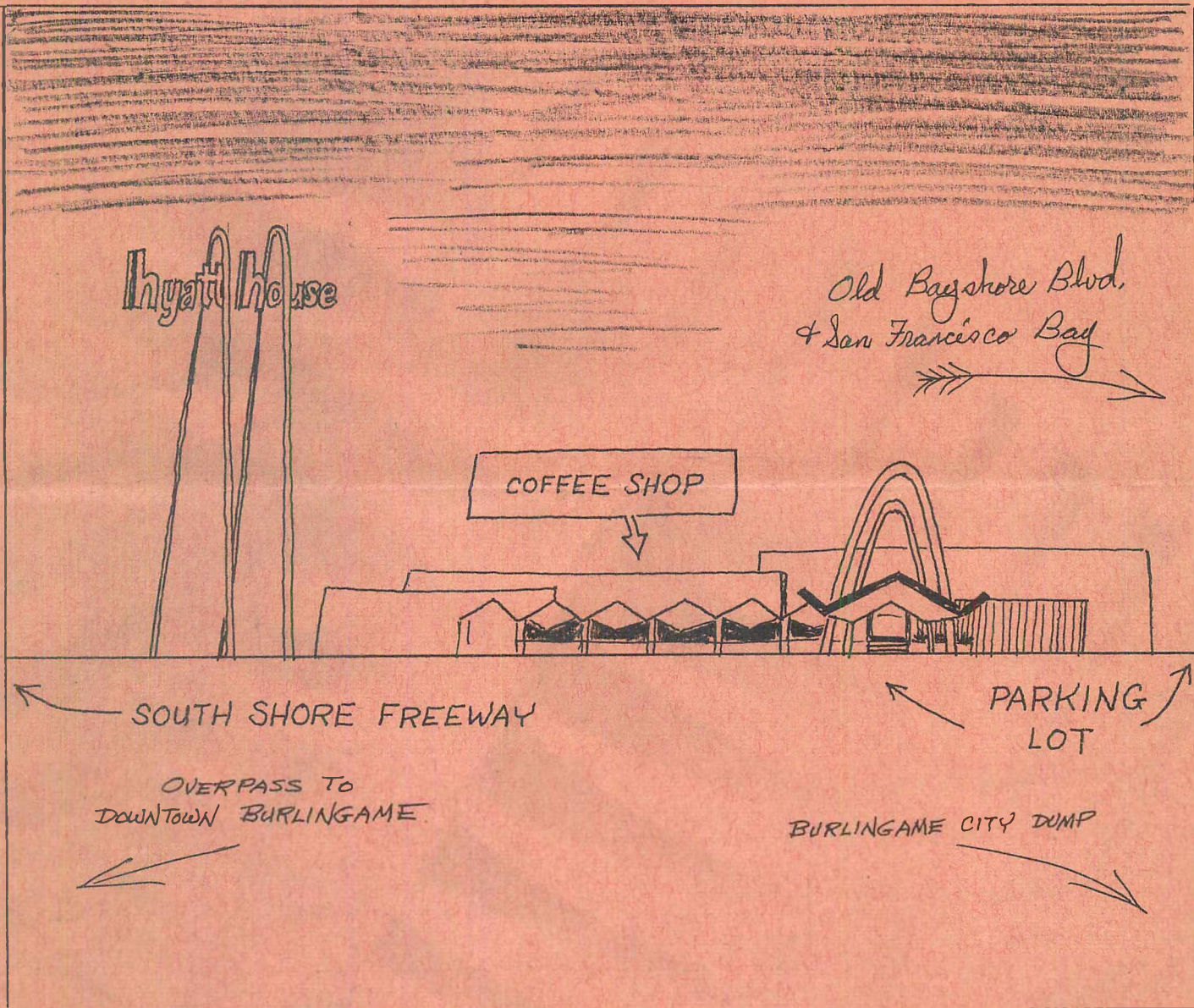
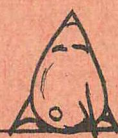


G2

Vol. 2 No. 8

May 1963



WESTERCON IN JULY -- and the '64 WORLDCON IN OAKLAND!

THIS BEING A REPORT ON BOTH SITES CHOSEN WITHIN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

g2 is the fanzine that started all this business of ca\$h subscriptions rather than free-fanzines-for-favored-fans-only. Remember? Some of those favored fans called me a dirty capitalist and I called them a bunch of bastards and derided some favored-fan fanzines. Why, Bergeron even cut me cold from WARHOON's list! Tsk. I suppose I should be forgiving&forgetful.

Like some other fmz now, you can get g2 regularly for money. You may also get a free sample copy at very irregular intervals, if it suits me, which will cost you nothing -- but if I overlook you sometime, that's just rough.

Subscription rates:

Stateside: 3/25¢, 6/50¢ or 12 for \$1
Europe: 3 for 1/9, 6 for 3/6 and 12 for 7/- to:

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England

But if you're a greenhorn newcomer to fandom (that's a neofan, chum) be assured that your money's just as good as anyone else's, around here. We play no favors.

Home office is: Joe&Robertta Gibson
5380 Sobrante Ave.
El Sobrante, Calif.

() You sub'd for ____ more g2's.

() Your sub has expired, now.

(✓) This is a sample copy.

NOISE

The Trimble, John & Bjo, are up to their pointy ears in a new house, somewhere in south LA. So they're undoubtedly too preoccupied to respond with more than speechless shock when I express my thanks, here, for that most charming gift last Xmas.

It is the damnedest ashtray I ever thot I'd see.

It has, so help me, a Gibson Coat of Arms!!! In technicolor yet. Not only that, there's a pageful of nonsense included on a sheet of Antique Stock, headed YOUR FAMILY ORIGIN AND COAT OF ARMS, all about how I am related to Joe Gilbert or maybe Gilbert & Sullivan and what all that stuff means like, with the helmet and birds and whatnot.

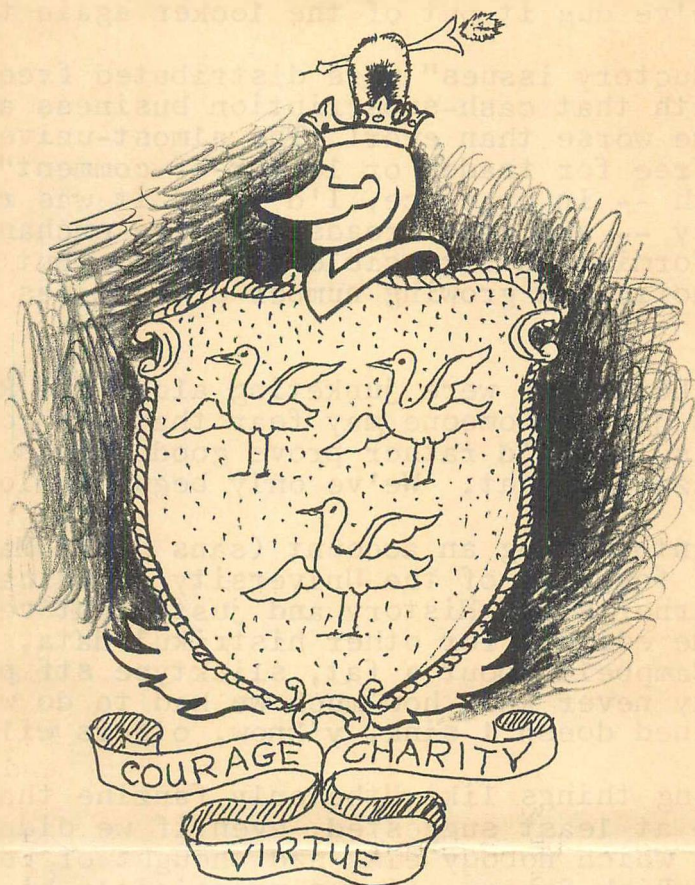
I can't begin to do it full justice here, of course. The shield is blue, the helmet and birds are gray, the thing on top with the arrow are red, the rope and crown and banners are gold. The poopsheet describes it with terms like:

"Arms: Azure, three storks wings expanded argent."

