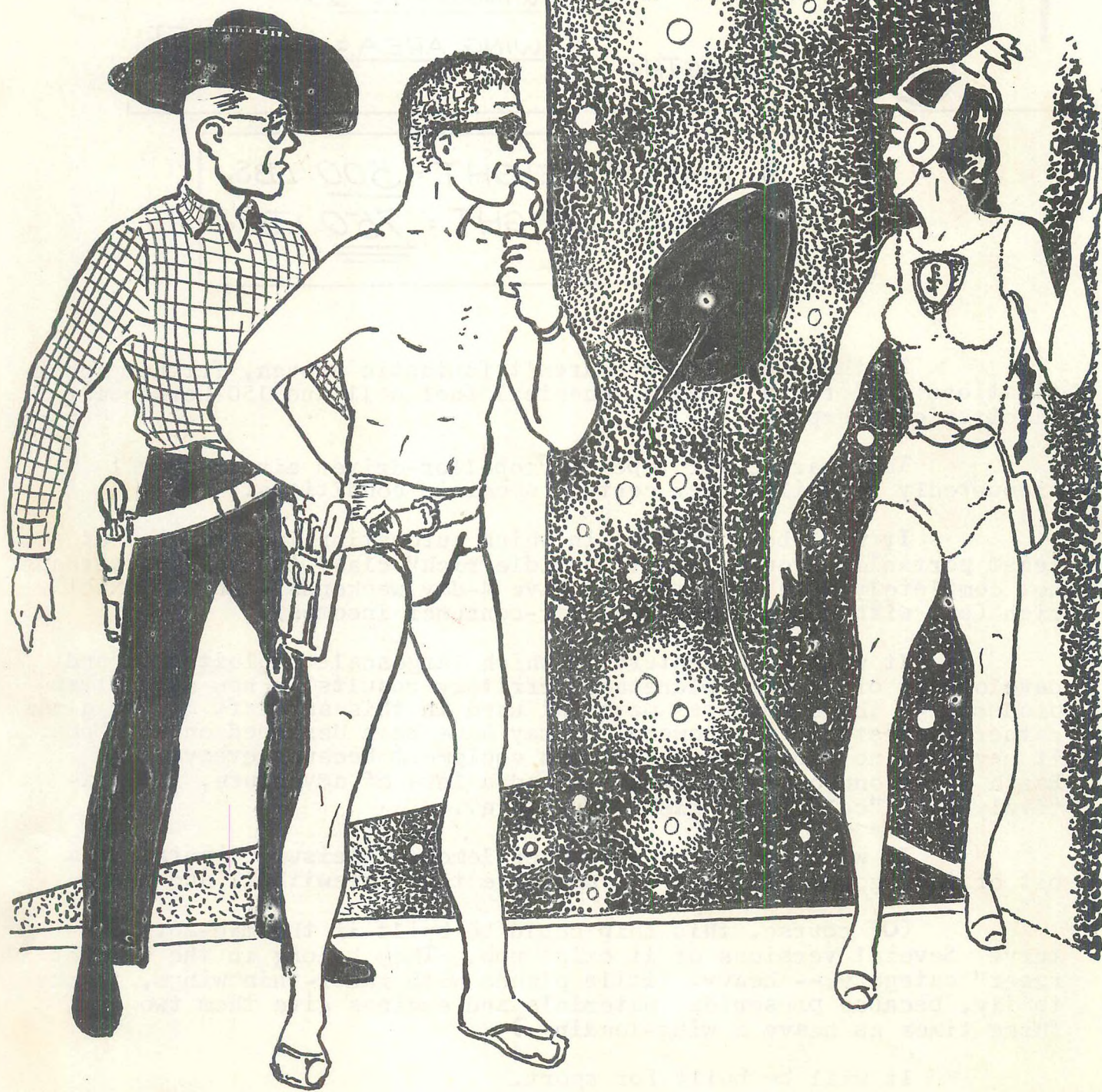
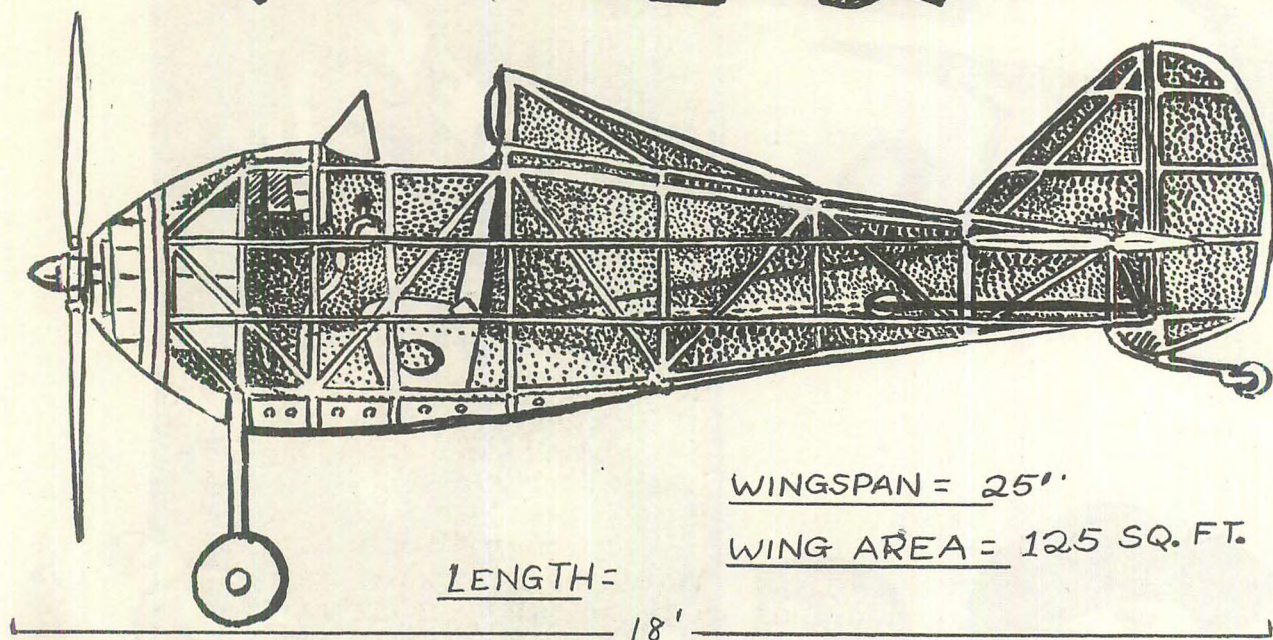


October 1964



FUTURE SPECS



✓ EMPTY WEIGHT = 500 LBS.
 ✓ GROSS WEIGHT = 750 LBS.

If the above figures aren't fantastic enough, further specifications call for a 5-gallon chemical fuel cell and 150-horsepower electronic powerplant.

This particular type of propellor-driven aircraft will undoubtedly be built under certain specific conditions.

It will be a century in which automation industry has at least partially brought about an "idle rich" class in society; perhaps not completely idle (but they'll have 4-day weekends) and not exactly rich (but with comfortable, quality-consumer incomes).

It will be a century in which largescale exploitation and development of an interplanetary territory results in new and better products -- the structural material used in this aircraft may be glass rather than steel; its powerplant may have been designed on the Moon; it may have no radio communications equipment because everyone on Earth wears one on their wrist -- and a love of adventure, if relatively safe "calculated risk" adventure....

It will be a time when "gentlemen of leisure" yearn for a bit of the "good, old days" -- and have the wherewithall and means.

(Of course, this ship could be built in the mid-20th Century! Several versions of it exist now. They belong in the "midget racer" category -- heavy, little planes with razor-thin wings, tricky to fly, because presentday materials and engines give them two or three times as heavy a wing-loading.)

It will be built for sport.

You'll fly below 10,000 feet. You'll wear fur-lined boots, heavy trousers, full-length leather coats and gauntlets, helmet and gobbety-looking goggles and a thick, silk scarf pulled up over your face. (And for really authentic "Dawn Patrols" you'll have your very loudest pajamas on underneath all that...)

ERRATUM

It is now three years that we have published g2 without ever having turned crank on a mimeograph. But I wouldn't know if this were some kind of a record or not; I simply have found out that after three years of it, I have no desire to quit. I didn't know this when we were starting the thing. And, for the first couple of years, we had a rather neat-looking print job because all the issues were typed onto multilith masters which we had a commercial print shop run off -- with our scant 15-to-20 page issues thus costing \$20 to \$30 each.

Then we began playing around with messy mimeo stencils. We got Norm Metcalf to run them off on Dave Rike's electric Gestetner. Of course, this couldn't go on for very long under any circumstances. Our stencils had to be run off at Norm's convenience, not ours -- although he was usually much more prompt than I had any reason to expect -- and our monthly publishing schedule is simply too frequent not to become bothersome at one time or another. But we were hoping Norm could find a good mimeo machine for some ridiculous price that he'd use himself and would be handy to us right at his pad -- along with his assistance, of course -- and we had offered fifty bucks toward the deal if he could do it.

