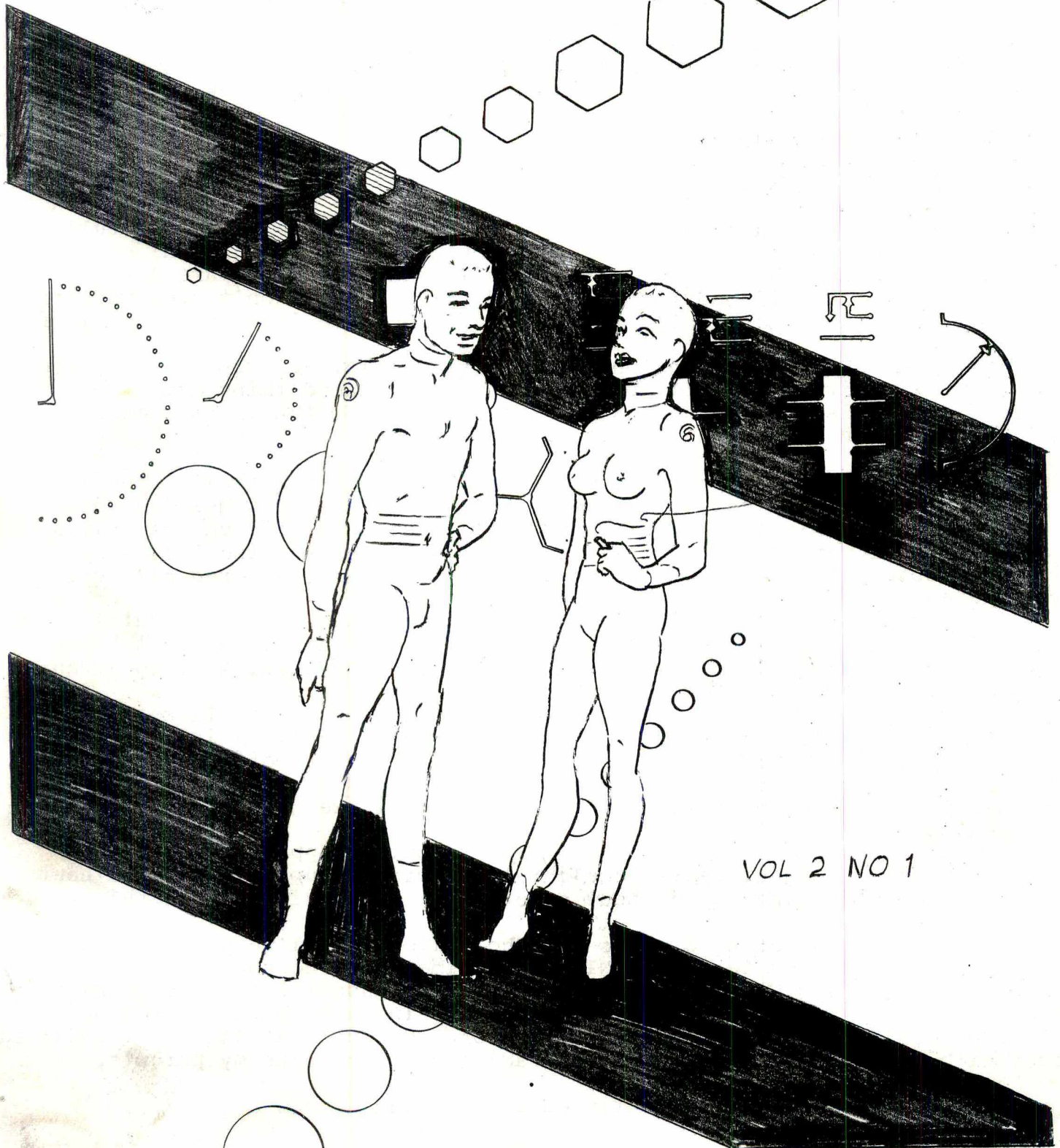


G²

JUNE 1962



VOL 2 NO 1

(IF THIS MAKES 2 OF THIS, THE HELL WITH IT.)

HERE IT IS THE 23RD of September, g2#12 is all stapled & addressd & ready to go into the mail tomorrow (Monday) morning, and I have this about ready to go to the printshop! And it's been Real Sercon in issue #11, fun&games in #12, and back to Sercon here. So what's next? Well, nextish we'd better comment on Ethel Lindsay's and the Willis's visits to the Bay Area, else any comments we could make will be much too dated.

But maybe I will tell about our Li'l Bug. By gum, yes. Other guys talk sportscars in their fanzines, I'm gonna discuss "the machines" in mine! And considering what's sitting in our garage right now, the Li'l Bug is something else I'd better discuss right now, or the whole thing will be outdated. Okay -- fun&games again, nextish. And then, after that ...well, we'll see.

