

G² IX

February -- 'sixty-two

simply no space to spare for a cover illo
this time of course if we'd had a Bjo but
everybody's expecting Bjo to do this&that

FROM AN AVRAM DAVIDSON LETTER dated October 23rd, 1961:

"I haven't much else to say, except that the current
issue I am sending to Joseph Ferman, publisher of F&SF,
because I (hoo boy, lookut all the ego-signs!) thought
he might be interested."

...The "current issue" Avram was
referring to was G²#4 with my bit
called To Publish A Prozine, with
first mention of the idea that Ye
Booke Publysheres should put book
ads in science-fiction magazines!

From AXE #18, dated Dec. 10: **

"AVRAM DAVIDSON WILL EDIT THE MAGAZINE
OF F&SF beginning with the April issue.
His title will be Literary Editor; the
publisher's son will be Managing Editor."

Well, we don't have our hopes up. But
we still think that a questionnaire in
some issue of a s-f mag -- asking the
readers how many & what kind of books
they have, how many shelves of books,
and how many would they like to have?
-- could get results that would be of
considerable interest to all the book
publishers who also reprint s-f....

...But it DO sound
interesting!!!

**There was some minor correction in AXE #19,
the fanzine we'd most like to see get the Hugo....

Statement of Policy

Every so often, we get the sneakiest feeling that we should explain the policies of this fanzine again. There comes that nagging, little suspicion that somebody out there doesn't understand us.

Now, this is a subscription fanzine. That means you paid money to get it regularly -- and there are darned few exceptions to this! At the moment, we have 39 paid subscribers, 9 subs to other faneds in exchange for equivalent subs to their fmz, and 5 free subs given to certain fans who have done or are doing things which have our warmest approval. (Aside from this, we send out periodic mailings of "sample copies" which raises the total circulation of each issue to roughly 100 copies.)

In short, G² goes primarily to fans who think enough of it to pay money for it.

We do not trade with other fanzines. In fact, we have exchanged equivalent subs with relatively few of the subscription zines now being published -- some we've refused; some we haven't even bothered to ask. In two instances, we were refused and so we bought subs to those fmz. We're also on the mailing lists of several fanzines which are circulated free, their editors not wanting to bother with subs, tho they pay for G² just as the rest of you do. The important thing is that you could feel cheated if we charged you, but not somebody else; ghod knows, our sub rates are nominal enough!

We don't send free copies of G² to anyone who happens to review it. If we receive several new subs mentioning some particular review, that reviewer gets a free sub.

We don't have a British agent. What we do is this: we will give an equivalent sub to G² to any overseas fan who buys us a sub to any fanzine in their country -- we simply need confirmation from that fanzine's editor.

This doesn't mean if six British fans buy us subs to HYPHEN, Walt Willis must either send us 6 copies or have us signed up for 6 years. It simply means Walt continues to send us our regular copy of each issue and is that much less out-of-pocket for having published it. (Frankly, Walt's sent me free copies of '-' and / (**) for years!) So you see how it is.

But this policy is applicable to all overseas fandom.

We've said that you don't need to write us letters of comment. Well, that's false. Some of you have proved it almost every issue, much to our gleeful enjoyment and gratitude. But that's it, that's our policy.

(**)WAW wasn't the only one, either.

TINKERSHOP NOTES

This fanzine is not copyrighted. As I told Harry Warner, a few issues back, anything I do for a fanzine is written specifically for the Public Domain. If I wanted to protect it by copyright, I would never let it be published in a fanzine -- too much chance of infringement by some unsuspecting youngfan editor!

But there is another use to which a fanzine can be put: say you have an idea you're willing to share with others (no need for copyright protection) but you'd still like to be credited as being the first to have that idea? In that case, publishing it will definitely "date" your claim of having originated it. You can prove it.

Now, I get a lot of enjoyment out of thinking up nutty ideas. So I'm going to start doing an occasional, probably very infrequent column here in G² for this purpose. I'll call it "Tinkershop Notes" so you'll know it when you see it -- and you can avoid it if this isn't your dish.

This, the first of the batch, will give you some notion of what I mean:

Many of you may be familiar with the mystery surrounding Paleolithic hand axes, but it's certain that some of you aren't at all familiar with any such thing. So here's the pitch: stone tools and implements of the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age differ considerably, in many respects, from those of the Neolithic or New Stone Age. It's the Neolithic where you have the notched spearheads and arrowheads, the stone axeheads notched or grooved where they were fitted to wooden handles, the beautifully-shaped knives and all the other tools we associate with Early Cavemen and the Stone Age beginnings of agricultural communities; i.e., the beginnings of modern civilization.

The fragmentary remains of Paleolithic tools, used by men before they started living in caves, are naturally of much simpler and cruder design. The so-called "hand axe" is predominant among such remains, altho it is the one tool whose shape suggests no clearly definable use. Most anthropologists believe it was simply a kind of "all-purpose" tool, but are at a loss to explain how it came into such general use or why it should far outnumber other Paleolithic tools whose purpose is clear, such as cleavers, picks and knives.