And those pigeons actually look more like storks in our ashtray. Of course, the reason for storks is that Gibson is a fine, old bloodthirsty Norman

Conquest name and those damned storks were always nesting in the tops of the Norman towers, so storks eventually became the symbol for those towers and them dirty Norman characters. Yet another reason for Gibsons using storks could've been to signify flight -- you'll note which direction that arrow came from!?? The way they explain this in heraldic-sounding terms is "Crest: Out of a coronet, a lion's gamb (that's a catspaw, son) holding an arrow gules, feathered or," which leaves me wondering "feathered or what?" but no doubt this is some reference to mediaval-type plonkers.

But I suffer no doubt from an undue amount of family prejudice in my attempts to fully appreciate this Coat of Arms. My branch of this no doubt honored family can be traced only back to my Texas grandfather, who was either hung by the Texas Rangers or got killed in a gunfight in Laredo -- nobody really knows which, tho I personally favor the latter since the old devil sired 13 kids (my daddy was a fifth) and it must finally have made him a bit slow on the draw.



Robbie's comment is that at least the fans who don't know me personally won't believe a word of this. But the fact remains that the relatives I have in West Texas are the damnedest bunch of border riffraff, jailbirds, fence-cutters and chicken thieves who ever breathed. So when I see our family coat is strictly for the birds and festooned with all that hemp rope, it just about doubles me up with outrageous mirth.

Of course, any claim I'd have to that Coat of Arms is about as fantastic as you could get. This leads to an extremely disturbing thought by association -- it's much, much more fantastic than. . . need I go on? Need I mention the Knights of St. Fanthony??

D'you see why this croggles me?

That blasted family crest has a coronet! In short, there's a baronetcy in the deal at least, if not a dukedom; and this means that even if, by some fantastic perchance, I was ever offered knighthood in the Order of St. Fanthony, I couldn't accept -- because I outrank 'em!!! Worse yet, I could bestow knighthood, myself!

And how d'you like them apples, Sir Rone1?!

Ghod, I can see it now -- "I dub thee Sir Tucker! Arise."

Hawwww-w-w-w-w!!!

But enuff of this utter nonsense. I have something serious to discuss this month regarding some of the things I have done and intend to do in

FOUR

prowling the Fannish Main with this gunboat zine. So far, we've packed quite a few goodies in the hold and up the fo'c'stle and 'thwart the Captain's gig. Like back in June '61 when we launched this frigate, and a Westercon Committee was planning the "Baycon" for the Hotel Leamington in Oakland, we came off with the only Bay Area Fan Map fans had ever seen. It was liked so well, we've dug it out of the locker again this month.

Our first 3 "introductory issues" were distributed free. With the 4th issue, tho, I came up with that cash-subscription business and, man, some fans wanted to scuttle me worse than ever! The almost-universal policy for fanzines then was the "free for trades or letter-of-comment" policy which I just didn't go along with -- in practice, I'd found it was really a "free to favored-fans-only" policy -- and some broadsides were exchanged with those who denounced my nonconformist and irascible attitude. But things do change. In recent months, I've noticed a growing number of fanzines coming out with cash-sub policies.

But it wasn't long before we were junketing along the Ridge, with star-charts and all that jazz. Someone may fear that I'm going all sercon and far out with this, but I'd rather prove good stf is stuff you have fun with -- by doing prezactly that. We've only begun exploring that coast.

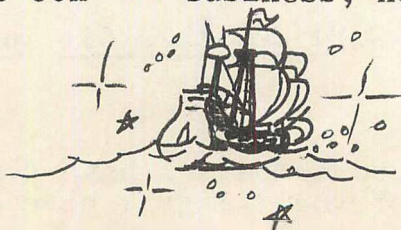
We jolted Ed Wood into giving an account (sans Black Mass -- but we got that in, too) of the founding of the University of Chicago S-F Club, which landed in Harry Warner's Fan History and just might've jolted him into asking other fanzine editors for other histrikul data, as he did in HORIZONS. We hailed JWCampbell about a fat, slicktype stf prozine paid for by advertising and we may never know how much we had to do with that! If that goldship he's launched doesn't sink, y'know, others will follow.

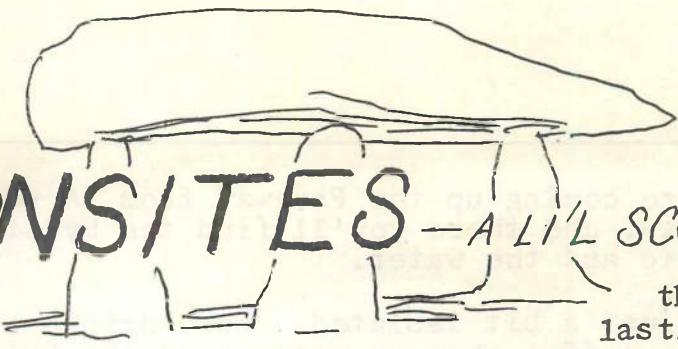
And amidst publishing things like "the only fanzine that discusses Bob Tucker's .38 Regular" we at least suggested, even if we didn't write a book about it, a slant on psi which nobody else had thought of before. When we offered the TAFF trip to Rick Sneary, it was practically his for the taking (anyone could've "taken" TAFF then, while fandom slept) and Rick's refusal woke up the town to find us in the harbor with our guns rolled out. What would've happened if we had said nothing, done nothing? I don't mean that TAFF now has candidates; others deserve all the credit for that. And the Chicago convention gang didn't donate a penny of their proceeds to TAFF, so it's short of cash now, and none of its other problems have disappeared. But those goodly fans who can do something for TAFF are showing some life, now. Without that crew, it's a dead hulk, a menace to navigation. And I ask ya, who woke 'em up?

Then, last month, we put a few rounds of grapeshot into modern stf without once mentioning "the good, old days" or "sense of wonder" and blamed it on Sam Moskowitz didn't instantly renew his subscription!

And that's not bad for a couple years of pubbing a fanzine. It's not a campaign that'll win fan-polls and influence Hugo Award nominations, but it sure do beat commenting-on-apa-mailings! It's the way I want to keep on charting our course, too. So let's have nobody making noises like I should champion the cause and lead the crusade and shepherd the flock (WHO you calling a shepherd?) and build the roads that lead fandom to the Promised Land! You want that jazz, you gotta dig some other cat!

Now, let's haul up the hook and get out for a li'l scouting and recon -- or maybe I should say "pre-con" -- business, here.....





THE CONSITES -- A LIL' SCOUTING TRIP

that was mentioned lastish, to find out just what sort of place we'd be getting into for this July 4th's Westercon and next year's World Con, led Robbie and me on a wild weekend junket around the Bay Area and into all sorts of fannish fun&games. First of all, we learned we had two sites to investigate rather than just one.

And of course, we learned about this from Bill Donaho. The moment we discovered he was making home-brew again, we took back the thirty-one empty bottles (less five that exploded) left from the last batch we had for our painstaking laboratory tests & analysis. Big Bill told us we were wrong, lastish, in saying both cons would be held at the Hyatt House. The Westercon will be held there, yes, but not the world con. For the world con, next year, they're going to get the Hotel Leamington in Oakland where the '61 Westercon was held. The Hyatt House is just too small for a world con -- at least, this Hyatt House in Burlingame is. Both the Hyatt House and the Leamington managements are offering them very good deals. And the Leamington, Bill tells us, has been renovated.

