

G2

Number Eleven - APRIL (!) 1962

Science-fiction fans believed -

- IN ROCKETS AND SPACE TRAVEL BEFORE  
Sputnik I - 1957
- THAT SOME FORM OF 'WORLD-DESTROYING' OR  
'COSMIC' POWER WOULD EVENTUALLY BE HAR-  
NESSED BEFORE  
1st. nuclear chain reactions - 1942  
CONTROLLED
- IN 'DISINTEGRATOR' AND 'HEAT RAYS' BEFORE  
development of lasers - 1960
- IN A WORLD FEDERATION BEFORE
- IN HUMAN HABITATION OF MOST OF THE SOLAR  
SYSTEM BEFORE
- THAT INTERPLANETARY WAR WOULD OCCUR BEFORE
- THAT INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL WOULD BE ACHIEVED  
BEFORE
- IN THE INEVITABLE CONTACT BETWEEN MANKIND  
AND AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL CULTURE BEFORE

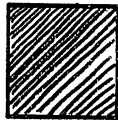
GAD, THEY'RE SLOW!

B

YOU'LL NOTE that we have not called this "the August 1962" issue of g2. We're making no secret of it: we are way behind on our publishing sched! And all of you who've paid gude hard monnie for thisyere fanzine haven't been getting anything, not anything atall. So we're gonna make up for lost time rather than simply forget we've lost it. The next 5 issues of g2 are going to come out slam-bang fashion until we've caught up on our everlovin' schedule! Things'll be pretty hot around here, for a while.

Of course, the whole thing commenced with the deal that left me unemployed for six months and put us 500 bucks further in debt. The Gibsons do not publish fanzines at times like that, fake-fans that we are. Anyway, I'd been warehouse/shipping foreman for the University of California Press for 3 years, with my salary hiked from \$465 to \$530 including an "exemplary merit" raise that by the University  
ting endorsed all  
My job resume ex-  
"Full responsibi-  
and records of this  
& receiving; order-  
warehousing, inven-  
employee training &  
tional methods and  
departmental relations  
Production, Periodicals & Auditing Departments." (Univ. of Calif. books, while generally of a scholastic nature, were distributed commercially thru-  
out the world by this Shipping Dept.)

5 MONTHS  
L A T E



required approval  
Regents after get-  
the way upstairs.  
plains it thusly:  
lity for all duties  
department: shipping  
filling & packing,  
tory, hiring & firing,  
supervision, opera-  
procedures, and inter-  
with Promotion, Sales,

Also: "Due to some previous mismanagement, I had to introduce competent methods of conducting the annual stock inventory, better packaging techniques and equipment, and orderly warehousing practices. I also planned and supervised four major relocations of widely-scattered warehouse areas, consolidating them, and two relocations of the shipping area. ... Regular duties involved daily work schedules for my 10-man crew, time-keeping, requisition of supplies and equipment, daily work-output reports, shipping and storage records, etc., etc."

And then: "During those three years, I had three consecutive supervisors -- each of them giving only indirect supervision from his office at the Press, in addition to his other executive duties there. My last supervisor came to the Press last July. In his first six months, 4 of my men quit without notice. Two others were preparing formal complaints against the University for permitting unfair wage practices. Then my assistant foreman requested a transfer to some other job at the University, charging personal discrimination by that supervisor.

"Finally, I turned in my resignation...."

This joker came out to the shop (in Richmond) and offered to forget all about my resignation if I'd retract it; and if I didn't, he promised to blackball me wherever I tried to get any other job. The scuttlebutt is that he did try to have the University's Personnel Dept. blacklist not only me, but

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every man who'd worked for me! It didn't work. Several of my guys have had prospective employers refer directly to me for job recommendations. I found another one working for the University's Dept. of Chemistry despite the completely bad report this supervisor gave the Dean of Chemistry. My assistant foreman has worked his way up from laborer to foreman with a building contractor in Berkeley.

But it was a bad time for the thing to break, in my case. That fistula operation I was in hospital with, last year, had shown that I also needed a hemorrhoidectomy. It couldn't be done then, what with the general infection of that fistula. It had to be done later -- like, say, the first of this year. And that's when I quit.

Not working, I couldn't finance this 2nd operation. But I had 3 years' contributions in the State Employees Retirement Fund, enough to pay for it, so I wasn't worried. Well, I should've been. There'd been a major policy change regarding these funds, starting this year; so I didn't get my fund from Sacramento until nearly three months after I'd applied for it. And of course, I couldn't even look for a new job until that 2nd operation was taken care of! When I finally got my fund and went ahead with it, I was a week in hospital and 3 weeks recuperating.

So four months later, in May, I could finally look for work. I registered with every employment agency in the Bay Area, even as far north as Napa. I chased down every lead in the want ads. I went from door-to-door through the industrial areas of Richmond, Berkeley and Emeryville. I turned down jobs requiring someone with my qualifications (tho they really wished I had a degree, too) where they'd only pay \$450. I was turned down for \$500 jobs which were simple & easy becuz I was "obviously overqualified and couldn't be expected to stay!" The Oakland Trib's want ads weren't as large as the Berkeley Gazette's used to be, and the Gazette's want ads weren't even as big as the Vallejo Times-Herald's. And 5 out of 6 industries weren't even accepting applications for any kind of job.

Meanwhile, back at the University, an overall budget cut against nonacademic departments suddenly eliminated Robbie's job (and several patrolmen's, as well) at the Campus Police Department.

And our little Fiat 500 quit one Sunday in Berkeley, having to be towed nextday into the local Fiat dealer's garage. Tuesday, they declared it fixed, so I took it for a trial-run and got back to within two blocks of the place before it quit again. So we pushed it in and they worked some more. Wednesday, they got it running somewhat raggedly and declared it "fixed" again. I got it across to San Francisco, to the dealer's shop I always recommend for Fiat work, and they tore the Li'l Bug down and reworked the whole thing -- little items like a distributor full of broken pieces of insulating plastic becuz the damned fools had installed the wrong size points.

Along about this time, Robbie was climbing the walls on an average of one night a week.

We weren't seeing much of anybody in local fandom, and didn't want to.

GLOOM

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But it's always so peaceful out in El Sobrante. East Bay Mud, which is native jargon for the East Bay Municipal Utility District, is carving off a hillside to build a new pumping station down our street about a quarter-mile. A guy who lives atop the hill directly in back of our house made a deal for the dirt fill. He'd chopped down a row of ancient, stinking eucalyptus trees and left the stumps and logs to hold the fill on the slope, which drops off steeply to a high bluff overlooking our patio.

Yeh, you guessed it!

I am out there enhancing the patio lounge with my fluorescent blue swim-trunks when there is a rumble and I look up. And here comes this two-foot boulder likkity-bang down off the bluff and clobbers hell out of the redwood-and-aluminum patio chair about 3 feet from my head (where Robbie'd been sitting about 5 minutes before). Now, Robbie is somewhat put out by all this. She was mad anyway because we'd had giant dumptrucks roaring past all that weekend, one truck per minute, and the guy up at the top of the hill was out with the 'dozer operator levelling his fill and couldn't hear the phone ring in his house. And besides, some of Robbie's lilies got broken and all the cats were upset, too.

Soo-o-o, I pulled on some pants and took the flattened patio chair up the side trail around the bluff, sold it to the guy for \$10 and accepted some extremely sincere apologies.