(Incidentally, none of these tools chipped out of stone are very difficult to make -- if you know how! There's a story of an anthropologists' convention where one of them chipped out a stone axehead, tied it to a handle, and chopped down a tree with it -- all in half-an-hour. Even the Paleolithic tool-makers probably didn't bother much to resharpen a tool



CLEAVER



PICK



KNIFE



HAND
AXE



SCRAPER



CHOPPER



OTHER
SMALL
TOOLS



SPHEROID

once its cutting-edge dulled. They just sorted through their selection of "tool blanks" flaked off some boulder, chose the appropriate "blank" and chipped out a new tool on the spot.)

I don't have one of those hand axes, but I know someone who does -- Poul Anderson. I've seen it, studied it, hefted it in my hand. It's a little too big to be used as a hand-tool. There's no way of holding it so the sharp edge doesn't cut across your palm. If you used it as a throwing-weapon, the heavier end would most likely hit your victim and inflict the most damage; yet the sharper cutting-edge is at the smaller, pointed end of it. It seems like a very clumsy and awkward thing to work with.

In the October '61 issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN there's an article entitled "Isimila: A Paleolithic Site in Africa" by F. Clark Howell, associate professor of paleoanthropology at the University of Chicago. Having some free time over the Holidays, I wrote to Professor Howell, and the remainder of this column is pretty much what I wrote him.

One of the photographs with that article showed two hand axes stuck into the ground, in a staggered pattern, where they had been found by Prof. Howell's group, "...resting on edge, as their users left them."

The Isimila site was a water hole around which hunters camped, about 75,000 years ago -- near the end of the last interglacial period. Perhaps they actually camped a bit upstream, on running water with brush and firewood closer at hand; the water hole itself would be the better place to hunt, to lie in wait for the arrival of one's dinner. As for the tools and implements being found there -- well, as most hunters know, once you've made your kill, the next best thing is to dress out the carcass on the spot. Anyone making use of hide, bones, sinews and horns would have need for quite a number of tools there, too.

But anyway -- that photograph! Hadn't it occurred to anyone that those hand axes were set out in the pattern of a minefield? Imagine hunters with no more equipment than stone-throwing slings and wooden spears with fire-hardened points tackling some beast with the size and disposition of an enraged water buffalo! After a suitable period of mourning, I could visualize one of that clan's survivors wondering if there wasn't some better way to do the job.

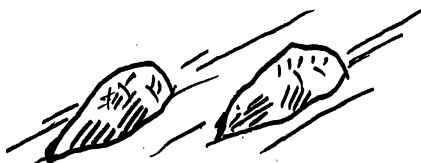
Such as sharp-edged stones placed edge-up in a minefield pattern. Then startle a herd, stampede it across there; see crippled leaders fall and get trampled, others turn goring and slashing with their horns. When the remainder of the herd departs, move in and finish off the victims, then start carving them up and packing it off to camp.

Thus, there would be certain "minefield" sites (as the article described) where large tools are predominant. There would be other, nearby sites (as described) where smaller tools predominate, where the carcasses were dressed out, the hides scraped, the meat divided to be packed out, etc., etc.

And there would inevitably be a third type of site (also described) where large tools are accompanied by a considerable amount of stone rubble (obviously collected there for some purpose, the article said). After all, the local game is going to get wise to this danger sooner or later; the animals would spot those minefields and rather charge the hunters than be stampeded over them. So it becomes necessary not only to place such minefields, but camouflage them.

After a few centuries of this activity around the water hole, it's conceivable that a good supply of bone and ivory would have collected there. Some clan that wanted it for tools and ornaments might well work the site, then, leaving behind such heavy-duty tools as picks, core-scrapers and choppers used in digging out, scraping and breaking up large bones, horns and tusks. (Yup -- the article described precisely such a "find"!)

This idea for the possible use of the hand axe not only seems to satisfy all the mystery surrounding its shape and size, but would appear to answer the questions raised by Prof. Howell's findings at Isimila.



Somehow or other, both Robbie and I have had an odd misconception about THE BUG EYE (available from Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Uffort/Bick, (22a) - Krs. Moers, West Germany) ... in some incomprehensible way, we got the idea that this zine was being pubbed in two editions, one English & the other German. This just isn't the way of it, at all.

Instead, what Hel Klemm does is pub two different fanzines. TBE is his English zine, and in it he features quite a number of Gerfans. But his German zine is LYRA, which features translated articles from British and American fmz which many Gerfans don't see -- and which I suspect some of the Gerfans can't read, anyway. In fact, I can't read some of 'em myself.

In any case, we still admire the job Hel's doing as virtually the only fan editor (anyway, the only one we've heard about) bridging a language gap. Could something like this be done for French fandom? We'd like to see that. Very much.

But our misconception gives us an idea, too. Could someone attempt several issues of a two-edition/two-language fanzine? This seems to me to have a certain appeal -- that is, to know that anything I had published in this zine would be translated in, say, its German edition; and the replies from any Gerfans would subsequently be in English for me to read, especially from Gerfans who don't know English -- yes, I'd like that.

