

July, 1964

NOISE: I think it's time we got Bill Donaho nominated for TAFF. It's exactly the right time, exactly the right year. Two years ago or even at this time last year, Big Bill was well-known only to fanzine fans (including that small, if noisy "beat" faction) and to what the rest of fandom generally refers to as "that bunch of nuts on the West Coast." He was also remembered in New York, but such things seldom have any significance anywhere except in New York, where the world ends at the Hudson River in the minds of many of its inhabitants, not just the fans'. But even among fanzine fans, then, there were a few whose scant knowledge of Bill Donaho would have labelled him as just another publisher of 100-page fanzines or, worse yet, just another of the beatnik type fringe-fans -- fun, at times, if you don't take 'em seriously.

In the past year, to a good many members of general fandom who'd never have expected it (and to the disappointment of some I won't mention), Bill Donaho has shown that he's a serious and responsible individual who can be as sercon as anyone when the situation demands it. He has proved he's dependable to oldtimers in fandom who count dependable fans on their fingers and seldom need to include their thumbs.

This hasn't come as any surprise to me. The first time I met Donaho was in New York -- in the Village, to be precise, in the very early '50s. He was fresh from the "beatnik scene" around the University of Chicago and apparently knew less than Chuck Freudenthal about science-fiction fandom.

At the time, I was putting the final touches to my own private campaign to discredit a local group gathered around a certain fan who once got hauled in on a morals charge involving a minor -- if you want his name, just ask Harry Warner who the guy is that he's "tolerated" in fandom for years; I'm afraid that was one instance where Harry spoke strictly for himself...at least, he's not speaking for me. I contacted the young kids meeting over at this guy's house, found them naturally confused and unhappy with their treatment as opposed to the little harem of "favorites" the guy had among them (one of whom landed in a sanitarium, while another got six months for sodomy), and I told those kids a few things about fandom that they hadn't heard before -- there was no need to tell them much about those "favorites". That's when they broke loose and tried to form their own fanclub. They were the serious youngsters Dave Kyle and a few others suddenly discovered, with whom they founded the first fanclub to exist in New York in years. It may well be the only reason there's a fanclub in New York today. But it was during the subsequent episodes, when this guy and his friends decided they didn't need the kids around anyway, so long as they could claim to the rest of fandom that they did have a large group, so large it included half-a-dozen fanclubs (and they even made a fraudulent NY bid for the World Con on such claims -- the rest of fandom didn't know the difference) when Big Bill Donaho arrived.

Donaho probably contributed as much as I did, no less indirectly, to the existence of a fanclub in New York. The conservatives had to take over long enough to get that club firmly established; the NY S-F Circle had to split up, the wild ones forced out. In starting the Nunnery and, later, Riverside Dive, Bill Donaho gave the wild ones a place to go, a place where they were happy -- just when they became so unhappy with that fanclub that they'd have wrecked it. Before I left New York, I had realized that was exactly what was needed besides the club, but I'd had little faith in Dave Mason's ability to do it. So I got a bit interested in Big Bill Donaho. I was even more interested after exchanging a few words with him when we met at World Cons and Midwestcons. Because he had a fair notion of what he was doing.

But what happened at the Clevention has to be included there. Some nonfannish-type joker is walking down the street one night in Cleveland, sees this hotel all lit up with people milling around the lobby in what's obviously a convention. So he walks in. He rides up and down the elevator with the crowds and peeks out at the hallways. Finally he spots a door partly open on a darkened room, and he gets off. When nobody's looking, he enters the room. Just as he gets the money out of the wallet on the dresser, the room's occupant sits up in bed and yells.

A few minutes later, the hotel management approached the Con Committee and informed them that someone in the hotel had entered this man's room and stolen his money. The joker had been noticed "acting suspiciously" by an elevator operator and a bellhop. He had not been seen leaving the hotel.

Gangs of fans joined the bellhop and hotel detectives exploring the entire building. That joker had picked the wrong convention; fans aren't all a bunch of utter strangers to each other.

On the main floor, just off the lobby, a room had been set aside for the convention's use -- which was, specifically, for an all-night poker game and fan-gathering center. They found the joker sitting in on the poker game, swigging a bottle of gin, and no doubt with some thought of increasing his night's take. The bellhop identified him. The police were called. Nothing was done to alarm the guy.

But we didn't know what kind of weapons the guy might be packing or how he'd behave when the cops walked in.

So the rest of us -- except Big Dill Donaho -- quietly ushered the femme-fans out of the room. Donaho walked casually over to the poker table, told a fan someone wanted him on urgent business, and sat in on the game in the departing fan's place. Thus, Dill positioned himself next to this joker, on his right side.

But there was no trouble when the cops arrived. It was just that they didn't arrive until an hour and a half later ... and it was almost a pity they didn't take longer, because that joker was being taken for damned near every cent he'd stole!

When Dill and Danny Curran moved to Berkeley, the Gibsons and the Grahams (Rog Phillips and Honey) had a welcoming party for him. A short while back, Dill repeated that party at his place with as many as he could get of the original attendees. With just us and the Grahams, he had the great majority of them. The so-called "Berkeley fans" had hardly known he -- or for that matter, most of the rest of fandom -- even existed. It's changed somewhat since then. Big Dill's done some of the changing. He's made friends of all the local fans, conservative as well as liberal, where I've chosen to bother with very few of either group. And it should be added that he knew I would eventually have done something a lot worse than any Doondoggle. I have no innocent illusions about a certain type of sex nut being anything remotely akin to mere homosexuality. Neither have Rogers, Stark or Halevy.

