



GENE DUPLANTIER





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In the past there has seemed to be some confusion as to who Buddie McKnight is. She is my Mother except on fannish occasions, then she is transformed into my sister. And to any of you who thought that she "tagged along" with me at the Pittoon or at the Disclave. You're wrong, you see, I tagged along with her. She was a fan before I even knew what science fiction was. And, she is wonderful. For that matter, so is Daddy, both wonderful and a fan.

ART CREDITS: COVER BY GENE DUPLANTIER - Thank you, Lynn Hickmann

Jeff Wanshel 7 ; Buddie McKnight 9; Chris Jameson 15,21 ; DEA 28 ;  
Mike Johnson 19,30 ; Hal Lynch 21 ; Bjo Trimble 25

Need I state that this is an editorial?

ETWAS is published, cherished, slaved over, etc. by Peggy Rae McKnight. Box 306 "Six Acres" Lansdale, Penna. USA  
The best was to be sure that you will stay on the mailing list is to write a letter of comment, however, as I get older and wiser, I also get more lenient, those of you who publish fanzines can get away with trading, usually that is, but not always. If you have any ideas of getting ETWAS for money, why don't you send the money to either TAFF or the Willis Fund. This fanzine supports Ron ELLIK for TAFF, and the Willis Fund. In otherwords, I support them since this is almost completely my project.

Surprisingly enough I have heard very little of our adventure in space mentioned in fanzines. Why? I thought that it was wonderful. And at the same time I was scared silly the whole time that Shepard would die. However, I won't tell you what happened since that would be silly. You probably listened to it, or maybe even watched it.

Now, I must tell you why I insist on changing typewriters in the middle of a stencil. Well, you see, you can blame it all on my Father. You see, I started to type stencils about 9:30, and I had just started on this one when my Father looked at the clock, and well, like it was 11:00, I therefore was a good little kid and went to bed. And I haven't had a moment to type until now, and didn't intend to bring the typewriter to Phila. with me.

By now news of the past Disclave is out. And, like the commander of the USS Codfish, I'd like to present my side of it. There was club the Friday before the Disclave, and so I decided to go. Otherwise I would have stayed home that night and gotten a good night's sleep. But as it was, Hal and I had to make last minute arrangements for the next day. Surprisingly enough there were no complications the next day. Mother and I were both ready when Hal Lynch arrived, and he was on time. More wonders will never cease, we didn't even get throughly lost. We arrived at the Disclave about 3:00, and the first three happy faces that greeted me were those of Marty Moore, Les Gerber and Don Studobaker. I almost turned around and came home. I started the day off by thinking that the fellow showing slides was Bob Madle, then when this same man identified one of the slides as being of Madle I wondered. When the lights came back on I realized that this person was obviously not Bob Madle, and that I had seen him before, but just who was he? Turns out that this character was Bob Pavlat. There were some obnoxious little boys there like Don Studobaker and a few other whose name I don't remember, and for a while they thought that it would be fun to tease me. Unfortunately, both for them and for me, I have a temper. And after about fifteen minutes, I am afraid that I lost control of it. However, I soon gained stability and got out of their way before they had another chance to infuriate me. There was a quiet looking person in a uniform standing on the outskirts of the group. I say uniform, because I assumed that it was a sailor suit, but it turned out to be the uniform of the Coast Guard. Not long after that I realized that this was probably Al Lewis. And for once I was right.

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We then went over to Bob Pavlat's suite where Dick Lupoff invented the game: Can you bottom that. Unfortunately I'm not too smart, and I never did understand just what was going on. So as a self defence I decided that I wanted to go for a walk. I asked Al Lewis whether he wanted to go, then I made a general announcement that I was going for a walk and if Mother wanted to know where I had gone to tell her. Then I asked if anyone else would like to go along. Bill Evans and Mike McIntry said that they would join us. So the four of us started off. It was a beautiful day and after about half an hour I was happy again and willing to go back.

About 5:00 we went to dinner and listened to an introduction to Les Gerber by Dick Lupoff. Then Les Gerber took over and said that his speech was going to be short, and sat down. There was loud applause.

When we arrived back at Bob's suite it was already somewhat crowded, and so Mother decided that she would rest for an hour or so before coming to the party. Unfortunately, Mother never did learn to tell time, and so she never showed up. Knowing her, I knew that she was safe, and probably asleep.

One of the highlights of the evening was when Joan Young decided that Bill Evans thought that he was a ghod. And so she spent five minutes of undisturbed adoration on him. Unfortunately Bill still thinks he is one.

I was quite surprised when Bob Madle asked me if I had met his son yet that evening. I was expecting a kid of ten or twelve (After all, I'm all of 17 (almost)) then he pointed him out to me. Good grief, this character must be a good 6' or better. Oh well, I guess that if I am allowed to grow up, other people's children should be allowed to do the same.

George Heap was making nice noises on his Guitar, and Dick Enoy was practicing being benevolent. Both of which surprised me slightly. But I guess that that isn't nice to say, just the truth. However, Dick does look like a benevolent person, and George can play the Guitar. I wish that I could do as much.

Most people decided that it would be fun to get some sleep that night and so they said goodnight about 1:30 or 2:00. So who needs sleep? After that time it was a party which I really enjoyed, a quiet party when one person is allowed to finish talking before another brakes in. Bob also brought out his game of interplanetary which I heard about and tried to explain to me how you play it. And I did say YOU. Not me, maybe someday when I have a day in which I don't anything to do I could be persuaded to play. It sounds like fun. By this time even most of the "die-hards" had left the party and there were only about eight or nine of us. So I decided that it would be fun to get a little sleep myself, and that it wouldn't hurt anything if I left so that poor Bob Pavlat could get some sleep. Maybe he didn't mind though, because he didn't even look tired. Not even the next day.

And the next day did dawn, no too, but since it was only 8:30 the first time I woke up I thought it would be ridiculous and so I turned over and thankfully went back to sleep. I finally made it up at 10:30. Some had done better, and others were not to be heard from until that afternoon.

Continued after the end of Harry Warner's article.

Harry Warner

There aren't many things that I hold against the current generation of fans, except for their distressing lack of originality and even a bit of plagiarism in their choice of names.

It wasn't so many years ago that you could still hear a fan's name and immediately call up to mind a specific face, sometimes repulsive in outline or acne-covered, but still a comfortably definite and individual face. But nowadays, you hear a name and you often must stop and wonder whether it refers to a present-day or a gaffiated fan, or to an East Coast or Middle West fan. Something should be done about the confusion.

I'm pretty sure that the Bob Stewarts started it. At one time, there were three people in fandom named Bob Stewart. One of them showed some remorse over the trend that he had helped to start, and changed his name to Bhob, but that didn't do much good. Another got so remorseful that he entered a seminary to expiate his transgression, but the troubles that the Bob Stewarts had caused in fandom have continued to grow.

For instance, there is the case of Don Thompson. I was happy when I saw an occasional letter from Don in a fanzine during 1960, because it had been so long since I'd seen the name in fannish prints, and I had hopes that he might resume full activity. But I got confused when I received a Christmas card from Don Thompson at an address a thousand miles from the address that Don Thompson's fanzine letters bore. Then I was quite troubled to read that Don Thompson might marry Maggie Curtis, because Don is a fellow who was older than I am when he was superactive in fandom, and Maggie can't be 21 as yet. It finally dawned on me that this Don Thompson is a youth who has no relationship to the Don Thompson who published Phanny for FAPA and wrote for every fanzine in creation during the 1940's.