...THIS ABOUT DOES

+ ...Now, that's odd! Wonder how many other sentences can be +
 + chopped off that way and completely alter the thing? The above +
 + title was to be "This About Does It" until I paused for a slurp +
 + of coffee and looked back and this about deer females hit me! +

Anyway, this about does it for this G² becuz we just aren't up to doing any lead article or filling the place with artwork. In fact, it was pure luck that lastish was mostly finished last December (and we must owe an apology to Jim Caughran for being such deadbeats over the Holidays when he stayed with us -- and to Donaho and the Nelsons for shunning those roaring parties -- and to the Trimbles and Rogerses for forcing former guests onto latter hosts 'cause we just couldn't live up to it) but it is a Time of Trubbles in the Gibson household.

But we've gotta answer the mail, anyway. And right on top of the heap are some dissenting letters that I am frankly glad to have received.

WIM STRUYCK, Willebrordusstr. 33 B, Rotterdam 11, Holland:

Thanks a lot for the fanzines you sent me. Of course I should have thanked you much sooner ... However, I have never been a very fast replier (though I do write always) and besides, December made it worse than ever. Has been a very busy month for me. You may know that I am a professional piano player, freelancer on parties and in nightclubs and such, and with all those season's parties going on I had a very busy time. Hardly any time for reading, let alone for writing. By the way, reading (Sc.F. mostly) and writing (correspondence) have always been my main "activities" in fandom. So you can hardly call me an "active" fan ... An old fan, yes. Married, too, but not to a fan.

In issue #6 there's an article.((+All articles in G² are by me so far, Wim+))... You speak about a negative approach and not being able to be positive yourself (give a positive solution). Rereading it I understand what you mean, but I don't get what you want. In several aspects, I can't agree with you either. I always come back to the same question: What do you look for in Sc.Fict., outside fandom that is, when you say that not a single prof. zine gives any Sc.F. anymore?

+ I've been trying to figure out how to say exactly what I do want in +
 + science-fiction. Last issue's article was a beginning, but that cer- +
 + tainly wasn't ALL of it. I've never seen anyone else expressing what +
 + I look for in good s-f, tho, so I'm having to search out or invent +
 + expressions that will make it clear.

In #5 by the way I found several names I know. Naturally, one: Betty Kujawa, who is a very old, and very much liked, friend of mine and as an extreme opposite Swedish Sture, who is the one fan I know (and actually met) that I don't like at all. I met a lot of fans, and generally found them to be nice people. Not Sture. For several reasons. It gave me some shock to see his name first thing in your zine. Which for the rest is no business of mine, of course. I just tell this because of those two extremes.

- + We know very little -- in fact, practically nothing -- about fans
- + on the Continent, Wim. Please refer to our "Statement of Policy"
- + in this issue regarding overseas fans; you might help us get rid
- + of some of our ignorance, if you know of some good english-language
- + fanzine there.

ARCHIE MERCER, 434/4 Newark Road, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England:

According to my mysterious System, the workings of which are fully comprehensible only to myself (and not always even that much), when I receive an unsolicited fanzine from across the Atlantic nowadays I usually either (a) sub, (b) send it back unread, or (c) more rarely, offer to become its British agent. In this case I am taking none of these courses.

- + Our mysterious System may well be considered totally incomprehen-
- + sible, but it's at least more fully stated in this's "Statement
- + of Policy" than it has before. Takes us a little time, is all.

Anyway, let's see what we sort of have here. Genuine double-fan marriages in British fandom include the Buckmasters and the Grays. (Bill and Bobbie of Cheltenham). The Willises and the Shorrocks were married before they discovered fandom. Pamela Bulmer is Ron Buckmaster's sister, and was a fringe-fan before hitting it off with Ken. Joe Patrizio's bride, daughter to Bill Temple, was hardly even that, though it was fandom that brought them together. The Milneses of Liverpool fandom both fanned prior to their marriage. There's Betty and Ian Peters in the SFCoL who joined as a married couple, but I don't know much about them. That's all I can think of in that line.

While you (Robbie) are telling Sture about the Yerba Buena band, you might have explained that Turk Murphy isn't really a Turk. Or something.

So according to you (Joe), anybody who's interests happen to lie in the political-sociological-economic field is neurotic.

I'd say that a fanzine editor puts into his zine things that he finds of interest or importance. Some people find politics etc of interest and/or importance. Others sport, music, science, pornography and all sorts of other things. I don't see why certain legitimate interests should make a person neurotic rather than others.

Or perhaps I misunderstand you altogether. Which may be either of our faults or a bit of both.

- + You certainly did misunderstand, and every bit of it was my fault.
- + I had no intention whatever of saying any subject *Must*Not*Be*
- + Discussed*In*Fandom!* and I'd be quick to lambast anyone else who
- + pulled such a stunt.
- +

+ But there's one more complainant wanting in on this ...

