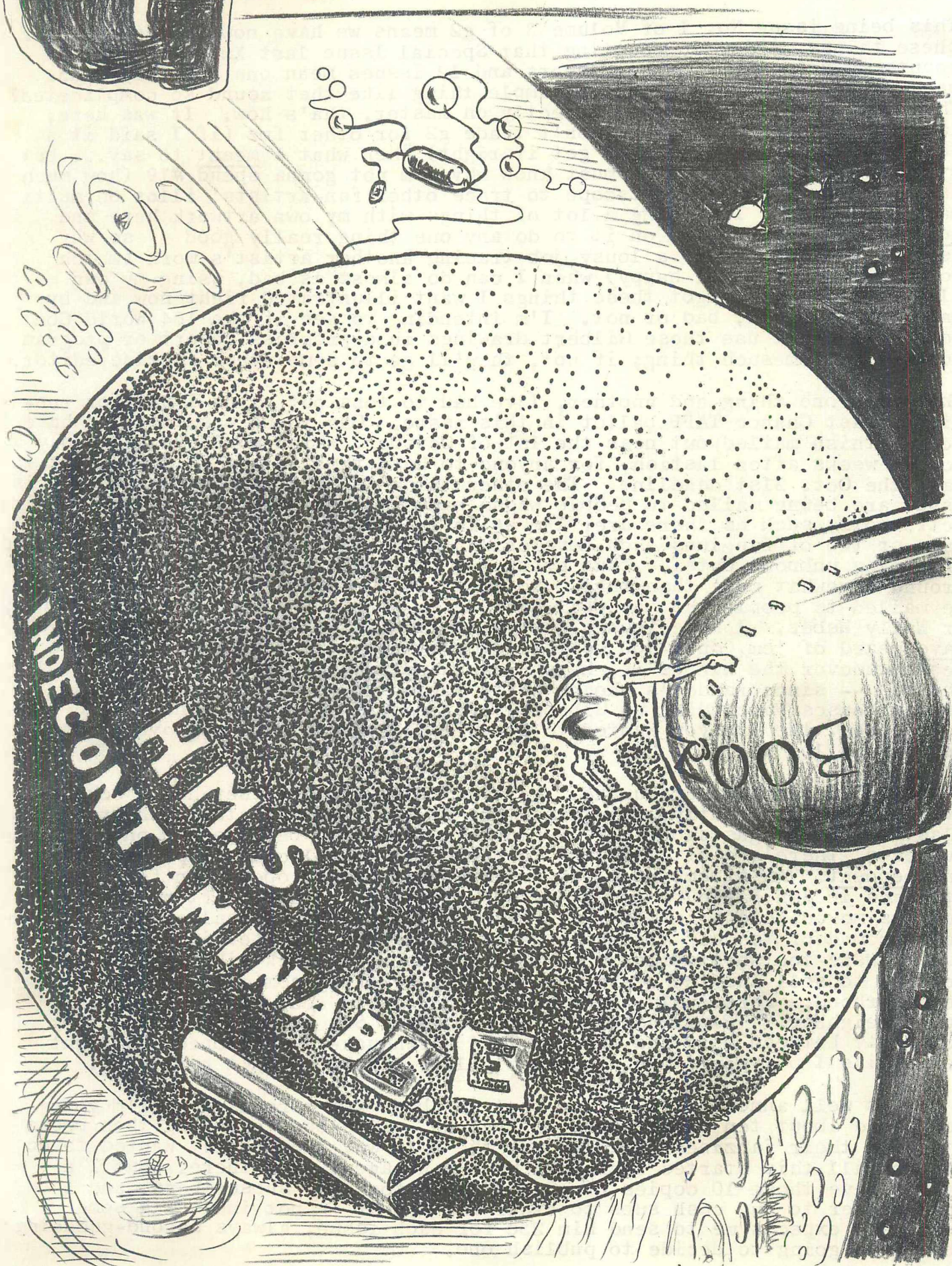


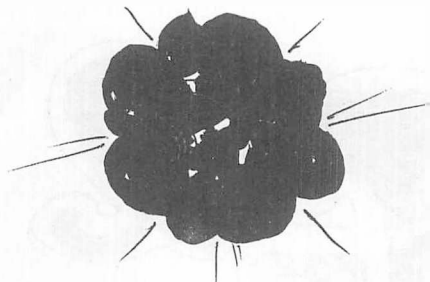
G2

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 1

OCTOBER



NOISE



This being issue No. 1 of Volume 3 of g2 means we have now published 25 of these things -- no, 26 counting that Special Issue last Xmas -- since I counts my volumes by pubbing years and 12 issues mean one year of g2 has been pubbed. How can I make a simple thing like that sound so complicated? This colyum is always typed directly on master, tha's how. It was here, lastish, I told twice why I don't trade g2 for other fmz (if I said it a few more times, I might even get it right) when what I meant to say....but by this time, BUCK COULSON must know why I'm not gonna spend #19 (how much is that, Buck?) on a lightscope to trace other fan-artists' illos on multi masters for g2. I'm doing a lot of things with my own artwork here and not spending enuff time on it to do any one thing really good -- so why get a lightscope to do a lousy job tracing another artist's work (which won't make him at all happy) when I can do almost as bad, using my own illos? Thing is, I got these things I want illustrated right now and by damn I'm doing it, bad or not. I'm intending to see if the '64 World Con committee can't use those Gilbert drawings in a progress report or program booklet or somesuch thing; if not, they'll go to some other fanzine editor.

What with one thing and another, I've had to toss out plans I had for running a Last Chance TAFF ballot in this issue. One thing was that I'd have to get thish mailed out near the 1st of October, which would've been only a couple weeks after lastish, for anyone to have time to get a TAFF Ballot in past the Oct. 31st deadline. The other thing is that sample copies of this issue are being mailed to people whose names&addresses I find in the prozine lettercols, such as there are; I'm ag'in this trend Buck has mentioned a time or two of fanzines each developing their own, little coterie of readers and being unknown outside that group. I want this here fan magazine to get around somewhat more than that. So about 20-30 copies of this issue will be mailed to people who may well have never heard of Bruce Pelz, MEZ Bradley or Wally Weber. I note from a last-month's STARSPIKLE that among fans who have heard of 'em, only 100 bothered to vote up 'til that time ... which means whoever the winner is, he/she can hardly be considered "fandom's choice" -- since fandom's choice quite obviously is not to vote at all, in most cases, including us Gibsons. For many & sundry reasons. (And in some cases, the one you wanted to see win TAFF won't win becuz you didn't get yo' ballot in.)

We just had another earthquake. Ho hum. They thought they had a couple over in Nevada recently, but turned out it was a couple atomic underground blasts -- Las Vegas shook for 15 minutes. Now I've been jogged onto mundane subjects, there's a bit I'd like to quote from our local newspaper, the Independent: "An attempted block-busting real estate operation fell flat on its face in San Pablo recently, we're pleased to report. After two or three Negroes moved into a formerly all-white neighborhood, a real estate salesman went from door to door trying to panic Caucasians into selling. But the people were too sophisticated to fall for any old trick like that; they refused to sell and the Negro families are settling comfortably into the neighborhood. Personally, we'd hate to have that real estate salesman for a neighbor." Paper comes out of Richmond; San Pablo's a neighboring community between here and there. That earthquake I mentioned was right here while I'm typing this. Place wiggled. Robbie didn't notice it.

I may as well announce right now that in about two more issues, I'm going to unload about ten subscribers in England. I've been carrying them becuz I wanted their fanzines, trading was the only way they really wanted to do it, and all this started back when we had no agent over there. But I'd rather have those 10 copies of g2 available for cash subscribers, and I much prefer to buy cash subs to other fmz myself -- not including some joker who expects me to send him 25¢ for each issue, always second-guessing when he's going to decide to publish one.

g2 is a monthly fanzine (this being Vol. 3 No. 1) published by Joe & Robbie Gibson --&available by sub: cash, check 5380 Sobrante Avenue or US 5¢ stamps. Samplecopy B1 Sobrante, California free on request.

and not "5308" as I just noticed it in last month's issue! Tsk. Lousy proofreading around here. She can cook, tho, and even write a piece or two.