Is it coming too fast for you?

One thing I'd like to do, since we've got at least 3 issues to catch up on, yet -- is an ish full of artwork. My own stuff, of course; this would have to be a "rush job" at least in the sense that we couldn't solicit artwork and prepare layouts and like that. But I'd sort've like to do it. I just don't know whether I can or not, tho. After all, a full art-folio issue is a hellova lot of drawings!

I'd ask for opinions on it, really I would, only by the time you get around to giving 'em I'll probably have the blamed thing done. However, I'll promise one thing. Right now. I promise that next weekend I will NOT work on a fanzine! There, I've said it.

LoCS HAVE JUST BEGUN to arrive; we had Rick's and Len Zettel's when I got to the lettercol, this time, but nextish should have a larger showing. Or wait, maybe I'll just hold off and use only a couple letters nextish or none atall -- and save 'em for the following issue, pubbing all the comments together rather than scattered all over the place.

Of course, some of you will probably withhold comment until you get All The Parts of this dadblamed serial....I certainly couldn't blame you for that! Rick'll be owing us another 25¢ about then, too, so it may work out fairly well for him.

Or can you write LoCs just as blankety-blank fast as I can publish g2's??? But you know who're really going to flip about all this? The fmz reviewers, like Coulson and Lupoff! There they'll come around to reviewing g2 and there'll be six goddam issues to cover!!! Or anyway, some such number. Won't surprise me if we just don't get any reviews!

Nobody's picked a fight with me yet, but I suppose that'll show up soon enuff. It just feels peculiar to be writing up a fanzine without having someone jumping on me about something. It's quiet. Peaceful. Makes me nervous!

Speaking of LoCs and who writes 'em, I've got to toss some personal queries to JUNE BONIFAS sometime about howcome her first LoC to us came from Cuba, New Mexico. It's a pleasant farming community now; but it was a little one-street cowtown. In fact, back before the steer prices dropped in the Market Crash of '29, Cuba was the only civilized spot within a hundred miles of homesteading ranchers like my parents,

(Continued on page 13)

TINKERSHOP NOTES: Let me remind all of you, beforehand, that I've mentioned several times that there is an explanation for ESP and PK (or what has generally become known as "psi" in stf) which is scientifically plausible and logical. I've implied that once you know this thing and use it, you can commence levitating and reading minds and seeing people without their clothes on all over the place. And I'm afraid this is literally true -- that you'd have to be insane to use this thing! But wait. You'll see.



A PSI FOR 'DOC' SMITH

'Way back in Earl Kemp's WHO KILLED S-F? one of the pros who answered his questionnaire on that subject with some heat was E.E. Smith, the old Gray Lensman. And what 'Doc' Smith was hot about (he wasn't mincing words, either) was all this unscientific crap about mental powers and telepathy and mind-over-matter.

Now, I happen to agree with 'Doc' and everyone else who feels as he does about this. Please understand that. One of the toughest things I've got to do in this article is make all of you understand how I feel about this....

But there's one way it would be scientifically plausible. Yes. Even foretelling the future. Or simply knowing exactly what is happening at this moment in a particular stone hut on the Gobi Desert -- from where you are, right now, reading this fanzine. Or turning the pages of this article as you read them, without touching the 'zine.

Yeah, it could be done -- only that's the wrong way to say it. The right way, I suspect, is: yeah, it could happen.

I'm reading your mind, Betty Kujawa. SHADDUP.

First of all, I've got to establish two things. I've got to tell you something about the human brain -- I mean, about all of it, how it's constructed, how its electrochemical system works, how this is being duplicated in computing machines -- but really, I should let you look up all that in a copy of CYBERNETICS or some other reference work after you've read this article. What I need to give you is merely an idea of what's involved here.

I'll do that later.

The other thing I've got to do is explain to you just what I happen to

know about psi. Personally. Well, I do know something. I've had some experience with it. I'm still having some, occasionally, tho on a very minimal level -- once you're an adult, your conscious mind is too damned hidebound and set in its ways for much of that utterly crazy subconscious data to register; but while you're a normally crazy-mixed-up adolescent, bhoy, that stuff can register to beat hell.

My pitch was foretelling the future -- precognition. I did it with dreams. Not 'symbolic' dreams or any of that voodoo. It was as if my li'l subconscious mind had heard all about what was gonna happen to me maybe two weeks ahead, right down to the very last detail; and it waited until my mean ol' bossy conscious mind was asleep and amusing itself with s*e*x*y fantasies and -- WHAM! These precognitive dreams were not only technicolor, but had utterly sharp clarity so impressive I could always recognize one of these dreams from normal dreaming. They'd almost make me sit up in my sleep.

