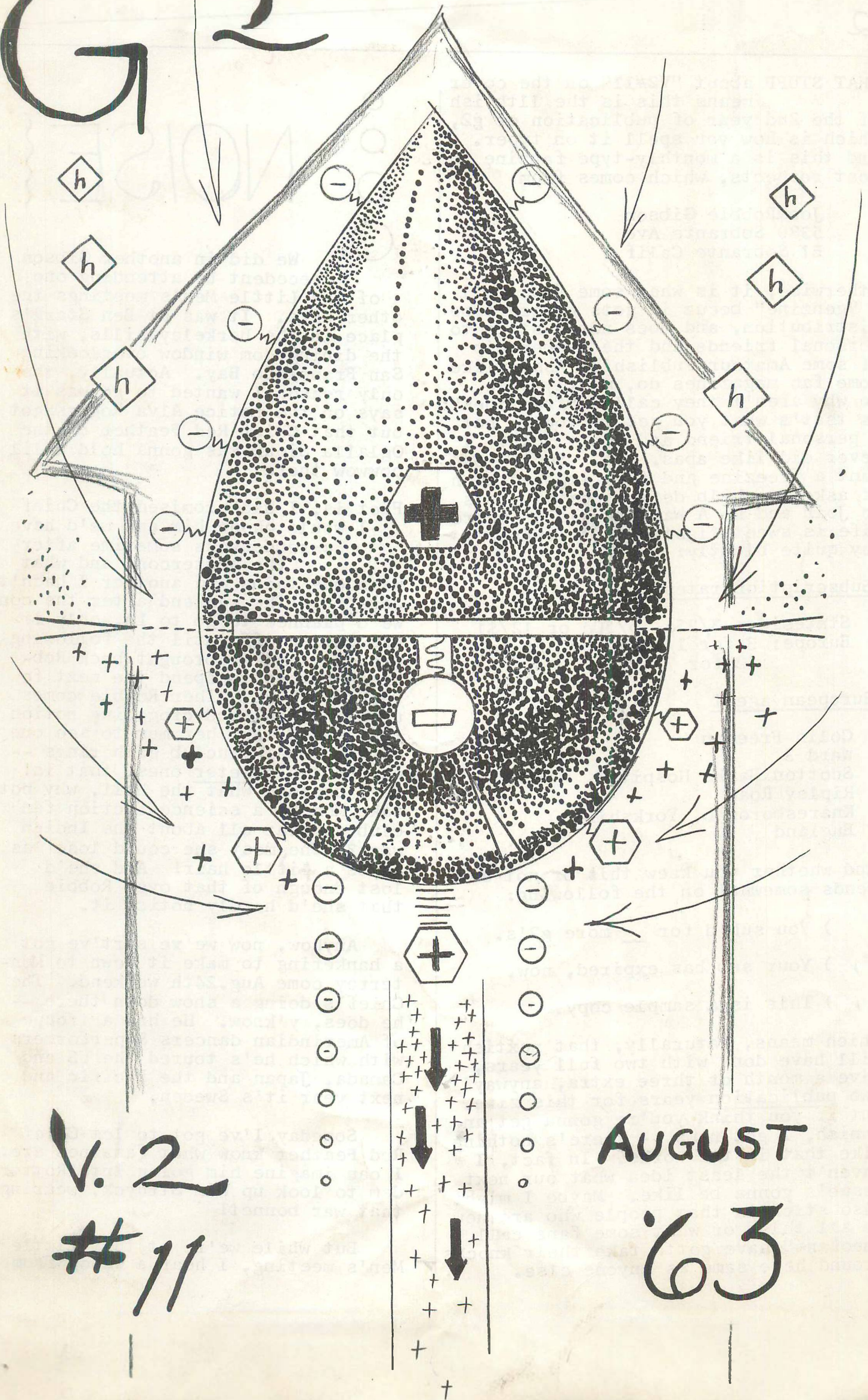


G<sup>2</sup>



V. 2  
# 11

AUGUST  
63



THAT STUFF about "V2#11" on the cover means this is the 11th ish of the 2nd year of publication of g2, which is how you spell it on typer. And this is a monthly-type fanzine in most respects, which comes from:

Joe&Robbie Gibson  
5380 Sobrante Ave  
E1 Sobrante Calif

Otherwise, it is what some fans call a "genzine" becuz it gets generaltype distribution, and does not just go to personal friends and the membership of some Amateur Publishing Ass'n like some fan magazines do, mostly free, so why aren't they called "freezines" as that's what you get if you're not a personal friend and Don't Join? I never did like apas, tho. So if you want a freezine and feel imposed upon if asked to help defray postal costs, go Join and Be A Waiting-Lister where life is sweet&lightly. Otherwise, I say quite bluntly:

Subscription rates are

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

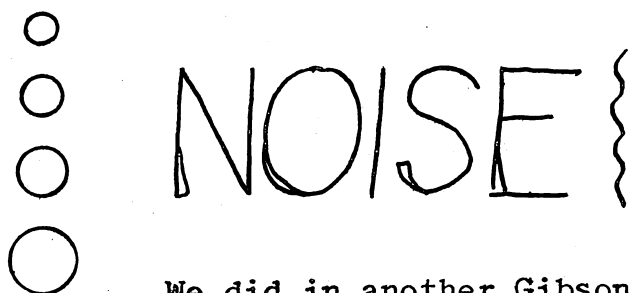
European agent

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

And whether you knew this or not depends somewhat on the following:

- ( ) You sub'd for \_\_ more g2's.
- (✓) Your sub has expired, now.
- (✓) This is a sample copy.

Which means, naturally, that nextish will have done with two full years, give a month or three extra, anyway two publication years for this zine. But if you think you're gonna get an Annish, I got news -- there's nothing like that in the works. In fact, I haven't the least idea what our next issue's gonna be like. Maybe I might also stick in that people who are new to all this, or what some fans call "neofans" have gotta take their knocks around here same as anyone else.



We did in another Gibson precedent by attending one of the Little Men's meetings the other nite. It was at Ben Stark's place in the Berkeley hills, with the diningroom window overlooking San Francisco Bay. Actually, the only reason I wanted to go was it says on the notice Alva Rogers got out that Chief Red Feather of the Oglalla Sioux was gonna hold a lil powwow there.

Fact is, I had promised the Chief I would phone him and we'd have a rendezvous sometime after the Westercon, and what with one thing and another I hadn't done it. The weekend after the con we'd planned to go to LA, only it was called off until the following weekend, and we brought back Robbie's mother to spend the next few weeks with us. Then Robbie comes up with this mind-croggling notion that she'd like her mom to see one of the local fanclub gatherings -- one of the quieter ones, that is! So I decided what the hell, why not take Mom to a science-fiction fan club to hear all about the Indian wars? The most she could lose was maybe a little hair! And she'd lost enough of that over Robbie that she'd hardly notice it.

Anyhow, now we've sort've got a hankering to make it down to Monterrey come Aug.24th weekend. The Chief's doing a show down there -- he does, y'know. He has a troupe of Amerindian dancers & performers with which he's toured the US and Canada, Japan and the Pacific and next year it's Sweden.

Someday I've got to let Chief Red Feather know what fanzines are. I can imagine him going into Rotterdam to look up Wim Struyck, wearing that war bonnet!

But while we're at that Little Men's meeting, I hear a whoop from

Norm Metcalf over what I'd said about him lastish. There I'd given him all kinds of kudos for being such a good and faithful helper at the Westercon, minding the booksales in the Display Room every day while everybody else was having fun -- "Whaddaya mean?" he says, "Whaddaya mean? I got paid \$1.50 an hour for that job!" Then Ben Stark is scowling down at me for not even mentioning guys who really gave gratis help, like Don Franson and Paul Healey!

Tsk. This is almost as bad as a week or so later, when I hear that Al Collins' morning teevee show is getting chopped off. Not that I lost a great bit of entertainment -- I'm rolling to work at that hour and never got to see his show, and anyway we have no TV set -- but until I hear different, this cancels plans I had for getting TV coverage on next year's World Con. In fact, Sam Russell and Paul Turner needn't send me those fotos of the Westercon Masquerade, now; Len Moffatt's sent a couple good shots and I'll use those if there's any chance. (The deal was, our masquerade costumes are based on characters in stf yarns and that's not good for TV coverage -- it'd mean nothing to some guy watching his TV set -- so I was gonna try to promote a few good costumes for next year that would be more distinctively representative of the fields of stf and fantasy, something the TV public could quickly associate with such. Karen Anderson's vampire costume, f'rinstance.) I haven't had a chance to get together with Al yet, so I don't know what the scoop is there.

All this serves to remind me, somehow, of something else that's been bothering me at various unquiet moments for several months now. One day I was looking through our inevitable stack of fanzines, reading a bit here and there, and I came across that bit Walt Willis wrote about he and the Missus waiting to get on that unmentionable bus. I wasn't pleased that all New York fandom saw fit to leave Walt & Madelaine to look after themselves there, but what really bothers me is how they finally got into that New York bar and ordered some nonsensical mixed drink and -- what with all the nightmarish events preceding it -- they sat there thrilled! There they were in a plushy bar in New York having a plushy cocktail and about to go junketing off across the hinterland! Wouldn't you be thrilled?