Subscription rates:

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&therefore:

- (✓) You sub'd for 2 more g2's.
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Sorry, no back issues available.

My special thanks to DICK SHULTZ for sending us that ish of his Ompazine in which he sounds off about them amateur publishing ass'ns, and sez the trouble with OMPA is that it ought to boost the permissable number of its memberships. Robbie was especially pleased to read Dick's comments on all that about the apas where you gotta publish something sometime or you can't get in, and membership is limited, and only members get fanzines and those on the Waiting List get what's left. Y'see, Robbie's been in fandom for eleven years and she's never seen one of those apa-mailings. That treatment leaves you feeling kind of "left out" through no fault of your own; I know, I've had it and I've always sympathized with others who did -- especially as fanzine fandom degenerated more and more into these closed, little apa groups. Just hearing me talk about it over a jug with Old Apa Deadwood like Bill Donaho and Norm Metcalf isn't quite the same as getting confirmation in print from somebody far off as Detroit, tho. But I doubt if Dick would think we took his comments quite the way he meant them....

But then, I've always considered "apa" to be the dirtiest word in the Breencyclopedia.

I've known a lot of fans in the past 15 years who felt just as Robbie does. Most fanzine editors know 'em. And ignore 'em. I just have to look through Buck Coulson's fmz reviews for the past few months and count how many fanzines you can actually buy a subscription to -- most may take your money for just one issue, but they really don't want you.

Just write 'em all love-letters telling 'em how good they are, tho, and they'll deluge you with the damned things. I have spoken. But that works just a short time -- then if you can't write for fmz or pub one, that's tuff. It's only an afterthought which prompts me to add that there are exceptions -- there are a few 'zines offering subscriptions; but they've usually got their mailing lists so full, they don't want any more. Why? Becuz they'd be "left out" too if they didn't trade for those other 'zines; maybe 100 copies of each issue has to go for that. Even YANDRO gives in to this racket, tho Buck has cut back on it considerably from what I hear.



"-NOW, EASY
DOES IT! MIND
THE SPEED LIMIT—
SIGNAL YOUR TURNS—"

SHANG

SYNOPSIS:

Lastish, under somewhat confusing circumstances -- yeah, it had me confused somewhat, too -- we suddenly decided that the only way Speculative Science-Fiction could be explored was to build ourselves a starship and go explore it. So I got busy, yessir, I made Great Plans (most of which are known only to myself) and I called in that wild bunch known as Sneary's Sneaky Friends.

Well, we built that starship -- out behind the Moon, with a teardrop hull a half-mile in diameter and accommodations for 500 fans! And we built 20 little starships besides, each able to lift 25 people into orbit, which we call "liftboats" since that's what they're for. And we got everything ready (well, almost ready) for an interstellar trip that'll bring us back to Earth 1,000 years in the future. Barring accidents, of course.

Then we sent down the liftboats.....

Well, now -- this is the most subdued (if grim-looking) crowd of fans I've confronted in a long time. As you've all been told when you were picked up, this is no World Con you're at. This is a starship, and you are the people in it. You know what that means!

I can't say, "This is going to be your home for a while," because this ship is just too darned big to describe that way. Say it's your "home-town" for a while. You've had a chance to look at the accommodations we've arranged for you -- three and four bedroom flats with fullsize living rooms, complete kitchen facilities, and we've made sure each flat has one room furnished as a study/workshop/hi-fi den with built-in mimeograph -- so you know why this ship has a diameter of half a mile, with your living quarters filling seven full decks. There's better than five hundred of us aboard. Of course, it's going to be Soup Kitchens for a while; we haven't completed installations of all facilities as yet, and even the Food Center -- you'll find it's like a big supermarket -- hasn't all its shelves set up yet, much less stocked from our Supply Decks.

I must apologize for that, and also for any other inconveniences you've suffered in the past week. We've worked some of you pretty hard, getting provisions up from Earth, not to mention a couple trigger-happy night watchmen and that time the cops were closing in. We've also got some of you aboard against your wishes -- the press gangs were desperately overworked the past few days, particularly, and a few of them may have acted a bit out of hand. They are now the Ship's Police, of course, and I trust they exercised enough patience and discretion to show they're the right men for the job -- especially in picking up John Berry, who's their new

HAILED

Chief -- and will conduct themselves in such manner that we'll all be proud of them.

You'll find there's good reason for everything that's done on this ship, tho, with no exceptions. A good example of this is when the last of you were coming out in the liftboats, you saw the name being painted on our ship's stern -- the H.M.S. Indecontaminable. We have need for those H.M.S. initials which you mightn't suspect; as for the rest of it ... Len, there's one crawling up Anna's shoulder, there -- that's a good fellow! As I was about to say, one of our earliest considerations was the possibility that, somewhere in our star-roving adventures, we might meet up with some Aliens. These Aliens might be sufficiently advanced to clobber us and get at our Ship's Log -- in which case, they'll find out where Earth is and all mankind will be in danger -- so we decided to have a few Dirty Pros aboard to write up a purely fictitious Ship's Log for us, which would naturally drive any Aliens mad trying to figure out from it where we came from. Considering the kind of "galactic" stf those guys write, it's bound to work!

Well, there's one thing we still don't like about that scheme: mainly, the idea of us getting clobbered! Now, why couldn't we make a deal with those Aliens (if such there be) to give them that faked Ship's Log in exchange for our Safe-Conduct out of their Sector? But of course, the Aliens would suspect we were tricking them unless we made them think we didn't care if they learned Earth's location. Somehow, we must convince them that we haggled for our Safe-Conduct and finally gave up this Ship's Log thinking we'd got the best of the deal.

So it was decided to have this Ship's Log tell about a most bizarre and despotic Earth civilization, depicting us as escaped refugees who stole one of 'His Monstrosity's Ships' to make our getaway. This seems such a practical dodge -- and it could save our necks someday, tho I prefer nicer games -- that I wonder none of our astute stf writers haven't used it before....

But of course we have many immediate problems confronting us here-and-now: getting settled into our new quarters, picking up the routine of ship's life, developing the society which every starship must have. And the first problem is ... hah! got that one ... we've a few more passengers aboard than we anticipated, what with pick-ups being made at odd hours, finding bods abiding in sleeping bags on fannish floors, et cetera. Now, I know that some of you don't agree on this being our Gravest Problem; many of you, in fact, have graver misgivings about our problems of living together, our social conduct, our welfare as an isolated fan community. I can only tell you that problem's already been solved, difficult tho it may seem. Wait! --of course, you don't agree. Let me demonstrate. We are already completely aware of the rumors flying about the ship that there's one of us playing around with another's wife, which may culminate in all sorts of dire consequences. Now, we expected something like this could happen; and I can assure you that a Court of Inquiry will be convened just as soon as there's been a killing and you've no need to worry that Justice Will Prevail In The End. However, we have no doubt that Something More Should Be Done and in any case, The (Selected) Traditions of Our Forefathers Must Be Preserved, especially with regard to such Communistic Goings-On. In regard to this, may I announce that a secret meeting of all John Birchers is being held immediately and those of you who can prove membership may attend -- just go out through that corridor and into the chamber marked Luftschloss. Sorry about that; German scientists, you know. Have to use them for some things.

