

G²

AUGUST

AAAAAAAAAAH---

THE HELL

WITH IT!!!

SEPT

OCT

VOL 2 NO 3

NOVEMBER 1962

THE FUN'S OVER but I hope you'll agree that there's been enough done in these past 3 months to at least partially make up for the five-month period that had no g2's at all. I sort've wanted to make up to all of you for that. It really didn't matter a bit to me whether the zine's pubbing schedule jumped a few months. But you're paying money for this thing, and -- well, dammit, I did let you down, that 5 months.

However, now that we're back on monthly regularity, I've got to clean up some of the chaotic results of the past 3 months. It didn't occur to me, f'rinstance, that I'd be short-changing British fans and perhaps giving Colin Freeman a raw deal (which is a fine way to treat our European Agent, the moment he's accepted the job!) until I'd got Colin's first reaction. Then I began wondering what his subsequent reactions must be!!!

Y'see, Colin had made it possible for British fans to subscribe to g2 -- and then I go on my pubbing binge, so by the time any British fan's sub got to me he'd have already missed three issues! Or maybe more. Oh, great! Fffine! So what I've got to announce, here and now, is that any of you British & Continental fans who've subbed thru Colin will have your subs begin then -- but if you want any back-issues of g2 that you've missed, I'll send them to you, free, on request. I'll do this as long as my file copies hold out.

For further aspects of g2 in Britain, see Colin's letter and my reply in the lettercol, here, thish....and speaking of letters, several of you who've already written will not find your letters in this issue. The reason is that I'm only using comments on g2 #12, this month. Your letters on the psi issue will appear next month, plus whatever comments we get on automobiles (which may not be interesting enough, by itself, to make a good lettercol).

And Ghod Knows what comments we'll get on Tucker's thirty-eight regular!

REMEMBER THE LATE OCT. NEWSCASTS? I have no Great Idea to make like an article with, this month, so we're gonna have a g2 like all them other apazines and whatnot where they read the news and discuss Burning Topics of the Day and everything except science-fiction for page after page. Y'know, maybe I don't enjoy those zines because I've just never tried it, myself!

When Kennedy scooted back to Washington and (as usual) nobody knew what the Crisis was because (as usual) our erstwhile news reporters hadn't been given their mimeo'd White House hand@out sheets yet...I was wondering if maybe Kennedy was drastically ill, would have to abdicate, and Johnson would become President. And I was thinking how the State of Mississippi would like that.

Y'know, the bother of having Russki offensive rocketmissiles in Cuba is that it spoils all my schemes for getting Cuba mad at Mississippi, and having them two fight it out so we'd all be the victors. Ah, well. Once Kennedy announced those Russki missiles were there, I started doing some thinking. I wasn't sure we had proof of such missile-sites until the OAS endorsed our Blockade unanimously -- about the only time I ever recall the

OAS being unanimous about anything! At the same time, I was observing that highly significant 14-hour lag in any response coming from Moscow, Peiping, the Communist press in any of the Satellite Countries -- even in that hotbed of so-called "ideological struggle", Southeast Asia, the independent newspapers were full of Cuba Crisis/US Blockade news while the communist news sheets said absolutely nothing!

That day it came up in the UN Security Council for debate, Robbie and I stayed home to listen. Oh, we heard Stevenson's speech and all that, of course, and it was certainly a good thing he had going there.but I suddenly turned to Robbie and remarked, "Y'know, Moscow must have felt certain that we'd invade Cuba!"

And it sort've made sense. The build-up in missiles was real enough; Castro had to believe Russia was solidly behind him. But Moscow must have fully intended to write Castro off, and have the US invade and take over Cuba -- and give World Communism the greatest propaganda victory it's ever had, branding the United States as an aggressor, imperialist and warmonger.

When we pulled the Blockade, instead, it caught the Russians flat-footed. They had their speeches already prepared for the other thing, their dialectic materialism all distributed to the party cells and leftist sympathizers everywhere. And it was a flop. It boomeranged.

I'd no sooner mentioned this notion to Robbie, than the Cuban Delegate started making his speech in the Security Council. And damned if every other phrase wasn't "American invaders" and "troops on our shores" and like that! The poor guy hadn't even had time to write a new speech and get the dialectic materialism all worked out matching a uniform Party Line and getting it all okayed in Moscow. He was there and he had to make a speech. All he could safely manage was to get in a few references to "naughty missiles" now and then!

Apparently, the Russkis have decided to go on with their original program anyway and see if at least something can't be achieved propaganda-wise. And this probably means that they'll still try to goad the US into invading Cuba, sooner or later. We'd certainly be fools to do it. I would much rather see Cuba invaded and liberated by an expeditionary force of the Organization of American States. In fact, this would also mean some of those guys in Latin America would be fighting together who'd been fighting each other only a few years ago! This might do 'em a lot of good.