Well, I thought about that and it jolted me. I thought how it would be if Robbie and I were sitting in a good pub in Belfast, having ourselves a pint, maybe after our plane just went down in the Irish Sea, and I just couldn't get it at all. Thrilled, I mean. I could only think that I'd be wondering why the hell we were cooling our heels in that joint! And I've been bothered about it ever since. We should ought to feel thrilled, shouldn't we?

Made me feel old, that's what it did. And I'll thank Walt Willis to stop writing such things and take up something sensible, like flying lessons.

Anyhow, it's about time I brought up something about that ram jet starship which Poul Anderson proposed so sensibly and I proposed so nonsensically, lastish. It was sucking in the hydrogen in interstellar space with big magnetic fields, remember, as otherwise the ship would be hitting all that hydrogen and the radiation bombardment would kill the occupants. Now, question: how in blazes are we gonna decelerate that ship? Shut off the field and turn it tail-foremost? What happens when it's shut off?

Well, I dunno about Poul, but I'm ready with a big, fat load of electrons for turning those big magnetic fields into a giant magnetic drag-chute. Just reverse the juice flowing through the propulsion field and....

I gotta get a new multilith typewriter ribbon before next month, that's all there is to it.

Of course you don't turn it tail-foremost, Gertrude! I just said....

④

# POTENTIAL



In the first place, I had no real reason to drop that paragraph from Poul Anderson's letter, lastish. It was only a short paragraph; it didn't save any great amount of space.

And in the second place, I shouldn't have -- Poul's letter reads more smoothly with it than without it. Well, the answer's obvious: I didn't deliberately drop it at all. I had simply jumped that paragraph by mistake while I was retyping his letter on multi-mat, and was well into the next page before I noticed it. So I had to either junk two multimats and start over or let it pass.

I let it pass. As it turns out, Poul's lost paragraph is a ver-r-ry handy thing to start off this issue's rampage! Anyway, here's how it was in Poul's letter:

"...I myself (adv.) have described two kinds of Einsteinian ship, and plan to do the ram jet Real Soon Now; I've also dealt, necessarily more vaguely, with faster-than-light drives which employ dodges like probability functions. Other writers have done it too, occasionally, Raymond Jones for example.

"For some kinds of plot, for instance when you deal with interstellar politics, you just have to have FTL. And as Asimov remarked, in many other instances it allows you to simplify the plot. Like, in Clement's 'Mission of Gravity' the characters knew they could return home pretty fast, so they weren't worrying about that; hence the author was free to concentrate on the planet itself, which is what the story was about.

"In fact, I don't think the traditional sf themes are played out by any means. . . ."

I'm requoting the parts preceding and following that paragraph because now, of course, I'm guilty of quoting Poul out of context. The lost paragraph is naturally the one in brackets. And I disagree with it more than anything else Poul said.

I feel that we're now facing a tremendous potential for some really outstanding science-fiction, and this potential is being deliberately and stubbornly ignored by modern stf writers because it doesn't fit the notions they have conceived for writing stf 15 or 20 years ago.

Anyway, it should be obvious I'm not trying to make things easier for stf writers, here!

But take Poul's example of a plot made easier and more simplified (tho I'm not about to read through "Mission of Gravity" again to see if they used, or if Clement implied the use of FTL) -- maybe it was, and maybe that's what was wrong with it! I don't remember the name of a single character in that yarn. In fact, I don't even recall the name of the planet! I just remember it was a flat-poled world and all these bugs were travelling around on a raft communicating by walkie-talkie with this Earthman out in orbit. And that's all I wanted to remember, or cared about, while I was reading the story. I don't remember what special problems they had, or why, or who they were, or even much of what they did. It was light entertainment and a little exciting in spots -- and one of the rare pieces of stf written today that was even that good.

Hell, I remember more about Barsoom or Krishna than I ever will

about Clement's flat world. Maybe he needed a few extra things to worry about!

As for FTL being absolutely necessary when you deal with interstellar politics (notice how 'FTL' means something besides Laney in this fanzine?) I rather suspect modern stf writers simply don't want to bother doing any thinking. They want to take any hackneyed political plot; stick it among the stars, and call it real-goshwow-interstellar politics. They're going to stay that lazy, too, until somehow we get a stf novel published that does explore interstellar politics. Until then, they'll resist any notion that such a novel could be written; it won't do them a bit of good when it is.

