

SEPTEMBER 1966



DEAD-HEADING...

Since I've begun this series, there has been some slight muttering against the way I seem to ignore helicopter-type flying machines as if they'd never been invented. Some of our readers have been quite taken with 'em, in fact; and there is something appealing about the idea. It appealed to me, about 15 years ago, enough for me to study-up on them; and I've kept some slight touch with developments since. The results don't look good.

The basic fault that nobody's licked in 20 years of trying is that rotor-blades just don't have enough "lift" by themselves. Kill the engine and you do not descend slowly to earth like a parachutist. You drop -- with about as much control, and choice as to where you'll hit, as a Sky Diver in free-fall.

The machine which demonstrates this perhaps best of all is the little "home-built" Benson Gyrocopter. Built also as a rotary glider that can be towed aloft behind a speeding car, it has a free-wheeling rotor-blade that depends entirely on the force of the wind to whirl it 'round. Forward speed is achieved on the 'copter version by a 2-cycle 75 horsepower engine with a little pusher-prop, perched just behind the pilot.

We watched them perform at our last two air-shows. First, over at Buchanan Field, two of 'em went off and only one came back. Both taxied out to the runway, got the Tower's green light, and went roaring down the runway for as long a take-off run as any fixed-wing aircraft before the wind got their 20-foot blades whirling fast enough for lift-off. One made it fine; the other didn't, but got off well-enough to go wandering over a nearby oil refinery where it overshot a meadow and piled up in a sludge-pond. We heard the pilot was unhurt, but later learned he began to feel pain and got carted off in an ambulance.

Then, up at Coddington Airport north of Santa Rosa, we saw three of them perform. Again, one didn't get off very well; in fact this one had to make two tries and never did gain much altitude. The other two managed about 150 feet maximum and circled the field. That's when I saw one of 'em power-stall.

He did a shallow dive and then tried to swoop up in a steep climb against the wind. It was too much. He slowed almost to a standstill and his rotor-blade lost speed. Then he fell, the rotor-blade whirling slowly. I saw him tilting the blade to get into a dive, again, but it was whirling too slowly -- he had no control. I'd been watching Sky Divers plunge earthward before opening their 'chutes and that's exactly how he fell, his little engine howling wide-open. He fell 100 feet before the wind of his fall started snapping that rotor-blade around fast enough for control to return -- and tilting him into his dive. Fortunately, he was at the far end of the field, away from the crowd. He pulled it out right on the deck. And it wasn't a "stunt" either of the other two pilots even pretended to try.

I took a good, close look at those little



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Go-Kart choppers on the ground, thank you! I want nothing to do with 'em in the air, even if one did finally get up to near 1,500 feet for a short while -- even the parachutists looked like they had more to hold them up! But afterward, I saw for myself that the rotor-blades on all the Gyrocopters were identical....I knew they'd had several years of experiments and trial-flights; so those blades were as wide and long as they could make them, for lift, without getting too much drag. I saw that they were also using tip-weights and trim-tabs, the tricks learned recently for improving "auto-rotation" (or "free-wheeling") which have lessened the "lift" problem but still haven't solved it. On these Li'l Monsters, with just the wind turning their blades, it was the problem. This was the best they could do.

It seems quite clear why the Armed Forces are demanding that all combat helicopters have two turbine-engines, with full-operational performance on one; it's costly but rotor-blades have to have engine-power! All commercial 'copters serving the airlines must have it. And I reflected somewhat wryly on the claims of Dr. Benson, designer of the Gyrocopter, that his glider-version could be "flown" tethered to a fencepost in a steady 12-mph wind....

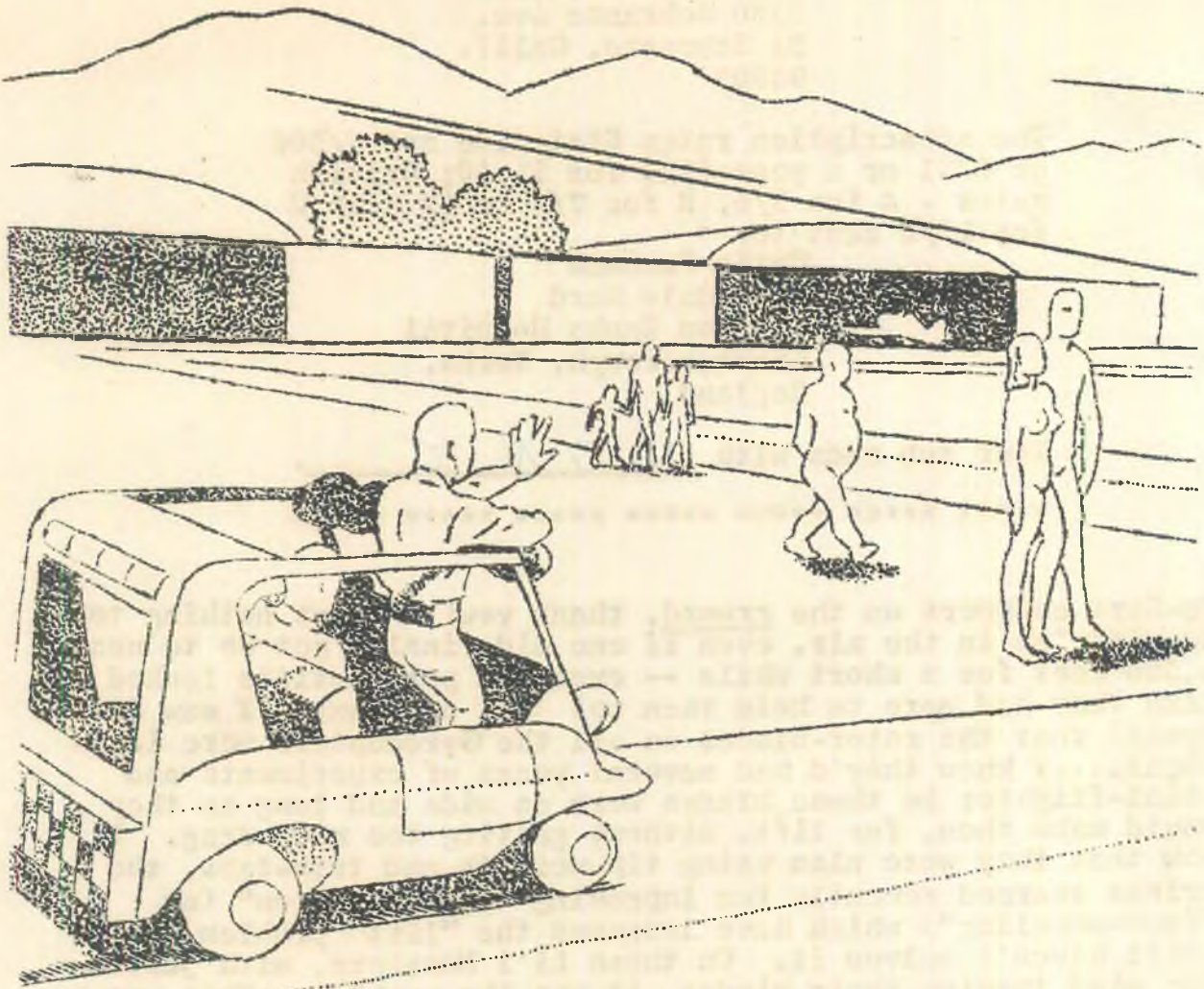
With the notable exceptions of Phil Nolan and Will Stewart (Buck Rogers and "Scetec Shock") most stf writers seem to overlook the fact that their "antigrav" ships with some mechanism counteracting the pull of gravity will drop like a shot if that mechanism fails. (Buck Rogers had an "antigravity" metal and Will Stewart showed what metal that would have to be.)

The nice thing about a wing is that it's like that "metal": once you've got it, it's there. You can overstress it and break it, but that takes an unusual amount of stress; and short of that, it's not going to stop working simply because a wire pulled loose or a bit of dirt got into a fuel-line....or if the borogoves didn't missy in sync.

There's a lot to be said for a good wing.

Lighter-than-air ships are interesting, too, in this respect. But the real problem with dirigibles hasn't been the much-publicized one of inflammable hydrogen gas; we just can't build such huge, lightweight hulls strong enough for the turbulent forces of the Earth's atmosphere...or could we??

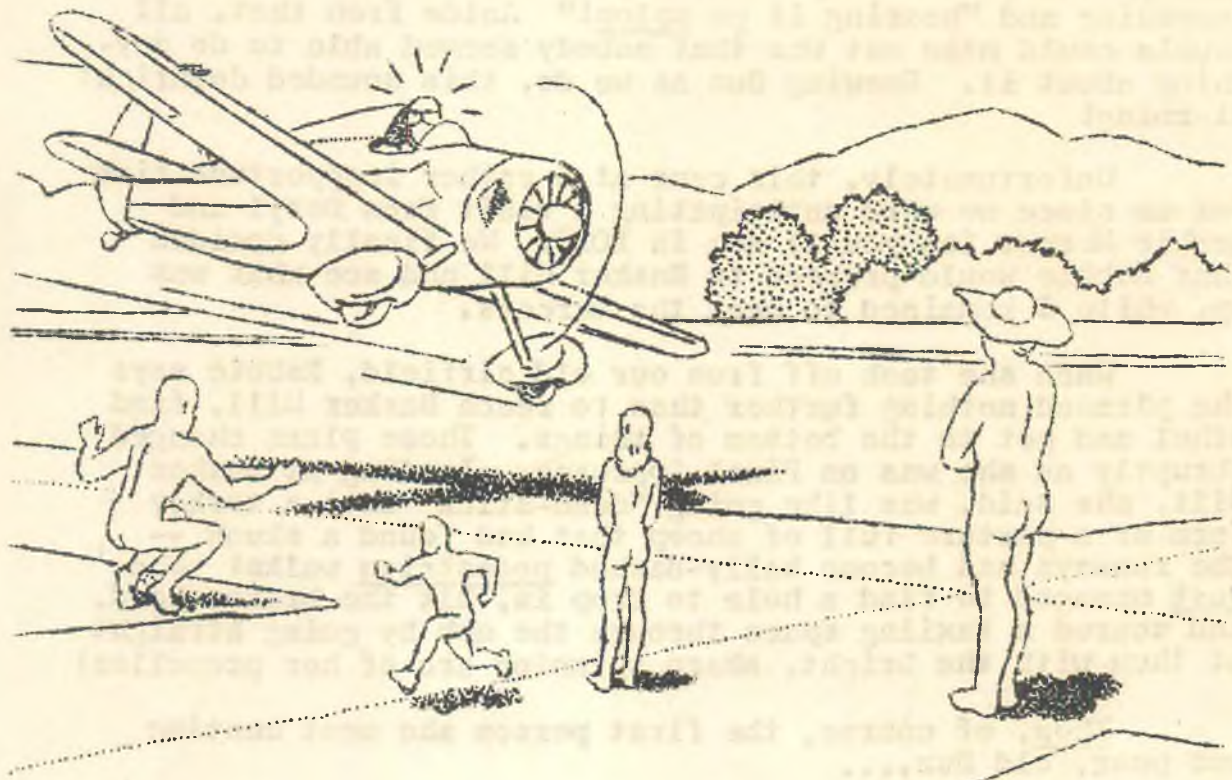




# BARE

Now that I can look back on it, I'm happy to reflect that not once did anyone so much as hint that perhaps we had made some slight mistake in planning that airfield next to a nudist colony! Perhaps there just wasn't time. Anyway, you recall the background of all this: we've gone investigating into the 21st Century -- and as "gentlemen of leisure" in that automated society, we've indulged our copious free time in the building-and-flying of little old-time (but of a well-proved design) propellor-driven airplanes. Then, perhaps inevitably, the computerized bureaucracy got all upset about our sporting around so near the ultrapolis and told us to move. They didn't say where; that was our problem.