They began when I was 18 years old, in the Army, in Infantry Basic. That was rough for me. I was as pink-cheeked and dewey-eyed as any pampered kid could be. I was in Camp Hood, Texas -- what is probably referred to as 'the Old Camp' around Fort Hood, today -- and chillun's, I*wanted*a* FURLOUGH! What I mean, I wanna go HOME!

And it hit me.

One night, in the middle of an exhausted sleep, I am suddenly on a dark, wet street. I am standing under a mellow-glowing streetlamp with Forrest J. Ackerman -- and I hadn't met Ackerman yet, then! I'd just done artwork for VoM and, well, the dewey-eyed kid was one hellova neofan, too. Well, 4e and I crossed the street and he rang the doorbell up a short flight of steps at a very nice wood-paneled door. Then we were inside, 4e went off to find Morojo somewhere, and I was being polite to all sorts of odd people like old men with long, shaggy beards and fat ladies with 15 children!

When I finished Infantry Basic, they slapped me in Army Specialized Training, shipped me off to Los Angeles City College, and -- yeh, it did happen. 4e took me along one nite to pick up Morojo at an Esperanto meeting. The streetlamp, the wet-looking street, the door, the beard, the fat lady. Everything. Exactly.

That wasn't really the first time. There were a couple before that -- but not quite as sharp. It sort've grew. Practice, y'know. This time, when I suddenly found myself standing under that streetlamp with Ackerman, the whole thing just knocked me numb -- and I went thru the next 15 minutes or so like a zombie! Oh, my outward actions were normal enuff (exactly as I'd dreamed I acted!) but inside, I was scared stiff.

One of the times before this, I was still in highschool and I dreamed I was at this brightly-lit meetinghall with a bunch of strange adults and feeling very much out-of-place, when I was introduced by someone I knew (somehow!) to a fat man with a very red face in a brilliant blue suit. That resolved itself when my History teacher invited me along to a Consumers' Co-op meeting in Albuquerque. Meeting the fat man was rather a shock,

but after all -- it was really just enough to get a young kid curious about what was happening to him!

That night in LA was enough for anyone's curiosity.

But then, it happened in LA -- I mean, I woke up one morning at the City College with the clear memory of an utterly sharp dream! Yep, this time I was standing in the back of an Army truck as it pulled up a hill toward some odd barracks-type buildings. They were just woodframe barracks painted the usual yellowish bile color; the odd thing about them was that the walks from one building to another had little porches covering them. In fact, where the boardwalk ceased on either side of the road, the porch roof arched up over the road to give clearance for trucks like the one I was riding in.

Post hospital area -- Fort Lewis, Washington. Yep. I got shipped out to the Field Artillery. And one morning, I am standing in the back of this Army truck and, well, there it is!

Now, this sort've fun&games is all right for a while -- but really! That's exactly the way I'd begun to feel about it. By ghod, I was going to find*out*about*THIS!

So it happened again. I kept wanting that blessed furlough home and about 2 months before I got it, I knew damned well I would! I knew I'd get back to Albuquerque, too. I knew I'd walk out of the Fred Harvey station on First Street, stroll down to Central Avenue, and stop at the corner looking downtown. It would be a hazy, pearl-colored morning before the sun was really up. And I'd be terribly worried about something!

Then a man would walk up to me, folding a newspaper, and say something. I'd flex my wrist peculiarly, speak to him, and he'd walk off. And suddenly I'd feel utterly disgusted! With that, I'd turn and walk east thru the Underpass and on up past Albuquerque High School to home.

Okay, 2 months later I pulled into Albuquerque. I walked down First to Central and stood on the corner. It was a hazy, pearl-colored morning. And I started thinking.

I'd dreamed that I spoke to someone, then turned and walked thru the Underpass and up to home! What if I didn't do it? What if I simply strolled downtown and had coffee at the Liberty Cafe before going home?? In short, just what am I handling, here -- what am I up against? Am I master of my own actions or a slave to What-Will-Be???

Then this jerk walks up to me, folding his newspaper, and asks what time it is. Without thinking, I glance at my wristwatch and tell him. And he thanks me and walks off.

Suddenly I'm so goddamned disgusted I just say the hell with it. I'm tired. It was a long trip. I wanna get home. And I turn and walk thru the Underpass!

A sort've peculiar thing happened a few months later that wasn't precognition. It was telepathy. One night my mother has a dream -- this was before she knew anything about where I was going -- in which she seems to be awakened by someone opening the front door and walking in. She sits up startled (In her dream) because she knew she'd locked the front door before retiring! Then I walked into her bedroom, grinned at her, and said, "Hi, Mom!"

She really did wake up, then. And of course, I wasn't there. Becuz, y'see, I didn't have a key.

She wrote me about it. The letter reached me in England.