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa.:

Magnificent cover on #6, people. You can't hardly get portly rocket ships these days, you know. As for "Unserconity," well, the article seems to be cast in the same mold as your pungently titled article in the latest SHAGGY (see, they're not craven in LA; they printed that title just as it was originally, right?) ((+We knew perfectly well that they would, Gary.+)) which makes it entertaining to read but, I fear, a bit far from the facts on some points. Chief error, in my humble Occidental opinion -- your labelling anyone who discusses politics in fandom a "fake fan."

For shame, Joe; foggy thinking there, don't you think?

Other minor points of disagreement in the same article: first, that STARSHIP TROOPERS is negativistic; second, that SLAN might be called negativistic. I don't agree with you at all. A positive approach courses through both these books, especially through Heinlein's opus. Another thing, in your fourth paragraph you say "most of the stuff in hard-covers and paperbacks today is nothing more than fake-fantasy"; then, later on, you say, "we should get rid of all the obsolete themes which make s-f little more than a kind of contemporary adventure fiction." I agree there -- that would help science fiction muchly -- but wouldn't what would be left after the so-called obsolete themes were shelved have to be labeled as nothing other than "fake-fantasy?"

No hard feelings here, of course; just exercising the right to dissent and all that sort of thing. I like your fanzine, people -- keep 'em coming.

+ And I like your dissention, Gary; your letter is one I heartily wish
+ I had time & space to publish in toto and comment on everything you
+ said. The obvious haste with which things are often said in this
+ fanzine, f'rinstance -- becuz we simply haven't TIME to edit & revise
+ & polish our own copy, much less correspond, solicit, prepare and
+ publish articles by others for a really proper fanzine! We haven't
+ time to run a 'zine off on mimeo; we have this multi-matted copy run
+ off by a commercial printshop. Lastish cost us \$30 for the print
+ job alone! (Our tightfisted subscription policy will hardly cover
+ our mailing costs -- so it's strictly used to insure that most fans
+ who get G² are the ones who really want it.)
+

+ But let's work backward through your minor points of disagreement
+ first. Lastish, I tried to clarify what I meant by the "fake-fantasy"
+ aspect of current s-f. At least, that was part of what I mean by such
+ remarks. And anyone could say just as easily that a positive element
+ exists in Nevil Shute's ON THE BEACH or Bob Tucker's LONG, LOUD SILENCE
+ -- but I feel that both SLAN and ST concluded with negative solutions
+ to their plots. To me, a positive solution is more like the concluding
+ chapters of BEYOND THIS HORIZON**. It ends up still going somewhere and
+ doing something; the others end up more likely going to Hell in a
+ bucket. But I'm beginning to realize that I had the wrong information
+ on STARSHIP TROOPERS and I probably owe Buck Coulson an explanation.

**Not the best example -- METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN would be better --
but the plot-ending of BTH had a complete switch to avoid being
negative.

+ The impression I got was that fandom generally didn't like ST at all,
 + with dark mutterings when Art Rapp praised it and it won a Hugo -- and
 + apparently my impression was wrong. But I wasn't expressing my own
 + opinion of ST at all. Perhaps I should, sometime.

+ Now, the real complaint. These 3 letters are perhaps indicative of who
 + didn't understand what I was driving at and thus, emphatically disagreed.
 + Frankly, this surprised me -- because I couldn't recall ever having said
 + anything like this at all! I had to go back and reread my own words in
 + #6 to find out where you had gotten this impression.

+ What I said was: "These fake-fans get very emotional about their Great
 + Discussions, too; neuroses provide a considerable emotional drive to
 + their writing and publishing activities -- in that respect, they are
 + very like the rest of us -- but with that, they've shot their bolt."
 + And I think here is precisely where I should have said quite a bit more,
 + at least enough so I'd make my remarks clear.

+ Putting it simply, what I was talking about are the individuals in fanac
 + who apparently can't discuss anything else but politics. I was not, nor
 + did I intend to imply, criticizing anyone who should happen to discuss
 + politics. There's a helluva big difference. I've some things I would
 + like to say about Kruchev's Manifesto and sex and STRANGER and maybe even
 + censorship -- but I'm not going to devote a whole damned fanzine to it
 + -- and if I review any current stf publication, I hope to discuss more
 + than its literary merits or how well the author put over his technical
 + or sociological theme. I should also want to contemplate where the
 + author probably got his ideas and how much or how little knowledge he
 + had -- in short, how good was his idea in the first place. Maybe he
 + wrote a bad novel simply because he was too lazy to work at it. Maybe
 + some other writer wasn't.