# SEASON

Then Norm Madcaps and I learned of the Basker Hills Nudist Resort that was plagued with gate-crashers from the Express Thru-Way running past their site; and, as you no doubt recall, Busby and I flew out there to look things over in a manner of speaking; and thus, between the plaguey Thru-Way and the nudist resort, we decided to establish our own Basker Hills Aerodrome. I returned to organize the move and get that show on the road, whilst Buz remained there to plan the new layout and set up shop as our people arrived....

The first intimation Robbie and I got that things were slightly amiss on Buz's end was when Ethel Lindsay rang Robbie at our home in the ultrapolis. Ethel was upset. BettyK had



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gotten her past solo but, she cried, it was proving utterly impossible for anyone to shoot practice-landings on the new runways there! She kept burbling about the fear of hitting something and "hearing it go splop!" Aside from that, all Robbie could make out was that nobody seemed able to do anything about it. Knowing Buz as we do, this sounded downright alarming!

Unfortunately, this came at a rather inopportune time for us since we were anticipating a visit from Beryl and Archie Mercer (as you'll see in LOX). We finally decided that Robbie would proceed to Basker Hill and see what was up, while I remained to meet the Mercers.

When she took off from our old airfield, Robbie says she planned nothing further than to reach Basker Hill, find Ethel and get to the bottom of things. Those plans changed abruptly as she was on Final Approach. Landing at Basker Hill, she said, was like going "dead-stick" into a turkey farm or a pasture full of sheep that had found a skunk -- the runways had become bally-dashed pedestrian walks! She just managed to find a hole to drop in, hit the brakes hard, and scared a taxiing space through the mob by going straight at them with the bright, sharp spinning arc of her propeller!

Then, of course, the first person she went hunting was poor, old Buz....

Perhaps I should have said that Robbie tried to get me to go look into this, instead of her. Call it intuition, but she'd argued that any problem which could hornswoggle either Busby or myself, even momentarily, was bound to get its come-uppance once we'd teamed up against it. I pointed out that Robbie had been around me long enough to have some well-developed talents in that line, herself; and it was Ethel who'd rung us up, not Buz. We didn't know she'd be going straight to Buz, then.

She found him easily enough, though she says she hardly recognized him. In fact, it was plain to see that poor, ol' Buz just wasn't himself. She asked him, she says -- I'll bet she bawled hell out of him -- what in blankety-blank was going on at that airfield! Women are like that; however one may feel toward the world, just then, one must make allowances.

She says Buz explained in a rather strained and brusque manner that they'd hardly got the gahddamned hangers put up when the gahddamned nudists invaded the place and not a gahddamned thing anybody had thought of could get the gahddamned tribe back where they belonged. He had tried summit conferences and arbitration, threats and cajollery, reasonableness and rage. Nothing would get rid of 'em. Aircraft either had to be kept locked up or under constant guard, operations were at a virtual standstill and the field was practically forced to close down -- the gahdamned bare-arses were everywhere! like maybe we were running a gahddamned airshow carnival solely for their benefit.

Then, says Robbie, Ol' Buz remarked that it was worse than a gahddamned plague of Idaho jackrabbits.





Being from Idaho herself, Robbie couldn't resist trying to correct him on that. But Buz wouldn't listen. "I-da-ho jackrabbits!" he roared -- she says he bellered -- to which she replied; and I quote: "If you know so much about Idaho jackrabbits, then why don't you know how to get rid of them?"

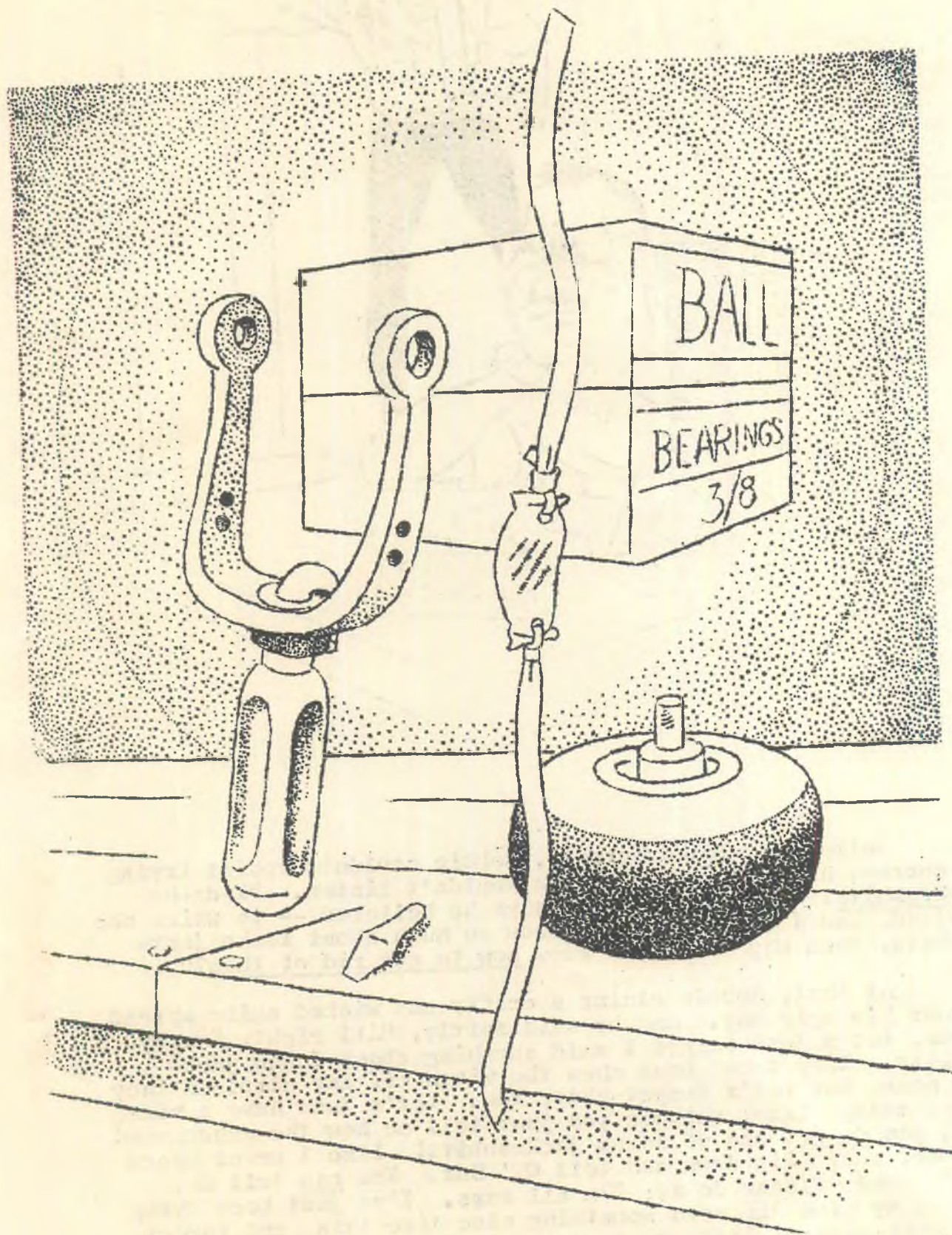
At that, Robbie claims a crafty and wicked smile spread across his ugly mug. And he said softly, "All right, Smarty-pants, let's just forget I said anything about Idaho jackrabbits. They damn' near chew the wings off any airplane they get near, but let's forget that, too. Let's just have a nice, quiet talk. Like, suppose you just tell me how the gahddamned hell you do get rid of Idaho jackrabbits! Like I never heard of 'em, see? Sit down and tell OI' Buz. You can tell me, can't you? Please do so; I'm all ears. I've just been dying to get my mind off onto something else like this, and forget all this mess -- it'll do me a world of good; can't you see that? Now, tell OI' Buz---"

I'm sure it was something like that.



So she told him!.....

Let us draw a merciful cloak over the subsequent happenings at Basker Hill, that day -- happenings to be recalled ever afterward with the words, "Busby's Revenge!" -- except



\* Busby's Bare-Arse Banger, M-1 -  
Components For.



to say, here and now, that Robbie certainly could not have known what her remarks would lead to -- it was not, she insists, what she had in mind at all! The results she anticipated were not anything remotely resembling a strafing attack but the one thing she didn't know, then, was that those gah-damned nudists had stolen Busby's bicycle.

Buz hadn't mentioned it, and she hadn't thought to ask.

Anyway, as you can see, Busby's done a most commendable job of setting-up the new airfield. Those runways and large, spacious hangers are certainly an improvement over the facilities we had at that so-called "landing field" in the marshes. One feels this new home ought to be called Basker Hill Aerodrome! Once the clubhouse is up, and we don't have to bunk in the hangers or commute five miles to the Knight's Rook (they have rooms to let, but were soon full-up) we'll have a going establishment here.

Of course, this can't lead us into anything but trouble!

I have long been mindful of the fact that any such Yannish group can have no resemblance whatever to a military unit. Jackboots and parade drill just do not set with this crowd. Yet this is what seems to be implied with them all working as a team to set up airfields and build and fly those identical little Chicken Hawk planes. But that's a false impression.

You've no business designing any sort of aircraft until you can build a good one. That means building one someone else has designed, one that's been tested and proved to be good -- and of course, one that was designed so that it can be built this way. That's just the logical first step.

