

Jan. 1963

An Announcement To Fandom

January, 1963

At this moment, there is not a single candidate being nominated for TAFF for 1964. Deadline for nominations is February 28th. It is also a deadline for TAFF.

Fandom has cared so little about what happens to TAFF that, in this past few months, only one person would even consider being a candidate for '64. That was Bill Donaho. And he didn't want to do it! He and his chief supporter in England, Ken Potter, really wanted to go for TAFF in 1965 -- for the London Con. But we would have had Bill Donaho for '64, however reluctantly, just so TAFF could have a candidate that year.

Right now, TAFF needs willing candidates. They must know that any interest or approval fans have in TAFF, or in their campaign to win TAFF, will be the interest or approval they, themselves, can earn. The winners must be prepared to make the trip on \$500 plus their own funds.

And for 1964, it seems the candidates must also have some desire for TAFF to survive.

RICK'S REPLY ON PAGE FIVE

# LOX

BOB TUCKER, Box 478, Heyworth, Ill.

Now, here. Now stop marking my copy "sample copy" and jotting down quaint little afterthoughts at the end of that line. You sound like a comedian. ((+All right -- now watch me go to work on Bob Bloch!+))

Roy Tackett says: "How come you never joined First Fandom, Joe" G'wan Joe, tell him, tell him. But smile when you say it because you don't want to lose his friendship. Give him the same answer I give Hickman or Madle when they try to sucker a dollar out of me for the dues or initiation fee. I smile every time. Almost every time.

+ Okay. Roy Tackett, Bob says I should tell you -- WAITa-minute, how the hell do you smile on a typewriter???

Meanwhile, you just keep on talking about planes and whoary old war stories and ridge stars and why fandom ain't no goddam good and about rocks or fairies at the bottom of your garden, and I'll keep on reading you and your pearly prose without complaint. Nary a one. I can read misinformation about Russia and Cuba and bombs and whatnot in my worthless newspaper and upchuck daily, but only in g2 can I read about Spads and Sopworth Camels and triplane bombers and all the other fine things we had in the good old days. (The only point you haven't yet made clear is how those machine guns were synchronized to fire through the prop.) (But then, you'll get around to it.)

I can still recall the sense of wonder on old Ashurbanipal's face when you fashioned the first four-wheeled chariot for him. A pity he didn't go along with your idea of a two-wheeled chariot for use as a shock wave. I laughed like crazy at his answer -- do you remember it? He said a two-wheeled chariot would fall over backward when a man stepped into it. And I don't think he ever forgave you for selling the two-wheeled jobs to Muwataallis. Sort of trading-with-the-enemy, you know.

+ Well, I wanted to do a little travelling, anyway. But see here, Tucker  
+ -- you start telling tales about meh and I will tell 'em about you!  
+ Remember when I was up north teaching the Spartans how to make steel,  
+ you were sending all your relatives to Egypt? And the time my longbow  
+ squad shot that Percheron hoss out from under you, and you couldn't  
+ stand up wearing all that iron?? I spent one whole night in Bar Le Duc  
+ explaining to you how our Spads' guns were synchronized and Suzette  
+ never forgave either one of us. Remember how she used to flip the  
+ sou? Or was that the girl-in-man's-hose at the Mermaid Tavern??

What's this "Book of Job"? Was it recommended by the Literary Guild or the Peoples Book Club?

+ Thanks. Robbie was beginning to make funny noises here.

I'm mulching down my thirty-eight regular for the winter.

.....PS:

I've finally pinned down the Sumerian invention of writing. It was in the third month (which was not March) of 4072 BC. I'm working on the exact week and day now. Need a few more potsherds.

((+ POTSHERDS!! Hell, that's how we used to spell poptsarcd!!!! +))

Eric Bentcliffe - 51, Thorn Grove - Gillbent - Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire:

AAAAaaaaagh, the hell with you, too...publishing fanzines madly Gibsonlike when it takes me nearly a year to get out Bastion - and looks like taking me even longer this time due to The Move. No doubt the next issue will get reviewed in YANDRO as a Five Yearly or something. Gibsons seem to have a prevalence for producing issues tho', my wife (Beryl) was a Gibson and she's producing one in January, and that's more than I've done since we got married - although I must claim to have helped her with hers, like!

Anyway, I'm greatly pleased to have these three issues and as far as I'm concerned you can do your nut anytime you feel like it - I wouldn't even mind if you went on at this rate for the next year or so. I'd rate g2 as the top personality-zine being published at the moment - your personality comes over very well and you seem to have a fund of highly entertaining stories and anecdotes. So, I don't always agree with everything you say but I like the way you say it. For instance, I don't agree that it's necessarily the thing to stop s-f authors 'faking' to improve (sic) s-f - no s-f author should have his imagination bound up too much by fact and possible-theory. You infer that most s-f readers spot this 'faking', but the fact is that by far and away the greater majority of s-f readers are scientific morons (like me!) and those that aren't don't consciously check a story they are reading for 'fun' for minor errors. (Allright! I agree that blasting a trek through systems that don't exist isn't really 'minor', but who apart from Andy Young and yourself knew this!) ((+And I wouldn't shut up, eh?+)) Personally, I don't care how scientifically accurate (and what's your definition of what is 'Scientifically accurate', Joe?) a story is or isn't providing it has a well thought out and logically extrapolated plot and background. So there. Now look what you've started.