+ But I digress. The few letters I've received agreeing with what I said
 + all understood what I was saying, which may indicate that many fans simply
 + hadn't noticed there were people in fandom who talk politics and nothing
 + but politics. Try discussing anything else which they consider too utterly
 + bourgeois and you get a fine, verbal sneer. Well, there've been "fans"
 + who considered you a clod if you discussed anything but Science. In fact,
 + they'd not only call you a clod but take the trouble to think up some
 + rather vicious ways of saying it, too. It reminds me of others who have
 + espoused Communism, Technocracy, White Supremacy and Organized Fandom
 + in the past -- though I've always had a sort've vague suspicion that such
 + Great Causes didn't really mean anything to them at all, but merely con-
 + venient excuses (each "popular" in its time) they used to achieve their
 + own peculiar ends. These "fans" almost invariably stayed in fandom only
 + so long as they could find an audience.

+ But such individuals aren't such a Threat To Fandom as are other types --
 ++ and have you noticed, no one's asked for any names of the persons who were
 ++ cheated or the victims of fraud or theft? Very interesting, that. None
 ++ of 'em has dropped his DNQ mask and made any public climb into the ring,
 ++ either. In some ways, I can't blame 'em. What's done is done.

+ Still, it won't do for anyone (myself or F.M. Busby) to stand up and
 + start "naming names" right and left. That would only cause a fan
 + feud that could easily be promoted to verbal warfare involving all
 + fandom. I never want to see that again.
 +
 + I think it's enough simply to throw a "practice alert" at fans, now
 + and then, as I did in Shaggy. Relatively new fans like Betty Kujawa
 + must not expect someone else to tell them exactly who the Big Bad
 + Wolf is; she's got to realize we're all in the Deep Woods and she'll
 + have to sling a load of buckshot into that ol' Wolf just as readily
 + as any of the rest of us, if she's a fan. I know she is. I would
 + help her or anyone else with the techniques of slinging buckshot, if
 + they ask, but I won't give 'em a program on exactly where the targets
 + are going to pop up. Each of us has to learn that.
 +
 + The person who should name names is the one who's got a beef, himself.
 + That's why I printed Struyck's remarks about Sedolin. Wim has the
 + right to state his opinion. If he's right, we all benefit; if he's
 + wrong, he will benefit from the criticism others throw at him.
 +
 + But enuff of that jazz! Here's a real taste of what else we got on
 + tap around here, from --

SIDONIE ROGERS, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, Calif.:

We had an uproarious Xmas, me in hysterics, the house full of garbage, the baby with a wracking cough and both Alva and I with the usual seasonal hangovers.

Also, during our elegant soiree of the 22nd, the guest toilet kept overflowing. The comments of guests on descending from said bathroom were all classic one-liners.

The following day Alva did not arise till 2 p.m.. His only comment being repeatedly "real swingin' party, where's the aspirin."

Today on top of all this jollity and trying to out pot-latch the neighbors, the kook poodle chewed a hole in our electric blanket -- dog is doing well, blanket is demolished -- oh hell, it needed repairs anyway.

For Christmas I received dress white gloves for a surprise and another 20 gallon garbage can by request.

Our garbage disposal konked out a week ago Sunday, was taken away Tuesday, returned Friday, installed, switched on -- and promptly exploded two hours before the party. Oddly enough after all these mad repairs, the service man informed me that for six years it had been running backwards. It could only happen to the Rogers group.

Enough drivvel. Happy New Year to bofe you. Hope we collide at some mad fannish festivity.

+ I have a mad fannish passion for this woman! All the more reason for

- + my admiration of Alva Rogers. I particularly admire that flame-topped
- + crewcut of his. It'd make such a fine addition to my scalp collection!

LEWIS J. GRANT, JR., Genius, Reasonable Rates, I Furnish Own Pencil at
53333 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 15, expounds:

I was talking with a chemist friend about the rumor that subclinical doses of nerve gas over a few months caused paranoia, and he reminded me that some of the phosphorylated insecticides have the same general structure, and there are sure a lot of people getting subclinical doses of them, especially in rural areas and the garden spot of the world, California.

.....
What's good in the Fifth Race, Madame Blavatsky?.....

Did you know that the World Calendar will have four Friday-the-thirteenth every year, and will have a new date, April 31st, which will be nothing but Walpurgis Eve. I am starting a movement to have April Fool's moved to Friday, April 13, and Hallowe'en moved to Friday, October 13. Any suggestions for January 13 and July 13?

- + The latter date is the Eve of Bastille Day, of course. It's a day
- + for planning bigger and better Bastille Days. January 13 should be
- + made World Calendar day with an international beauty contest to pick
- + the nude models to be fotoed for the next year's World Calendar. I'm
- + utterly shocked at your blatant display of interest in such lowbrow
- + pornography, Lewis Grant! Calendars, indeed!!!
- +
- + And nexttime you send me a 4-page LoC, I'm gonna send it right back
- + with the stipulation that you put out your OWN dadgummed G-Squared!

ROBERT BLOCH, 4245 Vantage Ave., Studio City, Calif.:

G² continues to delight me. Outside of fake letters purporting to be from Rick Sneary (the correct spelling is the tip-off) I find it pretty much as John Trimble describes; the next best thing to talking to you two -- altho I much prefer the reality, because then I can look at Robbie's legs.