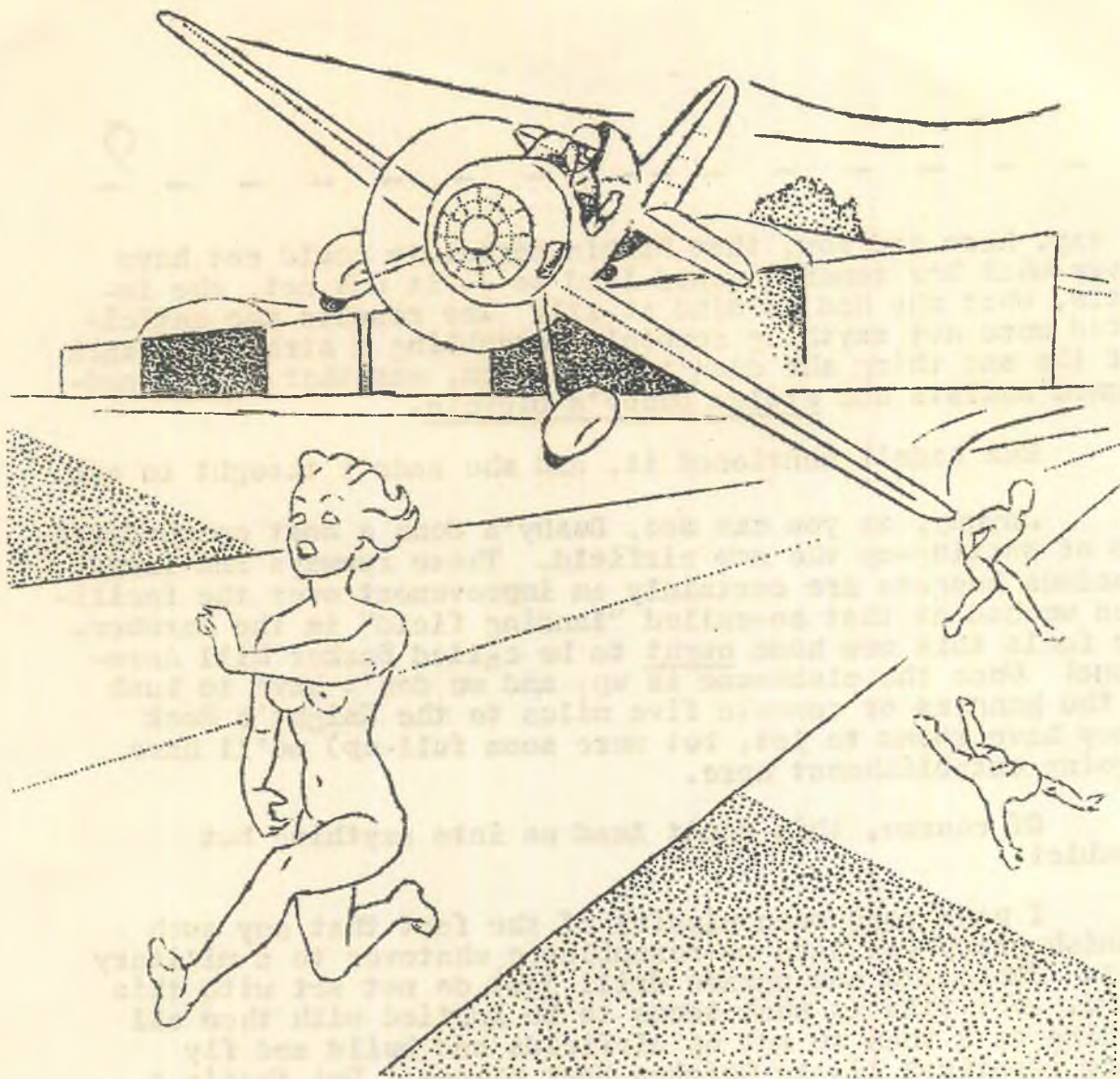
Getting that, and proper facilities for doing it, were simply the first stage of the game. And until you've gotten that far, you can't begin to realize the full possibilities it affords -- you don't really know what it is you've got by the tail.

One thing about aircraft (and the main reason I chose this path) is that they've got good range. They can get you off yonder into Lord knows what mischief. Especially if you're curious.

There are many curious things about any prognosis of the 21st Century. There is, for example, the curious prospect of what those people will be scheming up for the 22nd Century. There's bound to be that angle, some way or other....

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-φφφ-





# LOX

With Keen Blue Eyes And--- OI' Blue Eyes, you are a disruptive influence. There you come bombing or maybe it's slingshooting across the field and that's -- er, that was -- our LOX girl for this month. I yam gonna tell everybody how Busby is a disruptive influence, yessir, if you don't stop.

Luckily, we've an even more delectable damsel with whom to start things off here:

Beryl Mercer  
1st Floor Flat  
"Rosehill",  
2 Cotham-Park South  
Bristol 6, England

Apropos of nothing-in-partic. -  
"Bristol town is falling down."  
Various walls and shops and things  
have mysteriously collapsed during  
the past few months, and last  
Saturday ((+umm, midJuly this was+))

a water main burst right in the main city area known as the Centre. A gas main then exploded in the same place - presumably



to keep the water main company. ((+Gads, girl - haven't you got those Native Rites learnt properly yet?+)) The river runs directly underneath this road, so it wouldn't surprise me if the whole lot is reported "sunk without trace" in the next day or three! The resultant traffic jams have been fantastic - our van-driver came back from one foray this morning, and swore that she'd been stuck for all of twenty minutes. ((+H'mm?+))

Well, I just thought you'd like to know.

Oh yes. Gray Hall has spent the night under our roof. Several nights, in fact, the most recent being last Saturday. We didn't do nuthin' to him, honest. ((+No? Just the mains bursting and exploding and -- Mushallah, really now!+)) All very amicable it was; he treated us to a Chinese dinner on Sunday, and we drove him back to Tewkers in the evening. Oh no ... this time we didn't spend the night there!

Re "The Roads Must Roll" - every summer in this country, the traffic jams on the roads to and from the coasts get worse. Our road-system - despite the new motorways and other schemes - just isn't designed to cope with the ever-increasing number of privately-owned vehicles, let alone freight lorries and other commercial traffic. ((+The most essential traffic, too, if you prefer not to starve or freeze naked...commercial, I mean+)) Some cities have tried to solve the problem by instituting one-way systems - I gather that drivers in Birmingham regularly have nervous breakdowns going round and round and ROUND, trying to find a way out! And trying to park at busy times is an absolute nightmare (if such a thing is possible in the daytime...)

Well. For years I've maintained that one of two things will have to happen eventually. That is, before the entire traffic system of Britain grinds to a squealing, once-and-for-all halt. Either there will have to be a system of moving roads like Heinlein's (perhaps with all freight relegated to the existing railway system?). Or, one of the big car manufacturing concerns - B.M.C. or Austin's or Ford's or even my own Great White Fathers, Standard/Triumph! - will have sufficient vision and courage to make the change-over to mass-produced family helicopters.

But the adoption of the second alternative won't, of itself, solve the problem, since one can't park even a small helicopter in a normal sized car-garage. ((+You're speaking of British cars, of course!+)) So the design of living will have to be drastically changed, too. Joe, I don't have your technical background, so you'll probably be able to find flaws in the following ideas - but I visualize all future dwellings as having specially reinforced flat roofs. With proper facilities for drainage, of course.

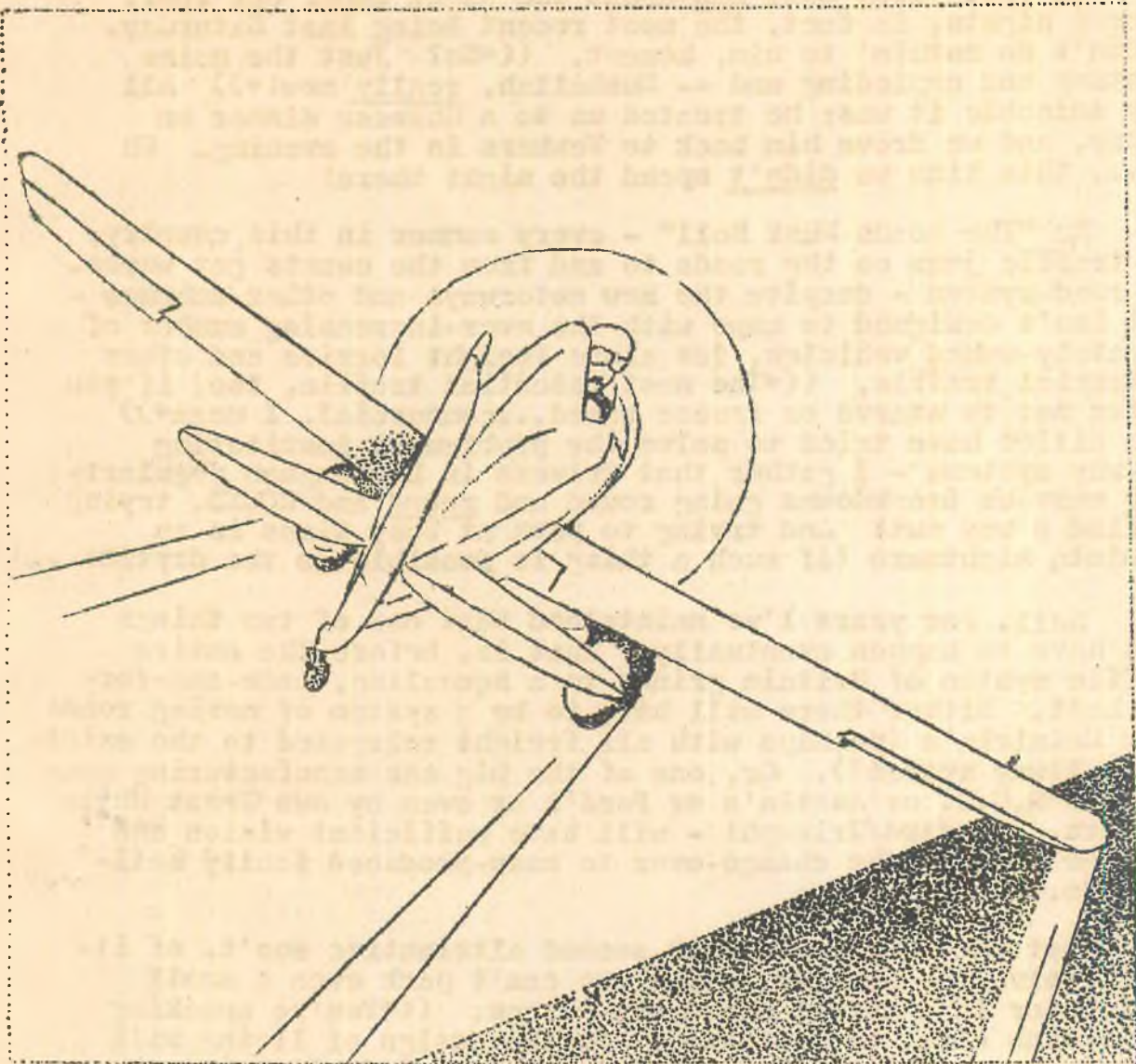
Built into each roof would be a clearly-marked (fluorescent, perhaps) landing platform, with a hydraulic/electric column under each corner of it, on the oleo-leg principle. The helicopter would be landed on this platform, which would then descend to the heliport on the ground floor. At the same time, another platform would slide out horizontally to fill the gap left by the heli-platform. (You still with me? Hey! WAKE UP AT THE BACK THERE!).

The trouble is, I've not yet figured out a way for visitors to park their copters when dropping in for a party or a weekend. Unless the copters were left on the roof and



covered with tarps or something? Or perhaps the occupants could descend to the roof by sling or rope-ladder, leaving the copter on automatic in a closed circuit around the house until needed again. No, that wouldn't do - be too expensive as regards fuel. H'mmm ... there must be an answer somewhere ... and it must be found, or pretty soon dear old Britannia will no longer be ruling the waves - she'll be under 'em - sunk with all ~~her~~ cars! ((+Well, yes; I did sort of have that in mind...+))

I like your atomic highways idea, but the fact remains



((+GEDDAMITHERE, BUSBY!+)) that over here we just don't have room for any such all-over project. You Lot are brought up with a totally different conception of distance. I'm reminded of the pleasant barman at the Royal Hotel Yarmouth, last Easter; he was really crogged that Americans (in this case the Kyles) seemed to think nothing of travelling hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles, just to attend a Con.