And think about the Don Anderson situation. There are not only two Don Anderson's in fandom, but they are good friends, one living in New York and the other in Pennsylvania, and they collaborated to produce an elaborate series of color photographs of the Pittcon. Can't you imagine the excitement if they decided to run against each other for TAFF? There are two Al Lewises, one of Los Angeles fame and the other a Michigander before he went into the service. I still see an occasional mistake in fanzines because someone has confused Eric Frank Russell, the British prozine writer, with Eric F. Russell who was a big name in Australian fandom during World War II.



Something similar happened  
got labeled with Murray  
Canadian fan in the 1940's  
the Falls Church--New York



As far as I can see, there  
to clear up these messes  
get duplicated and nobody  
friend, his creditor or  
ways involves a different  
supplement to the name

At the risk of be-  
could do it in the way  
names straight when  
duplication of name occur  
the name would become the  
by the Roman numeral I  
the same name would be the  
have Don Thompson I or Don  
original fan, and Don  
Seconded for the now

"I'm Joe (17) Smith"  
name. It sounds  
slight difficulty, though: occasionally a family likes a given name so much  
that it is bestowed upon a child in each successive generation, and the boys  
are numbered in the same way to prevent mixups. This would lead to the  
danger that we might someday find in fandom a Don Thompson the Second the Third.

when Will Jenkins of Phila.  
Leinster's real name. There was a  
named Ted E White, just like  
fan of more recent years.

are three ways for fandom  
before still more names  
knows who is his enemy or his  
his debtor. Each of the three  
system of adding a distinctive  
that is on the birth certificates.

-coming papists or royalists, we  
that helps people to keep big  
studying history. Whenever a  
-ed, the original holder of  
first, and would be reconized  
after his name. His successor with  
J.W. seconded. Thus we would  
Thompson the First for the  
Thompson II or Don Thompson the  
active fan of the same  
impressive. There is a

A simpler method would be to give each fan a number in the center of his  
name. It might be just as well to do it for all fans, instead of only the  
known duplications, because you never know when a duplicate name will turn  
up. Thus, we'd have Al(1)Lewis for the Los Angeles fan, and Al Lewis of  
the Coast Gaurds would be Al (2)Lewis. I would be Harry(1) Warner hence-  
-forward, even though nobody else has ventured into fandom with such a name,  
and, if I were referred to in that way at all times, fans of the future  
wouldn't get mixed up when going into the past and finding my name in fanzines.  
The only real objection that occurs to me is the associations that this  
system involves. It is quite popular at large prisons to keep one convict  
from getting mixed up with another. However, there is the much thought of  
philosophical system that considers fandom as a prison, with occasional  
escapes masquerading as gaffates and frequent paroles under the disguise  
of fafia.

Fandom might prefer the third system because it is much easier on the  
memory and more distinctive. In the really old days, before Kings were  
sure of the ability of their subjects to count, they didn't call themselves  
Oswalt III or Mortimer IV. Instead they got nicknames to distinguish between  
other royal bearers of the same given name: Athelred the Repulsive,  
Wolfgang the Weakkneed, and so on. It might be a splendid NFFF project, to  
choose absolutely impartial judges who would interrogate and study the  
principals in every name duplication situation, confer by mail with one another

for a six month period, and eventually announce with loud fanfare and irrevocably the distinguishing nouns or adverbs: Will the Prozinohack and Will the Letterhack, or Bob the Cowled and Bob the Scowled.

Whatever we decide to do, it should be done soon, because the confusion is threatening to spread out to other areas of fandom. There's a Swedish fan who lives in Hagersten, and I'm getting worried.

Harry (1)Warner, Jr.

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Later that morning after I had eaten toast (somehow in the morning the thought of food always seems more than slightly repulsive) Bob Pavlat said that he had to go home for something, Dick Enoy, Jean Young and I went with him. He has a beautiful flower garden. I mentioned that I had been down to Washington on Easter because Mother wanted to see the cherry-blossoms. And that it must be fun to be able to see them by just taking a twenty minute ride. I was slightly surprised when neither Bob or Dick had seen them recently. One even confessed that he hadn't been to see the Washington Monument in five years, and that he had never been inside the Wax Museum. Later when I thought about it I realized that this isn't so very strange, I haven't visited Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell since grammar school. However, I do go to City Hall fairly frequently and walk through it, and I love the architecture in Phila. Especially on a clear day, or a foggy one, or a rainy one, oh well, I guess that I love it anytime.

Later when people were starting to leave, I decided to have a milkshake. Bob Stewart decided to join me. And we were having an interesting discussion when a mob of people came streaming in, Mother and Bob Pavlat called to us to join them. So we did. I like Bob though, from that small bit of conversation if from nothing else.

Somehow we left that afternoon, and I slept most of the way home to Phila. I didn't get back to Lansdale til about 10:30, and it was about 11:30 when I finally got to sleep. Boy was school long on Monday!

As usual, George Heap is helping to mimeograph ETWAS. I don't know what I'd do without him. Also I'd like to thank all of the wonderful people who sent artwork, and those who sent contributions also. Len Moffett: Don't Panic, Your contribution will go out closer to the Convention if I have to put out a ten page issue to do it. Maybe I will at that.

Also, you people who haven't written or sent trades, some of your kind have been cut already, most of the others of you will be. I don't mind having a largeish mailing list if everyone who gets it enjoys it, and wants it, but it is rather ridiculous to send you a copy if you don't want it. So do as you wish, and so will I. I hope that you do like ETWAS though, that's why I publish it. So I hope it fulfills its purpose.

As usual, I remain,

Somewhat Fannishly yours,

Peggy Rae McKnight



... AND A

FANNISH  
NEW YEAR

by  
les  
goeben

I had no plans for New Year's Eve. So I was delighted when Walter Breen called at seven and told me that I was invited to the White's for some sort of fannish celebration. So I set off for the village.

I arrived at 107 Christopher Street about half an hour later. Walter was already there. So were Ted and Sylvia, of course. But there was nobody else. "Where is everybody?" I asked. "What everybody?" asked Ted. "This is it." Oh! A small intimate party! But that was alright with me.

With Ted's record collection, I could have a party if I were alone in his apartment. Besides, I can't think of three people I'd rather talk to.

I never remember what people talk about or what records were played unless I write them down, so since we spent a lot of time talking and listening to records, my mind is pretty much of a blank about those next two or three hours. Sylvia and I were talking, and Ted and Walter were trying to listen to jazz records and kept telling us to be quiet or move somewhere else to talk. Sylvia couldn't even make Ted pay any attention by putting her arms around me and looking at him. He looked up, watched us for a few seconds, decided that she was only kidding, and went back to talking to Walter. I kind of wish she'd tried to make him think she wasn't kidding...but I don't think I could have stayed serious either. (The idea of me distracting any female's attention from sexy ol' Ted White is pretty funny.)



For some strange reason, whenever I show up at the White's there seems to be some fanzine sitting around waiting to be assembled or stapled. This time was no exception; I can't remember exactly what it was, but there was some fanzine sitting around. I hate to do assembling or stapling on my own zines, but I always enjoy doing it at the White's, so I went to work assembling. Sylvia and I talked as I assembled. Ted and Walter finally retreated to the kitchen which has a speaker running into it from the record player. They loafed after we finished the assembling or stapling or what ever it was Sylvia and I moved into the kitchen in search of something to eat. We wound up with some bread and butter and some Budweiser.

Poor Andy Reiss was baby-sitting, and when he called us sometime during the evening he said that he would join us about 3 or 3:30.

Shortly after midnight Ted got a call. He told us, "The Lupoffs are on their way home from a restaurant near here, they want us to come and go home with them." So we all walked to Sheridan Square where we met the Lupoffs and the Shaws. Larry and Noreen had to go home because they had a baby-sitter (not Andy) waiting impatiently for their return, so we said Hello and Goodbye in one breath and watched regretfully as they disappeared into the subway. A subway trip to the Lupoff's house involves three transfers and quite a bit of walking from Sheridan Square. So we decided to get a cab.