It's when you do consider the ramifications of interstellar range and time that you really get into interstellar politics. In fact, here's a good spot for me to level a broadside at a fffine, old Science-oriented stf fan who almost got himself this far! Let's see -- where'd I put that letter -- ah, here 'tis:

LEWIS J. GRANT Jr., 5333 Dorchester, Chicago 60015:

This is a fine time to comment on the June issue of G<sup>2</sup>, at the ass end of July. However, I misplaced the June issue at work for a while, and only found it when I was cleaning out a drawer which I was using in June when I was on nights.

On the subject of the interstellar drive, I have been doing some thinking about the problems, and have come to one conclusion right now. That is, that speculating about interstellar drives is wasted effort at the present, when we can much more profitably put the think-time into much more useful speculations on what to do when we get to the Moon, the planetoid belt (I think planetoid is so much more correct than asteroid. I would like to see "asteroid" kept for the slightly warm dark dwarfs.) Mars, etc. One of the thing we will do when we get to the Moon, of course, is work on the problem of interstellar flight. Once we are really in contact with interstellar space, instead of inside our little box of invisible cotton wool, we will be in a much better condition to think of ways of doing something with it.

((+But Lew -- how d'you know everybody else is in that little box with you?+))

Our problem with interstellar space right now is that we are, perhaps genetically, in too much of a hurry to handle it. Man wants to do things NOW! The idea of doing things which will benefit our grandchildren is pretty far out, in fact a lot of people won't do things for their own children. When we begin to think of our ancestors of twenty generations from now as part of "Us" we will have the mental attitude to tackle interstellar space.

((+Uh huh -- and where are the oldtime fans who used to say, "when nations stop fighting and races hating each other, we'll be ready to tackle interplanetary space!"??+))

I think this attitude will come, and the thing which will bring it is the rise of the giant immortal corporations. It hasn't been too long since Man, except for the "instinctive" drive to perpetuate his genes and raise his children, has thought of life as a minute time, a relative few seconds, and the total existance of the world as short and finite. The Judgement was nearly upon us. We are only beginning to develop "standing wave" type patterns, like the corporation and the foundation, which will continue in one regenerative pattern for millenia, while the perishable "cells" which make up the pattern at any given moment pass on. Think of a corporation as a flame, which

Lew Grant, Incorporated:

will exhibit the same pattern for eons, as long as the proper ingredients arrive at the proper time. Many flames, like the candle flame, are self-correcting, so that a standard candle is pretty standard no matter how long or short the candle is.

I think I will dash off a short article on corporations which will be around in 2963, assuming we don't do ourselves in. The giant corporations are getting to be pretty immortal, especially when they become diversified and pan-continental. Quite a number of corporations are larger, more diversified, and much more powerful than many "nations", which are pretty crude types of corporations.

The corporation as a type has been around for quite a while. I think the finest example is the Roman Catholic Church, which is about 1900 years old. The Icelandic government goes back a thousand years, and there are regular "businesses" which are 500 or 600 years old. ((+Hah -- you poor, ignorant European-antedecedented barbarian! But I suppose you think cities like Samarkand were just clusters of mud huts 3,000 years ago?+))

I imagine that interstellar flight, at least for the first few millennia, will be carried on by "Universe" type ships, or frozen sleepers who may come back to an Earth where all their relatives have long gone. ((+You think that's bad?+)) But good old De Beers will be there to off-load the diamonds and good old Standard to gas up the ship again. So good old Smitty from Accounting has been in his grave for five hundred years. So what. There are plenty of corporation types who are living in an environment where good old Smitty will be moving up and out, or you will, in two or three years anyway, and what is the essential difference between him being promoted to Heaven or Albany? Good old Jonesy from Accounting will be there to pick up the log books and pay records.

"Methuselah's Children" had a foundation which bred long-lived people to Take Over. (Except, of course, they got discovered too soon.) This was silly. You don't need long-lived people to take over if you have the right sort of foundation. Quite a number of the largest companies in the world have chief executives who put in half-a-dozen useful years at the top. It would be nice if you could count on half-a-hundred, but you don't need them. Look at the Popes, who only last seven or eight years on the average. A properly organized foundation could Take Over quite rapidly, (geologically speaking) if it were set up for that purpose. Of course you need a source of funds for the foundation, so you don't have a foundation, you have a business. The foundation is started after the business is gigantic, pan-continental, highly diversified, and "immortal". There are several good candidates already. Which one will it be? Which reminds me, I wonder what percentage of the revenues of the Roman Catholic Church is wheedled out of the "patrons" and what percentage comes from blue chip stocks in other immortal corporations, pieces of ground under those complex patterns called "cities", etc. I can visualize a time when the RC's will find that appeals to the standing wave pattern in the brains of their communicants called "God" will fail to produce the standing wave patterns symbolized by pieces of paper called "money", and new standing wave patterns will evolve. I doubt if this will make too much of a change in the very stable standing wave pattern called the RC Church.

