

G²#4
VOL 2

December 1962



I GIVE UP!!!!

There are getting to be entirely too many LoCs scattered all over the lot, around here -- the only way I could possibly treat 'em all (the ones that deserve it, and most do) is to put out another all-letter issue, which some of you Just Don't Like.

So drastic measures are required. DON WOLLHEIM, you aren't the only second-born fan around; so is COLIN FREEMAN. I would like to use LEWIS J. GRANT's limerick on M.I.T., at least; but where? Hullo, HANNES BOK! Same to you, ARCHIE MERCER, ETHEL LINDSAY, DICK SCHULTZ, BOB LICHTMAN, ROY TACKETT (yo' psi LoC--Sidney in '66, hah?) NORM METCALF (I'll save it--maybe later on) WIM STRUYCK, GREGG CALKINS (yeh--there you are; and which g2's you missing that I got back from Santa Monica?) JIM CAUGHRAN, NORM CLARKE, BETTY KUJAWA (we're still looking for Nov.9 LIFE p. 129 and get well, baby) DON FITCH, MARK OWINGS (okay--no art-folio ish) and now lessee what the blazes I've got left here.

Ooooooh Christ! Why can't you guys just send money? Okay. Here we go---

WALT LIEBSCHER, 732½ North Robinson, Los Angeles 26:

You are the only one in fandom who publishes a fanzine every two hours. Now if you can only do it every hour on the hour you will be the rage of the age.

Chicanery can sometimes backfire. After pulling your leg with the poctsarcd mess, I got to wondering just whonell did start the whole business. Who did? ((+I dunno, Walt -- but I'll bet I know who's gonna finish it!+))

Incidentally, Betty Fujawa sent me a name that borders on the supernatural -- Arbutus Birdwhistle. My stomach is still sore.

When you published my list of names you made some gross spelling errors, like man, what's so funny about Mildred Dow? The lady's name was, of course, Cow.

My latest gems, thanks to some of your readers, are: Raynor Schine - Mrs. Tartel Tweet - Clara Fartz - Elvira Pagan - Chadwick Woo Catalina Fuchron ((+was that supposed to be 2 names?+)) Rosalie Muckenfuss - Yolanda Fudge - Fannie Funk and Samantha Plunkarp.

I don't know why you thought I might know something about 38 regulars. I wear 40 long, and I usually buy irregulars. They are much cheaper. ((+Is that all???+))

Tucker is lying. I know for sure his belly has expanded 3 or 4 inches in the last several years and he now wears a 52 large. Shame on him. ((+I could make some remarks here about a rooster that chickened out, but then I see you've been subjected to the charming personality of our cute li'l Eurasian cutie, Betty Fujawa, and this explains everything.+))

Remember the rooster that wore red pants.

Report To: Eric Bentcliffe
51, Thorn Grove,
Gillbent,
Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire,
England

Date: 12/1/62

From: Joe Gibson, Investigations
Bay Area, California
USA

Subject: A Dossier On TAFF

Dear Sir:

At some time in late January or early February of this year, you wrote a letter from your old Alldis Street address which you wished to have printed in g2, for obvious reasons. It was not simply a LoC, but a casually-written statement of some of the problems confronting you as the then-incumbent TAFF Administrator.

This letter was published in g2#10, our March issue. In order to refresh your memory of exactly what it said, I believe I should reprint portions of it here:

"...Would appreciate any plugs for TAFF you care to insert in g2; it's difficult, as you probably realize, to keep the interest in TAFF alive due to the lack of Big News Stories (and the recent dearth of TAFF candidates) and suchlike copy. I sent off a reply to Ed's SPRINGBOARD piece in SHAGGY a couple of weeks ago which might help straighten out the picture a little. Personally, I'd put down a great deal of the current disinterest in TAFF (if such there be!) to the smaller number of candidates for election we've been getting over the past few years. Short of going out with a shotgun when TAFF Nominations are invited there's little the TAFF Administrators can do about this! Ideas are invited.

"Apart from all the hochas...TAFF is doing reasonably well. It is succeeding in its aims and more TAFF Delegates have crossed the pond in the past few years than during any other period of fan-history. Donations, big and little, are being received and I think this year will see two TAFF Delegates crossing over. It's certain Ron Ellik will be coming to the UK....and it's reasonably certain (if everyone gets up off their collective soapboxes and votes) that a British TAFF Delegate will be at Chicago.

