

JAN. 1966

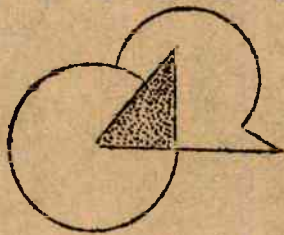
DEADHEADING

It seems we can start off 1966 by name-dropping a couple of fannish-type clubs that are so exclusive that most fans never heard of either of them. It's purely by accident that I will also be name-dropping a couple of highly commendable fanzines whose names happen to be RATATOSK and SKYRACK; but anyway, everybody's already heard about them.

Both clubs are "exclusive" not so much by any choice their members have (or may wish they had) as by the inherent nature of the two clubs. I am a member of the first; I am not a member of the second -- altho, in a small way, you might say I invented it. The club I belong to, the first club I'm going to discuss here, is one I would be most happy to have never joined. I didn't join voluntarily; nobody joins that club voluntarily. But as an old and well-established member, perhaps it's only natural that I should feel some obligation to "welcome" a new member and express my deepest condolences that such an awful plight should befall their lot.

If you think I'm kidding even a little bit, wait'll you hear what the club is: it's the club everyone belongs to who has ever been shot at. It didn't occur to me to "welcome" Bill Rotsler, since he and I move in different circles and I had no idea what his previous club-status might have been ... but when I read, in RATATOSK, about that slug coming through the wall and the grit and splinters hitting Dian Pelz in the face, I had to recite that ancient, bitter incantation - "'Welcome' to the club, kid--"

But however saddening this occasion may be (and it makes me feel sad) at least it has some cheery aspects. I am not required nor much inclined to sit beside Dian Pelz with our feet dangling into a hole in the ground and tip a 3-pound steel helmet over her eye so I can whisper sweetly in her ear about flattened ricochet slugs making



Volume 5, Number 4 for January, 1966. This good, old regular publication is what Ron Bennett calls "monthly and foolscap" and perhaps it is, at that, from Joe & Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - 94803. No back-issues; no trades. Subscribe. Or you

may have gotten a free copy here, but don't expect this all the time; any exceptions to this policy are our dog-gone business. Snarky, aren't we? Sub-rates are:

Stateside - 4/50¢; 8/\$1; 12 for \$1.50

Europe - 4 for 3/6; 8 for 7/-; or 12 for 10/6

European Agent X: Colin Freeman

Ward 3

Scotton Banks Hospital

Knaresborough, Yorks.

England

Otherwise - () your subscription ends with _____

() it just ended; () it did that last month.

the ugliest wounds or how you really haven't much to worry about until you've been shot at so often it doesn't worry you anymore -- but the day it stops scaring you, you've got your name on a bullet.

No, I can't imagine doing that, so it's just as well that nobody has to -- that all girls like Dian really have to worry about is a bunch of cheap hoods on the city streets. Of course, it's "little things" like that which make me as willing to use a gun here as I ever was in Europe. The advantage the cheap hoods have is that they think it's fun....

And in SKYRACK, just last month, I saw where The Old Taffers' Club finally did get together and Do Something at the London Con, last year -- just as I had recommended, here in g2, a couple of years or so back. When I suggested it, I believe it was one of that crowd (previous TAFF-winners) who pooh-poohed the idea, saying there was extremely remote chance of very many of them ever showing up at one place to do it. It wasn't so remote, after all. But then, I seem to recall another of that crowd didn't much like my calling 'em The Old Taffers' Club, either....

It seems they've accomplished a thing or six, too. Of course, I noticed there was no mention whatever of hiking the "limit" on the Fund (if there still is one) or whether there was even any discussion of whatever financial problems TAFF-winners must cope with. Perhaps there just didn't seem to be any problems. I'm only mildly curious about it, myself -- there was something else, about that time, which I didn't read in either SKYRACK or RATATOSK, about the bakers in England declaring a national strike to get themselves a standard wage of \$47.00-a-week, which represented a 30% raise over their previous wage. I didn't hear whether they got it or not. I merely wondered at the cost-of-living index which would permit everyone in one of the basic occupations have homes, raise families and send their children to school on \$47.00-a-week. I wondered how far someone from that economic complex would expect their money to go, if they visited this country.

But it seems that some good things have come of this first meeting of the Old Taffers, anyway -- it looks very much like they did the excellent job that we had every reason to expect of them. But perhaps the most helpful thing they've accomplished is that now we finally have someone on whom to blame it all!

Anyway, this is all the "club news" I have for this month and maybe the next six months as well. Other things have been developing, around here -- this bit of foolishness I've whomped up, this issue, gives no real hint of what's cooked up for nextish. I'm fairly sure it's not what anyone will be expecting. Aside from that, I'm still having difficulties with the mimeo artwork. I have trouble enuff getting the damned stuff to look right on paper; it's when I start transferring it to stencil, though, that the air turns blue. I can't diddle around with the tracing until it looks right; it's got to be right...and I never quite make it. And one can only do so much retracing thru the corflu, if y'know wot I mean. Sometimes I just say the hell with it, take whatever comes out on the stencil, and maybe try to doll it up so's the damned goofs aren't so noticeable. (But of course, I know they're there.) But I suppose there's enough there for you to get the idea, even if the artwork is rather lousy....

FUTURE SPECS



SHALL WE get back to the 21st Century? Well, now -- to recapitulate: our fannish group of "gentlemen of leisure" in this Automation Age have built themselves little "antique" propellor-driven airplanes in which to fly about and amuse themselves whenever there's nothing much else to do. But they have a problem. It turns out, once they've all begun to fly their airplanes, that the marshy landing field they've got out amongst the towering automation factories simply isn't big enough. So they've got to find another bigger field somewhere.

I had learned that two characters who might know where one is, since they make trips off in the wilds every summer, were Friar Donaho and Barefoot Curran who live somewhere down in the Floaters' Village. It was Norm Madcaps who suggested them and who claimed he knew where to find them, down there. . . the Floaters' Village is not an easy place to find anybody! (This is especially true if everybody thinks you look like a cop. I've always had that problem.)