Which reminds me, Joe. I understand that you are working on a matter transmitter which so far has steadfastly refused to reproduce living standing wave type patterns "male" at the other end, and is therefore known as the Gibson Girl Transmitter. ((+That's "Transfixer," you fool! And the only thing wrong with it so far is that Robbie won't let me keep 'em. But Lew's letter degenerates into one Grantized pun after the other, from here on, so I'll skip it.+))

---

Q.: What is all yellow, has four legs, and weighs 10,000 lbs.

# This Is Me Again:

Now, why d'you suppose Lew Grant struggled so much with that idea? It's fairly simple, and not at all new.

But the first thing Lew did was admit that the science he keeps up on that little pedestal can't produce a good starship right now. So what does Lew suggest?

Does he suggest that we forget Science for a bit and have our jolly starships anyway? Oh, mercy no! Forget Science??? Sacrilege!!!

Instead, Lew suggests we just forget about having any science-fiction for a while and devote our time, instead, to learned dissertations on what we'll do when we get to the Moon and Mars and places like that, which won't strain our precious Scientific Credulity too much. Now, this has been the lament of "Science fans" in times past; and I'm giving it a sarcastic treatment here for a damned good reason.

Stf is at a point, with regard to interstellar travel, which is comparable to nineteenth-century stf when H.G. Wells had spaceships shot out of cannon and Jules Verne had all sorts of miraculous machines running on electricity (and any claim that Verne "discovered" atomic power is malarkey).

But we don't have any modern-day Wells or Verne writing interstellar stf. Instead, all I hear are these dirty pros and old mossback fans saying it can't be done. Or it shouldn't. Or they won't like it.

What Lew suggests about future corporations is a good, sound theme for interstellar stf which isn't faked, which observes the rules of the game, which shows the stars where they are and the vast gulf between them and the Einsteinian concept of travel conditions within such environment. It's a definite aspect of any really interstellar culture. When a corporation's agent meets a star trader who did business with his ancestors, and who will most likely do business with his descendants as well, it will certainly affect that agent's whole outlook on life. (Besides, he'll be closing a deal that will give his grandchildren a whopping credit if he doesn't erase it with his own debts -- and he may be wealthy from the deals his ancestors closed, maybe with this same trader!)

Then there's that star trader. So far, we've had the "epic" Hubbard notion about the Long Voyage and what it'll do to humans who're no more competent than Hubbard, himself, was -- and very little to contradict that picture. But such interstellar traders aren't about to give a small damn about any world's contemporary culture or any of the natives he meets, except where it affects his business. Nor about any family or relatives he leaves behind, either, because it's foolish to assume he would leave 'em behind. He'll most certainly have his own shipboard culture that he takes with him, just as the Romany Gypsies do -- or for that matter, the people who work in carnivals or the families who've been running caravans from North Africa to Central Asia for generations. They've developed their own cultures and their own outlook. They don't leave "home" at all.

But the interstellar culture -- and any interstellar politics within it -- won't be either the traders' culture or any contemporary world culture. It would be superimposed over all that. It would encompass centuries of time and lightyears of spacial environment -- literally the rise and fall of empires, not emperors -- and all those other cultures would feel its presence.

Now, this is no easy plot for a stf writer. That's why I feel we're ready for a new Wells or Verne. . . and a new editor or publisher with the guts to publish his work. (Incidentally, the guy who writes it may be a lousy writer -- stf that pioneers new concepts doesn't have to be well-written or display astute characterization to do its job.)

---

A.: Lew Grant's jaundiced elephant joke.

... But there's a most important key factor in this whole business that most fans I've talked to seem to have difficulty with, as if it were totally alien to them. They seem all wrapped up in the realization that today's stf is awful and they feel lost.

Let's go back to those Gypsies and the carny folk and those caravans winding across the Roof of the World. It's only half the story to say they've not left "home" at all -- and the least important half, at that. What matters is that they've found one.

Modern stf hasn't, yet. It's a displaced genre. We're getting it much better-written but without purpose or anything else to get excited about. It has nothing to offer. It's going nowhere. It's still trying to promise us the Moon when we've already got the Moon.

Like, science-fiction -- who needs it?!

We do, because we're not satisfied to sit on our butts and drink beer and talk about baseball scores and what's on television and how's the old job. We aren't engineers, we don't want to become engineers, and I know too many engineers who don't want to know anything outside their particular fields if they can possibly help it -- meaning, they're human. And maybe we aren't.