Then Dave Rike decreed that anyone using his machine must make do with the great gobs of green ink he had on hand, until it was all used up. (This came right after I'd bought a full case of blue mimeo paper at discount.) Rike got all this green ink one time because Gestetner threw it out -- and they had punctured each tube before discarding it. Rike's tried to seal the holes unsuccessfully, and when you try to ink the rollers in his machine, sometimes all you pump out is air. But it's his machine to do with as he likes and anyone who's dissatisfied doesn't have to use it. And I couldn't agree more.

Anyway, we had to do something and be fairly quick about it. This month's LOX were cut on 9-hole stencils which slid all over hell in my typer; a shop charged us nine bucks to print it. Then we went out with our fifty bucks and got what we could. I am told it's a mimeograph machine. The Con Report's Part 2, this issue, was run off on it.

Needless to say, we don't know much about the thing. But no doubt we will. Maybe now I will even learn something about cutting stencils.

Right now, it's all a damned lot of bother.

BULLSEYE!!!

It was in the brilliant light of the Project Art Show's room on Friday, the first day of the convention. Some rather exuberant young fan (seems like they're all getting exuberant, these days) came squinting at my name-badge and exclaimed, "Joe Gibson, is it?" Then he peered up at my pepper-gray crewcut and added, somewhat doubtfully, "So you really don't have horns, after all --"

"They aren't that obvious," I growled. And he vanished.

I haven't the least idea who he was. I distinctly do not recall any of the new fannish faces I met, where or when. I don't remember when I first sighted oldtime fans I'd known for years and hadn't seen in years -- the convention was so loaded with these old mossbacks, I told Robbie I should be going about with a dustcloth, brushing the cobwebs off them! And there were oldtimers I'd known for years but was meeting personally for the first time. I have no recollection of what time Roscoe Wright introduced himself (he and I corresponded something like 20 years ago!) but I recognized him later and we eased into the bar for a quiet bull-session. I asked Robbie just now, and she's told me when Wrai Ballard met us (and I suppose it happened that way) but to me it seems like he was always there. The thing I have to get accustomed to is that he isn't here, now. It seems like he should be. And I'd asked others what Christine Moskowitz was like -- but none of them could have known Sam's wife is the kind of people I knew in the frontier environment of northwestern New Mexico and that I'd like her immediately.

And there were others ... in fact, there was quite easily more than a hundred fans I enjoyed meeting and gabbing with but can't sort out in my memory-banks now. Sure, there were also some jokers whom I ignored -- some who had been quite noisy about how they wouldn't come to this convention, and it could've done as well without them -- but that mere handful was so insignificant in the great mob of fans that it didn't matter.

It was a big convention. I heard the attendance was something over 500 fans, that the Leamington had quickly run out of rooms -- too bad more of us localites didn't commute from our homes and leave hotel rooms for others -- and that they had to stop selling banquet tickets because they'd completely filled the banquet room to capacity! Such things simply aren't supposed to happen to any World Con held out here on the West Coast. Not that much, anyway.

Well, it happened. Officially, the Pacificon II lasted through Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Since the "convention" Robbie and I attended had begun for us on July 25th, as I reported here last-ish, we were determined that it should end on Monday, September 7th -- but it didn't; it ended on Tuesday.

Friday morning, we got up just before noon, fed the cats and loaded up the car. There was the Games Bureau bundle to deliver to the N3F Room, a large double-roll of raffle tickets, a 2-lb. coffee can with a slot in its plastic lid, and a 3' by 4' lid from a wooden packing case, sprayed gold, with pages from g2 thumbtacked to it ---

The deal was this: without telling anyone (except the Pacificon Committee, and then only to get their permission) we had assembled one full set of the 11 issues of g2 which contained the complete "Starship Series". We put them into a heavy manila folder, to which I taped an ink drawing I'd done for the job. We gathered up extra sheets of the illos which appeared all through that "Starship Series" and if I do say so, they made quite a display on that packing-case lid. In the midst of it, then, we put a sign saying "25¢ - A 'Bit Extra' Raffle" and what the prize consisted of, and what the purpose of all this

was to be -- namely: "All proceeds donated as extra pocket-money to Atom, fan artist par excellence and this year's TAFF winner -- all the way from England and back again on \$600!"

Arriving at the hotel, we set up this display board in the Huckster Room, and I galloped off to find Arthur Thomson so he could see this thing immediately -- not just have someone tell him about it. Then, while I minded the store, Robbie took a fat wad of raffle tickets and a purseful of change and started circulating. Man, did she circulate! (But it became all-too-obvious to both of us that we'd sell darned few tickets just sitting there -- we thought we'd do well, at just two bits a chance, to collect \$25 during the whole convention -- besides which, we had only 3 days to do it since our "drawing" was scheduled for Sunday afternoon.)

Later, we heard that when Atom attended the LASFS meeting before coming up to Oakland, they had passed around their \$15 "Pun Fund" and raised it to some \$42 for him. Robbie was instantly determined that we'd beat the LASFS' mark -- and I do believe she mentioned it to a few of them when we did! So it was Robbie who really met fans. She got 'em in the Mezzanine, she got 'em in the bar, she got 'em in the coffeeshop and she even sold two ducats to someone in the girls' restroom! Anyway, as we totalled up each days "take" we passed it on to Arthur, keeping back just enough to make change during the next day.

He got \$20 on Friday evening, \$25 on Saturday and another \$20 on Sunday before the drawing -- and we've since rung up five bucks to him in Seattle, which (not counting other private donations we heard about, too) brings our total up to \$70.

With the LASFS contribution, that means Atom got more than \$100 over the TAFFund he was originally awarded to make the trip. We knew he'd need it (tho we didn't know how much 'til later) and we had a ball doing our part of it. And if any TAFF Administrator needed real proof that the Fund could be raised -- that the money's there ---

Seems to me it would be far more realistic and practical for that Fund to have three limits -- \$700, \$850 and \$1000 -- allocated on the basis of whether the trip's between England and the East Coast, the Midwest or the West Coast of the USA. Too few people seem to realize the distances involved, the travel-expenses and "hidden" expenses involved; not many have ever thought that it's as far from San Francisco to St. Louis as from London to Istanbul and, by automobile, just about as rugged! The present \$600 Fund limit is just about enough for a round-trip from New York to Tampa or from London to Marseille, with a prayer that there are no minor unpleasantnesses along the road. (Of course, any fool can do it for less -- but we're not about to elect them for TAFF.)

But we'd hardly had time to set up shop, that Friday, when the "opening session" of the convention began. And I should never have gone in there. I'd hardly sat down when Dick Lupoff comes over to ask me to be on the Fan Editors' Panel in Earl Kemp's place, since Earl wouldn't arrive in time for it. Wrai Ballard had just begged off, but I flatly refused. Then Robbie turned on me and began stirring up the troops roundabout, and Lupoff kept standing there with that scowl, so I capitulated. Yes, I said, I would indeed take Earl Kemp's place on their Fan Editors' Panel discussing "Imagination And Ideas in Fanzines" ... and I began wondering which of certain past events in the old University of Chicago S-F Club I wanted to get even with Earl Kemp for the most!.....

It was a hellova thing to do to Dick Lupoff, though -- and after Betty Kujawa'd told the Lupoffs they ought to like us! But they sort of expected me to "turn on" as I've done at typewriter, poor devils, and a few things were brought out which helped (but only after it was all over) to give me a number of fresh notions about fan publishing. It helped, too, to have Ed Wood sitting in the front row -- when he wasn't on his feet, fully determined to talk as much as everyone on the panel -- so that nobody else noticed much how I ruined things. Later, panel-member Arthur Thomson presented Ed with a large cartoon of himself rising above the floor with one arm flung high, a propellor beanie spiralling up from his head. Ed Wood, in turn, presented it

to Robbie. (Ed also brought Robbie two Cartier calendars, one of black-and-white illos and one of color illos -- I'm gonna have to watch that bhoy!)

Along about 5:30 Robbie got called back on the Registration Desk (she'd been on it Thursday, and she would volunteer) so someone could go to dinner -- and there she stayed. That was the evening T. Bruce Yerke came through the line, signing up, and told her he was meeting Charles Hörnig the next day. (Did I say oldtime fans were there?) By 8 p.m., I began to make snarky comments to anyone I could find who was third-cousin to the Con Committee, and by 8:30 Robbie finally got a replacement so we could go to dinner -- not quite every place was closed yet. But we had stashed our raffle gear in the Huckster Room and it was closed when we got back, so we wandered around until the "open party" began at 10. I have no idea who was "sponsoring" that First Party, Friday night, but I'd cased a couple of upstairs room parties and found them relatively slow-starting. (But then, we left for home quite early.) Practically everyone I knew and was looking for was downstairs guzzling that free booze and mixing with the big mob for fangabbing.

