

# G2000

VOL. 3 No. 2

# CENTER



NOVEMBER '63



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 "trade" -- we don't -- but we do buy some subscriptions to other fmz....

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European Agent: Colin Freeman (✓) You sub'd for 8 more g2's.  
 Ward 3  
 Scotton Banks Hospital ( ) Your sub has expired, now.  
 Ripley Road  
 Knaresborough, Yorks. ( ) This is a sample copy.  
 England

## NOISE

Let's get things up-to-date, here...

One evening, while we were still on Soup Kitchens (everyone's apartments not being ready yet) someone put something in the soup. In fact, since some people don't like soup, it got put into everything. (Of course, we took our pills later.) With that, we were all placed in deepfreeze -- at such 10-temp that flesh is like tensile steel; anybody whanged you with a 10-lb sledgehammer, it wouldn't even leave a mark, then or later, but could shatter the head of the hammer since most metals are brittle as dry wood in that 10-temp range.

Then, as programmed in her Computer Control by Jerry Knight, 01' Indebuggable goes blasting starward at 100 g's acceleration. This lasted only a few days, shiptime. Then she eased off to one g, the thermostats clicked over, and we all thawed out. I climbed up to the Bridge and saw that, eggzactly as programmed, we're galloping out along the Home Cluster (we call it The Ridge) in a general northerly direction from the Solar System, toward the star Regulus (it's the last giant sun at the far end of the Ridge). We're doing about .92 g's (it'll ease off gradually) and have already reached .87 lightspeed -- about what we want for mapping the Ridge stars. Now, isn't that terribly interesting?

Dull note dept.: tiny lens on the hull pick up the scene Out There and throw it on big projection screens inside the ship. At .87 lightspeed, the view is one I wish I could show in technicolor. There's a black hole ahead of the starship; only light we're registering from the stars up there is invisible ultraviolet. Then stars do appear, deep blue. They brighten to green, yellow, white, orange bands of all the stars surrounding us, then fade to deep red and vanish behind us. Only light catching up with us from the stars down there is invisible infrared -- it's a huge black hole, growing larger as we get closer to lightspeed. And, too, there's a glowing nebula effect around us from the space hydrogen being gulped by our ship's electromagnetic fields.

Of course, this rainbow Doppler Effect works most on the nearby stars in the Ridge -- they appear first, and you can even see them sinking down past us -- so we can photograph them where they first become visible. Thus we don't have our map-photos cluttered up by millions of distant stars. We get just those stars which are in our Home Cluster. . . did I say there are maybe three-four hundred stars in this little, local cluster of ours? Hah! I always knew if somebody should ever---

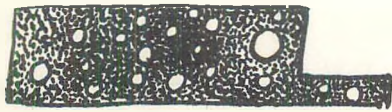
But that's for next month!

\*\*\*\*\*

Captain's compliments to Mr. Donaho; and if he can spare a few moments from Boucher's Half-G And Floating Poker Game, would he kindly present himself to the Captain's Lounge at 1900 hours, this evening?? . . . . .

\*\*\*\*\*





+ Judging by the letters I've received, it would be comforting to take  
+ a breather, here, before going on to More Startling Discoveries. We  
+ don't want to miss any of the fun we can have with this -- so an all-  
+ letter 'zine, this month, is pretty well called for. Read on, and  
+ perhaps you'll agree.....But first, I've got to tell ARTHUR THOMSON  
+ that his two ATOM illos will appear in g2. He drew them on Colitho  
+ masters (which aren't quite the same as the Addressograph/Multigraph  
+ slotted masters I use) and sent them thru the mail in a large envelope  
+ marked DO NOT BEND and DO NOT CRUSH. They arrived folded, creased,  
+ torn, smashed and obviously slept in -- and with that, the devils still  
+ had the utter gall to bend and crush them! -- but if ATOM had the guts  
+ to risk sending 'em, I have the guts to risk printing 'em. I've shown  
+ them to our printer and he's said he can run them off, tho the awful  
+ battering they've taken is likely to show up. Well, we'll see. I'd  
+ like the fullpage illo in our first issue for '64 and the halfpage one  
+ a bit later, when it'll fit in with other dark deeds I've plotted for  
+ g2. Artistically, both are beautiful jobs. Ghod, how I hope they turn  
+ out well! But we'll do it, bighod.....Now, on with this colyum here.

CLAUDE N. SAXON JR., Route #2, Paris, Tennessee:

Tell Robbie that I really liked that article of hers in the last g2  
you sent me. I'd make more comment, but the mag has dropped out of sight.  
I rather suspect that it was snuffled into my files of M.A.N. while I was  
hunting for a set of Gotha masterplans, but I'm not about to go through all  
those boxes of mags just to comment on the blamed thing.

That illo on page 4 of g2 #12 startled me a bit. I happen to be a  
6'3", 320 lb. bookkeeper myself.

"To Be Explored" is a very nice piece of...fiction? But I have one  
small bone to pick.

If you plan an exploration voyage that will last a thousand years,  
Earth time, why bother to return to Earth at all? After such a lapse,  
Earth would be as alien as anything to be found in the stars. Unless you  
are planning a course that will lead your ship on a circular path to its  
starting point, a return trip would be nothing but a waste of time and  
power. Seems to me you'd do better to pick out an appetizing planet and  
stake it out. Or, you could continue on, and start that shipboard culture  
you mentioned. Sooner or later, you're bound to run into spacefaring  
aliens who will pay well, in provisions and machinery, for space maps and  
information about the country over the Rim. Gypsies and carnivals seem to  
do well at trading don't they? There would be other items, too. Exotic  
plants and unusual animals, new wrinkles in manufacturing, luxury items  
of all types. You'll never be sure what will turn up in the next system.

That's your driving force in a nutshell. You'll never be sure what  
will turn up next. I think pure curiosity will do more to open the stars  
than any other single factor.

