



ETWAS #2

ETWAS is published, edited, and cared for in general by Peggy Rae McKnight box 506 "SIX ACRES" Lansdale, Penna. USA. That is me. And right now I want to give a bit of credit to those who have helped me. Especially the members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. George Heap, Chris Jameson and Will Jenkins have been a tremendous help. George was the one who taught me to run the mimeograph machine. Probably for ulterior motives, like that way I can run it and he doesn't have to worry. He and Lee Thorin did the titles and artwork stenciling. The other members did quite a bit to help my ego when everything, but everything was going wrong.

I suspect that I ought to confess that I am writing this on stencil again, I have started so many reports on the Pittecon, and editorials that it isn't funny, the only trouble with that is that I never get the time to finish one of them, and when I read over them to continue after leaving them for a while, they no longer say exactly what I mean, and so that with the fact that time is one thing that is very precious at this point, I just haven't written what I think is a good editorial. I do want to get this mailed today, though, and so if that is to be done, I had better write right now!

But enough of this complaining. I have undoubtedly upset quite a few of you, that is coming out with this second issue. You thought, "Ha, she'll forget about it after that once. Well, I didn't. Infact, I became more enthused as the letters came in. And, well, at the Pittecon, I met so many fabulous people that I felt that I couldn't let all this slip past me. So here I am again, and this time a little bit surer of myself. This is probably a mistake. But live and learn. But now I want to ramble for a bit about what happened at the Pittecon, and on the way.

If you are looking for a logical, chronological report, you are about to be disappointed. I know myself better than that. Things will come, as they strike me, and not necessarily the most important first. The first thing that I ought to mention is a man by the name of Dean McLaughlin. There is not one, but two reasons for this. First, everytime that I saw him I had to look at his name tag, and this must have been rather insulting since aside from Dean, I had very little trouble with names. and the other is caused from this. I would like him to have a copy of ETWAS, so if anyone has his address, would you send it along with a letter of comment. I feel that he ought to know that I haven't forgotten him again!

As you have seen by the cover, it is one of Bjo's. Those of you who were at the Pittecon undoubtedly recognised it. And thinking of Bjo makes me think of the art show that she was in charge of. I don't know how many of you took time to really look at the paintings, and the drawings, but you missed something if you didn't. Bjo's painting "THE LEAVETAKING" was given the popular vote award, hands down. I liked it. There were also drawings that were to be sold, I myself fell in love with two of them, and now they are in with a collection of things that I are just a little bit special. This artist is Bernard Zuber. I approve. Though I have never met him, there is a certain "happiness" about his work that I like very much.

My train of thought has been completely broken by going to lunch, and now Bill-Bill Jenkins, George +ap, and Hal Lynch are up at the office. And you can imagine how easy it is to regain a train of thought.

The convention was, of course, wonderful. I must admit that even I was a bit surprised. I was told that it was going to be more fun than I could imagine. And so I let my imagination run wild, and I was expecting to be quite disappointed, but I wasn't in the least, in fact I had a marvelous time, for various reasons.

This is a heck of a con report, but if I write much, I am going to have to keep mentioning several people's names over and over as most of the places I went to, I went with them. But I will say that I enjoyed all of the meetings that I attended. I will probably be clobbered for this, but I am going to leave out all of the Banquet and the Business meeting after the Banquet. You have heard of everything that happened there, and probably some things that didn't.

Daddy finally decided to get a sailboat this summer. We have a little 14 foot Dolphin. It is wonderful to be able to be out in the middle of the river with the wind blowing and feel this boat dance along at the slightest will of your hand. And I have found another thing that I like about sailing. You aren't expected to keep up a flowing conversation, and nobody will think that you are anti-social if you just sit there and think for a couple of hours. I approve of all of this because between school and everything else, I don't get a chance to relax very much. And speaking of school, that is a nasty thought, I have the feeling of "what am I doing here?". I feel as though Chemistry for the most part is something that I will never be able to learn. Right now I am feeling fairly confident. But that isn't liable to last for too awfully long knowing me. Oh well, if I survived Biology, I might even manage to survive Chemistry.

May I brag for a minute about our Football team. They are wonderful! We have had such a wonderful year this year that you really start to think about it. Can you imagine going out and taking the chance of being hurt for the school. I am not at all sure that I would even if I were allowed. I, myself, prefer rather quiet things like our literary magazine, the Troubadour, which will be available for 25¢ if anyone is interested. This is what we consider material of literary value. There are no "gossip columns" or such. It is composed of poetry, stories, and art work illustrating these. I have been on the staff ever since it was started in 1957, and it is really terrific.

You have undoubtedly heard about the Philadelphia Conference. This year is the 19th consecutive year that we have had a conference. This year Lester del Rey and Harvey Kurtzman, who was introduced by Jim Warren. The Moskowitz's films of the Pittoon were shown, and various other things happened. There was also a party held by the Phila. group after the dinner. I left before the party broke up, and it is a good thing because I hadn't gotten too awfully much sleep the night before and I am afraid that I have a habit of snapping when I am tired.

This about does it for this time, don't laugh too hard at this being before page #1. But that's the way it worked.

I leave you remaining,
Somewhat Fannishly yours,

Peggy Rae Trucknight

THE SUMMER URGE

JOHN PESTA

For a while he looked at the sunrise, just now hurling orange thunderbolts across the indigo sky. The sun rose flatly, like a drum, and he could almost feel its dull, pounding reverberations course through his young body. Then he lay in the yellow-green grasses and arched his back at the chilly dew as it leached his skin. The sky brightened and he wondered why he was here again.

The sheep grazed in the corral. They were thin and only beginning to squeeze fat out of the low grasses. The days were still cool and the sheep roamed in the pasture only a few hours at most. Their young coats reminded Fred of dirty snow, and he could only imagine the thick mantles of fur that would replace them in a few warm months. In the meantime, the grasses grew greener and the small reservoir filled with the melting snow from the distant hills.

The early wind had a prickling sting to it still - a carryover from the ice-filled months of near-by winter. It slipped its spiny fingers between Fred's pimple-blossomed face and left a spiky feeling there. It felt cool and he looked straight into the breeze.

The workman pushed himself away from the knotted wood fence, still white from the glistening night-fungus that had dampened it and made it slick like a moss-covered rock in a stream. He looked at the house and caught a bright glare from the kitchen. The window mirrored the sun and blazed a white fire in his eyes. The house stood red in the clear morning, and the breeze carried the odor of hay and sheep and hens to the bedroom. The weather vane, its oriental spoke lacking, scarbed in a three-cornered square for the wind; it spun haphazardly in a painless orbit and creaked occasionally. It had been quiet in the deep silence of night in the bedroom, but now the wind and the sky and the sun and the fading indigo of the sky brought life and color to the house. The curtains billowed fully in the open window, and when they caught the sun they blazed like Persian silks, rich, lustrous, and red.

The bed sagged on its edge and the young woman's smooth legs reached the floor. It felt cool; the breeze through the window was like a dry waterfall, empty washing the dust of night off her smooth face. With a pull of her belt straps, she drew her thin robe around her as she went into the next room, her husband, on the bed, stirred.

A sizzle and the breakfast odors of bacon and potatoes reached Fred across the yard. It reminded him that he hadn't eaten yet and his stomach had been mumbling in protest. He set another board in place on the partly constructed feed bin and, with a sigh of true exaggerated sadness, lay his saw in the dry dust at his feet. The sun was fully risen and the morning warm; it made him glad, and aware, and a surge of excitement slid through him as he thought of the coming day. He could do so much today - he and Sy. Fred strolled across the level yard toward the house and stopped. He could still see it as if it were still the brown shack, a few crooked planks growing in a haphazard array of spokes, radiating in ludicrous directions at the sky.

How long ago - a year? two? It'd been a while. Why Sy, that was his brother, told him that he had been eying the place long before they moved in. But it had really needed work. They'd put that into it though, even Joni had helped. She'd never lived on a farm before, although for that matter, neither had Sy, and many were the times when she'd run into the house, her eyes dripping great wet tears of disappointment and despair. Sy did more than anyone, of course, but Fred was a big help too. It was quite a while before the neglected and rutted land would grow anything again. It did now, and the farm was beginning to run smoothly. He reached the house thinking how wonderful it would be if they had electricity.

"So there you are, Fred." She paused, and laying a white china plate on the table, smiled at the approaching figure. "You weren't outside already? Honestly, Fred, you'll work yourself to death!"