The next day, we got up about noon, fed the cats and loaded up the car again -- Saturday, of course, was the day of the Masquerade. We stopped off to see Rog and Honey at their home in Berkeley -- it seemed doubtful that Rog Phillips could attend the convention, at all, since he has somewhat the same heart condition as the old prospector in Fritz Lieber's *THE WANDERER* and was hospitalized just a week before -- and despite feeling a bit apprehensive about it, we were delighted to learn Rog would attend for a few hours that evening. We'd met a lot of fans who wanted to see him.

Arriving at the hotel, we immediately collared Wrai Ballard. Did he have a costume for the Masquerade? Well, no -- hadn't had the time. Was his room available for us to change into our costumes? Why, sure it was -- and if he had just known that he was able to come sooner, instead of the last minute.....

Ignoring his palaver completely, I led him right back out to the parking lot, unlocked the car, pulled out my big, black National Dollar Store sombrero and slapped the dust off it. "Here," I says. "Try this on for size."

The Musquite Kid had a kind of disgruntled look as the big hat settled down on his ears. "You're one o' these big-headed fellers, ain't you?"

But he allowed as how it'd do, anyways, once he learned I had the "Ballard Special" with holster, belt and cartouche pouch in the suitcase with our costumes. I observed that his checkered sport-shirt would do well enough, too, once he'd tucked his shirttail in....

Then, as we were taking the stuff up on the elevator, some youngfan greeted him with, "Hello there, Ron!"

"I'm not Ron Ellik," says the Musquite Kid, kinda soft-like. "I'm much older'n him. How come you keep calling me Ron Ellik?" Plumb edgy, the Kid was. The effects of a long trip often hit like that, about the second day. I almost wondered about turning him loose with a gun for just one little minute, there, but then I saw how it just might liven up that Masquerade Party.

I didn't know what Bill Rotsler had planned.....

Back downstairs, a bit later, we ran into Chief Red Feather. He was already decked out in his Sioux Chief's regalia for the night's festivities. And he'd been having some rather unusual problems getting a troupe together to perform Amerindian ceremonial dances at the Masquerade, that night. His regular troupe of "Dancing Feathers" were already in Japan, where they'd been asked to make another tour, and he was scheduled to join them, shortly. He'd gotten that night's troupe together from the ceremonial dancers attending the Intertribal Picnic down in San Leandro, rooting them out of their warm wigwams

and away from all those admiring, young squaws -- but now, it was already getting late and they hadn't show up yet!

Also, the Pacificon Committee had been forced to make some changes in convention layout and facilities. Originally, the Art Show and Huckster Room would have shared the Holiday Room, together, and that night's "wine-tasting party" was to be off in the Embassy Room -- held just before (but completely separate from) the Masquerade. Then if the wine-tasting became much of a going thing, the Embassy Room was just behind the auditorium with a partition between, so it could be opened up, the Masquerade begun, and let things go their merrie way. BUT ... the Art Show outgrew its expectations and needed the whole Holiday Room. The Huckster Room had to be moved. It got the Embassy Room. And so the "wine-tasting party" had to be moved into the auditorium.

That shouldn't have made any difference. But it was the beginning of Confusion.

Naturally, all those rows of chairs in the auditorium had to be cleared out of the way before the "wine-tasting party" could be held. A gang of helpers appeared, the tables were brought in and arranged, and the chairs were stacked and moved out of the way. I found myself slamming chairs against the wall as Wally Weber sent them skittering across the floor to me. And the hordes came pouring in.

So that was the physical arrangement of the auditorium when the "wine-tasting" ended and the Masquerade began -- with the Embassy Room sealed off, filled with long tables loaded with books for sale. And so many chairs had to be cleared from the auditorium that many attendees were forced to remain standing or to sit on the floor. Naturally, they didn't stand still. They milled around.

But that should've been no real problem.....

Wrai and I finally pried Robbie out of that mob of grape critics and we went upstairs to don costumes. Wrai was pleased with the "Ballard Special" all right, being partial to black-powder guns, but the holster had him a bit worried. It's a "travelling holster" meant to keep a gun down, come hard riding or whatever, and not a cast-iron stiff holster permitting you to flip the gun out in fast-draw. It slowed him down some; but it'd do for show, he reckoned.

Robbie and I were "Survivors of the starship 'Indecontaminable'" -- Robbie in leotard and earphone-helmet, me in swimtrunks and tool pouch -- like I'd been illustrating the Starship Series here, the previous few months (especially in that "Escape" series, when the giant magnet tore loose in the starship.) We weren't the least bit worried that a couple of "characters" from a fanzine might not belong in a Masquerade of professional-type "s-f characters" -- we've seen enough of these things to know that many fans show up in costumes not dictated by "judges' rules" and not to win any prizes, but just for the fun of it. And we'd already won an "Authentic Costume" prize once, so we chose to be in the "just for fun" crowd this time.

Thus suitably accountred, the three of us descended to the Mezzanine and strolled into the most critical and dangerous few minutes of the entire convention. (And it would've been equally true at any convention.) But even more significant, the scene we walked into at this Masquerade clearly revealed the nature of this World Con and of the fans attending it.

A lot of things couldn't be done here, things that would've been amusing and enjoyable. Gregg Benford could have gone through with his threat to masquerade as Jim Benford; the Musquite Kid should have been in the parade of fans in costume (with maybe a couple real small-sized Indians); and I might've pulled what Norm Metcalf later suggested -- march up on the stage as Captain of the Old Indebuggable (Rick Sneary nearly expired with mirth) and announced, "You may all have thought you were in the Hotel Leanington in downtown Oakland, but I must inform you that we're now passing near Proxima Centauri and you are actually on a ---" But no, it wouldn't do. Such fannish

fun was lost here. Instead, there was a veritable plague of strange and unworldly curiosity-seekers circulating through the dense crowd, accosting everyone in costume with-- "Who are YOU supposed to be?" One guy taking photos (which few of us will ever see, probably) became so peeved with the answers he got that he sneeringly proclaimed, "Oh, well -- you're all a bunch of characters anyway!" Afraid I told him rather bluntly that some of us might consider him very much a "character" without him needing any costume to suggest it.

Then Bill Rotsler's Nude walked in.

The "Star Girl" seemed to be wearing nothing but a narrow gold belt and high-heels and a couple gold-paper cones pasted onto her nipples. The gold star-glitter she had sprinkled all over her body was thinly done, so you observed easily that she shaved more than just her armpits. It was a good professional job and we might hope a few femme fans will do as much for future conventions. Personally, I considered this young model of Rotsler's quite supple and firm-fleshed, easily imagined doing somersaults over the back of some large bull, but not quite the type to belong gilt-framed in that customary spot just back of the bar in any respectable saloon. However, I had no doubts that she not only emptied the bar downstairs but that none of the fan-photographers present had any presence of mind left to wish someone might lead in a large bull.....

But the Official Programme was grinding on toward its inevitable fate. In the midst of all this, the lights went out in the front of the auditorium and, as scheduled, Chief Red Feather began his show on the stage. And in the darkness, the audience immediately split into two opposing factions. Half were watching and enjoying (though not so much as they would have liked) the Amerindian ceremonial dancers in costume stomping about to tom-tom and chant.

The other half became a noisy mob, standing and milling around the back of the auditorium where the lights were kept on, watching photographers shoot "groups and singles" of fans in costume and of Rotsler's Nude in all poses -- and she knew several. And the louder the warwhoops and tom-toms got, the noisier they got. The resultant bedlam began to rile a few tempers on both sides.

It didn't rile the redskins; they'd been signed up to do a show and they did it. And Chief Red Feather topped it off with his customary bit with bow-and-arrows, shooting balloons held by a female accomplice in Indian Princess costume. With an expensive competition archery bow and aluminum-shaft arrows, this seems a harmless bit of fun in the close range of a small stage; actually, a slight waver could put the arrowhead through the girl's hand or into her shoulder or head. And when you're in front of an audience, you can feel the mood of that audience as if it were all focused directly on you.

I'd seen his show before. I saw him make the regular "misses" at the target that belonged in the act. Then I saw him miss again. (He kept on shooting, of course. I knew he would.)

Down in front of the audience -- the half who were watching the show -- Al Halevy saw it, too. And Halevy was sitting there thinking about things that nobody else in the audience had to think about. He was thinking about a change the Con Committee'd had to make in the location of things -- about the noisy crowd milling around in the back of the auditorium, determined to enjoy what they cared about -- and about the Embassy Room, directly behind them, closed off and inaccessible, now. The room that could have been available for the photographers and Rotsler's Nude and the talking, milling crowd -- until it had to be made the Huckster Room. Now they had this. And there was nothing they could do about it. And they were responsible.

What Halevy did, then, was perhaps a foolish and empty gesture. Certainly, it couldn't have meant much to the fans watching, who couldn't have known what prompted it. Halevy went up on the stage and had Chief Red Feather hit a balloon in his hand.