So we planned to take off on a Saturday to explore these sites -- but it didn't quite work out that way.

The first part of the plan went like clockwork. I even got Robbie pried out of the San Francisco Farmers' Market with the Fiat's back seat no more than half filled with fresh produce, and we barrelled on down the South Shore Freeway to Burlingame and looked over the Hyatt House. It looked good, and it didn't, depending on who you are. Most fans will undoubtedly have a ball there.

This jazzy two-level motel is just barely large enough to surround a full-sized swimming pool, a postage-stamp putting green and some paved walks so narrow two people have to be contortionists to get past each other, especially if one of 'em is a waiter with a trayload of drinks. The rooms on both levels all face on this pool area with glass walls and sliding doors. (Single: \$12. Double: \$14. And \$4 extra for a third person.) There's a plush dining room you can't get into without wearing a tie, and you'll pay for the privilege; upstairs, there's a Chinese beanery with, Al haLevy tells me, an exquisite cuisine and service that's even more expensive. And there's a 24-hour coffee shop. Robbie and I had brunch there, and it's the kind of a joint that garnishes your ham&eggs with a sprig of parsley and slice of orange tossed on the grill long enuff to look dead. I am highly suspicious of such places, which generally seem incapable of hiring anybody who can cook an egg, but what we had was passably good. The prices are just within reason if you stretch it a little.

You can see I'm not a member of the Westercon Committee.

The location of this Taj Mahal is between the South Shore Freeway and the Bay -- and F.M. Busby will probably end up in Burlingame getting to it, so I'd better tell you about Burlingame, too. This town was originally spelled m-o-n-e-y and maybe it isn't just resting on its laurels now -- it has the only Goodwill Store we'd ever seen where used golfclubs and champagne buckets vied with the usual display of California antiques, and every third book in the used-paperback section was Peyton Place. The "Burlingame-Broadway" turnoff from the Freeway leads directly into the town's single main street, all five blocks and three liquor stores of it, and the only way you can possibly avoid this if you're coming down from the airport or San Francisco is to make a sharp left turn at exactly the right moment, getting on the overpass that goes back over the Freeway.

Of course, if you're coming up the Freeway from LA you'll turn off on the Bayshore side anyway, and there you'll find the Hyatt House smack between the whizzing traffic and the water.

This makes it just a bit isolated. Now, drinks are served at the poolside and in the coffee shop as well as in the bar and this could be one helluva drinking convention for those who have money, but I can think of some lush types to whom this isolation poses a definite hardship. So I have pitted my superb genius against this obstacle and come up with a solution: those who attend the con to lap up hooch in their rooms must simply have one character in the crowd with an empty gasoline can. If the whole pack of 'em tries to hike across the overpass to Burlingame to patronize a liquor store, they'll probably get picked up. But if they have one guy who can make it out swinging a gas can, he'll be able to pack in the supplies to keep the party alive.

Other than the Hyatt House, there's just a mile-or-so stretch of the old Bayshore Boulevard running along the shore with some new crackerbox office buildings and a Thunderbird Motel at the far end. Down at this end, there's the Burlingame City Dump with a big poster outside which implies that not only is garbage verboten, but only the very best class of trash is permitted in there.

In fact, the only thing we really didn't get to check out was the bar. It wasn't open, this being the shank side of 11 ayem, and so we didn't get any info on the scantily clad barmaids. Alva Rogers assured us, however, that they are. The only reason I was at all interested, in the first place, was for the benefit of that certain bunch of dirty pros who've come up in Shaggy's lettercol of late. This all began when a youngster named Dave Fox got a real peeve on at last year's Westercon when he thought that great man, Dr. Al HaLevy, had snubbed him. Now, Al's the one guy I know who can seem snobbish as King Farouk while trying his damndest to be ingratiating -- and around here, he competes with some experts in snobbishness -- but who d'you think is fandom's biggest sucker for snob-appeal? Yep, Al haLevy. So I'm not amazed that young Fox got bushy-tailed about Al, nor would I censure him for blowing off before finding out if he had anything to blow off about. Even the oldest of oldtime fans do this, and Don Wollheim has done his best to prove it.

For years, fan conventions have taken proper advantage of that breed of dirty pros who are always "down in the bar" where they belonged. The con hotels always expect to make a certain percentage of their profits off the bar sales and these dirty pros take care of that. Most fans have better sense than pay bar prices for their hooch, but not these guys. Furthermore, they're generally a bunch of creeps -- Don Wollheim names one, Gordon Dickson, and I'll name a better one, Ted Sturgeon -- and we've been very happy they keep to their own, exclusive little company where we don't have to bother with 'em. Now, with blissful ignorance, Wollheim would drag these creeps out of the bar and into our midst.

I think they'll like the Hyatt House bar.

Finally, Robbie and I dressed for this jaunt with some thought as to how most fans dress at a convention. I had on suit trousers and a blue-and-white sportshirt and handstitched moccasins; Robbie wore black pedal-pushers, blouse and car coat, and her little pointy-top shoes. And that Saturday morning, I was practically the only guy in that coffee shop who wasn't wearing a complete business suit, tho a few of 'em didn't have their ties on. Methinks this caravansarie caters to a much snootier type of customer than maybe the Hyatt House in Seattle, which is after all the Pacific Northwest where men in shirtsleeves aren't considered to be appearing in public half-undressed. And just looking about me, and thinking about that, I suddenly realized that the Ban The Bombs, Bongos, & Bit Uv The Ol' Pod Set would fit into these surroundings about as well as a bunch

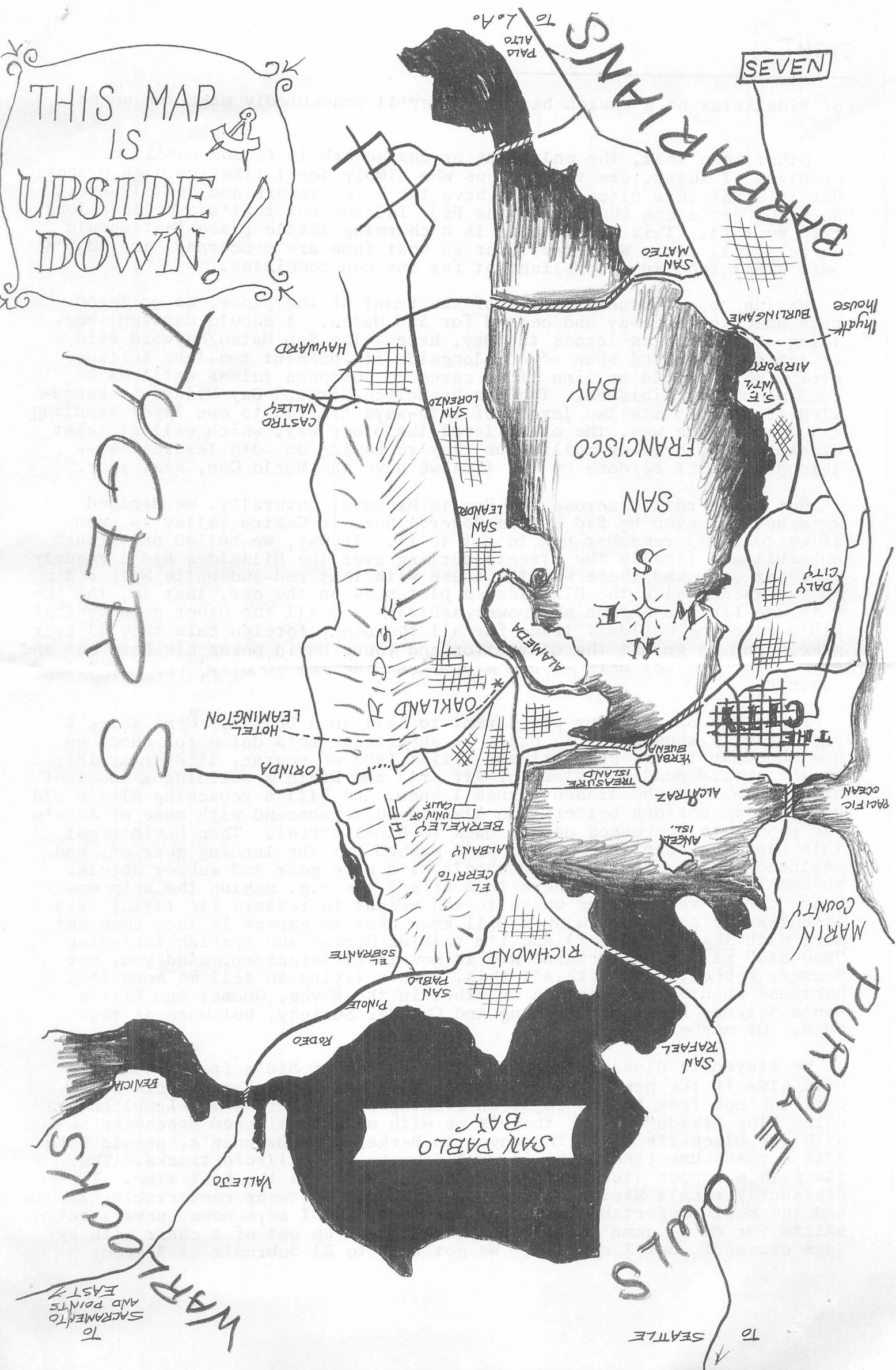
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Hyatt House