+ Big Bill Donaho was utterly speechless one of the few times I've known  
+ him, when I phoned him about you, Claudius! I knew there was some good  
+ reason I'd best depict him in that Friar Tuck robe; at least, I hope  
+ you aren't also a patriarch of any fannish Church of the Way nonsense?  
+ And there's g2 getting mixed up with Model Airplane News...tsk, we do  
+ get around!....but man, a mere thousand years don't make THAT much dif-  
+ ference. Compare here&now to 963 A.D., f'rinstance, or didn't you ever  
+ get any kicks out of PRINCE VALIANT? Admittedly, our future history is  
+ bound to accelerate technically -- but when men go to the stars, things  
+ are bound to slow down, here on Earth, too! Those early starships will  
+ be costly, and they'll be a long time getting back. People on Earth  
+ aren't going to welcome changes that might wipe out their profits even  
+ before those profits can arrive. Colonial empires are notoriously wild  
+ in the colonies, but the hidebound conservatives rule at home.



TOM PERRY, Postal Box 1284, Omaha, Nebraska:

I've been meaning to write you to ask about the title of your magazine -- what looks like G<sup>2</sup> on the cover suddenly becomes g2 inside, and I don't know whether to say gee-square or gee-two. It's been bothering the hell out of me.

+ This was hashed out maybe a year ago (d'you realize it took me 2 years  
+ to evolve the format of this 'zine? I'm a very fumblesome editor) but  
+ you're certainly not the only one who missed that, so I'll reiterate:  
+ it is G<sup>2</sup> and has nothing whatsoever to do with Intelligence. But G<sup>2</sup> is  
+ much too hard to say on a typewriter, and I'm muchly indebted to Don  
+ Wollheim for suggesting g2, which we've used ever since. In talking,  
+ I find jheetu is much easier to say than gee-squared...now, who was it  
+ in LOX who first spelled it jheetu? I forgot. Just 'cause he wasn't  
+ a BNF like Don Wollheim, I forgot who it was! Ffffine thing!

But I'm writing chiefly because I've been following your plans for this starship and wonder if you haven't possibly overlooked something. As I understand it you mean to take a trip around the galaxy at near-light speeds and bring the same crew back to an Earth that is a thousand years or so older.

Well, this is the way it's done in those science-fiction books where the author doesn't fall back on spacewarps or hyperspace. And it's right in line with Einstein. But it ignores the "clock paradox."

Back when I was learning my relativity the clock paradox was the big thing, and as far's I know it hasn't been solved since. If it has I'd like to hear about it. ((+Will do.++)) Anyway, you're familiar of course with the relativistic notion that all motion is relative. This means that if your starship is traveling away from Earth and the solar system at .99c, then by simply choosing a set of coordinates for which the starship is standing stock still, you can show that the Earth and solar system are moving away from the ship at .99c.

Now Einstein says that time is slower for objects moving fast. So if the ship is moving away from the Earth then shiptime is slower than Earthtime, or so it would seem to an observer on Earth if he could observe shiptime.

But if the Earth is moving away from the ship, Earthtime is slower than shiptime -- or so it would seem to an observer on the ship if he could observe Earthtime. And part of relativity is that there's no way of saying absolutely that one is moving and the other isn't. ((+That was stated, I believe, as "part of relativity at the present time" and it's no longer true; there's new evidence.++))

This is called the clock paradox because the classic example involves a pair of synchronized clocks: one is put into a rocket and one kept on earth, and the rocket is kept moving at high speeds until one clock is half an hour slower than the other. If you're on earth, you figure the rocket-clock is slower; if you're in the rocket, you figure it's the earth-clock that's slow. Then you land the rocket, and you've got two clocks, each of them half an hour slower than the other.

+ The new evidence became evident, apparently, when Cooper suddenly saw  
+ that the clock in his Mercury capsule had somehow gotten a full second  
+ slower than the synchronized chronometers in all the tracking stations  
+ on Earth -- I caught his mention of it in the rebroadcast voice-tapes.  
+ Anyway, it's been announced that his capsule's clock did slow down. //  
+ But like most such paradoxes, that "clock paradox" was based on an untrue  
+ statement. A starship doing .99 lightspeed is moving across the galaxy  
+ at that speed -- or through the Universe, really. So the only other thing  
+ you can say is the Universe might be moving past the ship at .99c instead.  
+ Now, that's all very nice but facts are as nature makes them, not men.  
+ The Universe shows blamed well that it isn't moving .99c relative to  
+ anything in it, regardless of any ideas that ship's crew may have.  
+ (And these pragmatic statements are untrue if you really mean what I'm  
+ afraid you do mean; but I'm not arguing Bronowski's article in the Feb.  
+ '63 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN with you in any fanzine! This will do for us.)



+ So if they figured that Earth's clocks would be slower, they'd simply  
+ land and find out they figured wrong -- Earth's clocks were faster.  
+ But you can't really grasp this unless you stop saying such catchecisms  
+ as "Einstein says that time is slower for objects moving fast." Do you  
+ know why Einstein said that? It's not complicated at all.

Anyway, I thought I'd better ask you about this before you take off, in case you hadn't thought of it. After all, you might not be able to get those people back to Earth after all--or even to very many stars--and then you'd have a hard time booking seats for a second flight. That is, your great-grandson might. ((+Something tells me you're gonna enjoy what's coming! Fight it, argue with it, but enjoy it immensely.+.))

You express your feelings against the apas very well -- though as I understand it you don't have to publish a magazine at all to belong to FAPA; wasn't Bob Bloch a member with activity gained by contributing to other members' magazines?