The night she had that dream, at approximately the same time (considering the difference in Time Zones) I was on a Liberty ship on the left or Port side of a convoy just off the coast of Ireland. We'd just passed and been silhouetted by a well-lighted hospital ship -- and a U-boat was detected off the convoy's left flank. The Destroyer Escorts were out there dropping ashcans around it. I could feel the shocks thru the steel deck where I was squatting on my heels, with icy spray blowing out of the pitch darkness into my eyes, waiting with the rest of the guys to go over the side if that U-boat put a fish into us -- and wondering how long we'd last in that freezing water. But apparently the DE's kept him down. We got through, and disembarked in Liverpool the next night.

I had a couple more precognitive dreams. They weren't very impressive except that they told me I'd stay alive until the dreamed events had happened. I was made a forward scout for a particular kind of heavy artillery: 8-inch howitzers. It was a new gun, most of the data Top Secret for good reason -- ballistically, it is probably the most accurate fieldpiece that can ever be built. The size, weight & shape of the shell simply balance out against atmospheric resistance, turbulence, temperature -- everything! I knew the bursting radius, the new Secret proximity fuses, the works. I went hunting targets.

I was supposed to go to a Recon Outfit in England for some freshening up on this scouting business. I went to it, all right -- in France, and right in front of me the 29th Infantry Division was getting cut to pieces in the Hurtgen Forest, with no artillery needing me as a scout. They had over 90% casualties; I saw the kids brought out, the ones they could get out, and I learned the whole story in one big nutshell. But I knew I was going to sleep in a sooooft bed under a goose-feather quilt (do you call them quilts?) with soft goodnites bid by people who spoke English -- and I did. I went back to my artillery in England and got a weekend pass to visit Mike Rosenblum in Leeds. He was very conscientious about the physical condition which attacked his forearms, making him incapable of even pushing open the swinging doors on all the pubs in Leeds for me (and Mike a teetotaler -- can you imagine?) and this write-up will be the first time he'll know what was bothering me! I never told him I'd been to France.

Of course, there was one morning his sister asked me if I'd found the airraid shelter without trouble during the night's raid. And I asked what

raid? And it seems the sirens had gone off, and the womenfolk had retired to the local shelter whilst Mike and his father had a spot of tea in the kitchen downstairs -- of course, they'd knocked me up immediately the alarm sounded, but got no answer so assumed I'd breezed off to the shelter in a flash! I never did know where that damned shelter was. It wasn't anything, tho, just a buzzbomb came over, hit a cow pasture a few miles off -- the concussion broke a windowlight in the next block, is all.

But y'know, I've read how Mike Rosenblum got up and gave his speech at Harrogate. I must say that I do agree with what he said about the oldtime fans having the fate of the world in mind, while these fans today just seem to have the fun of the moment on their minds.

I'd like to say a bit more about that but I don't know quite how to express it.

Well, I won't go on much more with this. I went out on a patrol with 3 other guys in a jeep. I drove the jeep back with 3 corpses in it. My best friend stepped on a landmine about 20 yards ahead of me, knocked me flat -- nothing left of him but a hole in the ground. Things like that. Eight months of it, without letup. I weighed 190 lbs., and it was all in my shoulders and chest. You could break a board across 'em. Two weeks after V-E Day, I weighed 145 and they were feeding me pills by the bushel. I shook so hard I couldn't sleep! But I never got hit once, not a scratch, except that night I plucked a bullet out of the air -- but that's another WHOARY OLD WAR STORY, dammit! I've got something else to discuss here.

The last clearly discernable precognitive dream I had was in combat. In that dream, I arrived home. My mother was there, and a whole crowd of people I seemed to know but couldn't consciously recognize -- presumably I would know them when the event happened. They all seemed terribly surprised to see me, actually as if they hadn't expected it, for some reason.

I was wearing a very peculiar uniform, too. It was dark green, and it wasn't the usual Army uniform -- I wore a full jacket, not an Eisenhower jacket -- and all the decorations and stuff seemed like I was an officer! But there were these people exclaiming over me and someone laughing and my mother crying all over this strange uniform. And I found myself thinking that I hoped no one would notice my left leg from the knee down, because they might realize it was artificial and I wasn't used to it yet!

But what the hell, this seemed to tell me that I'd live thru combat!!! And loosing a leg is a hellova lot better than half your guts.

But -- it never happened. I've never worn such a uniform as I did in that dream. I've never lost a leg, either. The only thing about it that has scared the living hell out of me was that in 1955, when I was passing thru Cleveland, I saw the new Army uniform in the window of a Recruiting Station. It was that dark green uniform....

Well, there you have it.

Another aspect of this psi stuff is that you get some damned strong hunches about it -- hunches amounting almost to absolute conviction. And I've been convinced for some time now that I'll never wear that dark green uniform!