What Dill Donaho and the other members of the Pacificon Committee have done about that situation was probably a lot better for fandom than what I would have done. And in the actions Dill undertook, himself, he proved that he's far more a serious and responsible fan than will probably ever be my concern.

Others can write the 500-word nomination, outlining Dill's past contributions and activities in fandom. It's just my personal belief that another good thing for fandom would be for Big Dill Donaho to be the TAFF winner who attends the London Con in '65.

He'd be a candidate worth voting for.

----- oOo -----

That got a number of things off my chest that've been bugging me for months. Meantime, I already know many of you who're going to be at the Pacificon where we'll proceed, as always, to find our own convention as we like it, with an eye now and again for whatever's on the Programme and a sharper eye, maybe, for any young punk trying to sneak out a long distance phonecall to New Jersey the Committee'd get stuck with. I am told emphatically that our membership badges will not be gold-embossed five-pointed stars with the word "FUZZ" enscrolled thereon. Tsk. And I'll have a "precon report" here nextish with maps and whatnot.

M3CD

...It was one of those mornings they have in the English Midlands at that time of year. Our being there was Colin's doing -- he'd argued that the one place we might find things relatively unchanged on Earth in the 35th Century would be England. And the Ethel had held out till the last for Edinburgh, we'd decided on Yorkshire as being a much easier target to hit. But it hadn't been that easy. We'd missed it slightly. And wherever we were, we'd hit it rather hard.

In fact, once my arm got bandaged up and the .45 taped into my fist so I couldn't drop it when the hand went numb, I was the only one in condition to go find someone, to get us help, if there were any to be found or got. It'd been that kind of a landing.

The road wasn't so bad -- I supposed it was what they called a metalled road; looks no different from asphalt to me -- but the signpost, when I first spotted it, was a jolt. A paved road with signposts was just too ordinary! I was wound up spring-taut to find and deal with anything but that, after what we'd been through, fighting our way across half-a-dozen broken down, derelict worlds where barbarian hordes warred and pillaged amidst the ruins of a once-great civilization.

It was almost a relief to read that signpost -- I studiously ignored the sign pointing to London. There was the absurdity of just being able to read any sign on Earth after more than a thousand years! Comforting thought, that. And its extraordinary position -- not at a crossroads, but with one sign pointing over a stone fence to a trodden footpath that meandered over the meadow to disappear among some trees. And blimey, Camelot!

It was that way with the car, too. Thank Ghod it came whispering along without a trace of engine-noise, or I'd have fainted dead on the spot.

Its driver proved most accomodating....

This, then, is the denouement. Naturally, I had this ending all thought out before I ever began this series, which has taken us on an interstellar jaunt out through our Home Cluster and out to the neighboring Hyades and Pleiades Clusters, and back to Earth -- with a relativistic "time dilation" that places our return to Earth 1500 years in the future, in the 35th Century.

But did you suppose I'd just have to drop it there?

So this is the final episode. They were expecting us, on Earth. They transported the lot of us to London in a couple of Zeppelins -- letting the giant airships drift low over the English countryside, while they pointed out 13th Century castles and 17th Century villages and men in green carrying longbows through the forests. Then we saw a Victorian London embraced by towering 24th Century suburbs.

They explained that Earth has been made one giant museum of mankind's early, planetbound history. Viking longships sail down the fjords to visit Hanseatic ports; legions march in flamboyant Triumph through a Rome surrounded by Renaissance Italy; the Incas, Mayans and Aztecs share the Latin Americas with a vaster, much older civilization we'd never heard of; the Nubians rule the belt of Africa; chevaliers dodge taxicabs on the Champs Elysees and slops in the alleys of the Isle de Paris; Greeks stroll around in bedsheets or indulge in nude gymnastics -- the entire industry of Earth is one of museum curators

and historical societies. And they'd been waiting for us to arrive!

It seems they have a problem.

A few of us are "hurried" across the Atlantic in a flying boat (circa 1930) and the rest of you follow in a 22nd Century passenger submarine which makes the trip almost as fast, but the sub can't dock on the East River alongside the old United Nations' Center; the flying boat can and does. And the government of this 35th Century Earth lays its problem before us.

Mankind has finished with the Solar System. They terraformed its worlds, built a fabulous civilization -- and then moved on out to the stars. The only ones left are those who stayed behind. The tremendous automatocracy which had supplied all the needs of hundreds of billions of human beings fell into disuse and decay.

Only on Earth was the inheritance of the past so great that its remaining few inhabitants found a new purpose for their lives. On the rest of the worlds, degradation followed decay, until there are now only the warlords with their barbarian hosts quarreling among the shambles of past greatness. And their worlds are going bad. Conditions imposed by Man, not by nature, are slowly reverting once more to nature. The eyes of many a warlord are beginning to glint hungrily as they gaze toward Earth.

The government of Earth sent its representative out to the new center of the interstellar culture, to ask mankind for help. Mankind replied that it had its own problems, the least of which far exceeded anything Old Earth had to contend with. But Earth's representative was persistent. He forced them to give Earth something, if only to get rid of him. From the laboratories of their fantastically advanced technology, they gave him the means whereby the man might be found who could save Earth.

They pointed out that the man who was needed must be thoroughly familiar with many types of warfare and many kinds of weapons, a man at least cognizant of rockets and space travel but who still considered the planet Earth as his home. In short, the man who could save Earth in the 35th Century could only be found on Earth in the 20th Century.

(Being science-fiction fans, none of us would qualify for the job -- we're misfits of the 20th Century, lacking all that concern for home and Earth.)

(But we do know the 20th Century!)