+ First, let me point out that anyone who puts his material on stencil  
+ is his own editor&publisher; it doesn't really matter who else may run  
+ the thing off on mimeo, collate it, or mail it out. But this was the  
+ first objection raised when I discussed it locally, and other exceptions  
+ besides Bloch were named. However, how many exceptions can you think  
+ of who began as neos, graduated from Waiting List to apa membership, and  
+ managed it by writing for others' apazines? Can it be done at all? Or  
+ don't you find the inference, "You Gotta Publish Or You Aren't In," even  
+ more of a rule than those rules the apas actually have written down? And  
+ finally, are there really exceptions -- or do such "exceptions" merely  
+ show that some BNFs get excused for doing a thing the rest of you couldn't  
+ get by with for very long? And the result is a mess of crud.

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

A few of the possibilities in outfitting your spaceships might need attention from some people with a bit of imagination. I personally would like to see a part of the interior unfinished, to allow area for modification for need, with deposits of sand or glass so equipment or utensils can be blown by the use of a simple metal tube and heat source. It might be good idea to have a few hundred pounds of clay, too, for the artistic among the tribe of fans. ((+Ummm, that's Supply Deck B-4; take Lift 9.+.))

It isn't that I desire to go with you. It's this way. I don't like the idea of someone over me. I've an idea you'd be a powerful chief, and maybe that would be needed with it so far from the doctors. Or are you planning to take a few? Dr. David H. Keller? ((+His field was psychiatry, wasn't it?+.)) While you are working on the freeze-treatment you might fix up a way to return a mature man to his youth--wash away the cell breakdown or find another way to end the aging process. ((+Why bother with all that ourselves when people on Earth will have a thousand years to work on it? Best you'd start thinking how we can talk them out of it when we get back!+.))

Somewhere I heard it takes a certain number of people to be stable as a society. Fans, of course, are Different--probably they have twice the imagination or maybe thrice, so they could be a stable society when other groups would lose their identity. Somehow I imagine that fans for the ship might be more successful if they have split personalities; in this way they would be less apt to fit into past conditions or theories about society. With the multiplicity of interests of fans I know it may be that one fan would be more able to form a stable society. I'm inspired at the thought, at least.

Anyway, we could use tape recorders to provide the depth needed in abilities of a society. And with an electronic brain we could be quite pluralistic in our personalities. ((+Tape fans please note.+.))  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*Noted in STARSPINKLE #23: George Scithers & DisCon crew did NOT complain \*  
\*to the hotel mgmt about noisy parties as claimed by Mark Owings here last-\*  
\*ish...Thanks to Mark for NOT making it "dnq"; now we know what happened. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

However, I wonder about the above. One of the things the "larger" society has is comics, and who would fit that aspect of life in ship-society? It seems fandom strays towards the over-serious...We'd be more apt to fit this stellar society pattern in the area of that other human trait, warlikeness, though. I doubt if us starbeggotten fans would let war be forgotten if by some chance Earth got scrambled in the few years we were Out There. Yes, war would probably survive, and who can say that it isn't the warlike prerogatives of mankind that gives the race the flair it does? Humans can meet anything and survive, even itself.

But, understand, I'm not sure I want to volunteer for your shipload of spacerovers, Sir. Nosir. However, the idea has merit, and after you get the ship finished, if your cinematic friends really forget to put on a show ("The Wolf Man In Orbit," perhaps?) it's possible that some of the crew might rebel and take it over. I wonder how a real spacegoing anarchy would work, with you in the brig? ((+The chow better be good, or I'll damn' well break out and take over again!+))

If I had Harry Warner aboard a starship I'd like him to do a newszine column for shipboard perusal. Surely, man, you intend to include a few Gestetners or photo-offset mechanisms? Has anyone test-run them to see if they run in free fall, or whether a g-field will be needed? Or if you have to immerse in quicksilver to prevent the 100-g acceleration from fracturing the ink drum?

+ On packaging techniques, see Len Moffatt -- he'd probably put you to work right now unpacking the things! And what Harry Warner does with his copious, free shiptime is his problem; talk to him. Your letter has some suggestions & ideas I'm not printing becuz they'd be misleading, this early -- did you realize, for example, why we'll never be in freefall during this jaunt, except when orbiting around a planet? I'm afraid any concept of interstellar travel gleaned from reading stf is like never having gone to the stars at all. A serious study of it really showed that to me, and I'll show it to you; stf has cheated us for years. But now I've got you turned on, for cripe's sake, don't go turning yourself off!

LEN MOFFATT, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.:

Rick visited us yesterday, and Tackett phoned us from Albuquerque. Among other things, we discussed "To Be Explored", debating whether or not ol' Sarge Gibson had lost his marbles, and was the idea comparable to the Coventry bit, and so on.

I was going to suggest that Anna be Boss Lady of the Commissary, or Chef in charge of feeding the fannish faces aboard the big ship, but Anna says she'd rather be Hostess in the Passenger Lounge. Anyway, Robbie may have already latched on to the Chief Chef job.

+ You aren't thinking, Len. Blamed if I would ever suggest any of our girls should sling hash in any one-arm joint for faaans! But by now you've realized just how big this ship really is. Passenger Lounge? How 'bout a small cocktail lounge? Anna's legs are rather nice.

Rick will be writing too; seems he'd rather be purcer instead of log keeper, or is it purser? Too hot and too lazy to check spelling. Anyway, let Rick spell it as it's the job he's interested in...

I thought of volunteering as a medic (to assist the ship's doctor) or at least as a first-aid man, having had some experience at same with the gyrenes in WWII, but decided I wouldn't want the post as a full time job. Willing to serve in emergencies, of course.

+ You're on -- Ethel & Doc Barrett please note. Not as a fulltime job? So why should 500 fans get that sick? Decided I shouldn't want Rick keeping that real Ship's Log, either; it has to be kept up-to-date and

- + it'll have to be incomprehensible so our fake Ship's Log writ by dirty
- + pros looks right. This is a very serious responsibility and there's
- + only one person I'd trust with it, especially for being incomprehensible.
- + So nuts to you guys; I'll keep the real Ship's Log!