In fact, it might be best for all of you to brush up a bit on your German -- Helmut or Rolf might lend a hand. When you're able to tour the ship more thoroughly, you'll find a large sign posted on doors to chambers containing some of our more delicate equipment: navigational computers, electronic control programmers and the like. I may as well give you a sampling of it, now; here 'tis --

Das komputenmaschine ist nicht fur gefinger poken und der mittengrabben, ist easy schnappen der springenwerke, blowenfusen und poppencorken mit spitzenparken. Ist nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen hands in das pockets. Relaxen und watch das blinkenlights.

I'm sure it's familiar to some of you....

Are they gone?

Both shot clear; thanks, Roy. Now, another thing which may concern some of you -- Ella, your spray-bomb; one going up the wall, there -- is when we'll post a roster of Ship's Officers and establish just who it is we've got in command. I'm sure many of you are anxious to see The Captain about one thing and another, and he'll no doubt make appointments with each of you just as soon as he possibly can. Meanwhile, as regards assignment of ship's duties and decisions of policy, I'd be surprised if any Properly Aroused Proletariat could stomach the blatantly Fascist way we've done things; and in connection with that, there's a cell-meeting for anyone interested that's about to begin just through that door back there and turn left to the chamber which is also marked, by odd chance, Luftschloss. We know of one of you in particular....

Kindly release that gun, sir. Let it fall. The 12-gauge autoloader covering you to your right, there, has full-choke to deliver a tight pattern of shot which will blow you in half; and any nicks you make in the bullet-proof glass fronting this podium will only send ricochets banging about in the crowd. They're terrified now, sir, but at that they'll go mad. They may tear what's left of you to pieces. That's right, drop it. Just go along with Thomson and Warner, there -- we've a Worker's Paradise awaiting that you'll have no trouble recognizing; it's called the Ship's Brig -- and we have all sorts of Five-Year Plans you can perform for the State. Just meet your quotas and you'll eat regularly. Go along, now, there's a good Agitator....

Can he hear us yet?

Now, to business.

We are about to embark on a journey across a thousand lightyears -- or anyway, we'll have gone that far by the time we get back. The purpose of this is simply to get back to Earth a thousand years from now. Y'see, one of the biggest fallacies of presentday science-fiction is the way it depicts an interstellar culture; well, a thousand years from now (not too terribly long, really) Earth should have an interstellar culture. We're going to see what it's really like.

But first, we've got this journey to take. We're going to map the Ridge -- our own little cluster of stars, maybe three or four hundred of 'em, including Sol -- and then, head out into the Deep Black to see what we can see. We've a couple of planet-stops on the itinerary, at least one at a sun like our own with maybe a planet like Earth.

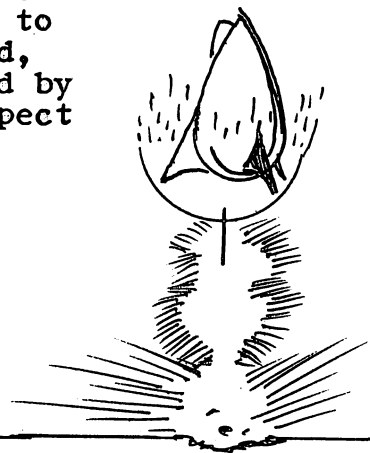
I won't tell you, now, just how long this will take. Months, certainly -- months during which we'll be penned up in this ship. That's why it's big. But there's more to it than that.

Until this moment, civilized society has always been based upon some form of human slavery. Perhaps 'slavery' isn't the right word for it; ostensibly, human slavery was made obsolete by the Industrial Revolution. But in a most critical sense, slavery means you're forced to work for others as they please, when and where they please, to get your food, clothing and shelter. In this sense, any kind of civilization means slavery. That's the price of it.



Of course, you get quite a lot for that price. The obvious benefits of civilization are that food, clothing and shelter become available in such abundance (and of better quality) that less work is required to earn them. Try to hunt, build and make all of it yourself and you'll work yourself to death just getting the barest necessities together. Then, too, developments such as democratic government make it seem less like enslavement. In fact, you might say the "most advanced" civilization is one that best conceals its enslavement of men.

More recently, on 20th Century Earth, we have reached what seems like a breakthrough. With the advent of automation, we've the prospect of having machines do all the work and a society where no man has to work for anybody -- he merely has to live, to consume all the food, clothing and shelter produced by the machines. But that prospect



violates so many of our slave-culture's taboos and morals that many people see only a prospect of chaos. They can't imagine a society not having to work for a living -- working for someone else, let me repeat; even small shops have to cater to their customers. Many people can only see themselves bored to death without that; or else, they see everyone but themselves getting into even worse mischief. They can't imagine such a society might find more important things to worry about. Their slave-culture's done a good job of selling them on slavery.

Consequently, I rather doubt that automation, per se, will create any Free Civilization. It seems more likely the politicians of 20th Century Earth will simply utilize this new gimmick to build a better slave-pen. After all, we've spent over ten thousand years developing a certain breed of men who're only happy when they hold power over others.

At this moment, however, none of us here has to work for a living. We're embarking on a thousand-lightyear journey, with at least two stops along the way, and we've provisions aboard for exactly twice that space/time junketing. There's absolutely no reason anyone shouldn't withdraw what they wish from the Food Center (there are all sorts of shops along its concourse, too) and the girls at the checking counter will merely jot it off the Ship's Inventory.

Those girls will be on ship's duty, of course, and there are lots of those -- but we now have absolutely no ship's duties to assign to any of you! Our Officers and crewmembers are all volunteers fully aware of their responsibilities and, of course, of the certain little privileges that go with them. It's perfectly clear that the one man in any culture who has the best hams and bacon at table is the hog-raiser; after him, the butcher -- and the rest of us get what we can buy. So it's no secret the Officers

in charge of our Food Center will eat well; but they'll put some top-quality provisions aside for bartering purposes, too. Our Maintenance Crew will get some of that for their services, no doubt, to such Food Center Officers as wish to have an extra-large freezer in the kitchen of their flat. Then a Ship's Officer in Computers might want his bachelor quarters cleaned prior to entertaining some young lady, and our Janitorial Service will be getting some new robot floor scrubbers designed. In fact, arranging an introduction to a certain young lady might involve the exchange of a certain choice ham, or other article of value, or an offer of services. A bit of extra trash-collecting can be arranged for the morning after a wild fan-party. It would amaze you what a bottle of Jack Daniels will do! (Now, why don't they write about starships like this?)

So you might say the assignment of ship's duties has been more in the nature of an allotment of concession rights. I'm sorry to say, most all have been filled. But I'm sure the rest of you will find some mischief to get into -- there's bound to be no shortage of it going on, around here.



Besides, we've all more important things to do. You realize the 20 liftboats we have aboard are each a little starship in itself -- you just can't pack enough into 'em for more than 10-15 lightyears or so. Well, you must each take a short course in commanding a starship, just in case. In addition, there'll be training courses in all the ship's duties, everything from astronuclear engineering to sewage reclamation, and including such sidelights as schoolteaching for the children aboard. Most of these training sessions will become standardized; an interstellar ship will always have them, always need them. Starships must of necessity be training ships. They're worlds unto themselves, with no home ports to provide trained replacements.

But it's more than that -- incredibly more. After we've mastered the life of star-rovers, we'll still be confronted with the mysteries of different worlds and divergent cultures. We'll have to understand them. We'll have to explore, discover, think. Everyone of us is destined to be a student for the rest of our star-roving lives, and each of us to be an instructor in some half-dozen subjects. Because we'll all need the full knowledge our ship acquires. It's our most valuable cargo, and there's no telling which of us will be at the right place, at the right time, on some strange world where we can turn a handsome profit with it.

It's either do that -- and replenish our fuel and provisions, periodically -- or give up our civilized freedom among the stars, become planetbound again, return to that slavery where men work for a living with someone telling you when and where you must work and how much he thinks you're worth, and everyone tells you it's Right and Good, wanting you to be slaves because they are.