+ I wouldn't say it's properly begun yet. But when I want s-f authors  
+ to stop using a fake conception of interstellar space which was thot  
+ up 30 years ago, and which they've all studiously copied ever since,  
+ and try using the real ridge stars with all the color and excitement  
+ that 'Realism' suggests, I don't think I'm binding up any author's  
+ imagination. I'm asking 'em to use it. This is no plea for scien-  
+ tific accuracy; it's a demand for an end to lazily-contrived halfworlds  
+ and for good, hard writing about the goshwow frontier that's really  
+ Out There. (And this could make some scientists stop reading s-f!)

Vol.2 No.2 (which arrove before No.1, incidentally) was a quite interesting thing - I've never owned a car and don't particularly want one

Bentcliffe Carries On:

but I found your exposition on the bug interesting. Beryl and I honeymooned in Italy earlier this year and saw the beast in its natural habitat - if I'd known that you had one I'd have taken a photo of it in its natural surroundings for you. If you saw any of the Italian roads while you were in Europe you'll understand fully why it corners so comfortably at 55mph. It has to! The June issue was even more interesting and I have a feeling that your piece on psi is going to touch off a whole stream of interesting anecdotes. ((+Man, it was Too Much!+))

I've just been scratching down in the fanzine corner for the copy of the issue with 'Hell's Aces' in but I can't find the darn thing, must have filed it....look, Joe, how about rewriting it as a tape-script when time allows I've got some lovely sound-effects of plane-crashes I've had a long-felt want for. Is it true that Ben Lyon has a thirty-eight regular? Damn it, is it true that you are Gilgamesh, and not Tucker...

When I got the November issue, I took one look at the cover and expected an issue dealing with special-agents (probably with thirty-eight specials strapped under their biceps!) - it was the combination of G2 and misreading OCT (on the cover) for 007.. that did it. Thought you'd been on a James Bond kick, and I wouldn't blame you.... Has Tucker got a Beretta ??

+ Oh, no -- the special-agents thing wasn't until the December issue. And  
 + I trust you were smiling, weren't you, when you asked that about old  
 + Gilgamesh? Yes. I've been blamed for many things, but damned if I'll  
 + take the blame for what that character did! Tsk. I dunno if he's got  
 + a Beretta or what. Ask me some more questions -- maybe we'll find out!

Archie Mercer c/o W.T.L.A.Co Ltd - 10 Winterstoke Road - Bristol 3:

G<sup>2</sup> Vol 2 Nos 2 & 3 have recently arrived in reverse order - which is another of the disadvantages of over-frequent publication. The same thing used to happen with FANAC in its heyday.

I can't say much about that psi article that's worth saying - which doesn't mean it wasn't worth reading, far from it. It's a shame about Jim Barclay of Berkeley (whose name I did remember, from Terry or someone's conrep). Anybody with a name like that deserves a better life. Of course, apparently he didn't think so - or at any rate disagreed on the method of achieving it. ((+Nor do we pronounce 'Berkeley' as you do, which made the whole thing suspect from the start.+)) Still, if anybody crops up with a name like Hugh York of New York, or Robert Bloch of Little Rock, he deserves every encouragement - if anybody believes he exists to start with of course.

The write-up as to the (on the whole) less technical aspect of your car is very much to the point. I know so little about technical details that when I learned that the flywheel had come adrift on my scooter that was the first time I knew that it had a flywheel. I, incidentally, frequently reflect that anybody who risks his or her life and limb on our roads (even on foot) is stark raving mad. I tend to get the impression that American roads are even worse - if only because they're generally straighter.

+ LOX - and Archie Mercer - are continued on Page 10. +

RICK SNEARY:

Now, the formal "No" for the readers of g2. The one that knocks the spokes off the wheel.. This is a first draft, just as it goes down. Maybe it merits more thought.. But... I'd rather say it as simply and quickly as possible. It means saying no to something I very much want to do, and is thus not easy to dwell on..

Dec. 26, 1962

Dear Joe & Robbie,  
and all my other sneaky friends:

I can not fully express my feelings about what you have tried to do for me. I have wanted to visit London for years. If there were no fans there, or even no friends, I would still rather go there than any place else in the world. As outside of California and Texas, the dearest people in the world to me are in England, going there would be like going home. I know I would quickly feel at home. Just as I would love to meet all the people who I have known for years; and see all the sites that are more familiar to me than much of Los Angeles.. Yet I must say no, I can not go.