Now, getting a cab in the village is rarely easy, and it's quite tough at 12:30 A.M. Well, it's considerably tougher when you must have a cab capable of holding six people, and it becomes nearly impossible when you try to do all this on New Year's Eve. But when there's a loud drunk standing nearby who is roaring at every passing cab, it is impossible. We stood there for 20 minutes, yelling at every large cab which passed by. One or two started towards us, but they saw the drunk and veered away again. We moved. The drunk moved with us. Finally, he walked over to Ted and Dick, who were trying to do the cab hailing, and said, "Hey, y'know I'm try'n' to get a cab too! 'Sh not fair!" We moved again, and finally cornered a large cab as it was letting off passengers. "Hey, Cab!" we yelled. "Sorry, buddies, I'm taking off the rest of the night." He roared away. Like it was really frustrating!

So we decided to take the subway.

Finally, after several expresses had passed us by a local came along and we piled in. We got out at Times Square to find the station jammed with crawling masses of humanity, presumably coming from the New Year's Eve crowd upstairs. We headed for the crosstown shuttle, but Ted, Walter and I were distracted by a snack bar. I developed a strong craving for a frozen custard, which I indulged, and Walter decided that he wanted the same.



Now I must mention that, since Walter has left New York, he has grown a bushy beard. This, added to his long hair, large build and sloppy dress, made him look like the Werewolf of London. The poor dumb man who was serving the counter took one look at him and shrank into the ground. He didn't have the nerve to emerge for ten or fifteen minutes. By then he probably figured that he was going to get rid of the horrible sight before him only by serving it something, so he took our orders and delivered the frozen custard cones with an audible sigh of relief.

After just catching a shuttle and being shoved around again we emerged to wait for the local. Well, wait we did, finally the local came, and we piled on again. There were two old grandmotherly types sitting across from us, and we started to speculate about them. They got off just before we did -- staggering drunkenly. How illusion-shattering!

At the Lupoff's, we sat and talked some more. Dick played his old Duke Ellington recording of "St. Louis Toddle - Oo." Reiss finally showed up, and added to the banter by going into long explanations of why he couldn't draw any cartoons that evening.

I had a mad idea.

I decided I wanted to call Los Angeles and talk to LA fandom.

This was a mad idea because I had 20¢ to spare, and even at bargain station-to-station rates the call would cost \$1.75 for the first three minutes. But I was determined.

I picked on Reiss, who was talking to Pat.

"Hey Reiss," I said. "Hey Reiss hey Reiss Hey Reiss hey Reiss!" He stopped talking. He turned his head slightly, then thought better of it and turned back to Pat. He started talking again.

"Hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss!"

He couldn't ignore me forever, although he tried. "Yeah?"

"Hey, Reiss, lend me a buck fifty-five. I want to call Los Angeles

He turned back to Pat and resumed the conversation.

"Hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss hey Reiss!"

He turned back to me.

By this time Walter and Ted were interested too. "C'mon, help me," I said. "All together now, 'Hey Reiss, hey Reiss, Hey, Reiss.!' They weren't with me.

Before I knew what was happening, they throw me on the floor. Walter and Dick held me while Ted tickled. I'm ticklish. Enough said. I'm trying not to remember it. Oooog!

I kept up with the "Hey Reiss," but it was finally Sylvia who took pity on me. She said, "Hey Les." I turned. "Hold out your hand." I held out my hand and she dropped \$1.55 in nickles, dimes and quarters into it. I added my 20¢ and gave it to Dick.

Walter had given me the number of Fan Hillton. I had a tremendous idea. I'd heard that the inhabitants of Fan Hillton are supposed to answer the phone, "Hello, Fan Hillton." I had suggested to Bjo that she use the name "Fan Hillton", and although someone added another "l", it was still originally my suggestion. So I would answer, Hello, Fan Hillton. This is your creator!" in my best radio voice.

I dialed the three-number area code and waited for the operator to ask for the number. Something on the other end started ringing. It rang 25 times and I gave up. I told Dick what had happened, and learned that his phone is in an exchange so highly developed that the number is recorded automatically and you just dial the area code and the right number after it. Goshwow! I dialed the area code and the phone number right after it.

The phone rang. Somebody picked it up.  
"Hello," he said.  
Just, "Hello"  
Damn!  
"Who is this?" I asked.  
"Johnstone. Who are you?"  
"This is Gerber."  
"Gerber? You're kidding!"  
"That's right, I'm kidding."  
No, I recognize your voice! You're Gerber!" (Aside) "Hey, it's Gerber."  
"Hi, Johnstone, you kook!"  
"Here's Bjo."  
I wanted to talk to Bjo anyway. Yes! I'd spend \$1.75 to hear Bjo talk to me any time. I love the sound of Bjo's voice.  
"Hello, Les?"  
"Hi Bjo."

She thanked me for the folk song tape I had sent her for Christmas, and then introduced a bewildering array of names. I remember Ed Cox, John Trimble, Lee Jacobs, Jack Harness, Ron Ellik and another character I'll save for a moment. The conversation went mostly like this:

"Hi, Les, this is Ed Cox!"  
"Hi, Ed Cox! What did that comment of yours in the CRAP zine about my writing mean? I still don't understand it."  
"Hi Les, this is Jack Harness!"



And so it went. Ellick said that he was coming to New York, and I told him I wouldn't be there when he arrived. "Oh," said Ron. I also told Ron that I couldn't make up my mind between him and Eney for TAFF, so I was voting for Bruce Henstell. A few days ago I got a postcard from Ron:

Les:

Tell you what -- you vote for me for TAFF, and I'll leave Peggy Rae McKnight to you in my will. If you vote for Bruce Henstell, however, I'll get even -- I'll will him to you.

Ron

Bruce Henstell for TAFF!

Bjo came back on again. "Honey," she said. John was on the other phone, and I waited for him to answer.

Again, "Oh, Honey."

No reply.

Finally John said, "You stop talking to Les Gerber that way." I croggled.

"I want to talk to him that way."

Goshwow!

"Les, would you like to talk to Burbee?"

WOULD I? "Are you kidding?!"

Burbee came on.

"Hello," he said.

"How do I know you're Burbee?" I asked skeptically.

"What do you mean?"

"How do I know you're not just one of them?"

"But I am just one of them."

"Oh," I was convinced. It was Burbee.

Bjo came on.

"How do I know who you are?" asked Burbee.

"Hey Bjo," I said, "It is Burbee!"

"Right!"

"Say, Bjo," Burbee asked, "How do I know this is Les Gerber? who is Les Gerber?" He may not have been kidding.

"I'm not, I'm Ted Johnstone, calling from a phone booth."

"I was talking to Bjo."

The call was well worth ~~my~~ my money. Fannish long distance phone calls are the greatest!

After that, anything was bound to be anti-climactic. In fact I can't remember what happened after that. However, I didn't get out of the apartment until around 4:30, and I didn't get home until after A.M. One thing that I must say, Pat and Dick are hospitable above and beyond the call of duty. They invited me back whenever I make it into the city, and they managed to sound as though they meant it.

Boy, would I like to make that call in the reverse direction next New Year's Eve!