BURLINGAME

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THE CITY

PACIFIC OCEAN

MARIN COUNTY

PURPLE OUTS

to SEATTLE

to L.A.
PALO ALTO

SAN PABLO BAY

RICHMOND

SAN PABLO

PINOLE

RODEO

VALLEJO

BENICIA

SAN RAFAEL

ALCATRAZ

ANGEL ISL.

TREASURE ISLAND

BUENA VISTA

ALAMEDA

OAKLAND

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UNIV. OF CALIF.

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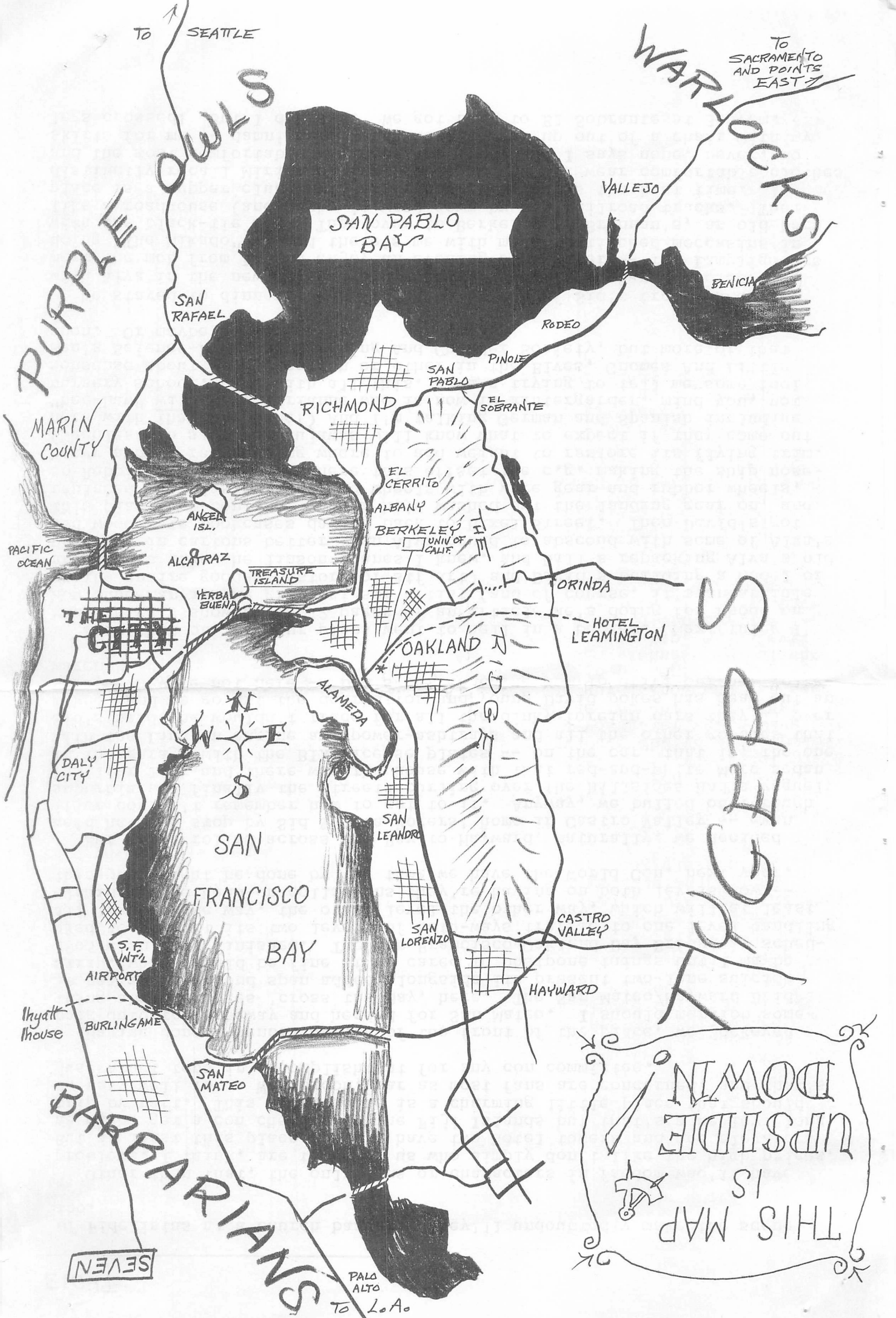
CASTRO VALLEY

HAYWARD

SAN MATEO

PALO ALTO

TO L.A.



EIGHT

of Fidelistas at a church bazaar. They'll undoubtedly make the scene, tho.

Other than that, the only fans or characters in fandom who'll have problems, I think, are those of us who simply don't like the high prices. But at least this place doesn't have two hotel towers and one elevator. We might get a con cheaper in the Fiji Islands but that's a hellova long trip by raft. This Hyatt House is a charming little place that should do very well for a Westercon, far as most fans are concerned, and that's just about tops in accomplishment for any con committee.

Having done a pencil sketch of the front of the place, we jockeyed back onto the Freeway and headed for San Mateo. I should mention something about bridges 'cross the Bay, here. The San Mateo/Hayward Bridge is getting a second span added alongside its present two-lane suicide strip, which would be fine if we cared to postpone things until maybe 1965 when it's finished. The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge is scheduled to convert its two levels of both-ways traffic to one level handling all traffic one way, the other level the other way, which will at least eliminate the head-on collisions they're having on both levels now -- this just might be done by the time we have the World Con, next year.