"No fear o' that Joni, but Lord, there's lots to be done."

"And lots of time to do it in. I swear, you and Sy are two horses when it comes to this place." She sat at the wooden table, which was smoking with the warmth of crisp meats, and drank her coffee. A yawn issued from the doorway and a stumbling figure stalked into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Sy, sit down and eat your breakfast."

"Sy, I nearly finished that bin you have been wanting me to get up outside. Just a few more planks and she'll be done." He spoke with a rush of enthusiasm, strange that it should be so obvious after nearly two years at the same small farm.

"Fred, if you don't stop for one morning at least, you'll eat in that barn of yours. The milk's not so sour today, maybe Jennie's back to normal."

Σ

"Might be. You know, I saw two rabbits out on that south meadow before. They were small, scimpy kinda things, but I guess now that the grass is coming up, we'll see more o' the critters."

"You don't think they'll hurt the crops?" Joni had a mildly concerned tone on her voice, but she didn't stop to swallow her toast.

"They might, you never know, they just might."

Sy, the farm's original builder and now owner, made his yawning entrance into the conversation. "Where's Jesse, Fred? Why ain't he out here eating?"

"I don't know Sy, I didn't see 'm all morning." Say, maybe he went out on the hills again."

His mother had dropped her fork and made deep sounds of protest deep within her body. "No, Fred, he oughtn't to do something like that, and he knows it, he wouldn't, not after the thrashing you gave him." It was somehow more of a question than an outright statement, and the comment wasn't so steady as the previous discussion. She knew the trouble they'd had with the boy before, and she was in no mood to go through it again.

"Darned will be his hide if he has; " his father's face reddened slightly, "after we forbid him to go there."

"Now hold on, Sy. Maybe he's just off in the woods or still sleeping. You don't know."

"You mind to your own affairs, Fred. Jessie's my boy and I ordered him away from those rocks out there. It's all that old man's fault. Old Hyde."

"But you ran him off the farm last week, Sy. You don't think he came back?"

"Might've!"

"I don't think so, Sy," his wife broke in with a controlled voice, "He'd hafta be nigh crazy after what you told him."

"He was crazy - loose in the skull; tellin' the boy all those wild tales. How's he expect the kid to grow into something smart if his head's filled with all the nonsense he had in his?"

"He wasn't a bad sort, though, Sy; he done his work good."

"Yeh, I know how it was with you two, Fred, but your grown up, and the boy's not. He might get the wrong ideas 'bout life."

"I suppose your right, Sy."

"Course I'm right, I'm his Father ain't I?"

Joni was shaken now, and although she was used to he husband's occasional rantings, she'd never quite suppressed a fear they implanted in her. Pushing away her now collied cup, she pleaded. "Oh Sy, must you work yourself up so? You can't do any good till the boy comes back. Why you don't even know where the boy's gone..."

"I don't eh? You think so. He went right out in them rocks by the river. Right where old Hyde usta take him, and tell him those old stories. Joni, I tell ya, if I had my way that old geezer wouldn't have left this farm with a tongue. Look what he nearly did to the boy."

Fred, flustered and slightly moist beneath the shoulders snuck into the loud conversation. "But Sy, there wasn't anything wrong with the old man's yarns, they were kinda interesting to me."

"You liked them? Well, it's like you, a little soft in the head too? If you were so set on the booby, why didn't you clear out with him?"

"SY!" His wife's face took on a horrified expression as she turned toward Fred, "Forgive him Fred, he's not himself."

"I understand, Joni." He pushed aside his dish, still half full with food, and walked across the knotted floor. His gait was slower now, and as he left the house, his eyes braced themselves with a cloud of tears.

The sun was fully blossomed now, shedding a curtain of vibrous green over the hills. The woods on the other hills were richly green, and the birds swept in sharp arcs through their branches. Beneath the small clearing in which he lay the earth dipped into a concave pool of grass and trees, slowly rising on the far side into a straint meadow which met the dark river in an unwrinkled line. The breeze, which earlier had chilled him with the parting kiss of winter, was now gone and nothing remained to flick the tiny globules of water that formed on his brow. But still the sweet taste of new life's freshness wafted up the slope and seemed to settle in a pool around his hollowed retreat.

He walked slowly to the edge of the rise and followed the gentle plain into the valley below. The river rose in the distance and shot up through the lands below him; from there it hurried off, again into the distance, far and away from his limited sight. He'd come to call the place "Hyde's River".

How often had he thought of the mighty course, which, like a great serpent, swung around at its extremity and disappeared from view? How often had he stood there and thought of Hyde, and his wonderful stories about the river and the strange and magnificent things at its end? If Hyde were with him now - but that was impossible, and Jesse, who had still dreamed of the impossible, became tired of it. But Hyde had often promised him a trip, the trip they'd one day take along the bank of the river, far away to the point where it widened and became green and salty. And the wonderful things they'd see and do. It was so much fun thinking and wishing, but it wasn't enough. Then he made up his mind and started down the grassy slope.

Fred, Sy, and Joni looked out over the huge panorama of grass. If they'd had VERY good vision, they might have seen Jesse round the great bend in the river, now becoming speckled with the bloated corpses of fish. They didn't have very good vision, however, and never saw the boy's eyes widen in surprise and his mouth drop when he first saw the softly-glowing, gray ruins, blackened and charred in pock - mocked elegance.

Then Jesse's skin began to itch, too. by John Pesta

When you move...Fill this out and send it to me. Please!

The reason: I have gone almost stark raving MAD trying to keep up with new addresses.

How?...: Just fill out the following, put it in an envelope with a 4¢ stamp on it, add the appropriate addresse. And put it in the mail box.

When you know your new address, silly!

Where?...: To : Peggy Rae McKnight; box 306 "SIX ACRES" Lansdale, Penna.

I am moving to:

As of the ____ of ____ 19__

signed: _____

UNDER
THERE

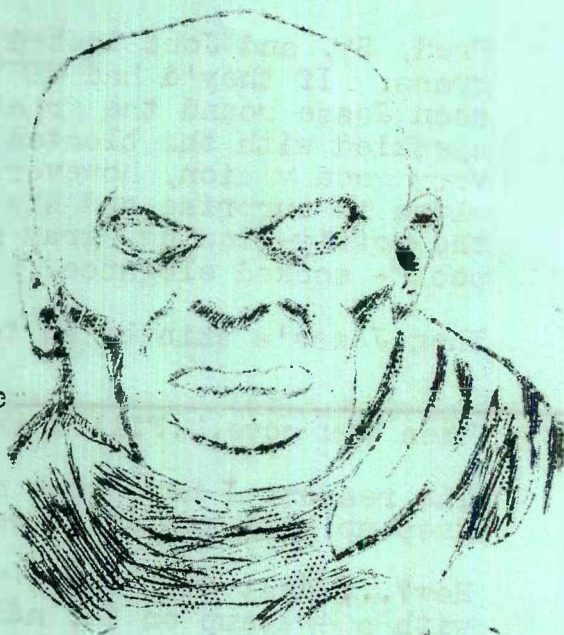
by Harry Warner, Jr.

"Over There" was the most popular song and rallying cry during the First World War. "Under There" might be an excellent slogan for keeping up the spirits of fandom today. Americans are becoming increasingly alarmed about the danger that all the prozines might suspend publication, wiping out fandom. These faint-hearted fans should be encouraged to learn that years ago, an entire continent underwent approximately the same catastrophe, and fandom emerged from the ordeal at least as strong as when it entered the prozine starvation era.

Because down under, Australian fandom survived an entire decade of professional magazine famine in the science field of nourishment. The situation attracted comparatively little notice in the United States, even when it was happening, because Australia had never developed the same strong fan relations with the United States as the British Isles possessed. Most fans outside Australia have forgotten completely by now this test case for the theory that fandom is not dependent on prozines.

Australia has never had its own regularly appearing magazines devoted exclusively to science fiction when World War Two arrived. Fandom down there had grown up around books, occasional special publications, and the imports of American and British prozines. Then when Australia found the war going quite severe, shipping space became scarce, and a ban was placed on the importation of American prozines.

Something similar had happened in Canada and England during the war, but in those nations, the situation was different. Special editions of the American prozines were published in England, and they were somewhat skinner and later than their American brethren, but enough to keep fandom happy. Canada's fandom subsisted in part on several now Canadian published prozines that contained partly reprint, partly new fiction.