Bvelyn and her husband (Donn Spencer, an exceptionally nice guy, whom she married in late spring with us and the Howard Brownes at the ceremony) were over recently and we got to rummaging thru snapshots and came up with some Chicago scenes taken at your place there. Seems a million years and a million miles away, doesn't it?

- + Oh, so you've noticed how Rick Sneary's been doublecrossing me, have
- + you? He caught on to the fact that I wasn't bothering to correct my
- + own typos when I typed his letters on multimat, and proceeded to throw
- + me completely off by a sudden switch to deliberately correct spelling!
- + But I'll fix him, just you wait! I'll send him a can of liquid poly-
- + ethylene labeled Whetstone Oil!
- +
- + D'you know what's really sad about those fine, old times in Chicago,

tho? It's that the Triumphant Moment of Robert Bloch wasn't recorded for ~~posterity~~ Harry Warner's climactic last chapter to the 1940-60 Fan History. Remember, you'd hit town and were staying with us, Bob Tucker and Tom Scortia were stashed elsewhere (Tom's out here in Los Gatos now, by the way, playing around with erotic fuels or somesuch) and the three of you were scheduled to speak at the U. of Chi S-F Club meeting that night. So Robbie and I had a small blast at our apartment that afternoon. And I made a bucket of Hurkle Juice...you remember Hurkle Juice... Tom Scortia swore later he was drinking Martinis. In fact, I made three successive bucketsful of Hurkle Juice to that crowd before Robbie finally dished up the chili.

But you wisely abstained -- and Bob and Tom didn't! That Hurkle Juice was sooo smoooooth going down (on empty stummicks) and that chili was so damned good, everybody had thirds! Shudder. Chili on top of rum and frozen orange concentrate ..!

Well, off we went to Noyes Hall and the clubmeeting and -- well, Tom Scortia had a speech, really he did, only he couldn't quite remember just what the hell it was, really! Then it was Bob's turn. Poor guy -- by then, the triphammers had begun tearing out the back wall of his skull. It was cruel. It was awful! Poor, old Bob ...

And then you got up and looked around and began with, "I'm very glad to be here, tonight. In fact, you might even say I've been waiting for this moment for years --!!!"

But you were gentle, considerate, and even mildly concerned for the obvious condition of your esteemed opponents.** And then, the whole farce over with, you returned home with us -- loosened your tie, kicked off your shoes, sprawled out comfortably in an easy chair and gazed at the tall, frosty glass of Hurkle Juice which appeared in your hand.. And you questioned us again, musingly, as to its secret formula....

Naturally, both Bob and Tom admitted later that we couldn't have sabotaged them without their own unthinking willingness. 'Course not! Why, we had no idea---

But you take even 86 proof hooch and mix it 3-to-1 with something that fills LARGE glasses with silky-gold nectar that flows down as easily as lemon coke!!

+ Or maybe it was Manhattans that Tom thought he'd been drinking,
+ later. Anyway, he knew it'd been potent as hell!

JUNE BONIFAS, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, N.M.:

While I am writing you, I should have some comments for you, but I'm afraid they don't amount to much. I was interested in the reference to Joe's old ASF's being buried in the sand outside Albuquerque. If you can provide a map, New Mexico fandom--which seems to consist of me --will go on a grand treasure hunt.

+ June, you don't know what you may have started, there! Well, now --

**Some of the audience weren't in much better shape.

+ It was a wooden packing case, 3 x 4 ft. across by 2 ft. deep, filled
 + within a few inches of the top with ASF's, FFM's, FN's, Weird Tales,
 + Amazings, etc. (even stuff like Super Science Stories) -- and it was
 + buried in sand, about 3 feet below the surface; that is, we dug a five
 + foot hole, shoved it in, and smoothed out a sand mound over it. The
 + location is on the west mesa, across the Rio Grande from town. D'you
 + know the clay bluffs along the west bank of the river, there? You go
 + out to those and stand on the highest point of 'em where the three
 + volcanoes are just visible off to the west. Then turn your gaze slowly
 + southward along the horizon. There was a sand-dune poking up above
 + the horizon like a small cone topped with a clump of dead grass --
 + it was the only one poking up like that; you couldn't miss it. You
 + go over to that pointy, little sand-dune, stand on the east side of
 + it and look back toward town. You aim yourself straight toward Bear
 + Canyon, clear over in the Sandia Mountains, and step off 100 paces
 + in that direction. Then dig.

+ There's just one trouble -- we were out there in 1958, and some durned
 + fool's built a subdivision along there, clapboard stucco shacks with
 + sand & tumbleweeds blowing across pitiful scraps of lawn. It's about
 + where that pointy dune used to be....

+ Come to think of it, tho -- I don't recognize Green Valley Road; it
 + could be a street in some new subdivision --!!!