All this may be, says I to them, but we ancient mariners also have our problems. We have knowledge of two worlds in distant star-clusters to dispose of, and we want no less than 100 (albeit small) starships in exchange for that.

Whereupon I am told that they have our starships awaiting -- the Interstellar Center had provided them as part of the deal -- although they're actually just spaceboats, the 35th Century type being equivalent in range and utility to any of the earliest interstellar craft. We are certainly to take those spaceboats with us; and the Interstellar Center is already awaiting our data on the two distant worlds and our pioneer expedition.

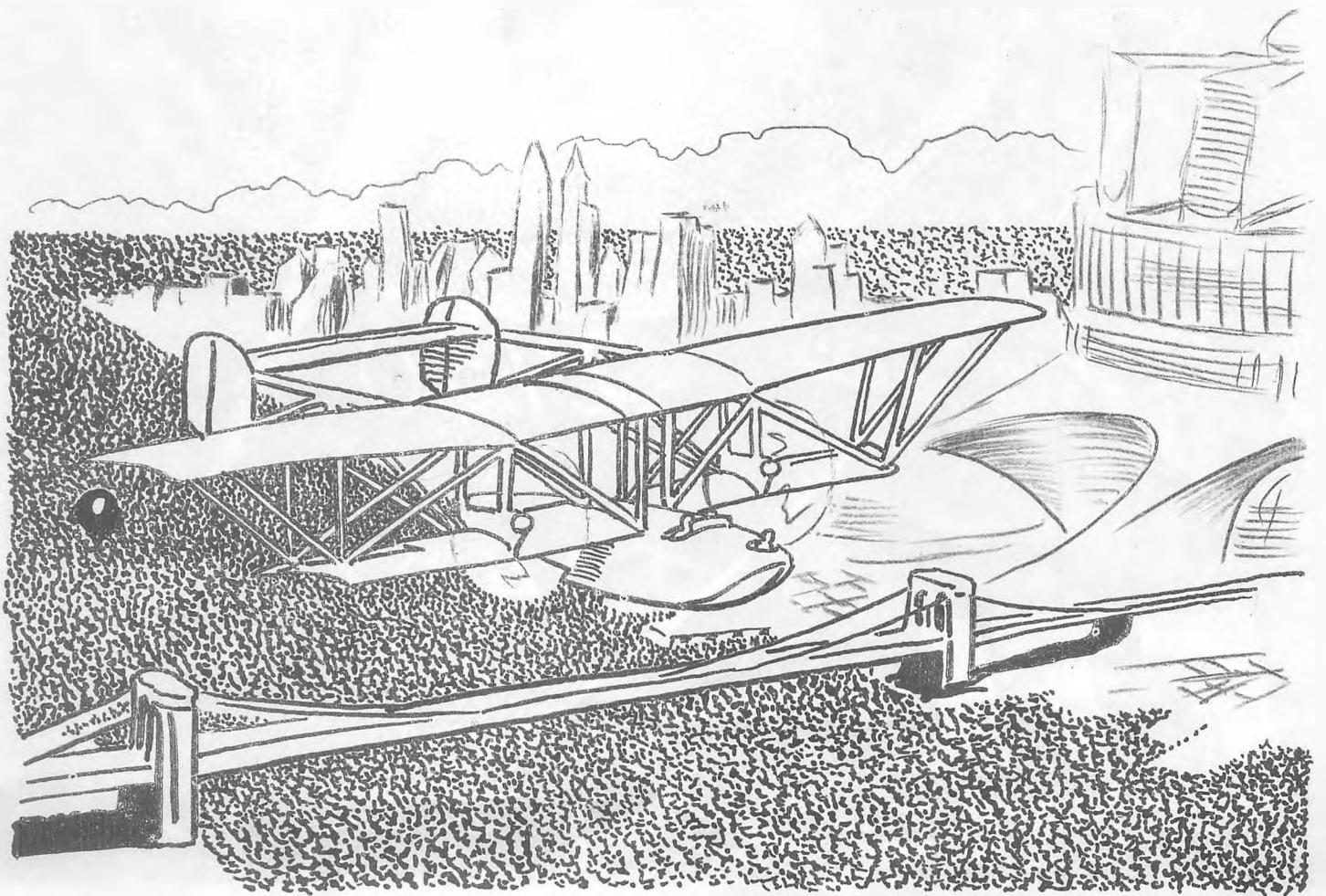
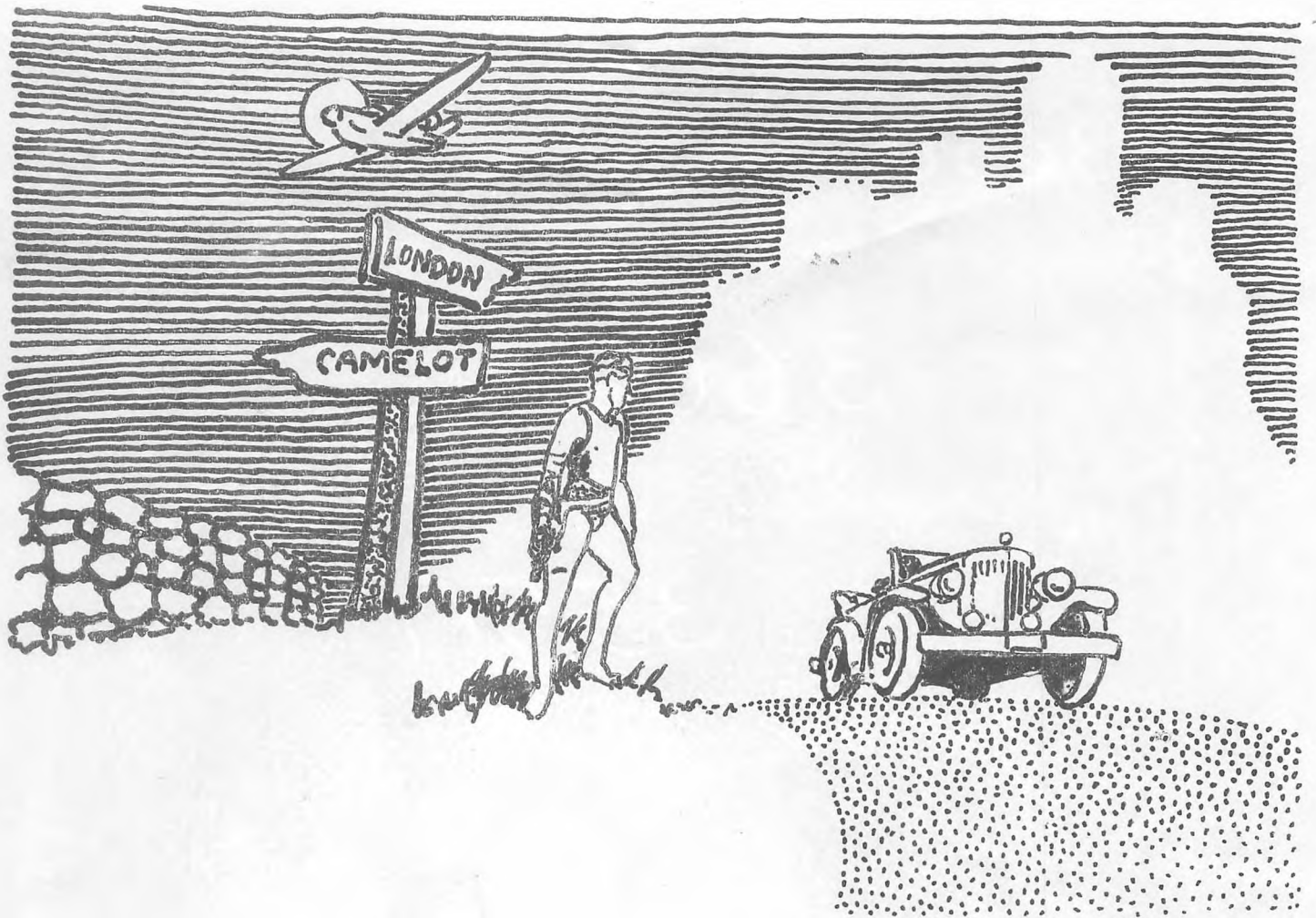
But in addition, we must also agree to become the first humans in history to travel faster than the speed of light.