+ Well, then - perhaps that's why it's taken a Bloody Yank  
 + like me to see the solution to all your problems of over-  
 + crowding and space to build-over. There's that nice lot  
 + of perfectly good terrain, it must be several times the  
 + size of all the British Isles together, right there on the  
 + bottoms of the North Sea, the Irish Sea, the Channel (not  
 + Bristol Channel, you idiot, that other one) and in fact



+ the whole bloomin' Continental Shelf from the coast of  
 + Norway clear 'round outside the British Isles down to the  
 + Bay of Biscay. And no, don't drain it dry; start underwater  
 + construction with shafts sunk in the bottom silt and pumped  
 + out, then build upward, still underwater, until you've raised  
 + (and pumped dry) an ultrapolis with its roof just ten fathoms  
 + below sea-level -- leaving enough sea on top for ocean ships  
 + to navigate and, of course, lots of docking 'islands' and  
 + vacation resorts and the like. No good reason you can't  
 + extend it into the Baltic, either. And an interesting  
 + effect of all this becoming shallow offshore waters is  
 + the rate of evaporation should rise somewhat and the climate  
 + get a bit on the warmish side...all that barren Polish plain  
 + could go into truck-gardening!...

+ But helicopters, now -- you were doing that off the top of  
 + your head and that's all right, honey; that's fun, too, and  
 + I'll answer you in exactly the same way. GOOD GHOD, woman!  
 + You want to take that bunch of addle-pated idiots on the  
 + roads out there and put them all into aircraft????!! Into  
 + -- uh -- 'family helicopters' y'say. Darling, you're daft.  
 + Absolutely. The day that comes, you can build your homes  
 + deep underground with at least a good 2-ft. steel-and-  
 + concrete roof so then we might be safe anyway while we're  
 + at home! Let 'em park anywhere then. That bit about having  
 + the craft parked in a closed circuit overhead belongs in the  
 + old stf yarns about antigrav boats. Just visualize your  
 + neighbors having a blow-out with all their guests' ships  
 + parked 'in orbit' overhead and then you've got to blast out  
 + through that swarm if you want to go anywhere.

+ Perhaps half the human race have any right to be on the  
 + roads in command of our presentday vehicles; the rest are  
 + not able to do it and should never be permitted to drive --  
 + as long as we have those vehicles. For that matter, I  
 + think 'kiddie-cars' would be lots more fun, anyway...the  
 + kind we could go merrily bashing into things all we want!  
 + So they're the kind you see in my ultrapolis. Fat little  
 + low-pressure tyres like that couldn't take tremendous speeds  
 + -- they'd overheat to extremely high temperatures. So when  
 + these 'bugs' get on the atomic highways, they float off a  
 + scant bit and are 'locked' in those magnetic fields under  
 + automatic control....

Naturally I was 'dead chuffed' by all the kind remarks  
 tossed my way in the lettercol. ((+Re Beryl's article, "Once  
 We Were Very Young..." in the March issue.+) Betty; luv:  
 you aren't likely to have any Mercers (in the plural, that  
 is) in your fan-album, on account of I've only been a Mercer  
 for eight months. And we are not, not, positively NOT going  
 to send anybody copies of our recent passport photographs -  
 you never saw anything so ghod-awful ghastly in your life!  
 However, if any presentable photographic souvenirs arise out  
 of our trip to Vienna, we'll pass 'em on, OK?

And anyway, we haven't got any Kujawas in our fan-  
 album.... ((+And I'm feeling mizzable-and-apologetic for  
 missing publication so long that this appears in print a  
 full two months late. I'm even forgetting to use my plus-  
 signs here...))

+ There, now! So if you Mercers got no response  
 + from BettyK, it's because I not only didn't publish but  
 + was so far out of it I didn't even pass this along to her.



Thanks for the gen on 21st century population trends, etc. - though I nearly went crackers trying to follow your figures, until I remembered that an American billion is one thousand million, whereas an English billion is one million million! (Confusin', innit?) "...when an 'average-income' family have themselves two or three children, the great majority want to stop..." Agreed - but you're dealing, I take it, only with the 'average-income' family of the Western world? Because Western populations are only a coupla drops in the bucket compared with the populations of Asia - especially China.

+ You're forcing me to delve deeper into that study I read  
 + about than I'd intended. For one thing, they had to  
 + qualify their use of the term "average-income family" as  
 + meaning "married couples with sufficient income to start  
 + a family" (which is about what it amounts to in the West  
 + European culture) rather than meaning the actual average  
 + income of the areas. You see, that study was conducted  
 + in Japan and India. Subsequent comments I've seen are  
 + that much the same results are turning up in Africa.

"...gigantic structures 50 levels deep, each level as 'high' as a 10-story building..." You mean we're all gonna be living underground? Strewth! I don't much fancy myself as a New Troglodyte living in a Cave of Steel, Joe. Have a little thought for Us Claustrophobes! Even travelling on the London Underground is an ordeal for me.

And who is going to decide just who lives on Level 1 and who on Level 50? Allowing 12-ft. per story (which would include floor/ceiling thickness between stories), that means that the bottom-level dwellers would be living nearly a mile-and-a-half below the surface of the earth. Yecch! I can feel the potential pressure and heat, just thinking about it!

+ Oh, there's openings between levels ... see right over  
 + there where the spiral ramp goes up? It goes down, too.  
 + (Didn't know I could pop you into the 21st Century so  
 + easily, h'mm?) But this isn't easily done, Beryl -- and  
 + not just because if you'd face the other direction in our  
 + garden-home, you'd see nothing but walls of books! It's  
 + a very difficult problem, an even more difficult concept  
 + and yet, this one has got to be solved! There'll be no  
 + future for mankind if it isn't....

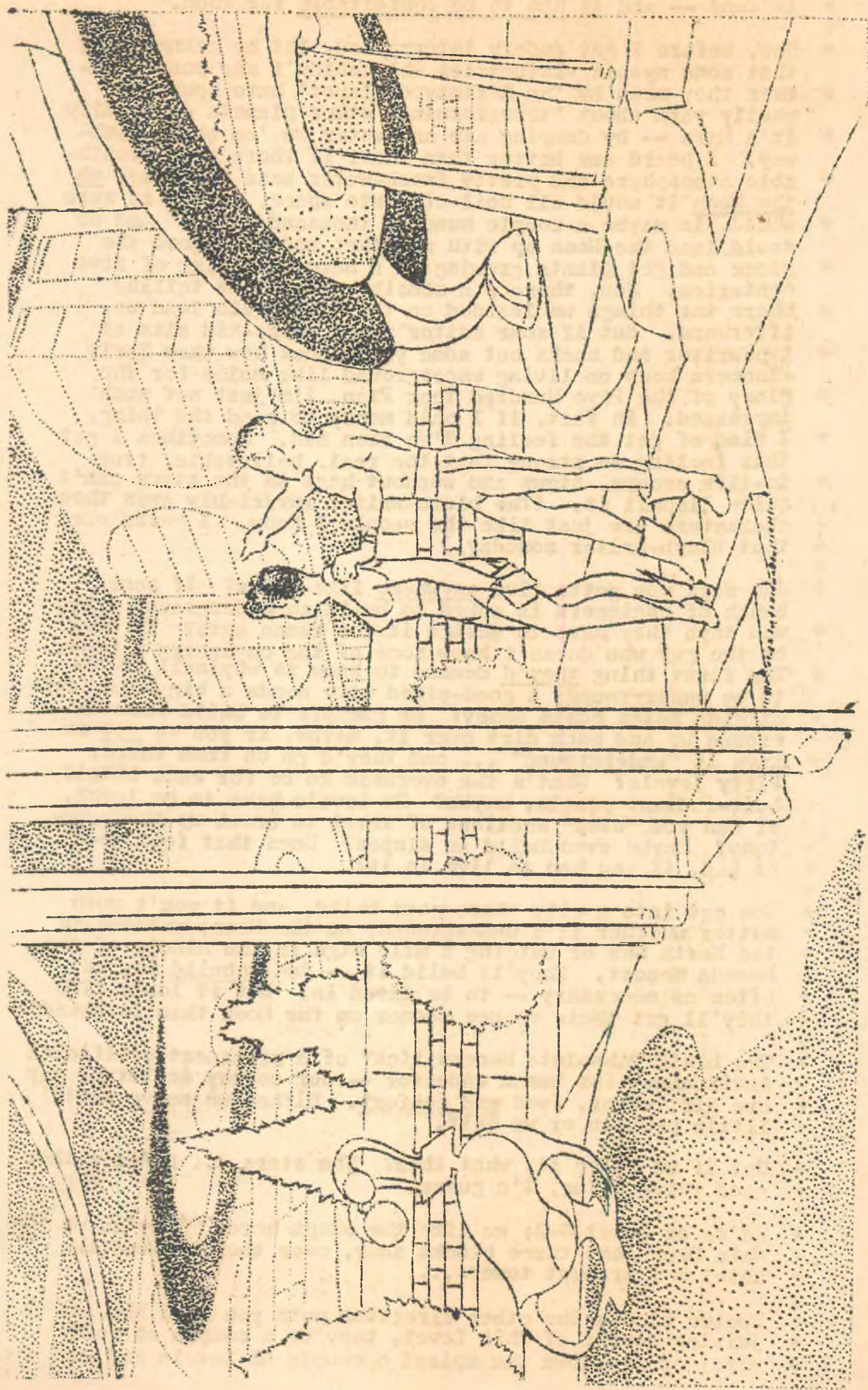
+ This is exactly the kind of thing I  
 + mean, Beryl, when I get foaming at the  
 + mouth around here about today's science-  
 + fiction not coming to grips with the future. (And dammit-  
 + to-blazes, if things like DAVY - which I finally managed  
 + to read thru, the other day - are to be classed as top s-f  
 + then why in hell hasn't WUTHERING HEIGHTS ever won a Hugo?)  
 + This is why I claim today's s-f is a fake, a sham, a roost  
 + for crackpots with engineering degrees and refugees from  
 + little lit'rary magazines. Aaargh! --where were we, now?

+ (There are exceptions, of course, but let's not spoil my  
 + pose there...)

+ Honey, we are going to have to build cities on the Moon.  
 + We'll have to build 'em on Mars. And Venus. These cities  
 + will have to be sealed, pressurized -- a complete artificial









+ environment scaled-up to gargantuan size, capable of shel-  
 + tering millions of human occupants through the centuries  
 + to come -- and it has to be comfortable for them.

+ Now, before I get rudely interrupted, let me acknowledge  
 + that some myopic visionaries who couldn't see past what-  
 + ever they mean by "an Earthtype planet" have spun some  
 + woolly yarn about "terraforming" other planets -- usually  
 + it's Mars -- by dumping air and water on 'em some which-  
 + way. I heard one better than that: if there were breath-  
 + able atmosphere and pretty fresh-water seas and lakes on  
 + the Moon it would all boil off into space, yessir it sure  
 + would, in maybe a couple hundred thousand years. And we  
 + could load the Moon up with all that and even seed the  
 + place and get plants growing in a mere twinkling of five  
 + centuries. Now, there's a sensible ideal! No telling  
 + where the things we learned on that job would lead us,  
 + afterward. But if some editor's pet whizz-kid sits at  
 + typewriter and hacks out some yarn about how them Early  
 + Pioneers keep on living underground like moles for the  
 + glory of the Five Hundred Year Plan, I'm just not much  
 + impressed. In fact, if I paid money to read the thing,  
 + I kind of get the feeling I've been had. Sometimes I get  
 + this feeling so strong that the real, believable, true-  
 + to-life creeps, stews and wornout hags in the story can't  
 + quite dispell it. (The blurb-writer invariably says these  
 + characters are just like the people I know. I gotta meet  
 + that blurb-writer someday.)