Otherwise, the Russians probably had all their future plans predicated on our invasion getting rid of Castro for them; but now, instead, they're stuck with him. They'd have counterplans for such eventualities, tho. If they do back down, and their missiles are withdrawn from Cuba, it will still be useful as a base for stockpiling and transshipping guerilla warfare weapons into Latin American countries. And guerilla warfare is proving itself practical more and more, as the Cold War continues.

NOPE, I DON'T LIKE this kind of fan-writing. I could go on, here, telling precisely how&where guerilla warfare's proved its worth and what new weapons have been and are being developed for it. Then, on

speaking of scientific development, I might say that the giant rockets we're finally developing on Project Saturn had me a little worried that Moscow might finally push the button. All their space pioneering has been done with the same, old giant rockets they developed 'way back when we were doing nothing. The only work we did was on the other end of the rocket, up in the nose with the relays and telemetering systems and printed circuits. So when we finally got off the pad, we had to use small rockets with very limited payload, but we sometimes achieved as much with our tiny satellites as Russia did with her big jobs. The same holds true in comparing our little Mercury capsules with the Russki spacecraft. But then, too, it's much harder and more costly for the Russians to develop new equipment -- they've never developed a consumer-products industry for their people; consequently, when they need a new type of lightbulb inside their spacecraft, they haven't a half-dozen lightbulb manufacturers to turn to with their problem. They have to do the research, build the new plant, handle the whole thing themselves in the State's lightbulb soviet. This costs like blazes. But anyway, I'm not so worried now that Russia's tested her new rocket missiles in the Pacific. Their performance indicated that they weren't so much the "bigger rockets" Communist propaganda claimed -- but those shots were accurate. So the Russkis have been working up in the rocket's nose, cleaning up those guidance systems and whatnot.

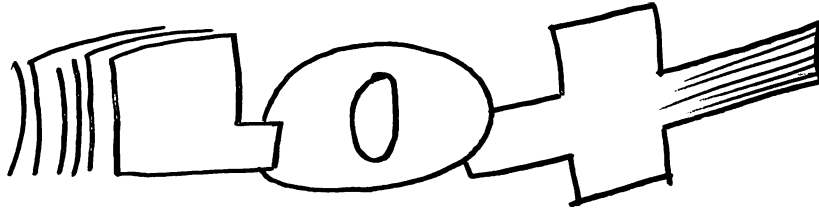
It's beginning to look like we'll be neck-in-neck for the Moon.

But no, definitely -- I would not enjoy stretching all that jazz out for 4 or 6 pages of observations and opinions. And then, maybe 20 pages merely repeating what I'd already said at greater length. This kind of fan-writing is not for me.

ALL YOU FANZINE EDITORS may be interested in learning whether our cash sub policy is proving a success or failure. It reminds me of what Harry Warner once wrote us, wishing that fandom was the small society it used to be where you could publish a good fanzine with a circulation of no more than 95 copies and get a half-dozen really good LoCs for each issue. Well, if Harry will put Horizons on a cash-sub basis, he'll have his wish.

Our cash subs are beginning to level off, finally, but they're doing it at a somewhat higher point than I'd expected. Now, a dozen of you fmz editors are included in our sub-file, trading a year of your zine for a year of g2. Well, our cash subs have reached the point where I'm either going to have to publish more than 100 copies of each issue or drop some of you guys. I wouldn't like to exceed 100 copies unless I had cash subs requiring it. I'm going to drop a few of you; if you send in cash subs, then I'll have to drop a few more. Sorry, but this is my decision.

I have no intention of refusing any more subs from anybody. If the cash subs exceed 100, I'll just have to publish more than 100 copies. But I rather hope (and present indications seem to bear this out) that our subs will stabilize at around 80. This is fine, because I like to have some extra copies of each issue to send out as "sample copies"--we're constantly getting new people into fandom, replacing those who drop out.



SETH A. JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.:

Got second issue of your fanzine. Think its a good stunt if you can manage to get people to pay cash for the thing though. Frankly allthough its a nice fanzine and typographically fine, it is hardly likely to induce people to send money for the thing.

I might suggest however that you start sending bundles to my Fanzine Clearing House.

Suggest you contact N3F Manuscript Bureau for material to pad out the zine and see Bjo for some really superior fanartists.

If theres any way I can be of service to you and your fanzine don't hesitate to let me know. But dont ever ask for money. Hoping you'll say something good about the N3F just to be different, I remain;

+ Seth is one of those dedicated Neffers whose sincere desire is to do
+ good things.

ROBERT E. BRINEY, 459 Littleton St., West Lafayette, Indiana:

I'd better get this written before another issue of g2 arrives...!