CHRIS JAMESON

Perhaps more important, neither Canada nor England was particularly strict about gift parcels containing American prozines. By gift, trade, and smuggled cash, fans in those two countries were able to obtain a steady trickle that was kept flowing through their fandoms by exchange chains, lending libraries, and similar arrangements.

But Australia was really in earnest about its American prozine ban. Several fans in that continent got into trouble with authorities by trying to import prozines. Those that argued long and loud usually were allowed to keep whatever copies had slipped through the embargo but warned not to try the stunt again.

Australian fandom suffered almost immediately the paralysis that some United States fans have been predicting for the American fandom if the prozine era should end. The most influential organization in the country, The Futurian Society of Sydney, almost stopped activities in 1943, then officially suspended its meetings for the duration in 1944. The few fanzines that had been appearing in Australia during the early stages of the conflict vanished. A few Australian fans continued to correspond with American fans, but it was hard to keep track of them -- Australian fans had always been mostly young fellows who were almost sure to go into the service as soon as they reached draft age.

But two odd things happened after peace returned, after 1945. It turned out that fandom wasn't dead after all, and, American prozines were still not allowed to enter the country, even tho shipping was now available. This was to prevent Australia's going too far into debt to America. Still, fans began to recover from the apparently fatal blow. Some of them, like Vol Molesworth took things into their own hands by selling stories to publishers of mundanemagazines and paperback book firms. Others concentrated on collecting books and such American and British publications as had leaked through the ban. By 1950, there was enough interest in collecting fandom to justify the publication by S. L. Larnach of "A Checklist of Australian Fandom." The Futurian Society of Sydney had resumed its meetings as early as 1947. More than a decade after the month in 1940 when Australian newsstands had last displayed American prozines, the Australian Fantasy Foundation was projected, and it evolved into an organization of particular interest to serious - minded fans. An Australian Science Fiction Society had sprung up at almost the same time, it had 70 members by 1952, and in that year, the first Australian Science Fiction Convention was held, with about 60 fans on hand at Sydney.

(*Continued on page 13. I hope!

If it isn't there, it is on the last page of Joe Sanders demonstration of artwork. I do hope that this is on page 12, where I am planning to put that page. P.R.McK.#)

FAN ARTS

by Joe Sanders

It's no more necessary for a faneditor to be an artist than it is for him to be insane before he becomes a fan in the first place --it just makes things a lot easier. I've known several fans who've managed to publish enjoyable zines without knowing how to put art work on stencil, but they're usually a short-lived breed. Most fans need egotism to keep publishing, and the appearance of a fanzine plays a large part in determining reader response.

Assuming the mimeograph to be adequate and the fan able to type well, the ability to stencil artwork becomes important to the success of a fanzine. It's rather foolish, however, to expect all prospective faneditors to be artists. Therefore, for the next few pages, I'd like to give a few pointers on the technique and theory of transferring art from original drawing to a mimeograph stencil.

First, let's suppose that the piece of artwork is beneath a plastic tracing sheet, a stencil fastened over this, light shining up through everything. When the drawing is positioned properly and all lines are clearly visible, you're ready to start work. I personally prefer to hold the stylus much as if it were a pencil--thumb and 1st finger together, stylus directly below the point of juncture, balanced on the 2nd finger. Any grip works, as long as it's both comfortable and solid. You may have to stop and flex your fingers anyway from time to time.

Rest the heel of your hand on a piece of paper to prevent its touching the stencil and yet give the fingers holding the stylus firm support.

Mimeograph work is basically a pattern of lines. To print clearly, it's necessary for the line to be cut through the semi-opaque chemical film over the stencil's surface (as opposed to transparent plastic typing sheets; never try to use a stylus through one of those.) When the stylus point is over a line in the drawing, bear down firmly. If you're unsure of your ability to trace a line, try it lightly at first, not scratching the stencil enough to print. By studying the resulting line on the stencil you can usually tell what has to be done. Keep a bottle of correction fluid handy just in case.

Short lines can be completed without moving the hand; for longer lines be sure that after the hand is moved the stylus point returns to the stencil at the point it left.

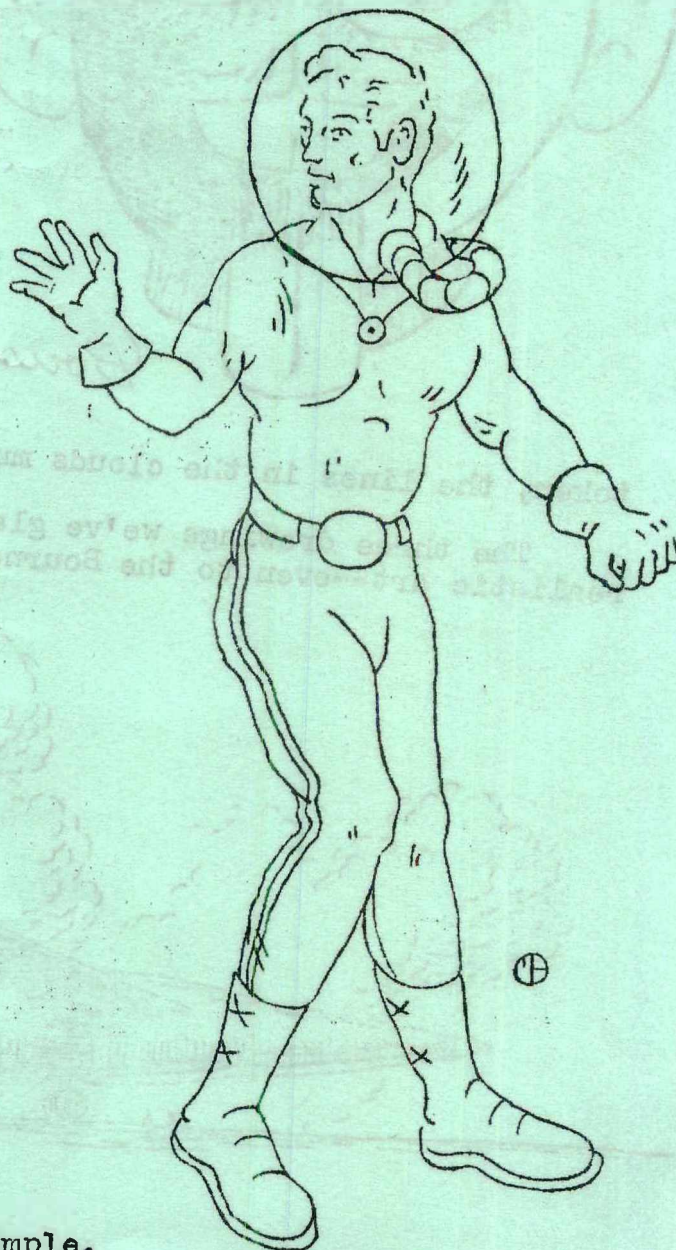
You should have at least 2 styli: a fine and a medium point. Additional tools include rotary styli for repeating a pattern of fine lines, a ruled triangle for edging straight lines, and shading plates. A shading plate is a small plastic square, one side of which is roughened in a pattern. Shading plates are used to produce dark patterns in the artwork when placed directly beneath the stencil and rubbed over with a special stylus having a broad, flattened head. One irregular surfaced plate is sufficient for basic purposes, since it may be used several times and with varying pressure in the same area.

Give the drawing the attention it deserves. A fan artist usually receives little egoboo, etc.; he should at least have the satisfaction of seeing a faithful rendering of his work.

An editor can spoil an artist's conception entirely by making minor changes--"corrections"--while stenciling artwork. Responsibility for a drawing should rest with the artist; an editor should reject any work that must be changed before publication and publish unchanged any work he accepts.

More than anything else, however, fan art suffers damage at the hands of the editor who, with the best will in the world, just isn't aware of the way an artist uses lines. This is where art training comes in handy. Lacking this, however, let's look at the work of a few fan artists, with a word or two on linear effects.