"One item of news regarding TAFF....whoever the successful candidate is - Eddie Jones or Ethel Lindsay - he or she (funds allowing) will be flying to the States via Iceland. ... This has been done so that the successful candidate will not only have the fabulous Stateside Trip but will also be able to hear the wonderful Icelandic Bells - you've heard, of course, of the Eskimo Knell...."

My response to that was, as you recall:

((+I'm still toying with that idea of using a shotgun.+))

It was the only answer I could think of, at the time -- a cryptic phrase, to be sure, which could have meant anything -- but I had no intentions of leaving it at that. No sir, I would not have shrugged off your letter with a mere bit of catch-phrase humor if I could possibly have avoided it.

....My intention, at the time, was to have a follow-up article on TAFF which would get a discussion rolling, possibly resulting in a few useful and practical ideas in my lettercol. I found the problems of TAFF interesting; I would not have abandoned it willingly.

Also, I felt that, in a way -- and rereading your letter now, I think you may agree -- you had retained me to begin an investigation of those problems. The implications between your lines, Mr. Bentcliffe, were that as TAFF Administrator you asked me to find the solution to those problems, if it was within my capabilities. Or at least, for me to find someone who could.

Unfortunately, your letter appeared in g2#10, in March, and there began a period of five dreary months in which I was unable to do any fanzine-publishing at all. I regretted this especially where you were concerned; in effect, it meant I had shrugged off your petition. I may be a pompous and conceited ass, Sir, but this rankled. In fact, that's perhaps why it rankled so much.

So in the past few months, even with the incredible flurry of fmz-pubbing I've been conducting, I have begun and carried out a discrete, thorough investigation of TAFF and its problems. Furthermore, I have concluded that investigation.

This is my report.

First of all, I must say that regrettable as that long delay in my doing anything may have been, it may also have been for the best. My opinion when I received your letter, last February, was that it wasn't a very good time to consider TAFF's problems. In fact, it could have been a very bad time.

Remember, we had just seen the conclusion of the feud -- it was that, more than any sportsmanlike competition -- between the two camps of supporters for Ron Ellik and Dick Eney. It may have been no worse than previous TAFF campaigns, but it did very little to get fans enjoyably interested in TAFF. Personally, I'd read the emotional tantrums of those supporters in fanzines with considerable distaste. I believe it culminated with the article Redd Boggs published in DISCORD supporting Eney; frankly, my own conclusion was that Ron Ellik won the TAFF election right there.

And the whole furor was even more regrettable than distasteful. This was the second time Dick Eney had been nominated for TAFF; this was the second time he lost -- though that first time was, of course, when he voluntarily withdrew in favor of Terry Carr. It's both regrettable and ironic, when you consider that one of the most interesting fan publications anyone could bring out (at 75¢ the copy, or somesuch price) would be a BEST OF TAFF, a proper selection of exerpts from all previous TAFF Reports. No one's ever laid those reports end-to-end and seen in their comparison how each delegate's personality is revealed.....

There's just one person in fandom who could do it: Dick Eney.

By last February, we still hadn't had time to get over the ill-effects of that TAFF election. I know my own reaction to it clouded some of my opinions of the remarks you made in your letter.

Your expressions, such as "the current disinterest in TAFF (if such there be!)" and "...TAFF is doing reasonably well," ran smack into my sharp recollection of Ron Ellik appearing at the Baycon, seven months previously, with a handful of TAFF ballots and a heartrending appeal to all of us there that, "We've got the money, folks, but for cripe's sake PLEASE VOTE!" Both he and Dick Eney were out campaigning for votes, then, but they weren't asking fans to vote for them. What they were forced to do, in effect, was to ask fandom to vote for TAFF.

Many fans responded, but not all. I did, but it was with no clear-cut conviction that I wasn't putting my money on a dead horse.

So when I considered your full statement, blaming "a great deal of the current disinterest in TAFF (if such there be!) to the smaller number of candidates per election," I was not at all inclined to accept or agree with your premise. On the contrary, I had strong doubts of its verification. Sir, you are saying that if TAFF had more candidates, fans would be more interested in TAFF; I would reply to this notion of yours that if fans were more interested in TAFF, it would have more candidates. You would have the cart pulling the horse, Sir, and it won't work. Furthermore, you are probably no nearer than anyone else to a solution of TAFF's real problem: why aren't fans interested?

