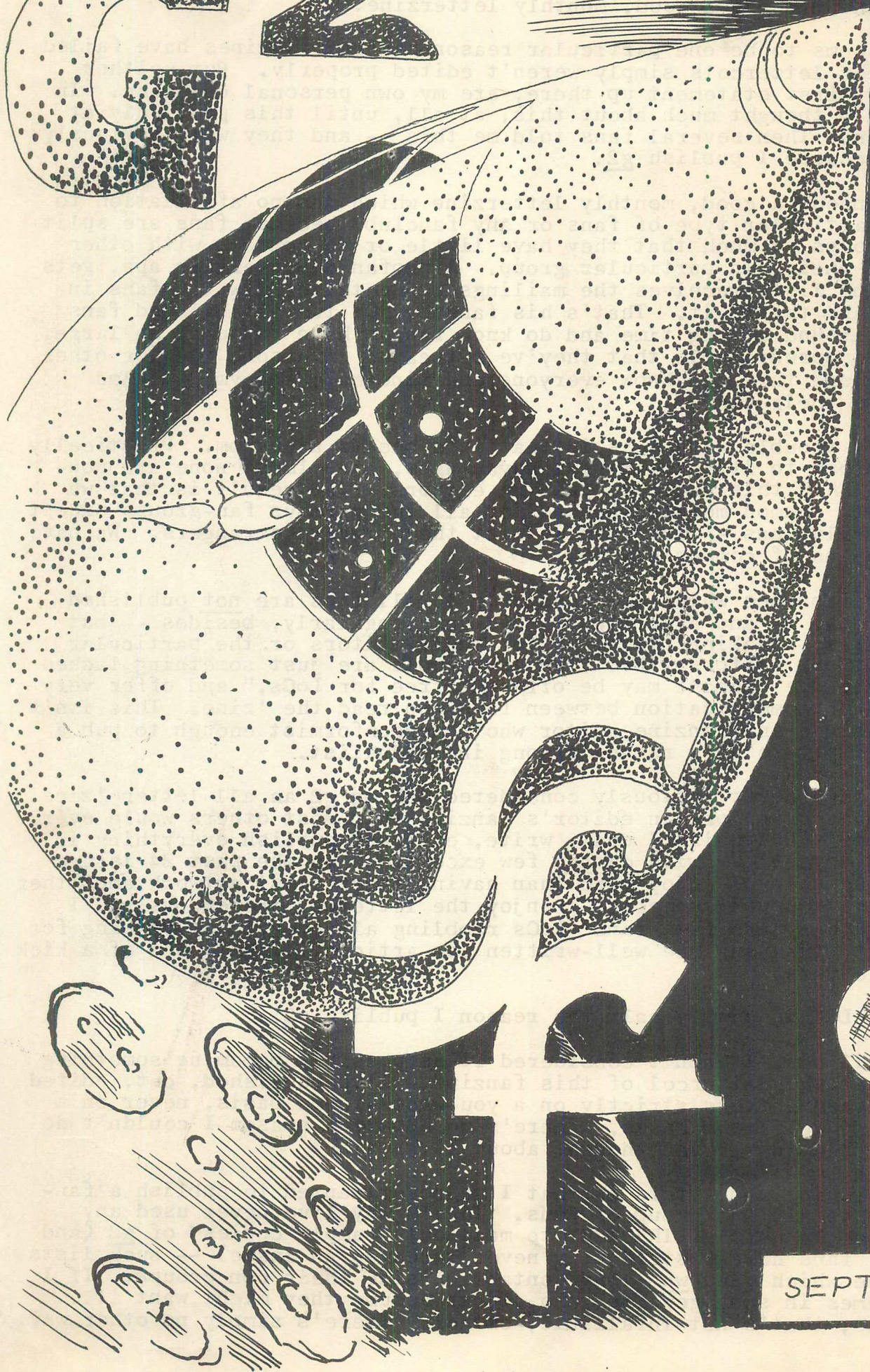


G2

VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 12

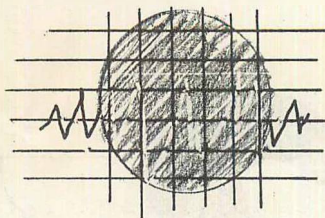


SEPT. '63



2

NOISE



Fandom needs a good, monthly letterzine. . .

There seems to be one particular reason several fanzines have failed in this: their lettercols simply weren't edited properly. But neither this, nor my first statement up there, are my own personal opinions. In fact, I hadn't thought much about this, at all, until this past July at the Westercon. Then several fans told me this -- and they were obviously telling me because I publish g2.

Fandom needs a good, monthly letterzine which has no affiliation to any apa or particular type of fans or any fanclub, because fans are split into such groups so much that they have little or no contact with other fans outside their own particular group. A neofan discovers an apa, gets on the waiting list, receives the mailings and gets to know the fans in that apa -- and that's it. That's his fandom. Or the established fans who've been around a long time and do know fandom have found it so large, unweildy and unpredictable that they've retreated into some apa (or other fan-group) where they can know everyone and find more enjoyment. And that's become their fandom.

The only trouble with this is that it's become a custom. Practically all fans conform to it, wanting its advantages, and almost none are non-conformists. And this includes fanzine editors. The result is that we have almost no common meeting-ground for all the various fan-groups except the annual World Cons -- and when we meet there, we're strangers. We have no regular means of communication.

The few fanzines which are available to all fans are not published for this purpose -- and aren't published very regularly, besides -- but rather, exist as speaking platforms for their editors or the particular fan-writers those editors like. The lettercols are just something tacked on, even where the fanzine may be offered "free for LoCs," and offer very slight means of communication between fans who read the 'zine. This isn't surprising, since any fanzine editor who's nonconformist enough to pub a genzine is likely to be a rather strong individualist.

Now, I have never seriously considered making g2 an all-letter 'zine. In fact, g2 has been more an editor's fanzine than most others would ever want to become! But while I draw, write, edit and publish everything in this fanzine, myself -- with damned few exceptions in the past 24 issues -- there's one thing I enjoy more than having other fans' artwork and other fans' articles to publish here. I enjoy the lettercol tremendously. I would much rather have five fans' LoCs rambling all over, just yakking for the fun of it, than any one well-written fan article. I get more of a kick out of the letters.

For me, LOX is easily half the reason I publish g2.

But until now, I hadn't considered it as possibly becoming something more than just the lettercol of this fanzine. I've published, cut, edited or not published letters strictly on a you-wrote-to-me basis, never on a you're-writing-to-fandom basis. There's no apparent reason I couldn't do the latter. I'd just never thought about it.

Another thing about this is that I've never wanted to publish a fanzine limited to any one group of fans. That's why I've never used anything like Ron Bennett's DIRECTORY to mail out "sample copies" of g2 (and why a lot of fans have mysteriously never received an issue) -- such lists never tell me which fans want any contact outside their own groups. If I see their names in some genzine, tho, I can assume they might want it... but of course, that's not infallible, either. There's simply no other way.



And this is the primary reason I refuse to trade g2 for other fanzines -- 99% of which are not available to all fans, even for money -- or to accept anything but money for a subscription. I'd rather have half the printing of each issue go to fans who may never write me a LoC, but who enjoy the lettercol in g2 as much as anything else. I'd rather the fans who enjoy writing LoCs should know they've got this audience in g2, not just a handful of other letter-writing fans.

After all, I'm an old letterhack, myself. For all practical purposes everything in g2 besides LOX is just my hunk of the lettercol.