They're very interested in finding out whether it can be done.

They think it can. They think they have proof.

We provided it.

Remember something I said about FTL travel, some months back? If Bigstar and Hotstar are 10 lightyears apart and you travel at twice the speed of light, you can make it in 5 years. But you'd have to go ten times lightspeed to make it in one year -- and 120 times lightspeed if you wanted to do it in one month.



3650

3500

3600

3550

2450

2400

2350

FTL

time flow

Of course, that doesn't apply to the ship's crew. It only applies where you're the one who sends out ships and sit around waiting for them to get there and come back.

If you sent an exploring ship to the Pleiades Cluster at light-speed, you'd have to wait a thousand years for it to get back, since it's 500 lightyears to the Pleiades. You'd have to do a thousand times the speed of light to get 'em back in a year -- and twelve thousand times lightspeed to do it in a month!

You absolutely could not ever do it instantaneously, no matter how many times faster than light your ship travels.

Well, that may seem logical enough -- but there just might be something wrong with it.

Zeno's paradox of Achilles and the tortoise went something like this: a man sees a turtle walking along and decides to catch up with it. He walks toward the turtle at several times the turtle's speed, but when he reaches where the turtle was, he finds that the turtle has moved slowly ahead of that spot. So he does the whole bit again, maybe ten times the turtle's speed. Same deal; the turtle's moved ahead. So he tries again, faster; same deal. And faster -- but he never catches up with the turtle.

I have read that today's mathematicians view this old paradox with smugness. Now, I've read, they know about convergent series, in which an infinite number of segments add up to a finite segment. But most of us have a knowledge of arithmetic that barely can comprehend Zeno's paradox.

I maintain, therefore, that if you travel faster than light, you must also extend the relativistic effects of "time dilation" at light-speed so far as your ship's crew is concerned. I postulate that time is like Zeno's tortoise in that, mathematical fantasies aside, anyone can walk rings around a turtle.

I suggest that, at 10 times the speed of light, you will not cross 10 lightyears of space in one year. I propose, instead, that you would reach the end of your trip 9 years before you started it.

At lightspeed, on that trip, your ship's time is "frozen" so the effect is that you time-travel 10 years into the future. I suggest that FTL travel might reverse the flow of time, so your ship's time is "frozen" while you time-travel into the past.

Anyway, it seems weird enough to be attributed to some "fantastically advanced technology" of the 35th Century.

Of course, this is also a breakthrough in the old s-f theme of time travel. This theme has been in a stalemate ever since H.G. Wells' TIME MACHINE with the paradox of the guy who goes back to change the past so that he never gets born to go back to change the past. And the final word has been that if Time Travel were ever to become possible, we'd have visitors right now.

After our interstellar trip lands us in the 35th Century, we'd be the first ones in history who could travel over a thousand years into the past without endangering our chances of ever being born.

In short, after we've got interstellar travel, we might have time travel.