I guess that was the turning-point.

Robbie's now the receptionist at the University's Department of Mathematics and I'm a field agent for the University's Inventory Department. Fun's over, back to work.

DOWN AT DONAHO'S we have enjoyed countless brawls, one of which has prompted Large William to give Robbie and me beaucoup egoboo in the latest (Habbakuk-sized) ish of VIPER. I've already congratulated Bill for being the first to ever spell W.O.W.S. correctly, even tho it took him three tries -- but there is a slight error in his recollections of that fateful evening. On mentioning my Whoary Old War Stories, Big Bill says that I was a combat squad leader in WW2, with long months up at the front. Maybe I should correct this, even tho it doesn't matter much.

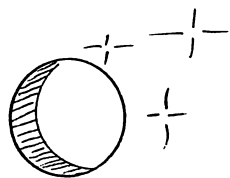
Fact is, I was a forward scout for heavy artillery only half the time I didn't have any goddam artillery along and there were other things to do. So a couple or three times, I was a squad leader. It was a peculiar deal anyway, with me being attached to an outfit until it rotated back to Rest Camp whereupon I got transferred to the outfit replacing it; I was thusly attached to the 29th, 84th & 102nd Infantry Divisions and the 5th & 2nd Armored Divisions. Usually, if I get about half-crooked and find myself in muy simpatico surroundings, I commence the WOWS with some slight reference to "that time I spent 8 months without a bath."

Robbie picked up a pb "pictorial history" of WW2 recently, and I was amused to thumb thru it showing her how to tell which troops hadn't seen a Rest Camp in 2 weeks or more, and which had been "up front" only a week or so.

OFF  
LIMITS

Berlin  
380 Km.

ON EXPLORING



Science-Fiction

FANDOM :

Early fandom was a motley bunch of explorers. As a group, they and they alone believed in rockets and space travel -- but this was as true of later fandoms, and it wasn't all. Early fans were explorers about everything: electricity, ghosts, planets, television, you-name-it. And some of them had to become the writers, editors, literary agents and publishers of today's stf -- yes, had to! They couldn't escape it.

They were faaans when this meant you possessed Secret Knowledge no one else had, you spoke a Language no one else could speak, you lived in a World where you could see and everyone else was blind. What's more, you could prove it, anytime -- to any other faaan. But early fans weren't persecuted by the General Public. A stf fan in those days simply couldn't find anyone else who had any idea of what he was talking about. Buck Rogers hadn't been invented yet!

They became dirty pros in the following era, when the youngsters who became faaans found this meant being considered some kind of a nut, reading that crazy Buck Rogers trash, hiding the pulpzines from your parents, tearing off the shameful covers depicting hero, monster and naked girl -- well, practically naked! People were very much down on that sort of thing. I think this is really why there were so damned few girls in early fandom -- girls get more hellish treatment from social ostracism than boys ever do.

Perhaps you could divide these two early periods into "prehistoric fandom" and "early fandom" but this is pretty much how it developed into what today's fans can at least recognize as a fannish group. I don't recall where I first saw the phrase that "It's A Proud And Lonely Thing To Be A Fan" (for some reason, I've always associated it with Bob Tucker) but it was certainly applicable to both phases of early fandom. I do remember that early fanzines were full of long, soul-searching treatises on fandom, what fans are, why fans are -- and the conclusion was unshakably unanimous: fans were Superman!

There were stf fans and fantasy fans, also "active" fans and "collector" fans, but the majority of fandom fit all those categories. There weren't fanzine fans or fanclub fans or sercon fans or fannish fans in separate groups, with separate interests, with members of one group knowing almost nothing about anyone in some other group. Fandom was so small that you soon knew everybody, their background, their interests -- which made the discussions a bit livelier, I think. It also made a newcomer to fandom a rare and much-fussed-over event.

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LAST YEAR when I published "A Saunter Along The Ridge" here in g2, I was telling some of the fantastic things about our little interstellar backwoods which prove how little stf has investigated this region. It revealed, to me at least, that even our so-called "galactic" novels are weak fantasies at best -- as they've given no clear picture of even our stellar neighborhood, much less the whole galaxy, as a theater of future history and all the human drama it could evoke.

Since then, I've been digging into a few other "unexplored regions" that today's stf claims it has explored. Studying the depth which stf has plumbed sociological, or even sociological/economic themes, I've found it pretty shallow wading. I've discovered few pros or fans, f'rinstance, who have even heard that cultural motivations are often as important as Sex, if not more-so, in any social or group-analysis of human behavior! And much of stf which has claimed to be exploring the sociological frontier has been faking -- but more on this another time.

But it seems conclusive that the only reason there's been "nothing new in stf for years" is simply because nobody's really bothered to look for it, develop it, and put it into stf. I've begun to look for it and I'm finding it.

But why did it happen? I've known publishers, editors and writers to sit around bellyaching about this "same-old-stf" problem (and nobody knowing quite what to do about it) with far more vehemence than fans have expressed.

The more I've thought about it, the more I've become convinced that something's been making it hard for us to discover anything new. Something that's seriously hindered any flow of new ideas. Something in our attitudes, our beliefs, our "cultural" motivations.

Oddly enough, I've noticed a very similar lack of new ideas in fandom. There's a great mass of fan publishing activity with nothing much to distinguish any part of it. There's a great deal of fanclub activity involving several hundred fans -- not "actifans" but clubmembers and occasional attendees -- about which almost nothing is ever heard. By merely mentioning a dozen-or-so West Coast cases of Thieves, Whores & Moochers, I practically shocked all fandom! Given a few years' residence Midwest or East Coast, I could probably do as much there. But why is this shocking or unbelievable? Something's blocking the flow of information. Something's preventing curiosity.

So what are our beliefs? What are the "cultural" motivations of stf fandom and prodom? What is a faaan???

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Fandom was an underground movement. We were persecuted. We had all the radicalism of such a movement. We were pretty damned weird. But that was the Explorers Club that fandom was. (It was then, too, that I recall first seeing the phrase, "Fandom Is A Way Of Life!")

But that situation was subtly changed soon after I got into fandom. For one thing, in the 30's the stf prozines experienced a minor boom -- nothing like the postwar boom, of course, but it brought out some new zines and brought quite an increase in newcomers to fandom. At the same time, some of the oldtimers left in disgust, both with fandom and with stf (the boom produced its batch of crudzines, and fans began talking about "wading thru the crud to find anything good"). The result was that enough newcomers were arriving to equal or exceed the number of older fans who remained. With considerable astonishment, several fans related how they'd admitted reading stf to a stranger and discovered that he read it, too! The revolution had arrived!!!

Naturally, you couldn't have a fandom composed of a bunch of nutty individualists, all of whom knew each other, without having feuds. There were some beauts! Then add the influx of newcomers and, finally, Claude Degler -- well, the result was natural. The newcomers caught up in such a feuding fandom quickly intensified it, where regular fans had kept it under some semblance of control. Then the shock of What Degler Did merely pushed this feuding fandom to its logical conclusion: many fans decided that What To Do About Fandom was have a "clean-up campaign" to get rid of the "Degler types" who cause all the trouble. Then hell really broke loose. One fan accused another, then was accused himself, in a wild orgy of feuds and name-calling.