Went up to Chicago with the Coulsons a week-end or so ago, for the organizational meeting of the Chicago Science Fiction League (you know, the outfit that put on the last convention...). The meeting was held at the Hickeys' residence; was brief, to the point, and quickly turned into a party. But don't they all? In attendance were the hosts, the Kemps (all five of them---Eddie and Elaine were out in the kitchen, beating Terry at cards), the Coulsons, Fred Saberhagen, Sylvia Dees, Vic Ryan, Joe Fekete, Ed Bielfeldt, Marvin Mindes, and two or three others whose names escape me now.

Among the items of news disseminated (which you have probably heard by now) were the facts that the Kemps are moving--or rather, have moved, last Friday--from their small house into a large apartment, and that Larry and Noreen Shaw are moving to Chicago. Larry is joining Regency Books, too.

+ It's a source of some amusement to me that we not only reported the
+ original founding of that fanclub (so it's the CSFL, now, is it?)
+ but seem likely to continue reporting occasional activities in Chi
+ fandom! Yesterday morning, up at Donaho's--he's moved, too, into a
+ wild ranchtype with big patio way up in the Fog Belt atop the Berkeley
+ hills, in El Cerrito--I was talking to Chuck Freudenthal for the first
+ time in 7 or 8 years. Talking sportscars and Chicago fans, about the
+ only two interests we share--and how he introduced Rosemary to Dick;
+ Stopa living in the middle of race courses & not interested in cars, etc.

Bob Briney continues:

I'm not sure exactly who(m?) you've insulted, but you did err. Dr. Coleman is not in the Math Dept. at Harvard, but the Physics Dept. He has frequently and publicly sneered at mathematics---and has written a Ph.D. thesis which is mostly mathematics. But this is only what one expects of Sid.

We shared a room at the Chicon, but--conventions being what they are--saw very little of one another. He did have an opportunity to tell me an anecdote about a Turkish urologist which you must get him to tell you sometime...

Glad to hear that Robbie is working in the math department. Mathematicians are (as a rule) Good People. And I say this without bias. (Hah.) Robbie, if you should have occasion to see Professor M. J. Greenberg, give him my greetings.

Best thing in g2#12 were the illos of WW1-type aircraft. Even with fannish names on them, they're good.

+ Robbie here, Bob. I did have occasion, and passed on the greetings,
 + and Mr. Greenberg stopped practically in mid-stride, did a lovely
 + double-take, and asked "Is he here?" I explained no, I hadn't seen
 + you in several years, we only carried on an occasional correspondence
 + (heaven forbid that I try to explain fanzines to a mathematician in a
 + hurry) and since then he has favored me with a slightly skeptical ex-
 + pression. Have I violated some Strict Code that denies that the office
 + staff have souls, or what?
 +
 + Joe, now -- I must add that Robbie's been creating all sorts of as-
 + tonishment in her new job. She's now rated as the best math manu-
 + script typist they have, has TA's recommending math books and sug-
 + gesting she audit certain courses, and profs cracking jokes at her.

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md.:

I don't know who is worse, the fan who puts out a giant fanzine so heavy you can't lift it so rarely you can't remember when the last one appeared, or the fan who puts out a sensible-sized fanzine at an unsensible pace that brings two complete issues into the mailbox within an eight-day period and makes letterhacks go into action a full month ahead of the usual interim. This is hardly the time to be commenting on g2, anyway, because I haven't yet finished stenciling Horizons for the next FAPA mailing and I'm neglecting fan history note-taking and there are more apologies to write to people I'd promised to see at the Chicon, which I didn't attend because of various fannish and non-fannish matters. But I don't want all these issues to pile up until they topple over and smother me in the night. ((+Just a li'l sumpin to shake up the troops, occasionally...+))

It would be nice if I could supply enchanting stories to Robbie's collection about animals. But the ones around me don't do things that

Harry Warner continues:

consist of beginning, development and end, like all good anecdotes. They are more the stream-of-consciousness type of animals, or animals that seem to have stalked straight out of The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari which I finally saw for the first time last night, and on television, too, without cuts and with no faked sound effects or dubbed-in dialog, but just a fine screening of it with only one brief interruption from start to finish. The squirrels around here like to climb wires, too. One of them was working his way across a very wide street, about 30 feet above the sidewalk, as Ella Parker and I were driving along last year, and I thought she was going to throw a fit in amazement. I've always thought that that was really a squirrel on Kilimanjaro, not a leopard. I can imagine a squirrel going up there.

Not much comment on the redo of Faaans to the Bloody Skies, except the thought that it really could be put onto film by these cut-rate animation techniques. ((+I realized it wouldn't be much to you who'd read it before, but the vast majority of g2-subbers hadn't.+.))

Maybe you didn't mean it that way, but I think you hit at the heart of the matter when you wrote: "You guys will be dnq about this stuff!" ((+I meant it exactly that way, Harry.+.)) I believe that the whole miserable mess would have been avoided if the truth had been told in fanzines from the outset: that Willick had an article purporting to reveal awful truths about Chicago fandom and was threatening to publish it if he didn't get convention time for the fan awards. It would have removed the temptation to break up the complex dnq network with a sensational publication and might have settled the fan awards question one way or the other for good long ago. Maybe the best way to handle the dnq would be to take it literally: if someone tells you something dnq, honor the dnq even unto refusing to reveal to anyone that you know something dnq.