I've also postulated that 35th Century star-travel won't be done in one ship, but with a "drive-unit" pulling along a whole cluster of passenger/cargo carriers.

And before I forget it, just before we left to attempt our return journey back thru spacetime to the 20th Century, they showed me the proof they had that such a trip was possible.

It was the August, 1964, issue of g2. With the "precon report."

I wonder who we'll send back there to save Earth, tho.....

La

PACIFICON II

est

formidable - unique - pittoresque - un baile

- * la programme est
variable - venteux - beau - chaud - froid
- * le banquet est
gonfle - a plat - va bien
- * les parties etes
tres bonne - en progres - moyenne
- * le mascarade est
miraculeuse - moyenne - mauvaise
- * les jeux: nous jouons au
poker - fangab - booze - girlwatching
- * le snogging est
agreable - confortable - frequente - isole
- * les femmefans etes
affectueux - fous - tendres - passionnes

PACIFICON II
Box 261
FAIRMONT STN
FERRITO
CALIF

Le place: the Leamington Hotel
Oakland, Calif.

Le Time: Sept. 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1964.

Le poop from les group: This is the 22nd World Science-Fiction Convention; membership for nonattendees is \$1 for overseas fans, \$2 for US fans, and an additional \$1 if you attend. They had 524 memberships as of the July 4th weekend -- more than I could even shanghai onto a starship! Come all ye science-fiction types and leave us aller faire la bombe, as they say in the Underground. Are you there, ATOM?

This is g2, Vol. 3 No. 10 for July '64. This is called monthly publication when it adds up to 12 issues a year, and it looks like we'll make it again. Mimeeing by Norm Metcalf after I'm done mangling the stencils; multi-artwork by commercial shop. No trades, no back issues available; sample cpy free on request. Which same comes from:

Joe & Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - 94803

Subscription rates:

Stateside - 3/25¢, 6/50¢ or 12/\$1.

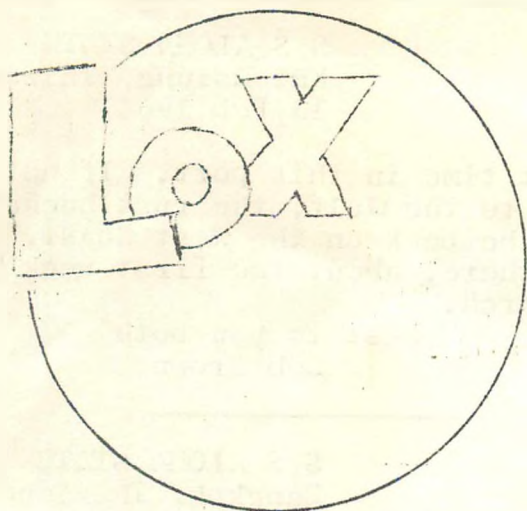
Europe - 3 for 1/9, 6 for 3/6 or 12 for 7/-.

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

- (✓) Your sub expires with Vol. 3 No. 10.
- () Your sub expired last issue.
- () This is a sample copy.

Ed Wood, Sam Moskowitz, Earl Kemp, George Scithers, Roy Tackett, Dick Eney: could you guys send me your probable ETA's yet?

Anyone else coming???



It's time the rest of you knew about Robert P. Brown. He sends us picture postcards. I'm not always sure where he sends them from or, sometimes, even how he gets them mailed. His home address is 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach 13, California (which is where we send g2) but he sends these postcards from the place he works...he's radioman aboard the S.S. Aloha State...and we'd pubbed a few as they arrived (there was that one arrived minus a stamp, with cancel marks on the spot where a Thailand postal clerk had carefully steamed off the uncanceled stamp so he could sell it again at a slight discount) but for

the past year or so, I've been saving them, putting each postcard aside until I had a whole stack of them. This, then, is what Bob Brown's been up to for the past year:

S S ALOHA STATE
Bremerhaven
Aug. 16/63

As you will note, this voyage, the ship went in the opposite direction. From some of the things you mentioned in the fnz, this part of the world is old stamping ground for you! Keep the ball rolling. Best to you & Robbie.

Bob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
Rotterdam
Aug. 19/63

Sailed East instead of West. Heck said that in the last card. Any-way here's one from another port.

73
Bob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
Le Havre
24 Aug. 63

Docked this morning at 7 am. Leaving this afternoon at 5 pm. Last port of call in this area. Due 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 W-Con XVI -- another one missed.

73 to you both,
Bob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
Yokohama
25 Oct 63

Back again to Japan & Korea this trip. Usual rumors on here about the different ports we are headed for; never know 'til the next load of cargo is aboard, tho!

73
Bob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
enroute Guanta,
Venezuela via C.Z.
4 December 1963

Taking a load of oil line pipe to Guanta and Pampatar. Never heard of either place before. And from what one of the gang says, nothing in either place but a few shacks. Back in 1932, was on a regular run to the three regular ports, Puerto Cabello, Laguaira and Maricaibo.

The pipe we are bringing could be replacement material for the lines destroyed earlier this year. Should be at the first port by the ninth. Maybe the election excitement will be over by then and we will be able to discharge cargo immediately, instead of anchoring off shore, waiting around to see what happens, as was intimated by the chief mate.

Contacted a couple of fans (via fone) in Yokohama last trip. Takumi Shibano and Lt.Col. Tosio Ogawa. Correction: Shibano was not home; did talk to Aritsune Toyoda, though. Toyoda writes for Japanese sf mags. If the vessel had stayed in port three more days, could have made it to the con that was to be held in Tokyo. No soap though. The usual in-again out-again stunt when we hit a decent port. Get to some hole of a place and we hang around for several days. Oh well!