As those planetbound natives see us, we may be traders or thieves

or plundering raiders (to some, we might even be itinerant schoolmasters if it turns a profit) but to ourselves, within our ship's culture, just one thing stands clear.

A starship is actually a small university.

There's really no getting around it: this is bound to be the actual basis of any starship's culture.

Beyond that, such encapsuled ship's culture might evolve anything -- pagan fertility rites, fanatical religious taboos, hereditary social castes or intense humanitarianism, artistic genius, even superhuman traits. It's probable some starship cultures will be riddled with sadistic/masochistic illnesses, perhaps with inbred physical mutations ... they will no doubt endanger all worlds they contact, and all other starships. An occasional derelict might seethe with cannibalistic madness for an instant, until the last spark of life vanished. Nowhere to run from it on a ship.

But most ship cultures would undoubtedly have a touch of illness, now and then -- and cure it. Or make planetfall and have it cured. A world's big enough to give you someplace to run. World cultures may plunge into such Dark Ages of incredible illness and emerge, later, with a fresh, new culture.

Our starship's culture must inevitably reflect the 20th Century Earth we came from -- or more specifically, the social/cultural position we occupied in that 20th Century Earth. Beyond that, it's bound to be influenced by whatever world cultures we contact. This last reminds me somehow of the way Paris dictates women's fashions -- and particularly the latest in Vogue just a while back: you know, the short-short skirts, the mushroom-cloud hairdo, the pointy-toed shoes. I got to thinking one time how the Parisian designers ever came up with that. You remember the trouble France was having in North Africa at the time? And so many young Frenchmen were draft-dodging and deserting the Army -- in fact, a good many Frenchmen were sympathetic to the Algerians' cause and dead-set against French colonialism and cartel rule. The Parisian designers, being mostly intellectual liberals, must have felt that way, too.

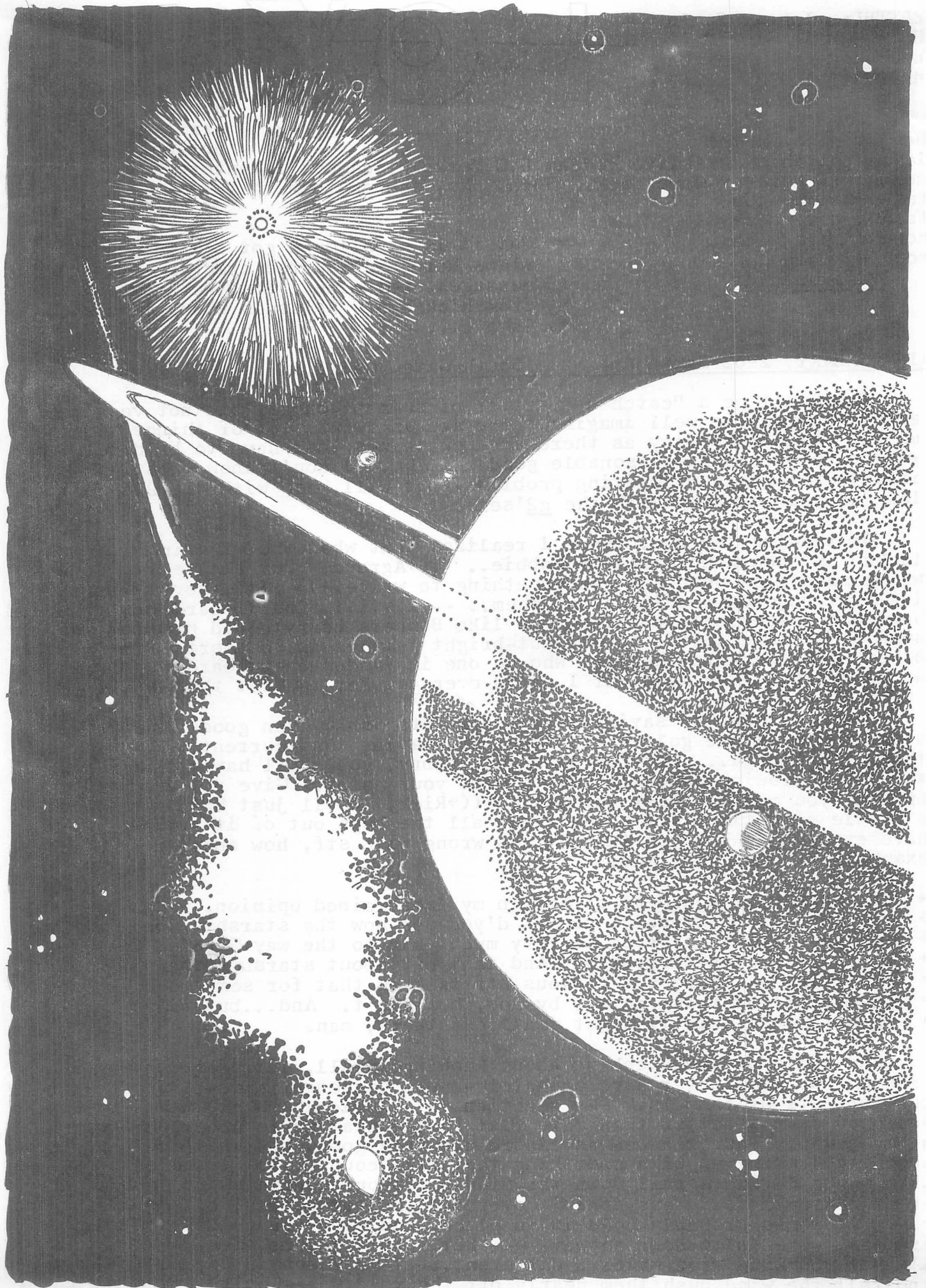
So they'd go to the cinema or watch newsreels on French TV, and there they'd see the "approved" releases of French-African natives being "restless" -- and it'd be around some company compound, with the dusky gels wearing short, tight cotton shifts from the company store and large-size shoes, their feet being so big from going barefoot so much, with their hair plastered up native-style with mud and dung. The result? You walk down the street in London or New York or San Francisco at high noon, expecting a lot of pretty secretaries to come pouring out of offices, and suddenly here come all these Swahilli native girls! Add some Rock'n'roll from a nearby jukebox and it's enough to make your scalp crawl!

When you realize that much can be done, can you imagine the effect on us after our starship's barged into some of the weird planetary cultures we're apt to find?

H'mmm? You don't think we'll find any?

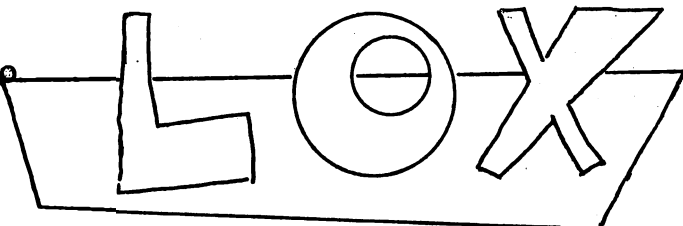
Wait and see.

Captain's compliments to Mr. Donaho, and we'll be pleased to grant him audience in the Captain's Lounge in -- oh, say a month or so....



"THIS'LL ALL BE TRACT-HOMES
WHEN WE GET BACK!"

ZETTEL: I hear Sam's Hoffbrau in Sacramento has good dark beer on draught. ¿Quien sabe?



TRIMBLES: I gotta apologize 4 goddam grouchy behavior & irritability - I am not now handling a

We got neos in the lettercol this month. I hereby request you olde faaans remembre some o' you once sounded worse.

Yas you did!

entire goddam U.C. Berkeley campus Inventory by my lonesom. Come back. Soon. No, sooner than that.