It's pretty hard to comment on your fan history notes without writing ten thousand words or so. Essentially, I think that your main error is the extremely common one, that of mistaking one's own fan experiences for trends and general situations in fandom as a whole. Fandom was always somewhat more differentiated and split than you give it credit for being, and I think you are a trifle too liberal with your use of "all" and "none" regarding such things as the non-joining tendencies of fans and the first-born theory. ((+And I'm getting some clear-cut evidence now that you're right. As for the rest, I was aware of the error--it's like a con report telling what you did&saw&heard as if that were the con, while somebody else's con report will sound like he must not have attended the same con at all--but I couldn't do much about it. This way, at least, people hear about the fandom I know. And maybe others will reveal the fandom they know in comparison. Gad, I should've made this a paragraph insert!+.)) There are also some extremely wise things said toward the end of the article. Maybe you'll consider my entire history of fandom, if I ever get it written, as a letter of comment on your essay. ((+I will be satisfied--let's get

+ this down in a paragraph insert where it belongs--if I've shown a few
+ fans just how invaluable a fan history based on factual research can
+ be, so they can read your history with the appreciation it deserves.

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- + I will be extremely interested to compare your picture of fandom
- + based on factual evidence with my notions of fandom based only on
- + the limited scope of my experiences. Any fan can gain from that!

The Hagerstown area has so few immigrants that it's hard to find strange names here. We do have a Mary Easterday working in the business off of the newspaper in whose factory I am a prisoner, there used to be a preacher at a nearby rural charge whose last name was Outhouse, and there is an occasional interesting name in the families whose names are Butts, Love and Good. But the chances of finding a Minnie Meemie Pang are quite remote.

RON ELLIK, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif.:

Did you hear about me getting engaged? Did you believe it?

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

Not much in way of comment to make on g2#12....and lissen buddy, if you want comment on g2#11 youd better send me a copy. Kinda hard to do when I aint received one...you know???

((+It may be some time before Robbie addresses another ish of g2.+))

See via Bucks zine-reviews in YANDRO that there was issue 11 but here it didnt come...dig? I take it from Bucks comments that issue 11 went into the Jennings/BruceBerry garbage...and that I'd like a copy of..please?

((+One went off First Class, Betty, soon as I got this. U get it?+))

I don't see how this messy messy mess can be laid at your doorstep, Joey.....you advocated naming names alright...but you were speaking of mentally well fen telling truths....right?

- + Yes, Betty. And I also did what none of my critics had done, here in
- + g2, when I pointed out just why "naming names" as I'd suggested would
- + never work as a general policy, but would merely revert into a name-
- + calling contest. My critics were too busy doing it, themselves, to
- + make any such worthwhile criticism. Also, I question the common sense
- + of someone who'd give the least credence to any remark in Jennings'
- + thing. But I simply haven't time to waste on a big fight with Buck
- + about such trivia...and it is trivia compared to something else I'm
- + doing, right now. I'm up to my ears in a New Project, gal. Yup. I
- + will skip your astute commentary on the "Hell" thing, altho I agree
- + with you completely -- we drove some Greyhound busses thru Berry's
- + 'proof' ourselves -- but it's Old Hat, now.

WE both, especially fly-bhoy Gene, eye-tracked up the olde plane illos like maaaad, Joseph. Though this is not Genes era so he cant comment as to their accuracy to any extent (Apache or Bonanza si.....Spad no....). Dost thou perchance know of a GOOD kosher flying school in So. California or New Mexico or Arizona????? We have just GOT to get to one for a 6 to

8 week stay so Gene can get his Instruments ticket..time is running out and we cant buy no twin-engine bird without it either.Want mebbe round early Dec. or Jan. to drive out in LincolnContinentalcar while some buddy here flies out the plane for us....as thattaway come bad weather I got insurance and a good chance of getting up your way. ((+Trouble with them modernday Continentals is you gotta head 'em into the wind every time the squadron takes off.+) This is all tentative as of now--but holy gee its GOT to be done--and soon.....Govt.Regulations y'know says hes gotta get that ticket or no flying....

+ Our apologetic reply was on that First Class g2; Robbie and I haven't been in the flying game in years. As for the rest of it -- g'wan, go get Gene. And lemme get a refill and light up, here....

+ Allowing for the fact that I'm a lousy artist, the plane illos were fairly accurate. I checked fotos in some of our reference works for details, of course; but more than that, I bought plastic model kits of the Spad, Fokker DR-1 and Gotha bomber, built 'em and put all the fannish insignia on 'em -- and then posed 'em for my drawings.