The one major effect Degler had on fandom, as I recall, was that a helluva lot fewer fans were calling themselves Supermen. Naturally, one aspect of the Superman theme was that Fandom Ought To Organize. The only thing that held us back was that we didn't quite know What To Organize For. Certainly not to Rule The World For The Good of Humanity! Humanity didn't care much for us and bighod, we didn't care much for it, either! But Claude did more than anybody to make the whole idea unpopular. His Cosmic Circle was just too much.

And it was in some fanzine discussing What Degler Did that I saw the remark about "the fallacy of fandom's general belief that 'A Fan Can Do No Wrong.'" I don't remember ever seeing that phrase until it was stated in that way -- the way it's been stated ever since. I believe it was coined by someone who was personally shocked by Degler's antics: sponging off fans all across the country, setting up his own Organized Fandom without so much as anyone's by your leave, and even making fraudulent claims of support for it.

Obviously, the notion that "A Fan Can Do No Wrong" was not generally believed in fandom, even then -- there were certainly a number of fans who weren't so shocked when Degler did wrong that they didn't immediately start gunning for him. And they got him. It was more accurately not just a belief, but a fact that a fan could do no wrong without getting called to account for it. Remember, everyone in fandom knew everyone else.



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Still, it was a feuding fandom -- which rapidly became a problem with the increased influx of newcomers -- and the subsequent attempts to "clean up fandom" became virtually a fan war. You name your names and I'll name mine, or whose list are you on? Until then, I'd heard very little about FAPA or the N3F, but suddenly they loomed up as the only bulwarks we had left to keep fandom from tearing itself apart. There were remarks like that being tossed about. And there were measures taken.

But the feuding didn't die down for a long time afterward. When it did, science-fiction was already beginning its "Golden Age" of the 40's -- and of course, war came to American fandom. Hardly anybody went, but it gave them something else to talk about. And the "Golden Age" continued, ripened, and faded unsuspectingly into oblivion.

Harry Warner's fan history will undoubtedly give us much insight (or hindsight) into this and the postwar period. But here, I'm not concerned with what fanclubs began when and did what, who published which fmz and said what, what group put on which convention and what happened. What I'm concerned with here are the broad, general trends in fandom, their cause-and-effect, and where it leads.

Anyway, Ray Palmer discovered deros which resulted, in a roundhouse from the Caves to IASFS and if you assume a few things, in Francis T. Laney cutting loose.

The basic theme of Laney's AH, SWEET IDIOCY was an attack on the concept of fandom as a kind of Explorers Club, an underground movement of Supermen, a society of Slans. Instead, Laney claimed it was an Escapist Cult, a mutual admiration society of social outcasts, a refugee camp for moral and physical weaklings. Worse yet, and more to the point, he accused fandom of creating its Superman mythos not because We Believed In The Future but because fans couldn't admit their true degradation even to themselves -- and he proceeded to specify some such degradation, including what he chose to believe was homosexuality. But Laney, himself, had Seen The Light and he was Taking The Cure: he was quitting fandom for good.

Fandom's reaction was to almost completely ignore that basic charge, concerning itself instead with his remarks implying that a number of West Coast fans were queers. Seems to me it wasn't until years later that someone observed how Laney must've been accusing fandom of a psychological failure which was really his own. This observer's conclusion, as I recall, was that rather than being the only one to face the truth, as Laney claimed, he was actually trying to transfer his own failure to fandom and delude himself.

But his charges struck an uncomfortably responsive chord in fandom at the time. In the minor boom of the '30s, fans had already begun thinking of stf as a field of literature rather than an exploring field, and many of the other attitudes fandom has today had had their start. In short, by the time Laney made his accusations against an Explorers Club fandom, that fandom no longer existed -- tho its traditional concepts and customs were still getting lip service. Laney really proved, without knowing it, that our own proclaimed interests in fandom were false!



2

The truth was that the influx of newcomers and the "Golden Age" of stf had created a new fandom -- but a fandom which hadn't discovered itself yet. To answer Laney honestly would've forced us to admit our own ignorance. And what made it worse was that Laney's psychological problem was also our own problem, to varying degree; but Laney would never understand how we'd faced it, how some of us wished he could.

Larry McCombs skimmed very close to this a few months ago in CINDER #9. McCombs was describing the techniques and results of a series of psychological tests by a Dr. Schachter, which tended to prove that 1st born and only children were much more dependent on others, and gregarious joiners of clubs and groups (therefore any club or group is likely to have a majority of 'em, said McCombs) than are later-borns. So McCombs proceeded to correlate this with the findings of Earl Kemp's WHY IS A FAN, that most fans are 1st borns or only children.

I believe McCombs erred on two counts: 1) Dr. Schachter's findings for 1st borns is exactly the opposite of most fans' behavior; and 2) it's very unlikely that any of Dr. Schachter's 1st-born subjects would ever qualify as a science-fiction fan. We aren't that common, even among 1st-borns!

But quoting some of McCombs' remarks about Schachter's findings: Dr. Schachter suggested that the first-born children were more dependent on the opinions and decisions of others. First-borns tend to be joiners - they want to be in groups and to have help on their decisions. . . it would appear that fans tend to enter fandom in search of companionship and approval from their peers, as well as to observe their peers and seek signs of how to act themselves. . . .

I've never met a fan who joined much of anything before he or she joined fandom. I've never met a fan who wasn't astounded at the discovery that there was anything like fandom or fans -- and who certainly wouldn't have entered fandom if it were anything other than the group it is. I've met very few newcomers to fandom who would even condescend to notice anyone else's decisions, much less seek help in making their own. Many newcomers are dazzled by the mental enlightenment of stf, but their first contact with fandom is wary and distrustful until they realize all fans know that dazzling enlightenment. Only then do they want to be fans. And many neofans don't know how to behave as group-members, since fandom's the first group they've ever joined.

McCombs related one other significant factor in his article: most 1st borns receive far more attention and affection (for example, more of 'em get breast-fed for longer periods) than later-borns, and most 1st-borns undoubtedly become dependent on such treatment(!) for the rest of their lives. Well, this may be okay for most 1st-borns, but it had me digging into my own murky childhood as an only onion. When I was 6 months old, I've been told, my mother had to return to the hospital. She was in for months, had blood poisoning and damned near died. My father wasn't in any good mood, either. In fact, neighbors came and got me and took care of me in their home; theirs was a large family, anyway. Certainly my parental affection as an only child got one hell of a traumatic interruption, then.

K

But I don't know if it'd have any significance here.

Another important factor: so far, I haven't heard of any fan who hasn't belonged to the 1st born/ only child groups, with but few exceptions -- and these were exceptions like the only boy in a bunch of sisters or the girl whose older brothers were ten years older than herself and younger brothers & sisters were 8 years younger. I have yet to hear of an exception which didn't involve these peculiarly similar circumstances tending to put them in the same situation as any 1st born or only child! And I've been asking.

So as individuals, a lot of us apparently have problems every bit as much as Laney did, tho perhaps not as seriously -- but as fans, a lot of us have changed. Shy ones who could hardly speak in public end up delivering speeches to packed convention halls; yes, it still happens occasionally. Being in fandom seems to help a lot of fans. But a fan seeking egoboo isn't someone wanting help with his decisions or how he should act. He's an unmitigated ham wanting to perform before an audience. There's a considerable difference.