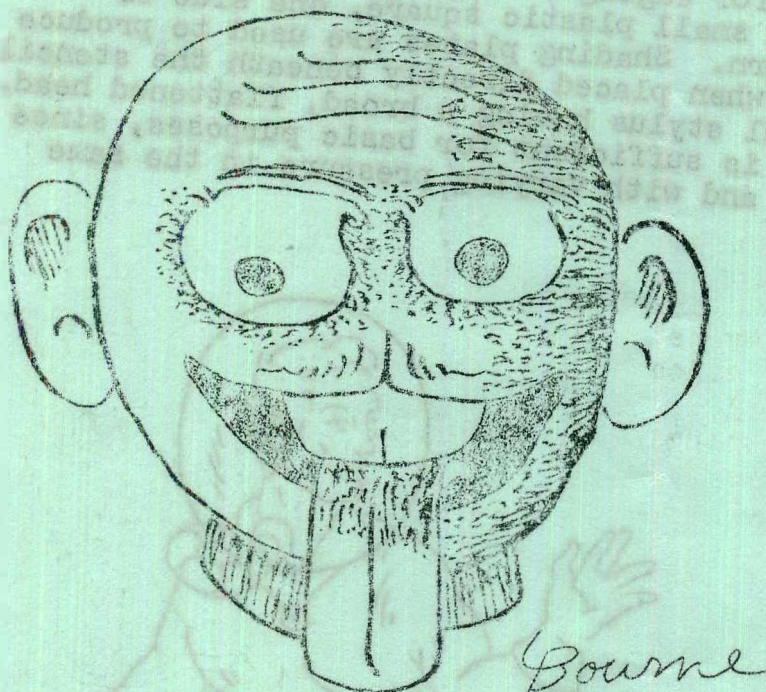
Within the mechanical limitations of mimeograph, some wide variation of style is possible. The Bryer drawing to the right shows good use of simple,



thin lines, relying on outline and empty space for much of its effect. The figure is excellently drawn, and only a few lines are used to suggest shadows. Because of the sparing use of line, the few lines must be traced exactly.

The Bourne illo, on the other hand, features thick pen strokes and solid black areas.

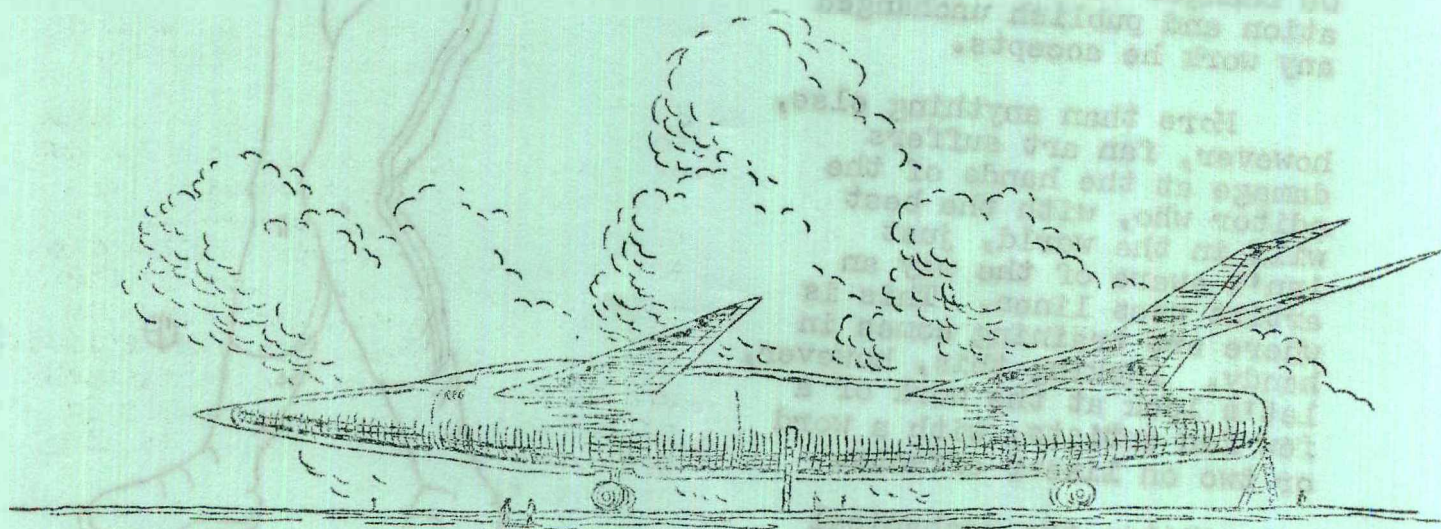
Shadows are shown by heavy use of stipple--light dots and strokes--and the general impression is of wild exuberance. By its apparent looseness Bourne's work invites greater haste in stenciling, but the difference in style is no excuse for sloppy work.



Another method of depicting light and shade is the crossing lines--cross hatch--style that Gilbert uses most of the time. This works very well in showing the smoothness of human skin or, as here below, the curved surface of a spaceship. Each line has its place in the pattern and should not be disturbed. By the same

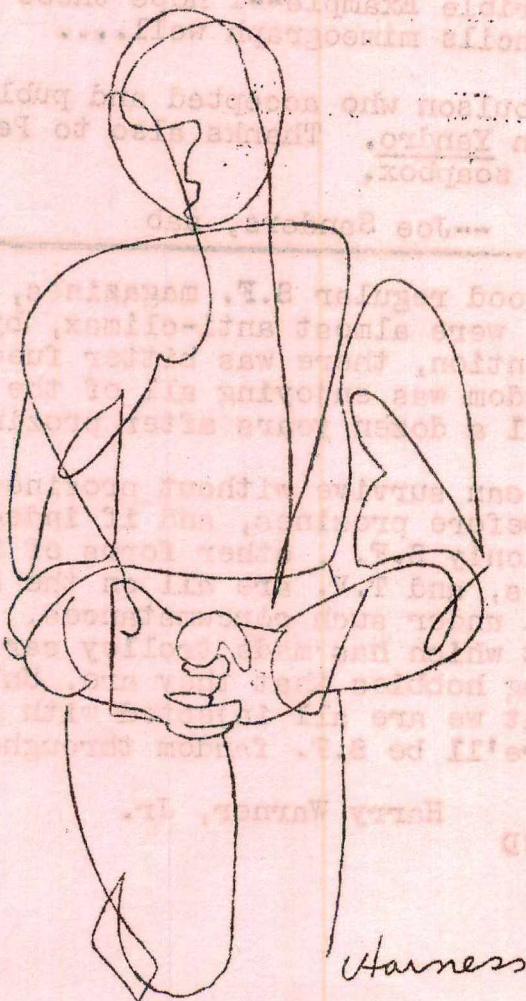
token, the lines in the clouds must remain unbroken curves.

The three drawings we've glanced at so far are examples of realistic art--even to the Bourne--in that the subject is depicted



with natural outlines, light and shade, perspective, etc. However, no artist copies reality; art is composed of elements abstracted from nature. It is the artist's right to rearrange his borrowed elements into new and striking combinations. Like the Adkins drawing to the right, which is a powerful and graceful design. The artist has discarded several of the subject's superficial aspects, and the effect depends on strong, simple lines. The feeling conveyed is one of excitement.

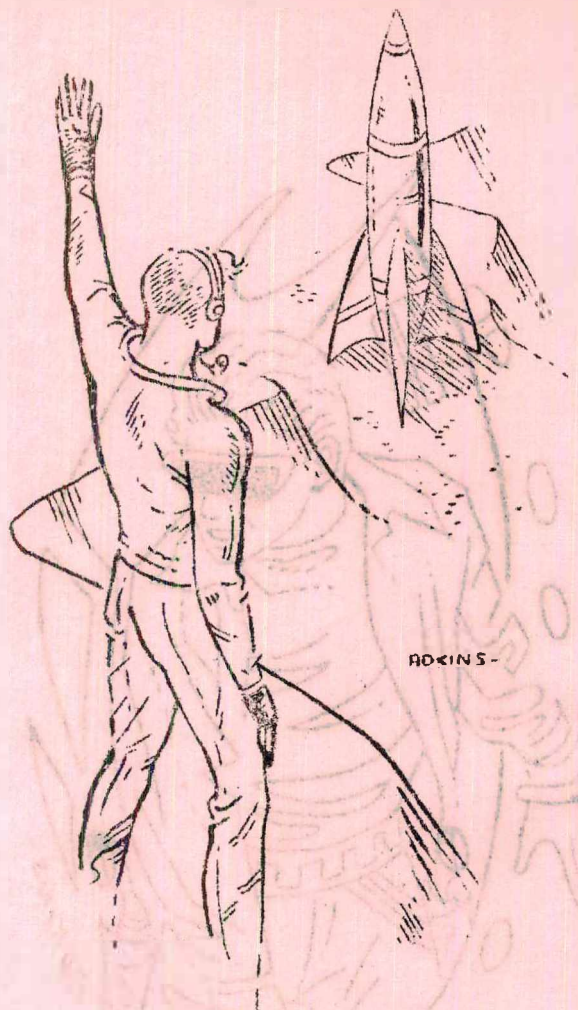
The suggestion of reality is even less in Harness' illustration below, but the effect is still pleasing to the eye. The feeling



is that of grace. The line is simple and flowing.