But I repeat, that long delay may have been for the best. It has given me time to consider my opinions thoroughly before committing them to print. It has allowed me to relax my own emotional reactions sufficiently to undertake a completely objective investigation. I have

not rejected your premise, Mr. Bentcliffe, as being completely out-of-hand; but neither have I accepted it as a Lamp of Truth to light my way.

I felt that the first and most important step in my investigation was ~~to~~ consult others; and I have.

Roy Tackett wrote me:

"As for TAFF itself, I quite agree that the project is far from healthy. There is little enthusiasm over it in fandom mainly, I suppose, because the TAFF delegates themselves, other than the two selected this year (Ron and Ethel) were something less than enthusiastic. The whole program needs to be revitalized. Ron has done much along this line but there still is a long way to go. Something must be done to get all fandom interested in TAFF once again. At the present there is much feeling that the only benefit from TAFF accrues to the delegate. Having had Ethel as a visitor in our home for a brief period I would offer a small quibble over this--certainly we benefited from meeting her--but there is that feeling around fandom."

Harry Warner wrote me:

"One section in your letter indicates that your memory has played you false about my opinions on TAFF. I've preached all along the gospel that it should be as removed as possible from the competitive element. I'd greatly prefer to see most or all of the money-raising occur after the candidate is chosen, because of the bad feelings and nasty gossip that have sprung up during the majority of the hotly contested TAFF races. And while I'm referring to my previous pronouncements on TAFF, I might as well remind you that I got jumped on in Cry a few issues back for a statement that I thought TAFF candidates should be individuals who would be unlikely to make a trans-oceanic trip without the fund, owing to family responsibilities, status as a student, low-paying job, or some similar situation. This was interpreted by some as meaning that I thought TAFF should be charity. I didn't, I meant that it shouldn't send people who are single, debtfree, and making big money, because those individuals are quite likely to make the trip across eventually themselves.

"I had made several public statements to the effect that I had refused to contribute to certain past TAFF races because I felt that none of the candidates deserved to get my money. This had been twisted into a report that I had never contributed to TAFF. Apparently my name (on her nomination) didn't do Ethel too much harm."

Ethel Lindsay wrote:

"On the whole I feel that TAFF should have enough money to pay the needs of the delegates elected. This would do away with special

funds-of which we have had enough. One of the reasons that ATOM, for instance, does not stand, is that he could not afford it. In spite of the enormous generosity I received in the States I still spent over 100 pounds. Few married fans either here or in the States can afford this."

Ron Ellik wrote, on three separate occasions:

"TAFF doesn't pay everything--it gives you \$500 (Ethel and I agreed to up the ante from \$462 for obvious reasons) and believe you me, that is not enough for the trip. My trip cost me around \$400 over the \$462 I was given--but, of course, that's because I had to travel across the U.S. before going to England, and because I went to Belfast and Cheltenham and Sheffield and all like that."

And later:

"TAFF can't have a one-man election. If only one candidate stands, there is no choice--fandom has no vote--the entire concept of electing a popular fan is reduced to a farce. We don't want TAFF to become a special fund for popular fans, simply because no fan is popular with everybody.

"If TAFF were intended to be a fund for one individual, it would have been made that way. Remember, it sprang from the Willis and Big Pond Funds--both projects designed to bring one choice over; it was changed from that for the simple reason that fandom wants a choice."

And finally:

"TAFF is damned near dead right now, Joe--it's being carried on inertia, awaiting another vigorous campaign to bring it back to life, to remind fans that they have an interest in voting for their choice, be they host or sending countrymen. The worst thing to happen to TAFF since it started was Eney's withdrawal when Terry Carr announced his candidacy in 1958; this has set a precedent of half of fandom lining up on one side and half of fandom lining up on the other, and the result is a vicious contest between the supporters. I know--the contest between Ellikmen and Eneymen in 1961 got dirty, and made both Eney and me testy about each other...when we really had nothing to worry about personally since both of us were playing fair."

Len Moffatt wrote:

"I have been among those who were unhappy because there haven't been more candidates for each TAFF campaign. I've had no objections to the ones who have stood, but I'd like to see more names on the ballot, with the understanding that the losers may stand again. And, after all, to be nominated as a TAFF Candidate is an honor itself, whether one wins or loses."

Bill Donaho wrote:

"Why should people be excited about TAFF? What's good about excitement and hoop-la and cartwheels, etc. in themselves? If money has to be raised or votes have to be garnered, O.K., but the operation of TAFF on the low level presently set doesn't need them. Why should people pay any attention to a smooth-running, successful operation?