## FOR COLLECTORS ONLY

### — OSWALD TRAIN

I am not going to tell you about my collection, other than to say it is a large one, and a good one--at any rate, I think so and am proud of it. Other collectors will brag about the wonderful things they have in their collections (someother time, I might). Some will tell about the complete files of magazines on their shelves and in their vaults, science fiction magazines dating back to the year ONE. Complete files of Astounding --can't get used to Analog-- Amazing, Wonder, Black Cat, Godey's Ladies' Book and Good Housekeeping. Others will tell you of the very early science fiction books in their possession, first editions of Poe, Verne, Swift, Wells, etc. Forrie Ackerman would probably top them all with the story of the oldest book of them all, chipped out on stone tablets in the year 10,000 B.C. This is in his collection, of course. They'll tell you about complete sets of Burroughs, Haggard, Doc Smith, George O. Smith, and I'll wager someone will tell you he has every Tom Swift book ever published.

I have decided to be a little different. I am going to show you how you too can assemble collections of ten and twenty thousand books and mile high stacks of magazines. In short, I am going to let you in on some collectors' secrets--which aren't really secrets anyway.

First, a few words about collecting magazines. Obviously, the easiest way is to buy them all on the stands as they come out every month. But that is no help getting the ones you missed a long time ago. Not many of us have been collecting since the long gone twenties. About the best advice I can give you is to make regular visits to the stores that specialize in back date magazines. Shop around, compare prices and conditions. Condition is extremely important, for a tattered, dog-eared old magazine is just that and no more. If you are not satisfied with an item they have in stock, do not take it, but wait awhile, for it will turn up again, possibly in better condition and at a lower price. When you order through the mail you should insist that magazines be in good condition, and reserve the right to return them if they are not as represented.

You should decide whether or not you are going to keep the magazines on your shelves as they are, or whether or not you are going to have them professionally bound. And you should decide early what you are going to collect. Some collect every issue of every magazine, some their favorite magazines only, and some collect only issues in which certain authors are represented. Some bind their magazines complete-- and I mean complete, with front and back covers and ever scrap of advertising matter. Some remove useless back covers and pages consisting only of ads, while there are others who remove all covers, front and back, all ads, all readers' departments, binding nothing but the stories. There are others who will take their magazines apart and remove stories of certain types, or by certain favorite authors, and bind those stories only and discard the rest.

Do some of these methods seem strange to you? The thing to remember about a collection is that it is yours, for your own enjoyment, and whatever method gives you the most pleasure and satisfaction is the one for you. That is reason enough. But always bear in mind possible resale value at a later date-- you may change your mind about some things.



In spite of many seeming similarities, collecting books is a different proposition than collecting magazines. Magazines are but temporary things, and unless they have reasonable care, they soon disintegrate. Books are better constructed, have far more durable covers, and are printed better on better grades of paper. Besides, they cost a good deal more and if a person pays three or four dollars for a book he is going to take pretty decent care of it.

As in collecting magazines, you must decide early just what you are going to collect. Science fiction or fantasy? Or both? Are you going to be a completist? Are you going to collect only what you like, certain types of stories? Only you can make the choice.

It is very nice to be a completist, but unless you have plenty of room to keep your books, and unlimited cash, I advise against it. If you do not have sufficient space, you cannot care for the books properly; they jammed into shelves or piled up in corners and valuable books get damaged. Besides, completists get a lot of unreadable junk even they will never be able to wade through.

When you are building your collection, there is one thing that should be considered above all else-- just ask yourself "Do I like this book?" If the answer is yes, then it belongs in your collection. Later, you may change your mind and decide to get rid of a book and replace it with another but that is one of the things that makes collecting a pleasure, and keeps your collection fresh and new all the time. Remember, it is your collection, for your pleasure and enjoyment.

It is no problem to collect new books as they are published-- all you have to do is plunk your money down on the counter, the clerk will wrap up the book, and out you go with it. As simple as that.

But is it really that simple. Yes, if you must have the book right away. Otherwise, no-- for there are many ways you can save money simply by waiting and keeping your eyes peeled.

Do not buy a new book at the time of publication unless it is in a small edition, or published by a small company. You will notice, especially if you live in a large city, that there are bookstores specializing in what is known as remainders. Publishers' stock that did not sell as well as anticipated, or were overprinted, and sold to dealers who specialize in such books. These dealers may pay as little as twenty or thirty cents a copy, and they offer them to the public at price far below the regular list price. You may have to wait awhile, but if you buy a lot of books it is worth it.





Of course, the rub is that not all books are remaindered, but even so the chances are it was in a pretty large edition and there are other ways to obtain it.

For the books you do not catch at the remainder houses, there are several ways open to you. The large department stores very often have sales after the Christmas holiday, and real bargains are to be found there. Or they may have special sales, summer sales, clearances, etc. It pays to look for them.

Watch for the mail order advertisements in S.F. magazines, then send them your name and address and ask to be put on their mailing list. They will be glad to send them to you--after all, you are a prospective customer. Another way, of course, is to make regular and frequent visits to the second hand bookstores. If it is a large store with a rapid turnover, you may be amazed at what you will find. The chaps who write the book reviews for the papers often unload them, and, on occasion, I have obtained books several weeks ahead of publication date.

Now this gets us to the older books, almost invariably bought second hand unless you are 99 years old. To me, it is much more satisfying to get a good copy of an old book than it is to buy a fresh new one from the press. It is in these old books that the real value of your collection will lie, for usually a used copy of a book currently in print is worth much less than the list price. It will pay you to be very choosy in building up this part of your collection. Visit the bookstores at every opportunity, and if possible try to become acquainted with the proprietor or a clerk, for you will find that they will set books aside for you if they think you are interested. When you visit other cities, try to look through the bookstores there--it could very well be there is no collector in your field there. Strike up a correspondence with some of the mail order dealers if it is possible, for they can be a great help to you.

Condition is very important in old books. The scarcer they are, and the better the condition, the more they are worth on the resale market in terms of hard cold cash. I stress this because you are spending a lot of good money for your books, and it is a real investment. Should you decide to sell anything from your collection--maybe you don't like it after reading it, or you have found a better copy--you will want to get as much as possible for it. If you make a lucky purchase in the first place you have an excellent chance of getting back several times what you paid.

Care, and common sense, should be used when buying. If a book is scarce and you have been looking for a copy for years, you will have a good idea how much you are willing to pay when it finally does turn up. If it is overpriced for its condition, let it go and shop around for a better buy. Do not buy a book in a beat up condition unless it is really scarce and very cheap, in which case it can be rebound for a couple of dollars. Always try to get first editions, for they are the ones that have the real value to collectors in other fields. If you have a good book in your collection and you find a better copy, go ahead and buy it if the price is decent. It never does any harm to buy up good, cheap copies even though they are duplicates, and you will find they'll come in mighty handy for trading purposes.



Later, you may want to collect autographed books, and many of these have real value anywhere. A signed presentation copy of a book by, say, Burroughs or Haggard, is worth several times more than an unsigned copy of the same thing. If you know that an author is going to be present at a meeting or convention you may attend, take his books along and have him sign them for you. He will be glad to do so. Sometimes a book is issued in a special limited edition with fancy binding, special illustrations and finer paper. Quite often these editions are signed by both author and artist, and even though not a first edition, it is well worth having. You may want to collect letters and manuscripts by famous authors. This is a very interesting field, and many collectors will slip these letters inside first edition copies of that author's books. Of course the value automatically increases. There are many fields into which you can expand your collection. If it gives you pleasure then it is the right thing for you.

The days of fabulous bargains found at second hand bookstores may not be over, but they are certainly not as spectacular as they used to be. Today, one may search for days and weeks and find little of value. But there was a time--in the early thirties to be sure--when a small group of collectors had the field to themselves. They found the Fourth Avenue stores in New York to be real gold mines. Copies of "Darkness and Dawn" by George Allan England were often found for fifteen dollars. Weinbaum's "The New Adam" was remaindered, and copies were piled high in the remainder stores and even in drug stores in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities for less than fifty cents. There were few buyers then, but what will it cost you today if it can be found? Merritt's "The Face In The Abyss" was remaindered and went begging for buyers at 49¢ in a chain of drug stores. Today a copy of this first edition in dust jacket will cost you at least ten dollars. The same with Merritt's "Dwellers in the Mirage", yet in recent years it was unobtainable till reprinted by the Gradon Company.