This is Volume 2, Number 12 of a monthly fanzine pubbed by Joe & Robbie Gibson  
5308 Sobrante Ave.  
El Sobrante, Calif.

which means the October ish will be Volume 3, Number 1, Bruce Pelz -- and you get this thing regularly if you take heed of the following:

Subscription rates:

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

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

And therefore:

- ( ☒ ) You sub'd for 10 more g2's.
- (    ) Your sub has expired, now.
- (    ) This is a sample copy.

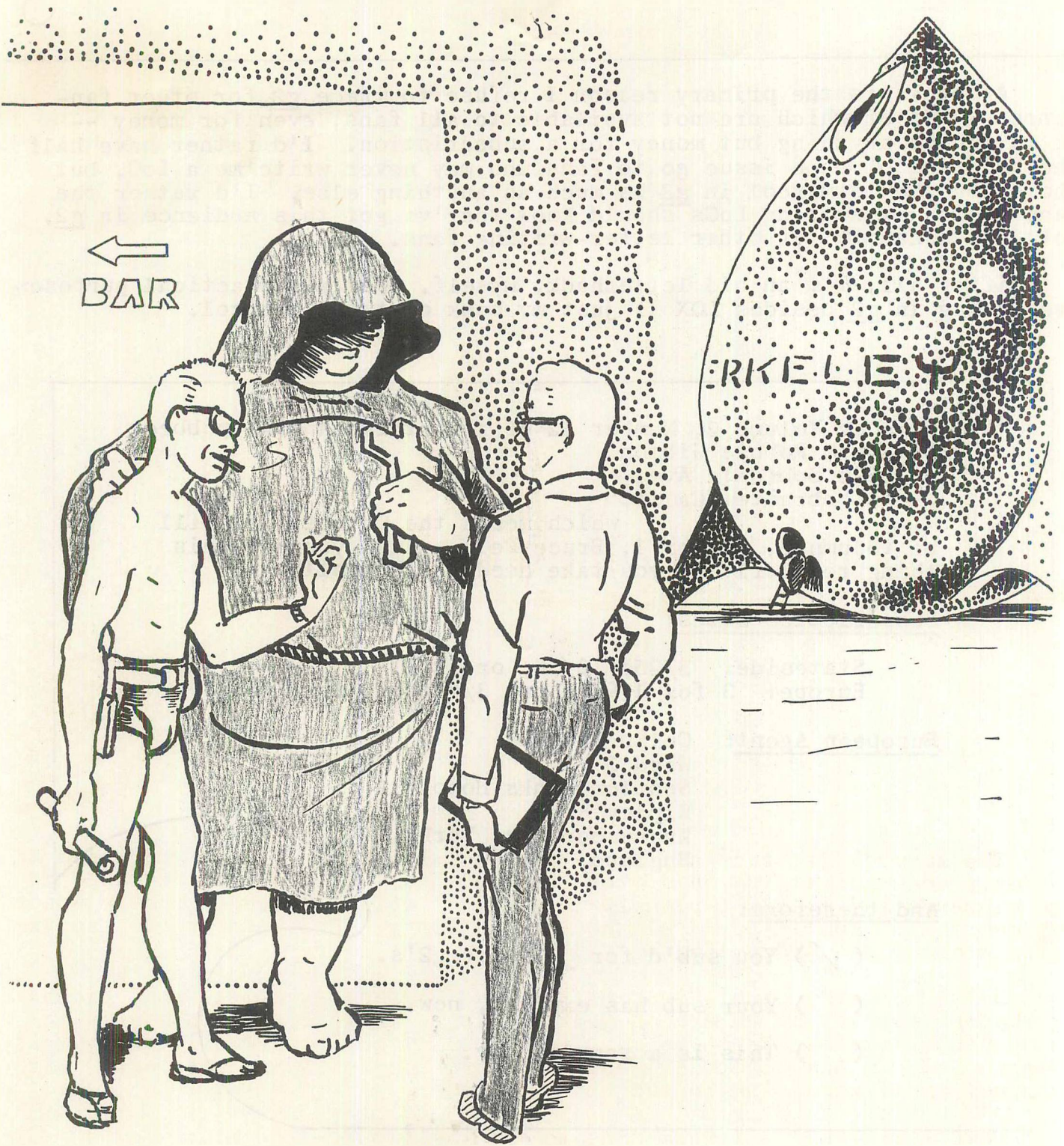
Apparently, the enjoyment I get out of this fanzine's lettercol has shown through -- despite the contradictory, indiscriminate, occasionally high-handed way I've often handled it. So when this whole thing came up in discussion, a few fans came round to talk to me about it. What did I think?

My first thought was that I couldn't afford to publish any such letterzine for fandom -- more than 20 pages or 200 copies per month is beyond my reach. But second thots indicate that 25 pages of nothing but letters is just Too Much; more than 12 pages is a strain. And....

But what do you think?

Would it be worth the candle, say, just to keep g2 going as she is with merely the added stipulation that LOX is not limited to comments-on-this-fanzine, but is a Wide Open lettercol? With an all-letter issue now or again, but only when there's letters that merit it?