+ On the other hand, I'm afraid Gene's era is beyond my grasp. You can load a modern Certified Aircraft with about 4 g's, y'know, and then things start coming loose. So you don't wanna do pylon-8's at more than a 70° bank or slip into any kind of dive where you gotta pull out fast and your speed's already too much. I've heard how these sleek, modern business aircraft have been shedding wings and disintegrating on some guys who've let their control slip and then applied a bit too much strain. Gimme a wire-and-strut biplane with open cockpits that ain't gonna slide out from under like greased lightning if I fall asleep.

+ Consequently, I don't know anyone offhand to check on a good flying school -- nor does Robbie, at least not in the southwest. I used to ride shotgun with a guy named Cassidy in an L-5 occasionally, but I've never heard of him since...you remember the L-5's? Regs said only an Officer could ride observer on a liaison plane; they also said that L-5 pilots who flew over areas marked in bright red on the charts as German 88 batteries would be courtmartialed. Well, there was this batch of 88's across the Rhine lobbing harassing fire over on us, and nobody knew quite where they were so we could toss some of it back. One nice morning, I am strolling past the landing strip when this Pistol Pete asks if I'm not that forward scout and would I like to take a li'l airplane ride. That was Cassidy. He took our ship all over the sky, doing everything but inverted flight amidst all those dark puffballs spouting around us, while I sat with the charts and looked down at the little pinpoints of flame on the ground and marked their locations. We found four small holes in the tail when we got back.

+ The CO never asked where the marked charts came from -- but later, I heard Cassidy had troubles. Seems he was up with this Major and cut the corner of a red-marked area getting home. The 88 shell didn't blow him apart -- it was a dud, and merely ripped the engine & prop off the front mounts and took 'em on up into the sky!

+ Since I'd sat in Cassidy's plane and looked at the 3 cotter-pin bolts
+ holding each wing on just above our heads, I can imagine how that was.
+ The L-5 was the Air-Knocker with the Lycoming engine. Without the en-
+ gine, it got somewhat tail-heavy. It backslid tail-first until the wind
+ got under the elevators, then lifted its tail and dived...until the tail
+ dropped and it backslid some more. They dropped from 9,000 to 5,000
+ feet that way, while Cassidy was requesting that the Major please climb
+ around and hang his ass out over those twisted engine-mounts to balance
+ the plane, and the Major refused flatly to do so, and Cassidy twisted
+ around, shoved the muzzle of his .45 into the Major's belly, and told
+ him he'd damned sure better do it or that plane would hit ground with
+ one man already dead in it. The Major climbed out on the engine-mounts.

+ The ship settled into a floppy glide, strewing bits of airplane behind
+ her -- not being designed to fly backward, compression forces built up
+ and busted some of her structure -- but she did glide. Cassidy got her
+ back to our lines and began thinking about a touch-down. If he tried
+ landing, the Major would go under the wheels sure as hell. He spotted
+ a muddy ditch-bank at the edge of a plowed field which was nice, knee-
+ deep mud and slammed her into it. The Major broke loose and went flip-
+ pity flop, ass-over-teacup out across the mud. Cassidy crawled out,
+ leaned against the wreck, and just doubled up in fits of laughter.

+ It is some time later that we are up on the Elbe River and have drunk
+ vodka with the Russians, when I see Cassidy again. I'm back with my
+ old artillery outfit, doing guard duty over a mob of German PW's, and
+ the Division we're attached to is somewhat lax about when they bother
+ to bring our mail out to us. So one nice morning, I am strolling along
+ when this Buck Private struts up to me and yells, "Hey, Gibson--wanna
+ fly the mail?" Yep, Cassidy. So he borrows an L-5 from the nearby
+ landing strip and we fly the mail. We used a cow pasture just outside
+ the town where Division Hq holed up, walked in and got our outfit's mail
+ sack, stopped by the NCO club for a few, and took off for home. One
+ nice evening we are a little bit late getting out of the NCO club and
+ it gets darker and darker, and finally Cassidy is driving down German
+ village streets with the wingtips brushing housetops on either side
+ while I lean out trying to read the road signs and figure out where the
+ hell we are....

+ Robbie's kid brother, Tom Collins, could maybe recommend a good flying
+ school in the northwest, tho he hasn't much contact with that end of
+ it, now. Fella named Don Kramer's a good instructor, up at Sandpoint,
+ Idaho -- he taught Tom. When we went up to visit Robbie's folks in
+ Bonners Ferry back in 1956-7, Tom flew in to haul us out. He was riding
+ a li'l Cessna 180 up into the Canadian bush for the Pack River Lumber
+ outfit, then. So when we got down to Sandpoint and I hear Kramer make
+ some reference to "ol' Snowstorm Collins" I sort've perk up my ears.
+ Robbie'd already told me how Tom got his Pilot's License at 17, Com-
+ mercial & Instructor's at 18.