Take care of your books. Don't leave them piled up on the floor for weeks on end--put them on shelves. Don't jam them so tightly on the shelves that it is an effort to take them out--bindings get torn, and books forced out of shape. Don't store them in a damp basement, or they will mildew. Don't set a wet glass down on a book for it will leave a ring. Don't turn corners down to mark the place. Use a slip of paper for a bookmark, not a ruler or a pencil. A bookseller once listed things which had been used as bookmarks. Some of the things he listed were unbelievable. He even listed a fried egg. Dust your books occasionally, for, next to water, dust is a book's worst enemy. Learn to make small repairs so that torn pages and binding will not get worse. Pencil marks can be erased, and in some cases the names on the end pages can be removed with ink eradicator. Finger prints and dirty smudges may be removed with an art gum eraser. Torn jackets can be repaired and reinforced, and plastic covers can keep a book clean and prevent torn jackets.

Best of luck in your collecting!

Ossie Train

# TRANSLATIONS

PRESENTED BY: A.M. PHILLIPS

It so happened during the course of the North African campaigns of '43 or '44---at this distance I am in some doubt of the precise occasion---that I found myself separated from that element of my battalion with which I had been previously associated. For reasons having no connection with the events which I wish to record, I found myself alone in an encampment in the Libyan Desert. There stood the tents, the mess hall, the shops, blazing under the lidless eye of the sun, and nothing moved within the dune-sculptured horizons but the desert windm with its hissing grains of sand; the soaring, planing circling kites; and an occasional scorpion or lizard.

I looked about me. This was to be my solitary camp for a determined period. Far off across the winding dunes, whose shadows seemed to paint the lines of some strange Semitic script -- ten? twenty miles?-- a broken range of arid mountains stood up against a burning sky. Even at this distance they looked old, death-ridden, time scoured. What lay within them? What secrets of antiquity? I knew them to be largely unexplored---my map showed that---and rumors of their lost cities---cities of incredible antiquity---had been current in this part of the world for many hundreds of years.

I shook myself out of this dreaming trance. The tropic sun was moving down the slope of afternoon. First, the mess hall: I had been assured of water and sufficient rations, and this I checked. A small gas engine had been left running pending my arrival. Its generator supplied sufficient current even for the outsized refrigerator I found within the hall, and more---I would have electric light, and could, if I wished, operate the transmitting unit.

The generator chugged, the refrigerator hummed, the eternal wind whispered and complained---other than these hypnotic sounds the silence was that of a lifeless world.

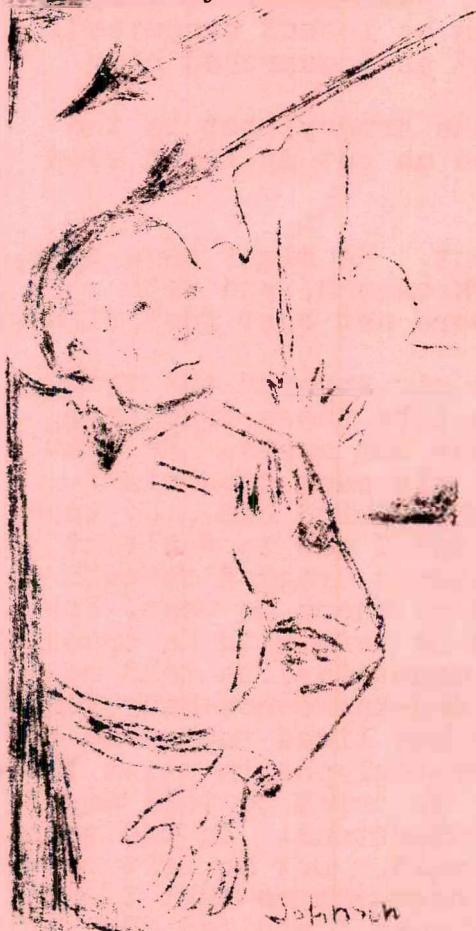
Again, and impatiently, I woke myself from the lapping dreams that washed these sealess shores. Night approached and I knew the tropic night was quick in coming.

Its door swung open, the refrigerator revealed a wealth of food and drink---its contents would have been worth murder many times over to one of the strange Arabs---if Arabs they are... outcasts, certainly---who wander alone in these arid wastes. But so remote was I---so deep within this ancient desert---headquarters had felt safe in leaving all this wealth of food, machinery, arms, etc. unguarded for days on end. No living man but myself was expected here until my relief arrived.



Nonetheless, I swung my carbine from my shoulder and checked it with rapid familiarity. My cartridge belt was full; still I sought the armory and satisfied myself that the arms were there. The jackals that I expected to come down out of the mountains with the night---yes, they travel that far within the night: how, I know not--perhaps Anubis aids them--the jackals I did not fear. They stand off, just without the light, and laugh like madmen, and they fade like the baseless shadows which, perhaps, they are, if you move toward them. The jackals were old, familiar friends: what else might lurk without the light I did not know..Arab, Bedouin,..ghoul? With the carbine slung once more from my shoulder, I checked my sidearm---a .38 I'd picked up on some forgotten field.

And then, in the last of the daylight, a patrol: I toured every tent and shop, flashed my light under made-up beds, avoided corners, turned swiftly to catch whatever might be behind me. There was nothing, no one: I was alone at night, in the Libyan Desert.



Dinner with moonrise. The swollen yellow globe---looking as though it were about to burst--lomed above the jet-black dunes. Did something move out there? I swung up my glasses and caught it fairly in the field--and leaped to my feet, my right hand streaking willless to the pistol grip!

A mis-shaped shadow lurched and vanished in the thicker ink of larger shadows. I stared until my eyes grew strained and dry, and then--there it was again! It staggered, loomed and shrank---and steadily moved toward the camp.

Moments flashed by as I dropped the tent flap to within a few inches of the sandbagged, wodden wall of the armory tent (in which I had elected to dine). My carbine was already charcoaled, there would be no glint of moonglow along my weapon's barrel!

Jackals cried and laughed weirdly. I knew the thing had reached them, crossed the thin perimeter they drew around the camp. I saw it now--a great, lumpy head moving on three wobbling legs. The carbine was inaccurate at any distance. I would have to wait: there would be, probably, but a single chance. And now I heard it..a whispering, dragging sound, an eldritch, obscene murmur. I had it now..full in the moonlight the monster rose, and my finger tightened on the trigger.

And then he coughed politely and a well-bred English voice called, "Oh, I say there! I say! Is anyone about? I say, the champ!"

He nearly got his head blown off in sheer reaction. But you don't go trigger-happy through some years of the African campaigns: I straightened, lowered my old carbine to my side.

"Who is it?" I asked, and moved immediately from where I stood. But he made no hostile gesture; no gunflash lit the heavy night. He stopped and peered about. I put the flash upon the sandbags, switched it on, and leaped aside. He did not fire; he did not move; he stood and blinked. And I saw that he dragged a long tube behind him and that made the third leg; and on his shoulders he carried a huge sack, and that gave him the monstrous head I thought I saw.

The man himself was thin, cadaverous, hawk-like. I stepped out, and showed him my pistol, at which he looked surprised. He made no comment other than, "I say!" as I searched him.

Satisfied, I escorted him (not to the armory) but to the mess hall, and with its lights switched on got my first good look at my visitor.