So hell, let's stop bemoaning the fact and get cracking! Whomp me up a fast starship, Doc, and let's get outta this dump! Leave home? I ask ya -- what the hell are we gonna miss? Not this cruddy jazz!

Home's out there where we're gonna go, Man!

You dig?

\* \* \*

WANTED:

LONG WOOLIES!

---

This might well be titled, "Robbie Achieves Lifelong Wish" - I have acquired a rug-frame with which I hope to hook a rug - or rugs, if I apply myself. Rog Phillips has already suggested that he present me with a small brass plaque to be attached to the rug-frame, which will say 'Robbie's Folly' - but I've asked him to wait at least six months, by which time I may be able to laugh off his offer.

However, I am in need of material. This is obviously impractical for anyone who lives across country, but anyone within shouting distance who is considering discarding any lightweight wools, of ANY COLOR, is asked to PLEASE let me have first refusal.

And if anyone can lay their hands on woolen Long Johns, the old-fashioned kind mit der flap, I would be delighted to pay parcel postage to get 'em here!

Help Domesticate Robbie - Send Wool! As if you didn't know, the address is: Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif., ZIP 94803



LOX

HAH

9

As I was saying lastish, there's just one way to get this next issue out without having you ego-boosters fill it so full of LoCs again, there's no room left for me to sound off! Yep. Now you know...

It's to bring out this issue before you've had time to write letters on the last one! As it is, I've already got letters here from McQuown, Birchby, Moffatt, BettyK and Harry Warner written even before they got lastish -- ghu knows what else they'll write, now! But I am not gonna publish 'em until next month. Nope. I gotta keep sumpin' in the pot. After all, suppose nobody writes about last issue? Then what do I do for a lettercol?

I will use this side to explain there's not too much to this month's LoCs because I'm putting this whole issue on multimat in one Sunday and besides, didn't you get enough of this last issue? Anyway I think I got a smudge there in the middle -- it doesn't show at all on the multimat, of course!



And I will use this side to apologize for the cover illo thish I don't know how it's gonna come out in repro which is why I did it --to find out!

And now that we have that business out of the way, there are a few LoCs I do want to get in, this month -- like this one, while you still remember, about all those postcards from all over the Pacific:

"THIS IS A PRETTY ROUGH SECTOR!"

ROBERT P. BROWN, SS Aloha State enroute Boston via Panama Canal:

Kinda put me on the spot with "Stiffneck" Metcalf by publishing the contents of those cards. When you sent those back numbers of g2, you asked me to drop you folks a card when I got to wherever I was going, so I did. Had no idea that you would include the mutterings in the mag. By the way, you headed the stuff with the pic-card locations, rather than the ports from which they were sent. Wrong impression given and all that sort of thing.

+ Time I got behind plus-signs, here -- and it wasn't too far wrong, geographically. Since you didn't expect 'em published, you didn't indicate the port in some instances (and neither did the postmark) so to make it uniform, I just used the postcard captions on all of 'em. And poor, old Norman "Goddammitjoe!" Metcalf isn't really a stiffneck at all. It's just guys like me who come along and foul everything up for him and get him into trouble no doubt that do it.

Might as well go the rest of the way now, since Normie will be accusing me of trying to "buy publicity" or egoboo or something.

You get around quite a bit, soooo, when you run into him sometime, might ask him to send back the color slides that were sent in December 1962. Have written to him about them but get no reply. Bit late anyway, for pics of last years house warming party.

+ Okay -- if I haven't made a mess of things for Norm already, I may as

+ well get busy and do the job up right. I only vaguely recall anything  
 + about the Westercon, but I think Norm told me his side of this business  
 + there. It seems to fit in detail what you've told me here. First, he  
 + felt you were buying him off to print your foto-page in his fanzine  
 + without any editorial sayso about what pics to use or anything -- like  
 + a vanity press (Vantage Press is one) is paid to publish the book an  
 + author can't sell to any other publisher -- so he returned your check  
 + for half the printing costs. So then you asked for the slides back,  
 + and he shook down his whole place looking for them only to conclude,  
 + finally, that he must never have received those slides in the first  
 + place. Then he didn't know what to say. Personally, knowing the guy  
 + and knowing you, I can only suspect that there's a hell of a lot of  
 + misunderstanding here that may be regrettable, but was bound to happen.  
 + I see nothing wrong with the way you handled it -- but then, I'd have  
 + guessed what you meant, and I only met you once at that same party at  
 + Bill Donaho's. Incidentally, he's moved to Oakland now. But if Norm  
 + knew where those slides were, I think he'd have gotten them back to you.  
 + Aside from looking a little green sometimes, he's all right.