The foundations of today's fandom were fairly well established when the postwar boom finally died with its plaintive scream: "Science-fiction has come of age!" What had become a New Fandom gradually found itself, abandoned the cliches and beliefs of early fandom and developed its own. It invented neofan, gafia and fijagh! and finally got around to calling itself 6th Fandom. It embraced the apas, inaugurated new policies of rotating world con sites and trading fanzines, and promoted fandom for fandom's sake. Fans weren't explorers anymore, and they knew damned well they weren't Supermen. Yes. Much too well. So let stf fail; we don't need it! We have developed a comfortable fandom so long as everybody conforms to it, and everybody should. We are successful, whether stf is or not. Fijagh!

But this didn't merely apply to fans. It applies equally well to writers, editors and publishers -- who've developed themselves a nicely comfortable prodom, thank you! All this was perfectly natural.

What happens to the underground movement when it comes out in the open? What happens when the rebels become the victors?

We had a nice, large taste of success. We had the minor boom of the 30s, then the "Golden Age" of stf and the postwar boom. At the same time, loading our bag with goodies, we had atomic energy, jets, television, rockets and space research. Da, soon we'll haff the Moon. Yep, it was success, all right.

And it went to our heads.

In stf, we were ready to tackle the interstellar frontier with a vengeance. But back there somewhere, somebody said everything had already been done in stf, and we believed it. So we simply took what we'd developed for the old interplanetary frontier and moved out to the stars with it. Nobody seemed to mind that it didn't quite fit.

2

The only reason stf juveniles sold so well was that the kids hadn't already read that stuff a dozen times or more.

We've also been ready to tackle the sociological frontier -- and we've tried, yessir, we've really tried, so far as we could without discovering or developing anything new. We were really more interested in developing the Milford School of Accepted Writers.

We were Successful.

Well, what's happened? It's not hard to follow the thread of events here. The dirty pros stopped thinking during that postwar boom -- and with that, some of 'em stopped writing while some others should have. Why? Hell, there were over 40 prozines on the newsstands at one time! And the whole damned bunch of editors were crazy-mad with the strain. It paid to stop thinking. Look how Heinlein has been playing games ever since! His DOUBLE STAR was simply the old historical novel with the twin characters gimmick. DOOR INTO SUMMER was a detective novel. STRANGER was a sex novel. STARSHIP TROOPER was a war novel for juveniles. Non contained any serious thinking; all the concepts were borrowed from elsewhere; each carefully contained all the cliches and formula-treatment used in its genre. They were just exercises in writing. And as Heinlein said, anyone would be foolish to believe all the things he wrote were what he personally believed. He hasn't done any serious writing in a decade -- no, two decades!

But it was more than that.

In the '40s, fandom had become too large for everyone to know everyone else. The postwar boom accelerated that -- so the term "neofan" almost had to be invented, and it has almost always been used as a dirty word. When the boom ended, when the stf mags began to disappear, a few sercon fans expressed the hope that a lot of neofans would also disappear. They wished that fandom would again become the small, congenial society it had been. They wearied of Big World Cons, of monstrous apa-mailings and like that. Yeah. Well, it didn't happen.

During the past ten years or so, fandom's become so large that no individual or group of fans can possibly contact or even know about all the rest of fandom. Whether it's a fan compiling a Who's Who of Fandom, a fan group promoting a TAFF campaign or a Con Committee pleading for memberships, none can communicate with all of fandom.

We not only have Big Fandom today, we have a lot of little fandoms. Put an announcement in a fanzine or a dozen fanzines and a lot of fans will never see it. Put one in ANALOG and F&SF and plenty of fans still won't see it. Send it around to every known fanclub and it won't reach the ones that aren't known.

So it's quite an applecart. Upend the thing as we may, the result might be anything -- maybe even an Explorers Club fandom where Fandom Is A Way Of Life and Life Is Just A Goddam Hobby (unless you can't bear to laugh at yourself) and A Fan Can Do No Wrong Without Getting His Head Bashed In. Maybe.

M

Should be he's got a spare head, it don't matter. But given a breakthrough in stf, an enlivened interest and exploring zeal would soon have us proclaiming that mankind will reach the stars -- reach them, spread through them, evolve a comparatively super-civilization to fit our needs -- and we would certainly be considered a bunch of nuts. It will require a lot of work that hasn't been done, discoveries such as one that independent nations will have to join a world federation to keep themselves independent, and a helluva lot of people aren't going to like us much for it. Many people won't read such trash. Some of today's fans won't, either.

The general public's view might be expressed thusly: that anyone with an ounce of sense knows mankind's going to blow itself to hell Real Soon Now. Today's fandom has this belief, too -- and the general public doesn't consider us to be at all radical. Consequently, the prospect of walking out in your yard some night and looking up at the Moon, thinking "Bighod, there are men up there!" is rather frightening. Da, comrades, it is!

I'd rather look at it another way. Real Soon Now, both the US of A and the USSR are gonna be up against something a lot bigger than both of them are, and they'll be in too deep to quit. Rocketships, rayguns and 600<sup>00</sup> Hell on Venus. Kintergarden games, really. Why, in a few centuries---

War? Sure, there'll be war. Maybe the history books will say that World War III began on May 7, 1954, at Dien Bien Phu -- and lasted for three hundred years. But I digress.

Actually, no matter how fondly oldtime fans may reminisce about it, fandom's past is just so much deadwood except where it contributed to what we have now. And today's fandom is Big Fandom, whether we like it or not -- made up of a lot of little fandoms, but perhaps with very good reason to prefer it that way.

But of course, what we have now will be so much deadwood, too ....

COLIN FREEMAN has brought pleased -- in fact, downright exuberant -- astonishment to this house during our Time of Trubbles! Not only did he agree to agent g2 for us, but even claims to actually enjoy keeping accounts as a sort've hobby, and insists on refusing even the paltry sum in sub mummies as due recompense!!! So now, Roy and Ella and you others, your problem's solved -- and it's Colin you should thank for that. // We've given him the title "European Agent" becuz that's probably the job he will find himself doing. Far as we're concerned, Colin deserves all the credit and egoboo we can give him. If you agree, do send him a note of appreciation.

# STONE TABLETS :

...The title of this lettercol may serve to give you some idea of how old some of these letters are -- and we still haven't answered any of 'em; about all we've managed all these months is to sic the Hickeys onto the Tacketts, but they've told about that. It happened months ago.

+ But at least we can start off with one of the most goshwow girls in fan-  
+ dom -- man, did you see FANTA SE? I mean, of course--

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

Does G-2 mean "intelligence" as well as "Two Gibsons"?

This was the first time I realized that we are in a definable neighborhood of the Galaxy, and that most of the stars mentioned in stories are in this neighborhood. Is this "Ridge" the Ridge that E. Mayne Hull wrote about? I assumed it was 'way off somewhere. Your map on page 7 left me feeling that we should try to invent a way of showing the third dimension in such two-dimensional maps, and I doubt if the perspective-type drawing such as you have on the cover would be adequate. How about putting a line above the star-dot to indicate that it's a certain distance below the plane of the paper, two lines to indicate that it's twice that far below, etc., and lines under the dot to indicate it's above our plane?