Later that night, Al got drunk as hell. And raised hell. And resigned from the Committee. And rejoined it the next morning.

He could have gotten an arrow between his teeth without having opened his mouth. It wasn't likely, considering who pulled the bow, but such things do happen.

(And shortly after the Masquerade, Robbie and I found Chief Red Feather down in the coffeeshop feeling critical of himself for letting an audience bother his aim. I was reminded of somebody like Sam Snead trying to put a little golfball into a little, round hole six inches away when someone watching says, "Whoops!" and he says afterward it shouldn't ever bother him -- but then, I'd once told Chief Red Feather jokingly that if he ever tried shooting at me, I fully intend to shoot first!)

By now, of course, the Chief and his "Dancing Feathers" are making their tour of Japan. And I'm not positive about this, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if Rotsler's Nude isn't in Japan, too....

The next day, Sunday, Robbie and I made a real attempt to see some of the programme. I managed to get her off the Registration Desk to go in and hear Frank Herbert's speech on "How To Make A World." To me, it was rather disappointing in that he discussed Dune World rather than anything like Mission of Gravity's world or any plans for developing more worlds. He did verify the suspicion I'd had about his Dune World and the main reason I disliked it: he hadn't hit on that "dry planet" setting and then sought the story it held, but had had already a "sword and sorcery" yarn he wanted to write and made all the Dune World trappings over to fit it. I'd found his "sword & sorcery" yarn a poor one on which to waste such good "dry planet" research.

We temporarily shared the room occupied by Ed Wood and Charlie Ammann while changing for the banquet, that night. Proceeding thence to the Versailles Room, at first we joined a table with the Engels and Moskowitzes where Roy Lavendar was manfully attempting to hold enough seats for his family -- but when Lavendar family and friends arrived, there weren't seats enough left, so we transferred to another table at the back of the room with the Zettels (whom we'd been looking for when we first entered) and others I vaguely recall like ESFA Director Allan Howard, Ecclesiastical Director Elmer Perdue, and such bon vivants as Rick Sneary, Gus Willmorth, and Lew Grant. Maybe I've left somebody out or maybe I've thrown somebody in.

It proved to be a most fortuitous move. The waitresses served these back tables first -- and being on the backside of the table, I got my plate first, while it was still warm. And then, during the inevitably dull and monotonous introductions and toasts and speech-making (I'd have shunned all this but for Robbie's insistence) both Willmorth and I kept grumpily to our seats and ignored all that neo-fannish "standing ovations" jazz, as befitted two such old and wise patriarchs of Ye Fannisch Realm.

Anyway, it got off no worse than usual. I listened until Sam Moskowitz actually named the guy he was talking about without making a long speech first -- but then, when it became obvious he hadn't been gotten out of making a long speech by any such simple ruse as that, and got launched into it afterward, I began to doze off. I have slept soundly on frozen ground within yards of giant 8-inch howitzers blasting out a continual barrage through the night, and Sam's slight amount of muzzle-blast doesn't faze me at all. In fact, I've roared as loud as he did, on occasion. Rendered the place an utter shambles.

I had brief moments of wakefulness during the rest of it, enuff to comprehend what soggy nostalgia and "mutual admiration society" suds were being lathered on, and then the thing was finally over and I could haul Robbie out of there to go buy us another drink in the bar.

That Sunday night, London was the official "sponsor" of the open party on the Mezzanine. And that night, the third night of such so-called parties, they ran out of free booze rather early. I wasn't at all surprised. I simply took steps.

But it was pure chance, really!

First of all, just sitting around and sessioning a few large bulls there on the Mezzanine, I struck up an acquaintance with a certain young fan who proceeded to fetch his dispatch case from somewhere and treat Robbie and myself to a neat slug of Jack Daniels. One could hardly ask for greater accomplishment under such circumstances.

But that done, and prowling about to find the London Party shockingly (but unsurprisingly) run dry, I happened upstairs to a quiet and peaceful room with a few of the dear, old mob (with such commendable additions as Joni Stopa) from Chicago. And there is Bob Briney with this huge, gallon decanter of fabulous Mexican vodka that he's just faunching to fob off on someone! In fact, he's on the fone and having considerable difficulty in making someone down at the London Party understand him. So I picked up that huge decanter and we descended via elevator -- one happening to be conveniently available nearby -- and went strolling into that London Party now become completely deserted, save for a couple of sorrowful-looking volunteer bartenders. My, but their expressions changed fast! And in five seconds flat, it seemed, that party-room was packed with fans, again.

That seemed like accomplishment enough for one evening, so I poured Robbie back into the car and we drove home. We practically had the whole Freeway to ourselves, fortunately.

We spent most of Monday in the bar, trying to get up enough energy to mount the stairway to the Mezzanine. However, things kept happening wherever we were, what with one thing and another. There was Atom buying me Scotch On The Rocks (pity Ron Ellik wasn't there) and inaugurating some sort of game which they no doubt practice regularly in fan-approved British public houses -- its goal in this instance being Love & Kisses To Ethel And Ella, with Arthur himself as goal-keeper. All the players or contestants were seated around a horseshoe-shaped booth, positions being alternately male/female (we weren't in that kind of a bar) and each play began at one end and finally worked around to Arthur's end. I don't know if Robbie added something to the rules or not, sitting gunner's position behind Atom and "validating" each score after it reached him. But I managed to get into this sportive event, with Katya Hulan to port and Dian Pelz to starboard, and ... there are any number of fine, old nautical phrases that come to mind, here!

But somehow, we managed to get upstairs for the movie, that night. This prize-winning Czech version of Baron Munchausen had an excellent first reel, but its subsequent footage was marred by artistic endeavors which didn't quite come off -- so it began as an amusing, but lovely and weird and exciting fantasy and degenerated into a rather unexciting slapstick comedy and puppettoon -- but if memory serves me, so does the written version of Baron Munchausen.

Shortly after the movie, we gathered up Ed Wood and took off for home -- Ed was staying overnight with us -- with a small side-trip to visit Rog and Honey. And so, that was another night we left the hotel before any wild, drunken room parties could really get rolling. But I'd made inquiries about those, and there just weren't many.

That was just one of the inevitable consequences of this being a big convention, attended by over 500 members of today's widely-divergent big fandom. Another consequence was the loss of 3 drawings from the Art Show, a camera and transistor radio (about \$200 worth) from a fan's room, and a mint copy of Peer Gynt worth \$40 from beside a stack of comic books actually worth more. There was a thief at this convention. He was possibly the same one who tried unsuccessfully to pry open the panels at the back of the auditorium, to get into the Huckster Room, Sunday night after it was locked up.

There was also some old bastard who had to be told by another fan to keep his damned hands to himself during the movie. And there were the sneak attendees everyone's probably heard about, the "do-gooders" in the Cleveland-Detroit mob who finally invited the sneaks in, and the Pacificon Committee that backed down rather than throw the whole bunch out amidst a cheap furor that would've ruined the con for all the rest of us. So that's a big convention.

But all this is undoubtedly going to get a lot worse in the next few years.....

Tuesday morning, I called in at work to say I wouldn't be there and we took Ed Wood to the airport -- the San Francisco one, this time. Returning to the convention hotel, I found that someone had jimmied the 30-foot stepladder so it wouldn't open and had Bruce Pelz brace the foot of it while I clambored up and yanked the Pacificon banner down. The convention was over.

Back downstairs in the coffeeshop, we found Walt Daugherty worrying aloud whether the (Oakland) airport limousine would be announced over the lobby's p.a. system so he wouldn't miss it. It was announced. After yakking with a few others, we moved out into the lobby and there stood Daugherty looking disconsolate -- he'd got to talking with Tony Boucher and the blamed thing had gone off without him! So I left Robbie saying goodbyes and ran Walt to the airport in our car ... and immediately got lost in Oakland's crazy one-way streets, trying to go 20 blocks to the right "on-ramp" to the Freeway. Damned good thing it didn't happen taking Ron Ellick out, that first night, or I'd never have heard the end of it!

Then I went back and got Robbie and we went home. And we stayed home. Naturally, we heard about a couple of the parties held locally during that week following the Pacificon. And we didn't go.

There was just one additional incident which occurred that week -- one that quite probably had nothing to do with any fans, local or otherwise, but that came as a rather interesting little sidelight to something I reported here last issue. The newspapers that week had a front-page story about a package received through the mail by John Whiting, production manager of KPFA, a local radio station with a "culturally oriented" policy. Postal authorities and local gendarmes were somewhat perturbed about it. The package contained a live scorpion.

During the past month or so, we've heard from several grapevines that a good many fans thought this convention was a good one. Certainly, most of those who attended saw and enjoyed the World Con they wanted to have (and weren't bothered by any mess they didn't want). Most of them didn't even bother to attend the ill-fated "business session" (not even to walk out on it, as I did) and I haven't bothered to report it here.