He was not English, despite his accent. He might have been, and probably was, a Hindu---he was dark enough, and with ascetic look. But, yet, the features were not cast just right...

I gave him supper, and I listened to him through the night, and I watched him go with daybreak out into these trackless, lost, and endless dunes, and I never saw him again. He went as though strolling along Bond Street, his pack upon his shoulder, dragging the narrow black tube behind him. He took a bit of water in a canteen with him, and I saw in daylight that his heavy boots were scuffed as though dragged through many miles of sand. He would not tell me where he went. Nor would he say from whence he came. But he left with me translations...or so he said. Back in the distant mountains, he told me,---in the mountains unvisited by men for God-knows-how-many-years---he had found the cities of legend. He had lived there---he implied---for years, had solved the cryptoglyphs in which their history---or was it?--- was recorded. He tried to tell me, to explain the meaning---but I could not understand. In the morning, he left---sadly---he said he could not wait. But he left me with a string of these "translations", and besought me that I bring them to the attention of scholars when next I visited the cities of men. He did not seem to know that was walked up and down the land.



And now and here I discharge my promise to this strange man  
who walked off into the star-lit east before the molten desert  
dawn flared up to light his tiny figure far off and soon was lost  
within the dancing heat waves.

These, then, are the "translations" left with me that morning  
long ago:

And now the rainbow sets its course  
Upon the bank of hours  
While pancakes follow chimney pots  
Amid the scent of flowers.

When comes the puddled pencil-tops  
And creamed Aeolian Tuna  
Through narrow ways creat a maze  
We all give thanks to Luna.

With candied transfers ripe with wheat  
We plod along the narrow street  
And bear upon the course of days  
A thousand suffering dinner trays.

His ears were full of laundered shirts  
His hair was wet with whisky  
His arms were full of pickled frogs  
And his apple-cart was frisky.

While Marmaduke refreshed the scout  
With old and simple airs,  
Ten thousand tons of sauerkraut  
Came sliding down the stairs.

In anatory cap and gown  
The glowing pretzel came to town;  
While rice and onions filled the air  
With sound of trumpets, bells and hair!

I did not know the name of soup  
Nor when it was cremated  
But oh how sadly did I droop  
When onion was prorated.

Oh, if I could remember  
The number of days in September!  
I wouldn't be praised  
For the number of days  
But I'd be alone in September.



Perhaps the oyster knows its fruit  
Perhaps the day is long  
But when the day spring spares its loot  
Then well is ill forlorn.

While Marmaduke with studied grace  
Enlarged upon life's lees  
Full thirty-thousand prelates watched  
The Boy Scout shelling peas.

He wore his tonsils in his hat  
His overcoat was lousy  
But never did a sponsor seem  
So new, so brown, so drowsy.

If cabbages and riding coats  
Make monsters out of tellers  
Then apricots will serve as oats  
For five and twenty spellers.

In elementary mask and wig  
We hunt the wild, inclement fig  
Through the streets bone-gray and dry with dust  
And over cameras red with rust.

And so we find young Marmaduke  
In mullioned windows dressed  
While strolling peasants tread the grapes  
In baggy pants unpressed.

Who treads on yon potatoe treads  
Upon his very soul!

For nearly twenty years I have studied these quotations, and because of their somewhat outre---or perhaps 'unfocused' is the word I want---quality, I have delayed their revaluation. Perhaps there is a deep and Dallesque significance here. Perhaps. It seems to me, however, that my visitor in that distant desert night was---just possibly---inept in his grasp of these cryptic ancient tongues. Error has in some way, I fear, raised its ugly head.

By: Lex Phillips

66

"The future is not a club from which you can resign."

666

"During World War III we will all be cremated equal."

[illegible]



Len Moffatt exclaims: BEAUTIFUL cover on ETWAS #2! ( And nice of Bjo to Gestetner it for you, too.)

A 26 page mag, containing such a variety of material, should really have a Table of contents page. Also helps to give your contributors a bit more egoboo...

The Summer Urge wasn't badly written. It seemed to be another post-atomic war story, and we've had so many of those...

Even before the publication of the first part of his History of Fandom, Harry Warner has (since many moons ago) established himself as the "unofficial" historian of fandom. This brief history of Australian fandom is typical of Harry's Good Work, and I agree with him that fandom (science-fiction fandom, not just "~~Fannish~~ fandom") can survive with little or no prozines in existence. However, I think it will be many, many years before there are absolutely no S-F prozines on the stands, if indeed that day ever comes.

It's nice to see a Milty Rothman article in a fanzine again, and a fine article it is too. Over-simplified, perhaps, but its very simplicity makes his logical argument all the more effective. I trust you sent a copy to Mr. Campbell...//-I was going to, but Leslyn ( his daughter), and I decided that if we wanted to keep writing, and seeing each other on occasion, it wouldn't be a good idea. "I'd rather be a live chicken, than a dead duck!" +//

A Day in the Fannish Life of Bob Lichtman was fairly entertaining, but it also made me envious. I have yet to see "The Mesquite Kid Rides Again". Didn't get to Al's the night of the showing, due to illness in the family, but hope to see it sometime, somehow...

Am pretty much in agreement with Lambeck on editing lettercols, but then he said all the obvious things, obvious, that is, to fans who have been around for some time. Although some fans will no doubt disagree with the part of inserting your comments into the lettercols as far as I am concerned, though, as long as you can tell who is saying what, I think it is alright. I, myself was taken to task for this, on the grounds that I was butting into the conversation, like sticking your nose where it wasn't wanted...I considered this a pretty weak argument. After all, it was my letter col in my fanzine, and the writers were addressing me as well as the readers so I felt that I had the right to "join in" the "conversation", and that it made more sense for me to make my comment, or answer a question at the appropriate place in the letter rather than trying to make all my comments at the bottom of a letter, where, in some instances--one has to refer back to the various portions of the letter about which you are commenting, thus taking up more space in the mag.

(still with Len) This brings us to the article on "Fan Arts" which is interesting and instructive, to say the least. Nice set of illos too.

All in all, a 2nd ish to be proud of...// -Don't worry, I am, proud as punch// not perfect, but how many fanzines are?

I wonder when the puns on your title will begin..such as.. ET WAS a good issue ... and ETWAS really is something!...

//10202 Belcher Downey, Calif.//

Chuck Devine also thought that the cover was beautiful//and you know what, I agree, Thanks, again Bjo//. I liked the color change in pages. Wish that I could do it, myself, but my readers won't let me. // So far I haven't had any complaints, perhaps that is because they know it wouldn't get them too far anyway. I can be terribly stubborn, and all of any one color seems dull. at least for me. I'll wait till I'm old and tired before I do that//

I liked your ramblings in the ed. No continuity but fun reading. //hope you can spell that word, I can't, I just copied it.//

I liked Joe Sanders piece very much. I have a deep fear of mimeo stencils...//who doesn't?//..No, if I need some artwork done on mimeo stencil, I'll try to have Mike Johnson do it. The illos in the article were very good. Especially Adkins.

Conservation sounded like a junior high school science lesson.

922 Day Drive Boise, Idaho

William Danner complains: I like rambling editorials as long as they ramble, but this time yours gallops off in all directions at once. For instance, one paragraph of only ten lines starts out on your highschool's football team and ends up on its magazine. To digress a moment, I can't help wondering whether the boys on the football team take all these chances "for the school" or because they realize that as a result of so doing young ladies such as you think they are wonderful. There are all kinds of egoboo, you know.