"If TAFF has enough money, why go to any lengths to raise more? If you think both candidates are good choices and both are equally your friend, why even bother to vote?

"It seems to me that the time to start worrying is when you start having difficulty getting the money and/or good candidates.

"But of course several years of inattention may generate genuine indifference. So maybe attention should be focused on TAFF occasionally. In the future it might be a good idea to step up the fund drive so as to have two TAFF delegates--one each way--every year. Or step up the ante. The present limits are pretty low for a West Coast American and grossly inadequate for a U.S. touring Britisher."

Notice that there's almost invariably some emotional response, one way or another, in these letters from the fans I've contacted. These fans have a personal interest in the fate of TAFF, as much or even moreso than you and I. But I said this was a completely objective investigation -- and these letters had to be evaluated objectively.

Two main themes stand out: the inadequate TAFF fund and the unavailability of good candidates each year. But more than that, looking at this objectively, you can see that every one of them is discussing TAFF as it is.

...Only Ron Ellik makes reference to the original founding of TAFF. And then mainly to justify TAFF's present form.

All of them show agreement that, at least at the present time, TAFF is not interesting to fandom. But none of them suggests making any drastic change in TAFF, itself, or even suggests that any such change might be needed.

Yet none of them offered a real solution. True, some of them said "get more candidates" -- but they didn't say how.

I concluded, then, that here was obviously an idea which no one had explored at all; and by the same token, this might well be where we could find the solution everyone's been seeking. So I expanded my efforts to include an investigation of this idea.

I proceeded to consider not only TAFF as it is, but as something

it isn't. Mr. Bentcliffe, I believe my findings are quite illuminating. Consider, Sir, that one remark made by Len Moffatt: "To be nominated as a TAFF Candidate is an honor itself." Now, one of many things TAFF isn't, in its present form, is an official Honor Society!

You, Sir, are no longer an official member of TAFF. There are no TAFF parties at conventions, attended by as many former TAFF winners as can make it, all of them wearing a little lapel pin or ribbon like the Legion of Honor. There is no such organization of TAFF winners sponsoring convention art shows, costume balls and the like, or supporting any TAFF publication.

Yet in reality, TAFF is the most exclusive club in fandom. Its members are the best of fandom, by fandom's own choice. There is no other way of getting into this club except by winning that election!

But for a TAFF candidate to win that election, now, his own supporters outside TAFF have to plan and carry out the auctions, art shows, and whatever else to win fans' interest and money. And where there's two strong groups supporting candidates, it can turn into a political fight.

Then, when a candidate does win the election, and makes the trip -- then, Sir, at the very time he's trying to write a worthwhile TAFF Report on it all, he and he alone must dig up the candidates for the next year, attract the interest and money of fans, keep the fund's accounts, and finally administer the next year's election!

Now, why is this???

And, too: how can fandom, particularly with the great number of neo-fans it now has, be expected to give TAFF the interest and respect it deserves if TAFF itself offers no recognition of the club it is?

You may consider that this is an entirely new suggestion -- a new look at the whole problem, perhaps even one that's been needed -- but I must caution you not to overlook its practical aspects. There are further problems.

Any organization, even an Honor Society, has expenses; and the money must come from somewhere to meet those expenses. There are problems of defining the organization's goals, determining the scope of its administration and the electing of officers. If it be decided that this Society will conduct its own campaign to raise the Fund each year, that it will administer the TAFF elections, and that each new TAFF winner will be freed to enjoy the full honor and privileges of winning his membership -- then you've got a hell of a lot of planning to do. You've got to know where the money goes.

Furthermore, there has never been any tie-in between those fans who vote for a TAFF candidate and those who finally read the winner's TAFF Report. I've voted for TAFF candidates, but never received so much as

a promotional leaflet telling where I could buy a TAFF Report; if I had no contact with fanzine fandom, I'd probably never see it. Your TAFF REPORTER was the exception; and I know you're perfectly aware of what problems would be attendant upon the publication of a TAFF Annual.

....But even more to the point, as practical aspects go -- I have no inkling of even the most informal contact between, say, yourself and any others of the previous TAFF winners in Britain, much less those in the US. Possibly, then, even the initial group of TAFF winners to put this programme over has yet to be created. Far as I know, no such group exists as yet.