It's just as if something'd happened to change the odds, since I had that dream. Maybe it was when I subconsciously knew that Stalin was going to die -- and that's a remark that croggles me, too! Or hell, maybe it was Beria!

But look, all this is completely unscientific. It's physically impossible. I couldn't know all this stuff, subconsciously or any other way, to have dreamed such things as I've described them!

Or couldn't I???

Nobody's asked that question. Look at it, reread it, think about it. Because now I've got to go into the thing about how the human brain is constructed, how it works, etc.

Let's make it simple. I read a few months back that they've developed a wafer-sized "memory cell" for computers; it's about $\frac{1}{2}$ " across and paper-thin, or something like that. It's a breakthrough in computer design, becuz it can do the same functions as "memory cells" in the human brain. There's just one thing: the human brain has hundred thousands or millions or whatever amount of these "memory cells" and a computer with that many would be 800 miles long or some-such-figure! It was an awfully impressive article.

And that's the kind of natural-born computer we're walking around with inside our skulls. A pretty darned good computer.

Now, you take these dice games where the mind seems to affect the dice so they fall a certain way -- or the symbolic cards, and the guy who can't see 'em guesses which cards they are a certain percentage of the time. We've had Doc Rhine conducting these experiments in parapsychology (or is that the word?) at Duke University. And then there are some other egghead guys who claim that everything Rhine's turned up could happen anyway according to the Law of Probability.

Maybe that's the answer!

That Law of Probability would be pretty handy if your brain were capable of computing what it will do!

So you want to read someone's mind? Have the old brain compute where and when such-and-such individual is 99.9999% likely to think exactly thus-and-so, and arrange to be on the spot when he does! You'll be reading that guy's mind so well you can practically tell him what he's going to think!

And you're sort of wandering around during the day, picking up a little here and a little there, and the old brain is computing away -- it's conceivable that one day you might compute what's happening in that stone hut

in the Gobi Desert! It's possible. I mean, it just might happen once in a million years. That's about all the odds you need, if the human brain is that kind of a computer!

You want to levitate something? How about dumping the books out of that bookcase, there? Hell, a little earthquake tremor could do that! But sorting out the mixed-up books and putting 'em back in the bookcase in order -- that is quite a large order! But wait a minute. The freakish things that happen in hurricanes and tornadoes? And is that the only answer?? Static electromagnetic charges can build up, too -- humidity in a room can do that -- and is it impossible that just once in a million years, two like charges will repel each other in these books and this bookcase, and then....

The Law of Probability stretched to its inconceivable utmost. And the human brain a super-colossal-computer.

Sub*conscious computing, that is. Play hell when you're trying to tote up the grocery bill, otherwise!

And there's a problem. You see, unless and until we really understand what's going on here -- our subconscious minds could be computing like blazes and getting utterly fantastic answers that would seem like so much gibberish to us! Because consciously, we don't compute.

Now, when we're teenage adolescents, the whole damned world seems like utter gibberish. There's no problem at all -- or at least, not so much of one -- and the signals can get thru. But let us become adults, at least to the extent where we seem to know some of the answers, and our conscious mind stops accepting any of this goddam nonsense from the subconscious levels. To hell with that jazz! We know better!

Unless you're insane.

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Okay, time out -- but do you get it, now? It means there is no real precognition of the future or telepathy between two minds or moving matter with Mental Powers. But you get the same results. And you haven't violated a single Physical Law!!!

You want to go find water with a dowsing rod, you take the damned rod where water is 99.999% sure of existing. Just have your li'l computer subconscious make with the blinking lights and humming noises and figure all this out before you go anyplace with any fool dowsing rods! And then, maybe those silly-looking rods are the only way your stupid conscious mind can accept the answers you know subconsciously already!

Telepathy? Compute the whole sequence of a conversation with someone -- maybe their subconscious mind will be working on it, too -- and then go through the motions. Consciously, you'd swear you were telepaths!

And what the hell would it matter if you aren't?

Look, you go out and buy a book like, say, A CROSSBOWMAN'S STORY. You are transported to Pizarro's expedition in Peru and you journey across to the headwaters of the Amazon and on down it to the sea. That book's a time-machine; it imparts knowledge to you that you've no environmental contact with, it makes you a telepath in that anyone else can mention some part of it and you know what they mean without having it explained to you.

And in every sense, it is violating Physical Laws -- until you see just how it works.

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Something has happened in fandom recently that makes me suspect psi was at work. And it took a nutty character to sense it.

Bob Jennings published the thing called A TRIP TO HELL in which Bruce Berry claimed Earl Kemp wasn't at the Solacon, no by golly, he was in Chicago holding up Berry at the point of a gun! Jennings published it as if he were absolutely convinced it was true. He got it, apparently, from Willick.