But I doubt that any can hold claim to as much or as long an enjoyable convention as we have, nor really show as much for it as something I just happen to have occupying the Place of Honor on our mantelpiece, right now.

It's a prize trophy in white marble and gold, the base-plate inscribed: "1964 Inter-galactic Champion -- JOE GIBSON" ... and has a gold figure of some chap in the act of throwing a small bull calf by the tail ... also, a close examination will reveal the historically interesting traces of its having survived a rather bad smash-up in the trunk of a Lincoln Continental ...!!

* o o o *

DONAHO FOR TAFF

SMOKE IF YA GOTTEM. This is the last stencil being cut -- the very last thing being typed -- for this issue. Reason is, I had thought I'd gotten everything done, all the stencils cut and ready for page-numbering ... then I counted the stencils again, and they didn't come out even. I'd miscounted, back there a ways. I needed one more page. Now, looking over the material already prepared, seems to me I've tossed in that "Future Specs" thing on the Inside Cover without much explanation. In fact, that one page reads a bit odd, even to me, in one spot there.

So light up, take five, and let's consider things, here.

Somebody like Ed Wood might reasonably scoff at that notion: So what if a bunch of nuts in some not-too-distant future want to build themselves old-fashioned airplanes just to fly once around the airport on sunny days? So what's that got to do with science-fiction? How's that qualify to be called "future specs" or any such thing? That's a thing of the Past, a mere relic from the Good, Old Days! Maybe it's okay for "G-8 And His Battle Aces" but it has nothing to do with the Future!

And of course, he'd be right. So my "Specs" suggest some kind of glass-tube airframe done up just like a welded steel-tube frame and presumably just as strong -- but which only weighs half as much. Big deal! So why couldn't I show that glass-tube material being used in spacecraft or even buildings of the future? I might as well show it being used in step-ladders as some 1930-vintage low-wing airplane!

Well, yes -- but there's good reason for it.

That little, low-wing sportplane is a gimmick. Nothing more. It's one of the oldest, safest and most useful gimmicks known -- in both historical novels and science-fiction. And I needed a good gimmick.

I want to do some exploring of our not-too-distant future, here, in forthcoming issues of g2. I want a good look at overpopulation, automation, spaceflight, interplanetary exploration, development and colonization, the effects of these factors and many more on Russia, China and the Free World ... but without any goddamned ideological treatise about it, if you get what I mean, and I think everyone will. This is just another li'l scouting trip I've had in mind. Nothing more.

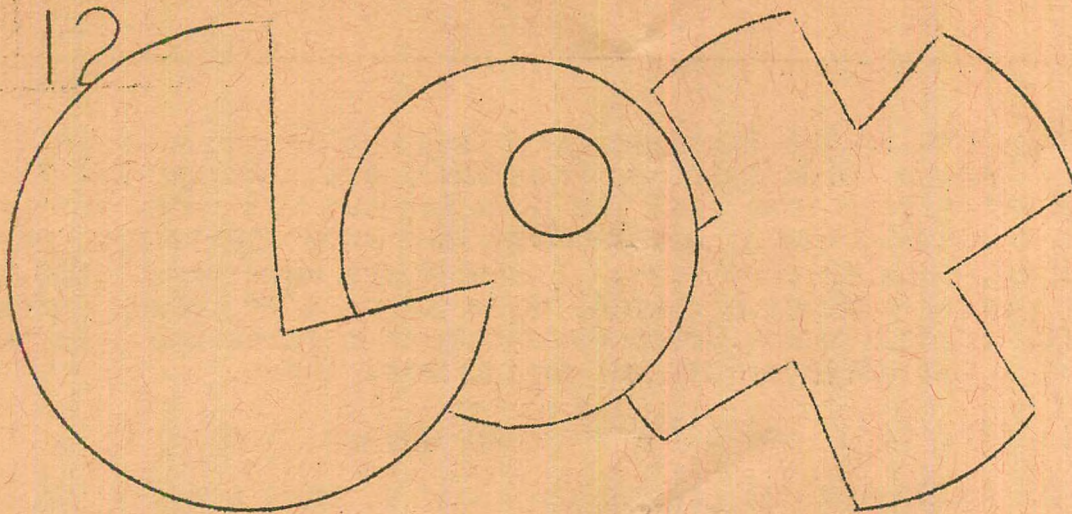
But most of you won't see what an exceedingly handy gimmick I've come up with, now. Most of you really know nothing, and might care less, about flying a small, light aircraft. I know a little -- and the sportplane I've "designed" is a bit short-coupled for good flight stability and a bit light for rough air -- but not enough to shatter anyone's blissful ignorance too abruptly, I assure you. There's fun to be had with this. I intend to have it. This month, I'm just laying the groundwork.

Of course, we can go exploring the not-too-distant future with something akin to practiced ease. We'll simply nip out Capella-way in our li'l teardrop starship and, with the "time dilation" of near-light-speed velocities and all, that's just about the time we'll be getting back to Earth. (Getting back to Here And Now is a little more difficult -- but as many of you already know, even that won't faze me!) But this is no new "series" and I won't belabor such contretemps. We'll just simply up and go scouting, perhaps every other month or so, whenever I have the itch.

Those teardrop starships are a good gimmick, too. Very useful. Although I suspect some of you who're new around here might do with a little "shake-down" cruise ...

Comparatively, the usefulness of that small plane should be quite obvious. Being an anachronistic machine similar to ones I've known, I can tell some things about it (and I wouldn't have that much luck with, say, a Buck Rogers flying belt). But in playing around with this quaint gimmick, we can't much help seeing quite a good bit of the future world it exists in, can we?

For instance, there's the problem of where anyone in that future world could find uncluttered-enough airspace left in which to fly the thing! Right there, we're instantly at grips with it -- d'you see?



+ This month's lettercol may be notable for its lack of our
+ usual letterhacks, but those guys just haven't had time to respond to
+ our last issue (quite possibly because I mailed it just this morning).
+ Nonetheless, I have this fuggheaded monthly publishing schedule and the
+ Pacificon already made lastish a month late and I just don't go around
+ dropping months out of every year, even if Lew Grant does believe the
+ world needs a new calendar. So it's just as well I held back some loc's
+ and, as inevitably happens, some more came in just as I'd finished last
+ issue's letter-column.

+ One guy had a letter in lastish which stopped the show --
+ and it was just one of several loc's he had written during the past few
+ months. I hadn't been able to fit them in earlier issues, mostly becuz
+ I had to make them brief -- short on page-count for less time stencil-
+ cutting, collating and cussing over -- becuz time was what I didn't have
+ in copious amounts, then. But I don't throw away the loc's anyone is
+ writing me regularly or even irregularly. Nor do I forget 'em. Here-
+ with are excerpts from a couple:

RICK BROOKS, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana 46737

...I had a little trouble with the "halo effect." ((+We were dis-
+ cussing the appearance of the stars on a ship moving at near-light-speed.+))
Correct me if I'm wrong, but it seems to me that most of light coming up
behind the ship would be drawn out until they would hit the top of the
radio spectrum. The radio emission from the stars ahead would slide down
the scale to visible or infra-red which could be focused much easier by
instruments than radio waves can.

+ You're doing fine, so far. Now finish it. The "time dilation" effect
+ on everything in the ship -- its instruments as well as its crew -- has
+ to be considered, too. Your "shift" in wavelengths of starlight is
+ measured in cycles-per-second, Universal Time. You won't have the same
+ measurement in "dilated" ship-time. A full minute's radiation might be
+ a microsecond's detectable radiation within that ship. Now, what does
+ that do to the cyclic peaks of your wavelengths?

+ Just don't ask me what it does!

+ I described and illustrated that starship travelling through a pitch-
+ black Universe with just a thin, narrowing ring or "halo" of visible
+ stars ahead of it because that's the way Werhner von Braun described it
+ in an article I read. He worked it out; I didn't. But I could see the
+ reason it might be that way -- a "halo effect" -- when the shift in
+ spectrum you'd expect to have must, in addition, be given a "time-
+ shrinking" effect. The result sounds like something no instrument has
+ ever been built to detect...except in a ring or "halo" you'd get from
+ the Doppler Effect....except for some tag-end radiation that would just
+ barely register, fore 'n' aft, at the extreme ends of the known spec-
+ trum. That damned "time dilation" alters the one yardstick we've been
+ able to depend on, until now. And that alters the whole shebang!

I have heard of fans that claim to read no s-f, but I've never run
into one. ((+You're lucky. I have.+)) The quality of s-f has deterio-
rated since the good, old days. Instead of a handful of really outstand-
ing stories that seemed better by contrast to all the low-grade stuff that
padded the mags, we get bland stories all about on the same level. They

are better than most of the general run of stories twenty-five years ago, but where are the really outstanding stories that used to crop up?