Rick said I should sign on as a packaging expert, but seems to me most of the stuff you'd be taking aboard (like the frozen foods SaM is help us liberate) would already be in cartons and wraps. ((+Stan Woolston was looking for you here, a minute ago.+.))

Well, I could be one of the ship's historians (which is somewhat different from keeping a log), but that could be a part-time duty too, what with the writing talent you'll have aboard.

All of which leads to what I'd really want to do: entertain. Not just my "one man show" bits, but organizing, directing, producing entertainment for the passengers and crew, using the talents of the various fans and pros available. Anna said this would come under her job as Hostess, so I guess I'd be working with--or for--her, in my capacity as Entertainment Chairman, or wotever you'd call the job. 'Twouldn't be an easy task, as any one skit, show, or production wouldn't appeal to everybody aboard: would have to arrange to have the filk singers do their bit for the filk fans, separately, ((+Supply Deck B-4; use Lift 9+)) from the shows featuring dixieland, and the productions featuring classical music, and so on. Tapes and records would have to be used to supplement the talents of the live performers, naturally. We'd need more than one piano, by the way, as well as assorted other musical instruments. One of the pianos would have to be a player-piano, of course...

Okey, okey, I can hear you hollerin' all the way down here from up thar in El Sobrante, so I'll cease and desist and let the Man in Charge speak his thots on the matter of entertainment aboard the starship.

- + Sorry; the Captain don't like me bothering him with such inconsequentials.
- + Guess anytime we don't like your floorshow, we can take in Wim Struyck's
- + combo in that plush supperclub on A Deck -- or there's Walt Liebscher on
- + the electric cally-ope two nites weekly in the Bixel Street on G Deck....

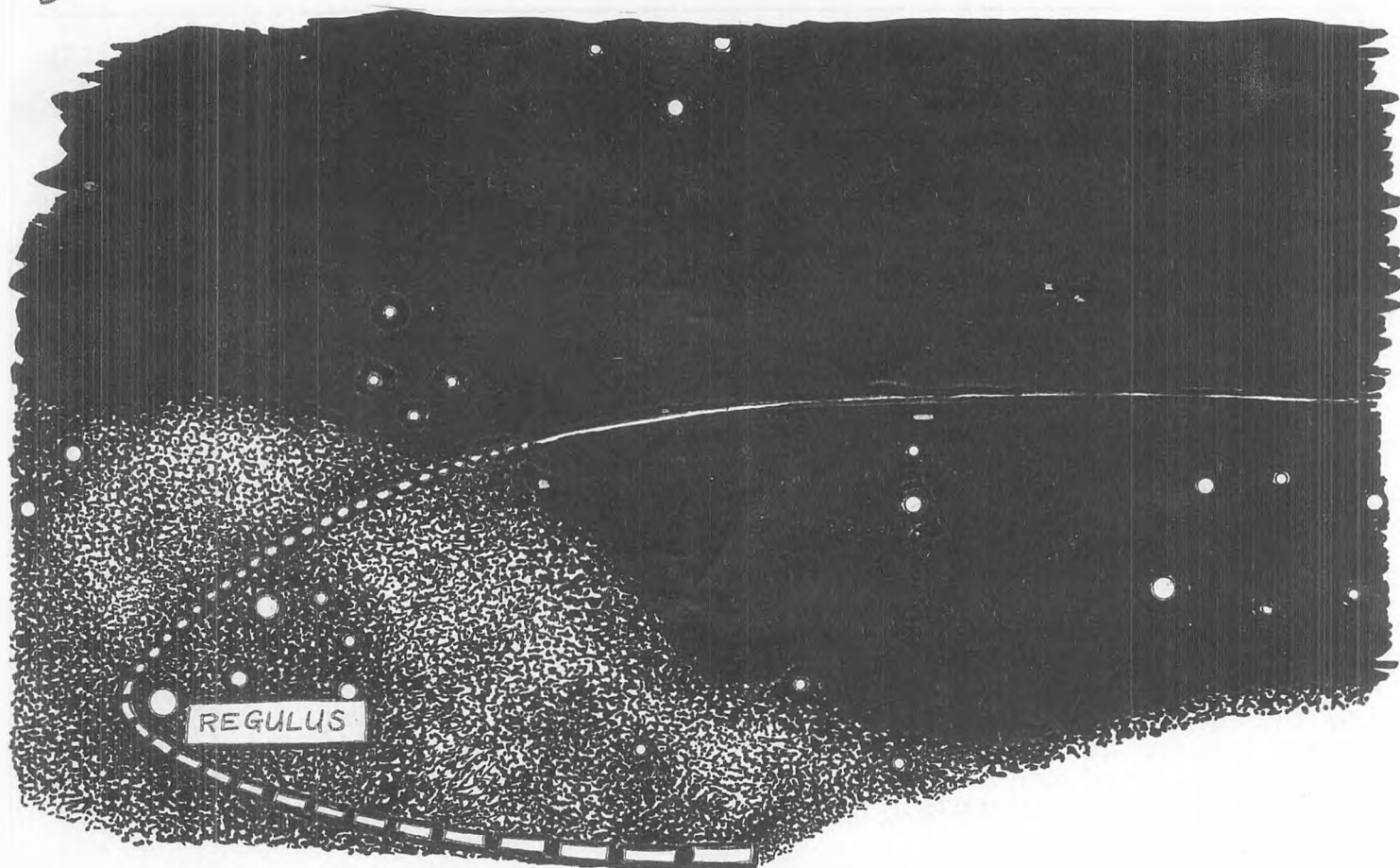
As Rick says, you'll no doubt have trouble with various fans who won't want to do what you think they should do, but will insist they'd rather handle some other job. This is going to be true no matter how finely you hand-pick the crew and passengers, as most fans are individualistic, not inclined to playing "follow the leader". That is, many will "follow" in the sense that they'll want to play a part in the starship exploration, but each will want to dictate what he or she wants to do. Of course there will be the exceptions, that is--the ones who are already trained or skilled or talented in certain key jobs and would be willing to do the same type of work aboard the starship. Such as Ethel Lindsay as the Nurse in Charge of Administration of medic duties, or our friend, the Zipper Inspector (First Class) who qualifies as instructor in the liftboat/bore-gun/defense operation, and the math experts, etc.