And Jennings is a teenager.

Berry isn't. Berry was a member of the Golden Gate Futurian Society out here, many years ago, along with other neo-Boheems like Arlene Brennan and Dave Rike.

Y'see, the funny thing about it is that someone did attend the Solacon who did pull an armed robbery. The guy has been caught, convicted, sentenced to 2-to-5, served a year and got off with Good Behavior. He has a past record of dope addiction.

Some of you who were at the Solacon may remember him. Most of you who were there probably saw him. Terry Carr will recognize the guy's name, but probably little more than that.

Robbie and I got very close to knowing more than we'd care to about it. We'd only been in this area a short while, living in a crackerbox apartment in Berkeley, when Dave Rike paid us a visit. He had a bad sunburn and kept squirming, but was too polite to scratch, which amused me vastly. But then a horn sounds out on the street, and Dave says that's his friend waiting -- he's got to go! I looked at him, aghast, asking why he hadn't invited his friend in. He'd sat there squirming for a whole half-hour without mentioning that anyone had come in his car with him! But no, Dave said this guy had his bongo drums with him, and he sat out there in the car wearing his shades in the gathering evening darkness, and patted his bongo drums, and was happy!

Dave told us the guy's name.

Arlene Brennan was a femme fan around here for years, too -- she was at the SFCon in '54, when young Ron Ellik proved he was a window fan -- and when the Solacon came along, she needed a ride to LA. So she invited this

beatnik bunch to the Solacon since they had a car and could give her a ride. I doubt if there was a Con membership card in the lot of 'em. But you may recall the bongo-drummers with the dirty jeans and the sandals, and I suppose they went the whole way with Free Sex and Kultur and smoking a bit of the pod. Anyway, Arlene's not in fandom, now -- she got married and vanished toward Portland.

When the Solacon came around, most of fanzine fandom had heard of Carl Brandon, the Negro West Coast fan -- and some of us already knew that "Carl Brandon" was merely a hoax character invented by Ron Ellik and Terry Carr.

Well, at the Solacon, a lot of people saw this beatnik bunch slapping their bongo drums -- and there in their midst was this colored guy. Some thought maybe he was Carl Brandon. Fortunately, Ron and Terry were already telling everyone (who cared and who didn't care) about this pseudonym bit.

The colored guy's name was Jim Barclay. Of Berkeley.

A few months later, Robbie and I began noticing something odd on Telegraph Avenue, up near campus in Berkeley. There's a Bank of America on the corner, just a block from campus amidst bookstores, cafeterias, collegiate clothing stores and whatnot. And the thing we notice is this junkheap of a car. It's painted black, and it is really a beat-up pile of scrap.

We also notice it's always parked near the bank. Well, matters proceed. As it comes out in the interrogations later, Jim Barclay and a young white guy named David McQuillan had been watching the bank, "casing" its clientele, standing around or even in line behind people and watching how much cash they withdraw.

Finally, they see something they like.

A fiftyish lady came down from the University's International House and drew large amounts of cash, which she put in a money sack and a cash folder, and then she walked out to her car, got in, and drove back up to the "I" House where she pulled into the parking lot.

On this particular day, she has checked out \$1,316 and some cents. She gets out of her car with the folder and money sack and starts walking across the parking lot and this young guy walks up to her with a gun in his hand.

And at this point, I should mention that if she'd had a weak heart and died of shock, the charge would've been manslaughter instead of armed robbery. It wouldn't matter what kind of a gun McQuillan had.

So McQuillan grabbed the money, ran out of the parking lot, dived into the black junkheap on the street and Barclay drove away. A little later, Jim opened the sack and folder and "split" with David, giving him only around \$300 and telling him that was his half.

The cops were on it immediately and the story hit the newscasts. Then a very funny thing happened. It seems that when Barclay was waiting in the "getaway car" there at the parking lot, he was double-parked in the street.

Well, a guy came driving along and stopped behind Barclay and saw he couldn't get past. So he honks. And Barclay ignores him, just sits there with the motor running. The guy behind him starts getting mad. In fact, he writes down Barclay's license number -- and then, he sees David run out of the parking lot and dive into the old car!

So this guy went home and then he heard the newscasts. And with a big, beaming smile, he reaches for the telephone. Berkeley Police is THornwall 5-8000. And the license number -- brace yourself -- is PAD 853 on the old car. So they traced the car, got Barclay and McQuillan, plopped 'em in separate cells ... and just sort've mentioned to Sweet Little David exactly how much of a "split" Barclay had given him of the money. And David sang.