73 to you both
Bob Brown

((+The above communique was posted Air Mail via Balboa Paquebot.+))

S S ALOHA STATE
Anchored off Pampatar, Venezuela
Dec. 11/63

Somewhat more in the way of housing than mentioned in the letter, but not much more for Guanta. Pampatar is a small town. Same attitude around here as in other parts of the world! This card without the postage equals 3

issues of g2! They take us coming
& going, the individual as well as
the country with its foreign aid.

73

Bob

S S ALOHA STATE
New Orleans
Dec. 31/63

Biggest snowfall here since 1894
according to oldtimers. Newspaper
headlines have it as biggest snow-
fall in Twentieth Century. Anyway
it gave the ship two more days in
port. Snow held up loading for
over a day and no work tomorrow.
Would have left this pm otherwise.

73

Bob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
Kao Hsiung, Taiwan
13 Feb 1964

First time in this port. If not
sent to the Gulf, the rust bucket
will be back on the West Coast,
somewhere, about the first week
in March.

Best to you both
Lob Brown

S S ALOHA STATE
Bangkok, Thailand
May 16/64

Summer of 1960, last time here.
Too hot to carry a camera around
but plenty of interesting places
to be visited. By the way, we
docked behind the USNS CARO the
day after it was "mined," in Sai-
gon. Area of about 5 x 30 ft. of
engine room hull broken in on the
starboard side. Temporary patch
applied & being pumped out by the
time we left Saigon. Third night
in port, another grenade thrown
into a bar about 2 blocks from
the Majestic Hotel where I was
having my drinks.

73

Bob Brown

- + There was a 3-month gap between
- + Bob's next card, from Taiwan,
- + and his last one from I'm not
- + sure where -- it's a Bangkok
- + postcard, anyway. But one day
- + during those 3 months, the phone
- + rang, and it was Bob Brown down
- + at the Oakland waterfront. I
- + got the impression that he'd
- + "jumped ship" just long enough
- + to grab a drink and give us a
- + call but we've heard no more
- + from him since he got himself out of Saigon with a whole skin. It's
- + been about a month; now, so we ought to be getting another card with
- + a bouquet of technicolored foreign stamps and Bob's "73" signoff....
- + Pity he can't make Oakland for a couple days over Labor Day weekend
- + when a lot of horny ol' bastards like me will be gathered for the
- + convention; Lob would like that crowd. Or make it the last week of
- + July when the Kujawas come thru, enroute to a bit of a skeet shoot
- + in Reno. Or make it any time with an evening free; we'll run up
- + signals at Donaho's and break out the Black Label.

LEWIS J. GRANT - 5333 S. Dorchester Ave. - Chicago 60615:

Well, my eye problem seems to be slowly getting better, and my
school is about done for the summer, so maybe you will hear more from
me. I got an eye infection in February, and it caused blurred vision,
which made it difficult to type. I was also going to school two nights
a week, and trying to do homework on the other nights.

Am enclosing some clippings from the Chicago papers which you
might be interested in. I don't know if you get Double Bill; it had
an article by me last year on the future of clothes, which predicted
just this sort of thing. Mr. Gernreich got quite a blast of publicity
this week; I count fourteen clippings about him which have appeared
since the beginning of the month. That's one a day.

- + Quoting from one clipping: "Only to demonstrate how such a swimsuit
- + might look, Gernreich created one.... At Gernreich's showroom at
- + the Gotham Hotel, the now notorious suit was modeled privately for
- + the press and buyers. Buyers insisted on stocking it for their
- + customers now. Not in four or five years." (CHICAGO SUN-TIMES)

One of the things Rudi has done, in the course of his little
publicity campaign, is make the bikini respectable. Last week at this
time the bikini was rather daring and far out. Today, of course, it
isn't daring at all. I suspect that the sales of bikinis will go up

steeply for the rest of the summer, and you won't see much else next year. Quite a lot of women will feel that the topless suit is quite far out for them, but they aren't going to be caught in one of those dowdy one-piece monstrosities that housewives and frigid spinsters wear.

Another interesting observation is that Rudi has the women hypnotized like so many other fashion greats. The obvious reaction to a topless bathing suit is: why not wear the bottom of an old bikini instead of paying \$27.50 or more for the same thing with a couple of straps added. However, the bottom of a bikini is not the Original by Rudi Gernsreich.

+ No sir, I find your observations to be no more interesting or even
+ comprehensive than any I've read in the newspapers. Let me add a
+ few important factors before you proceed any farther in getting no-
+ where. First, it was Rudi Gernsreich of California who "created"
+ this thing, and it was at a fashion show in New York. It was not by
+ French designers in Paris. Now, this might mean that for the first
+ time, American designers will capture control of women's fashions
+ away from the French (who've been doing damned lousy with fatheaded
+ hairdos and shoes that wreck women's feet, tho they have hiked skirt
+ lengths so far above the knee that they're now even with Bermuda
+ shorts). American designers have been developing considerable influ-
+ ence; shorts and pedal-pushers and s-t-r-e-t-c-h pants were Yankee
+ innovations which American tourists spread to Europe.

+ But the bikini was French. It was adopted universally at Mediter-
+ ranean resort areas about 18 years ago. It appeared only in girlie
+ magazines in the US; Playboy didn't bust out with seminude girlie
+ fotos until years afterward, in fact. Since then, the bikini has
+ steadily won acceptance by young women.