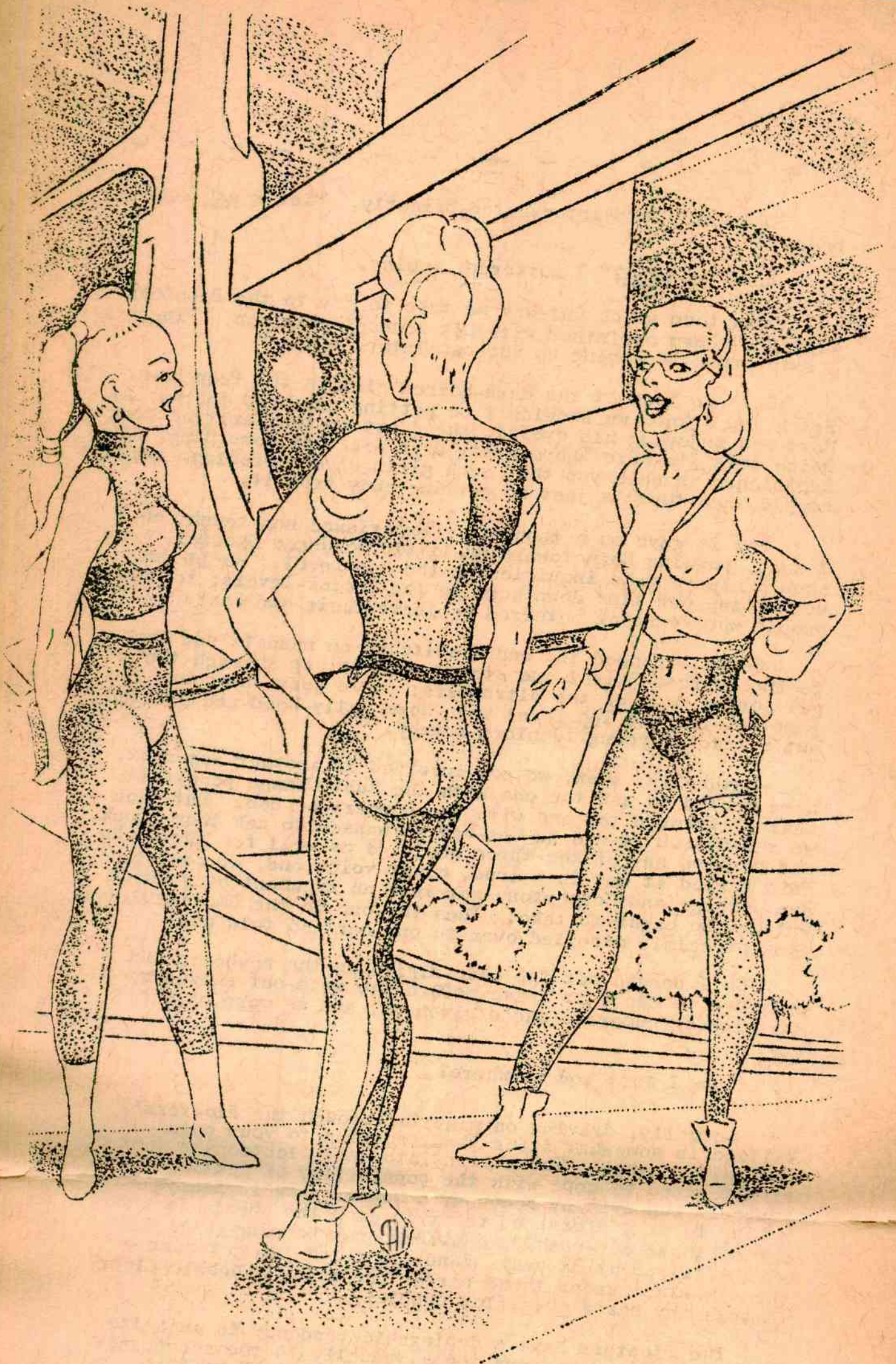
But then, of course, a further difficulty arose (you'd expect as much, if you knew Norm Madcaps) after I'd met him over in Sector B-9 of the ultrapolis, near where he lives.

"I don't know Donaho's exact address, out there," he said, with a pensive frown. "But I know how to find it when I get there."

I knew what was coming. "Well, then," I said, as if I thought nothing of it, "Which Out-Way do we take from here to get out to the Village?"

Whereupon, of course, Norm gave forth with his beaming smile. "Gee, I don't remember!" he said.

So I told him that was Just Great. I had no address to type into the car's auto-controls, so we'd have to go on manuals and weave through all the other traffic going about its orderly, electronically-computed business. And to cap that off, I didn't even have a proper Out-Way code to feed the auto-controls which could at least get us out of the ultrapolis, going in the right direction! I'd have to start out on manuals, trusting to my own sense of direction, and find our own way out of this godawful 3-dimensional Chess Game that only a computer was ever meant to cope with! And furthermore ---



"I know!" Norm interjected brightly. "Let's ask somebody!"

"Ask 'em what?" I muttered, fuming.

"Ask them which Out-Way we take to get to the Floaters' Village," Norm explained with his maddening aplomb. "There's a cute brunette coming up the escalator, now --"

But one look at the dark-haired girl in the Peepshow Frock and I knew we shouldn't be getting any help there. As Norm was enjoying his eyeful, she'd put on that worried look which says I'm Sure Those Nasty Boys Will Say Something, Now. Experience teaches you that such girls have a problem: they're stupid, and there's just no getting away from it.

But it gave me a thought. "Experience has taught me," I said, pushing Norm toward my little Go-Wagon Special, "one should always make inquiries at the Top Level. We'll just be wasting our time down here in the Sector-Levels; too many people who've never bothered to leave their own Sector --"

So we strapped in, and I switched on manuals and took to the nearest Spiral and stayed with it, up through the glittering maze of the ultrapolis. We'd just eased out the last off-ramp at Top Level when Norm Tally-Hoed and pointed out a trio of young Tumblers nearby.

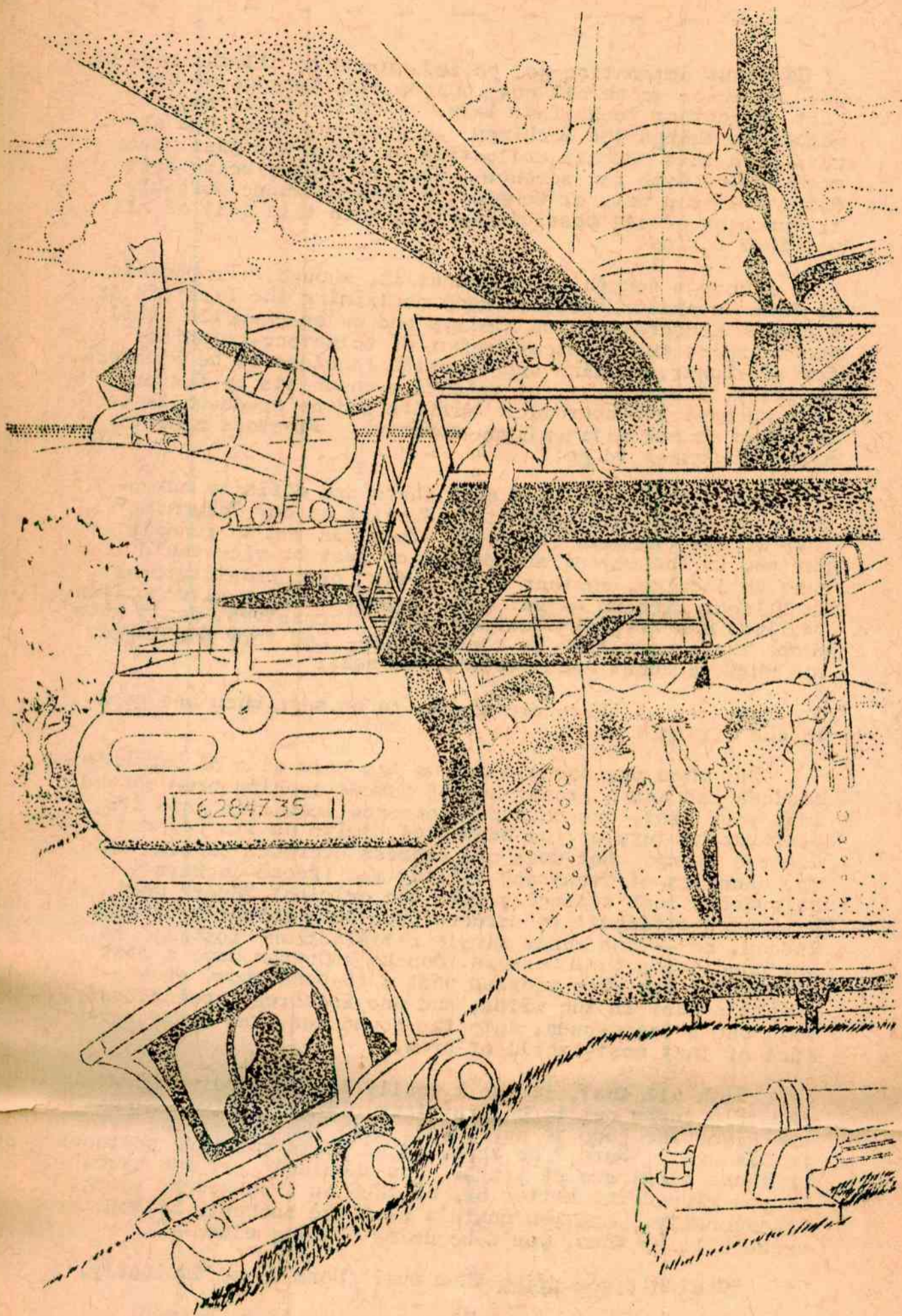
Naturally, then, we got involved in another argument. Norm wanted to ask the one with the Rust Orange pony-tail, while I favored the one with the Coppertone bob. But then we remembered it was an Out-Way we wanted to ask them about, and perhaps any of the three would do as well for that. So Norm bawled it out in a loud, clear voice and, of course, Rust Orange and Coppertone got into an argument over which Out-Way we ought to take. Then the one in the Emerald Green upswept calmly strolled over to our car and told us.