- + But it is hightime I got behind the plus-
- + signs here and started cracking with your
- + messages, not mine. So...we hear something
- + from Rick every 3 issues when he renews,
- + like

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

This will be a "catch up" letter of comment on g2, and not very much else. As you can well imagine there are an awfull lot of things to catch up on. Almost as many as there are new things that have to be done.. But we are busy, and in reasonable good health.. I don't know when I'll be able to normalize my writing problems, but will keep with the 25¢'ers as long as you can keep with the g2'sers.

On reading the Feb. issue I realized that what the magazine has mainly lacked is enough material by Robbie.. ((+Agreed. But she tells me she'll write something when she has something to write.+) I've never been flying, but enjoyed reading about them.. -- I still find it hard to understand how such a seemingly nothing town like Bonners Ferry could produce two such crazy-adventurous lovely-but-bright females in so short a time. (The other being Margaret Keller, who no one in fandom ever heard of, but who would dig fans the most, if I could ever get her to meet them.)

Joe, you keep on saying that modern stf isn't even good interstellar stories, let alone galactic.. You keep saying that current writers don't think big enough.. But for this dumb bunny, you still haven't used anything but glowing generalities to make your point. Give a few examples of what you mean.. What you want. ((+Rick, you'll just have to give me a little more time -- I haven't got all the bugs out of it yet.+) You have explained what you thought was wrong with stf, how about a few solid examples of what is right.

- + You mean what would be right, in my lamebrained opinion, if anybody was
- + writing it? Seriously, now -- d'you see how the starship society I've
- + had fun with this issue is very much akin to the way Gypsies feel toward
- + people who aren't Gypsies? And that bit about starships being small uni-
- + versities -- there's a riotous stf tale in that for somebody! -- should
- + be a familiar thing in stf by now, but isn't. And...but we've hardly
- + begun! Just wait'll I get y'all out there, man.

And while we are speaking about knowing it all, let me quote you a line... "We will never have privately-owned passenger cars riding on air-cushion jets or fanjets." My reaction is a lyrical, "What, Never!" Surely you should know better than make flat footed statements about what we will never have.. Your reasons as listed are very good, but what is to prevent some one comming up with something that will counter-act turbulents? ---- Like maybe laying a rail down the middle of your highways and locking onto it magnetically... This doesn't overcome the turbulents, but on high-speed roads it would probably hold it in place, and when you got in the resadentual area you would slow down anyway ---- But, don't let me give you the idea I'm not thinking wind makes a different.. I've riden in Big Heavy Cars, and felt the wind push them nearly off the road. I'm only saying you can't

argue that we can solve Mr. E's problem about FTL, and can't figure a way to beat the wind.... Or.. I guess you can... but it isn't fair.

+ Chum, your dislike for the word 'never' is as narrow-minded as anyone
 + is who insists something is impossible. Fair/unfair? You want your
 + cake for nothing! Look, suppose I say we will never chop down trees
 + with toothpicks. So some guy promptly goes out and chops a tree down
 + with toothpicks -- using a very high-pressure air gun which, even with
 + mass production, would cost maybe 100 times as much to manufacture, and
 + 10 times as much to use, and not do as good a job, as a portable, gas
 + powered chain-saw. Now, has he proved I'm wrong or that he's a fool?
 + Your magnetic rail raises switching problems even if it's sunk flush to
 + the road surface, and has production & operating costs you don't have
 + with balloon-tired wheels which do the job better. But they don't do
 + it better on HEAVY vehicles -- an air-cushion rig works better for a
 + 100-ton freight carrier or passenger cruiser. Now, that's 50 times
 + heavier than the modern automobile. Goodbye, wind problem. And it's
 + a helluva lot more important to distribute that freight than it is to
 + move your fanny around town in an upholstered bucket-seat.

I would like, while we are at it, a little proof of your oft repeated statement that the early TAFF contest were fixed.. The winner being picked in advance, and the rest going along for larks.. Maybe the Secret Master(s) of fandom knew it, but a lot of us peons weren't in on the plot.. It would seem that the candidate who reportedly went around buying votes for himself hadn't been told the story either.. Just who do you think was running things? -- Beside, what kind of plan is it that works only three times in six?

+ And with all that, I suppose you still want a direct answer? Okay.
 + It was that noisy, ultraconformist little minority of active fandom who
 + publish & write for fanzines, that's who, who made the early TAFF "con-
 + tests" a laugh. TAFF's founders tried to make it a fair contest, even
 + begging for ideas, discussing it with anyone who would listen (where
 + were you?), listening to anyone with something to say -- and they failed.
 + Fanzine fans wouldn't have it. They had to have their "favorite" on
 + top of a big slate of candidates (which mollified such soreheads as,
 + in the first election, didn't like Hoffman or QUANDRY or 6th Fandom)
 + which effectively split the votes of any possible opposition to their
 + "favorite" -- with a big pitch, nonetheless, about what a real "contest"
 + it was. And it worked. TAFF was a success where it could have flopped.
 + It was a "bandwagon" promotion scheme. Fans love a bandwagon. It got
 + ballyhooed so much at the World Cons, tho, that fans outside that little
 + minority got in the act. When fanzine fandom tried its surefire "success
 + formula" on them, it backfired. Fanzine fans blamed each other, TAFF
 + winners, and everything else except that; they've always thought them-
 + selves the Be All & End All of fandom, oblivious that most fans may
 + never had read anything dear ol' WAW wrote for the simple (and not too
 + ridiculous) reason that it's in faaanzines. It wasn't surprising at
 + all that fanzine fandom got set on its collective ear and TAFF was nearly
 + wrecked before most of fandom gave up in disgust. And now somebody wants
 + that big slate of candidates again, with the same b-s about "fair contests."

Now about your Gibson Coat of Arms.. I'm sure Sir Ronel has filled you in about this by now, but just in case.. ((+Mr. Ellick, yclept Sir Ronel, has done no such thing -- having seen full well that I really do not give so much as a half-hoot for any Coat of Arms jazz.+) One thing, Becase your name is Gibson is no reason in it self that you should be able to show the Coat of Arms. ((+In an ashtray?+)) You have to be directly related to The Gibson that was given patent to that Coat.. ((+The hossthief relatives in my branch of the Gibson clan wouldn't let a little thing like that worry them at all.+) It isn't nearly as fussy as a Title, you don't have to inherit the Arms. But you got to be sure your ancestor wasn't off some were in a Inn, drunk as a lord, ((+that's my relatives!+)) when The Gibson was getting the Arms.. (Did they tell you how old the Arms are?

If you disagree, Rick, say so -- I'm interested. But you'll pardon me, I hope, if I don't bother to answer fuggheads thinking they can set me up for such two-bit "intellectuals" as Ted White to go into their charming, little act. I haven't space to waste on 'em.

It'd make a difference as to being won or bought.) ((+I fear 'twould be more appropos, Squire Sneary, if we found what Statute of Limitations there may be on the crime of stealing the blamed things.+) -- As for title-- while The Gibson may have been a Baron, it wouldn't cut much ice for you.. With your Daddy being a fifth son, even if you went out and shot your four Uncles ((+someone else must've taken care of that, by now+)) it is small chance you would get to move into Gibson Hall... And, I believe it was the general rule that only guys with land and castle could go around dubbing knights.. But as I say, check this with Sir Ronel.. ((+Shucks, ain't enuff fantasy to his claim!** But you gimme a thot, now, Squire. Land 'n' castle, huh? Well, I'm damned!+))

+ Seems I've accepted money-settlement on two tracts of land already, inherited in West Texas and New Mexico, both including areas in cultivation and livestock. And this li'l Keep in El Sobrante happens to have concrete-block walls. Drawbridge? Y'gotta cross a culvert on the front ditch, coming in. Hall? There's the livingroom with those rough-hewn rafter beams. Donjons? Heheheheh.

It's a real nice Coat of Arms, none the less, and I'd be proud of it too.. As one of my Grandmothers was a Grant, I might be able to clame to right to ware the Grant tartan.. Which is sort of nice..