+ Who says you gotta live anywhere like moles? If some  
 + bunch of engineers is asked to build an underground city,  
 + who says they have to design it for human ants? It must  
 + be the guy who doesn't know some of the engineers I know.  
 + The first thing they'd demand to know is whyinell it has  
 + to be underground; a good-sized city needs a big hole, and  
 + digging holes costs money! Be cheaper to build from the  
 + ground up and pack dirt over it, maybe, if you've got to  
 + have it "underground" ... and they'd go on from there.  
 + Fifty levels? What's the overhead to be for each level?  
 + Soft-radiant panels, maybe? Do levels have to be level,  
 + or can you "step" sections of level to break up the mono-  
 + tony? Maybe even build in slopes? Does that feel good  
 + or bad, if you had to live in it?

+ You get into a city those guys build, and it won't much  
 + matter whether it's underground, on the Moon, underneath  
 + the North Sea or bulging a mile high in the middle of the  
 + Nevada desert. They'll build it -- and rebuild it, as  
 + often as necessary -- to be lived in. But it looks like  
 + they'll get their chance sooner on the Moon than in Nevada.

+ The basic "Absolute Necessities" of a permanent artificial  
 + environment for human endeavor -- our colony on Titan, say  
 + are air, water, food and comfort. Bither we solve that  
 + little problem or we quit.

+ But if we solve it, what then? The stars ... and a rather  
 + good thing going, I'd guess.

+ We're on Level G-2; we like the shops here. They're on the  
 + Main Drag just three blocks away, over there beyond the  
 + hotel & apartment towers....

+ Twelve blocks the other direction puts you into the ad-  
 + joining sector of this Level, they've a couple of good  
 + bars; or nip down the spiral a couple of levels and we



- + dang-near ran off the bottom of the page there -- get me  
 + wound-up, will you! But anyway, I do try to come to grips  
 + with the future. But y'see, I think it's fun.  
 +  
 + Nice of you to come...

Any idea when George Locke is due back? That is, if he comes back at all - the few communications we've received from him have raved about America. ((+It did all seem up in the air...+))

Hey, I'll bet this pb George has for Bethel and then me is the Pan one??

- + Think I forgot to answer this via 'spondence; no, not the  
 + Pan pb of "Those Magnificent Men.." but I forget the publisher (US anyway) and it's called "Everything But The Flak" and writ by Martin Caidin. Not a war yarn; but for that movie "The War Lovers" (I think it was) the film company needed three Flying Fortresses in England, so this is how a bunch of crazy pilots find the old, sand-blown hulks out in the Arizona desert and patch 'em into the Forts they used to be and fly the Atlantic and get flung into the Lisbon jail and---

Jim Groves  
 (formerly of  
 Lathom Road,  
 East Ham,  
 London..)  
 Enroute soon.

(30/8/66) I now have the date for my final interview at the Embassy (Oct 5th) and have booked my flight for Oct 8th. There's a bundle of stuff for you in the ordinary mail (too bulky for air) and as soon as I get over I'll write.

- + H'mm. Wonder what the postal charges collect will be  
 + on a crated Bristol Boxkite?

I hear from Beryl Mercer that you have been asking after me - like where? for instance. ((+Had the whole blamed Ruddy Aeroplane Fan Squadron alerted; looks like we may have to do the same for George Locke..+)) As you see I'm still in the UK. There's trouble with my Dept. of Labour certification. I've no definite information but reading between the lines I guess that the Company I'm going to have bungled the application for the DoL certification.... ((+Ending up between the lines is no fun, either; put up a flare and we'll strafe the place.+))

Monday night Beryl and I went to see "The Blue Max" (Beryl and Archie were passing through on their way to the Continent) and Tuesday I saw "Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines". Both good, but for my money "The Blue Max" is best. It's fairly obvious really as to why, TMMFM is a comedy with planes while TBM is a film about 'flying fever'. The setting is WW1 sometime in 1918, the hero is a young flier who passionately wants to win the 'Blue Max', the medal given to any German flier who gets 20 confirmed kills. It's the highest honour attainable. ((+Comparable to the French Pour le Merit, this German decoration was created in honour of that Prussian feller, Frederick Maximilian -- and not of Max Immelman, as some Allied airmen mistakenly thought at the time.+)) The flying scenes are good, brought me out in goose pimples - indicating that they hit me where I really



----- Now see here; Buz, that's carrying it just a bit  
 too far; think what the insurance adjustors would say! I know that Chicken Hawk will hold altitude in the inverted position without hanging on its prop for proper angle-of-attack, and you know it; but--- Mark my words, this will come to No Good End! -----

live. One sequence that indicates what I said about 'flying fever' goes as follows. Ursula Andress plays a countess who has an affair with the hero and also with a fellow flier, Willy. In one of the flying sequences the hero and Willy have an aerial duel in acrobatics around a bridge in the course of which Willy buys it. The countess naturally assumes that the rivalry was over her, an assumption which the hero roughly debunks by telling her that it really concerned flying - collapse(emotional) of a stacked party!

+ It can be the collapse of an innocent and sympathetic party, too. Whatever other fans were doing this Labor Day Monday (the day I'm typing this on stencil), Robbic and I just got back from an airshow at a small airport north of Santa Rosa, where we saw a good deal of aerobatics. A fellow from our home-area, whom we've never met, wasn't there--and now we never will meet him. He took off from a local airfield yesterday in his little "homebuilt" plane and was practicing aerobatics when he lost a wing and went in. He left a wife and three kids.

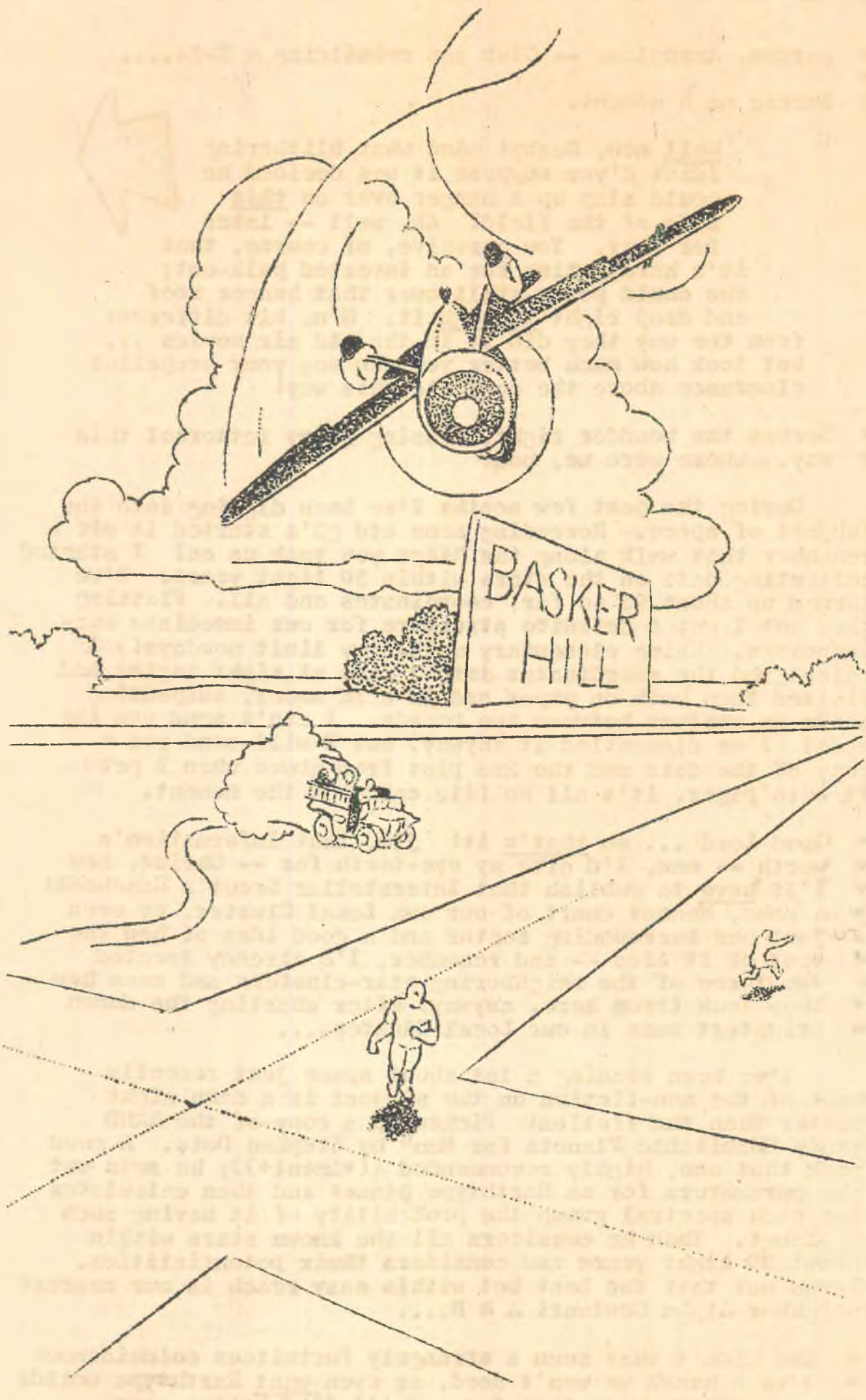
Any room for airships? They are another love of mine. There's been mention just recently of a proposal for a nuclear powered airship. Can't say that the idea fills me with joy, but it would be a lot safer than a nuclear powered plane. Especially if it used helium - in fact my brother calculated that using helium and heating it with the waste heat from the pile you could get almost the same lift as from hydrogen. Another suggestion that I've seen involved using an expanded plastic foam filled with hydrogen. Using a fire resistant plastic could make the ship almost uncrashable. Will have to get hold of some data on plastic foams and do some calculations to see if it'll give reasonable lift.

+ --Well, lessee now, you figure a hull like a Chesley Bonestell spaceship only it's solid foam-plastic clear thru, and how much of that mass is just empty bubbles except they got hydrogen gas at, lessee, what pressure would you....NO, YOU DON'T, JIM GROVES!!!

+ It's bad enough, I've got Ed Wood working on that 'ion-wing' mechanism without I'll bet there is some ancient, tumble-down barn in the 21st Century Midwest where you and Lewis Grant have teamed up and are tinkering amidst long-winded arguments as to whether you need light gasses at all if you can heat the air inside the bag while aloft and disregard the contraction caused by cool temperatures at cruising altitude!!!

+ Why, next we would have somebody like Eric Jones teaming up with Rick Sneary about using three-point trimaran hulls like a Boston Whaler on a flying boat design -- Sneary having said that he can't fly a plane any more than he can sail a boat, thus making flying boats a most logical place for him to start! Nosir. We would then have Jeeves heading up a 21st Century Antique Airplane--



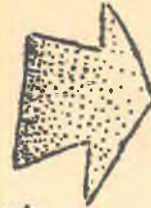


...the ... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..



- + pardon, Aeroplane -- Club and rebuilding a B-24....
- + Excuse me a moment.

Well now, Busby! And what blithering idiot d'you suppose it was decided he could slap up a hanger over on this side of the field? Ah, well -- later for that. You perceive, of course, that it's hardly time for an inverted pull-out; she could power-stall over that hanger roof and drop right through it. H'm, bit different from the way they did it in the old air movies ... but look how much better you can see your propellor clearance above the concrete this way!



- + Serves the bounder right, messing up my lettercol this way...where were we, now?