So I banged out the code-digits on the keyboard and only had to clear it twice before the read-out showed up the glowing numerals she'd given us, and we were on our way. . . .

Have I lost you anywhere?

Actually, driving on manuals through the Floaters' Village is somewhat safer than trusting to your auto-controls, anyhow. Those transistorized electronics just aren't wired to cope with the possibility of getting yourself run over by somebody's house. You're always having to stay alert and ready to grab the wheel, in case one of those air-cushion castles comes booming down the street, straight at you! (And don't let 'em get near -- the air-blast under those barges can spang a pebble clear through any car's persiflex bubble!)

The Floaters have a deplorable tendency to eulogize themselves (in rancorous tones, usually to the accompaniment of badly-tuned guitars) as the "gypsies" of this Automation Age -- living out under the (more or less) Open Sky, and all that bilge. Of course, they're simply the Have-Nots. Most of them, for one reason or another (belonging to the wrong Union, or even to no Union at all) had simply gotten left out when all the fruits-and-berries



of Glorious Automation got passed around to all the rest of us. So while we've all got Compensating Incomes of one sort or another to be fat, lazy Consumers of all these wonderous things the Machines can produce, there has always been this oddball collection of types who just never seem to Get With It, somehow. They're always being Left Out, or Chased Out, or Completely Ignored where possible by our best of all possible societies in this best of all possible worlds.

(There's something odd about it, though. Proponents of this Automated Paradise keep declaiming the Floaters as a bunch of neurotics and misfits and ne'er-do-wells until you'd expect the greatest number of volunteer-colonists for the Lunar, Martian and Venusian Landings to be Floaters. Actually, the majority of volunteer-colonists by far are from amongst the neurotics, misfits and ne'er-do-wells to be found in our ultrapolitan society! Floaters almost never volunteer to go!)

But you'll soon find that there are definite advantages to being an ultrapolitan dweller on any "slumming" tour of the Floaters' Village. They can and do readily put you in the way of any desire or lust or vice you'd care to indulge, whether it's a "fix" or a prostitute or an illegal firearm -- but only at prices which ultrapolitan dwellers can afford! Most Floaters, themselves, don't know where their next dime is coming from. And they don't get too curious about each other's business.

Oh, yes -- there are sights to be seen when one goes to the Village!

But when one sprawls out on the warm side of Donaho's sundeck and has a frosty mug of potent-looking brew shoved into your fist, one does not commence inquiries into its probable history or the number of digits on its Federal Reserve stamp. Nor does one express overmuch concern if the haunches of "venison" filling the freeze-lockers belowdecks look strangely like the original "deer" must have been difficult to discern from some farmer's cattle. Indeed, no -- one finds simple satisfaction, instead, in the conclusion that Messers. Donaho & Curran have a most discerning eye when peering past a 40-pound bow, upon a summer's hunt in the wilds; and one inquires speechlessly, with one's taste-buds, into the sound body and heady bouquet of that most-excellent brew.

With all that, it isn't really too disappointing when the trip turns out to be fruitless. It's Barefoot Curran who gives the coup to our hopes, with that disarming twinkle in his eye. "Sure," he says. "And would you have pontoons on those airplanes of yours? You shouldn't get too upset if you ripped the bottom out of them on a submerged stump, occasionally. And you mustn't mind the snakes. If you tried killing them, you'd be doing nothing else --"

"Couldn't you drive them out?" Norm asked impiously.

"There's nowhere left that they could be driven," Curran replied. "You're forgetting this world isn't just overcrowded with people. It's rough on the wildlife, too."

"A swamp?" I asked glumly. "That's the only place

9

you guys can think of?"

"It's the only place you won't get those airplanes chopped up by some farmer's robot-cultivator," Donaho confirmed.

"Are they a problem?" Norm asked.

"I would much prefer to have our camp invaded by a hungry bear," Donaho expounded weightily. "Those damned machines haven't got any brains!"

"But if the farmer hasn't got 'em programmed right," Norm persisted, "couldn't you call him and--"

"No brains there, either!" Curran said, grinning.

"Especially if you're trespassing," Donaho agreed.

"That could be a problem," I said. "For us, I mean. We've got to consider the possibility of having to make a forced landing in emergencies. It's a possibility which almost never occurs to anyone else."

"We have the same trouble with this house," Donaho exclaimed plaintively. "They simply won't believe that we could ever have a loose impellor fan!"

"Getting chilly out here," Curran observed. "It's going to cloud up. We'd better move inside."

Nothing further was mentioned about trespassing. . . .

We'd ramped back onto the In-Way, heading back to the ultrapolis, and were skimming along comfortably on auto-controls, when Norm Madcaps suddenly slapped his brow. "In camp!" he exclaimed. "Bear in camp! Nudists!"

"D'you have these seizures often?" I asked.

"No, listen--"

"Don't explain it."

"--But I'm trying to tell you, I know who can tell you where there's a place you could use for a landing field!"

"Norm, I've had enough wild geese--"

"But I even know the address!"

I sighed. "Who is it, this time?"

"The Old Master!"

It isn't that I have any superhuman control of my reflexes. It's just that my nerves are so burned out by hard-and-lusty living, a shock like that just doesn't get all the way to my muscles before I've adapted to it. And it's not really noticeable when I sit perfectly still like that, since I hate to move, anyway.

"Oh, all right," I said, making it sound bored. "So what's the address?"

...It was a converted, rambling garden-flat somewhere down near Power Substation 5, this time. We were met by the girl with the Gun-Blue hair and not much else, except the sword -- my discerning gaze identified it as a Westlake blade -- and a glass of bubbly which came from nothing more potent than a Slendacola bottle. I hadn't seen her before. She took Norm's card and went barebottoming off somewhere.

It was, of course, one of the many places the Old Master has scattered about in more sectors than any of the rest of us can ever keep track of; once he's moved into a place, he soon gets it so crammed full of collections and objets de fantastique and erotica that he can't live in the place. Then, of course, he can't move it all, either. So he keeps it all there, and moves himself to another place and the whole thing starts over. But I hadn't known he'd moved this far north.

The girl with the Gun-Blue hair returned and handed Norm's card back to him with a faintly sad smile. "I'm very sorry," she said. "The Old Master is -- indisposed. Perhaps another time--"

Norm looked crestfallen. He avoided my glance. I knew I'd have to take a hand, here. My lips barely moved as I uttered the terrible word; it was no more than a disgruntled muttering, the syllables slurred and inaudible to anyone save myself.

But the old, familiar pinging sound echoed faintly through the vast apartment. Instantly, the girl's face was a frozen mask. She whirled and hurried from the room in swift, long-legged strides. . . .

"He's here, anyway," I said, smiling.

In a few moments, we were ushered into the Old Master's presence. He hadn't changed at all -- same stooped, skinny frame, same pot-belly, same neatly-trimmed mustache and friendly squint that could spring back from those Groucho Marx eyeballs, same nasal snore of a voice. Naturally, there are times when he has to say "No!" to visitors; and logically, his girl-receptionists ought to be equipped to make it stick, if necessary. Those of us who know his code and its circumstances would never challenge it except in the direst circumstances.

But of course, Norm had been right. He did have the answer I needed.