The talk of the intersteller enginen effects me like talk of TAFF did others.. I'm left wordless.

My Fifth Fandom Buddy, Roy Tackett, has been pretty out of touch if the new size g2 is the first 14 inch fanzine he has seen since VoM. I've got a whole box of them....and I hate the editors, every one. I think the only fitting thing to do to an editor ((+put down that broadsword!+)) is to put him on an old rack, and add three inches to his hight.. As for editors who change to that size, from letter size, maybe a bit of the Boot at the same time.. Just so they will know how it feels to have over size things to deal with.. You have to jam them up or stretch them out.. Maybe the answer for both is just to cut a little something off. ((+These guys who like knives make me nervous.+))

That was a keen story about the piano player--though not much of a thrill, for my taste.. I think pianos are swell, and as you remember from '58, I don't mind hanging to the back of one with some real talent on the other.. But I'm not much for blues.. I'd just as soon talk to a drunken Ed Meskey's as spend the night with a blue piano...especially at a con...

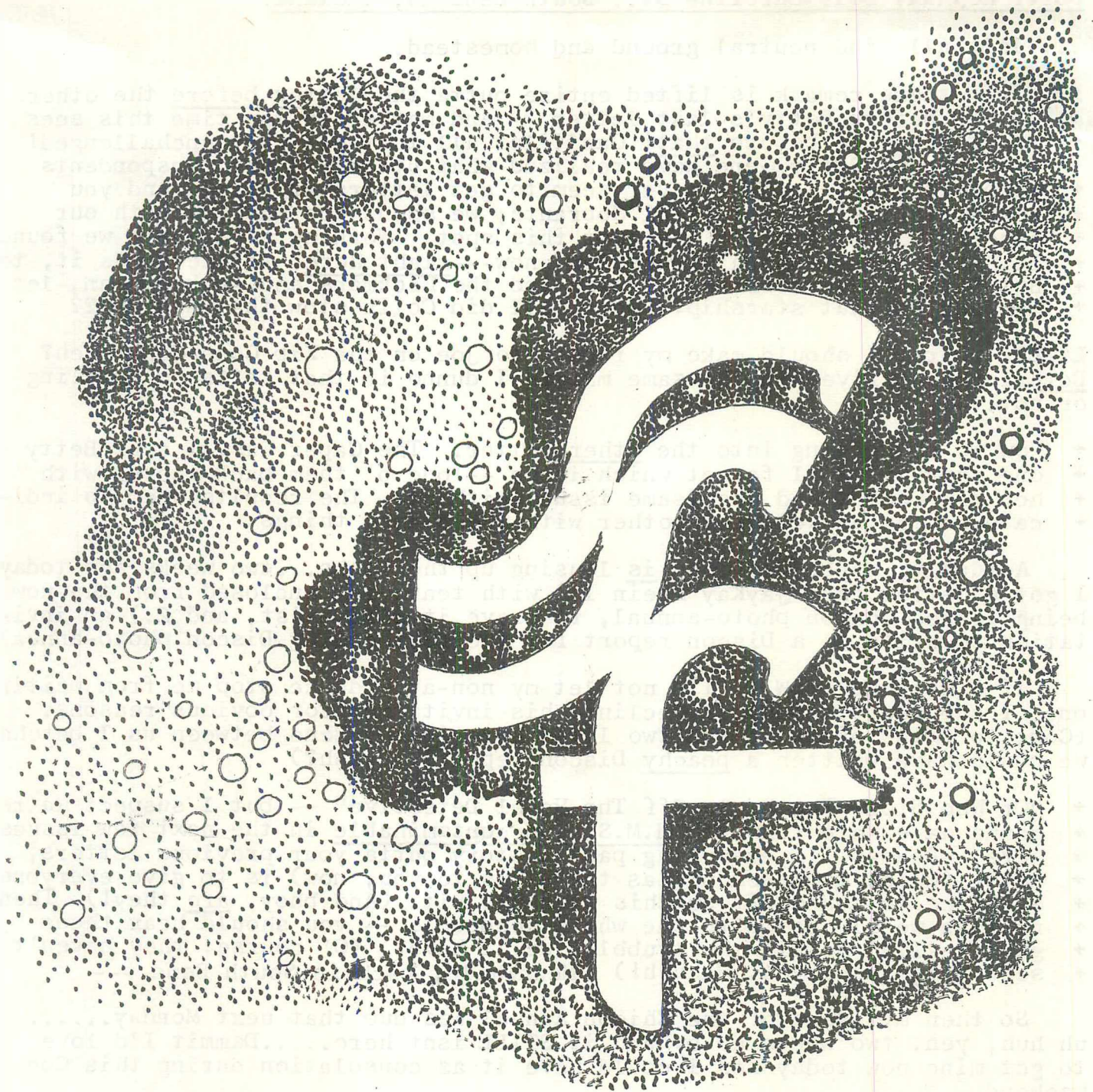
+ Upon approach to an alien planet, the detail assigned to Mr. Sneary is to serve and protect him at all times from drunken Ed Meskys and blue pianos. By order of The Captain, H.M.S. Indecontaminable.

You keep saying what you think is wrong with stf these days, and I'll keep saying what I think is wrong with it.. Science Fiction should make since seem like fun an adventure.. It is still adventure, but not much fun... and I don't mean the funny science stories Galaxy has branded as its own. Stf never could teach anything about science, but it could make science sound like it would be a real kick in the head to get into.. The science of ERB was out dated when he wrote it, if it ever exsisted, but the current revival suggest people find it fun to read.. And how many nuts may not get the idea it might be fun to go to Mars, at goverment expense? The zest for the quest, has been what stf did for science, to my foggy way of thinking.. So, prove I'm wrong.

And, just like a Cry article, this letter is comming out at the bottom of a page.. So it is all for now.. May your idol casting arm remain as strong and your charm as great (respectively) as ever.

+ And my what? That must've been for Robbie. The current revival of

**((Ain't no claim more fantastic than any I'd have!))



+ Edgar Rice Burroughs' series by other publishers was started just be-
 + cause the ERB Inc copyrights ran out. I've heard the whole series is
 + being rushed into print, but in very small printings, just to grab a
 + publisher's copyright -- with no concern about whether it sells or not -
 + in hopes of making the money-for-nothing ERB Inc's made on it for years
 + ... but I haven't been interested enuff to check on that. Have you?
 + 'Fess up, now, Rick -- you just like swashbuckling science-fantasy. I
 + think I can show you a really good setting for science-fantasy before
 + too long ... a setting that's been ignored while all that After-The-
 + Bomb junk's been written. But first, we'll scout those kintergarden
 + interstellar themes that have been written up, seeing what's been over-
 + looked all these years, like on visiting an alien world or new Earth-
 + type planet. Then we'll reach the themes that haven't been written up
 + at all. Next thing up is mapping the Ridge, and I've got to show you
 + a perfectly simple, but surefire way to make star-charts ... and how
 + plotting the star-locations to enter onto 'em will have you cursing
 + every Earthbound astronomer who ever breathed.

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

....lets all find neutral ground and homestead.

+ That there remark is lifted entire outta the letter before the other letter before Betty's last letter -- and maybe (by the time this sees print) the one before that! Can't let all that get past unchallenged! But by now, Betty&Gene have realized what utterly lousy fanspondents Robbie&I are. We just never seem to get letters written. And you couldn't blast us out of El Sobrante; we spent too much of both our seperate lives looking for just this spot. Working as a team, we found it. I'd like a month's vacation, now---right here. (Place needs it, too.) But if we lived near the Kujawas and the Hickmans and -- hoo, Man, let me back on that starship! Wherinell did Colin stow that scotch???