....And merely to form that group, at the onset, you would have to have gathered a considerable amount of pertinent data, concerning why that group should be formed. This brings us right back to the problems we started with: the inadequacy of the Fund and the lack of good candidates. Those are the obvious problems, y'see?

Now, it's one thing for us to say the TAFFund isn't big enough; it's quite another thing for a TAFF Administrator to increase that Fund. How much should it be increased? For what reasons?? Should it be the same for British TAFFers as for American TAFFers -- that is, how do the costs compare for a British fan, living in the U.K.'s economy, as opposed to an American fan living in the U.S. economy? What about job and marital status? This is no simple problem.

But it's a problem that needs solving. As it stands, TAFF does not provide the honorary award (in trip expenses) it claims it does. There's very little "honor" apparent, you know, when a married TAFF winner must stop shaving to save pennies on razor blades, as Ken Bulmer did. As TAFF stands, it provides a pittance to unmarried, fairly well-off fans so they can just manage to make the trip. It's a charity, right now, and a pretty shabby one at that!

Still, this is just talk. It won't get the job done. We had better be getting the job done, too, if we're going to form any group that does more than talk.

So how do we get the answers to those questions: how much? for what reasons?? There's only one way. Get someone who's had some past experience handling such problems as "how much" and "for what" and nominate him, get him elected, have him make the trip and see it all for himself on both sides of the Atlantic. Get TAFF a trouble-shooter!

That could solve one problem. There remains the other one, the problem of getting good candidates. (After all, our trouble-shooter won't be half so valuable if he's not given fandom's approval over at least one other candidate.)

This one's complex, too. There are several top fans who simply will not run against each other for TAFF the way it's set up now, allowing

the candidates' supporters to wage the kind of campaign which so easily degenerates into a political fight. I can't blame those top fans for that.

,,,But as I said, I've had time to consider my opinions thoroughly before committing them to print.

Consequently, Mr. Bentcliffe, I find myself more closely in agreement with your views -- but with the added proviso that we not only need competing candidates, we must have competing ideas, to really create a healthy interest in TAFF.

For this reason, Sir, I not only give you this report, I've published it. Perhaps you know what that means. Quite possibly, some of 'em will even become violent; but I do not expect any weak opposition from such characters as -- yessir, I will name names -- Breen, Boggs, Bergeron or Busby!! I offer only one small stipulation to the likes of them: I've reached my conclusions, and I hope to do something about it -- so I hope they'll not be just shooting their mouths off. In short, let's see their candidates!

Thus ends my report, Mr. Bentcliffe. Rereading it, now, I feel a certain satisfaction in that I have finally fulfilled my obligations to you, that I have solved the case on which you retained me, no doubt unknowingly, with your letter. You asked for ideas; you've got them. You asked for candidates; time will tell, but I believe you'll get them.

For these services, Sir, I must at last present my bill. The price is this: that you will conduct me to the best pub in all of Cheshire, there to sit down with me. And I will place upon the table my gold-star Honorary Membership in the old British Fantasy Society, whereupon you will place beside it for me the tallest, wettest pint of Half'n'half in the house.

And Sir, I intend to come collect it, someday.

Respectfully submitted;


Gibson

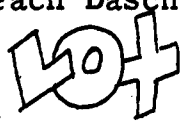
ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM:

Naturally gee superscript deuce is the only fanzine which discusses Bob Tucker's thirty-eight regular. We wouldn't discuss such a thing in Dynatron for Dynatron is, after all, a family fanzine. That is the whole family gets in on the production of it. ((+I know, I know--what's the name of that fanzine again?+))

But about this 38 regular that Tucker has. Is this why he moved from Bloomington? He has taken up with a 38 regular? I don't quite understand this regular bit. Is that a C cup? No, I should think that a B cup would be more of a regular but then this might not be true with a 38. Well if Tucker doesn't know what to do with a 38 at his age I'm certainly not going to enlighten him.

MICHAEL L. MCQUOWN, Box 283, 73ADIV, Tyndall AFB, Fla.:

...but I'm not hip to two references - 'vom' and 'WEYAUWEGA.' Was ist? ((+Prehistoric & just-vaguely-recorded fandom: VoM was Forrie Ackerman's old letterzine and Weyauwega, Wisconsin, once had a Bob Bloch+))

Crittur - namely, one each Daschund, female, black and tan, answered to name of Tina. Full  name, Christina von Baden. Born 1951, died 1961.