The Moffatts first suggested that I stand for TAFF a couple weeks after Ella Parker was with us, and I still had a glassy look to my eye. But though my heart was with the idea, my head said it was ridiculous. Not only was there the question of my health, but the fact I doubted I could win a TAFF election.

But like an insidious DNQ the idea would not die. The support has grown, despite my simple and direct answer of "no" to all questioners. Even if I could win, I couldn't afford it, I told them. And I would be less willing to accept the idea of a Special Fund than winning TAFF.

But now we have the Gibsons in on the act. They have made it public so I must refuse the honor in public ... and putting aside the debatable question of my winning, and where the money would come from, the key issue is my health. Which is not good. First of all I've been asthmatic since I was 2 years old, and always subject to chest colds. Next comes a recent physical problem in which my heart does not supply enough oxygen to my blood, which means I tire as easily as an average person at high altitude. And lastly the minor problem of not being able to relax while anything exciting is happening. At Cons this means I can get very little rest, until I'm literally worn out. (During a three-day con, this is no problem, and I don't look any worse than anyone else---but for one or two months.....)

My doctor has treated me for chest colds, but is mainly concerned with my heart. This is, I'm sure, what she meant when she said she thought I could stand the trip. With this I would agree. Were there equally good reason, I'd be willing to walk up Pike's Peak, provided I could stop and rest as often as I felt like. Probably wouldn't hurt me a bit, though it might take three weeks.

What my doctor can not know is my slow recovery time from chest colds. Thus in this last illness, which she didn't think was too bad, I was a month recovering even after I started with sulfa pills.

So this is the source. My lungs don't supply enough oxygen so I get tired and my resistance is low. I have a hard time relaxing under stress and don't sleep enough, and thus my resistance is low. My chest doesn't like cold air, and any cold I get will settle there.

Now if I flew over the Pole and went right to a warm hotel, I might survive. But being in London and not daring to go out to see the sights would be enough to make me sick by itself. And if I got sick over there --it might be a price I'd be willing to pay, but it is not a price I'd be willing for others to pay, no matter how willing they might be.

Lastly there is the question of ever getting out of the country. I can and do wake up with sore throats and it is worth a week in bed, if I don't stay inside that day. I could come down with a cold just before plane time. Giving up the idea of the trip now is hard ... but giving it up 15 months from now would be almost more than I could stand.

I don't mean to sound like I'm so bad off. For what I do I'm good enough. But it isn't good enough for me to think I can stand the trip. At least, not at this time. Maybe someday I'll be in better health, or more daring--I would feel even worse than I do about this if I was sure there wasn't any hope of my making it some day. And in the meantime I'll try to make it up to you who have done so much already... Maybe in four or five years I'll even be worthy of going.

Gratefully yours,  
Rick Sneary

SILVERLOCK TO SOUTH GATE So this is Rick's answer. He'd already made up his mind before we started out for South Gate. He'd written both Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay, and told Len Moffatt; and Len had intimated as much in a letter to me. We decided to go down, anyway -- Rick hadn't heard the whole story, by any means, and it was still worth giving a good try.

We're sorry you couldn't accept, this time, Rick. But when you decide you're ready to make the trip, you know where to look for support.

Of course, I knew that tackling Sneary after his mind's made up is like walking into a brick wall. But we had the Special Issue ready, and a 100-word nomination with five signatures -- Ella Parker, Arthur Thomson, Len Moffatt, Roy Tackett, Harry Warner, Jr. -- ready to present to TAFP Administrator Ron Ellik if Rick agreed..... so it was a sort've flip-of-a-penny decision; we didn't inform Len or anyone else, but simply got up



at 4 ayem on Saturday morning, Dec. 22nd, and took off to beard ol' Black Dog MacSneary in his lair!

This way, we were able to sit down with Rick and his parents and talk the thing over quietly. I suspect half of LA fandom would've liked to cut in on that scene, if we'd publicized it -- in fact, it was sheer good luck Rick didn't have anyone but ourselves and Len & Anna Moffatt badgering him that night. And that brick wall was getting plenty of punishment, as it was....!

However, Rick said one thing to Robbie and I which I almost lost in Robbie's instant response, "Haven't you ever heard of tranquilizers?" Somehow, tho, I remembered it...as something important in any case like this. And Rick has said it again (twice, in fact) in his refusal here. It doesn't seem to impress him as being important, since the way he said it was: "And lastly the minor problem of not being able to relax while anything exciting is happening."

This is something only one person in a thousand can do naturally. For others, it always has to be an acquired trait, the result of long and careful practice. And they used to have to do it by will power alone.

Rick, I've shown your whole letter to Rog Phillips and pointed this out to him. You know Rog is in worse shape than you are; he's also much wiser to this aspect of having to live with it. It'll take some tough thinking, but you've done that. It can make a difference simply in the number of mornings you wake up with a sore throat. But I'll let Rog explain it to you.

If you had that trait, I'd agree with what your doctor implicated to us when she talked to Ron -- that a trip to England could probably do you some good. But I believed from the start that we had, at most, only a 40% chance of succeeding with this thing. It was a pretty large order. But we'd have tried it even if I'd thought we had less than a 10% chance of success.