LATER: First I should make my report to Joe on the Zip Code Capers, eh? Both issues arrived in the same mail. I dunno if that tells us anything or not.

+ Now we're getting into the other letter. The Capers was, I sent Betty one copy of g2 (I forget which issue -- one o' them back there) with her Zip Code # and one (same issue) without. The results seem to indicate we may as well not bother with the blamed things.

Actually, maybe Zip Code is lousing up the works...two weeks ago today I got a letter from JayKay Klein 1.) with tearsheet enclosed from the now being issued Chicon photo-annual, to prove it DOES exist, and 2.) an invitation to write up a Discon report for the forthcoming Discon photo-annual.

If I were Wally W.W. I'd not let my non-attendance stop me from writing one, I suppose...anyway, I declined his invitation for obvious reasons. (Come to think of it if you two lived here in So. Bend between us I betcha we could have written a peachy Discon report.....huh?)

+ "Or Who Stole The Pants Off The Hotel Detective" -- but I suspect we're gonna have more fun with H.M.S. Indecontaminable in the next few issues here. Reason I'm exerpiting past history outta your previous letters, Betty (which may seem old as the hills to you, now) is to give everyone a chance to sound off on this starship bit. (And bhoy, are they!) Then nextish we'll deal with the whole keeboodle -- you should hear these guys tellin' me all the trubbles we'll have! (O' course, they haven't seen this issue yet. Hhhheh!) Meanwhile, back in South Bend ---

So then my issue of the Chicon annual was due that next Monday.....uh huh, yeh, two weeks go by and it STILL isnt here.....Dammit I'd love to get mine now today sos I could have it as consolation during this Con weekend.

+ And it's past history like that which permits me to say I wonder what-
+ ever happened to our copy of the Lindsay Report? Nope. Don't got it.
+ We ordered late from Ron and I s'pose he had to backorder to Ethel and
+ anyway, Big Bill finally got his last month and we saw that.

Say since my last letter I got something extra-special. A reel of tape and a reel of color movies from B.T. Jeeves. Terry narrates the cinemaepic hilariously, of course. And the film consists of shots of Terry and Valerie, their kids and the lil puppydog Bonnie, the green-ness of England (mygod I didnt realize it was that green!) ((+Something to do with the diet -- beer and chips, y'know+)) scenery, flowers, the moors, fire engines, streets, Elizabethan settings.....and shots of the 1962 Britcon with the fine fan-nish faces of folk like Bentcliffe, Eric and Eddie Jones, someone called Kingsley Amis and even a familiar west coast squirrell I seem to recall seeing about the Hyatt House.

+ I see he's going back, too -- and bringing a friend, this time! What
+ d'you suppose wasn't in that TAFP report of his??? Has she a sister?

Reluctantly I wrapped up the reels and sent them on.....eyetracked all to hell of course. We sure got a big bang out of that.

And we thank you for all those kind words, Joe, about us'ns in this issue. Speaking as you were of next years Worldcon out there..we have got a problem.....((+I'm chopping merry blazes out of pages of pleasurable -to-us natterings here; Betty says she and Gene may be at a Reno Shoot in August, can't stay over 'til the WorldCon & can't make two trips.+)) ...What you really should do is grab a lil vacation in Reno during that shoot.....yes????????? You have to come to save Gene from the demon drink ...right?.....Right. ((+Lessee what it looks like next July, Betty.+)) Roy Tackett and Gibson and traffic and cars, etc....I'm still boosting Heinlein's 'rolling roads' myself. ((+Nope, the air-cushion vehicles and ultrasuperhighways do make practical sense for fairly heavy freight & passenger carriers -- it's just no good for small, private vehicles.+))

You and Poul wont hate me for not deeply reading his letter and your comments, uh?Like this is not in my line...obviously. ((+Wait, now -- I skipped something back there a couple pages -- ah, here 'tis:+)) So when do you pub that fan-blasting article you omitted this issue?

- + You're too eager. Both you and Rick have shocked me no end, tho --
- + not about what I wrote, kicking the slats out of Science all the way;
- + but there wasn't anything 'deep' about Poul Anderson's letter! It was
- + simple as highschool physics! Gad, where's it get 'deep' for you kids?

BOB BROWN, SS Aloha State, Le Havre:

Docked this morning at 1 a.m. Leaving this afternoon at 5 p.m. // Last port of call in this area. Due in New Orleans Sept. 5th, then a few days in the Gulf Area before heading for the West Coast to top off with more cotton for the Orient. // Will be at sea during World Con - another one missed.

- + We were wondering if he'd get too near Castro's Little Island Empire;
- + he did do 'most as bad. Next we heard was a letter from Mobile, Alabama
- + -- Bob's frankly wondering why we publish his postcards. Well, the
- + stamps (that aren't steamed off by Saigonese postal clerks) go into
- + Honey Graham's stamp collection; but we print Bob's postcards because
- + it's fun to know of a guy kicking around most of this darned planet.
- + Fans will know the Sparks of the Aloha State next time he wanders into
- + a convention. (Incidentally, if anyone's curious, Bob's home address
- + is always good: 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach 13.) And Bob, I've been
- + doubly assured that when those slides do turn up, they'll be returned
- + promptly to you. That lad's up to his ears in college & a dozen things.

DENNIS LIEN, Lake Park, Minnesota 56554:

Humble and unworthy neo wishes to abash self before thy throne, wash feet of Illustrious Editors or otherwise show sincerest apologies and regrets. ((+Y'dont need to salute, bhoy - jist cawl me Sahjint.+)) Humble and unworthy neo didst gently bitch a brace of weeks back, on "why no Illustrious g2?". Despicable postcard sent to Revered Gibsons, asking same. Next mail-call at lowly home of craven neo brings Glorious g2! ((+Goddam PO took its sweet time, huh?+)) Today's mail call at lowly home brings yet another Glorious g2 -- of the same issue.

Cringing and humiliated neo begs forgiveness and now realizes jumping the honorable gun on late issues can cause Magnificent Editors to be foully bilked out of Priceless g2 Vol 2 No 10, someday to be Honorable Long-Out-of-Print Collectors Item. ((+Awww, y'know whut the kid done? He sent a dime. 'Sides that, he mailed off the extry copy to a Texas buddy -- I got just the spot in our Heavy Weapons Squad for this yere bhoy! He'll larn how Heinlein's "veterans" are a bunch o' greenhorns beside a real outfit.+))

--So much for Eldest Ancestor bit.

Man, do I dig g2! Vol 2 No 10 -- how many issues have I missed? 19 at least, unless that means whole no. 10 -- which back issues are still in stock? How much?

+ Here's where I chop a hunk outta your letter. Space costs like hell.
 + The way we number these things is by volume per publishing year; i.e.,
 + 12 issues make a year of publication or one volume. So this, Vol 3
 + No 1 means it's the 1st issue of the 3rd year we've been pubbing g2.
 + As I was digging out backissues for Elmer Perdue, which I promised him
 + last July (and will send off Real Soon Now), I saw that any more raids
 + on the supply will cut down my own office file-copies. So I'll have
 + say, sorry - no back issues available.

By my figures, British fans are getting g2's at 3 for 24½¢ US equivalent while we pay 25¢. Ain't you never heard of Equal Rights, folks? ½¢ per issue cheaper -- sheesh!

Sorry again about the mix-up, my fault.

+ Now let's complete your education in Geopolitiken Ekonomikspiel: as
 + has come up in discussions of TAFfunds for British delegates to the US,
 + the British find US prices about twice as high or higher than they'd
 + expect to pay in England. So an Anglofan who sends 1/9 for 3 g2's is
 + out the equivalent of 50¢ or more, in terms of what else he could buy
 + with it in England. Right? (I've been meaning to ask Colin about it.)