During the past few months I've been digging into the subject of space. Rereading some old g2's started it off - remember that walk along the Ridge you took us on? I started collecting data on the stars within 50 light years. I've turned up about 95 so far, coordinates and all. Plotting them out I get a definite structure for our immediate surroundings. Using elementary maths (my limit nowadays!) I calculated the coordinates into 3 axes at right angles and plotted them both on paper and in a 3d model, suspending beads on strings between two boards. I can't send you the model (I've dismantled it anyway) but I will send you a copy of the data and the 2nd plot from above when I get it onto paper, it's all on file cards at the moment.

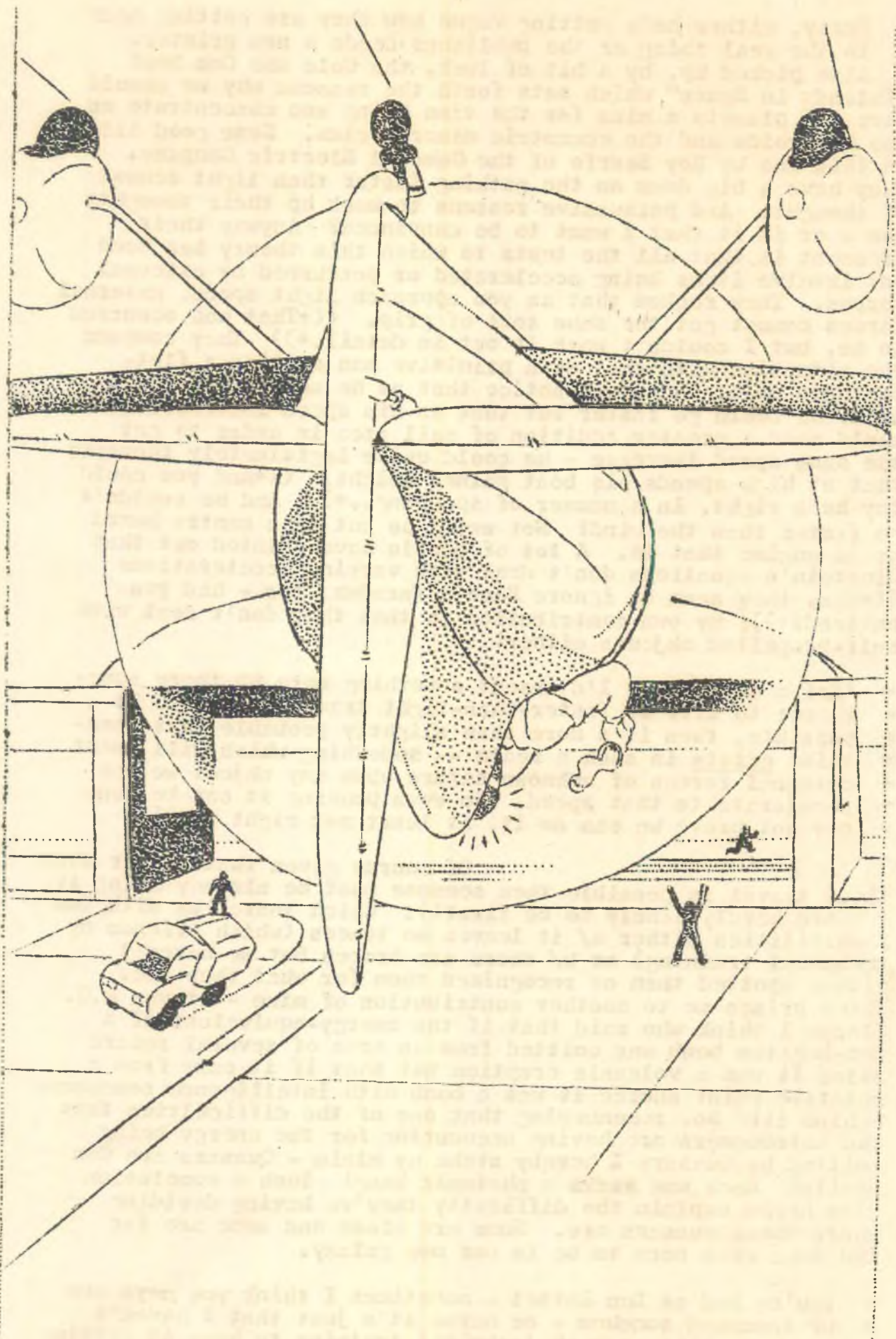
- + Good Lord ... so that's it! Jim, that information's worth -- man, I'd give my eye-teeth for -- Christ, now I'll have to publish that Interstellar Scout's Handbook!
- + A good, decent chart of our own Local Cluster, or even just our surrounding sector and a good idea of how the rest of it lies -- and remember, I'd already located two-three of the neighboring star-clusters and seen how they look (from here, anyway) after charting the dozen brightest suns in our Local Cluster....

I've been reading a lot about space just recently - most of the non-fiction on the subject is a damn sight better than the fiction! Picked up a copy of the RAND study "Habitable Planets for Man" by Stephen Dole. A good book that one, highly recommended ((+Amen!+)); he sets out the parameters for an Earthtype planet and then calculates for each spectral group the probability of it having such a planet. Then he considers all the known stars within about 50 light years and considers their potentialities. Turns out that the best bet within easy reach is our nearest neighbor Alpha Centauri A & B....

- + And didn't that seem a strangely fortuitous coincidence?
- + I've a hunch we won't need, or even want Earthtype worlds much after we're that far. We'll find better ways...

I bought the new Bonestell/Ley book "Beyond the Solar System". ((+I didn't.+)) The pictures are quite good but the text is elementary astronomy. The new edition of their Mars book is not very good at all - the Bonestells are all







fuzzy, either he's getting vague now they are getting near to the real thing or the publisher needs a new printer.

Also picked up, by a bit of luck, the Cole and Cox book "Islands in Space" which sets forth the reasons why we should give the planets a miss for the time being and concentrate on the Asteroids and the eccentric minor worlds. Some good illos in this too by Roy Scarfo of the General Electric Company. They have a big down on the nothing faster than light school of thought. And persuasive reasons to back up their thoughts too - or is it that I want to be convinced? Anyway their argument is that all the tests to which this theory has been put involve items being accelerated or perturbed by external forces. They reckon that as you approach light speed, external forces cannot get the same sort of grip. ((+That had occurred to me, but I couldn't work it out in detail.+)) They compare the situation with that of a primitive man sailing a flat-bottomed boat. He would notice that as he added more sail area, he would go faster but that as his speed increased he would need a greater addition of sail area in order to get the same speed increase - he could quite legitimately theorize that at high speeds his boat gained weight. ((+And you could say he's right, in a manner of speaking..+)) And he couldn't go faster than the wind! Not until he put in a centre board or an engine that is. A lot of people have pointed out that Einstein's equations don't deal with varying accelerations ((+Yes, they seem to ignore Xeno's Paradox, too - had you noticed?+)); my own contribution is that they don't deal with self-propelled objects either!

+ 'Arf a mo', bub - I'd insert something more up there some-  
 + where; to wit, if faster-than-light travel proved to be  
 + possible, then it's more than slightly probable that some-  
 + thing exists in such a realm -- something which will exert  
 + external forces of unknown nature upon any object we can  
 + accelerate to that speed. So even proving it can be done  
 + may not prove we can do it, at least not right away!

Of course given that faster than light travel is possible then someone must be already doing it (we are hardly likely to be first!). Which leaves us with two possibilities either a/ it leaves no traces (which offends my technical training) or b/ there are traces but we haven't either spotted them or recognized them for what they are. Which brings me to another contribution of mine - it was A.C. Clarke I think who said that if the energy-equivalent of a ten-Megaton bomb was emitted from an area of several square miles it was a volcanic eruption but that if it came from a relative point source it was a bomb with intelligence somewhere behind it! So, remembering that one of the difficulties that the astronomers are having accounting for the energy being emitted by Quasars I hereby stake my claim - Quasars are Con trails! Each one marks a photonic bang! Such a conclusion also helps explain the difficulty they're having deciding where these quasars are. Some are close and some are far and some even seem to be in our own galaxy.

+ You're bad as Len Zettel - sometimes I think you guys are  
 + brainwashed somehow - or maybe it's just that I haven't  
 + anywhere like as much technical training to have it getting  
 + offended. Seems to me there's little satisfaction to be  
 + found in the theories set forth to "explain" such puzzles  
 + as the Red Shift, much less any quasars. And for distances  
 + beyond our own little Local Cluster, I can't see you detec-  
 + ting "con trails" of any star cruiser even as big as Fritz



- + Leiber's Wanderer, nor precious little real need to detect
- + 'em beyond that range.
- + As for ranging far afield, we've had several communiques
- + from Bob Brown (who did "Going By Freighter" lastish) in
- + the past few months, both by postcard and by phone,
- + depending on where he was at the moment. When the ~~old~~
- + ~~the~~ S.S. Hawaiian Planter was in Manila Harbor, last
- + July, he wrote:

Last time in Manila was June 1960.  
 Hot! Painful sunburn. Staying aboard. Had one  
 of the watchmen bring the card and postage from  
 shore.

Remember what I said about pic cards & postage  
 from the Venezuelan port, couple of years or so  
 ago? ((+Yes - you got taken, but good!+)) Moreso  
 here, for the service!

Considering the slow rate of discharge and reload-  
 ing of cargo, it may be about mid-August before  
 the ship gets back to SFO.

- + For some reason, the pic card that appealed to the watch-
- + man features "The Andres Bonifacio Monument ... Guarding
- + the Northern entrance to Manila, it was erected in honor
- + of the Supremo of the Katipunan (KKK) militant arm of
- + the Philippine Revolution." It's in downtown Manila and
- + all the roof-billboard ads are in English. And what Bob
- + means by "SFO" is undoubtedly "San Francisco-Oakland" --
- + and it did take 'til mid-August; we heard from him then,
- + at his home in Long Beach, wondering where g2 was ...
- + he must've gotten lastish shortly after that. Then we
- + got a phone call from the Oakland Army Terminal, and Bob
- + said the Hawaiian Planter was loading ammo -- looked like
- + it would take a week to get the stuff aboard -- and heading
- + into Southeast Asia again. I think he was kind of pleased
- + with his article.

Harry Warner Jr.  
 423 Summit Avenue  
 Hagerstown, Md.  
 21740

Only eight loc's unwritten on English  
 language fanzines, a situation that  
 makes it possible again to write about  
 practically every issue of g2. But  
 when I think of the piles of German

language publications that remain unread and uncommented on,  
 I feel like retreating into airplane fandom the whole way and  
 never coming out again.

- + You could end up being listed among the "Missing & Presumed
- + Lost" there, too...

The forest quotation with which you start out the May  
 issue does some noticeable things to my emotions. If you have  
 a topological map handy, you can see how Hagerstown lies in a  
 valley, between the second and third mountains, counting from  
 where they start to rise and heading westward. South Mountain  
 rises about 12 miles east of here, Fairview Mountain goes up  
 just about the same distance to the west. The former is a  
 little more noticeable as you walk along Hagerstown streets,  
 partly because it's a couple of hundred feet higher, partly  
 because it's lined up more precisely with the east-west



streets. Nature never made a big impression on me when I was a little boy, except in the form of mountains. Every time my folks would take me to an amusement park on South Mountain in the steam cars, I underwent some kind of spiritual renovation, watching the blue stripe across the horizon that was the mountain as seen from Hagerstown turn into a massive slope, apparently covered with unbroken forest, and suddenly disappear as if by magic as the Western Maryland Railway suddenly carried me right into that forest. It was magical, one's ability to enter so imperceptibly and effortlessly an area that looked so remote and forbidding even when seen from only a mile or two's distance. Goodness only knows what I would have done if I'd lived where mountains are mountains, for the mountains around here are only 600 feet or so higher than valley-level. I still feel something of the old excitement whenever I drive into a mountain.

