just to RON; than any field smack in the Bay Area. 'Nuff said? Warn us, tho, and we'll check it out. Also, we DO have accomodations other than the livingroom couch -- IF you don't arrive when the LA gang's here...So WARN us!!!

Comes now a missive we can't put off any longer, from--

Redd Boggs,
2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota:

I meant to write you after receiving G² v.1 n.1 and explain that you're wasting copies by sending them to me under the terms outlined on p. 2 of that first issue. I don't usually subscribe to fanzines when I have a fanzine to exchange. And on the other hand my fanzine is not available by subscription. So I'm afraid we can't make a deal.

You shipped off another issue before I could tell you this, but I trust that this letter will head off any other issues sent in the vain hope that I'll subscribe. I see that you've already renigged on your vow to make your fanzine contain "8 pages of copy -- no more, no less"; so perhaps there's some room for hope that you'll change your mind about trading copies as well. ((+You got this issue, regardless; we get DISCORD from friends who don't want it+)).

G², though an infuriating title to type, what with that super-scripture fouling up things, is a very pleasant sort of fanzine;

I enjoyed the first issue enough so that I was pleased to receive #2, although I had, as I said, intended to drop you a line before you sent any more copies. Of course my mail was rather light yesterday when your fanzine arrived, so perhaps I would have greeted the sight of any fanzine, even Gemzine, say, with the same big happy stupid grin I bestowed on G², but perhaps it's disingenuous to admit that and spoil your egoboo.

The stupid part of my grin, anyway, is characteristic of me; or so I suspect when I try to make sense as well as obtain a certain amount of entertainment from G². At first I thought it was your fault that G² reads so murkily, but now I notice that the obfuscation hangs equally over both issues and the contributions of both sides of the Gibson family. So maybe you're both high-IQ-ing me and my poor pink brains aren't adequate to the task of comprehending such bright ideas, brilliantly expressed. I dunno.

Take page 1 of the first issue. "I pulled what seemed like 40 acres of weeds out of the front drainage ditch and planted ice-plants, last year, only they didn't seem to do very well -- until I pulled much less weeds this Spring and there, underneath, you oughta see those crazy ice-plants." What's the point of this clever passage, eh? You pulled the ice-plants at first thinking they were weeds? The ice-plants like the weeds for shade? Of the two, the latter sounds more probable, but what's the good of having the ice-plants if they're hidden under weeds?

But that's minor stuff, a patch of light haze on an otherwise fairly clear vista. For real fog, heavy and rolling like the fabled stuff of Frisco or London, we need to turn to your comments on Why is a Fan? Joe has -- forgive me for saying so -- been guilty often enough before of writing foggily and portentously about his childhood and army career, as if he is recounting a psychological study full of wonder to us dull clods and full of dazzling insights that would make a psychiatrist cower back like they were supposed to when confronted by dianetics. But now Joe has pulled the same trick on Robbie: the same portentousness, the same irrelevancies, the same high fog index. And the same result: a vain try to make a life that was, apparently, dull and frustrating in the living, add up to something Significant.

That paragraph about Robbie on page 3 is wondrously thick stuff. "Her early memories are labelled 'Depression years...'" What's so unusual about that, in this particular time and place? "...and the farm kids around little towns in Idaho didn't accept her; she was an ugly duckling." And what's so unusual about that? Everybody is rejected by other kids in one way or another. The only relevant matter is why. An implication of the paragraph so far is that Robbie had a strong desire to "belong," while Joe didn't, which may be an important point if that's the correct implication. Is it? Who knows. And farther along: "...and that took care of him." I'm

sure it did--but what happened? Was he killed? If so, it must have been a traumatic experience for Robbie, but otherwise? "She saw 'em haul in truckloads of snow for the main street in Fairbanks..." I'm sure that this had a profound effect on the making of Robbie Gibson, Fan. Yes. "...and the Army take off with every Red Alert, leaving the civilians to face the Invasion." Does this mean that the army ran and hid, deserting their posts? ((+I said so, didn't I?+)) "So..." Does this word imply that her decision had anything to do with seeing snow hauled in or the army taking off? "...figuring on a safe bet..." A safe bet for what, for heavens sake? "...she departed for the States as a WAC candidate for OCS..." Was she already in the WACS as an EW? Hard to say, but that might explain her leaving: she got tired of taking off with the army at every alert. "...and when she found out about that noise..." So what did she find out? "...she got busy and walked off with an Honorable Discharge." How? ((+Oh, brother!+)) And more important, why? All this is supposed to prove something, obviously, but what? Ah yes, it proves "You don't trifle with this gal!" Well, maybe. What in the world, though, does it prove about Why is a Fan?