- + Tell me sumpin', ole son -- you ever know a time a medic's needed that
- + isn't an emergency? Now, stop giving me this jazz; I don't care what
- + you do with your free time! You're bad as Briney, Caughran & Ellik are
- + sassing me about computing our journey to fit a 1,000-year timelapse
- + until I point out nobody's giving 'em orders -- we just get it programmed
- + in 48 hours or we go on manual, tha's all. Perfectly simple problem.

Oh, it'll be a Great Voyage, to be sure, with possibilities of mutiny, and blaster (and sword?) duels to settle differences that would have to be settled or eternally-unsettled by lawsuits and paper-feuding Earthside.... but then you've no doubt worked out the Ship's Laws, designed to keep everybody's eye on the goal--that is, the exploration of other worlds and outer space. But, to be believable, the possibility of petty squabbles and major fusses must not be discounted, right?



8



+ From the very start, Len, I had it figured that we might expect another  
 + new underground revolutionary movement maybe every two months or so --  
 + with an actual attempt at mutiny about once every ten years. That's a  
 + fair appraisal of fandom, isn't it?

But let's have more on the subject. By you two as well as in the lettercol. ((+Man, I got exploring to do!+)) Speaking of which, you could open it up a little bit--but not All the Way. By that I mean that if you make it a wide open lettercol, you might (as Rick pointed out to us yesterday) get too many letters on subjects that don't interest you, and thus cause you to lose interest in publishing the mag.

+ A good point -- but Len, all of you have gotten onto the wrong track  
 + with that. I'm cutting the rest of your remarks because you're objecting  
 + to one thing I had no intention whatever of doing. But BettyK's most  
 + outspoken about it; see my comments to her LoC here.

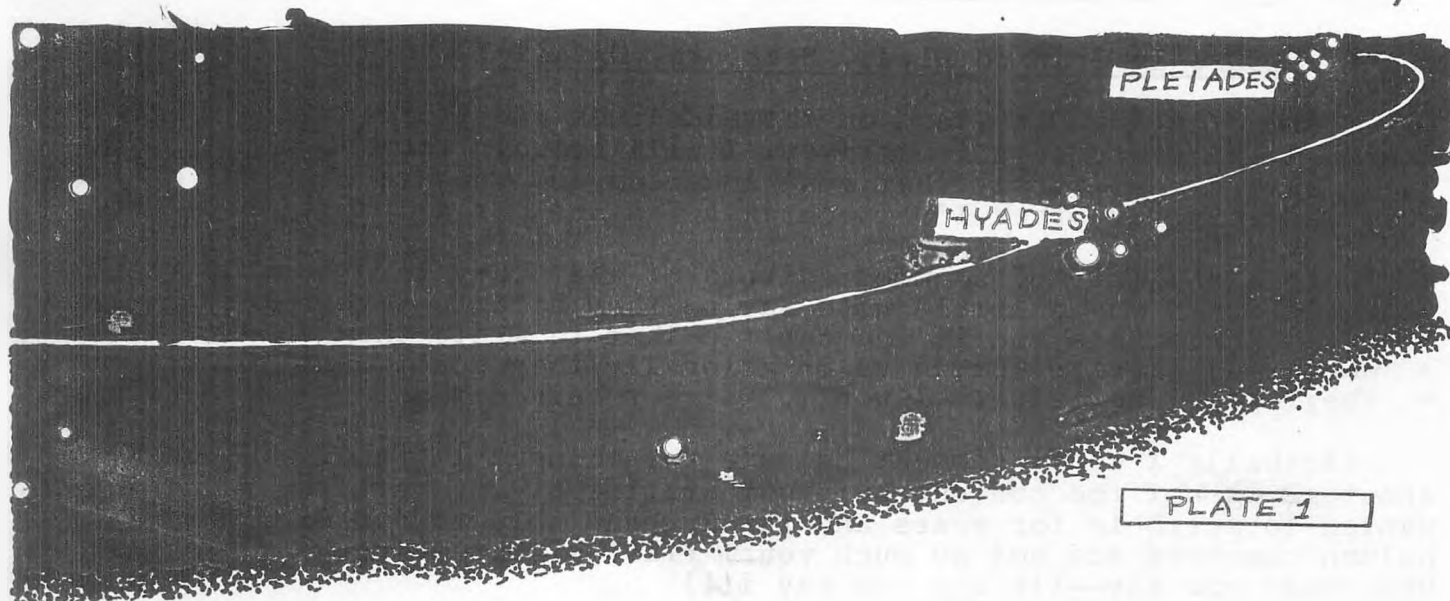
RON ELLIK, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25:

So okay, you owe me four bits next G&S nite, which you recall quite correctly. ((+Nothing seals a fannish friendship like shaking hands with a fifty-cent-piece.+)) When do I get my blazer with the SSF emblem on it?

+ An embroidered jock-strap occurred to me, but then I remembered you're  
 + too shy -- why, you even wear boxer swimtrunks! No doubt the word "breech-  
 + clout" suggests Johnny Weismuller in a leather G-string to you, as it does  
 + to most others, rather than the most antisocial garb in history that it is  
 + ...works wonders at keeping nosey neighbors off the premises! A hunter's  
 + garb. But I digress. Yonder is the plot of our journey, Ron -- swing  
 + around Regulus and jump for the Hyades Cluster, 130 lightyears' out; then  
 + jump again for the Pleiades Cluster, 500 lightyears<sup>2</sup> out. We'll juggle  
 + our Einstein Number on the Long Jump back to make the desired ETA. Huh?  
 + Hell, yes, those are actual constellations -- whaddaya think this is, a  
 + joyride? Got WC Al Lewis to snap that plate before we cleared Sol!  
 + But wait'll you see the plates we got of the Ridge. (It should've been  
 + researched for an Asf article years ago, and stf might be better now.)