+ After considering suggestions from Harry Warner and others on a 3-D  
+ star chart, I've come to the conclusion that yours is most likely to  
+ succeed when it comes to drawing one for a fanzine! Simple and neat.  
+ I've tried it and it looks right, too. Yes, "the Ridge" is the name  
+ E. Mayne Hull gave this neck o' the woods; you probably weren't familiar  
+ with terms like "Sol III" and "Terra" being used for Earth -- it was  
+ quite the vogue in stf at one time -- when you read PLANETS FOR SALE.  
+ The name of this fanzine is g2...er, I mean, G<sup>2</sup> like it's shown on the  
+ cover...I started typing it g2, for convenience, once Don Wollheim showed  
+ me how. We make no secret of the fact that it means Gibsons Squared  
+ and has absolutely nothing to do with Intelligence.

I noticed that you spoke of Betty Kujawa as "Eurasian". I wondered about her name, but Who's Who In Fandom doesn't mention it if she was born abroad, and I just supposed that the name was her husband's.

The answer to Ron Ellick's letter, concerning the visit to Reno, was amazing. Was it all true?

+ Betty Kujawa may borrow one of her husband's shotguns when she visits  
+ Bay Area fandom, and I may be looking for some nice, deep canyon in the  
+ Colorado Rockies. She once wrote me that Ron Bennett was calling her  
+ a "cute, little Eurasian cutie" or was it John Berry? She isn't, far  
+ as I know. The visit to Reno by Jim Caughran is best explained by the  
+ fact that James has a degree in mathematics from the University of Cali-  
+ fornia; for more insight into mathematicians we have known, see the end  
+ of this lettercol.

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+June Bonifas continues:

I was going to answer Bob Tucker's scoffing at the solar sail, because a Los Alamos patron of the Santa Fe library says that another employee of the University of California had worked it out and it is a feasible means of navigating the Solar System, but I notice Poul Anderson defends it in the latest g2, and the current Amazing Stories has an article on it.

+ And there was a much, much earlier article in Astounding -- but me and  
+ ol' Bob keep forgetting young people like you and Poul Anderson don't  
+ realize we wuz around when Grego Banshuck invented all that stuff.

I asked a doctor who collects Folsom points and other artifacts about your theory on the use of the hand axe. He didn't think you'd get any meat that way. He says that stones were stuck in the ground for all kinds of reasons, defining religious areas, laying out lines for games, and just fooling around, like whittling or doodling in our culture. I forgot to ask what use he thought was made of these unhandy large hand axes, but I probably couldn't have described them anyway.

+ Now, blast-and-damn all experts who give this kind of an answer to a  
+ perfectly straight question. Did this doctor mention whether he did  
+ any hunting while out collecting Folsom points, or ever worked on a  
+ ranch and was acquainted with herd animals? But he knew what hand axes  
+ look like. He's given you the well-known theories concerning them, none  
+ of which satisfy all the anthropologists.

I am confused sometimes by your method of indicating editorial interpolations. Compare the bottom of page 5 with page 6, and look at page 26. Eventually one guesses that it is still you talking, tired of indenting with the plus signs, but couldn't a better system be worked out?

+ I did look, and was appalled. But no system is going to be any good at  
+ all if I'm going to be too lazy to use it. I'll stick to this one.

Anyway, I'd like to see your physical explanation of psi. Does "mass ratio" mean the ratio of total weight to payload? If so, I should guess that all present-day space shots have a ratio much worse than 17.8.

+ No, mass ratio of a rocket indicates the ratio of <sup>total wt.</sup> ~~payload~~ to fuel-load,  
+ because we've got to expell so many foot/pounds of fuel per second to  
+ kick so many foot/pounds of payload around. Per second. Present shots  
+ are still much worse than 17.8. + hull, etc.

Something to keep in mind about stone tools is that while these have survived, early man probably used other tools also, from which he may have obtained the idea of fashioning rock. There is a neat word, "osteodonto-keratic," which tells what some of these tools came from, and of course wood would be another material.

+ Yep. And I'll bet anything the earliest walled trade-cities were wood  
+ forts like the Normans built, and writing first developed on cowhides,  
+ all of it maybe a thousand years before Akkad or Sumer appeared....



BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana:

I certainly don't see anything wrong with a "cash only" policy. I'm gradually coming to it - personally I dislike telling an earnest neofan that his effort is so lousy that I don't even want to receive it in trade ((+and whatever happened to the practice of earnest neofans contributing to and helping with established fanzines until they learned the trade?+)) but I just finished a monthly fanzine review column in which I mentioned 44 titles (more than one copy of some of them) which have arrived in the past month, and that's just too damned many.

I've never really understood the fans who insist on letters of comment as payment for their fanzines. Don't they get enough comments without demanding them? I like comments as well as anyone, but I'd rather get them from people who want to comment, instead of from people who grimly hammer out something because they feel it's expected.

I trust you realize that mailing cartridges is illegal, and that sending 5 by express would prove a trifle expensive. This ".38 Regular" is a bit confusing, but I suppose you mean the .38 Long Colt, as opposed to the .38 Special. The .38 Smith and Wesson could also be considered "regular", you know. (Or, for that matter, do you mean .38 Special as opposed to .357 Magnum? There are endless possibilities.....)

Why don't you just buy a .357 -- then you could use the Short Colt, Long Colt, Special and Magnum cartridges, and you wouldn't have to confuse your poor readers this way.

+ Ogawd, Buck. There I was almost beginning to think you and I belong to  
+ Our Fandom and all these youngfan editors belong to Their Fandom and then  
+ you go doing that. Kee-riste, man! Think. Y'r goddam right I know that  
+ mailing cartridges is illegal and I wasn't about to have any innocent neo-  
+ fan try it! Nor was I going to invent any fictional ".38 Snodgrass" cart-  
+ ridge, either, when some such ammo might actually exist without my knowing  
+ about it. Anyone who knows what a ".38 Regular" is damned sure won't send  
+ me any by mail; and he's not gonna send me any 5 rounds by express, either!

+ Tsk. I am disappointed in you, Buck. Sorely disap\*pointed. Howcome you  
+ didn't wonder if I had a black powder cannon, requiring .38/40 ammo? As  
+ opposed to stuff like .38/55's -- yeh, 'spossible! Oh, I'll admit you  
+ were getting warm. But you can talk Long and Short Colt in .45 caliber  
+ safely enuff; it's when you get into the .38's that matters really get  
+ confusing. Remember that before the firearms manufacturers got together  
+ and agreed on today's .38 Special, each company was producing their own  
+ version of the .38, the .38 Special, and various derivations thereof.  
+ This made things interesting. You could fire today's .38 Special in a  
+ pistol chambered for the Long Colt\*, but you wouldn't get much accuracy  
+ since the bore's a trifle too large. Reggie Bretnor tells me he used to  
+ shoot .38 Specials in a .360 Webley with no noticable leading.

+ But I am amused by gun catalogs which say my .38 Colt Police Positive  
+ will shoot .38 Smith & Wessons. Must be they load 'em with a patch.

\*THUTTY-EIGHT, THAT IS



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Buck Coulson continues:

Is there any law that says that when someone asks you a direct question about why you haven't named names, you have to go into a longwinded discussion about the evils of the DNQ instead of giving a direct answer such as "Naming names should be done by the victims and I'm not one of them"?

- + Nope. And I'd be damned glad to get some direct questions, for a
- + change.

N.R.