+ Well, it sure as hell isn't being inspired by today's magazines or today's crop of editors. I know writers who could write outstanding stories, but who want to write stories that sell. So let's just clear out today's editors and get some who'll pay money for outstanding s-f and peanuts for crud that can merely sell. D'you realize that if we accept the highly-touted modern standards of s-f writing, which today's editors themselves brag about so much, then the bland stuff they're peddling to us is all cheap crud? The only honest publisher in the whole field for years has been Ace Books; they don't pretend to be giving us any more than they do.

Some of the better s-f writers, such as Norton, leave the science and technology as sketchy as possible, and concentrate on the wonders of alien worlds. ((+And find pretty much the same, old wonders I read about -- and so did they -- 25 years ago.+.)) Character is an important part of any story, but it is just that, a part. A story that concentrates on character and ignores the setting becomes quite dull unless done by a top author. On the other hand, one that concentrates on action (such as space opera) can hold the interest unless poorly done. In short, not all of us are psychology majors.

+ Nor pretend to be, chum, nor pretend to be. But I haven't come across a character in any s-f story in years who could boast even as much memorable qualities as Jay Score -- which I only remember as a robot with the number J-20 who Gave His All For Mankind, or somesuch.

I have a bit of trouble with Relativity. I've read anything on it that I could get that didn't go past my highschool math, but some points still remain hazy....

+ Do I still have that letter around here?? It's from Len Zettel -- and lest you forget to remind me, I'll tell you right now about this guy, Zettel. He's one of these "top security clearance" types who takes us around the backroads showing us rocket test-stands, and gets little jobs like programming computers so they simulate orbital shots and such-like and show what's wrong without you putting another couple million bucks' worth of junk into the wild black yonder. Yeah, here 'tis. Len wrote me this, about Relativity, months ago:

Anybody looking eagerly for a simple, nontechnical explanation of Einstein is going to have to wait a long time, for the same reason it took a long time to get a simple explanation of Hegel. If you made it too simple it would too obviously involve a good deal of contradictory nonsense.

Not that it is all nonsense, by any means. Compared to anything else we've got it's great. The trouble is that Einstein learned a new mathematical technique before any other physicist did and used it to take a new and searching look at basic problems. The results were so dazzling that he never did bother to go back and tidy up a few loose ends here and there.

The equations, I gather, are fabulous. You set them down on paper and get a sensation something like looking at a Rembrandt. Or a Frank Lloyd Wright building. Or a picture of Jayne Mansfield. Sort of depends on your taste.

Trouble is, the equations are so $\alpha\beta\gamma\delta\epsilon\zeta\eta\theta\iota\kappa\lambda\mu\nu\xi\omicron\pi\rho\sigma\tau\upsilon\phi\chi\psi\omega$ difficult to solve that nobody is too sure what they mean. Or if they are sure, they can't get anybody else to agree with them. If you don't believe me look up the saga of Dr. Dingle and the twin paradox controversy.

For myself, I find it exciting. Things are confused and getting moreso and you just never know what may turn up next. I think it's kind of nice to know that, far from being near the end of the road of knowledge, we aren't even sure where the road is yet.

+ And I haven't seen any clearer statement on Gen'l Relativity than that one, yet. I'd like to go ballooning off into it again sometime, tho.

+ So that's one of Rick Brooks' loc's, more or less. I'll just look into
+ another one here, and see what we come up with.

Are you any relation to the Joe Gibson in Bob Bloch's "Nonstop To Mars"?

+ I asked Bob about that, once -- but I can't remember what the answer
+ was. I am also "the Joe Gibson" who wrote such gems as "Down In The
+ Misty Mountains" for sterling publications like Other Worlds, and "the
+ Joe Gibson" always shooting off his typewriter in the old Thrilling
+ Wonder/Startling lettercols, and "the Joe Gibson" who had 'is cruddy
+ artwork scattered all over hell if you're collecting fanzines that came
+ out more than 20 years ago. Just never you mind mentioning when "Non-
+ stop To Mars" appeared in Wierd Tales or maybe it was Weird Tales.

BUCK COULSON, Rte. 3, Wabash, Indiana:

Since it's been several months since I've seen a G₂, you're being removed from the YANDRO trade list.

+ That's good. I bought a subscription to YANDRO once, and for something
+ like a year now I've been wondering when the thing would ever run out.
+ Remind me to renew. Did I send you last month's g₂? Don't review it.

MISHA MCQUOWN, 129½ N. Franklin, Tallahassee 32301:

Having found the exploration series most interesting, I now note that we have turned to the exploration of inner space, namely such things as consites and fen who may go there.

I have corresponded heavily with Scithers on the subject of You-Know-Who, and I've said about all I'm going to say, except

+ Well, you were going fine there for a while.

I'm more or less in the middle; I have no particular axe to grind with either side. I am concerned, however, because I have on occasion steered people like Bill Malthouse into fandom because I thought they could benefit from it. Now, dammittall, something like this

+ Now, there you go again! Michael, lad, would you be discovering that
+ science-fiction fandom is no bed of roses?

+ It's never been that. Nor will it ever be any joyous little society of
+ fairly intelligent, highly imaginative, commendably tolerant and maybe
+ even incurably romantic persons albeit of sensitive and high-spirited
+ nature. Fandom's always had its fringe of lunatics and will always
+ attract such hangers-on by its very nature. And these creeps aren't
+ merely the Shaver Mystery fans or the Scientology 'clears' or such
+ blithering idiots as Degler or Wetzel. But this is part of fandom, an
+ insignificant part, but one you must always expect to find -- and one
+ you should admit exists to anyone else.

+ That's why you find so many of the oldtime fans have personalities that
+ can be listed pretty much in two categories. Either they're recluse-
+ types who live in their own little fannish world, and are quite happy
+ with it -- or they're fighters, and quite happy with that, too.

+ But both groups had more steady influence on fandom when it was
+ small, when communications was easier. "Communications was"?? Yes,
+ communications in a purely tactical sense; noun, singular. Like when
+ half-a-dozen fan editors each regularly published a fanzine which
+ reached almost everyone in fandom -- because there just weren't many.
+ And which isn't done now, because there are.

+ Which makes it just dandy for the Unghodly, now.

+ But fandom has another little trait which proves quite useful at times

+ It's the often-deplored lust fans have for egoboo. Have you ever
 + known anyone to be in fandom for very long and keep his mouth shut?
 + Murder will out, inescapably, in this crowd -- and it's not sur-
 + prising that the curse of egoboo should also be a blessing. So
 + fandom's a rather peculiar little society, y'see; falsehood and
 + pretension can be found here, as much as in the general public (and
 + it makes a much louder noise here) -- but it won't sell cars here
 + or make you the executive of a corporation. Here, it's poison.
 + Fandom's no paradise. It's a bit like Barsoom. And recruiting
 + newcomers for fandom, you might do well to check their sword-arm.
 + They'll have occasion to use it -- rather moreso, now, I suspect,
 + than ever before. How's yours, by the way?

PETER SINGLETON, Ward Two, Whittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancs.:

...I may be sticking my fragile little neck out but I feel com-
 pelled to comment on your endorsement of the PACIFICON II Breen Report.
 I have read the report plus The Loyal Opposition and the whole affair
 is really too fantastic to withstand a carefully delineated scrutiny.
 ((+I thought it very clear in showing fans are as ill-equipped as most
 anyone else to deal with such matters!+)) I have been corresponding
 with Breen for a number of years and I consider him to be a friend of
 mine, otherwise I would not have troubled myself with such a ludicrous
 situation. If the statements in the PACIFICON II Report are valid
 (and most of them surely must be) then the banning of Breen was the
 only logical action to take; it's the only part of the whole episode
 that makes sense, from what I can see.

+ D'you mean to say here that A Fan Can Do No Wrong -- or if he does,
 + we should coddle the poor devil?

+ Breen has denied that he's a monster -- at least once, that I know
 + of -- but he's never denied having the sexual urge that's turned
 + better men than him into the worst kind of monster, not even when
 + his so-called "friends" were affirming in print that he does have
 + it. If he does, that may be a problem for his psychiatrist or for
 + Berkeley Police Lieutenant Baker of Homicide/Sex -- but it's most
 + certainly his problem, first of all. I don't see that it's yours,
 + and you're most certainly not going to make it mine.

+ If you consider yourself competent to deal with this, if you want
 + it condoned among those you consider as your friends -- then that's
 + another problem you're not going to make mine, either. Matter of
 + fact, I have one of Fabian's books here -- London After Dark -- with
 + a slight mention of this, in discussing what were then called "narks"
 + but are now termed "finks"; in short, police informers. (Another
 + term it has here -- page 97 -- is "ponce" meaning a pimp or panderer
 + who makes his living off prostitutes.). Anyway, here's what it says
 + in Fabian's usual style:

Often I've picked up a half-fainting man or woman in
 Soho and rushed them to hospital in the Hurry-Up Waggon--as the
 underworld calls the police van that waits in Piccadilly --with
 razor-slash from cheekbone to mouth-corner.