You stick around long enuff, fella, me and Bob Tucker'll put you on the Moon where a guy needs only half as much vitality!

...But I'll never forget that grin on Rick's face when he finally got Len Moffatt on the phone and said; "A couple of your fellow-conspirators are here. Know who they are? No, no -- not Harry Warner. It isn't Roy Tackett, either. No, guess again."

We bundled Rick into the Fiat 1100 and drove over to Len's, then. Anna supplied whiskey sours to all hands and I certainly needed it -- we'd driven through fog most of the way down, then hit LA traffic that Saturday afternoon when everybody was out doing their last-minute Xmas shopping, and their driving reflected the mood they were in. Sneary and the Moffatts exchanged presents; and Rick proceeded to shoot himself in the spectacles with an empty gun, but we got its nomenclature figured out. This was a night things happened, tho! Like, everyone was invited to a Xmas party at Paul & Ellie Turner's, a mixed gathering of fans and friends from Paul's office.

Anna wasn't feeling quite up to it, but the rest of us went. Between them, Len and Rick somehow managed to direct me onto the Freeway going in the right direction (they almost didn't) and I discovered that Anna's sour was exactly the right pick-me-up I needed for this kind of activity.

Half of LA fandom wasn't there, when we arrived--Forrie'd been out with the flu, we heard; the Trimblees were in Sacramento; Ron Ellick was in Las Vegas (and we'd brought down his copy of SILVERLOCK, too)--but Walter J. Daugherty was there! I saw Walter J. Daugherty playing chess with Stan Woolston and someone I didn't know, and a little while later, I told Robbie, "Walter J. Daugherty's in the next room playing chess. Go in and say hello to old Walt Daugherty." So Robbie goes in, but meanwhile Walt has left that room. And Robbie talks to Stan Woolston for a while but she can't remember who he is, except that he just doesn't look like Walt Daugherty to her. So she comes back out to me and says, making a rough guess, "What do you mean, telling me Walt Daugherty's in there? That's Gus Willmorth!"

"GUS WILLMORTH?" Len and I both yell, leaping to our feet. Then, knowing Robbie, I go in and check. And of course, it's Stan Woolston. So I go looking for Walt Daugherty and I find him in the kitchen chomping canapes; and I says to him, "Walt, I'm going to send Robbie in here to say hello to old Walt Daugherty--I'll tell her just look for the only skinhead in the place. And when she does, you tell her 'Whaddaya mean, Walt Daugherty? I'm Gus Willmorth!' Got it?" Walt said he would and we did. Robbie comes back to me with a sinister glint in her eye and says, "He said he's Gus Willmorth!" And I said, "Yeah, that's what I told him to do."

The Burbees were there, too. Since this was the first time Charles Burbee and I had ever squared off at each other, it was a moment of some interest to me. The Burbees invited us to visit them sometime and warned that half of LA fandom wouldn't speak to us if we did, and I pointed out that this may be true for an LA fan but I'm not one of them -- which is where I might've added that I'm no member of Berkeley fandom nor any feuds they may have, either -- but then, Charles Burbee comes back at me with, "Anyone who's a friend of so-and-so isn't a friend of mine!" So I said to Burbee, "Well, I don't HAVE to be friends with either one of you!" And some small voice says that's a new attitude for LA! Anyway, the Burbees used to throw big open-house parties that everybody from LA would describe to us in glowing terms; now the Burbees aren't throwing big open-house parties and are having it quiet and easy with a few choice friends, which I think is a good thing for anybody every once in awhile. The fan-feud they've got into down there seemed to me to be about like they all are --utterly silly to anyone else, though the ones involved might think it's serious enough. But I'm perfectly capable of drumming up my own utterly silly fan-feuds if I get the itch for any.

And Gregg Calkins was there, with neighbor's cat. It was the first time we'd met Gregg Calkins, too. He looks a little like a sandy-haired Brett Maverick and I'm told he plays poker in somewhat the same style. You put your gun on the table and three hands later, it's his.

But checking out the scene, I find that we had best get Len and Rick



home before rigor mortis sets in--them, not me--and after we've dropped Len off, we nip over to Rick's house and have a few quiet words after I've stopped the car. Rick was mostly insistent about us coming in for a few hours' sleep. But it was about 3 ayem and I'd taken a hard look at Robbie and there we both were, wide-awake and turned on so high, neither of us could have gotten more than snatches of sleep in hours of toss&tumble if we'd tried. That would leave us so beat, the trip back would be hell. And we had to get back that day.