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14, Ill.:

By the way -- Richard's the gun specialist in the house -- & when I went to him for a box of .38 regular cartridges (for a lifetime sub?) he said there warn't none. Now if you're joking, I bit. If not -- clarify -- and I'll get that stuff to you...

- + OGOOGHODNO! But yes. Yes, she did. Ohforcripessake! Whadda I do now?
- + What'll I say??
- + Well (this was months ago, now) there was only one thing I could do.
- + I wrote Rosemary. Forget it, I said. Costs way too much, I said.
- + I can get the ammo all right, right here, I said.
- + Rosemary replied:

Richard says your nomenclature is wrong.....that there's no such thing as a .38 Regular....and if you like, we'll be glad to give you a complete listing of all the .38's ever made.....and that not a one will be called "regular".

- + Oooowch! And of course, Dick Hickey was absolutely right. No manufacturer ever turned out any cartridge named ".38 Regular"--and in fact,
- + probably the only place the term was ever in general use is among cattlemen in the Southwest, some twenty or more years ago. There's a cartridge still being made (one that Buck doesn't mention) and that's available out here which fits both the term and my Colt revolver. But I'm thinking that eventually I'll get around to hand-loading some wildcatters for it.
- + And Rosemary, don't you dast tell Buck what a .38 Regular is!

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland:

Rosemary Hickey needn't wait until she takes an interplanetary vacation to run into photographic problems involving the universe. For instance, there was the time three or four years ago when that comet appeared and I wanted to take a picture of it for the newspaper, showing it over the Hagerstown skyline. I tried to remember all the proper procedures. For exposure, it is best to get within a few feet of the subject with the exposure meter, in order to get the most accurate possible reading. If this is not convenient, you should take a substitute reading from some similar object close by. Right there I started to run into difficulty, so I remembered the old newspaper adage about using flashbulbs when in doubt. But I had trouble getting

P

Harry proceeds:

an accurate distance reading from the Graphic's rangefinder on the comet in order to calculate the lens opening, and when I did divide the number of feet into the guide number for this particular film and flashbulb combination, I found that I needed a somewhat more powerful lens (particularly since you're supposed to open up one more stop if there are no walls surrounding the subject to give the advantage of bounced light). It was also hard to practice the first law of newspaper photography: watch the background and move about so that you shoot the subject from several angles, instead of taking it just from the same side every time.

The information on the University of Chicago group has already gone into my notes in somewhat condensed form. Now all I need to do is to find someone who can give an equally precise and detailed account of what went on during the following seven or eight years. No bright remarks, please, of the obvious but dng type. I hope that someone remembers to invite all these faculty advisors to the Trichicon with emphasis on the fact that there will be no black mass.

WALT LIEBSCHER, 732 $\frac{1}{2}$  No. Robinson, Los Angeles 26, Calif.:

I think your zine is peachy. And the illos, Mon Dieu, they border on the supernatural. ((+Yeah, just look at the illos we have this ish! Mon Dieu, indeed. Also sacre bleu!+)) Also I can say as a whole is that your little effort is absolutely forncy. ((+As a whole what?+))

I have taken to writing a bit lately. Just sold a rather provocative article to Snatch, Illustrated. In case you think I write for libidinous girly type magazines, you are mistaken. Snatch, Illustrated is a magazine solely for the devotees of pickpocketing.

I must say that you have some rather strange contributors to your small publication. Ever since a certain soup baron tried to bolster his waning popularity by changing the name of Astnalogounding Stories to the faintly scatological Analog, all sorts of weirdies have been trying to get into the act. I point out a certain Mr. Tucker (whoever he is) who now tries to bolster his waning popularity by changing the spelling of postcard to potscarsd. It won't work. I suggest Mr. Tucker do something more sensational, like fathering a child every 8 months instead of 9 as is his usual habit. Besides, monkeying around with the U.S. mails is a heinous crime and may lead to all sorts of degradation and fun of that sort.

+ And remarks about a feller's having kids other-than-usual could get  
+ a certain rooster's pants full of buckshot and fun of that sort.

To get serious for a moment. I have a hobby. I collect unusual names, not made up names like Ginch McFinch, Zobediah Zilch, or Maud Fitzgerald and Gerald Fitzmaud, but real, honest-to-goodness, bona fide names. For example, here are some of the gems I have uncovered in my relentless search for cognomistic hilarity: Claude Basil Klonk, Mable Grable, Pearl Lavendar Bannister, Martini Dillihunt, Adelaide Adagio, Minnie Meemee Pang, whose husband was Herman Koonman Pang, Nellie Wong Dong, Rickie Reicher Rabitsphecker, Pleasant Fractious, Twylah Schnoebelein, Richard Edelweis Casiorovich,

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Walt warbles on:

Mary Ann Pippinger, Joplin Zalnowski Blitzersweich, Seraphine Fesmire, Ruben Schubensischer, Knickerbocker Knunanacher, Cuzno Tulich, Mildred Dow, Cussie Pyles, Kuzma Glumac, LaChance Cunkle, Aurora Fluker, and you can believe this or not, but it is authentic, Ophelia Rass.

As I intend to write an article on this name business I would appreciate your readers filling me in on the wonders they have come across. Howsa bout it flen?

Remember the rooster that wore red pants.

+ Okay -- I remember, I remember. Robbie offers: Dr. Hart Baerensprung.  
+ Anyone else who's interested please write Walt Liebscher, don't write me. Hilarious names. Gaaah!

+  
+ Actually, this is by far the oldest letter in our file. It refers to  
+ Bob Tucker's letter saying: "I think I last wrote to you on or about  
+ Issue #3. It was a pocksarcd." Now, I remember Bob Tucker and Walt  
+ Liebscher entirely too well, I wouldn't trust either of 'em within an  
+ inch of a dull breadknife. And it was obvious, entirely too obvious,  
+ that Liebscher was up to something, which would have Tucker up to some-  
+ thing, and it had something to do with the spelling of "pocksarcd" about  
+ which I know nothing and couldn't care less. But I had to find out.  
+ Like I say, don't ever trust these two!

+  
+ Well, this wasn't easy. We haven't got spies everywhere like AXE to  
+ report the Alexandria is torn down before the last Westercon was held  
+ there, or things like that. We have to dig. But finally, we've got  
+ the final report and here 'tis:

+  
+ Back in the Battle Creek Slan Shack days (with the Smilodons and  
+ Mammouths and like that) Walt Liebscher published a postcard fan-  
+ zine called "Wee Tome Tipper". When writing a letter to Tucker,  
+ b'lieve it was around 1946 B.D. (Before Davidson) discussing Wee  
+ Tome, Liebscher inadvertently misspelled postcard and it came out  
+ "pocksarcd", and that was the way Walt spelled it thruout the letter.  
+ Well, as is Tucker's wont, he grabbed onto it and kept it for a  
+ number of years and they batted it back and forth and it gradually  
+ became bowdlerized into "pocksarcd" around which time Tucker passed  
+ it on to Rick Sneary, who used it on Lee Hoffman, who re-used it  
+ on Walt Willis and it finally caught the fannish fancy.

+  
+ So there; now, Bob Tucker -- let's just see you make something of that.  
+ Harrumph, yas. Oh, go ahead and pull all the goddamned hanky-panky you  
+ want, either of you -- you will, anyway -- only I'm gonna catch you when  
+ I can, if I have to be stupid to do it.