"--Why, yes, I think this might be worked out quite well," he said, as soon as I'd stated my problem in concise terms. "Matter of fact, I know of a group who might need your group every bit as much as yours needs them! They're a nudist society, y'see, who managed to find themselves a farm that was sold for tax arrears -- I believe the former owner had something against automation, and just let the place go to seed -- and the advantage, for this nudist group, was that the property also included a rather large and deep twisty ravine. They've built their camp in there.

"But it's turned out that there are certain disadvantages to the place, too. Most of the level area that had been in cultivation is within full view of a big express



thru-way that runs past the property. But what makes that a real problem is that there's an emergency off-ramp just a few miles down from there. There's no trouble about their camp being in public view, so much as from it being accessible. A hundred years ago, perhaps nudists had trouble with Peeping Toms; but in this day-and-age, their main trouble is with Gate-Crashers! They're having to patrol that level area constantly--"

"Would they want our group next door?" I asked doubtfully.

"Generally speaking, no -- but better someone you know than strangers! Now, if you had your airfield there, I don't imagine you'd want strangers off that thru-way pawing around your airplanes, either. Furthermore, you'd be there all the time. A nudist camp is a vacation resort -- members coming and going, all the time."

"Mostly a summer resort, you mean?"

"Oh, no -- there's usually some members and their families out there at any time of the year. Nudists get used to that. Moreso than ultrapolitan dwellers, anyway. Of course, summer's their most active season, but it's the only time there are enough of them at the camp to patrol it adequately. The rest of the year, they're short-handed. There won't be many of them out there, right now. It's too early."

"Can you get in touch with this group easily? I'll need to look over this situation -- a lot depends on what sort of landing field can be made of that 'level area,' so far as we're concerned. I could take a quick look at it from the air, and know whether we need consider this any further--"

The Old Master grinned. "Well, if it looks good, you can land and get acquainted with them, can't you? Take along someone else in your group, if you like; I can send them word to expect you. Would it be Madcaps, here?"

"I'm not in their group!" Norm protested stiffly.

"He doesn't like flying that well--" I muttered, silently wondering who would join me in visiting that camp. "--I don't think. Most of the other Chicken Hawks are tied up, right now, too."

"Isn't there someone you can count on in a pinch?"

"Oh, I suppose so--" I suppressed a sudden grin. "Why, yes!"

"Who's that?" Norm challenged.

"Buz, of course."

"Who?"

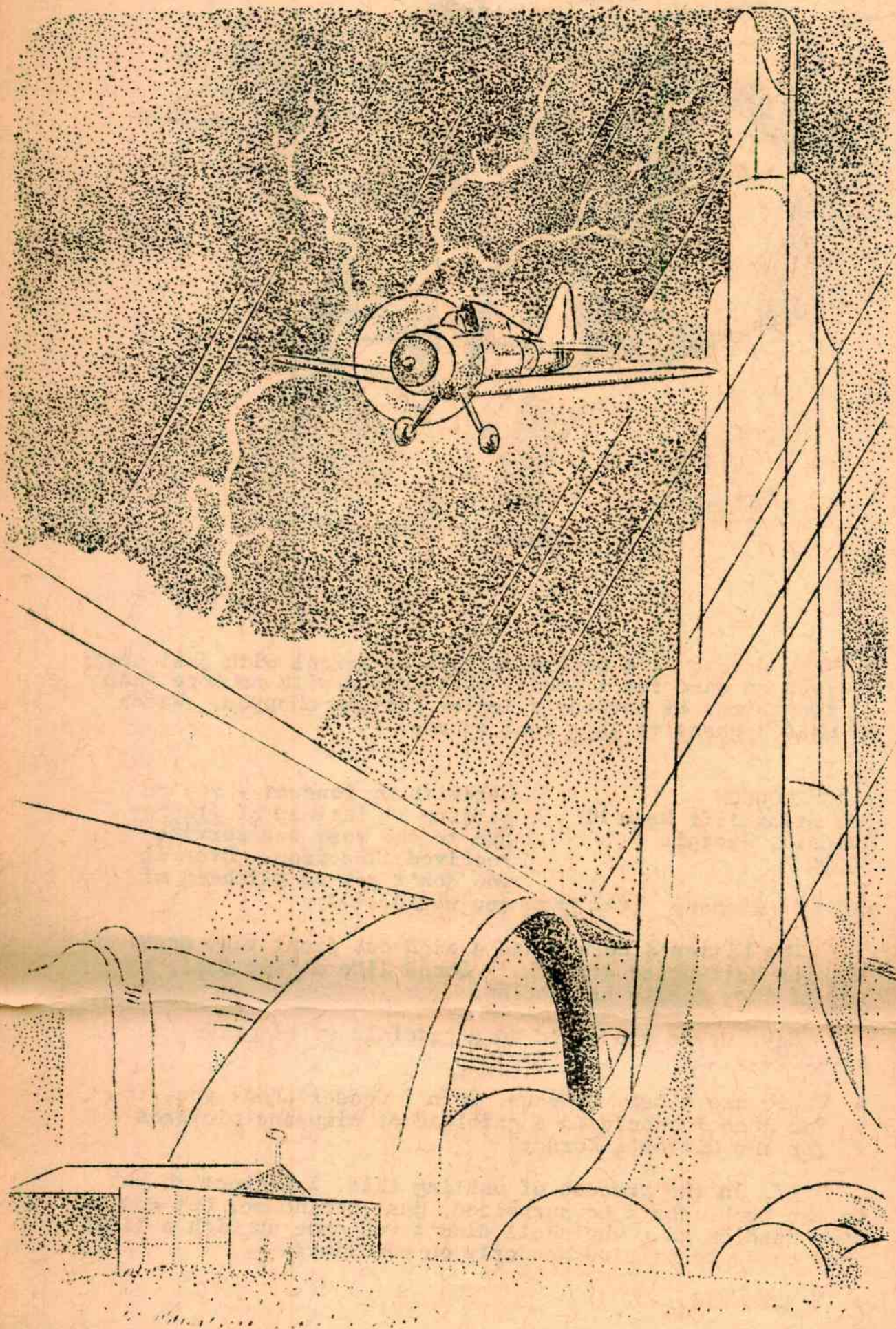
"Matter of fact, he's supposed to be flying down here this afternoon," I persisted doggedly. "He's just completed the flight-tests on his own ship and told us he'd be coming down to help out with this landing-field problem. Now that I've got a definite possibility to check out, of course he'll want to come along--"