+ Anyhow, it seems there is this lawyer up at one of the mills in Canada
+ who wants to get down to Spokane in a hurry. It's sundown and snowing

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but is reported clear at Spokane, so Tom figures he can get through. But by the time they get down around Sandpoint he's flying in the valley, between the hills, and it looks like it might be a tight squeak--tho, fortunately, Tom knew every inch of the route. And a damn good thing, too! Down below, Don Kramer's in his house on the edge of the airfield when Tom goes over, heading south. Kramer knew the weather, too, and also thought Tom might have a tight squeak.

Then the phone started ringing. Somebody down the valley says, "Kramer, I just heard one of your planes going over!" And the snow keeps falling. And the phone rings again, somebody further down the valley. And it rings again...

The lawyer-passenger doesn't suspect a thing. But that snowfall is getting just too damned thick! Tom's flying right down over the highway and can't see much of anything else. He has to 180, but if he circles off that highway he may never find it again, and then there are the mountains on each side. What to do, what to do?

Well, Tom has taken an occasional girlfriend on a li'l joyride in his car down here, and there is this pretty country road that turns off the highway and circles up by some farms and then comes back to the highway, and -- you guessed it. Tom spotted the road, followed it around and back to the highway, and headed back north toward Sandpoint.

Just south of town, there is a large lake with a two-mile-long bridge built straight across it. At first, Tom figured on sitting down there. But when he got over the bridge, the snowfall was so thick he couldn't see the headlights of oncoming cars and would probably ram one if he tried to land.

Well, nothing else for it but that he has to cross the bridge, take the street into town, turn right at the stoplight and head out to the airfield!

Meanwhile, the phones had stopped ringing for a moment in Kramer's house. Then they started up again, the same guys calling, "Hey, Don--he's headed back!" So Kramer is pretty well posted on Tom's whereabouts right up to Sandpoint. He pulls on his mackinaw and walks outside the edge of the field to listen. He hears Tom coming, the engine drone growing through the falling snow and pitch-darkness. Then he hears Tom burp the engine and cut power, and guesses just what Tom must be doing---swinging around to set down on one of the gentle slopes around the field. It won't be too bad. Probably just wash out the landing gear. So Kramer turns and starts to walk back to the house. It's cold as hell outside.

Tom flew down the street toward the airfield and thought about all the times he'd done it in a car. You get to the parking area and then it's just a short walk out to the concrete strip and your plane. So he sails in over the parking area, kicks her over at the right moment, cuts power and flares out. The landing strip is smack under him as the wheels touch.

Kramer opens his door and starts inside when an engine roars right behind him. And there's Tom, taxiing right up to the door!!!

+ But as I say, Tom hasn't much to do with that end of it, now. Seems
 + United Airlines started a new policy which has since saved them from
 + ever having any trouble with the unions when they stopped having flight
 + engineers on their crews. The new jetliners just don't have 'em. But
 + what United did, instead of just laying off their flight engineers, was
 + to require that every jetliner pilot had to have a flight engineer's
 + rating. Now, a lot of flight engineers could qualify as pilots, but
 + not so many pilots could make it as flight engineers. So United hired
 + a new bunch to train and fly as engineers on the piston-jobs, then get
 + checked out as pilots for jetliners....

+ To cut it short, Tom Collins is piloting jetliners out of Los Angeles
 + for United Airlines, these days. His wife's an ex-stewardess.

+ Er -- as you were saying, Betty?

Had the bestest time ever at Chi-3...first con as a fan. To see Gene standing between Ford and Donaho still shakes me up--all of a sudden 'Big Kuj' became a little scrawny emaciated runty Sinatra-type guy..and I howled. I got kissed by The Patriarch and have psneered about it to Ella Parker via air-mail letter long and loud. Ethel gave Gene her fannish accolade by spilling her drink on him(as she did with Kingsley Amis and other Great Men of Today)

Being the intelligent sharp bright girl that I am I mistook Pelz for Breen, thought Root was Ted White, and spent happy hour or so nattering with Don Wollheim under the impression he was Larry Shaw. Cleverly I did recognize Avram and Donaho, though.....wonder why? Am violently in love with both of them now..tho I had a sprained arm from trying to get my arm around Bill to hug him..but twas worth it.

Time to take the butter-pecan-mit-raisins cake out of oven and fling in the meat loaf....Robbie next time you make meat loaf use Wheaties instead of breadcrumbs...okay? Mine are made entirely of beef and it goes well that way...try it.

RON ELLIK, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif.:

Peggy Rae McKnight's current address is Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont. And what do you mean, beginner's luck? Haven't I been chasing girls since I was twenty?

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M.:

Pardon me for guffawing in your face, Senor, but I seem to recall that a few months back when I mentioned my few troubles--and compared to what you've been through of late I didn't have any--you advised me not to sweat getting my fmz out on schedule. I didn't sweat it but got the zine out anyway, thanks to fortunate circumstances. But here you are having had to suspend publication of gee superscript deuce for a few months whilst you got yourself squared away physically and financially and now you are bustin' your tail trying to make up the back issues. Haw!