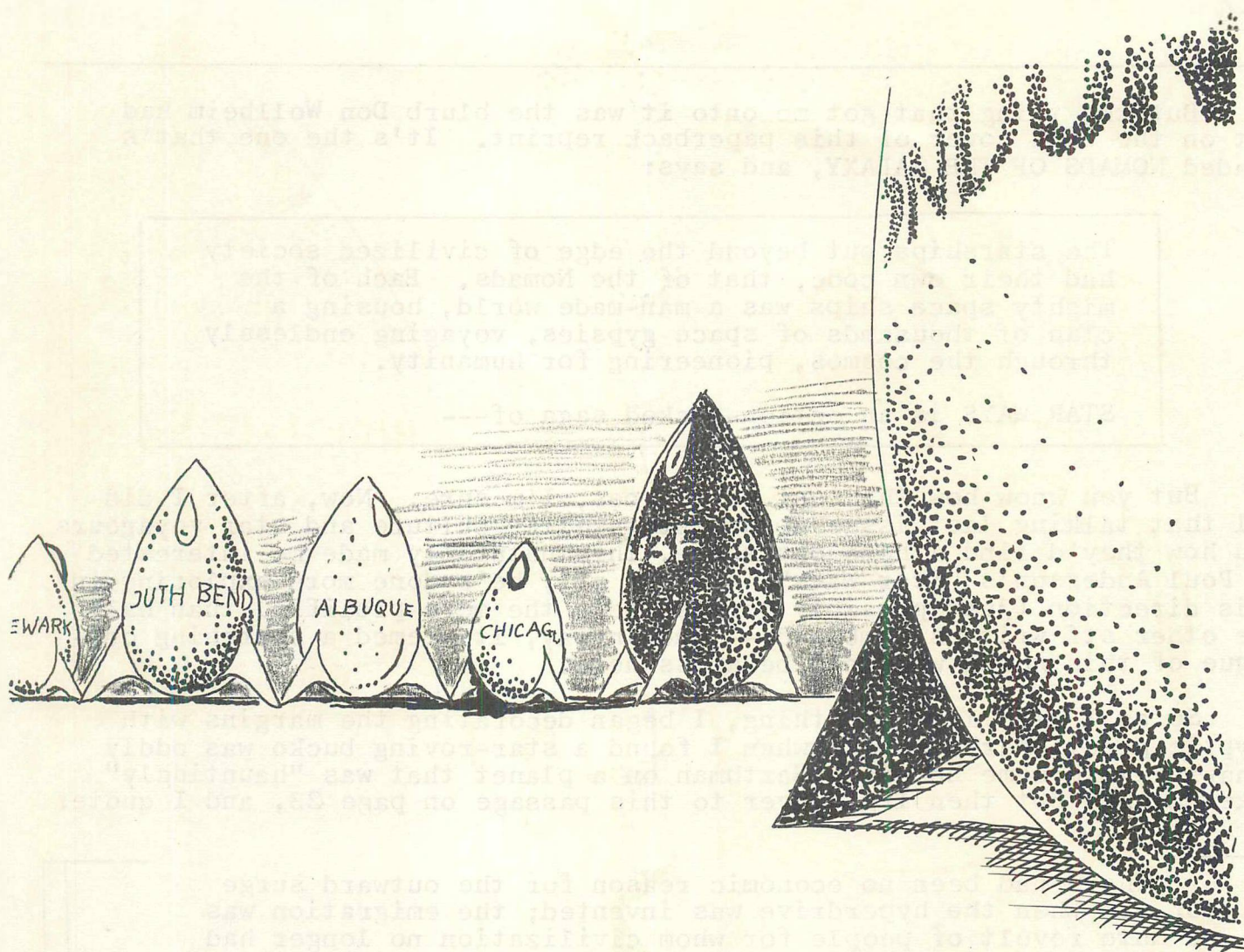




"SAYS HE'S A BOOKKEEPER!"

**TO BE**





The trouble is, this all began with a false start. Never occurred to me for a moment that it would ever lead to this. I mean, what's happened has happened and I didn't plan it this way at all. But you probably won't believe that. You'll say I planned it all along. Even as far back as the article about the Ridge stars!

But I honestly didn't suspect it would happen, at all, when I picked up that pb reprint of an Avalon Book published in 1956. I was simply up to my usual tricks. Here was this interstellar pot-boiler written by Poul Anderson, in an Ace paperback (whose editor, Don Wollheim, also subs this fanzine) and I was going to tear it to pieces.

That - is - all - I was going to do.

This particular novel was called "Starways" (Ace D-568, 35¢) and you may understand my sudden preoccupation with it if you've read the past couple issues of g2. This is a pot-boiler that purports to be a piece of interstellar science-fiction. This is about a clannish bunch on a star-ship -- in fact, they're so clannish, they wear Scot kilts -- who are the freebooters traders along the fringes of Mr. Poul Anderson's domain, which is not merely interstellar but galactic. Or at least, he figures it as no mere cluster of neighborhood stars, but as a whole piece out of the Galaxy Proper -- with maybe a scoop of vanilla on the side.

# EXPLORED



But the thing that got me onto it was the blurb Don Wollheim had put on the back cover of this paperback reprint. It's the one that's headed NOMADS OF THE GALAXY, and says:

The starships out beyond the edge of civilized society had their own code, that of the Nomads. Each of the mighty space ships was a man-made world, housing a clan of thousands of space gypsies, voyaging endlessly through the cosmos, pioneering for humanity.

STAR WAYS is an action-packed saga of---

But you know how the rest of it goes, I'm sure. Now, after I did all that talking last issue about interstellar culture and star voyageurs and how they'd find a home out there, this naturally made me interested in Poul Anderson's "Star Ways" -- after all, he's done more exploring in this direction (just possibly because he's the more prolific) than half the other stf writers combined -- and anyway, it seemed a searching critique of this novel wouldn't be amiss here.

So as I read into the thing, I began decorating the margins with cryptic pencil-marks. Like when I found a star-roving bucko was oddly behaving like some homesick Earthman on a planet that was "hauntingly" like Earth. But then I got over to this passage on page 23, and I quote:

There had been no economic reason for the outward surge of man when the hyperdrive was invented; the emigration was a mute revolt of people for whom civilization no longer had any need. They wanted to be of use, wanted something greater than themselves to which they could devote their lives--if it were only providing a living for themselves and their children. Cybernetic society had taken that away from them. If you weren't in the upper ten percent--a scientist, or an artist of more than second-rate talent--there was nothing you could do which a machine couldn't do better.

So they moved out....

Right there, I bogged down. Here was a thing that couldn't happen to the human race inhabiting Earth, but only after it had inhabited the whole Solar System and maybe a couple other systems of planets besides. It completely ignores a vast chunk of Earth history -- the history of mankind, really, much moreso than ours is -- as if it never mattered, when it does matter tremendously where Earth is concerned. It ignores the fact that we relatively few humans fortunately living in the more technically-developed parts of this planet are the descendants of that minority of trouble-makers who wouldn't or couldn't stay home. It keeps cold silence about that majority of mankind who still live in that sector of Earth with the Himalayan Mountains at its approximate center. What a cybernetic society will mean to them, when it finally reaches them, I don't know -- except that in its advanced form, it may seem terribly, disruptively alien to us but not at all to them. They're the stay-at-homes! But neither will I ignore them for that; the Bible says the meek shall inherit the Earth, and I would merely add that must mean some of us will have to do some travelling.

Some of us. . . not mankind.

But the hell with it! Why should I be critizing Poul Anderson for writing a story that sold -- especially some pot-boiler he sold 7 or 8



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years ago? Suppose this is one of those plots he was saying you had to have Faster Than Light travel for (and you don't) and his "alien" humanoid culture is a Point Richmond Art Colony?? Gentlemen, this is absurd!

We are not going to discover the great possibilities of interstellar stf just by criticizing these modern stf novels that aren't. Decrying their foibles and fallacies won't bring us one step nearer any clearcut understanding of what could be written. If I keep trying to tack that onto the end, we'll never get to it!

No sir -- there's only one way to explore the unexplored, to scout the untouched realm of truly Speculative ScienceFiction. And that's not by arguing about it. Nor by alluding to it or merely hinting at it.

No, there's just one way we can do that.

It's to get off our butts and go explore the stuff, ourselves.

Now, this is what I hadn't planned. But if we've got to do it, we must, and I had damned well better start planning, around here! Mind you, this sort've thing is no picnic.

Furthermore, we can't just go larruping off in some teardrop starship and then do up a report about it. This is bigger than that. A little jump to another star and back isn't going to give you the whole thing about an interstellar culture.

First, then, we've got to lay down some rules. Rule One is that we'll invent what we damn' well please -- such as starship drives -- whether presentday science can do it or not. BUT (ah, there's a fine point of legerdemain involved here) we will not use any such gimmicks as FTL or "hyperspace" unless we explain what they are.

In our July issue, Poul Anderson explained what a "ram jet" starship is and I explained what it would have to do if it was going to be worth anything to Speculative Science-Fiction. Poul's ship couldn't do it, being technically feasible according to presentday science. We will now assume that our starships can do it.

Rule Two is that we cannot explain any gimmick like "hyperspace" in terms which contradict presentday theory unless we can show how it does. The theory we've got is that at the speed of light, time is zero and mass is infinite -- that nothing other than light can travel at lightspeed, and our starships will have to be satisfied with a bit less -- and finally, if you can't reach lightspeed then you blamed well can't exceed it.

Rule Three is that we must do the best we can to observe the locations of actual stars and star-groups and the ghoddam distances that exist between 'em. None of this rattling around the whole galaxy as if it were something less than a Los Angeles Street Guide.

Now, gentlemen -- we've got to build ourselves a starship!

And right away, I see a solution to certain immediate difficulties in exploring Speculative Science-Fiction. What we need is a cadre to head up this project and by gum, that cadre exists: I refer, of course, to that group we had last year which inevitably got to be known as -- Sneary's Sneaky Friends.

Of course, we'll have to include more than were in the original group. We have need for the technical backgrounds of several others -- if only because they work at such places as Aerojet General or Westinghouse Atomic where they can scrounge a few parts for us out of the scrap pile! And then there are fans with m-o-n-e-y, like Sam Russell



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that owns his own multilith!