MARK OWINGS, 3731 Blkader Road, Baltimore, Md 21218:

Everything arrived safely except Vol.2No.8, and in fact, #9 came about three days after I wrote the pocsarcd. (Or, more likely, postcard, since by the best available source -- Fancy II -- the pocsarcd is distinctly Irish, and I'm distinctly Welsh. In fact, I'm a member of the Royal Welsh Society for Interplanetary Studies, open to all fans who can prove they are direct descendants of Merlin. Enid Jacobs will, any day now, try to join by claiming that she's descended from the Witch of Ramoth, probably.) ((+Pocsarcd -- pocsarcd -- where have I seen that before? Think Liebscher was trying to sell me some, one time.+) It's this way, far as I can see. I sent Al Lewis the CoA for the N3F publications, and Ron Blik picks it up and puts it in STARSPINKLE. Thing was, the issue of STARSPINKLE with my address in it came out about a week before I got here, and until June 1st, this place was uninhabited. Probably you used the new address prematurely, the carrier didn't feel like leaving it (why not? Damned if I know. There was about 2½ pounds of mail addressed to "Occupant" behind the door. I keep telling the postman this Occupant fellow moved long ago.) and I lost a g2. ((+It's been replaced, now.+))

DisCon Report: George Scithers is a louse. The DisCon compared favorably with the '63 Lunacon, but didn't quite equal the '62 Phillycon in either program or parties, the latter lack being attributable to the aforementioned chairman, who complained about the noisy parties to the management. I'll go along part way; there were some pretty wild parties going on at the hotel, but none of them were connected with the DisCon. ((+The day we complain about others' parties, fandom has gone to hell.+)) There was even one group from some sorority or other that set out through the halls in search of anything in pants. Lessee: the SMOF party Saturday night started the raids. That, tho, invited them. A wide-open party, with five cases of beer, innumerable people, and nobody who knew what SMOF was. Or rather, one person: Harry Stubbs, who produced a membership card, and steadfastly refused to answer questions. I only hope that SMOF, whoever or whatever he/she/it may be, decides to make this an annual affair.((+On just FIVE CASES OF BEER???)) They(?) also rented a table in the huckster room, and presented an award: Harry Stubbs, alias Hal Clement, presented "the First Annual SMOF Award to Theodore Sturgeon, in consideration." The award was accepted by Forrie Ackerman ((+editor of FMOF+)) who likewise

refuses to answer questions. Probably I wouldn't remember it quite as well as I do if it weren't for the fact that Dave Ettlin, head of that N3F Tape Bureau Harry Warner spoke about, played back selected portions of the program at the last BSFS meeting. Any idea why LASFS wants that pro-playlet at the end?? Item of news, by the way: BSFS has worked out an exchange with LASFS whereby they record Clark Ashton Smith's "The Dead Will Cuckold You", while we do something-or-other, the details of which appear to be a deep dark secret between Jack Chalker and 20 or 30 others.

+ I seem to've heard some crazy jazz about some SMOF or other that some
 + fools had cooked up. Some Mean Old Fuggheads, no doubt. It may shock
 + the veritable hell outta you, Mark, but San Francisco Bay Area fandom
 + is about as close to LASFS as it is to your BaltimoreSFSociety, far as
 + knowing (or caring, somewhat) what goes on in either spot. The club
 + fans out here are far more "in-groupish" than there on the East Coast,
 + where the majority of active fandom is located (by some odd coincidence)
 + in densely-populated metropolitan areas, mostly within reach of fanclubs
 + and personal contact occasionally with many other fans -- most of whom
 + wouldn't read a "faaan magazine" if you paid 'em to. It's been several
 + years since I've heard your Baltimore club mentioned at all; but the
 + only things on ESFA I've seen out here were from Harriet Kolchak and
 + more recently, John Boardman, and you know what kind of crap that was.
 + I do. I know the East Coast -- even if you don't hear me promising
 + someday to write articles on When I Was JerseyCity Fandom. (I might
 + add that, fannishly, one end of Los Angeles might even be closer to
 + Baltimore than it is to the other end of Los Angeles! They feud, bhoy!)

+ If I write up BayArea fandom in g2, anytime, you won't find it any
 + delightful-sounding myth like Berkeley fandom; it'll be what's here,
 + and there, and names you never saw in a fanzine, and some you did.
 + Meantime, what would you suggest for better communications East/West?

+ I might write up BayArea fandom when there's nothing better to do....

+ Lessee, now -- what's this I've got from some fan here who thought he
 + could get out of coming along with us? Tsk. And him offering so nicely
 + to give us a hand -- what was that bit? Ah, here 'tis:

STAN WOOLSTON, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif.:

Will you invite me over to help load Forry's garages? I'm helpful.

+ Hoo -- and he was gonna wave goodbye to us, then? Haw. Fat chance!...

+ Garages? What garages?

+ OHMIGHOD!

+ Iknewweforgotsomethi--so much there at the last minnit -- quick, some-
 + body go get Doc Barrett! Have Ethel break out those rubber restraining
 + sheets -- and find 'im, forghodsake, find Ackerman! He's prob'ly down
 + there tearing hell outta the Supply Decks! Ohmighod!! FIND HIM!!!

+ Gentlemen, it's too late. WE * CAN'T * TURN * BACK!

+ + + + +

...And that, um, does it for thish, I'm afraid. The above one-liner by STAN WOOLSTON was exerpted from a letter covering both sides of a 17" sheet; I'll print the rest, nextish. And now we may never hear if BETTY KUJAWA's finger got well; and DENNIS LIEN thinks if anybody says "A Touch of E Flat" was a lousy story, I won't print it; and DON FRANSON doesn't know the fun he's given me with ROG PHILLIPS atall, atall. But some months are like this! Things just work out so there's gotta be a lean lettercol, and that means I gotta trim off the fat. It does look good for nextish, tho. If any of you feel the urge, get it in now! (&that was unintentional)....

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WELL, THERE was gonna be neos(more than one) in LOX until I checked out the material for this month, again; so there's a full mat with LoCs from DEREK NELSON and PEG BEAVERS who both dig folksinging to put some bounce in g2, nextish--did I say neos? // It's obvious that at least some planning must be done for the next several issues here, since I'm on this starship kick. The way I have it mapped out, right now, is to take first things first -- which means: (1) I've got to show you the interstellar frontier that really is out there, like modern stf never has shown it -- our local star-cluster, what it looks like, what's beyond it -- with illos. And (2) I've got to explore an alien world, the way most stf writers never do it, showing the things they never find. And (3) I will show you an Earthtype world as it should be explored, which today's stf doesn't do. The latter two projects will feature center-sections of illos, prob'ly -- and you'll see more of what lies beyond our local star-cluster (yep, I got all this). Then on the Long Jump back to Earth I'd better check all of you out on Einstein's Relativity -- the concept of basic relativity is beautifully simple & nontechnical, and it's way past time somebody showed exactly how "time becomes zero" and "mass becomes infinite" without a mess of mathematical&technical wordage just to prove how smart they are. Stf is where this could be done, should have been done, & hasn't been done. I'll prove it. // So after romping around some 1,000 lightyears, we'll get back to Earth in 2963 A.D. and see what it's like after men have gone to the stars and an interstellar culture's evolved -- I have a li'l surprise for this, unless Poul Anderson or some other fool writer brings out a story about this very same thing and spoils it all. But when I decide to explore Speculative Science-Fiction, by jing, I'm gonna do just that. // Didja know it was Jim Caughran who originated the term "SSF" here in g2?? Happy birthday, Jim Caughran. // O'course all this will have to move over if there's Letters of Comment full of such fun&games that we can have a ball with a whole issue of 'em, letterzine style. Which may happen Real Soon Now, and the sooner the merrier far as I'm concerned. // Now I gotta go help Chief Red Feather find a fat puppydog -- the Humane Society might doubt his motives....

Any o' you guys who have written LoCs wanna take back what you wrote?