Finally, the 2nd Adkins illo --which, for reasons of layout, you'll find on the next page-- shows reality depicted with a dash of abstraction. Notice the broken outline of the left trouser leg and the top of the head--the way the legs fade out anklewards--the slanting and broken lines of the hillsides. There's not too much detail, but detail has been selected and placed to give the impression of a whole scene. The result is probably the most natural looking drawing of the 6.

This brief examination has been most superficial. I hope that I've given some indication



of the importance of individual lines to a whole drawing.

The 5 artists represented here know what they're doing, and they deserve to have their art copied to the best of an editor's ability. Chances are against your being confronted with all these at once. Moreover, styles change--I have on hand art by these 5 quite different from that presented here--so that each drawing should be examined individually before stenciling. This is the real secret of success in stenciling art.

I know; I've seen too many drawings--too much of my own stuff--butchered by poor stenciling.

Heck, why do you think I wrote this article?

Difficulty in doing an article like this lies chiefly in that one runs the risk of appearing as a Horrible Example--I hope these stencils mimeograph well....

Thanks, anyway, go to Juanita Coulson who accepted and published the artwork used with this article in Yandro. Thanks also to Peggy Rae McKnight for providing me with a soapbox.

--Joe Sanders, aab

(continued) Australia's first two good regular S.F. magazines, Future S.F. & Popular S.F., mid 1953, were almost anti-climax, by now Australia was having an annual convention, there was bitter fueding between cliques, and, in general fandom was enjoying all of the benefits that the U.S. hadn't had until a dozen years after prozines.

I think the moral is clear. Fandom can survive without prozines, they were collecting S.F. in books before prozines, and if indeed prozines are doomed, which contain only S.F., other forms of S.F. are readily available. Books, movies, and T.V. are all on the S.F. bandwagon. Fandom might even thrive under such circumstances. Lost causes appeal to many people, a fact which has made trolley car & steam locomotive fandoms the thriving hobbies that they are. Unless S.F. comes to life so completely that we are all injected with immortality fluid, I'll bet that there'll be S.F. fandom throughout the lifetime of everyone reading this.

Harry Warner, Jr.

THE END

CONSERVATION

by Milton A. Rothman

We have recently seen in the pages of Astounding (Analog) Science Fiction the pretty spectacle of John W. Campbell trying to make asses out of the scientists by promoting a machine which gives motion without pushing against anything. In doing this, Campbell can only end up making an ass of himself, together with anyone who listens to him.

The psychology behind Campbell's activities is obvious. He is rebelling against authority. When scientists tell him that it is impossible for him to make a certain kind of machine, then right away his impulse is to say, "How the hell are you so sure?" Then he goes ahead and tries to perform the impossible.

Now, to ask a scientist "How the hell are you so sure?" is perfectly permissible. A competent scientist asks himself this question every day of the year and every hour of the day. So Campbell has a right to ask this question. The trouble is, he never listens to the answer. He automatically assumes that the scientist is wrong, because the scientist represents the bad Daddy who forbids Campbell to express his fantasy of flying through space without effort.

Campbell's argument invariably is: the scientists have been wrong in the past; therefore they must be wrong this time.

It is very difficult to establish a law of nature with any degree of certainty. The history of science is filled with the wrecks of theories and bad guesses which have fallen by the wayside. Therefore it is easy for the casual observer to say that because theories have been proven wrong in the past, the theories we believe now might be proven wrong in the future.

However, when you study the history of science in some detail, you notice two changes taking place within the past hundred years: 1). We have become more self-critical about our beliefs concerning the laws of nature, and 2). There are a few very fundamental laws which have remained firm despite the most rigorous testing which could be devised.

Therefore we are becoming more and more convinced that these laws are extremely correct. Or, let me put it this way: if there is any error, or degree of approximation to these laws, it is so small that this error could not be detected by any experiment performed on earth.

These laws are called conservation laws. What they say is something like this: If you have a box which is completely closed, so that nothing can go in or out of the box, then there are certain things in the box which will never change. We say that these things are conserved.

One of the major problems of basic science is to determine just what sort of things will be conserved in such a box. We know a number of such things. For each sort of thing that is conserved we have a conservation law.

As an example of the kind of pitfalls possible in discovering these laws, consider this: People used to say that the total amount of matter in the box was constant. Later it was found that if radioactive matter was inside the box, then some of the matter was converted to energy. The total amount of matter in the box was not conserved. Not even the number of atomic particles is conserved, because if you fill the box with neutrons each neutron will turn into a proton, an electron, and a neutrino. The number of particles in the box will increase.

Because of this it was found necessary to revise some concepts. What we now say is this: The total amount of energy in the box will always be the same. (The energy must now include the energy belonging to the material particles according to the formula $E = mc^2$.)

This is the law of Conservation of Energy. No exception to this law has ever been found and none is anticipated as far as events taking place on earth are concerned. Nobody has ever been able to make a machine which could be enclosed in a box and which could then increase the amount of energy inside the box. Such a machine would be a "perpetual motion" machine.

By using the concept of the closed box we can test any proposed machine for workability. We imagine that the machine is put into the box, and then we examine what the machine does. If the inventor claims that the machine changes the amount of energy inside the box, we then know that the machine is a fake. We do not have to investigate the workings of the machine any further. We can use our time for more important things until the inventor shows us a working model.

Another quantity which is conserved is momentum. The momentum of a piece of matter is defined as the mass of the material times its velocity. (Energy in the form of light also has momentum.)

Therefore if we have a certain mass inside a box, then the overall momentum of the box must always be constant. If the box is initially at rest, then it will always remain at rest.

Now you can put any kind of machine inside this box with all kinds of rotating wheels and solenoids and gadgets. I don't care how complicated you make it -- the box will not budge from its initial position. If weights are thrown around inside this box, it might move momentarily, or it might vibrate from side to side, but it can never take off in one direction indefinitely. It's center of gravity must always remain absolutely fixed.

Remember that nothing goes in or out of the box, and it is connected to nothing on the outside.

In view of this there was no reason to believe for one instant that the space drive machine Campbell has been touting would do what he claimed it would do. The fact that there was a "working model" that registered a change on a bathroom scale has nothing to do with the case. The effect produced was a trick resulting from the mechanism of the spring balance. When the machine was tried on a proper mechanical balance it did nothing at all.

The fact that the machine was patented means less than nothing. The Patent Office will patent anything that is not an out-and-out perpetual motion machine. A patent does not prove that an idea is valid. As a matter of fact, the patent on this particular machine, if read carefully, simply claims that it is a device for converting rotary motion into unidirectional motion.

In doing this it is no more than a screw, a cog wheel, or a ratchet. Any further claims are in error. Anybody who pays any serious attention to these claims is distrustful of the use of logic applied to the laws of nature.

Milton A. Rothman.

I was dead tired last night, and although it was well after midnight, I was having a horrible time getting to sleep. I finally remembered the age old trick of counting sheep. This I did. I was almost asleep when my dear, darling cat Christopher decided to pounce on me. I was startled into wakefulness. With quite a jolt. So I said, "Nice Chris, now please get down. Christopher, Christopher, Please!" and Chris knows, by experience that when I say Please, I mean stop what ever you are doing that you shouldn't be doing in a hurry. Finally the dear cat decided that I could go back to sleep (did I say Back?) And I started counting sheep again. I reached 541 when it hit me that I was no longer counting sheep, I was counting stencils as they were pushed into a typewriter. What a mess. So I didn't go to sleep anyway, I'll never go to sleep again, say, how did it get to be morning? (And believe it or not, it really did happen. P.R. McK.)

FANSTUFF PILAU

by:BOB LICHTMAN

"Oh, the columby of it all!"