Roy Tackett continues:

Why didn't you just call #11 the September issue and let it go at that? ((+Now, Roy, you know I am a sincere fellow who likes to do good things, and you wouldn't suspect even the slightest bit that I schemed the whole thing out to end up with this issue and this cover, now, would you? Naw.+))

So it's a big fandom made up of a lot of little fandoms now? So? How big? two, maybe three thousand? ((+Ask me nextish.+)) Are you implying that it is no longer a proud (proud???????) proud and lonely thing to be a fan? ((+Ask me nextish.+)) Lissen, Joe, go stand on the corner and proclaim to the world that you read science-fiction. You know what the world is gonna say? Sure you do. "What are you, some kind of a nut?" You said as much in your article, I think. Lookie lookie, fandom may be bigger but the size of the group that regularly reads that crazy Buck Rogers stuff is still wee small and looked upon with distrust and disdain by the mass of the public. ((+And the mass of fandom?+))

Lemme see if I read you right. You're suggesting that what we need is a new approach in stf. A new attack, as it were, on the interstellar frontier. Yeah. What we need are more writers like Clement who will sit down and figure out what the conditions will be on an alien planet and write the yarn to fit. Shore.

+ No, bighod, that's not enuff. And I am gonna chop your letter to pieces
+ right here, Roy Tackett, to show you exactly what I do mean. The last
+ serialized novel you read in ANALOG complete was Jim Blish's juvie piece
+ based on his "Cities" series. And on page 27 of the Sept. ANALOG, you
+ were fed this bit:

As the year passed, so also did the stars. The city manager, according to Haskins, had decided not to cruise anywhere inside "the local group"--an arbitrary sphere fifty light-years in diameter, with Sol at its center.

+ When we went sauntering along the Ridge, here, you saw that it's a
+ string of blue-white giants stretched out about 100 lightyears with
+ a density of lesser (some like Sol) stars scatterd among 'em. But if
+ you shot off in a direction away from the Ridge, you'd get out there
+ 25 lightyears and find yourself hanging out in the Deep Gulf without
+ a single goddam star anywhere near you. So Blish's "arbitrary sphere
+ fifty light-years in diameter" is nonsense; it gives an utterly false
+ picture of interstellar space. That's what's missing. They're faking!

Hmmm. I'll take this means to set June Bonifas (and you) straight on Betty Kujawa. (I have to take this means. June has supposedly moved to Albuquerque from Santa Fe but we ain't seen hide nor hair of her. Come out, come out, wherever you are.) The thought of BettyK as a petite Eurasian sends me (and probably Betty) into gales of glee. Shall I tell you?

+ Now I'm in gales of glee, 'cause I knew. But lookie, Roy, we have us
+ a mystery here. June Bonifas has vanished utterly! The facts are thus:
+ we sent a g2 to her Santa Fe address. It came back 8¢ postage due with
+ a CoA scribbled in pencil, "935 Jefferson NE" and something that looked

* like it might be "Albany, N.M."--and, of course, this is the address that's
 * appeared in YANDRO and Ibeliev AXE for her. So we tried it. So it came back
 * 8¢ postage due and stamped "No such post office in this state." Now,
 * considering your rumor that she'd moved to Albuquerque, a quaint notion
 * comes to my mind. Suppose that half-literate imbecile of a clerk in the
 * Santa Fe PO has been scribbling what he thinks is "Albuq. N.M." as her
 * new address, all this time? I have sudden visions of June bringing out
 * the one issue of her zine, FANTA SE, and then for some reason all fandom
 * cuts her cold and she hears nothing from anybody! So it's a mystery,
 * Roy. You find any "935 Jefferson NE" in Albuquerque, today??? We have
 * a load of back-issues waiting to go to June if she's ever found....

Pfui on your writing on cowhide theory, Joe Gibson. Sheep or goat skin mayhap but not cowskin. Man, them cows was big critters and early man wasn't about to tackle one of them.

Besides, did you ever figure that the Sumerians may have brought the fine art of writing with them when they arrived in Mesopotamia instead of developing it there?

So maybe they did write on cowskins.

+ Take one look at their art depicting 4-wheeled war chariots and you've
 + got the answer -- but all right, if you must: it was wild assrides. Me
 + and Bob Tucker was there.