//You mean, I've been took? But when you say it is not logical, I disagree. I thought about it for a while, thought that you were probably right, and so sat down and read that paragraph again. It is very logical. If you think that that is bad, you ought to hear me talk. Especially when you are near me when I am excited. And, after all, you are supposed to write as you talk. I'll try to correct this in the future. I'll make no rash promises, but I'll try.//

//He says a lot more about my spelling and other machanics which are being put to use this time as much as possible. No, Bill, I'm not

mad, just no time to write.// //R.D. #1 Kennerdell, Penna.//

Jerry Page congratulates: Very nice 'zine. Cover was good, though somewhat bare. The quality of the material was good, better than some more established zines. One thing though - as much as I enjoy your writing, you break in too much. Comments in Bob Lichtman's column and the placing of the poem were especially distracting. Either dummy material to fill out page with art work //???// quotes or fillers or start next piece after the other is done. DOWN WITH CONTINUED ON PAGE SO-AND-SO - ITEMS IN FANZINES. End of sermon. //Yes sir.//



Jerry continues " On the whole, ETWAS is remarkable, and of quite promising. The variety was very good.

// This is me..I have a feeling that something is going on that is over my head, or at least that I don't know about. perhaps it is just coincidence, but it seems strange. Jerry capitalized " quite". This could mean very, little. But then why did John Konig , in his review of ETWAS which I haven't seen yet, say that ETWAS was " quite promising"? And why did Mich Gates say that he detected a pun? Help....//

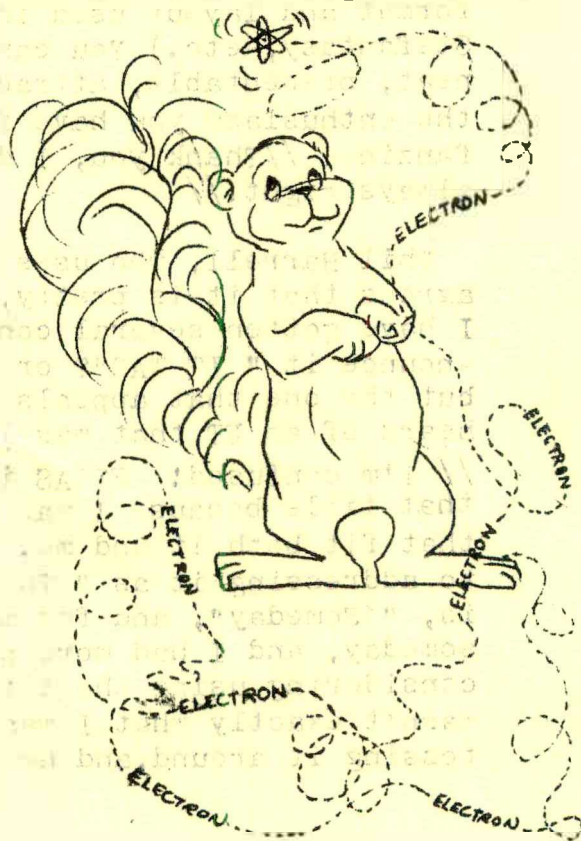
Jerry's address:

//193 Battery Place, NE, Atlanta, Georgia.//

Mike Deckinger admits: The change of address coupon is novel, and reports that he is moving soon, and so he will send me the new address. By the way, it needn't be torn out, I didn't mean it like that, especially with Harry's article on the back of it. It was more to give you the idea to let me know that you are moving. He also complains that the letter column is too short. I hope that this one is long enough for him. I also hope that this will print decently. You see, I am babysitting, and using their portable. I don't think that it likes me. When I started tonight, it stuck every single time that I typed an "A". And it still sticks on some letters. But the A is behaving now. I do wish that Mike would send me his new address. I guess that he didn't take the hint.

A Squirrel I know says: Your editorial was disorganized and rambling, but interesting; you can polish your writing by doing a lot of it. Writing letters to fanzines, articles and stories to fanzines etc. // Etc. like writing letters to you? Maybe?// Seeing your own material in print is a good (fast) way to teach you what is wrong with it, and how to improve it.

Warner's article impressed me. not that I am particularly interested in Aussie fandom, but it impressed me that you must learn to transcribe, even if you can't learn to spell. Nobody blames you for not knowing how to spell, it is a lost art in American education.//You're not kidding. We have had vocabulary to increase your speaking and reading vocabulary, but I haven't been in a situation in the past two years of school where points were



taken off for incorrect spelling. Perhaps that is why I never bothered. I have a sneaky suspicion that I am going to change in a hurry now though. Too many people are complaining, and after all, I can't let a simple little thing like that keep ETWAS from being the best. Why, it isn't fair to it. ( by the way, I didn't mean that to be a pun, I don't know how I do it, but if I try to make a pun on something, I can't do it. Otherwise I stick my foot in my mouth everytime. Ask Les Gerber.) Anyway, I hope this issue is better, It isn't through lack of trying if it isn't. Back to Ron//

N'APA is abbreviated with an apostrophe to indicate that its full name is Neffer Amateur Press Alliance, which is short for National Fantasy Fan Federation APA. You can find out more from the official Editor, Belle Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave. Bronx 53, N.Y. Membership in N'APA is only open to members of the NFFF ...which you can join by sending \$1.60 to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee. (I'm not recruiting -- just furnishing information) //"Ditto"//

I liked your bit about your cat, because I started reading in the middle and I wasn't sure that the Christopher you were scolding was the cat Christopher. That sure was amusing, until I found out better. //Ron Elik, Sir, it is a good thing that there are others reading this, I might be tempted to make a few remarks, otherwise. Wait until I get ahold of you again, You'll pay for that remark.//

The overall impression of this second issue is that it is poorly put together, but very interesting. By studying the format and layout used in other fanzines( Discord, Shangri-L'Affaire Stefantasy, etc.) You can get an idea of how to keep ETWAS neat, presentable, attractive and organized. Then, if you keep the enthusiasm you have for publishing, you'll have a top-notch fanzine. //Thank you, I do hope you're right, but then, you're always right.//

Phil Harrell, who uses my right name, Peggy Rae. At last, he agrees that it is pretty, that is why I use it. Now about ETWAS, I have gotten several connotations from the name. ( do you pronounce it " IT WAS"? or like I do, ET Was? ( ie I et dinner)? but the one that appeals to me most is ET Was ( but who ever heard of an ET that was?) and if I'm correct, the Et WAS what?

// I'm confused! ETWAS is German or " something", and I choose that title because I was going crazy trying to think of a title that fit both it and me. While I was looking for a title, I took to addressing it as " The Thing", and, my favorite word in English is, " Someday", and for months and months, I used ETWAS to mean someday, and I had more points taken off in German class. I was considering using the title someday, but it was too long, and it wasn't exactly what I wanted, so one day George Heap and I were tossing it around, and he suggested using a German name, then it



was easy. ETWAS popped into my mind, and there wasn't a single thought after that, in my mind, which was against it. It's perfect. //

I'm wondering who the terrific cover artist is, and you ought to have the name of your zine on the cover. // Look carefully on the right hand side of the illo, near the bottom, you will find that Bjo did sign it. And I fought with myself about having the name on the cover, you see, Bjo mailed me the finished cover, and I would have had to put the name on separately, and take the chance of ruining it; I never could forgive myself if I had done that. //

Bob Lambeck had the most interesting article; Bob Lichtman the most enjoyable column; John Pesta the most (and only) readable story, I think I followed it, I think, and Chris Jameson has some interesting illos.