But as we rolled across the Bay to Hayward, naturally, we decided we'd have to stop by Sid & Alva Rogers' home in Castro Valley -- even if we couldn't remember how to get to it. Anyway, we bulled on through suburbia and finally the streets curling over the hillsides had a vaguely familiar look and there was the house with that red-and-white Merc sedan in the garage with the BIX license plates -- on the car, that is, the one with the Lincoln engine and power-ashtrays and all the other goodies that Sid's said she wouldn't trade for all the dinky foreign cars they'll ever make. And we go hit the doorbutton and young David pokes his head out and says, "They're not here -- Dad's out teaching Mom to drive our new Volkswagen!"

From then on, all our plans went to hell in a bucket. Next thing I know, Alva's showing me 12 pages of an article he's doing for Rhodo on how Shneeman is the greatest stf artist (and of course, it's an article on the entire goddam history of stf art) and David's building a model of an Aeronca like the liason planes I knew, and Bill's repacking Alva's old prozines in cartons better than Alva could to abscond with some of Alva's old woodcrate bookcases dating back to Bixel Street. Then David's got this plastic U-control trainer he'd washed out the landing gear on, and replaced the plastic gear and wheels with wire gear and rubber wheels, so Robbie's showing him where this offset the c.g. making the ship nose-heavy and we're figuring where to add weight to restore its flying trim. (Needless to say, the Kujawas will know what to expect if they come out here with that airplane!) And I'm talking German and Spanish including "hee-haw" with Miss Adrienne who is now in kintergarden, mind you, not nursery school. And with all this, Alva's trying to tell me some fool nonsense about some election or other in the Elves, Gnomes And Little Men's Science-Fiction, Marching And Chowder Society, but more of that anon. Or maybe I shouldn't.

We stayed to dinner. Robbie pulled on one of Sid's frocks and rode with Alva in the new VW, and Sid rode with me, up to San Francisco to meet the mob from LA and enjoy an evening of theater -- the Lamplighters doing "The Mikado" -- and there's me with my handstitched moccasins in with the black-tie set! Then over to Berkeley to Brennan's, an old barn like a roadhouse (and maybe it was) down by the railroad tracks. The place is a supper club until after hours, which is the best time. I distinctly recall Miriam saying people should all wear comfortable clothes and the most comfortable would be the toga, and I says nope, never, no skirts for me -- damn' if I wanna have to get up out of a chair with my legs crossed! But I digress. We got back to El Sobrante at 3 aym.

Tho I'm usually up around 5 ayem workdays, I couldn't see that Sunday morn 'til around 8ish, and consuming a couple 9-cup pots of black coffee helped sort out the impressions of the previous day. There was the incident involving Ben Stark, whom Robbie's inadvertently sent a check for some book or other not once, but twice, perhaps a year ago -- neither of them noticing it until both checks had cleared. Ben reminded Robbie of it, and Robbie requested a copy of THE HOBBIT sometime.

So when we get over to Brennan's afterward, there comes Ben Stark with a HOBBIT and -- since that didn't quite cover the pot -- a thin volume of Tolkien's ADVENTURES OF TOM BOMBADIL. He'd come over to Berkeley, gone all the way up to his house in the hills (practically into El Cerrito where Big Bill lives) and brought those books back down to Brennan's for her. It doesn't surprise me too much that Ben's a real workhorse on this Westercon Committee. It always seems to require that nice a guy to be that good a man.

There was Ed Meskys, too, who'd rather surprisingly arranged this one-niter (with the inimicable Al Lewis handling the LA end of it) for the thirty of us -- surprising to me simply because Meskys got back to the West Coast only a short time ago. Ed informed me that people in BSFA had asked him to bring their regards, and someone had given him their name&address (he'd lost it) asking me to write. (Who was it, Sam?)

The noon mail brought notice from Sunset View Cemetary that the bronze plaque was in place on my mother's grave (as I've implied before, we still have personal&financial problems around here; if they ever settle down, we'll tell you when) so we stopped by to check that on our way into Oakland and (remember?) the Hotel Leamington.

When the Baycon was held here in '61, this impressed me as the typically ratty hotel in typically ratty Oakland, with yellowed walls and dusty drapes and tired potted-plants in the lobby -- not surprising in the dirty, trash-littered city Oakland is, in a neighborhood with grime-windowed, hole-in-the-wall snooker parlors and suchlike. Sid Rogers told me frankly she didn't like the hotel or the neighborhood, and she wished the committee (whom she refers to as "the W.C.") had done better for next year's world con.

I'm very happy to report that they have! Fact is, not only has the Leamington been renovated into a good, comfortable hotel, but that whole neighborhood's been subjected to rezoning and face-lifting until it looks clean and tidy and the snooker parlors and other joints are gone. We'll go back again, next year, and give a full report on this site as it is then, but I believe we have a convention hotel that equals those rare ones fans remember fondly from past conventions.

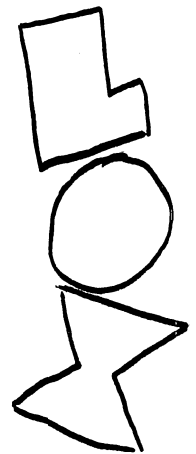
Finally, Alva showed me a copy of the Westercon program they'd tentatively drawn up and are trying to fulfill. At first glance, I noted the inevitable preponderance of panel-discussions and suchlike that always plague these things -- then I saw what the panel-discussions were about, and who they wanted on 'em, and got a hellova shock! And I saw the fine print of things wanted between panels, and got blasted with the other barrel! Naturally, this won't be the program they'll end up with, fate and human nature being what they are, but it's obvious that Rogers, Stark, haLevy and Donaho have enough on the ball to formulate a damned good plan. They'll learn plenty about putting a plan to work with this Westercon. And for the world con -- yep, you're way ahead of me!

It's beginning to look good. Real good.

- + Things still haven't picked up much around here; once
- + a lettercol looses ground, it's slow to regain it. We
- + have a fair turnout, tho, of letters which simply can-
- + not go unpublished. Lessee, now, there's---

SID BIRCHBY, 40 Parrs Wood Ave., Didsbury, Mnchstr 20:

First off, Robbie, your article on Flying was a beauty. I suppose you've given up all thoughts of flying these days? There's just that faint sad air of 'Ah, those were the days!' about the article that makes me ask that. At any rate, you write so feelingly about the thrill of flight that you remind me of one or two gliding enthusiasts I know. I know that if I had the chance, I would dearly love to have a stab at gliding. To me, gliding would be much more of an attraction than power flying. And for the same reason that some men prefer sailing to cabin-cruising. At least, partly. The fact is that there seems to be something euphoric about gliding, soaring, wheeling silently in the air. The nearest we have approached to meeting the eagles on their own territory?



To a lesser extent, mountain climbing or even ridge walking gives the same feeling. When one reaches the top of Kilimanjaro after a three day safari, it's a breath-taking experience to look down through 20,000 ft. and think, 'Down there is pretty nearly the whole world. This is almost as high as anyone can get without breathing apparatus. This is the top of the world. From here, one could nearly step off into space.' (In fact, one foot wrong and anyone can step off into space, but that's another story.)

- + There are some few of us who have done a few wild things, rather than
- + just sit in our easy chairs and read about them. Others, that over-
- + whelming majority they are, may not envy us very much and undoubtedly
- + get thoroughly sick of hearing us talk about it. Robbie and I have no
- + business flying on our income! Now, why don't you just send off a few
- + bob to Colin, there, so you'll keep abreast of these things rather than
- + just having an occasional sample when I happen to see in some fanzine
- + you aren't fallen off a mountain somewhere, as yet?

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

Been a long time...sigh...back from Texas...struggling with this semi-gafia and not doing much good...feeling utterly vile and bitchy...anyone who has had or is having a duodenal ulcer knows why...the bi-yearly miseries...spring and fall it hits...and pass me the Gelusil. I should simply hibernate for 3 weeks...I wish I could.