--J. Remington Youngfan

Apparently this is turning out to be a column. At least, as I said in the first issue of this fanzine, "I have a flock of ideas on hand when Peggy Rae is about to publish." In case it wasn't clear in the first installment of this, the title above was stolen from Lee Hoffman, who used to write a column by that name for Shelby Vick's fanzine, Confusion, back in the earlier part of the 50s. This column makes no pretenses at being as good as Lee's, but at the time I purloined the title I was dry as far as an original title went. I still am, otherwise "Fanstuff Pilau" would have been relegated to the dusty archives once again.

Saturday, September 18, 1960. An exceedingly fannish day for me. I woke up at 6:30 A.M. because I had to go down to UCLA to take a series of tests. These tests are required of all entering under-classmen, I fit perfectly into that category. Don Durward, who is also going to UCLA and who is blessed with a car (me, I'm too lazy even to bother to get my driver's license), came over about 20 after seven, and off we went to school.

We split up to go to our separate testing stations upon reaching the campus. Since Don's last name starts with D, and mine with L, we wound up in different places for the tests. My destination was room 100, in Moore Hall. This turned out to be a large lecture room with about 500 seats. Immediately upon entering I ran into a graduate of Inglewood High, the school that I had escaped from the previous June. I sat and talked with her for awhile and was at the point of staying next to her during the tests, but the administrations decided that the seating should be just so. We were herded into alternate rows so that one row would be completely full of students while the next row would be entirely devoid of same, the next row of students again, and so on. I spotted an attractive young lady in Bermuda shorts and sat down next to her.

Almost immediately we started talking to each other, and in an attempt to be impressive, I released a few minor plays on words. The response was a laugh that sounded like the tinkling of glass. (Egad, what a horridsounding description. I mean she had a crystal-clear, sharp laugh, quite delightful.) The proctors came around and passed out cards for us to complete. I intentionally just happened to notice her address. It was about three blocks from Les Gerber's old New York address!!

Do you know Les Gerber? I asked. The reply "No, should I?" I explained, and after trying to convince her that Les is indeed not a girl the subject blew over.

The tests started. These turned out to be a number of tests-- some of them dealt with English, some with general knowledge, still another with word association and the final series were rather psychological in nature (not that I believe in psychology). (← Bob, I'll fight with you later on this score.P.R.Mck.→) About halfway through the series of tests, the administrator called a ten minute break and we (JoAnn and I) walked over to the student union and had something to eat. At the end of the testing program (I finished before her!) I whispered something that, on reflection, sounds rather inane, about hoping to see her again &c.

When I arrived home Mother informed me that somebody named "Metcalf" had called. It was Norm Metcalf of course, who else? Norm had written some weeks earlier that he would be out in Los Angeles after the Pittcon on leave and that he'd like to pay a visit. Mother told Norm that I would be home by two. I went out to look over my mail. The high point was a new assortment of cartoons from David English. (← That is one of the most beautiful names that I have ever heard! David, I am , however beginning to believe that it is just a name, and if you don't COMMENT on this issue I will know that you don't exist! I don't care who says you do! You received ETWAS for but one reason last time. I was fascinated with your name. So, already, write a letter of comment. And I wouldn't mind at all if you would send along some cartoons that you have done.→)

I need not tell you who called at 30 after two, but he said that he would be over as fast as possible. And so I settled to work on an article that I was revising for another fanzine. By the time I reached the middle of the third page of the article, Norm walked into the garage.

Norm Metcalf is a tall fan, at least six foot, built approximately the same as Ron Ellick, but minus the bright eyes and bushy tail. We chatted for a while, and he had a slight advantage having just come from the Pittcon, but other than that we were about equally informed.

After giving Norm a selection of the fanzines that I have published that he lacks, we took off in his car so that he could meet the irredoubtable Arv Underman. Arv, as many of you know has been accused of being a hoax so many times that he no longer minds it. He's not a hoax. He's very real as Norm, I expect discovered in the several hours we spent at his house.

While we were there, Arv uncovered a whole pile of back Psi-Phi that had been lying around for months and months. Amongst these were three copies of Psi-Phi #3, the issue that contains Bjo's renowned comic strip, Supersquirrel. Norm, who lacks this issue made launching noises, and we presented him with one of the copies. Arv and I split the others so now I have some fanzines to offer the little neofans, who send me their loose change, tightly attached to cardboard under layers and layers of scotch tape. Finally, we left and returned to my house, where I ate dinner (Norm didn't want anything) and Norm pumbled through my fanzines out in the garage. Dinner over, I presented Norm with yet another old Psi-Phi to bring his collection of the magazine to within one issue of completeness. Does anyone have a copy of Psi-Phi #2 who would be interested in trading or selling it to Norm?

Then we left for Al Lewis' house in Santa Monica-on-the-Pacific, where that evening there was to be a movie program, including amongst other somewhat lesser films the first local showing of "The Musquite Kid Rides Again", that film which is based on a story by Lee Jacobs which appeared in a recent SAPS mailing. Rather than get lost, we did the unthinkable thing of consulting a map. Then we left in Norm's car.

After much fannish talk, and a bit of getting lost by nearly running into the ocean, we arrived at Al's house, Ernie Wheatley, who is every bit as much of a dormouse as Ron Ellik is a squirrel, was the only one home when we arrived. Al, he explained, had gone out to get some groceries, and would be back shortly. Norm and I looked around, I wound up shortly leafing through stencils which Al was preparing for a NAPA postmailing. Al must have known that I would do this, because he had under the heading for the MC on my zine, "See my thoughts on the constitution later in zine." (I wrote a new constitution for N'APA once.) ((- A question...sorry to break in, but a ruling is in order as to how you are supposed to spell N'APA...or is it NAPA??? me-)) And he hadn't written that part of the zine yet! Well, Norm read his egoboo, anyway.

Al showed up then and, after ditching the groceries in the kitchen, sat down and we all chatted for a while until guests for the evening began to arrive. I don't know in which order they arrived, but the following were there: the Trimbles, the Nevilles, the Burbees, Bill Ellern and his mother, Mrs. Trimble (John's mother), Don Simpson, the Jacobses (Lee being the author of the Movie that was being featured that night), Don Fitch, the Dickensheets, Rick Sneary, Don Franson, Norm Metcalf, Ernie Wheatly, Rich Stephens, Milo Mason and his wife, Morris Dollens, BrucePelz, Ron Ellik (who is the star of the movie, and is running for TAEF), Ted Johnstone, Ruth Berman (who I met for the first time that evening), Paul Stanbery, Carl Brandon, Bernie Zuber, and many others. The place was packed.

Burbee, who doesn't really look like a living legend unless you put your mind to the fact, came up to me when he entered and said, "I'll leave the territory. I'll go to England and wear turtle-neck sweaters!" So I said back at him, "I don't like sercons!" Thus we exchanged lines from the movie. He quoted one of my lines while I quoted one of his.

The films started about 15 minutes after they were scheduled, which really isn't too bad. The first S.F. film was entitled "The World Beside Us." The story, a well produced Rayven Production, concerns an alternate dimension apparently artificially created by this mad creature. He contrives to expand his dimension, which at the outset of the film is very small, until it is as large as the earth, and then eliminate the earth. We are allowed to watch his antics because of a warp between the two time dimensions into which three earth people pass, a married couple and an escaped convict. Despit some rather laughable pieces of hackwork ("How did you learn English?" asked one of the three. The obvious answer: "We monitored your radio and television programs.") which must be expected in an amateur film, it was throughly enjoyable, and completely enjoyed.

Next came a three item ten minute reel, produced by Rotsler's Sunday Productions ("So called because that is the only day we work on them," says Bill.) The first little squib, entitled as I recall, "Rock Fight", is a delightful bit about stop motion photography depicting a whimsical war between two groups of pebbles, complete with Rotsler-like effects. Quite indescribable. Second on the reel was a Rotsler adaptation of "Little Red Riding Hood". Bjo played the part of Red logically enough, looking quite attractively little-girlish (yet big girlish in her Red Riding Hood costume. Surprisingly enough, Rostler didn't take the part of the wolf. This was, as were the other parts, left to people unfamiliar to me. Again, the Rostler touch was very much apparent and the film and the film was very much enjoyed. The final section of the film was called "Curtain call." ("Why did this get done?" we asked Wille. "We had some film left over." replied the arty feller.) This was composed of endless comical walkons in front of a camera set to run indefinitely. Here everyone, buy everyone got into the act, and the results are rather delightful.