So we said goodbye to Rick, went seeking and found the South Gate Post Office, and mailed off the Special Issues--me cussing 'cause I didn't have the First Class copies stamped for Ella, ATOM, Roy, Harry, Ethel and Ron. Then we drove to Manhattan Beach, parked outside Tom Collins' house and Robbie tried to get up enough nerve to go wake up her kid brother. But Tom's wife is expecting, no telling when he has to get out flying days for United Airlines, and.....so I gave Robbie a faint grin, switched on the engine, and we started back to El Sobrante. Made good time, too, despite the heavy Holidays traffic -- the only thing that passed us was a Studebaker Avanti doing 85, and that guy was working his wheel like he was driving a truck. "Go ahead, buddy," I muttered at him, "I'll pass you when you stop for gas."

So in all respects, it was quite a little jaunt we had down there. We'd like to do it more often, only I'm not sure how well fandom could survive very many of such jaunts!

You know where this leaves TAFF for '64. But at least we've got Big Bill going for '65 -- yes, he's sticking with that decision -- instead of trying for '64 without really wanting to, which could've become a sad thing. And if there's one thing sure about all this, it's that a bunch of us certainly have tried. Now let's see if anyone else is willing to do as much.

As for Rick Sneary -- I have an odd, little hunch that he hasn't heard the last of this yet!!!

The Westercon XVI is the blast scheduled for July 4-5-6-7, this year. The site chosen is a super-hi-powered motel called the Hyatt House. Anyone who returns to the Hyatt House in Seattle will find we mean the Hyatt House near San Francisco International Airport. (Maybe someone should tell Dave Kyle; I remember the time he showed up for the Midwestcon a week before it was scheduled) July is still Springtime in California so bring jackets or sweaters -- very tight sweaters, as it's the fashion out here. (September is hot midsummer in California, so I hope the '64 Con is in San Francisco rather than sweltering LA; it's just too bad Roy Tackett don't like it being called 'Frisco'. Draw, Tackett!)

- UNPD. ADVT.

It's Mercer Racing About:

Cruising at 40-45 mph in open country, I find (rather as you do) that periodically I'm overtaken by a bunch of cars going considerably faster - otherwise I have the road to myself except for the heavy lorry cruising at 30-35 mph that I don't have the acceleration (or possibly the courage/stupidity) to pass. I'm not at all keen on the bunch of cars coming in the opposite direction though - they're only bunched because the ones behind can't overtake the ones in front, and are usually swinging about all over the road in their desperate bid to be First.

- + I wonder what New Tales of Terror the Oblique House Rallye Club could
- + be telling us, now! Of course Berry's still just got his bike, but
- + then he's already done the driver's report on wardrobe closets....

Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knaresboro, Yks:

No, I didn't see the fmz review that said I was overworked. Which zine was it? Sounds to be a little on the facetious side to me.

((+ 'Twas in some zine put out by a chap named Bennett. +))

This June Bonifas business I find most discouraging. I get her zine Fanta Se. I like it so much that I write her a longish LoC. Then I hear that she has disappeared without a forwarding address. It puts me off from writing locs to any fen except those I have known for some time.

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Indiana:

I cant make this a long long letter...((+HAH!+)) firstly a load o' thanks from the both of us for the info and tales of ~~text~~ flying in the last G-2....and Sweet Jesus on a bicycle do you think I'd let Gene go fly and get instructed with gay-mad fly-bhoys like those????!!! No aspersion cast upon Robbies brother, you understand, but omygawd the bird-men you know arent the type lads I want Big Kuj gettin' influenced by.... not by a long shot, baby! ((+Tsk. I'll bet you file his flight plans!+))

Honey...he is too B\*I\*G to crawl out there on the engine-mounts..yuk, yuk. 'Twas all fascinating to read about, though...Gene devoured it, I can assure yuh. We'uns is looking for a nice sedate flying school mit regular staff-faculty of instructors at a beeg air-port and all like that...((+How long did it take you to get up nerve enuff to fly with him?+))

Joseph...I think I didn't get around last letter to telling you how YOU, you so-and-so, about scared me right out of my little pink panties (which are neither little nor pink...but no matter) ((+I know, I know -- you are NOT any luscious little Eurasian cutie. But that's okay. From what I hear, you're stacked like a brick Wall of China! Now, where were we? Oh, yes!+))....youse and your prophetic dreams...that latter one of you, in dream, returning home...wounded, in a new and strange uniform, etc... ..that I took calmly till a few days later when...whammy...the Cuba-Castro-Missiles fracas began..

...then, oh lawdy, then I remembered your dream.....

||

---

BettyK:

Leave us all know if June Bonifas is down there living in Tackett-land...if humanly possible we'll get west sometime this winter ...damn I hate these hanging-in-midair situations...t'would be peachy to find June nearby when we land to see Roy and Chrystal.

+ By now, I hope you've been in and out of that hospital, baby, with  
+ those long&shapely legs (yeh, we have heard!) midout der complications  
+ and your trip-plans coming along nicely. Howzat for well-wishing?