MSgt L. H. Tackett, USMC--home address: 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albu-
querque, N.M.:

Equivalent subs, ha? Well now, let's see, G^2 is three for a quarter
 or a buck a year and since you publish monthly that's 12 for a dollar and
 DYNATRON is 15¢ or 8 for a buck ((+from above home address, and worth it+))
 and we publish bi-monthly and that's six copies per year and that comes to,
 ummm, put down 12 and carry 14 multiplied by my hat size which is 7 sub-
 tracted from the reciprocal of eleventy-four over three and I'll tell you
 what--you send G^2 along for the next seven or eight years and I'll do the
 same with DYNATRON and by that time I should reach the top of the FAPA
 waiting list and who knows what will happen.

+ It's a deal -- especially since you Tacketts are bigger fools than
 + us Gibsons and charge even less for an even bigger zine!

Did I mention that I enjoy your fanzine? Not yet? Well I do. As
 with you and a few others I'm of the opinion that the proper topic of
 discussion in a science-fiction fanzine is science-fiction. I try to
 keep DYNATRON pointed in that direction although I must admit a tendency
 to go wandering off in other directions at times. I have no objection
 to side issues being discussed in fanzines as long as the central theme
 of SF or fantasy isn't completely buried under the large pile of male
 cow dung deposited by the pseudo-intellectual fringe. Or beat fringe.
 Or whatever it happens to call itself.

I find myself agreeing that stf can exist without fandom but that
 fandom cannot exist without stf.

+ Look, Roy, it's like this -- you charge about 13¢ a copy, which gets
 + you 78¢ a year; or well, maybe 80¢ -- and we get the full dollar. So
 + of course, I disagree. Even if presentday fandom vanished utterly,
 + overnight, I don't think 6 months would pass before stf generated it-
 + self another fandom. And if stf promags & pb's vanished overnight,
 + I'd foresee OOPSIA reborn with stories by Poul Anderson, Bob Silver-
 + berg, et alla crazy fools still writing stf for free between mystery
 + story assignments!!!

I'm tempted to make some sort of comment about a society based on
 the things fans believe in but I won't inasmuch as this is something
 based on the things fans believe in but ((+Now what the blazes am I
doing, here? You're flippin' me, Tackett!+)) as this is something
 that calls for a bit of cogitation. ((+Yeah!+)) Fun&games? Sure, but
 that is only a surface manifestation of something that runs deeper.
 I'll pass on this for a while. Meanwhile, dammit, you've sent me to
 the shelves to dig out SLAN again.

You sure STARSHIP TROOPERS didn't express what fans believe in?
 There would seem to be all sorts of things in TROOPERS once you get past
 the surface bit on militarism.

...Your conclusion that SF readers are "omnivorous" readers is quite
 sound. But how do you convince the publishers of this and sell them on
 the idea that the prozines are natural places to advertise? ((+Better
 start by convincing the prozine editors, hadn't we?+)) ...I like the
 idea. I like any idea that will keep the stfzines solvent. Takumi
 Shibano says that he cannot find pleasure in life without stf--that
 man is a real fan--and while I might not put it exactly that way I will
 admit a certain fondness for the stuff.

Joe, I suspect your item in SHAGGY is going to stir up a fuss and
 that you will come under fire from all sorts of strange quarters. From
 this particular quarter comes "Hear, hear." It's about time somebody
 said it.

Iwakuni, Japan
 28 December 1961

+ Okay, but keep your butt down...

MOFFATT HOUSE, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.:

Enclosed find 25¢ to extend my ~~periscope~~ subscription to G2, the
 fanzine for frustrated crusaders -- DESPITE the fact that issue #7
 was somewhat disappointing.....

...my name appeared only 12 times.

Len

+ Which two bits (in addition to the quarter you'd already sent) now has
 + you subbed to issue #12 -- at which time no doubt you'll be an even
 + gooder and OLDER sucker*for*egobool!

- + As to frustrated&ing crusaders -- Len, did you ever know any other
- + kind? Yep, including you and me both. Why, you've no idea to what
- + ends the mere mention of crusading moves mehl! Hark, e'now ...

Hear Sir Busby's battle-CRY
 As his broadsword flashes high!
 Fear ye how Buz swings and hacks?
 'Ere comes Larry with 'is AXE!

- + H'mmm, well. Has a bit ovva bounce, there. Could this be the commence-
- + ment of an Epic Pome?

GREGG CALKINS, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5:

I certainly never thought I'd (again) see the day I'd pay m-o-ne-y (\$) for a fanzine ...

Better get this in the mail fast before I have to break a resolution.

(I had some pennies but I need them for the parking meters ...)

- + To this cheeful note, legibly writ by hand, Gregg has affixed five
- + nickels under a wide strip of masking tape. Cost him five 1¢ stamps
- + to send it, too! No, wait -- there's four 1¢ stamps on a 4¢ envelope!
- + Well, it beats getting an apa mailing ...

KEN M.P. CHESLIN; 13, New Farm Road; Stourbridge, Worcs., England:

I had to stop publishing a genzine...(now it belongs to Dave Hale, 12, Belmont Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs.Eng.)....because of lack of time...and I've - temporarily I hope - retreated into OMPA until such time as I can start publishing a genzine again.