"The Genie" couldn't be plaid because of fouling with the splices, so we went to the feature film of the evening. "The Musquite Kid Rides Again." Much interst was of course shown. In review, I should say that it's a brilliant adaptation of Lee's original story and everyone did a marvelous job of acting except me. I stunk. ((- Bob, stop being so modest, you were terrific, allmost as good as the hero. Don't beat me again Ron!>))

Then while Bruce narrated slides, I talked with Isabel Burbee and Paul Standery. I got a ride home with Bill Ellern about 11:45.

LIFE AND DEATH

by Cliff Waters

'Tis an awesome thing to ponder o'er;
Like opening, shutting of a door,
A swinging door where millions pass
To live a life that is long or fast.

To search for wealth, to look for joy
To want the times you were a boy.
Is life, the very heart of life
That which we all now enjoy?

To taste death's final painful sting,
It is a feared and unwanted thing.
But death is life, I do believe
A reward we all hope to receive.

This poem was written by a boy in my grade last year, I am the possessor of a book of poems that he wrote, this sample is not the best, neither is it the worst, I'd like opinions of this poem, and of thoughts about it in general. Cliff has since moved to another state, and I haven't seen him since June, before that, I got permission to publish any of those things which he had written. I had no space for this last issue, and so it is by all means not a filler. Now back to Bob Lichtman.....

Right before I left Paul Stanbery and I were talking, I think I could have sat there and listened for hours, throwing in comments at intervals, but unfortunately I had to leave with Bill. So after a few hurried farewells, I left.

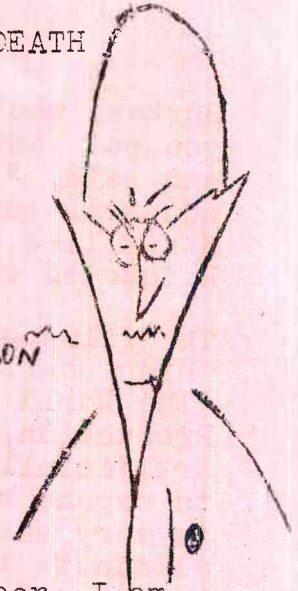
The ride home was exceeding interesting. Bill started explaining something to his mother, and all at once I had a fabulous idea about drawing hydro-electric power from underground rivers. (I think they may have been discussing water conservation) I even imagined a plant designed to be built mostly underground that would do this: Upon voicing my ideas I set Bill off on a discussion which lasted most of the way home.

It had been a great day, a hyper-fannish day. I don't often have days as thoroughly enjoyable as that one. But now it was over, and as I deposited the fanzines from Bruce in the garage and went in to go to bed, I felt a pang of regret.

Even if fandom IS just a ghoddamn hobby, it's a lot more enjoyable than any other way of life that I know of.

Bob Lichtman

CHRIS JAMESON



HOW TO EDIT A LETTERCOLUMN

by: Bob Lambeck

Each fanzine should have its own distinct personality. Attempting to follow "rules" for editing lettercolumns may accomplish nothing, but to stunt the growth of the fanzine's personality. Therefore I shall offer only "suggestions". If you can't see the sense of a suggestion, ignore it. This is amateur journalism. As long as you are losing money on the zine, you might as well enjoy it.

Following the dictum that a fan's zine is his castle, I select material on the basis of my own likes and dislikes, confident that it will be of interest to at least a portion of the readers. There is only one exception to this -- the lettercolumn. I make this exception because letters are different from other material. Fiction, articles, artwork, etc. are all written or drawn with the reader in mind; the letters, however are written with me in mind. Therefore I edit the letters and publish only those parts that I think will be of interest to the readers.

The first criterion in selecting a letter (or portion thereof) for publication is: Is it good writing? Just because letters are written, in the main, ex tempore is no reason for you to lower your standards too much. In general, short comments, on the order of, "I liked everything in the zine." or "It stinks" should be deleted, unless you can sandwich this comment in between a couple of nice meaty paragraphs. Short comments like "Bloch was superb" may be included. They're called gaglines and are supposed to be funny. If in doubt, consult Fancyclopedia II. If still in doubt, forget it.

Once you get a lettercolumn going, you'll undoubtedly receive letters including paragraphs addressed to other readers of the zine. I'm usually a bit more lenient with these portions of the letter. However, if someone says the same thing better, there's really no reason to include both. But don't confuse repetition with a slightly different viewpoint; if two readers give different slants on the same subject, there's no reason for not using both of them.

Readers like to know how their opinions compare with others, so it's a good idea to include comments on the previous issue. Interest discussions often spring from comments on the previous issue. Comments on your editorial and/ editorial comments are also legitimate material for a lettercolumn, but they should be of interest to someone other than yourself. Remember when selecting material for the lettercolumn that you are selecting the portions of the letters that you are going to let the readers "read over your shoulder."

Now we come to the subject of editorial comments in the lettercolumn. These, as with the letters, must be of interest to the readers. When commenting on a letter, remember that you shouldn't interrupt a train of thought unless it is necessary to do so or unless it would be very inconvenient to place your comment elsewhere.

Don't pick on minor points. If you're arguing religion, don't belittle your opponent by pointing out his bad grammar. As an editor, you're supposed to correct things like that. If you can't keep your end of an argument going honestly, there's no use bothering with it. Besides, if your position becomes untenable you can simply stop publishing his letters.

You should have some system of differentiating between your comments and the letters, and you should follow it consistently. If you have two typewriters, you could use one with the less conventional type for your comments, e.g., type the letters in pica type and your comments in elite, or the letters in gothic type and your comments in script. Or you can pull in the margins and skip a double space. The most common method is to enclose your comment in brackets of some sort. Usually this is some complicated symbol. It is more work for the editor, but it prevents confusion. Examples are: $\{(-)\}$, $\{/\ / \}$, $\{## \#\}$, and the one that this zine uses $\{(- -)\}$. You can indicate the end of your comment by the presence of your initials. This avoids confusion.

And we mustn't forget that letterwriters just love egoboo. Therefore it's a good idea to set their names off in some way so everyone can see who should get the credit or blame for the letter. There are several ways of doing this, with or without lettering guides, and a look at a few lettercolumns will give you lots of good ideas.

Oh, yes, one more thing -- if you get a letter from Rick Sneary, don't correct his spelling.

Bob Lambeck

Edited by Buddie McKnight.

ETWAS is published by Peggy Rae McKnight, who loves to get letters of comment, so much that she is completely depriving her mercenary mind any chances at making money at this thing. After all, ETWAS can't make money no matter what is done, and I am HORRABLE at math. Algebra I struggle with, but I haven't had math for so long it's pitiful. So my bookkeeping is not going to be tested...no subscriptions. Trades are accepted, if grudgingly with a letter of comment on them, and a request to receive a letter of comment on ETWAS, but you'll stay on the mailing list regardless. Anyway, the address is Box 306 "SIX ACRES", Lansdale, Penna.

FANVIEWS

Unfortunately, or on second thought, maybe it is fortunate, this is the first time that I have edited a letter column. So if I do something drastically wrong, please correct me. And I want to thank all of you that have written in. (to me).

If you want to correct my procedure, why don't you write a letter of comment, and tell me what I am doing wrong, then, if I agree, I'll change. But anyway, I'm usually fairly agreeable. (No comments!)

Harry Warner Jr. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, Md.

((-I chose Harry's letter to use first for several reasons. The first is that I received it first, and the second is that he was one of the few people who had heard of ETWAS. That is the German. Which Etwas is. It means something. And that is one word that I invariably says means sometime. So for all the points on tests that it has caused me, I think that it can do me a bit of service. Anyway, I like it.-))

Now Harry: The comments that Bob Lichtman made are quite correct, about the pronunciation of fannish terms. And that article by Hal Lynch causes me to suspect that your best bet might be to get material from the Phila. crowd. My own guess would be that Weenies or Veenies might be the popular term for Venusians. ((- This time I have complied with Harry's request for material from the Phila. group by printing a short story by John Pesta. Next time I have been promised stories by Lee Hains, and Lex Philips.-)) ((- Somewhere in these pages (On?) you will find an article by Harry called UNDER THERE. -))

Jeff Wanshel: 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y.
I never thought that it could happen. I sat back with a smug smile and laughed at the Ghods who proclaimed the impossible, possible. The idea of a female in fandom anywhere near my age was so ridiculous as to not even worth considering, after all, females are usually sensitive, intelligent ((-Thank-you-)) creatures who know their eternal purpose in life and follow it. Rarely is this fandom. But now you have spoiled another of my childish dreams. Shame! What the heck is your title? ((-ETWAS is the title, it is German, and if my information is correct, it has the same meaning as Jerry Knight's...something. But I know very little French. It fits perfectly as far as I am concerned-))

The Bloch item is easily the best in the ish. Bob is one of fandom's best writers, and there is no exception. The Warner article was, fair, didn't deserve reprinting. Lynch is fair; I see nothing to rant, rave or comment about, except that he is probably right.