(my kingdom for one good belch.)

Say there...recently I had a real live fan living just 27 miles up the road from our house...for 4 weeks whilst he learned the ropes of his new profession(store managing for Sears and Roebuck)...said fan being Lynn Hickman. Lynn came down one Friday evening...after getting a couple of beers into him I proceeded to pump him about you two fen...like 'what do they look like?' and 'what's your opinion of 'em, Lynn?' and so forth...need you ask...Lynn it seems thinks very highly of y'all. And I scored 50%...Robbie I envisioned all wrong as to her looks, hair color and all...you Joe I got correctly, or reasonably so...anyway you guys are Something Special I was told...not that I needed any convincing.

- + Yep. Just last week, I'm sitting there in the Rogers' living room and
- + Alva tells me the trouble he has convincing people that in person I'm
- + not at all the dirty bastard I am in print! Them's his very words.
- + Do you think I should try to be sweet in my fanzine, Betty?

BettyK on the horn:

So TAFF is rolling along after all...Wally, Pelz, MZB...I'm for Wally, I'd like to see him out of the country. And in the next years race I am overjoyed to learn from Eric that Byron Terence Jeeves is running...and I am all for that! Providing I get to keep him for good when he stops by here to visit. Life has been good to me...I've had Blla and Eric here, I spent a goodly wonderful time with Ethel in Chicago...now if Terry wins ..gee whiz...Tony Glynn keeps saying he WILL make it over, he tells me this every spring...for 9 years he's been saying this. My one sorrow is that I doubt that Colin Freeman will ever get here...obviously some day I've gotta go there for Colin...can see him now pulling up the covers trying to hide. Then there is Bob Smith in Australia...dammit, but I hope some day he will be a TAFF winner...the added attraction of bringing Ritsuko along should swing it. Now there is a gal! If you've not seen her photo I'll bring one along to the Westercon.

+ Yesssss, prease! Betty, you're a fanzine fan. Compare your comments
+ here with Lin Carter's farther on; Lin's a fanclub fan. There's some-
+ thing darned important here, and I'm going to explore it in a couple
+ months or so. Got some stf&nonsense to romp thru, first.

Kuj was looking at the air maps...here to Fargo(for Wrai) Fargo to---
what? Denver or Cheyenne? From those to Salt Lake? And Reno? Gino says
neither Ballard or Betty are fit for oxygen-rigs the length of time theyll
be needed along this stretch...gol-dunned Continental Divide..mutter mutter
mutter. Pretty silly tho to go down and do it the way we did pre-Xmas
time:Albuquerque to Phoenix...oh man that IS an experience though...a
single engined plane across that Divide...the ancient pueblo ruins, old
forts and ghost towns and all that nature in the raw...geeee.

Yes...Gene got the Instruments ticket...luckily we didn't know at the
time how hard this is supposed to be...did you, Robbie? Around here
only one out of fifty passed (and rightly so in most cases...a guy, say,
with only some 100 hours per year can't be 'up' on the technique enough
to safely and sanely fly this way.) In any event Gene passed that 6 hour
written exam(that some 70 to 80% flunk on the first try) a week before
one usually takes it..he got through the ten hours in the Link Trainer...
the two weeks flying round South Texas under a hood..the 2 hour oral
exam with the Government Inspector and then the gawd-awful two hour flight
test with some guy. The man?Grand Inquisitor had flunked out the 7 pre-
vious candidates, most of them bright young lads still acclimated to
school and homework and like that.

+ If anyone doesn't know it yet, you not only gotta have lots of ca\$h
+ but have plenty on the ball to handle the kind of sleek, powerful
+ ships in the kind of air traffic we have, these days. Either that
+ or live in the middle of nothing but cowpastures and spend a few years
+ building your own "experimental" ship in a barn, and don't plan to
+ stray too far from those cowpastures. Civilization -- gaaah! Yet
+ there are some guys who go out birddogging on an ADF and get the CAP
+ scouring the countryside for 'em becuz they forgot to mention they'd
+ changed their flightplan enroute, the radio in that other town had
+ such a much better disc jockey on. These guys should get invited into
+ a blind canyon someplace, but most of 'em usually find it eventually.

...and, yas, it did take me a long long time before I went up with
Gene..y'see I'd never been up in any plane before...and at that time we
owned an old Cessna and I was scared witless when we lifted off that
earth..."Land it!!!Let me back on the ground!" I howled...ask Gene...
tis true! I detested that Cessna...the noise it made..that overhead
wing.....t'wasnt till we got The Bird that I felt pleasure in flying...
the underwing made a whopping big difference..also by then I was navi-
gating and enjoying that end of it very much.

+ Gal, what you need is a li'l Stearman time! A Cessna noisy????

TWELVE

Head for the ditch, men, she's coming in!

Speaking of Negro districts or homes...for the past two years Negro groups here have had 'tours' and 'coffees' for Whites who'd like to really see the insides of Negro homes in our town and get to know Negroes here. Its gone quite nicely....

- + Sometimes I'm tempted to turn this zine into another VoM and publish every bit of every letter we get. But only sometimes. I like good lettercols and con reports and -- oh well, everyone doesn't. I have a note here from Bob Lichtman asking for some dope on the recent Berkeley Housing Ordinance voting. Maybe I'll go into that nextish but don't count on it; I've got enuff for the next 5 g2's that I could haul off and do a 100-page issue right now. That's too much.

RON BENNETT, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire:

I remember you two. You were a couple of that gang of leather black jackets standing around in Pershing Square who tried to get me to buy the Golden Gate Bridge. I played it pretty cool, I thought at the time. I didn't let slip that I knew you were a couple of sharpies. I'd already bought the Bridge the day before from Bill Donaho.

- + Shucks, if we'd known that we'd have sold you Bill!

I've been meaning to write you for ages, long before you cut me off your mailing list, but despite your plots I still manage to read and enjoy copies of G2 or G² or g2 or whatever you call that fanzine of yours. Why can't you find yourself a sensible title like Glockenspiel or something?

- + Hasn't "something" been used?

For some reason, I wanted to add my sixpennorth ((+collect it, Colin+)) to this TAFF business. You seem to be going pretty thoroughly into the raison d'etre of TAFF and possible improvements that could possibly be made to the set up behind the Fund.

During the days of my administration several of the questions raised in your correspondents' discussions were raised then and both Bob Madle (a man who seems to have taken more knocks than plaudits in connection with the Fund, most undeservedly) and I agreed that the Fund was "doing ok" and that there was no necessity to change the rules. And there were rules, too. I read recently that the rules have not been written up, which is not true. Ken Bulmer published them originally in a copy of his OMPazine Steam which had a wider circulation than that worthy apa and also they have been published elsewhere since, notably in Fanac. Perhaps the time is ripe for these rules to be published again somewhere. Time goes by at such odd rates that it is hard to realize that there are fans with us today who most certainly have never seen these rules in print.

First, though, the time may well be ripe to alter those rules. I have previously been of the opinion that there is nothing wrong with the Fund as it exists that could be improved and not create more problems than exist already. But in light of the recent apathy towards running for what I consider fandom's greatest honour, I must be wrong.

I think that the time has come for TAFF to pay a winner's total expenses, certainly when the delegate is from Britain and in the States. There is a big difference in rates of pay and standards of living, or rather cost of living, which should be considered. Ella Parker tells of Arthur Thomson who cannot be persuaded to stand for a TAFF election because he could not afford to go and I know this to be true. I also know of one British fan who recently stood in a campaign and lost. And he was pleased! Had he won the trip would have put him into debt for

Ron Bennett here:

years. When I travelled to the Solacon I was dependent upon the generosity and hospitality of many many fans who bought me meals and paid my motel expenses across country. My Stateside agent Bob Pavlat was kind enough to advance me cash against the account, which subsequently ran in the red for over two years after the trip. And at the time I was single and had few monetary responsibilities.