You are welcome to my OMPAzines, if you want them, but....maybe I could sub to something for you?

Ps...ever hear of a tobacco called SOBRANI? Ah, well. What does Sobrante mean?

- + First, go read our "Statement of Policy" thish if you've skipped it
- + -- you most certainly can sub to something for us; please do! Choice
- + of whatever is entirely yours. We'll continue sending you G2's mean-
- + time & tote up the accounts later; and yes, we mail First Class over-
- + seas, knowing how long it takes otherwise. Haven't seen SOBRANI tobacco
- + since, let's see now, 1944. Or Mike Rosenblum, either. A literal
- + (and misguiding) translation of "sobrante" is "surplus" or "items in
- + excess"; actually, "el sobrante" is a Spanish idiom with exactly the
- + same connotations as our English term, "the leftovers"...

MSGT L.H. TACKETT, USMC, again from Iwakuni, Japan (dated 12 January '62):

OK, you've gotten my curiosity aroused now. Lichtman tosses a cryptic question at you about your ASFs being buried outside Albuquerque and since I hope to be in Albuquerque in just a little over a month my curiosity is

waaay up. ASFs buried outside Albuquerque? Egad, where? Hand me a shovel quick. Back about 1942, eh? That means they'd be early ASFs. Yes. Who's interested in prospecting for gold? Not me, I'm going prospecting for ASFs.

((+Were some old Unknowns, too.+))

Note that Squire Sneary is timebinding in your letter column, too. Ah, for the great days of "The Vizigraph" and "The Ether Vibrates" and "The Reader Speaks" and like that. We complained and complained that stf wasn't grown up and the zines were too garish and now that it has and they aren't we wish it was back like it used to be. At least I do. I'd trade all six--no, just five for I'm happy with ANALOG as it is--of today's itsy-bitsy oh so respectable prozines for just one thick, pulp-sized, ragged-edged stfzine vintage of 1940 or thereabouts. Come back, Sergeant Saturn, all is forgiven. And bring the writers back with you. They wuzzent fancy but the wuz full of that old sense of wonder. Or am I timebinding? Or nostalgic? I think not. The old yarns still read better than the current crop.

((+So what else d'you think everybody's been reading in pocketbook stf, the past 10 years? And now the reprints have all been done, the pb's are going to pot -- and more readers are going back to the zines, trying to find something!+))

Robbie's "Holiday Kut-ups" is being duly called to Chrystal's attention and I'll probably return to Albuquerque to find the place cluttered with all sorts of magic modelling goop or whatever.

Tsk, Joe, you're getting old when you start thinking of places around L.A. in terms of distance. Why, boy, in my days in the Bay Area Los Angeles was a place where you went on the weekend unless you went to Reno or Moore was having a party over in Berkeley. 400 miles? Just an overnight drive. And who needed to sleep on weekends anyway? ((+But you STILL don't go 400 miles to a ski resort when better ones are within 200 miles or so!+))

ASFs buried outside Albuquerque, eh? Whereabouts outside Albuquerque?

+ No, Roy, it's no use. I knew about how far off Highway 66 the cache was, of course, without going out to check for landmarks. And it's all been landscaped off, there -- that pointed dune's gone and the box either ripped out by a dozer blade or (more probably) buried deeper. + Y'know those deals where a guy was drafted and his mother gave the stf collection to the trash collector or the paper drive? Yeh, I had my problem all figured out, free storage and all -- even preservation in mint condition ...

+ Nope, it just isn't possible. I dunno where Green Valley Road is, but that's stretching coincidence entirely too far. They COULDN'T be buried under your house!!!

+ Besides, I don't agree on wanting the pulps back. The bedsheet ASFs,

+ yes -- much preferable to ANALOG...

Which is enuff for this time, tho I fear it isn't much. It's being put out despite Robbie's recurrent bouts of illness and my jobhunting -- been hearing from my old crew at the Press who now know how much I took and kept off their backs, now they're getting it. Meantime, a month's hunting and not even a single interview. Most discouragin'.

At the moment, I don't know how we'll manage the next ish -- but it's already begun to look as if we'll simply have to, somehow. You people are beginning to write this fanzine for me!

F'rinstance, there's Poul Anderson sitting on the Ridge & making all sorts of observations ... we got the goods from Ed Wood on the official founding & early history of the Univ. of Chicago S-F Club ... and JWCampbell's casting a jaundiced eye at book ads for prozines ... plus so many more -- I should say Don't Miss It? Well, we'd better not!

G² is a monthly fanzine for which you gotta pay and pay to:

Joe & Roberta Gibson
5380 Sobrante Avenue
El Sobrante, California

- (✓) You subbed thru #9, and this is the end of it.
- () You've got nothing to worry about yet.
- () You're one of those incredible fmz pubbers we exchanged subs with, somehow or other.
- () You're overseas, which causes all sorts of complications.
- () This is a sample of what you'd get regularly for 3/25¢, 6/50¢ or \$1 a year.



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