+ Bho, what couldn't me and Tackett do with a tenderfoot like  
 + you to tote the camp-gear up in the Four Corners country!  
 + Think those busted hips would bother you? Son, you sure would  
 + find lots of sympathy and understanding and a good kick in the  
 + pants if you need it; that country's full o' fellers had a  
 + hoss fall on 'em or got thrown off the edge of a canyon and  
 + hit the rocks or you-name-it. 'Stove-up' oldtimers tough as  
 + rawhide and mean as wildcats. You see the country and you'll  
 + know why....

I think I was the one who started the apostasy about ((+the what? Harry, you been listening to that 'impressionistic' stuff again?+)) The Roads Must Roll. What bothered me was the fact that he had buildings on the road surfaces, big ones where they served dinners and did other space-consuming things. I couldn't see how the buildings could be gotten intact around the bend, if the roads made fairly sharp turns and came back along the same path. Anyway, I hope that the atomic highways that you describe come into reality. They sound as if they would make me real comfortable when going places, something that I don't feel now on the highways ((+you and me both+)) and railroads provide hardly any service in this area and I can't afford to ride airplanes every place I go.

Hagerstown wasn't badly smitten by civilian defense enthusiasm during World War Two, as I recall. ((+You mean like BettyK was describing in her loc? Yas.+)) This is strange, because they were producing primary trainers and later cargo planes at the Fairchild plants, and the intelligence facilities were operating at super-secret Camp Ritchie only a dozen miles away. Nobody even asked me to join anything, as I recall. One reporter who worked with me was on the ed staff in some capacity or other, and almost got killed as a result. Someone told him as a joke that he'd better get ready to go on duty because there was going to be a big practice alert at 8:30 one winter night. So he rushed out and notified the drug stores and other downtown establishments that were open around that time, and they all closed down and sent their employes home early and the management didn't like the loss of business and the explanations to people who couldn't get in.

I am undergoing a massive dose of photograph nostalgia that Betty couldn't possibly match. One of the things I must do if I'm to quit newspaper work in contentment is to get into my own clutches some of the pictures I've taken over the years with company equipment and stored with all the other negatives.



As a result, I'm shuffling through 16 years' negatives and the memories are tumbling over one another. How many negatives, I wouldn't dare to guess, but there have been very few working days over those years when I haven't had at least one picture-taking project. Only one out of every couple of hundred negatives means anything to me, sometimes because it contains someone who is a personal friend in a good pose, sometimes because it's one of my rare effective photographs.

- + Sometimes I wish I had half your on-the-job experience
- + behind our cheap little box-camera when trying for color
- + shots at these airshows we've been attending. But I'd
- + also like to shoot half the spectators with something
- + besides a camera....
- + Well, look who's here!

F. M. Busby  
2352 14th Ave W  
Seattle, Wash.  
98119

Before I forget it: the Aug ANALOG has one you'll like, I think-- "Something to Say" by John Berryman, who if he has not been reading your future-lightplanes serial in g2, should have been. Aside from the plot

and punchline, the bit is that this fella is on a planet with 6 atmospheres surface air-pressure and small light humanoids who have made gliding their main form of transport, modeling on gliding mammals like our flying squirrels and building from vegetable matter that (by courtesy of the author) easily provides light frame members, glue, surface covering, control cables and hardwood-grooved blocks in lieu of pulleys: ((+Now, who ever heard of a pumpkin airplane?+)) So our hero, working by sign language, drawings and example only, shows them about aspect ratio, dihedral, the rudder, and built-up spars to give double-surface wings. It's really a gasser; the only hard-to-believe item is that this interstellar scout would know all the intimate details of early aircraft design (like say Orville and Wilbur); the only possible solution is that your future light-plane idea had caught on, I think.

- + I missed it. What'd he (Berryman or the hero) do about the
- + excessive drag of that dense an atmosphere?

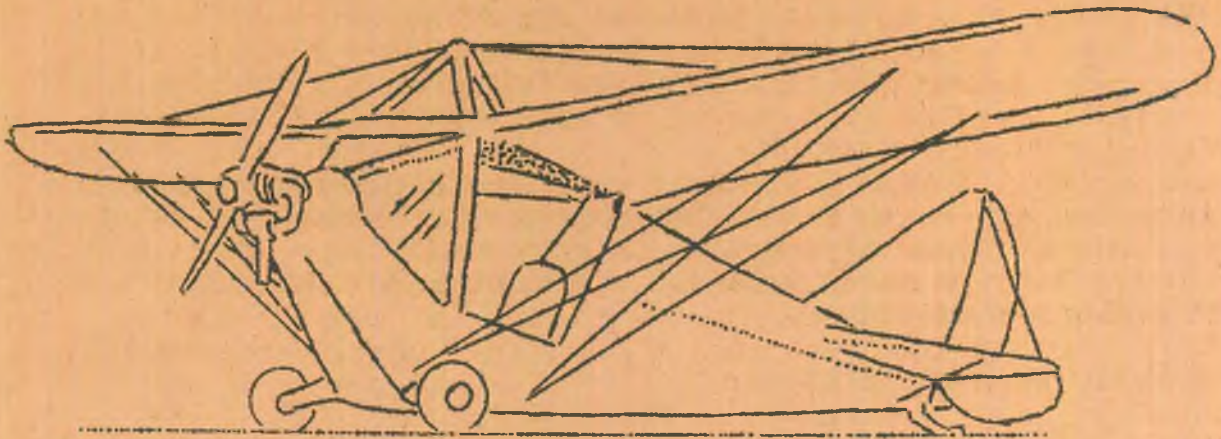
This is the kind of story that Campbell (and no other editor) still gives us once in a while to keep us hooked. One of the various types of Problem Tales that are really (rather than hoked-up futuristic murder stories) the true equivalent in s-f of the detection-puzzle story. In the better ones, the reader has the same challenge of trying to figure out the answer before the author spills it. And I think that's one of the major types of stories that made Astounding such a good deal at its peak, so a resurgence of the type is a good sign. (I guess there've been several lately, at that.)

Hoog; bad deal re the Fiat; glad you got out in one piece. ((+Yeh - Ol' Indestructible, tha's me; only I can dang sure think of better ways to prove it!+)) Those oldtime planes at the airshows sound great. Hey, the other day I heard this nostalgic noise and looked up to find it was even more nostalgic than I thought--clear out of my era, in fact. It was the replica of the first plane Boeing ever built, ca 1916. Flew just fine, too, but seaplanes aren't aerobatic in that size. Incidentally, was that "35-HP Aeronca C-3" the 2-cylinder monoplane with the little vertical spar between



the wings, and guy-wires to keep the wings from sagging, at rest? Side-by-side controls, wheel instead of stick? (One of those was the first plane I ever rode, out of a teeny airport at San Diego, 1939.)

+ Well, yes and no. It's -- awhell, wait a minnit ...



+ Well, that looks about as much like a C-3 as you look like  
 + the character I got flying airplanes around here, this  
 + month. Anyway, it gives the idea...and the deal was, I  
 + read someplace a guy designed&built the C-1 himself and  
 + the just-formed Aeronca company hired him and produced  
 + his plane as the C-2. It was pretty crude, so they fixed  
 + it up a bit and it became the C-3. Trouble was, they kept  
 + on "fixing"; the designer quit the company in disgust be-  
 + cuz it wasn't his airplane anymore and what it was wasn't  
 + much good. Then Aeronca finally agreed with him, scrapped  
 + the design, and brought out the Champion.

+ The C-2 was a single-seat kite with an A-frame fuselage;  
 + the A-frame was carried over into a number of the C-3's  
 + and they got called "the razorback C-3 -- the change-over  
 + was so mixed up you couldn't tell some C-2's from the C-3's  
 + but it was still a single-seat kite; After they widened  
 + the fuselage, making it a box-frame, they made it a side-  
 + by-side two-seater. Then they added doors. Then they put  
 + in dual controls. Then---

+ The single-seater had a wing-loading of about 3 lbs. per  
 + square foot, which means it was nothing more than a glider  
 + with what you might jokingly call an engine. By the time  
 + they dropped the design, as a two-seater, it was quite a bit  
 + heavier and was getting hard as hell to fly.

+ The one we saw was a beautifully restored one-seater with  
 + a 35-hp WW2 Ryan Target Drone engine (surplus); it had the  
 + wide fuselage, tho, and sometimes two people crowded into  
 + the little bench-seat. The owners wanted to sell: \$3,000.

+ Feller out Walnut Creek way owned one about 15 years ago,  
 + Bud Carrington tells me -- Bud runs a local sportscar  
 + garage when he's not off someplace crop-dusting in a spray-  
 + rigged helicopter -- and this guy used to fly the 15 miles  
 + into Oakland, following the road over the hills, before the  
 + Freeway and tunnel got put in. He was always bucking the  
 + wind off the ocean, natch. He didn't much mind the cars  
 + passing him on the road, except when the drivers started



+ making indecent gestures. After all, he had to watch it --  
 + and sometimes he had to turn around and go home, when that  
 + wind proved too strong. The C-3 only carried about 90 minutes  
 + of fuel, so there was always the sporting chance he might run  
 + out of gas before he ever reached Oakland.

+ That's no fun inside a boulder-strewn canyon.

Howcome you say (Joe) "It doesn't seem that any World Con on the West Coast will be worth attending, either, if it's held in California"? Granted that this year's Westercon bombed out and I agree that next year's doesn't sound especially promising, but I've been to 2 Worldcons and 4 Westercons in Calif starting with South Gate and thought they were all good-to-excellent. Like, what do you know that I don't know about developments down thataway?

+ Another outsider, an Associate Prof of Physics at Harvard, was visiting our local "fans" last week while attending the International High Energy Physics Convention in Berkeley. This outsider, name of Sidney Coleman, later told me that he had expected the Breen Mess to be forgotten and everyone buddy-buddy again, like all fan squabbles. But that's not what he found. I told him maybe it wasn't a "fan squabble" in the first place. Maybe the split's not as severe in LA but it hasn't disappeared, either.

+ If it were elsewhere, I certainly wouldn't care to attend any convention in that area. I never went to cons for that. And the word I get says it is elsewhere. I dunno, tho. New York conventions are a little out of my territory. The Tricon (and maybe the Hugo results) show there's new blood by the tankful coming in, but they don't even know what kind of game they've bought into, yet.

Cheer up, though; there is an alternative: SeaCon II in '68. Our '61 site, the Hyatt House, built-on lotsa new rooms and a larger banquet hall, which removed the physical obstacle. And Wally Weber came back from Huntspatch Alabama primed to do his trick with the gavel again. So the Old Guard and some new blood around here talked it over, and if there seems to be fair support for the idea around the countryside, Seattle is in the running for the 1968 World Con. (And this time we won't sweat it; we've done it once and we remember our mistakes pretty well...)

How about it? Anybody out there in favor of "Seattle in '68"?