Rosemary Hickey makes an excellent point as far as I'm concerned about the TAFF reports being paid for by the Fund. When I returned to this country I was deeply in debt and by the time I was on my feet again and able to afford the materials for the report another delegate, Eric Bentcliffe, had made the trip. My report, Colonial Excursion, was eventually published. I ran 200 copies on estimates made from pre-publication orders and promises to buy copies from many many fans. To date I've sold about 80 copies. That's well over 100 copies still on hand here. Apart from taking up storage space, which is a personal gripe and doesn't really apply here, there is well over £30 lying there at the cost price of materials. Each copy cost me over 6/- to produce. There was an outlay of about £60 with a final return at publication price of £70, a profit for TAFF of a mere £10. But....at the present time I've still £30 plus, over \$100 tied up in unsold stock. I don't know whether Eric Bentcliffe has had the same trouble or whether Ethel will have it (her report came out this week and it's darn good), but, even though I may have my outlook coloured somewhat in the light of personal experience, I can't help feeling that the situation is a little unfair to a delegate.

I'm against an Old Taffers Club. It's a very nice status to attain, to strive for, if you're a young neo-fan with a promising career in front of you, but surely isn't the honour of the trip itself enough reward, enough honour? There are two issues here, a minor one that fans who will go down in the lists of all-time greats, people like Dick Bney, have not made the trip and accordingly wouldn't make the Club, and a major one in that this select band of ex-TAFF delegates, with their own "Club," would be the ultimate in organized snobbery. The first Pond Crossers did have their own "society" but later dropped it when there were other fans with the correct qualifications to join, probably because of the very reasons I've mentioned above. If "Old Taffers" are necessary in order to help TAFF, this can surely be done without an organised club. Ex-delegates can advise a successful candidate on conditions in the States, differences and snags to watch for, what clothes to take, etc etc. And they do, you know.

Still, we'll see where we get next Sunday at Peterborough. There is to be a discussion on TAFF and despite Ron Ellik's words in your February issue, we stand a good chance of having Britain's four TAFF travellers together at one time, an unusual state of affairs. Ethel and I will most certainly be attending the convention over Easter weekend. Eric Bentcliffe is a regular so I suppose he'll be going along and I have it on authority that there is a darn good chance of Ken Bulmer attending for the first time in-what-three years.

+ The above was not only typed on a yellowed sheet of old British Science
+ Fantasy Society stationery (gad, real antique stock!) but Ron also sent
+ along a couple of Sobranie cigarettes. I've been a bit reluctant to
+ try one without lab tests being run first, and Robbie says we'll frame
+ hers or something, but -- well, lessee now.....

+ Ahhhhhh ---so mild, so cool, so--y'know, we used to have a cigarette
+ called Spuds in Army K-rations that we'd save to smoke over the la-
+ trine ditch, two puffs and you couldn't smell a thing. This fag's
+ so dry it's burning out faster than I can smoke it! Tsk. There it
+ goes -- right down to the nub. There was that one latrine ditch I
+ remember, everytime I settled down to serious business that damned
+ Kraut battery would open up. Rather an exposed position.

FOURTEEN

+ I have slowly come round to sharing this attitude of Ron Bennett's
+ (and a number of other fans, as well) that no Old Taffers Club should
+ ever be organized. Now I'm awaiting a more comprehensive report on
+ what the nonexistent British branch of this club we shouldn't ever
+ allow has accomplished at Peterborough. The rumors filtering this
+ far around the Earth have been rather good, but sketchy. There's bad
+ moments ahead perhaps moreso for the new TAFF delegates, and their
+ supporters may have to do more than just get the fellows nominated,
+ but this can only be because we've let things ride this long, hoping
+ such problems would just go away if we ignored them. However, it's
+ looking as if we have aroused some people about this business who can do
+ some good; so perhaps I should take my procrastinating self out of
+ here and let them do it. Might be wise to consider that my part's done.
+ Quien sabe?

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

So I'll repeat what I said over the phone. In between helping make
Polarises I'm working on an idea of my own to make spaceflight cheaper--
the only trouble with it is that it was patented in 1842.

Back before WW2 when the world was young a few farsighted nuts dreamed
of spaceflight and patched together small rockets out of junk, guts and
imagination. Their vision was true and spaceship time has arrived and the
nuts have had their project taken away from them by the efficient, expert,
narrow specialists who never heard of Ley and Goddard and sneered at "Buck
Rogers stuff."

Some of the nuts are still around and some are well-paid and respected
because of their long experience in the field and because the space indus-
try has realized that people who can think original "way out" thoughts have
their place. Provided of course they are subordinate to a "practical" man
who can be trusted to keep his feet on the ground.

I heard a story about the man who brought Reaction Motors, Inc., out
the garage past the X-1. He sneered at von Braun's "Queen Mary" of the
late forties. Had some idea about converting a Japanese two-man sub (sur-
plus, of course) into a moon-ship cabin.....

So I was at a meeting of the Sacramento chapter of the American Rocket
Society listening to a nut give a talk. This boy was my kind of people--
maverick, original, mourning the good old days when the rocketeer was jack
of all trades instead of a collar behind a desk dictating reports while
swarms of specialists and union electricians handled equipment without a
speck of wonder. To try to get rid of some of this urge, Robert Truax,
past president of the ARS, started fooling with a new kind of rocket as
a hobby. A steam rocket, patented in 1842. His are made out of surplus
oxygen tanks. A properly rigged surplus WAC Corporal could take a sky
diver to 20,000 ft. more cheaply than a plane. Sängner is experimenting
with big ones in Germany and trying to figure out a use for them. For
total impulse delivered they are by far the cheapest rocket ever. This
was the part I couldn't get out of my noggin. A cheap rocket.

Someday lox and kerosene will propel rockets at a cost of around 2¢
per pound of mixture. Recoverable boosters will drop transportation costs
to less than ten dollars per pound in orbit. How about a fan moon fund
for '75? ((+Okay, who'll we send first?+)) As a practicing chemical
engineer I will eat my slide rule if I can't furnish the propellant for
a steam rocket for fifty cents per thousand pounds. That will buy a lot
of inefficiency. Every now and then in between ten zillion other acti-
vities I do a few optimizing calculations. At current hardware costs of
\$10 per pound per flight the idea is utterly insane. At the impossible
hardware cost of \$0 per pound it cuts the total cost of the first stage by
60%. (This is with one steam stage.) Of course we have the problem of

Zettel's Rocket Works, Also Boilers:

Handling a sphere 200 feet in diameter full of hot (450°F) water. I still think the idea has promise.

Campbell is right when he says spaceflight can be a paying proposition. He is wrong when he says it can't be done with rockets -- steam, chemical, plasma, ion, each in its proper place. The only thing is, with all those resources, who's gonna care about the underdeveloped countries? Could be that we are going to see the rich get richer and the poor get children on a grander scale than ever?

+ It may suffice to keep us at war for the next 500 years -- tho they might
 + not get around to calling this a war for these first hundred years or so
 + -- but there are other increments in this stew. I consider it solid food
 + for some really good stf, but I've only begun correlating my notes on
 + this aspect, as yet. Give me another six months' publication, here.
 + (I sort've plan to alternate fannish themes with stf themes each month.)