118. LEWIS J. GRANT, JR., 5333 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 15:

The Chicago Ethical Society handed me the job of putting out their newsletter.

+ The Chicago WHAT???

7  
p.R  
BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Indiana:

Miss me? Missed youse....there was one long stretch down there in Fla. and the Bahamas when I thought I'd go mad-mad-maddddddd dd d d d

+ D-ddghad! That was a long time ago!!!

But how I missed being out of the know of fannish doings and lawsuits and lets-all-jump-on-Joe-Gibson, etc...I didn't know what was going on back at the ranch---maddening.

On to G2..oops...g2#10...now to that cover--okay you tell me..is that the earth?? Turning the zine round and round I try to recognize the terrain and coast-lines--and I dont..and this thing here in front--like a DDT bomb with a mousie peeking out of the port-hole--a pirate mouse... explain?

+ Walt Disney Conquers The Universe.

Huh? You kidding? Suppose you could show dowsing, etc works? So show me, baby. You putting in a cliff hanger to intrigue your faithful readers? So come on--tell.

+ I gotta lot of issues to catch up on, here. So okay, I will. But I  
+ warn you, doll -- if you wanna believe in Mental Powers, you ain't gonna  
+ like what I say!

You were saying an issue or so back about how I and others, how did you put it, have gotta find out these things for ourselves (bout wrong-doing fen)--well lookie here now---suppose I wrote you a letter and said..."Gee whiz and goshwow...I'm gonna have a fan guest for the weekend. Craswell Follinsby (I hope there is no fan by that name in reality) and isn't that peachy, Joe??"

And you knew old Craswell was addicted to lifting and hocking anything not nailed down, that he indulged in spitting tobacco juice on the floor every 10 minutes, that he hasnt bathed since the Hoover Administration, has lice, lets see what else--seduces little girls or boys, eats with his hands --and on and on.....now you mean to stand there (get up out of the chair and stand, boy!) and tell me you wouldnt at least mildly warn me about this lad????

Joe you dont love me..you want to see me suffer. (pause here while Betty retires to a corner to weep

((+AW SHADDUP! Sniffing fee-males.

+ Gaah! In the first place, you wrote me a letter. So there, you are too  
+ finding out for yourself. How else do you do it? You don't ask anybody,  
+ that's how else. Plenty of fan-hosts don't bother to ask--think about  
+ them, and then about what I advised. In the 2nd place, fandom is so damn  
+ large that it has become a ten-to-one shot whoever you write to will  
+ never have heard of this Follinsby and will wish you a happy weekend!  
+ Who the hell is this guy, anyhow? Sounds like six other guys! I know  
+ you're kidding here--but that's the deal. You never know, today.

u

Kujawa gets down to cases:

Yes, Wim on Sedolin..via tape Wim has voiced his feelings about Sture, and he had a point..he met him at Linards one time--as I recall Sture monopolized the conversation and all in all showed a great lack of simple manners or courtesy to others or consideration for others present.. Wim was not impressed by the behavior--as I wouldn't have been, I'm sure. No deep dark secret or anything bad-bad-bad about it.. have seen same thing in Con or TAFF reports of some young fan who rode roughshod over the occasion. My personal opinions on Sture are based on his accepting things from me (that he asked for) and a tape and then never ever replying even to thank me for my troubles in obtaining same--or to return the tape. Naturally at this late date I prefer fandom without Sture, as would most.

+ Kujawa's a fine, old Irish name so I guess I'll just have to teach you  
+ how to be a cop. Nothing bad-bad-bad, is there? That's funny. This  
+ guy mooches off you when you don't know any better -- this was some time  
+ ago, was it? -- and we start pubbing g2 and he writes telling how tough  
+ things are, but we didn't bite eagerly, we wait to hear what else there  
+ is to it, and we never never hear another word. Just like that.

+ You got the m.o.? Seems he prefers fans who're at least neo enuff not  
+ to know him. Pretty wide field for a guy in Sweden. Nothing but petty  
+ stuff in his dossier, but -- y'say Wim didn't like his social behavior?  
+ Well, we'll hear more about this guy, eventually. Want to bet?

+ And maybe now it'll get passed around enough so there'll be fewer fans  
+ who find they've been quite that neo!.....

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

Thanks for g2#10, friend...we are still friends, aren't we? Howcum we still have nine more issues coming to us--did Sid send you a buck, or are you trying to subtly bribe me to bury the hatchet?

+ Al, baby -- d'you STILL think there's anything subtle about me??? Be  
+ damned careful how you handle Sid's copy of this fanzine, there!

You know, we still want you and Robbie over for dinner sometime soon. As a bribe of my own, how about this. A couple of weeks ago I got a 9X12 manila envelope from Forry Ackerman marked with a big red sticker "Educational Materials", and guess what was inside...an original Joe Gibson illo from long ago, with this note from Forry attached: "Something for Joe Gibson nexttime you see him. =4e." Now, I wonder why he didn't send it directly to you, huh? At any rate, I'm taking good care of it for Robbie.

+ You guys go tour 101 South and maybe North and find your own motel to  
+ hold the westercon! You aren't draggin' me into that jazz. The last  
+ committee I walked out on was Dave Kyle's--bud, I know that jazz. As  
+ for '64 har-har-hawwwwr you're crazy. (But that is the first requirement!)

Your letter column is taking on proper fannish proportions, Joe-- noteworthy in this issue was Ed Wood's account of the beginnings of the Chicago SF Club--very interesting. How many letters did Rick write to

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### Rogers' Roost:

you, anyway? Or was that just one letter chopped up? ((+As I recall, it was two lengthy letters. And I don't b'liev any previous fmz editor has pulled this stunt: writing several subject-headings for things being discussed, like titles of articles, then pubbing parts of LoCs under each heading, sort've like having six different people help write a fanzine article. Works fine if you have a large backlog of LoCs, many of 'em 4-page. And incidently, several fans wrote they didn't like an all-letter zine because it somehow killed their incentif to write LoCs. Y'know, it's like the apas' mailing-comments-on-mailing-comments. What they don't know is an all-letter zine is the only way I can reduce the LoCs received to a managable number! On an ish like this one, I'll get more LoCs than I can handle!!!+)) Ethel Lindsay sounds like a nice person--I'm glad I vofed for her for TAFF. She's absolutely right about the French derivation of Sidonie. About "where would Alva come from"(no more cracks, you bum) ((+You said it, I didn't.+)) I'm not so sure. To the best of my knowledge its origin is Spanish. One of Phillip II of Spain's best generals was the Duke of Alva who, in 1567, invaded the Netherlands at the head of an army 10,000 strong to put down religious excesses there which were distressing the Spanish monarch. (The excesses, of course, were on the part of the Protestants.)

+ I think I oughta ask Wim Struyck about you, bhoy! Mooched off Betty, any???

"Alva set up a special council, called the Council of Troubles, for the discovery of all those who had taken part in the late excesses."

+ Like thieves, whores and moochers...

"Operating at Alva's pleasure, the new governing body soon received from the people the more ominous name of the Council of Blood. ((+Hear, hear!+)) It signified a redoubled Inquisition....hundreds perished at its order; thousands fled the country."---A History of Europe, Ferdinand Schevill; Harcourt Brace & Co., 1946. The Dutch, under the leadership of Prince Willian of Orange, finally revolted against Alva's tyranny and eventually forced his withdrawal from the Netherlands' by Phillip in 1573--but not before Alva had visited one revolting bloodbath after another on cities he captured during the course of the fighting. ((+Sounds like some real wild Cons.+)) I hope to God I'm not descended from this monster! It seems highly improbable, though. More than likely one of my forebears saw the name someplace--possibly in a history book --and liked it enough to slap on one of his kid's birth certificate.