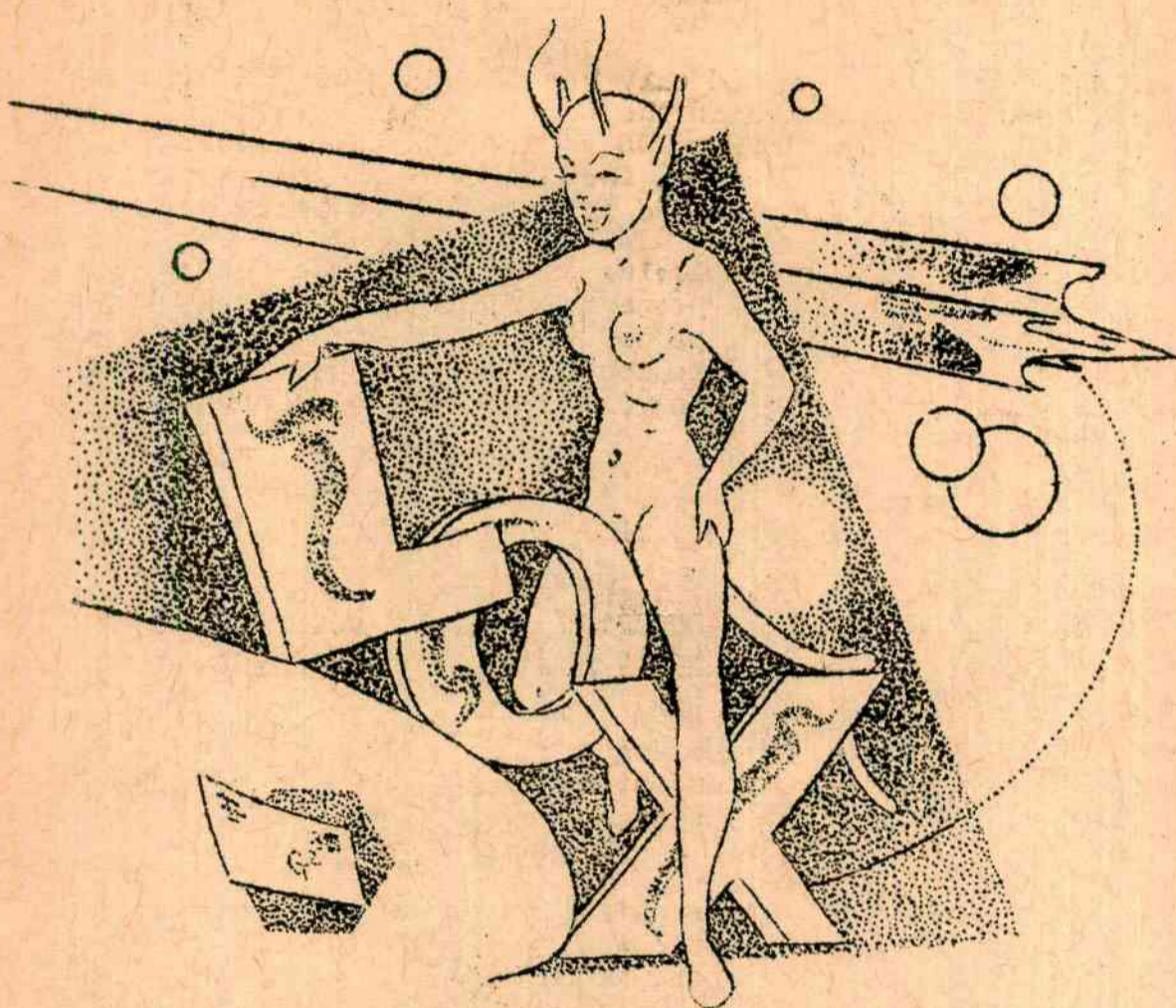
"You'd vouch for his behavior, then?" the Old Master asked.

"In a pinch? Certainly!" I glanced hastily at my watch. "Give me the location of that nudist camp; now, and I'll have to be getting back out to our field. Unless this storm front has forced him to hole up somewhere, Buz ought to be coming in, right about now!"

(Continued Next Month)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE
LANDING FIELD--





- * Now, watch. I'm beginning this lettercol with just enuff
- * locs on hand for a small, neat colyum with no more than
- * two-thirds of anybody's letter getting chopped. Watch
- * what happens to that fool scheme!

MIKE MCQUOWN
823 Briarcliff Road NE
Atlanta, Georgia
30306

Herewith my renewal - you're getting it instead of Playboy due to the very bad service received therefrom. Even if you don't got no pitchers of nekkidy wimmen. ((+I knew you would..+))

The Kitten's Korner had a sign out front that says: 'Ladies half-price 4:30 PM.' Sound like a fair deal, to me, if they really are ladies.

Say, maybe you could do a gatefold of airplane pictures.....

- + There are times, McQuown, when I wonder about you.
- + You mean I should do a gatefold of airplane pictures
- + for the Kitten's Korner?

If, in the process of mailing this, I neglect to put in the buck, don't be surprised, just remind me, but don't stop sending g2. Why'nhell didn't you come up with a title that could be printed properly on one line?

- + I just did.

JACK BALDWIN
110 Santa Rosa Pl.
Santa Barbara,
Calif.

Pyramid only has CHILDREN OF THE LENS to go in the Lensmen series, not counting THE VORTEX BLASTER, which I doubt if they'll do; for the reprinting of said series I'll be eternally

grateful.

Roy said it, brother- Hallelulaulaugh! You and he and some of you other engineer types shoulda cut down there ((+Jack's referring to that spot of trouble in Watts+)) and stuck up one of your Megapolises while they were busy subduing the peasants- you'll never have a better chance than you had then.

+ That comment struck me as odd, somehow. But then, you've
+ never seen a city really get hit, have you?

Want to lay odds on what'll get the Novel Hugo between THE PROPHET OF DUNE, SKYLARK DUQUESNE, and THE MOON IS A MARSH MISTRESS? I don't. This is going to be one close race!

+ Oh, let's all just vote "no Hugo" this time and see how
+ quickly the outraged screams start coming from the dirty
+ publishers about how the Hugo Awards ought to be taken out
+ of the hands of fandom.

I'm about to wreck your reputation for the rest of your life: the novel that I mentioned I was working on last time is going to be dedicated to you, among others.

+ There must be something witty I could say at this point.

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

Well, week after next is finals. Frankly, I'm sweating them a bit. Thanksgiving vacation was four days and I relaxed and unwound some. If I hadn't made such good grades the first two quarters, I wouldn't be so worried about keeping my average up. Once I've got it, I hate to loose it tho.

I agree with you on the setup of a supercity. People just wouldn't like one of those planned cities with a block of such-and-such here and a block of this-and-that there. They like to have everything where they can reach it easy. Extrapolating today's traffic problems, the people of the future may have to rediscover walking.

The US birth rate dropping is meaningless. As long as births keep ahead of deaths, we have a "population explosion."

+ Within 3 or 4 years, we should be hit by another "explosion" although I'm not sure what it'll be called. More
+ than half our population is going to be under 25 years
+ of age, then. If all those young guys and gals can't
+ find jobs, it'll be called a "labor explosion"; if they
+ do, it'll be a "consumer explosion" -- but either way,
+ it's going to raise more hell than when the "population
+ explosion" hit our public schools....

I think I'll get me a spy on the N3F welcommittee and get all the names of the new arrivals. I'll write them a

little note and soon you'll receive little notes from them asking for a sample mailing of your aircraft apa. I get these fiendish ideas at times.

- + And since "apa" means "amateur publishing ass'n" we
- + might feel obliged to send sample mailings to those
- + who ask for a look -- if we were amateur publishers.
- + Since we aren't, we just might ignore the whole thing.
- + However, we wouldn't have to go that far. Why, just
- + from memory, I bet I could repeat that time-honored
- + prose we used to have on the TS cards with all the li'l
- + spaces around the border to get punched...why, just
- + think how many young neos never got one o' them things!

I am mildly interested in the Chicken Hawks, but not enough to join. I happen to be one of those people that is mildly interested in just about everything, and deeply interested in nothing. I feel that there is too much to know to spend my time on any one field.

Just one little question nagging away at me. Why isn't Robbie in "A" Flight?

- + Okay, you asked, so I'll tell you. Chicken Hawks we
- + may be, but gentlemen do not ask girls to join a club
- + with an emblem having a heraldic design that means
- + "yellow bastard," that's why. Not even if both my
- + dictionary and my encyclopedia say it's all been a
- + mistake and a Bar Sinister doesn't really mean that,
- + after all. You satisfied, now? I'm not. I've still
- + to think of a good emblem for the gals -- I been won-
- + dering if it shouldn't be some little decoration on
- + bright yellow sweaters,...

BANKS MEDANE
6901 Strathmore St.
Chevy Chase, Md.
20015

On the evolution question, I don't think there's any flaw in my reasoning, although you can throw brickbats at the fact that I cited non-typical examples simply because they were spectacular. Whenever a radical variation from the type becomes survival-selected, whether naturally or artificially, the evolutionary changes proceed rapidly and the resulting adaptation is relatively imperfect and highly vulnerable to a slight change in selection pressure.