But there's the way we'll have to do it all, anyway, lads -- and there's the real problem to it. We'll have to get Bob Bloch to sell Hollywood on making a movie with starships in it, with us contracted to build the starships. Then, worse luck, we'll have to have Forrie Ackerman persuade Harryhausen to build little models of everything. That way, y'see, we can incorporate all the nutty changes the movie producers and directors demand in the little models, and send 'em foto enlargements to "prove" we've done it. That way, with all their demands and changes met exactly as specified, the conclusion will be inevitable -- they'll cancel the picture. That'll give us time to finish our real job, building our starship.

Of course, then they'll demand their fake starship sets and models or else their money back, and we'll have to get Bloch and Ackerman out of there. And that means we'll have to take most of fandom with us, y'see, since it'll take at least that many to move Ackerman's collection!

Now, what I have in mind is that we build about twenty little "lift-boats" capable of carrying 25 people or else plenty of cargo apiece -- I have a place near here in mind for the construction site -- and then, we haul materials out to construct ourselves a really big spanking star cruiser out behind the Moon. I just happen to have the specs for it, here. Calls for a teardrop hull about a half-mile across, with seven crew-decks located approximately at that widest diameter -- two decks with living quarters for fifty passengers each, then three decks for a hundred passengers each, and then two more decks for fifty passengers. Total accomodations for five hundred people.

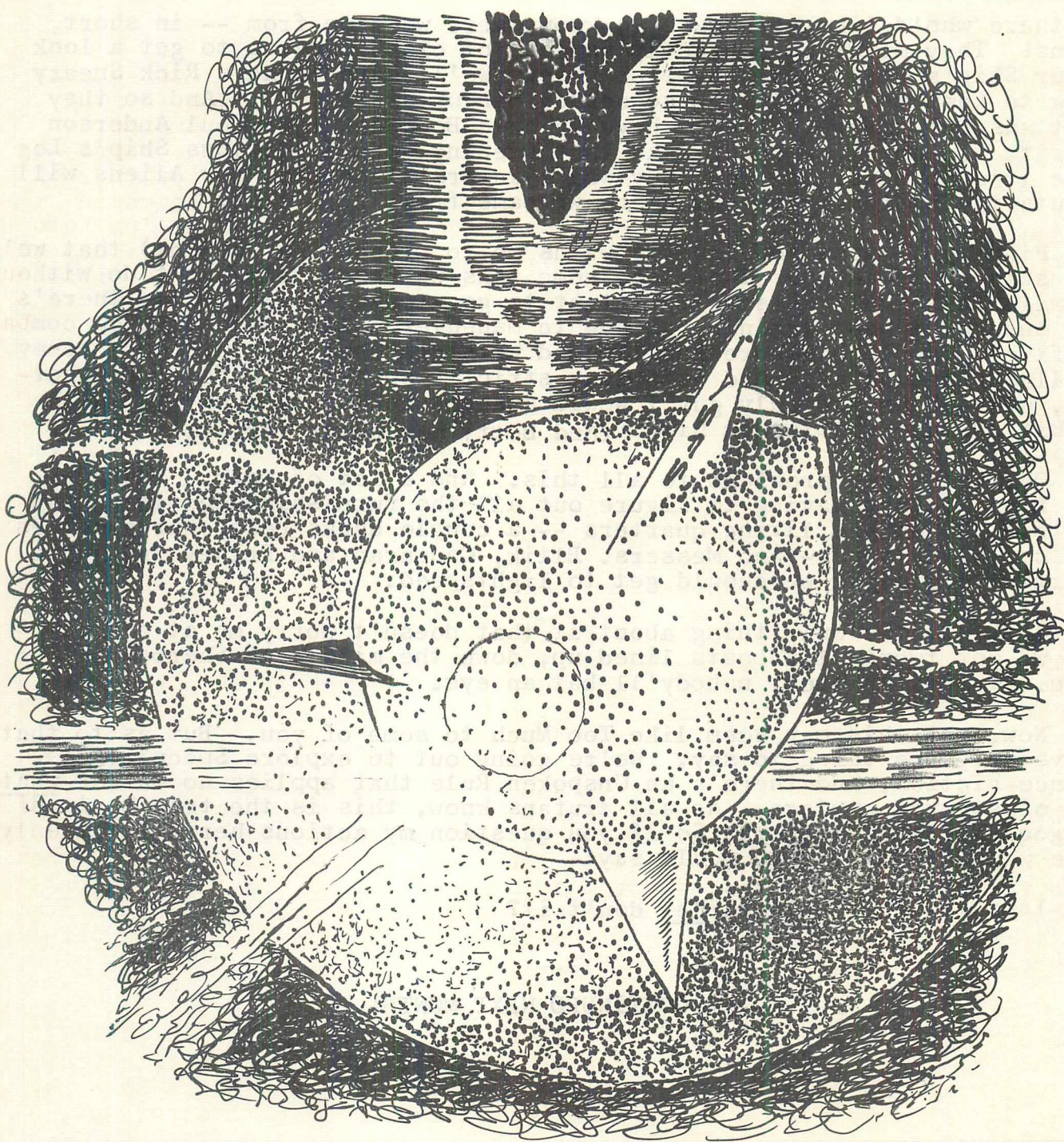
While this means more than enough work for us, there'll be other problems involved in the project which will require the active help of fans down here on Earth. Furthermore, certain tasks will come up during the voyage which make it absolutely necessary that we have certain fans in our crew. On the other hand, I admit there are a few fans we don't want on board under any circumstances -- uh huh, I see you're thinking of the same one I am -- but we'll compile that little list among ourselves and just keep quiet about it.

However, I want you guys should be aware of one thing: I'm the boss around here! I don't know of any of you with experience that'll tell you how to handle materials in orbit; in fact, I don't know of any of you who've so much as driven a forklift on Earth. I have. I know the power it takes to move a heavy mass, whether it's weightless or not, and I've snaked loaded pallets off a flatbed trailer and stacked 'em enough to know what it takes to hold a load in place and what it can do if it busts loose. In short, I'm the one who'll decide what goes into that starship and what doesn't.

And I'll not have any spacesuits aboard. I'll settle for nothing less than a bucket seat inside an inflated globe with a fast entry hatch -- if I need to get inside quick, I don't want to stop to wonder which size suit I wear -- and with viewscreens and a pair of Waldo mitts to operate a couple big, metal arms outside. And if I want to light up a smoke, I won't have to go through contortions to do it.

Another thing -- you guys leave Sam Moskowitz to me; I'll handle him. We've got to know where the frozen food industry warehouses its stuff, particularly large lots like for restaurants and overseas shipment, so we can provision up with a little moonlight requisitioning just before we clear out. We'll get our Cooltank equipment there, too. You realize we aren't gonna spend a year getting up to near-lightspeed -- we'll deepfreeze everybody where flesh is like tensile steel and blast outta here at 100 g's. That way, it'll take only a couple days. Then





"—GIVING US A BARGE THAT ONLY LIFTS  
**TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE** — GROTCH, GROTCH,  
 GROTCH!"

we thaw everybody out, the trip only takes a couple months, and we don't need more than maybe  $\frac{1}{2}$ -g acceleration/deceleration 'til we get there.

If we're really gonna investigate interstellar culture, I figure we should get back to Earth maybe a thousand years from now -- Earthtime, that is, not shiptime. But I'm the only one who should know where we're going. Matter of fact, I haven't decided yet. Thing is, all hell's gonna pop when that ship comes out from behind the Moon. There'll be some rumor about us, certainly, but I don't want anyone on Earth knowing where we go. That might not be so good, later -- and I intend for us to be around, later.