#12 is sort of a change what with the faaaaaaaaaaan fiction and all but you probably confused most of the younger generation by using the names of all those old fellows like Tucker and Bloch and Hickman and Madle and other First Fandomites--well, Tucker isn't officially a First Fandomite but I hear (I don't know first hand, of course) that Tucker is old enough to be one. In fact Len Moffatt tells me that Bob Tucker wrote the Book of Job. I suppose that would classify him as an early fantasy writer. ((+No, it was a dirty sex novel somebody later found in the collection of a guy named Azurbanipal, which is how we used to spell Ackerman.+) Joe, just in #11 you were talking about looking forward and not trying to resurrect the past and here you go dragging in all these old characters. Now to be up to date you'd have made it jet planes or manually-guided ICBMs with such characters as John Jackson, Dave Kiel, Tom Armistead, Fred Gottschalk, Aritsune Toyoda and Bob Tucker. This last one has recently had some humourous-type stuff in one of the new Mid-~~East~~ West fanzines called YANDRO.

+ Tackett, you poor guy. Hawwww! Jet planes or manned ICBMs, hah? Hohoho.
 + The livin' hell I would!!! LET 'EM TELL THEIR OWN GODDAM Whoary Old War
 + Stories! Hawwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!

How come you never joined First Fandom, Joe?

...As long as Robbie brought up the subject of animals allow me to tell you about #2 daughter's chihuahua. Now there is the most useless animal I've run across in many a year. She doesn't do tricks, or talk or anything like that. Just lays there and sleeps and waits for someone to come along and make a lap for her to get into. Yessir, there is a remarkable animal. ((+They do say animals reflect the character of their owners.....+))

COLIN FREEMAN reports:

Your astonishment ((that Colin agreed to be our agent)) is nothing compared to mine when G²#11 arrived. You gave me so much egoboo that I had to rack my brains to remember the half dozen outstanding articles I sent you. ((+Just subs, Colin, just subs.+.)) Gosh, I'm not used to being thanked on the rare occasions that I've done something for somebody -- I hardly expected it for doing nothing. Even if the whole of European fandom subscribe to g2 I don't see that it can possibly take up a measurable amount of my time or energy -- so nuts to you.

+ Now, there's an agent I like. You've seen the fmz review, have you,
 + Colin, that said you were overworked? I'm saving the last half of
 + your letter for nextish, mainly becuz I haven't room for Don Wollheim
 + this month. You'll see why, maybe. And I'll give you all the egoboo
 + I like, so nuts to you. (Get rough with me, I'll send Ethel over there!)

ROY KAY, 91, Craven St., Birkenhead, Cheshire, England:

So Colin has the answer to it all. Thanks for going to that trouble for us britishers((six--I mean, sic)) and I shall tell Colin the same when I write to him later on this week.

Your article was very interesting and I found myself agreeing with most of it. I don't think we have a Big Fandom, as you say. Just several small groups scattered around, some, but not all, overlapping each other. Some of these groups vary so much in outlook that you could say they're completely separate fandoms, existing each in their own worlds of individual likes and dislikes. I'm not too sure whether to be for or against this. I suppose it doesn't matter which side you're on when no one's fighting any war.

((+Are you sure?+.))

Incidentally, I believe it is a fact that, speaking numerically, most of fandom is composed of neofans. All of which means you'd better watch out, or 'beware of the revolution', or something.

+ Ah, yes -- the casualty lists! Roy, it's been a pleasure to carry you
 + on "sample copies" until we could get this straightened out. And then,
 + y'know, after that 5-months' upset with no pubbing, I was digging into
 + the ruins around here and came up with a note months old from Jim Grove,
 + who'd actually managed somehow to find an American dollar in Britain to
 + send us. Well, he also requested back issues. We sent him everything
 + we could spare from our files, First Class, and started his sub on Vol.
 + 2 #1 -- and that First Class bundle cost us more than his \$1 sub! But
 + that's how you've gotta do business on a strictly cash-sub zine. I find
 + it far more fun, tho. Next month, I'll show you a LoC we've received.
 + Y'know, these fellows who publish "free for LoCs" have told me how they'd
 + get an average 100 LoCs for each issue they pubbed, about 10 of which were
 + at all worth publishing in a lettercol, and it gave me the cold shudders!
 + Well, I don't get many -- but they're good. And I've a really good one.

 * Ron Ellik and Peggy Rae McKnight*
 * can spend the nite at our house *
 * anytime. They can even be moral*
 * about it--we don't care!!!!!!*

° SOMEBODY'S gonna be getting a sample
 copy, so here's the score
 again: Sorry, no trades -- and we
 do not give free copies for LoCs or
 anything else. You pays yo' money &
 you sit back & watch the g2's rollin
 & you write a LoC anytime you feel a
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European Agent:

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 Ripley Road
 Knaresborough, Yorks.
 England

-oOo-

At the top, there, is a Star Box and
 we reserve this for events that are
 the best doggone thing that ever hap
 in fandom. Dig? Thanks, Peggy.

-oOo-

() You subbed for __ more g2's.

() Your sub has expired, now.

() This is a sample copy.

-. * -. * -;- * -. * -. * -@-

Rick Sneary, you'd bust your back to
 help another guy when you're flat, yo'
 self. You gotta heart of goddam gold
 THIS big and no brains, but that's okay.
 Only me and you know about it, anyhow.

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