+ Well, now you mention it -- lessee wot we got here....

Betty Kujawa  
 2819 Caroline  
 South Bend, Indiana  
 46614

Speaking of westerly-things...hear from Buz that now that Webers back the fen up there are talking about bidding for the 1968 World Con for Seattle.....if so, we go....

+ That do for a start? And you'll be seeing "Seattle in '68"  
 + in every issue of this fanzine from now 'til voting-time  
 + next year, whatever that's worth.



+ H'mmm -- you still here?

F. M. Busby      Betty K and Bob Brown do tell a nice story,  
Continues--      each. Best thing is that in both cases I can  
Seattlein68      practically hear it in the writer's own tone  
                         of voice; it adds a lot.

The ion-wind lifter: OK, the "wind" can't do the lifting because it comes from collisions with ions that cannot react back onto the spikes they've recently left. BUT, these air-molecules that make up the "wind" have absorbed energy from the ions, so that they hit the grounding framework with less energy and momentum than they had when they left the spikes. And it is this difference in momentum of the ions that gives the net thrust. Real obvious, in hindsight, now that these kind people have pointed up the contributing factors. And of course as you say, some of the ions are deflected and don't hit the grounding framework at all; this contributes too-- and come to think of it, it would take a little math to determine the relative magnitudes of the energy-absorption and the deflection effects. But I'd bet more on energy-absorption, I think, since the potential-gradient would tend to overcome the deflection-effects of collisions (pull the ions back on course, like). In any case the lift is a differential phenomenon and probably has a theoretical limit to its efficiency all same like the Carnot Cycle or (your example to the honorable Mr. T. Jeeves) the airfoil. But at least it's a first-order effect and thus susceptible to being improved into workable large-scale thrust, with any luck at all. I'd be quite interested in any approach (theoretical or empirical) to the question of the possible efficiency of the process, just to see what might or might not be possible with this gadget.

+ Okay, go back to the issue where Ed Wood was swinging that  
+ monkey-wrench (--er--adjustable spanner; sorry about that)  
+ and have another look at those field-generating "accelera-  
+ tion strips" between "emitting strip" and "collecting  
+ plate" ... well, yeah - "acceleration" was the wrong word  
+ for 'em; maybe "push-pull" or "directing" or "flow-stabil-  
+ izing" would be better.

I've seen the short-hours drinking scene and thoroughly agree with Gray Hall that it does promote "drunkenness" of the Too Much; Too Soon type. Most people will rush a deadline, any time; and too-fast drinking is the Worst Kind. (Once up in Banff, 1949, our table did this rushed-swilling-to-curfew and then waddled/sloshed out on the street, and someone steered us to a Veterans' Club that stayed open one more hour, so that then we did it all over again. Really, this was Evil-squared.)

Re your fullbore condemnation of "drug-users": OK, "hard" (addictive) drugs are nothing but suicide on the installment plan, and in a lesser way this also applies to goofballs, pep pills (and possibly tranquillizers, for all I know). But the psychedelics aren't the same thing; they can be misused like anything else, but they do not necessarily constitute "escape" or degradation or bad cess to the experimenter. I mean, great ol' good ol' BOOZE is a mild short-cycle psychedelic on its own account, of the type which (unlike LSD, peyote, mescaline, etc) can be metered on the intake rather than being a one-swallow full-ride thing for several triggered



hours. And I haven't seen you putting down booze except in the usual fannish fashion of hand-to-mouth, same as me. Now as I see it, the only major difference between booze and the one-gulp psychedelics is that we take ours a little at a time and have some possibility of control over how far we go with our blast, even after we're on it, whereas the LSD kids are doing the equivalent of drinking a whole 5th all at once, because that's the way the stuff comes. I must admit I don't care for the idea, but I don't feel that anyone who does dig it is necessarily depraved.

(That stuff is not especially good for young kids, because it seems to push toward introspection -- Insights and all that -- and adolescents are too gahdamn introspective already. Furthermore a kid's personality is too unformed to take that kind of shaking-up with much benefit and without risk of grave harm-- to put it bluntly, the adolescent has not had time to make enough mistakes, to have anything to gain from psyche-shaking chemicals that can give the user a shift of viewpoint. Whereas, some older adults find the stuff useful --and some, of course, go plumb to hell on it, just like any other novel diversion: slot machines, politics, bingo, hypochondria, TV, fandom...)

It's a cinch that the short-term-boost agents like booze and pot are the safer items in the psychedelic listings. It's also pretty clear that some folks will if allowed become alcoholics and potheads and mainliners and goofballers-- but others attain fullscale paranoia and/or schizophrenia all by themselves, too; so what else is new?

I know I had a point here when I started out. I guess it is that just as there are good hands boozewise as well as alcoholics, there are also people who (to paraphrase Churchill on the subject of alcohol) get a lot more out of psychedelics, than psychedelics get out of them. This stuff is relatively new in our culture, Joe. It could end up more good or more bad, but obviously it is not an utter abomination like heroin or morphine or the other opiates or singing commercials, pardon the obscenity. It may take a few years before we can really know what to think about the whole bit. Oh sure, I too am turned off by some of the prophets of the "Go To Hell You Squares" movement who tend to monopolize the publicity on psychedelics, but I haven't bought their pitch that they and the substances have to be taken together, either.

+ I think maybe you made your point nice and sharp, right there.

+ And it is indeed a pleasure to see someone perform who can hit a nail with such precision and finesse, as you did at the very start -- only howcome you went bashing hell outta the wall afterward? Buz, downing the whole bottle in one swell foop is the mark of the Damned Boozehound. He's the one who wants to get high-and-happy; he just can't wait. He's the one who brought the streetwalkers into the saloons so all we got now are these Kozy Kocktail Kribs. He's the one who brought down that tax on our rum and caused that unpleasantness with the King; he supported the swill-peddlers that brought on the old ladies with hatchets; then he supported the bootleggers, racketeers and corrupt politicians; always, he brought on the bluenoses' abominal revenue tax on our good whiskey and the dastardly import duties on any



- + we might bring in from outside. The wineries and American  
 + "near-bheer" distilleries are solidly behind him and the  
 + streetwalkers, lobbying for 'em in every legislature and  
 + Rotarians' luncheon from Tijuana to Niagara Falls. The  
 + credit and insurance rates keep jacking sky-high to cover  
 + the 'margin of risk' spread statistically against all of  
 + us, thanks to this scum wanting its snootful; and the stress  
 + of spiralling living-costs is like a recruiting drive for  
 + more and better Damned Boozehounds - Get High And Forget...
- +  
 + And here come these psychedelics and assorted glop, so who  
 + is it claiming how everybody wants to get high and here's  
 + how?
- +  
 + Personally, I have much greater desire to get high in a  
 + balloon than to ever get high on hooch. If it dulls your  
 + inhibitions, it also dulls your taste-buds and thus is the  
 + one thing to be avoided or at least postponed as long as  
 + possible by any serious imbiber of the Devil's Brew. And  
 + dammitall, any man who doesn't enjoy the taste of good  
 + whiskey has no business having the stuff wasted on him.  
 + In times past, some such idiots have thought me a two-  
 + fist'd drinker with a hollow leg because I always kept  
 + a well-filled glass at hand; the thought never occurred  
 + to their 'bottoms-up' mentality that the last dregs of a  
 + good, straight shot taste insipid and flat, that one must  
 + keep one's glass topped off and should never drain it 'til  
 + the very last. And there weren't many times they saw me  
 + drunk; the point is, that's no boast, it's just good prac-  
 + tice. It's rather more difficult if you're drinking swill,  
 + the stuff being ofttimes unpredictable. And thanks to that  
 + tribe, cheap swill is all many of us can afford at times.
- + Now, say if you will that this is mere difference of per-  
 + sonal likes -- just as some prefer Verdi and some, verdigris  
 + -- but it's my view and I don't have to agree. I have no  
 + respect, sympathy, or interest in that tribe who belt the  
 + booze just to get a jag on. They just aren't my type.  
 + It seems to me you're confused because some people need  
 + the type of "high" found in these psychedelics in pill  
 + form, Buz, even when you see clearly that this is an  
 + argument about people, not narcotics.
- +  
 + There are enough fanzines where discussions of "getting  
 + high" are welcome; I don't need 'em here. But I'm not  
 + afraid to argue with anybody, either.

Solar wind and plasma beams: first this R David Moore is merely using those beams as conductors to feed juice to a power converter of some sort. Next thing, he says the "beams are angled to produce a net thrust in any direction". Now either he left out part of the story or else I just get lost easily (or maybe both). OK, I guess the beams provide thrust and the power converter operates your electric toothbrush and all that. But still part of the time he calls the beams magnetic fields and part of the time he calls them conductors of electric current, and induced current always used to flow perpendicular to magnetic fields (and to the motion vector, also) ((+as in a conductor?+)) when I was a schoolgoing tad. My "comment" is that I'd like to hear about all this in a little more detail so's maybe I could make sense out of it a little better. For one thing I'd like to know how to generate even one self-pinched plasma beam in space from just one end, let alone two which are apparently of opposite



polarities, to draw current out of space (paging Dr Asimov) and produce thrust at the same time.

+ The synopsis of a talk, even if it's to be given before  
 + the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astrophysics,  
 + is likely to seem as obtuse as anything else you'll read  
 + in a fanzine. What got through to me were the figures for  
 + the amount of energy waiting to be tapped in the solar  
 + field....

+ But this has got to be it for this month. We did hear from  
 + George Locke, at last...and passed his letter on to Beryl  
 + for The Damned Patrol #4; and we've heard from Ethel Lindsay  
 + who's passed that pb on to Beryl. (We've sent our condo-  
 + lences to Archie..) And we've heard from Rick Sncary.  
 + And there seem'like a dozen letters I ought to have written  
 + various people, namely:-

+ Lynn Hickman --so you finally got THE PULP ERA out again,  
 + did you, and we're not on the mailing list?  
 + We've seen it, tho...

+ George Scithers --we also finally got to see someone's  
 + copy of AMRA with those centaurs I did;  
 + we hadn't known you'd used them yet. Fella named Blackbeard  
 + has sent us a panel of the Toonerville Trolley strip which  
 + I meant to send on to you...he wanted me to "use" a few of  
 + its characters in a centaur-illo, a tempting idea but I'm  
 + afraid a bit risky -- copyright, y'know.

+ Bill Donaho --how many years I got yet to do a loc on  
 + that last HADBAKUK?

+ Jim Groves - I should have replied instantly; now I can  
 + only wait 'til we've heard from you State-  
 + side and send you the bundle then...

+ Now, who else was there?

+ The Antique Aircraft bunch are having a "Fly-In" down near  
 + San Jose again next weekend, which means I gotta get this  
 + wrapped up this weekend...there's the Experimental Aircrafters  
 + meeting everymonth's 2nd Teusday in Alameda; they'll have  
 + color-slides from the Nat'l Fly-In at Rockford, Ill., at  
 + the next 'un...there's a glider-strip down near Fremont  
 + we want to check on; fella runs a boat-builder's shop over  
 + in nearby San Pablo, builds and flies his own gliders down  
 + there....betcha I'm tagged for D/O to edit The Damned Patrol  
 + #5 come Xmastime -- Ruddy Aeroplane Faaans!....

+ BettyK --Carol did get it, didn't she? You show her this  
 + one.....

SEATTLE IN '68!



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