This is the "mark of the nark." The aim is to end the
 cut at the edge of the mouth, so the lips become a continuation
 of the gash. This seldom heals straight, but leaves a twisted,
 permanent disfigurement. The men who live on immoral earnings
 of women make a speciality of this "punishment."

Despite this horrible possibility, many an ordinary
 thief will turn informer against a ponce, and decline any re-
 ward. In the same way, sex-offenders against children can hope
 for no shelter from the underworld. Even a "ponce" will shop
 them.

+ I understand England was then a bit more "liberal" in its view
 + toward sex-offenders, too.

+ But it's obvious to everyone, I hope, that I don't consider this
 + any discussion of fans or fandom, such as it is. This is "mundane."

The article "Time, Gentlemen..." was a remarkable experience to read. ((+Wouldst that today's science-fiction were that sort of experience? Verily, Peter.+)) I'm really beginning to comprehend some of the ramifications of relativity. Until now, I didn't really appreciate the idea of time being distorted when speed-of-light travel is involved.

Being a confirmed lover of good fanzine art, I enjoy your multi-lith inserts entirely without reservation. I particularly like "Escape from Mardzinn" and "escape from Venus" in the June ish. In fact, all the "Escapes" are exceptional! So is g2, for that matter.

+ Far more of us are frustrated jailbreakers, perhaps, than some are
+ willing to admit. It's become a hellish world without much of any
+ readily-accessable frontier left. Time we got off!

The terraforming planets idea is an interesting one but how does one go about terraforming gravity, I wonder. I can imagine planets with a weak gravitational pull by Earth standards producing a number of fascinating effects but a heavy gravity would surely be impossible ((+What's that word, again?+)) to cope with. Finding planets near Earth-norm gravity-wise would be a tall order in any quantity, considering the wide scope of gravitational variability even within our own system.

+ Take a look at that frozen methane on Jupiter, while you're about
+ it. Suppose we kicked up the surface temperature, out there -- with
+ giant reflectors orbiting the planet, throwing more of the Sun's
+ heat onto it, say. How much of its mass d'you suppose we could
+ have boil off into space? That's one way to trim 'em down.
+
+ But look again. That's quite a system of moons swinging about Jove
+ -- some quite small, of course. But with all that material close
+ by, couldn't we build up those little fellows to some appreciable
+ size? (And once you've mastered that, there's no reason you couldn't
+ tackle some star with no planets at all and start from scratch!
+ Might be handy if you could also convert hydrogen atoms to iron,
+ too, in large quantities.)

I fully approve of your 'subscription only' policy and your honesty about needing subs to help to defray the costs of publication makes a refreshing change from the faned who shrills "no subs please!" on one page and quotes a substrate on the next.

Since it is a sweltering hot night at the time of writing and since I'm writing this crouched stark nekkid on top of my mattress ((+Oh!?? Then what the blazes is it scratching my stencils over here? I thought it was something you'd had in your pocket!+)) (I'm in a room of my own; I'm no exhibitionist, I hasten to assure you), I feel in an ideal mood for giving forth with my comments re the ticklish(?) question of nudity in public. ((+Must be something in the typewriter ... what's that you're saying?+)) I'm all for it in principle and I assume that it will eventually become accepted if the current trend continues but somehow I can't imagine myself letting my genitals wave with the breeze in mixed company without blushing. (That's my trouble -- I blush very easily!) ((+There's a platen roller about there, I believe ... go on, I'm listening!+)) It's not that I consider my genitals to be something to be ashamed of but the inhibitions I'm riddled with most definitely precludes the possibility of surrendering my manly endowments to public scrutiny. Besides, you never know what the seagulls might get up to. ((+It fades out along about here
+ and then starts up, again. Have to clear it up once I get this
+ stencil out. Oh yes, to be sure -- going naked in public. You
+ may be amused to know I once checked this out quite seriously, some
+ years ago while dabbling in pro writing and wondering just what
+ this nudist bit amounted to that Heinlein and others kept heralding
+ as something for future. I lived in New Jersey, then, within convenient
+ proximity of the American Sunbathing Association -- or at least its base-camp,
+ as you might call it, at May's Landing -- so I wasn't too surprised to find a
+ rather going club of nudists right in Jersey City, where I lived. (Now we'll
+ get to that scratch!)

+ Besides, it was conveniently wintertime with the nudist camps closed
 + and snow and freezing wind in the streets of Jersey City; so of course,
 + I had merely to talk my way into their w/clothes-on club meetings and
 + be invited to the homes of a few ringleaders (who definitely wanted to
 + size me up before anyone brought me into their camp) to find out a lot
 + I'd never learn just by being stark naked among stark naked people.

+ They believe going nude is enjoyable personally and is physically health-
 + ful. They believe it's an utterly indifferent matter socially, and is
 + mentally healthful because of that. For instance, they claim that when
 + a man sees a girl going calmly about her business stark naked, he isn't
 + sexually aroused by the sight of her -- not at all! -- while if she had
 + on a tight sweater and rump-sprung skirt, he would be. And they inter-
 + pret that as being conducive to mental health.

+ But I questioned beyond their propaganda slogans until I got some fairly
 + straight answers. I got aside with the guys and found that some well-
 + stacked young things do look tempting as hell, at times -- that, in
 + spite of everything, every one of them had known moments of embarrass-
 + ment. They advised me that the only thing a man could do was make a mad
 + dash for the bushes! And then, the damned fools proceeded to counsel
 ++ me on the one way to avoid such moments: briefly, all a man had to do
 + was walk around in that nudist camp as if every tree, fencepost and
 + building had a large sign on it, proclaiming DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!

+ So I told them that was extremely interesting, and I would have to think
 + about all this and, well, have fun, fellas, I'll see you around some-
 + time. And since then, I have never considered social nudism has any
 + real chance of public acceptance in future -- not unless our future
 + society becomes one in which a man with an erection isn't the least
 + embarrassed about it. And that "taboo" is a tough one!

I'm not keen on the G-string idea as an alternative to complete nu-
 dity. I always feel irritated when I have a bandage on my finger and from
 what I can gather (I've never seen a g-string) a device such as the G-
 string would have a similar irritating effect on me. Conversely, the
 breechclout would suit me fine, I think.

To go from one extreme to the other, a doctor in a recent newspaper
 report declares the possibility that the current teenage clothes which
 favour very tight trousers or jeans may be the cause of the increasing
 numbers of sterility in young males. The good doctor informs us that a
 constant pressure around the genital area isn't good for a prospective
 seed-sower. Funny -- tight-fitting clothes didn't seem to affect the
 Elizabethans. Perhaps strontium 90 is the villain? Or perhaps nature's
 answer to the pending world overpopulation problem, providing the sterility
 statistics can be relied upon; if so, it should decrease the number of
 young unmarried mothers, if nothing else.

+ But where? Not in China -- and you spoke of world overpopulation, you
 + know. Here in California, s-t-r-e-t-c-h pants have won universal popu-
 + larity with women (and I'm told they're extremely comfortable) but just
 + lately, I've also seen s-t-r-e-t-c-h jeans "For Men & Boys" on sale.
 + Betty Kujawa tells me it all started with a German girl when she and
 + her American husband opened a resort in the Tyrol, shortly after the
 + war. They could only get stretch fabric for the ski pants their guests
 + might want tailored at the resort, and this girl cut out the first pair.
 + Their popularity was immediate, and the things spread into the garment
 + industry everywhere. But it seems to me Americans did most of the
 + spreading ... along with Lend-Lease, Rock 'n' Roll and Polaris subs ...
 + and the only thing that's seemed to hit us very noticeably, in return,
 + was the Volkswagen. I would rather we'd gotten good public houses.
 + But anything can get called "progress" these days, and does, without
 + our ever being asked about it.

+ The trouble with any such constrictive garb, stretchpants or g-string,
 + is that it's sweaty. But the public has wholeheartedly embraced such
 + damfool costumery before and it undoubtedly will again. We'd all be
 + much better off in a barbaric-looking breechclout of soft texture and
 + a good, warm cloak of commendable size and length. But we won't get
 + asked about it. So why wait to be asked? Hell, we designed spacesuits
 + in s-f before any engineer stuck foot into one!

CLAYTON HAMLIN, Southwest Harbor, Maine:

I try to comment on fanzines; and usually manage to do so. ((+A most deplorable practice with many poor, witless victims to show that it will only lead to your downfall.+)) But this one is certainly tough enough to find a way of commenting on.. ((+We have an antidote around here which I've only just invented: You Don't Write.+)) I had no intention of going to the con, so your long feature on what to expect around there, with maps and all, was hardly useful to me, interesting though it may have been.