Of course, as I said, Robbie herself is skillful at the fine art of obfuscation too, and proves it in her Baycon report. This is a well muddled report to be sure, and it was hard enough to figure out what was going on because of the lack of follow-through -- one had to guess what had happened -- without the added inconvenience of having to wade through half-intelligible sentences that read to me a little like those of Jean Linard or such furriners who have learned English imperfectly. Probably it would have read a little better if it weren't written in the stick.

The letter column, aside from the title and the annoying format, was quite good. But the editorial remarks are full of the same ersatz portentousness that marred the Why is a Fan? commentary.

You misspelled "poetsarcd." Let's be careful to preserve our traditions.

+ Robbie's response to this lengthy critique was: "The only clear, + concise and unqualified statement I've ever made in my life was + when I said 'I will!' at our wedding." As for myself, I'm not + too sure that I want to be understood by Redd Boggs!!!

...And now a word -- in fact, two words -- from:

Road, Springfield, Ill.

Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan

I gladly accept your offer of reciprocal subscriptions ((+There! That's the term I've been looking for!+)) but I feel it my duty to warn you--this is an extremely fallible method, since most fans don't price their magazines at what they're worth. Certainly G2 costs you more than 8¢ per copy to produce, just as BANE sets me back 18¢ per

copy, roughly. In both instances, we're underpricing our efforts since it isn't a matter of Cosmic Consequence.

Of course, I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to set my policies up as the correct criterium, but I can offer the advice that you better check what you're getting in terms of what you're giving out.

I appreciate the cover-map on G². It's something which should have appeared long before this, since California fannish doings seem to be better recorded and publicized than those of any other area. Familiar names all: El Sobrante, Berkeley, San Francisco, Orinda, Alcatraz, Canyon, Walnut Creek--fannish havens. ((+Scratch Walnut Creek -- the Ellingtons have moved into T.Carr's old address, 1818 Hearst St., Berkeley+)) Things seem better in place with this information.

Enjoyed Robbie's Baycon report. I know next to nothing about her--and yourself--but I do remember a letter from Miriam Carr which swore that Robbie looked great in tight slacks. At any rate, how about a couple of modern biographies, in #3?

Edit your letters!

+ We do -- passably, I think. Just some old mossbacks around, this
 + time, that I hadn't heard from in years, and -- well, things got
 + a bit out of hand. And she does, matter of fact; the other week
 + I goaded her into buying a pair of s-t-r-e-t-c-h pants ... and
 + by damned if she didn't go back the next day and buy a s-t-r-e-t-c-h
 + skirt besides! But then, she's jealous of my legs, too.
 + But a couple of biographies, y'say? Well! Wonder who we could
 + get to do that? Tucker? (Oghodno, notthat!) Rog Phillips? Lynn
 + Hickman? Danny Curran??? Ackerman?!? ~~Clyde Dele?~~??!!
 + One remark which I purposely omitted from someone's letter was
 + "Still, Joe, there are some publications going out as fanzines
 + that you and I would have been hard put to recognize as such,
 + when we were starting." I'm afraid I agree.
 + But imagine the fun I'm liable to have with that policy for
 + Overseas Fans!!! It's foolish and I like it.

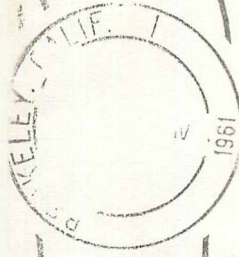
NOW, SEE THIS...

There are fan-funds and fan-funds being raised, this year. However, there's just one fund we're particularly in favor of -- we don't ask you to agree; you've made your own choice(s) by now -- & for us, it's the Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund to bring Walt & Madeleine over.

The place for \$\$ is: Larry T. Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York.

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FROM GIBSONS
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EL SOBRANTE, CALIF



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