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago 14:

A most impressive g2 this trip...the everything most effective. Especially the size. ((+We're stuck with it for at least another 4 issues, maybe for keeps. I like room. But 3 staples it is, and we've cut back an inch--the multi machine left bottom-edge tracks on the full-size sheets.+) And your precis on the TAFF idea exchanges.....yes...

My impression...that communication lines in fandom vary every couple of years or so...but here, again, I may be guessing on too-feeble clues.

@#\$** - This is an intermezzo bit - my mind is working on three levels and therefore not at all effectively on any one. My worst sin is stalling writing to anyone until I'm at the office and can use the electric typer...and then things get rushed...and my "creativity" goes blah...or, rather, functions in another channel.

+ At the office, h'mm? This poses unexpected problems. I was about to
 + commission Lynn Hickman to go 'round to you and Betty Kujawa and file &
 + file those period-keys blank on both your typers. Gad, girl, don't it
 + rear back with the recoil when you start shooting like that?

Hurrah for your conclusion re: stf vs f-s....even in the beginning...when stories were so lamely written, the characters had involvement...however meager the characterization was...the problem affected the characters and how they responded to the "problem" made for some very interesting storytelling...or is my memory bad...

I hope a half-dozen experienced writers feel strongly enough about your definitive discussion to answer you. Their reactions should make very good reading.

+ I don't feel strongly enough about six writers to pay 5¢ a word. But
 + that was just a warm-up for what you'll see here nextish. Guess I've
 + just associated too long with wildeyed nuts like Len Zettel and--well,
 * look who's here! Why, it's the Very Same---

JIM CAUGHRAN, 538 No. State St., Ann Arbor, Mich.:

Thanks for your congratulations - we'll be in Berkeley this summer so you can meet my wife. What do you mean, make an honest man of me? You mean I won't let people tell atrocious lies of my behavior in far oof exotic Reno and things?

+ Like, you mean, why Robbie and Bjo still Recommend Jim Caughran???

SIXTEEN

Caughran's gassed:

I agree with you on science fiction; it should be speculative. Like that evening we spent discussing a culture in which across-the-galaxy trade was commonplace, and what it would mean for a person to make an order for stuff his great-grandson would receive and the like. This was fun; this is what I'd like to see more of in what I read (which, alas, is less and less stf and more and more schoolbooks). No, I didn't mean keep the TAFF stuff out of your mag ((+and you weren't the two guys I was talking about+))...

Small cars are built for European gasoline - one grade, low octane. Your break-in on the 500 may have increased compression to the point where it needed a slower burning gasoline, but in general, ethyl probably isn't healthy.

+ Your vote against legallength duly noted, too. I remember we killed
+ a jug that evening, and at one point our whole interstellar neighbor-
+ hood plus that next-nearest batch of stars off Polaris way were twin-
+ kling in the livingroom air before us, the blue-white giants winking
+ like diamonds, with thin lines of interstellar traderoutes woven among
+ 'em -- and I pointed you out that one world where each citizen at birth
+ had a credit rating good for five thousand years. But nextish, here,
+ I'm going deeper into it with something called THE ENGINE NOBODY THOUGHT
+ OF, and in the process I'll skin Isaac Asimov alive.

+ Now tell me why any good European car, using European gas, needs decar-
+ bonizing every 20,000 miles or so, while if it's shipped here and uses
+ American gas, it just needs a little burnout juice blown thru the carb
+ at maybe 50,000 miles and no American motorist ever heard of decarbon-
+ izing an engine. Also explain how even American regular gas builds up
+ carbon so slowly, it's best to take it easy on small European engines
+ the first few hundred miles at least, even on Volkswagens, or their
+ loose tolerances get knocked to hell without the carbon they were meant
+ to live with. Also, how the additives in even some American regular
+ gas can burn out carbon deposit, cylinder lining, piston heads and
+ valves right down to the stem on small European engines pushed too hard
+ by jokers trying to keep up with 400-horsepower Detroit barges. Also
+ how American cars on European gas will load up with carbon, stall and
+ quit or maybe size up and blow a rod, which happened to Army vehicles
+ even tho they were loose-built becuz the American kids driving 'em had
+ never heard of decarbonizing. After you tell me that, I gotta question.
+ What difference does any gas make if you don't know how to handle it?

LIN CARTER, Apartment 4-C, 2028 Davidson Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y.:

All this chatter about TAFF got me to thinking. I am one of those fans not interested in TAFF and I thot you might be interested (amused?) by reasons therefor ...

It boils down to the fact that various peoples are in fandom for various different reasons.

Since we're all in for different reasons, naturally lots of the troops are not interested in TAFF.

Now me, for example, fandom is a hobby with me and never a very active hobby at that. I have too many circles of friends, too many other hobbies and projects to be caught up in the personality cults. I'd rather read Paris Review than a dozen staplebound collections of fannish chitter-chatter. Sure, I like conventions -- fanclubs too (I'm host twice a month to the Fanoclasts, the Lupoff-White-Silverburg group) -- but the faaanish side of fandom lacks appeal to me. And to others of similar kidney.

So it's hard for me to understand -- or sympathize with -- the "Fandom

Lin Carter speaks truth:

Is a Way of Life" types, to whom TAFF is a burning issue. If you can figure out some way to enlist the interest of people like me, you've got the TAFF problem licked...

Apparently the FIAWOL types comprise a relatively small portion of fandom ... they seem bigger because they are noisier and because they generally (not always, but generally) are the ones who publish fanzines. Most people like me, holding down a good job (advertising copywriter for a publisher), with wide circle of hobbies, interests, friends &co., active love life or married -- just don't give that much of a damn.

This case history may be of interest and/or use to you in figuring out how to get more active support for TAFF.

- + Re the FIAWOL types who generally publish fanzines, someone may ask
- + if you mean like in APEX or whatever it's called. I've been around
- + a bit earlier than Fifth Fandom, so maybe I can verify something you
- + already suspect: TAFF and quite a few other things were created by
- + fanzine fans for fanzine fans, and never did interest much of fanclub
- + fandom. In fact, the two groups hardly know each other at all -- or
- + even that there are two such groups. I'm one of the few in both groups.

LEWIS J. GRANT, JR., 5333 Dorchester, Chicago 15:

What is this new size? This is carrying Campbellian orthodoxy too far! One thing I can say about the new size of Analog. I can roll it up and swat assorted animules with it. Analog to beat a dog, I say.

Here in Chicago we are having our own little birth control war. Fellow named Arnold Maremont who's temporary head of the Illinois Public Aid Commish wants to hand Pincus's pink pills for potent people out to such of the same as are collecting relief checks, including the unwed mothers of the 65,000 ~~was~~ unfortunate children we have so far (with more arriving every night). He is being called every name in the book, with new editions rushed to the firing line immediately. "Child murderer" is of type. Also involved is another feud with the downstate Republicans (mostly) who want to put a ceiling on relief payments, which now are so much per child. Herr Maremont got hot and shot off his big fat yap tonight; calling such Republicans anti-negro, etc., and the State Senate is going to reconsider his renomination to the permanent job. Hoo, boy!

- + I would publish your bit about joining
- + Planned Parenthood and maybe even the
- + pome, if you didn't give me ideas for
- + outstanding artwork like this. Now I
- + barely have footnote space to say we
- + also heard from Roy Tackett, and hey!
- + BETTY KUJAWA--let us know ETA when&
- + where, also if Wrai does come so I'll
- + know whether to wear a gun. Robbie's
- + at home, Sam -- I'm almost never at
- + the office -- and our DDD# is 415 -
- + 223 - 2167, but the automatic exchange
- + doesn't work most of the time so a
- + Richmond operator has to get you Capital
- + 3-2167. I can't direct-dial home half
- + the time from Berkeley! You, too, Caughran -- vamonos, amigos!



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