+ But it has only been in the past few years that any bikinis which
+ looked at all good (themselves, not what's put into them) have been
+ seen in the stores. (The earlier bikinis were rather dreary refugees
+ from some run-down burlesque theater.) And here in California, at
+ least, they've been selling extremely well. No topless suit was
+ needed to achieve that. But this isn't too surprising when you con-
+ sider that nearly half the stores' customers, right now, are young
+ people. In a few years, they'll be the majority of the customers,
+ the stores will cater to their tastes, and older age-groups will be
+ ignored except for small specialty shops.

+ Finally, Gernstadt or whatever-his-name-is didn't start anything new
+ at all. A few girls have been bouncing around bare-breasted at the
+ Mediterranean resorts and even sunbathing bare-assed naked in public
+ and a few girls have been doing the same here at private pool-party
+ gatherings. But the topless suit hasn't much chance of universal
+ acceptance unless they become de rigueur at most resort areas -- and
+ Gernsburg's panty-girdle with suspenders may have retarded its com-
+ ing rather than hastened it. My notion of such a costume is that it
+ would be just something-enough to cover a girl's pubic hair, which
+ she may consider the only unattractive thing about going completely
+ nude in public.

+ The next step, perhaps, will be to put the male genitals in a little
+ G-string pouch, like a boy's sack of marbles. Personally, I always
+ considered the breechclout more attractive than any G-string. But
+ of course, I may be biased about that since I wore one a lot when I
+ was a youngster and my father worked on Indian reservations.

+ Of course, the problem with the girls is that they'll need convincing
+ about their breasts being fetching enough for public display -- the
+ mere notion is enough to jiggle the type-lines on this page! But
+ what amuses me about all this is the generally-implied contention
+ that we'll all be more broadminded and tolerant if we adopt this new
+ social criterion that everyone must go about naked, in place of the
+ old criterion that everyone must go about clothed. It's amusing to
+ see such a thing masqueraded as tolerance, and even moreso to see the
+ masquerade accepted as Truth.

++++However, what would you say for a society in which those who'd wear
+ clothes do so, and those who wouldn't, don't? You may also presume
+ social tolerance for many varied fashions of clothing among the one

- + group and many varied degrees of seminudity among the other, as well
- + as for individual preferences as to what one wears or doesn't wear
- + at what time or place. Would this be tolerance? No, Lew, if you
- + consider it honestly, you'll have to concede that's not all of it.
- + You'd only need some creep in the crowd who goes nude except for the
- + inscriptions scrawled all over his body with a laundry-marking pen --
- + innocuous-sounding enough, except that the inscriptions are the kind
- + sometimes found on the walls of a restroom. Still want to be tole-
- + rant? What about later, then, when that no longer satisfies him --
- + and he shows up with weighted hooks dangling in his flesh? Also, you
- + might ask if we'd tolerate the guy who hasn't taken a bath in months
- + and wears only a filthy scrap of blanket visibly infested with lice.
- + Or perhaps you'd rather question about the nudist with a contagious
- + skin ailment. My question is whether any worthwhile concept of tole-
- + rance shouldn't be at least cognizant of all this, as well.
- + Or would you suggest that we delay any such discussion until some more
- + propitious time?

RICK BROOKS, R.R. #1, Fremont, Ind. 46737:

Received g2 today, and I regret not subbing to it years ago.
Yours is the kind of sercon zine I like.

I would like back issues especially with the Ridge Star series. I'd appreciate it if you could mention this someplace in g2. I am more than willing to pay for them. ((+Never say how much, at first; and never let anyone soak you for too much.+.)) I found the one in this issue quite thought-provoking, which is what any article should do.

Too many critics are satisfied with saying wrong and not showing why.

The format of g2 is immaterial as long as there is some meat to it.

Here is a little item I've been considering for a while. The seasons on Uranus are very interesting. Postulate a habitable planet around, say, Sirius about the same distance as Uranus is from Sol. It would take a man his whole life to experience all the seasons, and at the poles he might live his life (if he was unfortunate or accident-prone) without seeing the sun.

Andre Norton is one of the few writers who can picture a planet almost like Earth, but alien as anything when you take a close look.

- + Rick, I'll not belittle you by making any big deal out of not making
- + Sirius a Sol-type sun, but just making Uranus an Earthtype planet,
- + because either way I see what you want to say. The trick with any-
- + thing like this is to see it in the way that makes a story -- the
- + science is as important as what the fiction does with it. Seasons,
- + now; a lot of human activity depends on seasons. Warfare, certainly.
- + Your operational problems, the problems of supply, the equipment you
- + use, the clothing you issue, even the effectiveness of your weapons
- + are affected. Now, add something: at what time, during that long a
- + Spring, would something you had no reason to suspect existed on the
- + planet suddenly awaken from its winter hibernation??

I would like to do an article for g2, but I don't think I can get one "solid" enough. ((+Sometimes I can't, either; the result is a bad issue.+.))

Outworld was very interesting. Re your remark on ice ages. It seems an icecap or two would be necessary for the formation of an ice age. I read an article (in an SF mag, I think) that stated that there were two conditions under which caps would form. One: a landlocked sea at the pole, and two: a continent at the pole. Earth happens to have both. I wonder how a planet would fare with one? Imagine the effects on the life forms of an ice age covering only part of one hemisphere. ((+Might shock the life outta you to find out. A planet frozen only at one end might conceivably generate one helluva electric current.+.))

Your ideas on diseases and germ warfare seem sound. Doc Smith had some good ideas on weapons. Here are a couple that I flatter myself are original -- at least, I haven't run into them.