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland:

Congratulations on your decision to get rid of that obsessive complex the easy way and publish g2 on a more bearable schedule. Did you ever stop to think....((+Never!+))

The disappearance of June Bonifas gives me more reason to believe that there is a hoax. Could it be Speer? He didn't reveal his change of address until just recently but I know of no evidence that he had been in Washington (state, not city) for several months, he's not mentioned in Cry as attending this or that event up there, and he hasn't published lately for FAPA. If Tackett feels like investigating, I might have a couple of clues. The last communication from this incredibly intelligent female-type person that I received was postmarked September 7 from Santa Fe, bore her Hopi Road address, but was written on stationery that bore an imprinted address: 2828 Central Ave., S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. Speer's current address is in the same quadrant of the city, I note. She also spoke in this letter of "Tierra Amarilla, where I come from", and I'm sure that I don't know if this is a town, geographical region, watershed area, or something else. I remember reading somewhere her references to "the people I stay with" which would indicate that if she exists, there's no use trying to trace her by parents named Bonifas. This letter contended that she is so a real person and said she'd prove it to me if I'd attend a worldcon that she could go to, which sounds like Speer, and yet there are details about the varieties and sizes of trees in various parts of New Mexico that even Speer is hardly likely to have learned so soon.

+ Tierra Amarilla is the County Seat for Rio Arriba County, which is  
+ very much my old stomping grounds. It was once quite a busy little  
+ Spanish American town, but now it's almost a ghost town.

I think you deserve a Nobel Prize for world peace as a result of the comment you appended to Seth Johnson's letter. There isn't another fan in the world who could have restrained himself so well in his own letter section.

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque:

Nah, I wouldn't suspect you of doing a thing like that just to lead up to a certain cover. But it is a fine bit anyway. The picture of you working like mad to catch up and finally throwing up your hands--chuckle.

You think we have a mystery, eh? June Bonifas has vanished utterly.

Tackett Reports:

Ummmm. Well, here's a quote from the Oct62 ish of Art Hayes' THRU THE HAZE as a starter and then I'll add a bit: "I am enrolled in college to begin ~~late~~ in September.....Therefore, at least until I see how much time it takes, I believe I should discontinue such activity as I have carried on in Fandom.....Maybe next summer vacation I will get back in the swim. I've enjoyed it. Yours very truly, June Bonifas."

Now that's simple enough. Isn't it?

Regarding the rest of your queries--yeah, there's a 935 Jefferson NE in Albuquerque and the copy of DYNATRON which was returned to me from Santa Fe was clearly marked "Albuquerque". And that's simple enough. Isn't it?

Shall I complicate the matter? Why not? These are the facts and I'll not attempt any conclusions or inferences. Make your own.

1. Last spring Seth Johnson sent me the name and address of a person in Albuquerque who had ordered a bundle of fanzines from Seth's Fanzine Clearing House. Seth figured I might make a contact. So I sent along a copy of DYNATRON and a postcard. Neither brought any reply. The name was John Paine and the address was 935 Jefferson NE.

2. The copy of DYNATRON I sent to June Bonifas was returned with her new address on it: 935 Jefferson NE, Albuquerque, N.M. (The Post Office does us that much of a favor for our 8¢.) ((+But then it was a fool postal clerk in the Santa Fe PO who returned g2 to me marked "Albuq." so badly written it looked like "Albany" -- which is apparently what also happened to Buck Coulson.+) )

3. Ol' Juffus done moved to Albuquerque, you know. According to the new Albuquerque telephone directory the residence address of John B. Speer is (yeah, you guessed it) 935 Jefferson NE.

+ H'mmmmm. There is a tone to your letter which implies you do not wish  
+ to investigate this any further. Like, the name&address of that Santa  
+ Fe postal clerk -- I'd like to submit it to a few "interesting mails"  
+ ads. I rather suspect Juniata Bonifas is real; my first letter ~~from~~  
+ her came from Cuba, N.M., in January, last year. Or has Jack Speer  
+ been visiting New Mexico regularly for the past year? Also, in the  
+ latest Yandro, Buck said June's switched back to 1913 Hopi Road, Santa  
+ Fe. I wonder if she'll want the g2's that she's missed???

Lewis J. Grant, Jr., Genius, Reasonable Rates:

Your ideas on ESP Joe, are very interesting, and undoubtedly account for much of the known ESP experiences, but I think there is more to come. Yes, I believe that the brain is a super duper grouper, and I believe that this accounts for a lot of odd things, but you can't multiply C by 266 zillion and come out with one. In many cases of telepathy and precognition, there is just too little data for the brain to compute the detailed picture it produces. ((+How would you know what data there is? Look, man,

+ if you could get the answer consciously there'd be no need for this  
 + subconscious mumbo-jumbo! Lew, you don't know what data is available,  
 + and even if you learned, you couldn't evaluate it. An automatic com-  
 + puter doesn't have to think, you know. No, it's not that there's more  
 + to come -- it's that I wasn't able to tell you enough.

Bob Briney, 459 Littleton St., West Lafayette, Indiana:

I was disappointed to see that you've gone back to ordinary numbers for pagination. There must be alphabets you haven't used yet. What about Russian? Or Morse code, for that matter?