Also, we've got to consider the possibility that we'll meet somebody



out there who'd like very much to know where we came from -- in short, Aliens! They might be perfectly capable of clobbering us to get a look at our Ship's Log, too. So it's obvious we'll have to have Rick Sneary along to keep the Ship's Log so nobody can understand it. And so they won't suspect the ruse, we'll have to have Bob Tucker or Poul Anderson or Fritz Leiber or somebody like that keeping up a fictitious Ship's Log since it's obvious, the way they write interstellar stf, any Aliens will go nuts trying to figure out where we came from, from that!

Finally, I must add (and it pains me to broach the subject) that we'll need some press-gangs. There are some fans we absolutely can't do without who might be, shall we say, reluctant to go along. F'rinstance, there's just one guy I want training us how to maneuver a liftboat in space combat and fire a couple big-bore guns loaded with grapeshot to intercept enemy missiles fired at us. And he's not, strictly speaking, a fan. Furthermore, he's about the only guy I would suspect could stand up even with Big Bill Donaho sitting on him! (And Betty may never forgive us!)

Oh, there are problems to all this. And a lot of work. There's just Lynn Hickman having to figure out all the furnishings&equipment we need for the ship's living quarters -- a couple decks being for families with children, too -- and Messers. Ellik, Caughran and Briney trying to determine how close we should get to lightspeed.

In fact, the only thing about it that doesn't worry me at all is when we got twenty liftboats lined up, down the middle of Sherbourne Drive. In Los Angeles, nobody'll bat an eye.

Now, all this may seem like Too Much to some of you. But as to that, I have only one thing to say. We're going out to explore Speculative Science-Fiction, and there's an Unspoken Rule that applies no matter what kind of stf you explore. As all trufans know, this is the true basis of all good stf and fantasy. So if you question my actions here, I can only quote what any dirty pro would say:-

It's gotta be believable, don't it?

.....CONTINUED NEXT MONTH!

#### S P E C I A L   N O T E

You may all take heed of this -- the PO seems to be up to its great public-servicing, again. But this Special Note is especially sent to:

DENNIS LIEN, Lake Park, Minnesota 56554



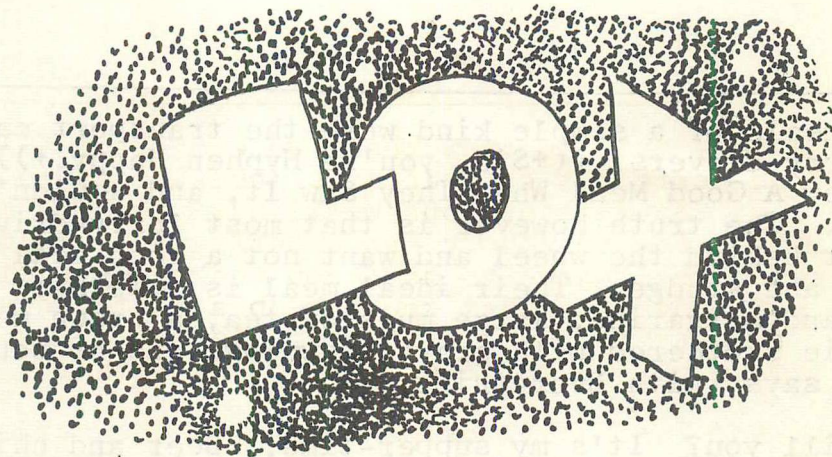
who informs us he has not received any issue of g2 since he sent us a sub. He should have received issues #10 and #11, by now, but we haven't heard from him.

Dennis'was the second complaint we've gotten. The first one came from:

MARK OWINGS, 3731 Elkader Rd., Baltimore 18, Md.

and he stopped getting g2 when he moved, tho we were sending it to his new address. We still are, but we haven't heard from him. Thish is going First Class to these guys. Any others? And which issues didn't you two guys get???





Standard policy here is that nobody has to send us a LoC -- or that nobody can get g2 free just by writing us any nonsense -- or that we won't give our precious 'zine to someone kind enough to offer comment on it. Take your pick. My own choice is that freeloaders and their "kind comments" can go to hell. This is a dirty capitalistic lettercol.

But the one joker who's threatened more than all the others to deliver a large, wide crack to this policy is that refugee from an African game preserve, Sidney Birchby. Subscribe? Damned if he will. He just writes LoCs. I publish 'em. I send him sample copies. Oh, hell -- I've no rule against sending copies to contributors. Such as....

r.f.a.A.g.p., 40 Parrs Wood Ave., Didsbury, Manchester 20:

Thanks very much for G.2. No.8...((+now, listen to 'im, would you+)).. an excellent issue and much enjoyed. That was quite a hatchet job you did on the two Consites, I must admit. Since that date, the Westercon on July 4th. has presumably come and gone, and I'll be watching in the next issue ((+will he, now? lessee, who is it in Manchester that I've got on the subscribers' list?+)) to see how far your Cassandra act came true.

I'm all for the occasional sprig of parsley on my ham-and-eggs. Makes it look as the cook would like it to look and taste if he didn't have to show a profit. Most cooks do have souls, you know. But they seldom have the chance to express themselves. Standing over every good chef is an accountant with a chopper, ready to lop off the end of his Cordon Bleu whenever the cash register stops tinkling.

Hence one has to go a helluva long way to find soup made with a dash of anything except drug-store ((+say chemist's and be done with your hyphens+)) herbs or to order steak and know that it will as a matter of course be glazed with a wine sauce. On the other hand one has to go hardly any distance at all to hear that incessant clatter of can-openers that denotes the almost total absence of anything so old-fashioned as fresh ingredients in the kitchen.

As you may know, there is very little in England between the expensive eating-places and the dirt-cheap ones, except for the price. By that I mean that it can easily happen that one pays top prices and has a poor meal, or else has a first-class meal for a laughable price. It is very much a matter of chance. The cause? Chiefly because most English caterers are essentially amateurish in their approach to the business. If one finds a good meal at a low price it is probably because the cafe-owner doesn't know the elements of costing and will shortly go broke. ((+And have you read WE KEEP A PUB?+)) On the other hand a three-star hotel serving a one-star meal has probably just changed hands and is coasting along on its past reputation, or else the cook who was really responsible for building up the reputation has left for a better kind of job. He may have got delusions of grandeur and opened his own joint. Which will shortly go broke. See above.

At one time it used to be said with some truth that the best places



for good cheap meals of a simple kind were the transport cafes, used by long-distance lorry-drivers. ((+Sid, you're Hyphen Happy.+) The theory was that They Knew A Good Meal When They Saw It, and wouldn't be fobbed off with rubbish. The truth however is that most lorry-drivers come in from a long stint behind the wheel and want not a good meal but one with plenty of starch and stodge. Their ideal meal is something involving plenty of bread and margarine, large mugs of tea, a brown mess on a plate, usually pie smothered with gravy browning, and of course, chips. Chips, as Wesker says, with Everything.

Excuse me, will you? It's my supper-time. Beer and chips. Luvly!