Drop a fusion reactor into an ocean and start a hydrogen to helium reaction going. I think this would be hard to stop. ((+I think + it would be even harder to start. First time I heard this, the idea + was simply to start a chain reaction going -- somebody thot U only + needed a couple lumps of U235 to start one going, then -- and now + you want a fusion reactor doing the job. Chum, we ain't got one yet + that hydrogen-to-helium reaction requires some awfully danged special & precise conditions to occur at all; we've done that much. + For the thing to become a self-sustained reaction (in short, an + honest-to-ghod functioning fusion reactor) requires such damnably + special & precise conditions that we haven't been able to do it yet. + Now you want to dump it in the ocean where you must take conditions + as they're, which are nothing remotely like the conditions required + -- Rick, that's like saying fire ought to burn underwater because + water has oxygen in it.

Number two is simpler and less (relatively speaking) damaging. Pick a deep place in the ocean (as deep as possible) and set off a few nuclear bombs at the bottom, enough mega-tons to split it open to a bed or layer of molten lava. The water will turn to steam and there will be all the pressure of around six miles of water forcing more water down. We should get a dandy series of earthquakes, tidal waves, and even volcanism set off. ((+Nope. All that water pressure's not good. Y'see, you'll generate steam at that same pressure -- and much faster than the steam-bubbles can force their way up through that water-mass, giving you a steam-dome that holds the water away from that lava. But even without that, I'm afraid you couldn't create a submersed volcano anywhere near as big or as active as the ones already existing on the floors of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. You should get Willy Ley going on the Krakatao explosion sometime -- now, there was a blast! Dammit, I forgot my plus-signs here....+))

Your remarks on fandom in the lettercol struck a responsive chord. Back to the doctrine "All fans are Sians!" ((+Shaddup, for chrissake -- you want somebody to hear us?+)) Seriously, you have a point there (other than the one you try to comb your hair over when you look in a mirror). ((+Robbie gives me bush haircuts; you'll have to talk to her. And I avoid mirrors.+))

Another responsive chord: "If the troops aren't griping, they aren't happy." I was in the Air Force, and I know just what you mean. Rick Sneary's argument about fans doesn't hold water. Most I've known may argue about the piddling details, but watch them when something important and urgent comes up. ((+Yeah, I've noticed most fans have been awfully quiet about something lately. Been rather quiet myself, in fact.+)) Besides most are sensible enough to know things will go to the devil without someone in charge. ((+Change that to "without our help" and you'll be closer to it. It takes "someone in charge" just to beat the Devil at his own game.+))

Did you notice the article on Hoyle's newest theory in Time (June 26, p. 63)? ((+Saw it in Newsweek, which is just as bad.+)) Hoyle is always good fun, like a little boy going after an anthill with a stick. My kid brother has got a collection of Scientific Americans including the March '61 issue. Thanks for mentioning the Gamow article.

In closing, I would like to say I really enjoyed your mag. It had more to make me think than any two zines. And this happens to be the main thing I look for in a zine.

+ Sorry I chopped your letter a bit there -- where I couldn't think of + any good answers -- but I'm just wondering how many oldtime faaans + with doctorates and even professorships, now playing with nuclear + C E N S O R E D and check-out systems for rocket C O N F I D E N + T I A L and stuff like that who will swear they never wrote letters + like yours. I'd love to see the glint in Sam Moskowitz's Masterfile + eye if they do. Man, I envy you the exploring you have ahead of you + -- excuse me, Robbie's just been in here showing me a fossil she + found in the patio. Damned place has been underwater some time or + other. Where was I here?

THIS FANZINE is coming out too
 blamed frequently of
 late, I know, and those of you who
 have written LoCs don't see 'em in
 this issue because they haven't had
 time to get here yet. And nextish
 will be coming out early, too --
 well, maybe not that early; maybe
 it'll reach you around mid-August
 ... but that means I'll have it
 finished and in the mail by the
 1st of August, which makes the
 deadline for LoCs about July 25th
 or so. Or should I mention dead-
 lines for LoCs at all? But I am
 unhappy with this state of affairs.
 I wish fandom would arrange its
 activities so they wouldn't inter-
 fere with the calm, placid regula-
 rity of my publishing schedule.

IT WAS ROBBIE who realized we had
 got to reconnoiter
 the Leamington Hotel sector on July
 4th. I had been muttering for days
 about one thing that often proves
 irksome to World Con attendees. I
 refer to the "Closed On Labor Day"
 practice of many ~~cheap~~ not-too-
 expensive cafes and hamburger es-
 tablishments within walking dis-
 tance of a World Con hotel. It
 comes Sunday or Labor Day Monday
 and suddenly the only place you
 can get a ham-on-rye is the hotel
 coffee shop where prices may not
 be to the liking of some. Robbie
 quietly informed me that any place
 we should find open on July 4th
 will very probably also be open on
 Labor Day.

So we have checked that out and we
 have some answers. We also know
 where you can buy booze without
 tipping Room Service, and when the
 likker stores are closed. And
 where you can find cheap beer and
 loose wimmen and maybe get rolled
 without too much effort, if them's
 your tastes. Or where you can get
 a whole mess of eating/drinking
 emporiums with fancy decor to ex-
 plore and fling about your Mad
 Money. All within walking dis-
 tance. This is Oakland.

We still have to go back and check
 out a few places which weren't open
 -- but which would be, the first
 couple days of the Con, and might
 be worth knowing about -- and I
 have a thing or two about the
 Leamington Hotel itself that I
 want to check on.

All of which will be here nextish
 with maps and whatnot. I have
 found these "precon reports" are
 appreciated even by those who
 don't attend a convention -- when
 they start reading the Con reports
 that come out afterward by those
 who did. We may have a Con report,
 too, I dunno....

Think we should?



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