Speaking of numbers, the Washington Convention committee have shown commendable originality in numbering con memberships: negative numbers, and Scithers told me at Chicago that they would even use imaginary numbers on some memberships... Phyllis Economou and I have nos. -29 and -30...

I chagrin to find that I was unclear in my letter. The Chicago Science Fiction League is a new club, having no connection with the UofC Club, which still exists in its own right. The CSFL is sort of the North Side's answer to the UofC Club. There is a slight overlap in membership, but nothing more. The CSFL meets bimonthly, the first Saturday of the month. With that frequency, even I can get to all the meetings!

So not only did you run an article on the original founding of the UofC Club, but now you've had the announcement of the founding of a new Chicago club. Quite a record.

The title on the letter column in #13 is the best yet.

+ Yeah, we're still using it. I suppose we should make more noise about  
 + Bay Area fanclubs and whatnot, with news like Art Widner is joining/  
 + has joined the Little Men. But as we haven't joined the Little Men  
 + nor even the GGFS and don't attend meetings, that's out. You might  
 + hear about 'em in Alva Rogers' new zine BIXEL if he ever stops writing  
 + about Middle Dynasty LA Fandom, only he wants 25¢ the copy if you do  
 + not write him a mash-note every month and no fanzine is worth that.

Fritz Leiber, 542 Frontera Dr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.:

Herewith some reactions to Ridge-talk.

Once upon a time the sf magazines were the only place where, in stories and occasional articles, you could find speculative scientific thinking nervy enough to mention even, say, atomic energy and high rocketry.

Today no paperback publisher or editor of sf is at all interested in promoting and catalyzing speculative scientific thinking through sf, as were Gernsback and Campbell. Both these gentlemen seriously believed that they could contribute to science through sf.

Just by reading Scientific American and Science Service releases any writer can find ample material for fresh speculative scientific thinking. Of course there isn't the kick of it being stuff scoffed at by most, as were A-energy and rockets.

### Fritz Leiber On S-F:

It is easier to write way-out science fantasy or adventure stories based on current space developments rather than something in between: the "something new in sf" you're looking for.

It takes a lot of space in a story to expound a concept like the Ridge --I mean, to make the reader see it. It takes stretches of essay-type writing. This can be done (and should be done, I think, by those inclined) but at some sacrifice of the fast action and human involvements which please both paperback publishers and sf-mag editors without much space to give to solidly-written serials. (Right now I'm working on an sf novel The Wanderer -- not about the Ridge -- which is going beyond the usual space limitations because it has concepts and effects in it which must be developed at some length. I'm going to finish it as it should be finished, and damn the length, even though this doesn't seem very practical from a bread-winning point of view.)

But I don't think that Good Speculative Science Thinking makes a story, or even GSST plus fast action and human involvement. There must also be propaganda for the world the writer wants to bring about: he ought to be trying to change the world. Take H. G. Wells. He generally had a couple of solidly developed speculative ideas, but he also had the propaganda.

The Time Machine had a charming little engine in it, but it also had its rather Marxist picture of the far future: the drones and the workers.

The War of the Worlds had among other things those lovely tripod stilts, which I'd love to charge around on even if I'm not a living brain, but it also had its hard-hitting attacks on institutionalized religion (which George Pal changed to a servile nod to the church in his movie).

Men Like Gods presented a convincing picture of Odd-John type supermen, but it also was loaded with propaganda for a more tolerant, less jealous morality; for a world in which new experience was the top value, rather than ego-security or property-security. Same went for the Comet-novel and A World Set Free with their preachment: Open up! Cast out the jealous property-morality! Welcome and share!

It isn't easy for any writer to maintain the mood in which Wells wrote, no matter what kind of world any writer is propagandizing for. Even poor old Wells seemed to lose heart in the end and feel that all was lost, perhaps because he wanted what he wanted so intensely that he wanted to see it come to pass in his own generation.

G2, can the lack you sense be due to this?--that writers no longer feel they can change the world, as Wells did, or even influence science, as Gernsback and Campbell did?

+ Uh huh. The way I've been saying it is that writers no longer have  
 + any guts; what I have yet to say, in spades, is that we need to get  
 + rid of every editor and publisher now in the field. We need new ones.  
 + And maybe less speculative thinking on science than on human motiva-  
 + tions -- that Man's been a hunter for the past half-million years, say,  
 + and isn't about to change. Get out to the stars with that and you'll  
 + have nobody seeking nice Sol-type suns which conveniently happen to have  
 + Earth-type planets. You'll have 'em go out and build planets to suit.  
 + You'll have interstellar culture with a credit rating based on starship  
 + cargos enroute, so everybody's debts are paid up maybe a thousand years  
 + to come. Government without taxation. Or what would you? It's a real  
 + frontier. You can draw starmaps of it. But you've got to see more  
 + than the stars. If you can't, better stay home. Are we agreed, Fritz?



Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave-Surbiton, Surrey:

By now I guess you will have seen Rick and found out that he is quite determined not to stand. He has been very firm about it in his letters to Ella and I, and of course we dare not argue with him too much..after all he might be right in thinking our climate would do for him. At times it almost does for me. We are disappointed naturally and I'm wondering..what happens now?

Have you thought of Wally Weber?

- + All that's needed is (1) make him agree (2) get five fans' signatures
- + and \$5, and (6) write a 100-word nomination. Anyone interested? I
- + would personally be more in favor of someone on the East Coast, as
- + long as we can't boost that TAFFund. But -- Wally Weber, huh???

\* Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif.: \* \* \* \* \*

\* After writing two pages of a longhand first-draft letter to you in \*  
 \* response to SNEARY FOR ENGLADN IN '64!!!, being very enthusiastic and \*  
 \* getting carried away by numerous possibilities, I got around to mentioning \*  
 \* that I was enclosing some money, and giving directions for the disposal \*  
 \* of it should Rick not accept. But I decided that it was silly to do all \*  
 \* that writing when a simple phone call would settle the thing. So I called \*  
 \* Southgate -- for the first time, I realized with something of a shock. \*

\* As he said, his refusal was not a "No, Never!" one, it was "I can't-- \*  
 \* now." I don't know if his health is improving (in the long run) or getting \*  
 \* worse; if the latter, then he'll never go. As I see it, the problem is one \*  
 \* of having enough money to hand him sometime when he does feel in good \*  
 \* health, and has a reasonable expectation of remaining that way for a month \*  
 \* or two. This pretty well rules out TAFF; he can't count on going to make \*  
 \* the convention at a specific date. \*

\* Ok. What are the chances of a special fund, to be given to him to be \*  
 \* used when and if he feels like making the trip? What are the chances that \*  
 \* London and Liverpool, at least, will put on small regional conventions \*  
 \* whenever he gets there? What are the chances of getting the \$1500.00 (at \*  
 \* least) that he'd need for a month or so in England? I'm not a very active \*  
 \* fan, or very talented at money-raising, but I'd be willing to do what I \*  
 \* could. Would he be willing to have such a fund started in his name, with \*  
 \* the understanding, perhaps, that if he should not be able to use it, the \*  
 \* monies would be turned over to TAFF to send two candidates sometime? \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Note to TED ENGEL: It's just occurred to me that I can't fit your letter into this space, much less answer it. So like it or not (and I don't) I am going to have to hold it 'til nextish. You are an Oldtime Fan, Sir; and you write a First Letter like fandom used to know when Don Wollheim and Sam Moskowitz were young, and which has virtually become a lost art. Salud.

AND NEXT MONTH it gives comments on  
the Old Taffers' Club  
and, more specifically, on TAFF. You  
know that's you, Rosemary, and you &  
U. Ethel, your TAFF comments will be  
better there; and yours, too, Ronald  
McKnight. Evahbody into the pool.

THIS IS g2 which is had for cashonly  
as per the Subrates below  
so (1) we do not trade for other fmz,  
(2) we do not give free copies for LoC  
or article or artwork contribution, &  
(3) we can't use articles or artwork  
anyway. Bruce Pelz, you ain't tough  
enuff to be as tough as me. It takes  
practice and a good, strong wife....  
like, Robbie took judo lessons.

Subscription rates:

Stateside: 3/25¢, 6/50¢ or 12 for \$1

Europe: 3 for 1/9, 6 for 3/6 and 12  
for 7/-; or the equivalent to:

European Agent:

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

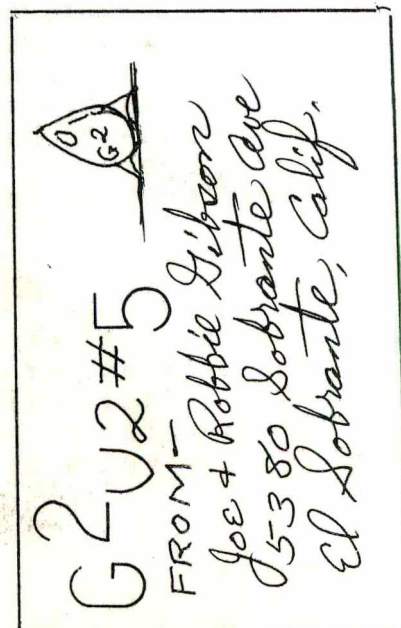
REMIND ME to tell you about the time  
Robbie took judo lessons--  
or is that one I've already told??

- (✓) You subbed for 5 more g2's.
- ( ) Your sub has expired, now.
- ( ) Anyway, it's getting about that  
time...
- ( ) This is a sample copy.

IT DOES SEEM that 15 pages, no more &  
no less, is just about  
the right size for g2. Or it seems so  
to me. Do the rest of you agree? And  
yes, I know -- published monthly.



ROSEMARY HICKEY  
2020 MOHAWK  
CHICAGO 14, ILL.



PRINTED MATTER

RETURN REQUESTED

ans. 1/31/63