+CUT...

- + I'm butting in here, Banks, for just one reason: anytime
- + you want to write comments like that to this 'zine, all
- + I ask is one thing -- name your sources, give the exact
- + reference, and don't forget the date of publication. I
- + was reviewing a specific reference-book when this started,
- + remember....

Man is still not perfectly adapted to an upright posture: that's why we have trouble with our sinuses, the lumbar region of our backs, and the circulation in our legs, and that (plus our swelled heads) is why women often have difficulty in giving birth. Probably our upright posture was so strongly selected for, that the evolutionary process went too fast for the adaptation to be perfect (please note that I am not trying to equate our evolution to erect posture with man's self-domestication, which probably started later).

- + I'm too busy wondering where you got that "probably" from!
- + Even a thumbing-through of the several articles in a nice
- + family magazine like Scientific American would've informed
- + you of the shake-up, some years back, from evidence indi-
- + cating that Early Man, as an erect biped, came on the
- + scene some two million years ago. And that us swelled-
- + headed homo sapiens haven't been around for more than
- + maybe 20,000 years at most.

The changes in the selective environment caused by man, whether done accidentally or on purpose, will eventually bring about drastic and imperfect adaptations that could easily succumb to any change in the artificial environment. Contrary to what you imply in your note, a species consists only of its individuals and their genetic make-up, and any selection for non-survival individuals will eventually result in a non-survival (under any change of environment) species.

- + Any selection, huh? Okay, it's been 10,000 years since
- + we had to have the ability to throw rocks worth a damn.
- + Now, don't say that isn't time enough, not after you've
- + complained about our society protecting non-survival types
- + to an extent we've practiced less than 500 years! Have
- + you been in any rock-fights lately, chum?

Of course with the rate of scientific progress, long before this is any problem to us as a species, we ought to be able to manipulate chromosomes directly, and tailor-make ourselves. And moon-cats.

I'm afraid I can't get up much interest in old airplanes (or new ones, either). Maybe the fact that I'm ready to black out when I get up on a six-foot step ladder has something to do with it. Actually flying in a plane doesn't bother me, however, but maybe my acrophobia would be triggered in a plane with an open cockpit -- I don't know, I've never been in one. If it was cars you were talking about, then I'd really be interested. I'm a sports car nut, and if I had more space and time, I'd probably be an antique car nut, too.

- + If I had the cash-layout for an Aston-Martin DB-5 (and make
- + that without the James Bond "accessories," if you please)
- + then I would be deliriously happy in a simple, little
- + Morgan Plus-4. Since I haven't, I'm not.

ROY TACKETT
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

I wonder what the postmaster would do if I started listing my return address as Los Ranchos de Albuquerque. Probably re-

turn all mail to sender. I wrote to Sennytor Anderson about that--Clinton P, that is, and he said he would refer the matter to the post office department. ((+I'll bet the address he still has for that is Jim Farley's.+) Which is about as encouraging as having an terminal cancer and coming down with pneumonia.

- + The one I like is about the Christian Scientist with appen-
- + dicitis. Why don't you try pubbing a nonpolitical fanzine
- + in Cuba, New Mexico?

Hello Josephus,

Here it is that I should be cutting stencils on "one of the two best fanzines in fandom today"...a statement

that set me to laughing so hard I almost spilled my gin ((+yeh, I was hoping I'd saved it just long enuff+))... and instead I am taking time to comment on G superscript deuce number 2 of the Volum 5th. FIVE. The magic number. ((+Well, great! Say, how'dja like--+))

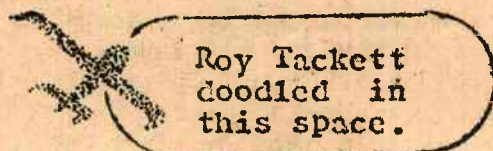
I also ought to be doing pages towards getting out the 53rd (get that) issue of FIVE BY FIVE for the middle-aged and honorable Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance but I figure I can do that manana. Like we got this story going, you see, and those other four jokers done made one hell of a mess out of it and I figure I'll have to tie some of the strings together. (I have been looking over your pictomap of Apaville and am disappointed to find that CAPA isn't represented. Or perhaps that is the Honorable R. Sneary out there in the North pasture with the battleaxe fending off some other 6th fandom neo who wanted to get into the act. Fifth Fandom Forever! and all that jazz. As for your humble obedient servant--that's him leaning on the table on the top of the First Fandom building. (Is that Tucker with his feet in the air?)

- + As a matter of fact, I was flying with my eyes shut.
- + But if you want a full-size, comprehensive aerial foto-
- + map of Apaville, now, I suppose "A" Flight could handle
- + that there li'l job -- for a modest consideration....

Well, anyway here you are going on about this chicken outfit you've thought up. Like there is Jno Berry and FMBusby (did you ever hear about FM's AM adventures?) and Rick Sneary and Harry Warner and Tony Glynn and Terry Jeeves and a couple of neos thrown in for decoys and you're all charging around about these ancient flying machines and you take it from your old dad that those WW1 jobs were more of a hazard than all the enemy gunyfire you can think of.

- + You think that's bad, you should see the condition of
- + this machine I'm cutting stencils on...

One question test: Identify this plane:



And if FMBusby can't do it then he'd better re-read Tailspin Tommy.

Ummm. Obviously I'm not an artist.

But I want to tell all you chickens that if I was handling the stick on that plane there I'd take on any and/or all of you chickens in any order you want to come.

Which isn't really why I'm here anyway. You and Dithers are yakking about the Ice Ages and the migrations of man and the great Brase and all like that. So what's to erase? You and Dithers are forgetting that the ice covered only Northern Europe, Asia and North America (All northern that is) and that Southern Europe, Asia, and Africa were ice-free. (Now if you spring back with that glaciation that came up from the South and covered Africa and South America as far north as the Tropic of Capricorn ((+Keep it clean, now!+))

I will point out that that was--theoretically--several million years before man appeared.) So what's to erase? Man's northern wanderings? The picture is spotty but we can get an idea of it. You want to look for man during the glaciations--go south.

And foof on your statement concerning Chinese development of the wheel 6000 years ago. Well, I'll accept "development" but your use is misleading.

Go thou and study Sumer. And consider that the Sumerians brought the wheel with them from wherever it was they came from and that was more than six thousand years ago.

Which is just to let you know I'm still alive anyway and that 36 stencils are cut already on Dynatron 27 or 28 or whatever the next issue is supposed to be.

+ Yeah, I didn't like the way that read when I wrote it.
+ So now I'll have to repeat a couple of things that you missed there. I was talking about man's wanderings before the last glaciation -- presuming there were any, that early (it is possible); and I said the Chinese developed a rotary cutter/grinder from the wheel (but without looking up my ref/notes, so maybe it was 9,000 years ago, altho for Chinese civilization 6,000 years still sounds more like it. Sure, the Sumerians had wheels -- and war chariots and potter's wheels and like that -- maybe a couple thousand years earlier. But I've found no evidence that they ever developed any rotary tool; they hadn't much wood to do any woodworking with, anyway.

+ But you done pushed the button, now, so hang on: keep a sharp eye for something called Great Migrations of History (I think that's the title) published no later than 1964 -- later? I mean earlier. So much has been dug up, the past few years, any book you find written before 1960 is drastically out-of-date.

+ That last glaciation, 12,000 years ago, was a bit worse in North America than it was in Eurasia; maps show the Zingarian Gap was left open between the Mongolian Plateau and the Russian steppes. But things were further complicated when the glaciers began to recede and the melt filled in the now-vanished Sarmathian Sea: the Aral, Caspian and Black Sea were one huge inland sea (the old shorelines are still there) until it finally broke through the Dardanelles and drained off into the Mediterranean. Trouble is, nobody knows yet just when that happened.