1+2 -DISTANCE FROM EARTH TO THE CENTER OF EACH CLUSTER - WE'LL STOP AT  
 THE EDGES, BEING VER-R-RY CAUTIOUS.





ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico:

So what can I add to your starship complement? Well, let's see... I'm a fair to middling electronics technician, am excellent at handling people (I could be your personnel officer), am a rather unruffled type--patient, even-tempered, and not prone to being "shook"--, a little better than average with firearms and, er, other items of that nature (and am not overly concerned about the results of their use as it were).

On the other hand I'm lazy, seldom get fired up with enthusiasm about anything, and prefer to let George do it.

Capsule self-analysis. It is the fannish thing to do.

I'm not sure I go along with Rule Two. Present day theory--not proven. Until we go see--not provable. It's fine to say that Einstein's theories seem to fit and that, therefore, we should go along with the whole shebang. The electron theory works fine, too, up to a point. Up to a point it does a fine job of explaining what makes wireless and all that stuff work. Up to a point. Beyond that point you throw the electron theory out the window and sit back and guess what is going on. "Nothing other than light can travel at lightspeed..." Hmphf! Wanna bet?

Anyway it sounds like a fine idea. By gad I'll have to break out the old astronomy books and see what's what. Then all I'll have to do is explain the theory behind my stardrive. Well, it's sort of like solid-state electronics, we're still working on the theories even though it works.

Re, "It's gotta be believable, don't it?" Not necessarily. Stf fans can suspend disbelief which is what makes them stf fans. No?

I'd probably comment on Rog Phillips' letter if I could figure out what it was he was talking about. Is it that he is advocating turning the field into a religion? No? Why not? It's nutty enough to be a religion. I'll have to give this some thought. Stay tuned.

You know what those fat-bottomed ships remind me of? Brick Bradford's Time Top, that's what. You want to pub a letterzine? So pub a letterzine. (If you join the NFFF you could publish TIGHTBEAM.)

- + At least you didn't suggest LASFS! Why don't you pub a letterzine?
- + I'm not too sure I want the job. I'd have Rog Phillips write the Ship's
- + Log if he hadn't spoiled it all and learned how to write fiction. And
- + I suggest you might study that Rule Two ver-r-ry closely (and if you
- + know of them nucleonic particles(?) behaving like they travel faster
- + than light, keep yo' big mouth shut.) Trouble with the outfit we've
- + got here, Roy, is they're intelligent. They ask questions. Furthermore,
- + they think they deserve answers. It don't help that they're right, either.



DEREK NELSON, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada:

Doomed as I am to stand on the sidelines and stare in utter fascination at g2 every time it arrives, I will refrain from commenting on the issues except to say that Poul Anderson and you are carrying on the most something-or-other I've seen in a fanzine for a long time.

- + There are plenty of doomed editors of what they like to call fanzines
- + who'd write you a little note saying they hate to bother keeping track
- + of subscriptions and if you can't bother to write them about what a
- + wonderful fanzine they have, occasionally, they don't want you reading
- + their precious 'zine. I won't. I've received those notes, myself.

(Actually I won't comment because the thing that fascinates me most about g2 is not the content but your writing style. Its the way I've wanted to scribble for years and rarely been able to do. (ie; your letter-column comments and not so much your articles--but even them. To hell with what you say--its how you say it!)

- + That's what I say!

PEGGY BEAVERS -- Peoria, Ill.:

I trust the Gibson household is in full control of every situation, as always, or at least enjoying them, and that Ming Foo and company are well.

Classes start tomorrow at [ ], but I've been safely escounced in my pink, green and turquoise cell (sounds awful, doesn't it?) for a full week so that I could start teaching. Am working in two schools in the Elementary system and loving it- the only thing that bothers me is the 14 other class hours that I have to carry. Looks like it will be 17-20 hrs. each semester this year, which doesn't make for an exactly frolicsome outlook.

- + So welcome into the pool! Altho it's the regular thing around here,
- + Peggy, we'll not publish your address without your specific okay ...
- + this is just to let you see you're welcome anytime. (Peg is Mizzus
- + Len Zettel's young&poised&lovely sister (and Gail Zettel will strangle
- + me for that) who was out here with the Zettels for the summer.)

My poor parents hit the ceiling when I got off the plane in Chicago- I guess there was something about that deep tan and sun-bleached hair which didn't resemble their youngest daughter. It really bothered them, though, when I'd forget where I was and go out barefoot. They have a new apartment, incidently- maybe you remember the building. ((+Nope, been too long+))

I'm the only Senior on the floor this year which means a lot of Sophomores, but most of them are from the New York Burroughs Area, and these girls really swing! Hootenany type swinging which makes life here ever so much more bearable. ((+You mean folksing types like Derek Nelson who digs Mariposa Folk Festivals.+)) My walls are covered with road-maps of the S.F. Bay Area, postcards, and souvenirs for the Westercon - it's like I never left!

Len has decided that his sister-in-law is a neofan, first phase (recently promoted, though). He says that the symptoms are unmistakable - I really don't know what he means, just because I kept reading his back issues of Analog and those E.R.Burroughs paperbacks. Sounds like a disease, doesn't it? Should I feel Sic?

...P.S. See you at the WORLDCON

- + Um, yez. This young lady could have 'em all singing O I Wisht I Wuz In
- + Peor-i-a which I fear is more my style of, uh, folksinging.



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

Oh yeah...wouldnt that be grand? Chief Red Feather dropping in on Wim? Man oh man but that would make him a Hero with the little children in that neighborhood! Fancy the kids faces? Hell, fancy Wims!