Well, as I said, Barclay's served a year and got parolled -- I heard this from Dave Rike -- and that's the story. This is probably the first inkling Len & Anna Moffatt have ever had that someone was at the Solacon who could've easily caused them more grief than any WSFS crowd. And he was invited by a fanne. He didn't just walk in. Hopped-up and mean, he could've made our fannish squabbles look like kintergarden games.

I didn't tell about this to belittle the Moffatts -- or else, I'd have told it when Len said (In Shaggy) that "Joe Gibson has failed to prove that fandom is riddled with Undesirables" and I'd have asked how would Len know? But y'see, Len was right. I doubt if he knew why he was right, is all. I've found fandom has plenty of Undesirables; but isn't "riddled" with them simply because it's so awful damned big. And, too, the turnover is great. The Undesirables are just one aspect of the real problem: Big Fandom.

The ironic thing is that Barclay's the guy at the Solacon who later pulled (with McQuillan) an armed robbery. Add: Arlene Brennan was a GGFS member; so was D. Bruce Berry. Plus: Berry and two adolescents, Willick and Jennings, are mad at Earl Kemp -- they're emotionally torn, their rational barriers are down, their conscious minds unguarded. And, if this is how psi works, their Subcon Brains announces that someone at the Solacon pulled an armed robbery! So how do their conscious minds interpret this??? Two plus two means Earl Kemp pulled*a*gun on Bruce Berry!!!!

Somehow, I think a good voodoo doctor wouldn't have made as much of a mess of all this.

As for the gun McQuillan used -- it was a cap pistol.

NOW, ALL THAT BRUHAHA about the sharp clarity of this psi stuff and the strong hunches I've had about it -- all that has been offset by a feeling of doubt and distrust. Emphatically. I have never been able to really trust this stuff!

But that figures, too! If my subconscious "computer" brain is feeding me 99.99% Probabilities, there's still that Point-Oh-One Percent Possibility of Error -- which ol' Subconscious Brain may not give a fig about, but bi-ghod I do, especially if I may get my head blown off!

But it also means that I can never really believe all this stuff. Not until someone has found out a helluva lot more about it, anyway.

So there it is. It may be the answer, or maybe just a good, close guessimate. There are any number of ramifications it could have, that I've thought of, like f'rinstance its effect on the shaping of human cultures during the past ten thousand years or so. But I'll not go into that, now. This is the time to stop my raving and open the floor to discussion -- umm, yaz ... there's the floor opening up -- how're you-all down there? Undoubtedly, many of the ramifications of this thing will occur to you. So if there are any that I have in mind which don't come up in our discussion, perhaps I'll do another article later on about them.

But this is enuff of this stuff, for now.

So what d'you think of it???

(Continued from page 2):

up in the Rio Arriba country. It remained a pretty rugged country, too, during the time I was growing up. I remember the Young Brothers' Garage and when the Young Hotel first opened in Cuba -- it was just a long adobe room, then, with slatboard bunks and cornshuck mattresses For Men Only, but by George it was the fust hotel in the territory! The Young Hotel you find there now was gradually built afterward, with that big fireplace recessed into the floor; what was the original hotel is where that little cafe is, now, on the corner.

Yep. Why, I can recollect when Regina was nothing but a postmistress' office and general store combined in the living room of that rambling, old ranchhouse at the top of the hill, and La Ventana was a place you sometimes missed altogether making fresh wheeltracks thru the Spring mud. I saw the little white frame church built up the creek from town, and the first telephone line slowly get extended out from San Ysidro to Cuba...

As you can see, I'm off to a pretty good start, here. Keep going like this, and I'll be telling about the Smith family who had Grandfathers' Rights to hunt year-round in the Santa Fe National Forest, and old Miz Smith who finally went down to Albuquerque to see herself a railroad locomotive. And about me and Dad out looking for cattle rustlers. And how Santa Fe used to be, during the Fiesta, with wagons parked in the Plaza and the high curbs and narrow, little streets. And about Albuquerque when Korber's Hardware still ran a wagon yard -- they started in the freight wagonhauling business, y'know, and ended up with so much junk they'd got from people who couldn't pay their freight bills that they opened a hardware store to get rid of it all. Biggest damn' hardware store you ever saw, now! And the time I roped Dad's old red bull, flipped it and damn' nigh broke its back -- and Dad'ud never let me hang a rope on my saddle after that. And -- oh, hell!!! I'll never slack off, at this rate!



LEN ZETTEL, 4350 Riverside Blvd., Sacramento 22, Calif.:

A while back fandom was coherent, articulate and had some sort of a sense of mission. Public officials delayed the space program, announcing they weren't going to spend money on a lot of science-fiction nonsense.

Now fandom is fragmented and without a sense of direction. In every article about a wild new breakthrough, real or imminent, appears the phrase, "This isn't science fiction."

Maybe fandom's major purpose was to prevent space ships before it was space ship time?