2W3IVMA7

Redd Boggs 2209 Highland Place N.E. , Minneapolis, Minn.
I beleive your parents were amiss in overseeing your education,
They should have called you in for a heart-to-heart talk
no earlier than your eighth birthday and no later than your
twelfth, and discussed with you the facts of a fanzine editors
life. Maybe you can even sell your life story to date to
True Confessipns, starting out with the accusing words:
"My folks, old and tired fans, as they were, allowed me to
reach the age of 16 and publish my first fanzine without
telling me that a fanzine should have a publishing-data box
somewhere in it."

Another thing that they forgot to impress upon your young
mind is that all fans thirst for egoboo and sometimes weep
bitterly when deprived of it. If I were you, I'd check my
mail very carefully, especially that marked Hagerstown and
Los Angeles, for bombs and speckled bands.

Bloch, Warner, Lichtman and Lynch all did well, and really
deserved big bylines. I also liked your editorial ((-Much
thanks!-)), which was very pleasant, even tho I think it
very creul of you to accuse poor Bloch of being largely
instrumental in saving you in your quest for fanzine
material. Bloch has enough sins to answer for already.
without being accused of corrupting a young lady into
fanzine publishing.

What is the name of your fanzine?

Bob Lichtman 6137 S. Croft Ave, Los Angeles 55, Calif.
Perhaps the only bad thing in the entire issue was the
Durward illo on the second page of your editorial. In the
first place, Don can't draw worth a hill of beans, and the
stenciling was quite indestinct. ((- How much is a hill
of beans worth?-)) It would be a good idea to get George
Heap to do all your illustrations for you, providing you
can talk him into it. His artwork is so seldom seen in
fandom that it has acheived a sort of uniqueness.

Finding Bloch was a real surprise; as usual, he does one of
of his better jobs. Bloch always seems to be ever so much
more interesting when he writes on a subject partaining
specifically to a fanzine for which he is writing.

My own junk: No comment naturally, but please let me know
what others think of it.

Congratulations on landing a piece by Hal Lynch, who is
seldom seen in fanzines. This is a real shame, for when he
does write, he does a collosal job.

Warner was of course superb. I presume this story was
reprinted from an issue of Horizons, for it is the type
that Harry does very little of for general fanzines.

Vic Ryan 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield (Publishes a terrific fanzine)
Not only is your name carefully unmentioned in the context, but the same with your title. What is the title?

((- We went through that before, but this is published by Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306 "SIX ACRES", Lansdale, Penna.-))

I liked the Bloch article a little better than most of the recent Bloch, as he seems to write better short articles when the punstering and rambling is somewhat subdued (Tho, of course, a long Bloch article crammed full of egg inspiring puns is a joy to behold.)

You have done Bob Lichtman rather an injustice; first, by not giving him a by-line at the beginning of his column, and by starting in the middle of the page. But since you are a young innocent girl, Roscoe will, in all probability, forgive you.

Hal Lynch should have said his piece in a letter instead of in an article. It was displeasingly long.

Ann Chamberlain, 2440 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 6, California.

I can see that it isn't going to be the hardest thing for YOU to do to get a zine going....you let the words of your mind flow onto paper as naturally as any GOOD writer I ever knew. To be sure that you can get away with that you must have schooled your mind to stay within certain bounds, so that you are running no risks of having to retract or apologise for anything. At your age, you are doing not only alright, but really well. In my book (so to speak as I don't publish) you are a success, and will grow gracefully into being a good editor and publisher.

What is the name of your zine?

((-Thank you for for the kind words-))

((-Got rubber stamps from Ann Chamberlain!-))

Stony Barnes (Someplace in the Navy, I have lost track.)

It was very nice getting your fanzine, unfortunately it has since disintegrated. Recruits are allowed to have absolutely no reading matter except for the Bible and the Blue Jackets Manual. When I got that in the mail I had a chance to read about half of it before I was mobbed by the literature hungry mob. After the first ten readings the cover wore off. Then I don't know what the heck happened. I shudder to think what would happen to a copy of Playboy!

Thomas Purdon (Also in service, my adress is old.)

I never thought that I would get a fanzine from you. I liked it. The best things were Bolch's and what you wrote. You caught me off guard, but the surprise was a pleasant one.

Of course I liked Hal's piece too. You ought to include something like that every issue. ((-Yes, Sir!-)) an occasional science Fiction piece is always nice in a science fiction fanzine.

This isn't much of a letter, but the Army isn't much of a life. If you'll send me another issue of what-ever-it's-called, I'll try to do better.

Lee Thorin Box 2101 Phila. 3, Penna.

The editorial is nicely done except for a few typographical errors. Bob Lichtman's article was smoothly written, and chattily interesting, as Bob usually is. Harry Warner Jr.'s article failed to impress me. Hal Lynch's article was amusing, and I was rather impressed with the artwork by Lars Bourne.

Bob Lambek 868 Halston Road, Birmingham, Mich.

The lettering on the cover is not quite disipherable. Other than that it isn't bad. You talk very entertainingly on stencil. I usually manage to get all talked out after about half a page.

Bloch's opening letter was "Jes' fine."

Betsy Cossa 3100 N.24th Street, Phila. 3, Penna.

Thanks for the fanzine, it was really quite good. If you publish anymore, I may not offer to help, but I'd like a copy. ((-Betsy and Lee Thorin were both talked into helping me last issue, and this time Lee has helped a bit. Betsy may be bamboozled into helping anyway. No rest for the wicked.-)). Lee is spending a week down here at Ocean City. It is not what I would call a restful week, but there is never a dull moment. ((- Knowing both you and Lee, I can agree wholeheartedly!-))

William M. Danner R.D. 1. Kennerdell, Penna.

((- Bill sent me a copy of his very interesting fanzine, but no letter. So I wrote to him, commented on his zine, and then said that I couldn't make ETWAS any better unless I knew what I can do in the readers opinion to make it better. So later I received another later issue of his zine, and repeated the process. I received this letter in return-))

Thanks for your letter which came today.

I'm not all that silent, honest.

As for the magazine itself, it's a very promising start. If you can show the same sort of improvement Bob Lichtman has done you ought to have something in a few more issues.

Of course it is too much to ask you to learn to spell; schools just don't teach spelling anymore. The important thing is that on the whole, you express yourself well, and this is a faculty that can only get better with practice.

Also heard from in various forms wereMilt Rothman, Ozzie Train, George O. Smith (You don't misspell words, you mutilate them), Hal Lynch, Jack Zeitz, George Heap, Joe Snaders (who wrote a letter, but it was displaced in the rush of life. Also, Thanks, Joe, ever so much for the article, I think that it is terrific!-)), Ethel Lindsay, Bob Pavlat, Lynn Hickman, Len Moffatt, Les Gerber, John Koni, Al Lewis (The west coast Al Lewis), Abbie and Lex Philips (Lex has promised to write something for a future issue.), Chris Jameson, The Haines, Sol Levin, Marty Moore, Ajax Hoch, Marty Lasko, Mike Deckinger, Jim Linwood, Ken Hedberg, and Chuck Deving. (The last four sent postcards as a result of Jeff Wanshol's review)

PEOPLE

AND OTHER ASSORTED FANS:

You out there that are artists, wouldn't you like to do a young girl a favor? My ability to draw on stencil is just about nill. Pen and ink is fine, that I can make do what I wish, sometimes even water-colors will work. But I am afraid that this doesn't quite work with stencils. So I am afraid that I am going to have to rely on those who will send me artwork. I of course will write letters asking for such, but as for more than that, I can not do. (What stilted writing, but how else do you say it? Anyway, all I mean is that I would like it if some of you angels would send artwork when I ask for it, or even sending it of your own accord.) Thanks, ever so much.

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