+ Al, they didn't bother much with birth certificates then. More likely,  
+ she thot the Duke was razzy/the-louse-who-caused-all-the-trouble and gave  
+ the poor kid that name. I prefer the latter. You've suffered. But the  
+ guy who's responsible for you must've been half crazy Irish mercenary (a  
+ Papist?) and half stubborn Dutchman. Yep--half crazy and stubborn!

SIDONIE says ( with a bit of a dash over the E, to be correct):

Anent my name: the original Greek is Sidoney and means "shroud of Christ." Isn't that a nice seasonal touch?

Alva is the third. Grandpa, Dad and him. We saw fit to let the name stop there. A child with an unusual name is in for a lot of misery from his more mundanely named (Joe, Jim, George, etc.) friends. ((+Butwelovehim.+))

X

# The CLUB HOUSE by Rog Phillips (ALIAS HONEY'S HUSBAND) ROGER P. GRAHAM —)

(Shades of, that is):-

G\*SQUARED, Issue #10: 3/25¢, but send a buck, it's worth it; Joe Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., B1 Sobrante, Calif.

In this issue Joe seems to be having an argument with Campbell about getting book publishers to advertise in the prozines. I have a better idea, Joe -- get the promags to advertise in books. That's where the reading public is, now.

But an even better solution would be for some smart publisher to hire you as editor, because you have more real insight into what the stf field needs today than all the present editors rolled into one! I mean that, Joe. In the ten issues of G<sup>2</sup> to date, I've found more to really think about than has appeared in all the prozines of the past five years.

One thing I'm convinced of, there are ten times as many POTENTIAL READERS of science fiction today as there was prior to 1950 -- but the secret is to HOOK them WITH ONE ISSUE. How were YOU hooked -- and you and you and YOU? With one issue. ANY issue. You bought it, it was love at first reading, and you fretted until the next issue came out. THOSE ideas are the ordinary news of today, and, frankly, the crop of prozines on the stands at this moment -- the current issues -- wouldn't give a sense of wonder to a kid eleven years old with an I.Q. of 60, let alone the modern teenager who could code a computer better than an adult and who is STARVING for the thrill of the suddenly opened mental window, and looking for it in magazines where it is against editorial policy...

+ If you'd care to hear the other side of this mutual admiration society  
+ let me just inform you that Rog is currently Treasurer of the West  
+ Coast Chapter of the Mystery Writers of America, has originated and  
+ taught two full terms of a writing course in San Quentin (and turned  
+ a number of inmates into selling writers) which has impressed all sorts  
+ of people, including Earl Stanley Gardner, and -- well, lessee....  
+ Rog is now retired, having a peculiar heart condition which has some  
+ top physicians, like at the University of California Medical Center,  
+ making book on him on account of he is supposed to be dead....he's a  
+ hellova good cook and he's married to Honey, at least they claim they're  
+ married, we were still in Chicago when the event supposedly occurred  
+ and we've always said we\*just\*don't\*know. Rog was Best Man at our  
+ wedding--I know, I had to hold him up as well as Robbie!  
+  
+ Had enough?

-----  
Luck and the Best, Larry & Sylvia

\*\*\*\*\*  
RobbiegetmeanotherdrinkRobbiegetmeanotherdrinkRobbiegetmeanotherdrink--it worked



2/

As for naming undesirable characters: how about Bob Jennings publishing what some hack artist wrote called A TRIP TO HELL ?????

+ We've had it on Absolutely Impeccable Authority (the Association of  
+ Xenophobic Egoboosters) that Sidney Coleman -- fan name: Squidney --  
+ of the Dept. of Mathematics of Haaaarvard University has departed  
+ this realm in search of profane Truths in the vicinity of Istanbul,  
+ known to various unbelievers as Constantinople. Or maybe it's the  
+ other way round.

+ I was just grotching to Robbie the other day that we'd not had so much  
+ as a how-d'you-spell-it postscardsz? from Squidney in Someplace In  
+ Turkey when she gets a call from the University of California Police  
+ Dept. that there is a postcard arrived for her.

+ It is addressed to: Roberta Gibson  
+ Dept. of Police  
+ U. of Cal.  
+ Berkeley, Cal. USA

and sez:

This is on a high place. Below is white sand, a blue sea, and I,  
feeling the sun drying the salt water on my back, and drinking a  
fine beer named  $\phi I \equiv$ . ("Let's get a fix," we say, and laugh a  
lot. We are easily amused.)

Sid

+ Unfortunately, this is not a postcard from somewhere in Turkey. No.  
+ We hate to tell you this, Sid. We really do. Y'see, what the color-  
+ foto side of the postcard shows is the columnar remains of the Temple  
+ of Poseidon. And the name of that bheer! Oghod.

+ We're sorry. Really, we are. But this postcard is from Athens, Greece.

+ You got on the wrong boat, Sid!

THUS ENDS issue #11 of g2. We've had fun...let's hope you find it catching  
.....I, Joe Gibson, ogre of fandom and vilifier (two 1's?) of Thieves, Whores  
& Moochers, can assure you that we have ample meat of contention for many  
many many more issues -- this wasn't the best, but we had to jump in after  
a considerable lapse. My apologies, of course. My article this issue was  
dull for some; well, how else would you write it? We have a little-legend-  
in-a-black-box again, too; remember our black-boxing Mike Deckinger? Don't  
think it hurt him a bit, but he asked for it. And this case may be a little  
more serious. In fact, Robbie assures me it is.....Our thanks, again, to

3

Colin Freeman -- for European fans,  
the Announcement is directly below  
this. // All right, Bjo, get with  
it and R\*E\*C\*U\*P\*E\*R\*A\*T\*E! // If  
your LoC isn't in this, anyone, I  
simply ran outta space -- I didn't o-  
mit it 'cause I wanted to; everyone  
sent LoCs lastish I wanted to pub-  
lish! // Jim Caughran's now doing  
graduate work at the Math Dept., U.  
of Michigan. /??Well, and how was  
the Third Chicon?????

+ + + + +

This is g2#11, somewhat late for  
April 1962 ... comes from Joe and  
Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave.,  
El Sobrante, California, USA.

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I should perhaps mention that this  
is supposed to be a monthly thing.

European Agent:

Colin Freeman  
Ward 3  
Scotton Banks Hospital  
Ripley Road  
Knaresborough, Yorkshire  
England

Note: we do not trade. Nor do we  
give free issues for LoCs. Any  
other deal doesn't interest us,  
either. Subscription is strictly  
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And on this basis, Dick Lupoff  
gets a year's sub becuz his fmz re-  
view column brought us several new  
subscribers. That's \$1 worth of  
publicity any way you look at it  
--and it has paid off. Thanks, DL.



*Handwritten:*  
To: Rick Meyers  
2962 Santa Ana St.  
South Gate, Calif.

*Handwritten:*  
G2 #11 from -  
J & R Gibson  
5380 SOBRANTE AVE  
EL SOBRANTE, CALIF  
USA

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