ISAAC ASIMOV, 45 Greenough St., West Newton 02165:

Heck, I wasn't wondering if anyone had ever noticed that Earth-Moon was a double planet. (I wrote a book about them a couple of years back called THE DOUBLE PLANET, and JWC pointed it out in an article written in 1938.)

I was wondering if anyone had noticed that the moon was the only satellite in the system which was more strongly attracted by the Sun than by its primary and was the only one with an orbit concave to the Sun at all points---the latter being a sure sign of independent planet-hood. I guess astronomers have noticed it, but have s.f. writers and fans.

+ And just a while ago, Robbie was telling me what the plot really was  
 + in "Mission of Gravity" -- that the Earthman wasn't in orbit at all,  
 + he was in a low-gravity area (I remember now it was 2 g's) and these  
 + bugs had to get his instruments from where the instrument capsule came  
 + down in a high-gravity area, and... Somehow I liked it all better when  
 + I misunderstood it. Ike, all I can see is some astronomer guy writing  
 + in (and is Avram gonna have a lettercol?) that it does not mean no such  
 + thing as independent planet-hood, no sir, it is just another way to form  
 + a moon because you got dust swirls and eddies like this and that and an  
 + independent planet would not solidify near another planet. And to what  
 + purpose? The guy'd be one of those daytime statistician astronomers,  
 + anyway -- never caught cold in a drafty observatory in his life.

+ The next letter was addressed to "Robbie Gibson Girl Pilot"--

BILL MALTHOUSE, 216 S. Macomb, Tallahassee, Fla.:

Next time I don't want to fly, I'll see you! After that much experience you had the supreme idiocy to think that burrying the wheel in your stomach wouldn't result in a sploosh! g2 #6

Don't mind me, I'm undoubtedly much behind the others in commenting on that little fiasco, but what the heck, I never even heard of a fanzine til Mike McQuown ran into me this Mo. and handed me among other things, g2 #6.

I sit around here, at FSU, "studying" science, but actually delving into the complexities of SF most of the time. I don't think its my fault that I am an ignorant slob when it comes to Organized Fandom, there just isn't any in Florida.

Ye Satanic Deities! How far out in the sticks have I been! Now is the time to shake off the dust, and get with it. In hindsight of this, rummage around in this envelope, you'll probably find a \$ or so toward getting the next 12.

I'm not going to make any real comments this time, other than to say I like what I have seen so far. It seems that I'd rather wait awhile to find out what is going on before I shoot my mouth off and find it hasn't got a leg to stand on.

+ And, since you addressed this to the distaff side of g2, Joe says I'm to answer it. Sooo, Robbie here, appreciative of the kind things you said about the ancient history. Thanks, Mike, for handing the zine on to a receptive (susceptible?) type. And, Bill, I'm gonna leave you clinging to that one leg you mentioned - fandom's more fun to find out about in your own time and your own way. My way was to walk into the 1952 Chicom without knowing, up till that time, anyone else who would even admit to reading SF - talk about strong drink on an empty stomach!

+ However, Bill, before you plunge too deep into this placid-appearing scene, 'ware! There are Strange Currents lurking 'neath the surface! Some fans, in fact may even try to Take Advantage of your eager innocence. A case in point was where Joe and I had to cancel a proposed overnight at the luxurious suburban-type abode of Ron Ellik and Al Lewis in Los Angeles recently. On receipt of our regrets, Ron (Ed. of STARSPIKLE - (unpd.advt.)) tendered the following:

Sorry to hear you might not be staying here -- we could use Robbie's cooking, sewing, house-cleaning and Good Advice, and Joe could be very helpful in the garden or cleaning my VW. However, you are certainly invited to stop by; there should be time at least to do the dishes.

+ So Ron won't feel completely cheated (he didn't even ask for a deposit when we made the reservation) I will at least come thru with the Good Advice - and, strangely, it has to do with cleaning the VW. Does your Volks look as if it had spent the night at the bottom of a parrot-cage in a howling duststorm? Robbie's Handy-Dandy Kar-Kleaning-Kit will help you! Equipment: 1 one-pound coffee can; 1 soft rag. Material: 2/3 can water, add 1 cup kerosene. Dip rag in solution, mop over entire car, windows included. (Bugs and tar generally come loose on the second swipe.) Stand back and look. After retching (the dirt doesn't come OFF, just LOOSE) get your trusty garden hose and .... you don't have a hose? Oh, dear. Oh well, maybe that nice man down at the corner station will let you use his before this fearful gunk dries on. Anyway, you just hose off the entire mess and let the thing airdry. It doesn't shrink. It DOES look as if it had just received the full treatment at the downtown car-wash, and you didn't even have to buff it! No polish! No steelwool or detergents! And as added benefits, it stops chrome from rusting and in the next sprinkle of rain, it won't even waterspot! And if you won't take my word, fire departments have been using this for their engines for years! Apas may copy... credits requested.