+ So they don't know yet where the chariot boys came from, except that it was somewhere in that Eurasian mass. Their migration reached the Caucasian Mountains and one bunch split off south to settle the Tigris valley and build Sumer and Akkad and places like that. The rest roamed on into Europe, but not to invade or plunder -- they simply moved into the natives' stone-age villages and took over, becoming a "ruling class" and establishing the cultural bedrock on which Europe's feudal civilization was subsequently built.

+ Now, somewhere that bunch learned not only how to build chariots, but how to run things, before they ever reached Europe. It makes presentday Russian archacology more than just slightly interesting. But all this was after the last glaciation...

+ It's believed Homo Sapiens entered Europe during the last
 + glaciation from somewhere beyond (East? South?) the Cau-
 + casians -- the route is somewhat in doubt since the
 + mountains were crawling with glaciers at the time. But
 + where modern man came from or how long he'd been there
 + are still anybody's guess, the last I heard.

+ When you
 + look at a map of Eurasia as it probably was before that
 + last glaciation, the interesting thing is that all of
 + the northern area to the Arctic Ocean was covered by a
 + gigantic hardwood forest, reaching only a little farther
 + south (where the more familiar pine forest began--there
 + wasn't much grassland on the Steppes then) than where the
 + ice reached later. That's "what's to erase," chum. The
 + teakwood forests wiped out by Imperial China in recent
 + times were the last traces of those preglacial forests
 + where the Giant Mammals (and early, subhuman man) once
 + roamed. The Sarmathian Sea existed then, too, but not
 + so large as when the melting glaciers flooded it until
 + it burst forth.

+ Now, you know hardwoods are plenty tough,
 + but they're also heavy as hell. A spear made out of that
 + stuff, given a fire-hardened tip, would need no flint
 + spearhead to puncture a giant sloth's hide -- but it'd
 + be so damned heavy you might as well be lugging an iron
 + bar through the brush....

+ If modern man lived then, I
 + can't think of a better reason for him to have invented
 + the stabbing-sword -- the first type that was made when
 + the Bronze Age began. It would do quite well against
 + anything except shields and maybe armor made of several
 + layers of tough hide....

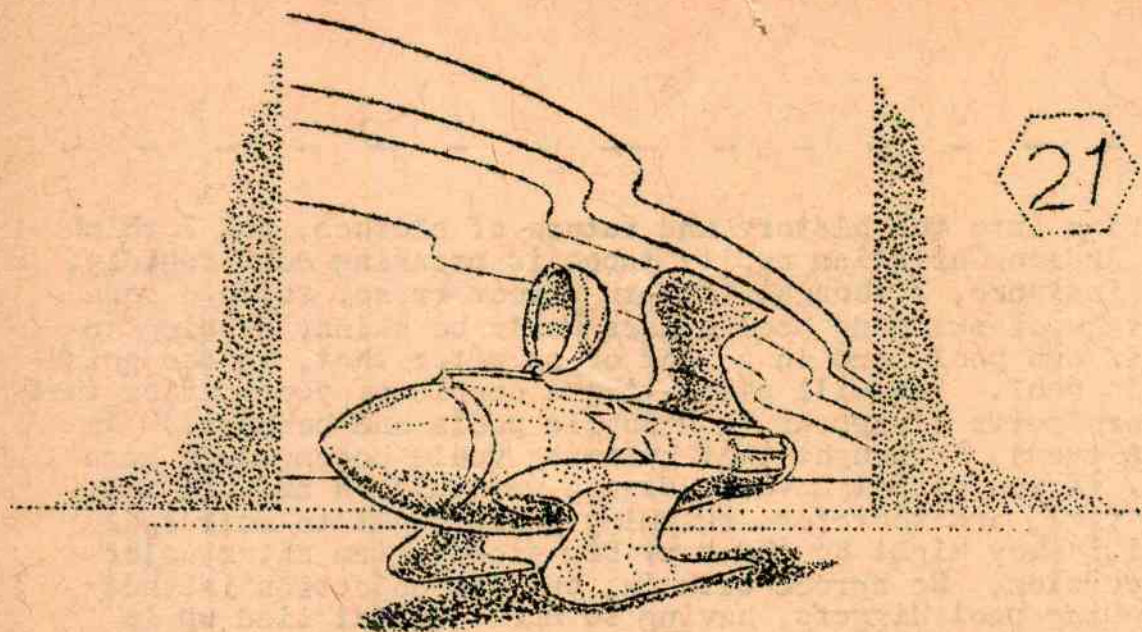
Hyborean League, anyone?

WRAI BALLARD
 Apt. 201
 4230 University Way NE
 Seattle, Wash. - 98105

Ghee it has been long since I
 last wrote..not long since I
 thought of writing or that I
 should, but for some time I have
 been going through spells of
 being sort of unactive because I was being so active in
 other ways. Even such regular correspondents as Harry
 Warner and Betty can tell how relatively slow I've been,
 and I do have all sorts of good excuses. First is this
 city type social life where there are people and places
 to go. ((+With girls.+)) Then I got mixed up with my
 mad race for power and a Technician's rating with studies
 and tests and things like that. ((+Yeh--girls.+)) Some-
 how I sweated the tests out, worried needlessly, and
 finally did get my rating. ((+I won't ask.+)) But in
 the meantime almost anything I did made me feel guilty
 because I should have been using that time for studying
 or hitting an apa deadline or cleaning up the place.

...Don't think I'd qualify for a squadron, but might
 say only a lack of room to put them in has stopped me
 from making a bunch of plastic models of WWI fighter
 planes. Personally I think the romance went out of
 flying when they decided two wings were not needed...

+ The one thing that revived my interest was the dis-
 + covery that there's a bunch of guys who are flying
 + around on two wings and things of that nature, and
 + having Air Shows and such.



- + But I think a lot of the romance went out of rocket
- + ships when they stopped making 'em like this
- + remember?

LEWIS J. GRANT
 %#!&@# Genius
 5333 S. Dorchester
 Chicago 60615

Bought myself a couple grand worth of stock two weeks ago, and most of it is doing pretty good. I picked up 20 shares of Pneumo-Dynamic, at \$33.83, two weeks ago, and it was selling at \$46.75 yesterday. That's plenty fast enough for me. Also picked up a block of Gulton Industries for \$26.26 (the funny price is because I added on the commish, etc.) and it was \$31.25. I bought 20 Indiana General, at \$27.14, and it was \$31.62. The funny thing is I bought all of them with the idea of holding them as growth stocks. My boss keeps telling me to sell, sell! I think he's more worried about them than I am. I feel that a good stock will usually get better.

- + I've been thinking of floating an issue, sometime soon.
- + Under such circumstances, I might even consider "trades".

Joined Mensa a week ago. A couple of fellows in the UC SF Club are members; Dean Natkin and Fred Saberhagen. The funny thing is that I didn't know it when a friend of mine talked me into taking the test. I went to the Mensa meeting as a guest in October along with this friend, and who should I see as I walked into the meeting room but Dean. We are now engaged in recruiting more SF types. Mensa has its own SF group, and we are going to try to move in and take over. The Secret Masters' SM!

- + Huh?

Nearly bought a bunch of books, including a good-looking Life Mag History of Flight, but have to haggle on price. Will call tomorrow night and see how the two old ladies have decided. They are selling the estate of my ex-roommate's uncle, which is mostly books. He subscribed to 31 mags and also got a whole bunch of books just for collecting, I guess.

- ...By the way, I would appreciate it if you could send a sample copy of the g2 on the 21st century city to....
- + Lew, that bit about "no back-issues" is no kidding; but
- + I'll dig around and if I can possibly find one, I'll
- + send it. No promises, tho.