This is G-2 v.2#11 I'm commenting on at the moment...Which foundation, etc would possibly be immortal? I'll put my money on DuPont or General Motors .....or mebbe Sears or Monkey Wards...cant you see their mail-order catalogs for settlers on other worlds? That would be a hell of a job of bookkeeping on some of the future long-term loans and dealings, eh? ((+Comparable long term deals were recorded 2,000 years ago in Damascus, Timbuctu and Suchow.+))

So how many pairs of Long Woolies has Robbie received from the fen so far? ((+None.+)) I wish, though, when Robbie was giving instructions as to that car-wash she'd have mentioned that its best not to have a cigarette going while doing same. ((+Hoo -- you can't ignite a mixture of 1-cup kerosene in 1-bucket water! Ron reported quite satisfactory results.+))

Now to #12...or the up-up-and-awaaaaay issue. By the way have I mentioned my admiration for your illos of late Joseph? Exceptionally good in this issue. ((+Artistically, the workmanship's very crude.+))

Our communication line is faulty here, Joe....I'm not real sure as to exactly what you are asking us in the last part of the editorial. A big-lettercol zine issued to hundreds of fen from all strata of fandom would be damn expensive and liable to gafiate its publisher ((+And be a total waste! I know of hardly anybody who reads their phone book cover-to-cover. A communications link in fandom would matter only to those who want to communicate -- and that'd be damned few, relatively speaking.+))

"Would it be worth a candle, say, just to keep G-2 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?" So dont you have that now? Inadvertently any half-way decent lettercol gets new subjects brought in via the locs....yes? Need that be stipulated? As to an all-letter issue now or again, but only when theres letters that merit it?, you mean only then would you pub locs? Just once in awhile a lox-only issue? No, that I wouldnt like..

+ And it wouldn't be keeping "g2 going as she is", either. But here is  
+ something odd. It really is. All of you who've written interpreted my  
+ words the same way -- as if I'd said LOX wouldn't be limited to comments  
+ on subjects/ideas/events in this fanzine, but would be a Wide Open thing  
+ for letters on any&all subjects/ideas/events. You interpreted it very  
+ strictly as it could apply only to letterhack fans like yourselves. Do  
+ you realize fanzine fandom has one good communications link, today? It's  
+ in Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews. Anyone wanting to communicate can do  
+ that themselves -- if they can make contact. If they can't, they're out  
+ of luck. And in most cases, today, they can't. It would be different if  
+ you corresponded with 50 other fans, many of whom each corresponded with  
+ 50 fans you never heard of. You soon would hear of 'em. Anything good's  
+ going anywhere, you'd get word. You didn't like the fandom you're in,  
+ you could shift to another with no effort. There used to be a lot of  
+ correspondence fans who never wrote a letter to appear in print. A  
+ Wide Open lettercol means we'd be having "outsiders" come in, not with  
+ letters of comment but with queries, requests for contact, bits of news  
+ -- in short, fans who aren't letterhacks, who find their egoboo other  
+ ways. We'd still have a lettercol filled with fannish discussion &  
+ whatnot, like now; but we'd have this extra bit, too. Without it, if  
+ you correspond with 50 fans, many of them each corresponds with the same  
+ 49 other fans you do. It's a tidy little group. It's your fandom. It  
+ tends to become exclusive -- and create resentment when it does. And  
+ it can't break that tendency without some contact with others. The much-  
+ praised prozine lettercols never provided such contact. Fandom lost it  
+ when fanzines ceased to be published for all fans, available to any fan  
+ -- and lost any voice it had in stf, as well.



First glance at the excellent illo for the TO BE EXPLORED article and I boggled a little...I mean our ship is bigger than the Tacketts ship we are 2 plus one dog and cat (and by the way you ARE allowing pets along I trust?) And poor Roy and Chrys and two daughters and two lil dogs have a smaller ship...((+Artistically, that's what I meant.+)) And Chicago has one not half the size of mine...Joe are you trying to tell us something? Like why dont we diet, forinstance? ((+When you didn't even notice all 20 liftboats weren't shown there? Hadn't all been built when I did the illo.+))

Berkely, yes, Bill Donaho alone needs that big one there. You would have Troubles with me right off the bat on the proposed Exodus, Mr. G. I'd want to pick my crew..25 passengers, huh.....but I'd cross all kinds of fan-boundaries and insist on the Kujawas, Gibsons, Jeeves (I cant have Roy and Chrys cause you gave them their own ship...can I get Len and Anna?) ((+Nope.+)) and Ballard and people like Ella, Ethel (nurse you know, handy to have) Wally Weber (kicking and screaming, natch) ((+I think Ella's got him on her boat+)) Colin, Tony Glynn, Misha ..and...only 25 I can have??shucks....((+Make two trips!+)) ((+Sounds like a rerun of a voice-tape during said Exodus!+))

First place I am lazy..2nd place my gun toting husband, I hope, will save me from the work-crew detail, remember that now. And how do I get my tv shows and my weekly issues of TIME and the SATURDAY REVIEW.....I cant leave those crostic puzzles behind, mate. I'd better not navigate...not if we want to get there, that is. Kuj can pilot real fine..thats okay. ((+If we gotta go on manual, he may get the chance!+))

As to that globe-space suit...yes indeed just as long as you have installed some kinda john under that bucket-seat...please, she says pitifully. ((+After the 1st time out, I got that very idea myself.+)) As to talented fen that must accompany us.....gotta have a little ol wine-maker in my ship, one whose an expert at making champagne.....and what about the supplies or makings fir gin, Scotch, Vermouth, vodka and all? Mygawd you are not going to send us up without that are you?

+ HOO\*hah! Suddenly it got to me -- no work-crew detail, huh? Haw! Anybody wants to get trampled to death by Big Kujawa Feet, just go down to the Liftboat Deck and yell, "Hey, let's go get some more LOOT!" Chorkle. Snurff. Works evry time!