- + Yeh -- and then stf was full of Atomic Doom stories 'til hell wouldn't have it! But we got S*E*X into stf, too, so how come there's this
- + population boom? Phillip Jose Farmer must've miscalculated somewhere.
- + And look -- I've been raising hell because there isn't any really authentic interstellar stf to speak of, these days ... does that mean it's time for those ships, too??
- + Len, we're still going to get over to Sacramento Real Soon Now. But things still keep happening to us. Right now, Robbie's swamped by
- + Admissions Week, Registration Week and Filing-Study-Lists Week at the
- + Math Dept.; and then, we've got a new car.

RICK SNEARY, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.:

It is good to hear of/from you again. I was sorry to hear you were having troubles, but I never got around to writting you a letter of good cheer. Mostly because about the same time I had a mess of troubles of my own. And also I know you hate to answer letters, and I owed letters to everyone. Figgured too, as I was sending money for g2, I'd better spend my time writing fanzines I owed letters.

- + We heard a little something about your troubles, Rick, so we didn't expect to hear from you. We were more sorry to be so mixed up ourselves that you didn't get any good cheer from us.

I think your announced plan to make up the back issues of g2 is another manifestation of your madness. You are taking something to seriously. Just think of all the jokes poked at S.F. Times for trying to keep up the same fantasy. But more practically, if you become bi-weekly or something; readers wont be able to write LoC's intime to make a following issue; and remarks will be scattered over three issues.. Monthly is just keen.

- + Blast! Until you mentioned it, I hadn't thot what it'll do to the LoCs.
- + And that's always griped me when I saw it in other lettercols, too!

I think what is needed to make our stellar neighborhood come to life is to have it as the standard background to a number of series of stories. Hull's stories of the Ridge are the right sort of thing, but were not enough. What is needed is a lot of common knowledge about names, size and relationship -- as is known about our planet system. The reason being that the writers probably don't know either....and those that do fear to try to put in the massive douses of information, as they would have 20 years ago. Maybe you, Poul and Andy could work out a handy guide book to the neighboring system, and pass it around to the writers. (It might even sell as an article). Given a fairly large body of knowledge, writers could use parts of it, from time to time. But as it would all be related, a large background of information would filter through to the reader, and he would start to understand things not importen to, but related to the story reference he was reading.

- + Sudden thot, Rick: d'you suppose we'll ever see a large volume of
- + Chesley Bonestell paintings illustrating a CONQUEST OF THE STARS???
- + Man, what could be done with that!

I wish you would explain about this ".38 Regular" business. I'm just enough of a gun-nut to be interested, and green enough not to know what you mean. I'm generally perplexed by the American Rifleman articles and addes, showing all the different sizes of slugs, cases, and powder charges that fit the same calaber guns.

- + It was back in the days when Smith&Wesson made a .38 cartridge and a
- + .38 Special -- and Colt also made their .38 Colt cartridge and .38 Colt's
- + Special -- before they got together and agreed on the modern .38 Special
- + as a standard handgun cartridge. (I should mention that the .38 Colt
- + is no longer made; it'd be a .38 Short Colt, since the .38 Colt Special
- + is what's called a .38 Long Colt.) The term ".38 Regular" was never
- + applied to S&W ammo, since most westerners wouldn't have a S&W handgun.
- + They used it first of all to mean the old .38 Colt, and later the .38
- + Colt New Police cartridge (which is still made) as opposed to the .38
- + Colt's Special. It was simpler just to say .38 Special or ".38 Regular."

Say, I realize that ever since my first letter appeared in print, I've had to face up to the fact that I don't spell like other people... which many of them find funny or hard to believe. I've developed a skin as thick as my head bone.. But I still dislike being blamed for things I've never done.. And laying "poc-tsarcé" at my door is a bum rap. Willis just explained how he tripped thumbed that into a letter to Hoffman, who picked it up and ran it up the hill. I not only never had a hand or foot in the matter, I never could remember how the misspell it the right way. ((+You and me both!+)) Not only that, but "poc-tsarcé" were big when I was 90% gafia, and hardly in touch with anyone. Shiiiiiee!

- + Y'know, I had a pretty large hunch our Master Spy was just giving his
- + own conjectures instead of reporting the facts about how that got to
- + LeeH. I not only don't trust Tucker or Liebscher, I don't trust Master
- + Spies much, either.

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!

Mordor in 64? ((+Not in this fanzine, bub!+))

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AND THIS IS the place where we always say "no trades" & "nothing for LoCs" and no, we don't need artwork or material. That's how we do business around here, that's all.

And this here now is g2 vol 2 no 1, our 13th issue and the start of a 2nd year's pubbing. Due to one thing and another, we're raising a little dust right now; but once things get settled proper, we'll be pubbing monthly again.

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