...I had an interesting idea which I suggested to my broker. He liked it on theoretical grounds; practically, it won't work in that form. I said I had spent some time

looking into the history and future of clothes, and I think the Judaco-Christian nudity taboo is breaking down rapidly. For instance, I thought that in a year or so, quite a percentage of swimming pool owners would be skinny dipping in their own pool, and in a year or so after that, in the neighbor's pool. (It will still take a couple of years after that before suits disappear from public pools and beaches.) In this event, I thought that swimming would become much more fun, if you didn't have to drag a wet suit on and off all the time, and therefore swimming pools ought to sell real well. They might be the next big ticket item after color television. He agreed with me, but his objection is that swimming pool diggers, having so much capital tied up in big, unpredictable holes in the ground, are fly-by-nights, and often go bankrupt. He suggested instead that I consider swimming pool accessory mfrs., who deal in the hardware racket, one of the more stable in the country. I was going to look up some tomorrow, but have to work.

+ Turn back to page 7, here, and go show that to your
 + broker. Actually, there is some kind of trend -- I
 + wasn't "too small to know" when girls still talked
 + about "peek-a-boo blouses"; today, a girl can hardly
 + buy any blouse that her bra doesn't show through. But
 + that was caused by restaurant waitresses -- any girl
 + working in a hot, steamy one-arm joint (especially in
 + midsummer) went for those light, sheer blouses like mad.
 + Well, have you noticed waitresses lately? Catch one in
 + a strong light and you'll observe they're wearing white
 + panties, these days, too. It's half-slips, now, so the
 + whole uniform can be light and sheer. Of course, half-
 + slips aren't completely opaque, either. And the way
 + rump-sprung skirts and stretchpants show off a girl's
 + panties anyway, why worry?

+ Yep, it's getting better all
 + the time. But that broker of yours sounds like mebbe he
 + lives in an overcoat nine months of the year, same as you
 + do, or else he would've told you you're all wet about any
 + swimming pools doing that. Who needs 'em for that? What
 + does it is sunbathing.

+ It's ironic, but since skimpier swim-
 + suits came in, more and more people are sunbathing nude.
 + It's either that or you end up a striped-assed freak in
 + the shower! Besides which, you get one hell of a burn
 + along the edges of those swimsuits even when you got oil
 + smeared inch-deep on the exposed skin.

+ Now, we have got to
 + the point where most people don't get shook up if friends
 + drop in to catch the old man waddling around in his socks
 + and skivvies. Even the little woman doesn't panic if she's
 + caught in her unmentionables under a housecoat. But they
 + sunbathe nude in private and traipse bare-assed through
 + the house-and-family only if it's a case of a quick trip
 + to the bathroom. And if visitors arrive, there's as wild
 + a scramble as there ever was when Grandpa got caught with
 + his pants off.

+ But still, there it is; there is definitely
 + a trend. There are also homes a lot more comfortable,
 + temperature-wise; than in Grandpa's day. Make 'em even
 + moreso and maybe, just maybe, nudity will spread out from
 + that sundeck, balcony, patio or what-have-you. Then your
 + friends are bound to catch you at it. Then pretty soon it
 + won't matter anyway.

+ That's the day topless joints and
 + nudie magazines will go out of business.....

+ But there are trends in that, too: today's "fealthy pecc-
 + tures" are almost decent. I've seen the ones that were
 + popular in Grandpa's day, and they're enough to churn
 + your stummick. (And they're still popular wherever you
 + find Grandpa's "morals" still being observed.)

+ And while it would seem we'll have public nudism in a
 + few generations, I don't believe we'll stop wearing
 + clothes. Even with living conditions so comfortable
 + that clothes aren't needed for that, we'll still like
 + to ornament ourselves in some ensemble of blending
 + colors and good taste. Nudism will simply be our
 + common "undress" when goofing about the house or
 + puttering in the garden, as well as in such sports
 + where what we're wearing now is little more than under-
 + wear. I doubt if we'll have any more sick nuts com-
 + mitting sexual acts in public than we have today.

+ Sure, I'm all for it! Of course, until the time comes
 + that people do think that way, anyone who starts doing
 + it other than in some strictly private group is only a
 + sex nut; and any such private group may be merely a
 + bunch of sex nuts, all of 'em sick and getting sicker.
 + We may always have such casualties.

ED WOOD
 6553 Green Way, Apt. #2
 Greendale, Wisconsin
 53129

In mid-Sept. was 178 lbs.,
 learned to live & got a 1956
 Buick. Guess I could get
 married & a home & kids &
 that'll be the complete
 catastrophe....

+ Tsk.
 + I dunno --

+ It must be that the Holiday Season is
 + when the girlic-calendars come out!

+ Which reminds me, somehow or other, that we've also
 + heard from Betty Kujawa about how she's doctored-off
 + some of her baby-fat, too, and is madly taking up-and-
 + in hems and tentflaps and buying new clothes and even
 + a pair of slacks -- hoo-hah! I can remember this chick
 + saying slacks simply weren't for her actually, her
 + wardrobe needs a few-score bikinis, a half-dozen pairs
 + of stretchpants, and a few full-length stretch outfits
 + in assorted blazing colors.

+ Fan conventions and costume
 + brawls are very useful things. You'd be amazed how fast
 + Robbie wants to get into those sheer black tights.....

+ By damn, there is a pair of legs!

+ Where were we? Oh, yes -- I am having all sorts of
 + of trouble figuring out a Fan Squadron emblem for the
 + gals. From the start, it seemed to me that lapel pins
 + and wings pinned on the chest just weren't right for
 + the dolls; a neat brooch might do, or is it broach? but
 + that calls for a really neat emblem design...or maybe
 + a pendant? Something that will go with a gal's ensemble.
 + I've been trying to come up with some good idea since
 + even before I jazzed up those lapel pins & wings for
 + us guys. It's getting to be a problem!

+ Anybody seen those
 + "Pussy Galore Squadron" sweatshirts? The emblem is from
 + nowhere, but the idea isn't bad.....

MOST OF THIS issue was already on stencil by Xmas and it wasn't until then that I saw the double-ish that LIFE Magazine put out on Cities. Those of you who read it, particularly its speculations on future cities, now know what I mean about people working on this problem and trying to solve it. And in the plans of satellite and platform cities and megapolises, perhaps you saw what I'd been starting with when I evolved the idea of the ultra-polis -- not for the year 2000 A.D., but for the middle or late 21st Century. I'd already heard about what Life has in this issue; I'd read about the problems of presentday cities and Interurbia, and how some places are trying to solve them, and the bickering and squabbling and political stupidity, and the social and economic pressures that are steadily growing to force such changes whether we want them

or not. But that approach didn't seem like much fun to me. Nuts to it! I wanted to figure out what would come after all that messiness and stupidity. I said to myself, okay, when the problem's been solved -- then what'll we be living in? So I took all the future city-plans, even the ones looking like collapsed tesseracts, and simply blew up and expanded the whole bit to see where mankind would end up. Perhaps that method had one regrettable flaw: to anyone who hadn't seen those future city-plans or heard of the work that's being done, I may have seemed to weave some pretty wild pipedreams. But even at that, I would prefer the pipedreams to publishing a fanzine that decried all the bigotry and selfishness which has prevented today's cities from being what they're only going to have to become. The pipedreams are more fun. If I've got good basis for them there's no need to do weighty articles correlating all that data; someone will publish it somewhere, sooner or later, without me pretending to be a self-styled Authority. Maybe what I mean is that there are actually more disadvantages to trying to expertize and educate everybody with carefully detailed and documented articles than there is in just quietly doing all that research yourself and then bringing on the whole circus with brass bands and drum-majorettes and clowns and elephants. Why, don'tcha see that I can't move all of those hangers and tools and airplanes to a new landing field without transport?

PRINTED
MATTER

FROM
JOE & ROBBIE GIBSON
5380 SOBRANTE
EL SOBRANTE,
CALIF - USA
94803

ANDY PORTER
24 E. 82ND ST.
New York, N.Y.
10028