+ Y'know, the thing that makes this particularly interesting to me is  
 + the last time I saw Manchester, she had the hell bombed out of her,  
 + in places. We were lucky to get bitsy shrimp fried in batter with  
 + chips, then, and everyone told me to come back and try the beer in  
 + peacetime. But you're on the right track as regards fresh ingredients  
 + in the kitchen. Mine's called 'Robbie' and she's the best solution  
 + to the whole problem I ever dreamed could exist, except for those rare  
 + moments she reveals her soul and, uh, experiments. But I've always  
 + suspected that Truck Stop Theory, as we call it, was an American myth  
 + -- the only place I've found it was really true is on the vast stretches  
 + of open highway in the western United States. In metropolitan areas  
 + of any size, many other considerations besides food determine the loca-  
 + tion of Truck Stops. A good rule in cities, I've found, is to spot the  
 + place frequented by a lot of delivery van drivers on their coffee break  
 + -- or at teatime, there. But even that depends on the neighborhood.

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md., 21740:

Your lead article in the latest G2 left me with quite an assortment of reactions, nearly as many as you thought up for the spaceship. For a while, I thought that you were going to invent the bass reflex speaker, creating high fidelity all by yourself. ((+Is there anybody -- ANYBODY -- who hasn't heard the one about the bloke who heard radio programs on the fillings in his teeth ... and the only time he tuned in the wireless at home was when he wanted stereo?+)) Then I forgot all about that in joy and relief at the way you rescued conditions favorable to life from the limbo in which John W. Campbell, Jr., placed them in a recent Analog. ((+Hear, hear+)) The news that Mariner sent back about Venus and the conclusions to which some scientists have jumped about the impossibility of life there are reminiscent of a certain kind of routine that radio comedian teams used to use. Maybe there was a technical term for it but I know it only by the way it went, something like this: "Grandpa fell off the top of the barn. Isn't that awful?" "Yes, but he landed in the nice soft haystack. Isn't that good?" "I know, but the haystack was on fire when he landed in it." "Then it's a lucky thing that he was wearing that suit of asbestos underwear he found in the attic." "It would have been lucky if it hadn't been for that rattlesnake that was inside the drawers when he put them on." "But didn't you hear? It was a rattlesnake from the snake farm down the road and it had been milked of its poison just before it got away." "But that still didn't prevent Grandpa from having a heart attack from fright." "Well, I don't know what would have happened to the poor old guy if the firemen didn't bring adrenalin along with them." And so on. I'm tired of trying to remember if this is the year when life is likely to exist all over the universe or the 12 months when it can be found only on earth and possibly one other planet located so far away that we'll never know about it. I'm going to believe that the scientists are doing nothing but guessing and I'll probably die in the belief that there's lots of life on other worlds, because there's little chance of many planets getting explored during my lifespan.

+ Lissen, bhoy -- you ain't runnin' out on Sneary's Sneaky Friends as  
 + easy as that! Yo' goin' star-rovin', bhoy, and yo' gonna like it.



The preceding issue's lead article on the consites was pleasant to read, despite the fact that it looks as if I've missed this year's Westercon and my desire to go to Europe instead of to California next year. A woman asked me to go with her to California ten days ago, incidentally, but she would have brought me back before the second Pacificon began and I would have ended up too far south for most fannish purposes. (It was a cousin, widow, about my own age, and I'm giving her the benefit of the doubt about her motives. ((+Yep.+)) She went to see some 19th century relatives in San Diego, on the steam cars.) There is always the faint possibility that I'll be so enthralled by the DisCon that I'll feel absolutely impelled to go to the Leamington next year, but I doubt it. Two decades of journalism ((+why, that's damn' near twenty years!+)) have left me with prejudices against hotels and conventions and delegates and all the trimmings that are dreadfully hard to ignore. I enjoyed both Philcons that I managed to attend but I had an awful time persuading myself to go to the 2nd in spite of pleasant memories of the first.

The lengthy letter sections in these two issues were great joys to read. They don't remind me much of the old VOM, because the physical impact is so different: VOM was allergic to white space. It used those non-black inks, the sans serif typewriter was hard to get used to, Ackerman's remarks were in his most cryptic and elliptic style (except that I think I've used a word wrongly; I was trying to think of the word that refers to a style that leaves out certain elements in the syntax) ((+you mean "kiosk" obviously+)), and reading VOM was an enormous labor that provided great joys. Your format is the easiest to read of any fanzine appearing today.

- + That last comment, coming from an old newspaperman, is no small praise.
- + You rocked me with that one, Harry.

These women ~~who have unlimited supplies of periods~~ who like to three-dot at least once in every line like Betty Kujawa and Rosemary Hickey don't worry me for this idiosyncrasy. There was a time long ago when I'd just learned where each punctuation mark belonged. Consequently I lost my temper every time I ran across writing in which ... substituted for commas or semi-colons. After a year or so, I learned something else about grammar or writing, precise details about which no longer remain in my memory. After that I could forget my outrage at writers who punctuated in this way. It doesn't affect comprehensibility of the writing, as a rule, and it does no particular harm unless the writer starts to quote something and the reader can't be sure if the three dots in a given place indicate that something has been omitted or are a punctuation-substitute.

- + You were right the first time, and shouldn't have crossed that out.....
- + like, whaddaya mean three dots?...these gals got electric typers, man,
- + they just sit there and let fly!.....You rest the little pinky there,
- + see....and when you run out of things to say.....now, go climb on
- + your clackity-bang old machine and see how you like retyping this. I
- + don't mind reading it at all...in fact, Robbie's a hyphenator - she's
- + absolutely Hyphen Drunk compared to Sid Birchpy! It's not hard to re-
- + type for publication, either - but those ..... passages - gaaah!

Please thank Robbie for the postal card containing Rog Phillips' address. I plan to get about fifty letters written pretty soon now, to various individuals whose whereabouts have turned up through someone's kindness, and he'll be on the list. Incidentally, I've been progressing pretty well in the actual writing of the fan history this summer, despite problems caused by a giant octopus disguised as my job that swallows up the clock most days. I've plowed through two conventions, the principal affects of World War Two on fandom, and Ackerman, in first draft form. By the end of summer, I should have several chapters completed in second-draft, if we assume that I don't have any more accidents, that Sam Moskowitz doesn't get an injunction against my stealing his thunder, that bookworms don't chew up all my notes, and that the DisCon doesn't turn me into



a club or convention fan.

+ I'm chopping your brief remarks on the problems you got writing it since  
 + that's the only thing in your letter I can chop. And apologies for the  
 + crudely-corrected typos on the preceding pages -- I should never have  
 + come home Friday nite and started LOX after a hard day of work; it was  
 + a good day, too. I'm resuming now Sattidy morning while you're no doubt  
 + still in the sack at the Discon (or is it DisCon?); yep, this is Labor  
 + Day weekend I'm doing this. &it is now 11:30 ayem in Washington, D.C. --  
 + DisCon, huh? Okay, it's 7:30 ayem here. Just gimme time. Got no job  
 + for you aboard the starship, but when we hove abeam of some new planet  
 + there is a li'l job for an ole Leg Man: scout.

BOB BROWN, S.S. Aloha State, Bremerhaven:

As you will note, this voyage, the ship went in the opposite direction.  
 From some of the things you mentioned in the fmz, this part of the  
 world was old stamping ground for you!  
 Keep the ball rolling.

+ Yep, there he goes, again. And there's a guy it's gonna be difficult to  
 + pin down -- but we'll have to get 'im. We need a good radioman aboard.

COLIN FREEMAN, address inside frontcover:

This letter ((+dated August 7th+)) is ostensibly to tell you that there  
 are still no more subs for g2 -- it's their loss. I enjoyed the last ish  
 -- No. 9 -- more than any previous one, in spite of (or maybe because of)  
 the fact that you managed to confuse me as much as you probably intended  
 ((+You're catching on+)) -- and in spite of my disappointment at discover-  
 ing that the fat-bellied creature on the cover was not a dead cod.