I read parts of this article to Gene...he says standing up with Bill Donaho sitting on him would badly strain his hernia, he says, he says. And he wont go anyway he says.....and you know why dont you? As when he met Elmer 'God' Perdue and demoted Elmer to Jesus Christ..Gene and only Gene is Top Man/Boss. He's the A-number-one leader and order-giver..so unless you are willing to step down and let Gino be King you aint gonna have that ballistics expert and liftboat pilot, dearie.

+ King of what? This tub? You remind me I forgot to ask Roy what he knows about metal fatigue in core-magnets we'll be having under power at .9999c -- if those fields fade out and we plow barenosed into that space hydrogen Gino can be Holy Roman Emperor of this radioactive hell! Ain't that nice?

Wonder what Ed Wood's comments will be on all this? And how you gonna have a Hagerstown Hermit on a liftboat? Give him his own boat? ((+No -- but be careful out around the rim corridors if he's blasting around on that damned flying belt again! He says General Motors will go down the drain when his flying belt takes over; but I suggest he look what happened to Studebaker when those horse-drawn wagons went out of style. I dunno if he will or not.+))

FRANK WILIMCZYK, 447 10th Ave., New York, N.Y.:

It's a pleasure to re-subscribe (not@hyphen) to a fanzine whose editor can tag me with the honorific "youngster", or even, by implication, "whipper-snapper". So, you win the 25¢ reward for Compliments.

Ontheotherhand, it seems to me you had to reach pretty far out to put

the glom on me re weaponry, Dad. I mean, in my little essay, I made no pretense to expertise on the subject -- au contraire, it seems to me that I very definitely pointed out that I was a complete novice with gunpowder type things. ((+Doggone right you did, or I'd never have kidded you about your How To Shoot bit there -- & where you were expecting a heavy recoil from that Shooting Gallery squirtgun, I broke up!+)) Incidentally, it wasn't a Thompson I trained with, it was a greasegun, and I fired it the way I was taught -- from the shoulder. You're talking about firing from the hip, which is a different thing. Also, the greasegun had a sling, which you were supposed to be able to use to keep the gun from rising (I'm a pretty skinny guy and couldn't quite manage this). As a matter of fact, I've never even seen a Thompson, except in movies, which I guess does make me a youngster. I never even saw a Reising (I used to suspect this name of being a sad pun). ((+You left out an 'l' somewhere; ask Tackett. But---

+ --well, okay. I never trained on any automatic weapon (not counting the  
+ time I cleared the Post with a .30 machinegun, trying to shoot it from  
+ the hip) but on a Springfield '03 with locking lugs so worn the bolt  
+ whanged open when you fired it -- the last time I wore glasses in that  
+ war! Reached Europe with an M-1 carbine (mine actually shot pretty  
+ well beyond 200 yards) but gave it to a Field Medic with no illusions  
+ after my first patrol, and got a Garand. But that gun's too big for  
+ scout work -- made you look like the Infantry joes, but any enemy who  
+ saw you would plug you anyway. I dumped the Garand for an M-3 greasegun  
+ off a dead tank guy who didn't need it anymore; he'd already discarded  
+ the wire stock, so I didn't have to bother about that.

+ But shooting a chopper from the shoulder is good for searching and  
+ cover fire. You can get your bursts into a pretty tight area, as is oft  
+ preferred, and can even pour in some long bursts with practice -- tho a  
+ good BAR man's best for searching fire; he can be real choosy, then pour  
+ it in hot. Best offhand shooting with a chopper is what you might know  
+ as "the FBI position" -- at chest level -- which isn't too hard if you  
+ got wrists like a truckdriver...but don't worry, digging foxholes steadily  
+ for 3-4 months will take care of that if you live so long. But a carrying  
+ sling has never been hung on a military musketpiece without some garrison  
+ genius figured some cute shooting tricks, using it -- which, if you use  
+ 'em, leaves you depending on it too damned much. The greasegun's sling  
+ was excellent for just one thing: hanging that gun on your chest where  
+ you didn't have to reach for it. You just suddenly found yourself mad &  
+ shooting; and you looked out where the slugs were hitting and thought to  
+ yourself about nothing but that. For scouting, with enemy patrols to  
+ worry about & pinning down the guys who're trying to pin you down, it  
+ was a fairly adequate weapon. Good squad leader gun, too, for cover fire.

If you really want to clobber me, you could use driving. Like with weapons, I had no experience with vehicles before or after the army. But I wound up driving a two-and-a-half-ton truck (very badly) and endangered more lives than I care to remember. I remember one time, particularly, when I had an empty truck late at night, and picked up a dozen or so sailors. I had mixed feelings about this kind of thing, because so long as I was only putting my own life on the line I felt OK, but with a bunch of joking, happy young guys in the back of the truck, I practically developed an ulcer. The reason I remember this particular trip so vividly was. . . .

+ See here, Wilimczyk, we tells my Whoary Old War Stories in this yere fang  
+ zine! But while we're about it, I thought I'd better chop you off here  
+ and ask -- ever do any airplane driving?

+ And that's it for this month. And with this, I've left out HARRY WARNER  
+ and WIM STRUYCK and (sigh) just too many. Why, that's not even counting  
+ any of the letters we've received on last month's issue! You see how it  
+ is. I really hate to leave WIM's LoC out, too -- they're rare and good.  
+ Maybe I should print it next month. No apologies for my artwork, this;  
+ as usual, I haven't the faintest as I type this whether the illos will be  
+ okay, or will flake off or blotch in printing. I mess 'em up pretty bad  
+ while doing 'em. Oh well -- anyone for Who's The Captain???





"--IT'LL HAVE TO BE A STARSHIP  
CULTURE WE WANT TO KEEP, SAM!"

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