This animal was one of those happily misguided sorts who thought herself people. She rarely associated with any other animals (except during heat when she would persistently find ways to elude our best efforts of confinement, much to the detriment of our stud fees) preferring, instead, the company of people, whom she had to be touching to be happy. She would go to sleep in your lap, or on your foot, depending on the circumstances.

It was after her first litter (mutts, worse luck) that she began to display the signs of peculiarity which marked her as 'different'; her pups were born in the cellar of our house in Reading, Ohio, and the place was rather damp. The weather was approaching winter, and no doubt the sub-ground level was less comfortable than the rest of the house.

So Tina removed her pups, all eight of them, from the cellar into the living room. So I moved them all back, this time seeing to it that the crib area was kept dry and warmer than previously.

So Tina moved them upstairs.

SO, I moved them down and shut the door.

So she brought them all to the top step and raised such a ruckus we had to let her up.

So they stayed.

We lost the runt, but the others shot up nicely. One was dubbed

'Corrigan' because of his strange habit of backing into his food dish and all the way across it, beginning his meal in the middle and backing in a circle along the rim.

The pups were, in the process of a few weeks, sold or given away, and Tina went back to running the human household. Spring came, and Tina had been denied the last heats. She found a way to release her maternal drives, however, for one day she came in carrying a brown furry object in her mouth which she gently deposited in one of the window-wells in the backyard.

Then another, And another.

When I was finally appraised of the situation by my brother, there were five of the creatures in the well. Shortly thereafter, Tiny appeared with the sixth. The sixth baby rabbit, which she was apparently intending to play mother to !

((+I get a letter like this and I gotta chop it short. Damn.+))

RAY NELSON, 333 Ramona Ave., B1 Cerrito, Calif.:

Your psi article was very provocative indeed. I've had a few experiences like that myself...and so did Kirsten. Months before Walter T. was born, Kirsten dreamed about him and described him to me exactly as he later turned out to be. Another time I woke up one morning with a poem in my head and wrote it down. It turned out to be an exact description of my second wife, that I had not even heard of yet. I didn't notice this, by the way, until somebody pointed it out to me...I'd forgotten all about the poem when I actually met her. This sort of thing happens all the time I guess, to almost everybody. I'm inclined to believe that it is the real explanation of the well-known feeling of deja-vu.

ANN CHAMBERLAIN, 2440 W Pico Blvd, Los Angeles 6:

I am one person that can go along with your 'pre-visions'...the things you first dreamed you did, and then on doing, remembered you had dreamed. I think that is nature's way of cushioning the mind against shock. Over a period of months, fragmentary dreams came to me which, when they actually happened, constituted the whole three days my mother lay in state in the funeral parlors. I am certain I could not have kept my sanity (or what portion of it I did keep)...except for recognizing the dream fragments as they occurred.

If you have read Neitsche, you know something of the path his mind took prior to complete break down. Nature is that kind...when a person is going through something which is too much for the human mind...true consciousness becomes very fuzzy indeed.

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

...I'm absolutely convinced that my sleeping self was hooked up briefly with other minds, living or dead. The most startling came almost two years ago while I was in the hospital and taking more phenobarbital than was

good for me. Early one morning during sleep I was a tenor singing the duet that closes the first act of Verdi's Otello. I've never had a singing lesson, can't carry a tune halfway across a room, have never been present while singers were discussing the fine details of their trade or receiving lessons from experts. This lack of first-hand participation in the art makes me certain that I didn't know beforehand how that tenor was living and concentrating on the performance. I got more insight into the art of vocalism in that dream whose apparent elapsed time wasn't more than a half-minute, just a dozen bars, than I'd acquired from all the vocal music I'd heard and elementary dissertations I'd read and listened to on singers and singing. I get one of these hookup experiences while asleep two or three times a year and usually they are quite different, intensely personal, and don't require outside help like the doctor who placed too generous an order for me at the hospital.