You had me pondering for some time about your question -- why go to  
 the stars? -- and your own answer to the question -- although you'd got  
 around to altering the question "slightly" before you answered it. And  
 then I realized that the question was -- "why go to the stars in S-F  
fiction?" and the question you pretended to answer was "why go to the  
stars in actual life?". You're not seriously suggesting that both ques-  
 tions are one and the same -- or even remotely related?

I've a number of SF books doing nothing in my locker, so I've been  
 asking the nurses if they were interested in borrowing them. I was sur-  
 prised at the number who turned out to be avid S-F readers; provided the  
 stories weren't just -- "spaceships going out to the planets and discover-  
 ing stupid monsters" sort of thing. A trip to the stars is already common-  
 place to the younger generation -- in fact, you'd think it had already  
 occurred. It's easier and more interesting to let the inhabitants of the  
 stars come to us. It's more fun having an alien situation in familiar  
 surroundings, and it certainly cuts down the cost of spaceships etc. for  
 us terrestrials. And any monsters you can imagine are not going to be  
 anything extraordinary compared to some of the human monsters we've had  
 right here on earth. Yes, I guess the most humorous and most frightening  
 monsters are the human ones. The most inhuman monsters are the human ones,  
 and SF writers will find all they want of them on Sol III, so why bother  
 going to the stars indeed?

Talking of monsters -- the one you sent me has pride of place by my  
 bed here. I only wish that I attracted as much attention as he does (not  
 really). Everytime I look at his ugly mug I think of you two. And there's  
 Betty K telling me that you are good people. Surprise, surprise.

+ That's the part of Colin's letter Robbie left out, lastish -- and the  
 + last paragraf reprinted the way he wrote it, not the way Robbie rewrote  
 + it for publication. I was a bit peeved about that. A lettercol is



+ no place to exercise any female prerogatives, editor-wise. Colin,  
 + your remarks simply reflect the kind of "spaceships going out to the  
 + planets" crud we've been having in S-F, which is the thing I'm all  
 + worked up about here -- I don't like it one damned bit. I've simply  
 + got to show what could be done, now, not just talk about it. So while  
 + I disagree that monsters on other worlds are less interesting -- and  
 + do agree on human monsters -- for ghodsake, don't ask me to explain  
 + myself. Let me show it. Let's go have a looksee, and talk later.  
 + You're already ahead of some of the crowd in thinking seriously on it!

GREGG CALKINS, 222 Riviera Drive, Apt.#5, Renton, Wash.:

Man, life in Washington is really hectic. ((+Instead of a DisCon, you gotta take in a whole state to get hectic?+)) Since I've been here we've been working a six-day week plus a little something extra on Sundays and it seems like I just don't find time for anything but work and sleep. No overtime for this for me, of course...I'm a professional, you see. Ha.

Been thinking...on my way back down (assuming they return me to La Habra after all this) mayhap I'll be able to stop off and visit? It will be in September or October or possibly even in November. I just don't know at the moment. At any rate, you might be seeing a brutish fannish face this fall, so be forewarned.

+ If you drive down 101, take the San Rafael-Richmond bridge and follow  
 + thru to the Eastbay Freeway, then -- ohell, get y'rsel into Berkeley  
 + someway or other and give us a ring. Robbie'll be home; and if I'm at  
 + work on campus, I can pick you up there (meaning Berkeley) and vector  
 + you into El Sobrante. We've Ron Ellick's mos'comfortable old daybed  
 + here in the study. It has a fannish history that's not for publication.  
 + Ask John&Bjo if it hasn't a fannish history that's not for publication.  
 + In fact, that's the very same daybed I sat on next to Miriam Knight one  
 + time and I wore the nylon-stretch bikini! That was the only time, tho -  
 + the experiment showed despite all fantalk of nudism, they're as flustered  
 + as anybody if I socialize like when I was a kid in New Mexico running  
 + around in a strip of cloth with the Indian kids (tho I don't like social  
 + nudism like 4e Ackerman or Bob Heinlein or Ted Sturgeon) so I've a whole  
 + drawerful of swimming trunks, now. They're even a bit flustered at that!

ROG PHILLIPS, 1342 Ordway, Berkeley, Calif. 94702:

A couple days ago Honey got a very earnest form letter from a 17 year old kid trying to run for president of N.F.F.F.. He outlined a lot of ideas for revitalizing and streamlining N3F activities, most of which are older than Gernsback, and as a Final Klincher he said he's been in fandom for four years! I laughed my head off. A 17 year old kid with 4 years experience! Reminded me of a 6 year old kid with 2 years experience and a saw who wanted the job of sawing up a tree into firewood once. Then I suddenly stopped laughing. The 17 year old kid with 4 years of experience who wants to be prexy of N3F WASN'T EVEN BORN YET BY A FULL 2 YEARS when the 6 year old with 2 years of sawing experience wanted to saw up my tree. And when I was 17 I lied about my age to get a fireman's license to operate two 250 h.p. and one 150 h.p. boilers in a power plant while I attended highschool.

The point is, when I was 17 I hadn't worn diapers for years. So why should I laugh my head off about a 17 year old with 4 years experience in fandom running for president of N3F? Not for the obvious reason, that in another twenty years I will laugh my head off at some whippersnapper of 30 years with 8 years experience wanting to tackle something big -- but for a more deep seated reason; that he is wasting his time and enthusiasm on a genuine antique when he could better occupy his time on the study of programming computers and a dozen other "infant" things just being born.



Except that he isn't the type. He is, I sense uncomfortably, one of the forerunners of Organization as a ding an sich or thing-in-itself, which would have as its eventual goal the reduction of science fiction to a five foot shelf, then a complete and unexpurgated volume, then finally to an Official Book, compiled at the Council of Chicago in the third century after the Bomb.

There is something Darwinian in it, a thousand little movements such as Krishna Venta, Elvis Presley, Einstein, Enrico Fermi, Campbell, Palmer, Shaver, Doc Smith, Mahatma Gandhi, that like little ripples started on the surface of the ocean by the wind, come together to become big waves that roll majestically around the world -- or crash against some unmoveable shore and are lost. But one of them, somewhere, keeps going. As it grows, its central figure of the past becomes a composite of many figures. The Stf religion could have a dilly of a Ghod, a Buddha molded from enriched Uranium, and another at the other side of the world, such that if they ever met they would destroy the world! (Critical mass, you know.)

Ah, there were gods in those days. But we weren't, you know. We were just writers, getting a cent a word. And we went on to 5¢ a word markets...

+ Well, you've done a nice capsule-parody on the hunk of human history  
 + that culminated in one Official Book: the Bible. So you're just too  
 + old to look at a 17-year-old kid with 4 years in fandom as a bright,  
 + new lad in a bright, new world he's gonna make his oyster. I got the  
 + same feeling from reading The Bug Eye's lastish, with Andy Main sounding  
 + off quite well and Rolf Ginsdorf all shook up about the John Birch Soc'y  
 + im Der Freedeten Staten -- hell, with me it was the NRA and Henry Wallace  
 + and the doublecross of Czechoslovakia; for me, World Federation was the  
 + only sensible answer. It is today. But it takes more to get me shook.  
 + Like you, I've already seen too much to ignore the bigness of it all.  
 + I'm more likely to get triggered by some youngster like Frank Wilimczyk  
 + in Gardyloo, telling how from his vast army experience to fire a Thomp-  
 + son submachinegun in short bursts; I feel like adding, "Son, next time  
 + you shoot a chopper, hold it on its side so the recoil rips the burst  
 + across the target -- not so it lifts the muzzle to put your last shot  
 + too high." I'd have him measure his bursts to suit the target, too....