And then your letter column, making up the remainder. ((+I do believe there were all of ten pages to that issue, maps and all.+)) Plenty of interesting material, beyond question, not typically fannish material, but I am just enough of a compulsive reader to read and enjoy ANYTHING. Still, the subjects used here are way outside my range of knowledge. So, lacking the ability to even pretend more than a casual knowledge of the subject, you don't really expect comments from me, do you? ((+Mind repeating what the subject is? I've forgotten, somehow.+)) Easy enough to look ridiculous without going and proving it like this. ((+Mean to say you're afraid of that? Odd. I'd never considered it before.+))

But eventually, yes. ((+H'mmm?+)) In that letter from Stan Woolston, you make a query about the information on the science fiction reading of fans, that he mentions rather casually, and oddly enough, I have considerable information of that sort that might be passed on. It took nearly a month to compile these figures, though, so please pardon the delay in writing. So, here is what you ask him for.

First, the limitations, and the circumstances of compiling this. These figures come from personal letters, both in answer to questions I asked, and volunteered information. It covers a time from 1959 to 1962. Almost all people, well over ninety percent I am sure, were members of N3F. The number of people concerned here is 78, of which 46 were members of that club, or of other places in fandom, for one year or less. The other 32 were fans for two or more years. As you will understand, these two categories are separated here in many things. Especially so, there is little sense in trying to find what changes in their reading habits took place if they did not remain fans for any great length of time.

+ I'm beginning to read you loud and clear -- so maybe I'm a compulsive
+ reader, myself. Think I see just what you've done. It was no easy job.

And of course, making this sometimes seem virtually valueless, not all of them gave me answers to each question. It was not done as a questionnaire, but merely casual information gathered now and then.

All right then, 63 of these fans read three or more prozines regularly. Only one actually came out and said they did not read any and a couple read only one, in both cases Analog. The rest read two. When it came to the most popular one, it was Galaxy. ((+Good God!+)) Though with the youngsters, those of the one year group that did not stick with fandom any time, Amazing was considerably more popular. It seems most of them heard about fandom from Amazing, the letter column specifically, but the odds were rather poor that fandom had much to offer them to make them stick around any time. ((+Same as 20 years ago.+)) This rather surprised me; they were considerably younger than the other group, and it seems fandom had more appeal, in the long run, to older people. ((+Or older young people, unless that's changed.+))

Now take those 32, which I'm sure are more important to you, the real fans, the active ones generally. There are 25 of them that I KNOW who either published fanzines, or were frequent contributors to other fanzines. And of the other seven, at least four carried a heavy correspondence, or some other activity, including a couple of directors to the N3F.

Stan is right, this kind of fan activity most certainly does cut into the quantity of reading they do of stf. Or rather, it cuts into the number of prozines they read. Unfortunately I have little or no information on whether they might have continued with paperbacks, or even increased that. ((+Or whether, too, their reading of books outside the stf field didn't increase noticeably!+)) But magazines were cut back, in every single case

at least one below their previous stated average. Frequently two. But still, not one of them, to my knowledge, stopped reading it completely. In 26 of these cases, this covers the total three year period too.

Another point, and not really so surprising, the magazines they read changed too. In 13 cases, they stopped reading the Ziff Davis magazines, and went up to the somewhat less juvenile type, especially I noticed an increase in the readers of F&SF in this group of fans, the increase being over 80% in total numbers. ((+Considering what's happened to F&SF in the last few years, I don't know if that's a switch to a "less juvenile" prozine or not!+)) Analog gained a 40% increase (I suppose it could be because they were getting older?) and Galaxy dropped slightly, 12%. Not that these figures mean a great deal in such small numbers of course.

Also, for what little it is worth, favorite authors did not change a great deal. Taking the entire group as a whole, only six of the 78 did NOT include Heinlein in their top five authors. Closest behind him came Arthur Clarke, with 12, and next to him, with 14, Ted Sturgeon. Oddly enough (or is it?) the group of youngsters (at least they all seem to be youngsters) who did not stick with fandom any length of time made their fourth favorite Doc Smith.

+ Not so odd at all. These "short term" fans were readers -- they did a
+ lot of it, and so they read Doc Smith. In your 3-year period, most of
+ the others didn't. You realize, don't you, that their choice of authors
+ was from reading paperbacks, not magazines?? And their top favorites
+ have all had pb's come out during that period, I believe. Reprints of
+ stories written long ago. Except in Heinlein's case.

+ But you've no young fans there who didn't and won't join your N3F, nor
+ any who became "active fans" in other ways than publishing or writing
+ for fanzines, nor any breakdown of "fantasy fans" and "science-fiction
+ fans" although their interests differ markedly. However, I think there
+ may be one thing your survey does indicate: the lettercolumns of the
+ Ziff-Davis magazines are a good source of neofans. Most readers of the
+ other prozines are either already fans or definitely not interested.

+ I quit reading any prozine regularly about ten years ago. I still look
+ through them, almost every month, at the newsstands -- and that's
+ usually enough to kill any desire I might have to buy one. The kind of
+ reading I've done recently that I'd care to talk about, at all, was a
+ lot better than any science-fiction being written now. I've just got
+ through the Sgt. Lamb series by Robert Graves (you may remember his
+ I, Claudius) and the Gunner Asch series by Hans Hellmut Kirst. The
+ first is about a redcoat in the American Revolution, written by an
+ Englishman; the second is about a Wehrmacht soldier in World War II,
+ written by a German. Both present a frankly critical, sometimes be-
+ littling, sometimes complimentary view of Americans. I find those views
+ extremely interesting and revealing. (I don't presume to join in or
+ dispute each author's views of his own countrymen.)

+ Sometimes it's months before I find a single s-f or fantasy book that I
+ will read much past the first chapter or two.

+ + + + +

This is g2 Volume 4, Number 1, for October, 1964, being a monthly publica-
tion you can get regularly by subscription -- not by sending
your fanzine in trade (rather more difficult if you don't publish one, than
if I might agree to ignore my own policy in your case) nor by writing LoCs
(which, if constantly required, becomes a drag). Otherwise, occasional
sample copies are free. Stateside subrates are 3/25¢, 6/50¢ or 12 for \$1.
Europe: 3 for 1/9, 6 for 3/6 or 12 for 7/-, sent to: Colin Freeman

We've been hearing that Colin's had a rough time
of it, a short while back. He's assured us that
it didn't interfere with his agenting duties for
g2 -- which were (and most always are) absolutely
nil -- although, quite frankly, that's the one
thing that didn't even occur to us when we heard
he was out of action. Agents are expendable.
Colin isn't. He has no replacement.

Ward 3
Scotton Banks Hospital
Ripley Road
Knaresborough, Yorks.
England

Your sub expires with

Vol. 3 No 10

20

NOISE As this issue comes out, Britain has had its political elections and the Kremlin's at least past its Primaries--I wouldn't consider any Moskow Triumverate as a final "election," communist-style. And here in the US, we're well into the midst of ours, wherein another of our Presidents gets reelected simply because he wants to -- which has less to do with Public Opinion, with its attendant poll-taking and computer-predicting, than with our Electoral System which answers no polls and isn't fed very clearly into any computer's tape. But it's been loads of fun watching dihard politicians of both parties acting as if this weren't true. The Republican Party's hacks do well by their candidate, Goldwater, to goad as many Republican voters as possible to vote. Whether they vote for Goldwater or against him doesn't really matter...but once they're past that on the ballot, they'll cast votes for Republican Congressmen! With presidential reelection a certainty, the best these politicians can get is a loaded Republican Congress against him. So if Republican voters like Goldwater, fine; if they hate him, fine -- just so they vote! And the equally dihard old politicians in the Democratic Party are doing their best to cry alarms of a "Goldwater Camp" of fanatical voters who will attempt to cram the ballot-boxes and force their will, and their candidate, on the nation. The best these politicians can hope for is plenty of alarmed Democratic voters -- who will also, of course, be voting in Democratic Congressmen on their ballot and foiling those villainous Republicans' scheme. But the politicians of neither party dare say this! Why, if they did, the voters of both parties might view all this brouhaha with utmost disgust and not bother to come out and vote at all! Propaganda's such a terrifyingly powerful thing, these days, with television's help. I notice far more "issues" being raised now, that any competent politician can subvert to his own ends. They all appear quite happy with it, too--so far. But times always change. // I still haven't any clear idea what next month will bring, here in g2. I'd like to get back into space in a teardrop starship and do a bit of scouting. I've a bit on fanzines and fandom in mind, but this two-part Con Report's enough of that business for now, even tho I've some new observations to make that've never been made before. 77 There's need for some change in the printing of this 'zine, too, as these past few issues have shown. It will take a bit of work and certainly some extra cost but we'll see. It's the cost, of co's, that's most bothersome. // Still, I'm hoping the November ish will be out before December. It just won't be out in the next couple of weeks, so there'll be time for LoC's to get here. And so I can take more time with the artwork than I did this month.....



ROSEMARY HICKEY

2020 MOHAWK

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