+ Anyone for an apa? Look, I've been unfair with every one of the letters
 + on psi, in the way I selected portions of 'em to print here--each of
 + you wrote much longer letters, explaining yourselves in much greater
 + detail, and these excerpts I've used were practically torn out of con-
 + text. (Only Ann Chamberlain's comes even close to resembling her
 + letter's content.) Remember how Ray Palmer used to pull this stunt?
 + My point is, this would not be a good subject for discussion in an
 + open lettercol. You could have some fun with it, kicking it around
 + in some small, private apa. Out in the open, it suggests just one
 + thing: the whole pack of us is crazy!!!
 +
 + Every one of you pointed out the very same flaw in my idea of a sub-
 + conscious super-computer brain. I hadn't really figured out how it
 + could work. Maybe I will, and we'll have a real merry-go-round on it.
 +
 + And Rick Sneary wrote pretty much the same thing the rest of you did;
 + perhaps, tho, someday he'll tell us everything about "The Fan House"
 + he keeps dreaming about! But he also wrote:

But to turn to the current issue... I'm rather sorry to see the passing of the Bug. It was fun.. I was rather of the opinion you drove it like an Army jeep.. Joe did, that is.. Robbie; as with everything I've seen you

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

do Joe--you drove with such ease that I never even thought about it... But I remember that ride back to your place after the party at Bill's.. Being my first time out, Robbie took the back bench (I didn't realize untill the next day that only a case of Scotch would be really at home back there) and kept murmuring something about watching out for things.. I shall never know if my reaction time had slowed or yours had speeded up Joe, but you drove the Bug through the nearly deserted streets with great dash and verve.. It was exciting. Only your repeatedly ordering me to watch out for cars coming out of side streets, or for signs that you were driving strangely gave me pause.. ((+Ever had someone ride with you who got very nervous but felt ashamed to mention it?+)) But there were no cars and your driving seemed superb. I also had the strange feeling that I was really alive..

(Maybe you don't know the feeling, but there are days when you know you are living -- but like a steel mill, running at only 80% of capacity. Every so often--when I'm lucky--a little light seems to go on inside and I realize that this is 100% aliveness.. A wild ride through a sleeping city in a little car -- was one of them.. I loved every second of it..)

+ Don't mourn the passing of The Bug too much, Rick. Remember one thing, that's all: it never let me down. I put it out to pasture in good time -- d'you know if I'd had one \$100 smash with it in some parking lot, the insurance co. would've written it off as a total loss? It'd had its day.

+ And lemme tell you a bit about this here new machine I'm riding. Know how I celebrated Halloween? Well, I brought Robbie home to deal with the wild injuns we got trickertreating around here, and I take the bobcat down for her 2,000-mile oil change.

+ Now, coming home, then driving down to the gas station, I notice the California Hiway Patrol is pretty active around on the backroads here. So I get m'oil changed, thinking about this and wondering how things might be elsewhere.

+ So then, I go nipping over the hill and down onto the Freeway heading north toward Carquinez Bridge. And I find the traffic's very light out there--every body's home guarding the fort, that nite! Well, now, with 2000 miles on the car, I've just completed its full breaking-in. I'd been really thorough and patient about that. Now was the first time that I could even consider finding out what that bobtailed little bomb would really do...

+ So I tooled out to Cummings Skyway, almost to the Bridge, took the overpass around, dropped back down on the Freeway and headed back. And I kinda opened her up a little. Then I notice there are these two other guys. One's in a Ford Galaxie; the other's got a Chevvy Impala. Both brand new. Reason I notice, I'm kind of matched up with them. And I see they're doing 80 mph weaving through the small groups of cars, and opening up to 85 on the open stretches. Then I also notice as how I ain't really opened up that bobtail yet.

+ Rick, you remember how I had to have the kingpins hand-finished and the steering mechanism worked over on that car? Well, she handles real well on the curves at 90...which is where you can really Spin Out if you got any problems, especially with anything that light -- and then, y'know, sheer chance is the only thing that'll save you from hitting something so you flip, roll and burn. Yeh. Well, that speedometer reads just to 100 mph and I had the needle knocking against the stop just once...then I pulled off that Freeway and drove home. (Speaking of homes, I never knew Southgate was two words!)

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

I also own an Olympia Standard typewriter, but with a different type-face; it has three king-pins and will do about 100 words per hour.

+ An Olympia Olivetti, huh? Tsk. And do it sound like a blown Ferrari when you got it broke in??

EVERYTHING is utter chaos around here yet, and we may still be remiss in someone's sub or whatever; best thing to do is raise hell with us.

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Colin, lad: you'll get more subs if I ever get off the dime here and send out more "sample copies" to UK & Continental fans. They do it.

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() Your sub has expired, now.
() This is a sample copy.

Yes, Dick Schultz, we caught it, & there was another guy whose sub was laying around here for months! We finally seem to have the decks clear tho.

The shooting ought to start any time now. Rick Sneary, I heard about 3 times you helped guys when you were bedridden with the flu!! How U feel?



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