WRAI BALLARD, Blanchard, North Dakota 58009:

Thanks for sending me a sample copy of G2. And while I'm thanking you for it, thanks too for those issues you sent me some years ago. At that time I intended to sub and to continue getting them, but I'm show about such things. As I told Les Gerber in a note not long ago, one good zine after another comes along, makes a reputation and folds before I get around to subbing...Opsla, Xero, and many have folded, Yandro perhaps will before I get around to writing...Same with Starspinkle. Cry was stubborn enough to publish around a hundred issues before getting me hooked, and (to repeat myself) back in 1947 I thought of getting a subscription to Fantasy Times, but I doubt if it will last till I get around to doing it. Actually it was 1950 when I thought of subbing to Fantasy Times, but I eggagerated for effect. (exaggerated then, I don't always spell things eggactly correct.)

So enclosed is 50¢ for a sub, and thanks.

+ Now, this is a fine state of affairs! There I'm drinking the Kujawas'  
 + scotch at the Westercon and after I'd consumed about a year's supply  
 + of it, Betty says, "That's a year's sub to gee-2 for Wrai Ballard."  
 + And then I consumed another year's supply, and she says, "That's one  
 + for Wim Struyck!" And that damned convention lasted four days, but I  
 + got a little confused about the last part there, I dunno who else Betty  
 + might've had on the deal -- and I'm a little afraid to ask! So now you  
 + send me four bits and I'm not gonna send it back. Lemme see now what I  
 + can do...



\*  
\* RON ELLIK - you got room on Starspinkle's sublist for a feller calls  
\* hisself Wrai Ballard? If so, I owe you four bits come  
\* next G&S nite, which I rec'llect is October 5th.  
\*

Be waiting for the horrible revelations about fandom, and wonder just what horrible revelations they are. ((+Oh, I still got 'em here, if you insist.+)) Since going into hiding in the apas many years ago I've heard very few horrible revelations about fandom, at least not since Laney dropped out of Fapa. Of course convention going enables a person to learn some of the seamy side of fandom, but I won't be going to any conventions this year.

By the way the pistol on the heading of page 3 confuses me...looks like an 1860 .44 Colt with a shortened barrel and Navy grips...possibly one converted to cartridges...but where is the loading gate?

+ Cap-and-ball conversion to cartridges was never a good deal; but has it  
+ never occurred to guncranks that Gonzales the Gunsmith in Ole Santa Fe  
+ could've copied a Colt pistol in good Spanish steel, giving it bored-  
+ thru cylinders, and to hell with patent laws? You'll note the ejector  
+ rod's missing, too; the old cap-and-ball tamping rod's still there; so  
+ you changed cylinders to reload -- and used the gun itself in hand-loading  
+ cartridges, seating the bullets! Makes a nice fiction. That's a cap gun.

And speaking of guns and things, it was a damn shame I couldn't get to the Westercon for I'd have enjoyed it. Betty insists we'd have a lot of common interests to talk about and I think I agree. Remember about 10 or 12 years ago we had a sort of a discussion by way of an interpreter type deal, dealing mostly with Quantrell and the KKK?

And too I'd like to have had Robbie to side me with her Derringer. Since Cyclone Coslet isn't around any more the Musquite Kid does need a new partner and confidentially I think he'd prefer Robbie to Cyclone any time. Out of practice as I am I'd need help against the LA fast guns anyway. Been over a year since I tried a fast draw, and many months since shooting a hand gun. Maybe the Musquite Kid is getting old and Cynical and changing his habits anyway for the only real shooting I've done this year was with a .45-70 Sharps at 350 and 450 yard range. This speaks for a change in tactics..perhaps not as admirable or colorful, but a lot more practical. ((+But f'rghodsake, Wrai -- who'd ya dislike that bad?+))

FAMOUS MONSTERS doesn't sell too well around here...but the issues are badly worn and well thumbed by the time it is returned to the distributing company. Any time I go into the drug store around Noon of a school day there will be a couple giggly little girls looking at a copy. Not the same ones, but it will always be some girls around 14 or 15 years old or less and never any boys. They don't buy, but they do make good drug-store cowgirls. (not in my class though, I used to read complete PB's while browsing when little older than they are.) ((+Who're you kidding -- those were Big Little Books!+)) Sorry you didn't have a con report...Can see Gene taking a half hour to fix a zipper for a curvacious blonde. That fellow is a good mechanic. ((+You should've seen the blonde.+))

+ And that just about clears the deck around here for this time. We've  
+ a letter from Len Moffatt that's mostly personal chitchat, slightly dated  
+ now -- same for a letter from Rosemary Hickey which I was tempted to pub-  
+ lish anyhow since she does not go .... all thru it, this time! And we  
+ had one from Mike McQuown dating way back to Bastille Day, and two more  
+ postcards from Bob Brown -- one from Rotterdam, one from Southampton. He's  
+ headed back to New Orleans by now to discharge military cargo; no telling  
+ where to, from there -- Pacific, prob'ly. And thanks, Dick Lupoff, for  
+ Xero 10. Muchly appreciated. And ol' Huckleberry Hickman lets us know  
+ he's in Hannibal, Mo., to take the C.S.O. store on a permanent basis --  
+ and be home every night after 19 years on the road; he says, "Will have to  
+ have a dresser built like a suitcase or I won't be able to find my clothes."



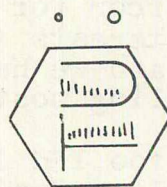
There was in Yandro, this lastish, a rider writ by somebody claiming he is Dean A. Grennell. In fact, he even called the piece "Grue" like the 'zine wot the real Dean A. Grennell onct put out -- this was back about the time Tucker stole Bloch's money-mattress and set sail for the Polynesian Isles on it -- and what tips off the whole shebang is when this feller calls hissself Dean A. Grennell starts talking about Bloch and Tucker. What he says here is only what anybody can find out about them two, and the real Dean A. Grennell had ~~note of their~~ better knowledge of the subject than that. But I knew sumpin' awful would happen, way back there in the middle-Plietocene when Grennell up and went apa, and Grue was lost to the dirty, unreconstructed few of us who'd no special desire to ever pub a fanzine so we had no business on any apa's list where You Gotta Publish Or You Don't Belong (and half of 'em, mosttimes, shouldn't ever have published anything) tho everybody knows it's so easy to be A Waiting-Lister.

And it is awful to contemplate what could've happened to old Dean there in Apaville, that this rank imposter could come out now claiming he is Dean A. Grennell -- which is as mind-croggling as for somebody in Fust Fandom to start calling hissself Tucker tho it wouldn't surprise me as Bob has been fooling around with them apas too -- and here this imposter is shooting Grennell's air-pistols to boot!

Things like this are why I will never practice any apa-fomented policies with g2 like restricting its distribution only to those who'll send me their fanzines -- in fact, that's why I don't want to trade fmz at all with anybody. I want to buy subs to other fmz, not trade -- but I could easily jump g2's circulatn to 200+ if I would trade; then I'd have to start refusing any more cash-subs to keep the mailing in reasonable bounds. So I'd be cutting off fans who don't publish, just as I was cut off. It still gripes me when somebody talks of fanzine fandom like You Gotta Publish Or You Aren't In -- this, when fanzine fandom is the only thing so many can reach, geographically! The apa-crowd never really meant it to be this way, either, I suspect. But it is. And it is plain fact that if fanzine fandom weren't so goddam sick I would never have started pubbing my own zine; I'd be writing and doing artwork for others -- I never did ache to pub a fanzine.



Rosemary Hickey  
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