+ By now I'm pushing my luck. Any minute Joe is apt to come back and find that I've departed from the script by going on after the one letter I was 'sposed to comment on. But if he doesn't know, after eight years of being married to me, how I can ramble on . . . Anyway, lessee if we can't squeeze one more in under the wire:

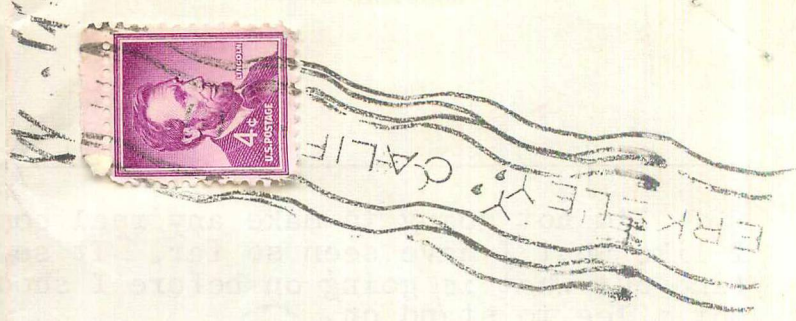
COLIN FREEMAN (address, as our European Representative, on page 2):

What do you two jerks mean by it? I send my own special delegate to the Westercon -- Betty Kujawa by name (have you heard of her?) -- I give her instructions to send me a full report (a Kujawa-type report; not a con report) plus her usual, inimitable gossip column -- and what happens! Little Betty is hardly aware of the existence of the Westercon. Instead Little Betty is attending a private Gibson/Kujawa con of her own. ((+It's all her husband's fault - we'd never met a Scotch-shrinking Sheet-Skooter before.+))

Everytime I look at my lovely little monster I think of you two. ((+Now is that a nice way to talk to your kindly editors?))

+ One of the cats just informed Joe I was still typing, and I can hear him +thundering down the hall this minute. G'bye, people - it's been fun.





So I climb out of my Fiat in the middle of the study and there is my wife in the arms of this monster. "Unhand that poor monster, woman!" I cried, reaching down my Delameter from the inlaid Ossirian teakwood mantle!!! I see she has left a whole, big chunk out of the middle of Colin's LoC that I'll be printing next month, by gum, and here I thot she'd do something or other innocent and ladylike, such as telling Malthouse you just gotta have the airplane sploosh! at the right time like when the wheels touch down, and how to do Immelmanns and slowroll shimmies and vertical figure-8's and what to do when your instructor jumps out of the airplane screaming. Does she do that? She does not. She puts in parts of Colin's letter that I was gonna make plus-sign comments on, like "What Westercon?" and -- well, all of this about Colin's monster should perhaps be explained: we heard he did up plastic models of vintage&classic cars there in hospital, soooo ... you've seen these "Weird-oh Kits" featuring "Digger" the drag-strip nut, "Daddy" the coffin-driving Suburbanite, and "Davey" the black-leather-jacket mad motorcyclist? Fangs for teeth, bulging eyeballs and all. We sent him "Daddy" ... yeh. I mean, it wasn't one of those Dracula or Frankenstein or Mummy model kits at all. Those are pretty crude.

So far, I think we've got the only starship in the History of SF Fandom that's got nothing on the instrument panel except a kitchen timer, an oven thermometer and a dashlight switch. Robbie can't navigate so well out along the Ridge but she do whomp up a tasty mess o' ribs. Anyway, some issue now, I'm gonna show you cats a simple&easy way to make 3-D star charts that I think up just the other day. And I gotta couple menus to throw on, besides. Menus? Well, that's just the way I look at it -- I guess what I really mean is recipes and like that.

Of course, what we need around here is a new \$200 Royal Standard typewriter, and get this one in the shop for a thorough overhaul and cleaning! And we can't afford it. I just hope this poor, old Royal can stand the pace a while longer. It's taken one hellova beating in the past couple years.

But this is beginning to sound like one of those yakkity fanzines where the guy just likes to hear himself write. Enuff, now!

ROSEMARY HICKEY  
2020 MOHAWK  
CHICAGO 14, ILL.

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