I agree with Annchamberlain and Redd Boggs, who ask, "What is the name of your 'zine?". // Phil, not having received the first issue of ETWAS, you missed the whole point, you see, in the first issue I pulled a couple pretty stupid tricks, like having the title only on the cover, and then it was indecipherable, and I also had my name and address only on the mailing flap. I think now, that it was rather funny. How anyone could work that hard, and then just forget to put their name and address in the thing is beyond me. Besides, if you read the editorial, you would see that I first gave the name of my fanzine and my address. 'Key? Please forgive my snapping. people..I bite! //

Roy Tackett says that I have "Pretty good material, Peggy, especially the Warner item. Sanders and Lambeck make it appear that you are running a school on how to put out a fanzine. Rothman's article was interesting, but, as JWC points out, he has never stated in print that the Dean Drive device actually works. Campbell objected to the fact that noone would investigate the device to see whether or not the thing would prefore as touted.

This is short, but I have umpteen letters to answer. // You're forgiven this time. Happy landing. //

Mike McInerney says that the wonderful cover started things off fine, and although my editorial wasn't spectacular, it set the stage for the rest of the zine. He also says that "It does accomplish its purpose very well. I liked it.

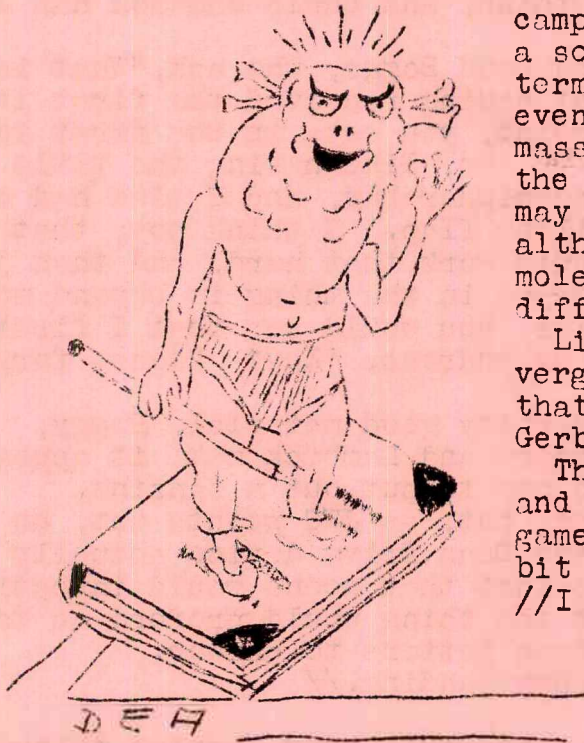
The article by Sanders was one of the reasons I wanted the zine. I wasn't disappointed and I hope to be putting it to practical use soon. They say the truest flattery is imitation, since I'm going to be using the article, you can see that I really liked it. Those illos really helped me understand all the points being made."

He also tries to tear Milt Rothman to pieces, but I am afraid he didn't do it. I am not sure of Milt's title, but he has his Phd in Phisics, so I rather think that he knows what he is talking about. If he didn't phrase something persicely right, it was so that it wouldn't be more confusing that it was. As you saw, it went over some people's heads as it is. It would go over many more's if it were changed. That is if it needs to be, I am not a scientist, so I can't say.

Earl Noë chiles: You didn't tell us much about the Pittcon in your excessively rambling editorial!

I rather liked the Pesta. I like people who put fiction in fanzines. This particular piece gave me the impression that it wasn't worked up quite enough, a little disconnected and lacking smoothness to a degree that it shouldn't have.

Harry Warner was interesting. I have never doubted, however, that fandom can survive without science-fiction; it has been getting along fine without it for sometime.



I am not a member of the Campbellian camp, but "Conservation" was rather a sophomoric rebuttal, and the terminology was not entirely correct even within its elementary framework: mass energy is conserved, but not, in the strictest sense, momentum. Momentum may be converted to heat energy, and although this is kinetic energy on a molecular level, it is commonly differentiated.

Lichtman was interesting, though verging on the superfluous with all that about his tests at UCLA and Les Gerber's old address.

The repro, et cetera, is passable, and quite nice for so early in the game. The editorial presence was a bit effusive, but charming.

//I never did receive KARMA #2.//

//3304 E. Belknap, Fort Worth 11, Tex.//

//Les Gerber is right, he said that I would puzzle over his letter and

try to get something printable from it. Down with Les Gerber! Well, people here we go, let's see what we can make of it.//

I'm a bit surprised that you feel that Dean McLaughlin might have been insulted by your not remembering his name. At a S.F. convention, with so many people you've never met before, you're doing well to remember a quarter of the people you meet. I had to keep looking at Lynn Hickman's name tag and I've been writing to him for a year and a half now.

I wonder where in the world you got the article by Milt Rothman. I didn't know that he still had any connections with fandom. I'm glad to see the article; Busby pretty well demolished the Dean Drive in CRY but Milt has taken a somewhat different angle and achieved the same result. As a recent Physics student, I can testify to the accuracy of the article.

If David English fascinates you, you haven't heard anything in the way of strange fannish names. How about David Ish? or Harry Schmarje? There are dozens of them. // Who was talking about strange names? I meant beautiful ones. And I am beginning to really believe that David English doesn't really exist! Either that



or he doesn't read the fanzines that are sent to him. At least he ignores him. Mr. English, sir, are you there? //

//Box 223, Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.//

Lenny Kaye is jealous, he says...: Don't brag about about your football team. Just because your team had a good season doesn't mean anything. Our team had a "won 4" "lost 5" record. And our team could whip your team!

I think "Fan Arts" by Joe Sanders was the best think in the whole issue. It really helped an aspiring fan like me.

Conservation was too scientific for me. Much to scientific.

Fanstuff Pilau was another winner, and I also liked both Bob's telling you how to edit a lettercolumn, and your letter col.

//418 Hobart Rd. Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, N.J.7/

I have a question for Bob Lichtman before I let him talk...Bob, who is Virginia. There is no doubt in my mind who Santa is, but who is Virginia? I always did Like Santa.

Bob is annoyed: There is one very annoying thing you could dispose of. This is the habit of signing your editorial comments with a "P.R.McK." I keep trying to pronounce it as a word, and it is very difficult to do. A simple Peggy would do as well, I think, and would be far less annoying. Also, Peggy is very pronounceable. // Bob, but Peggy isn't my first name, and how am I going to train all the pretty people to call me Peggy Rae if I sign myself Peggy? and Peggy Rae is just too long. So until someone offers another suggestion, I will omit the P.R.McK., but instead I will use nothing. like I am doing this time. As long as I am the only one who sticks comments in at odd times, it shouldn't be too confusing...anyone have any real complaints...with reasons?//

Warner's article is one of these terrifically interesting things that reads like a practice exercise from the fan history he's currently working on. This particular episode is one of the things that Harry is having to write because Sam Moskowitz, in his self-centeredness, failed to include it in The Immortal Storm. //Touche!// Sam was an excellent historian, but he limited himself in the book to things which mainly involved him.

Rothman is interesting, it is nice to see stuff straight from a physics text in a fanzine.

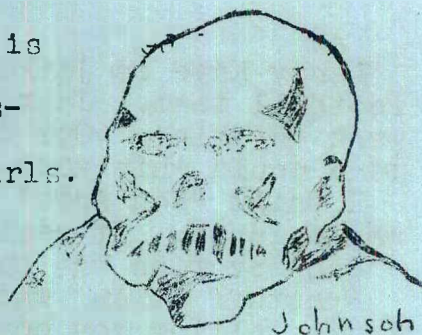
//6137 S.Croft Ave. Los Angeles 56, Calif.//

Rolf Gindorf, a man who had no trouble figuring out what my title meant says: Well, well, well...I may have a few delusions about life in general, but that of considering myself a fan who gets fanzines without asking for them was definitely not one of them. But come to think of it, I can't honestly say that I dislike being treated thusly. Anyway, thanks for ETWAS #2, and I'll be damned if it isn't the most unusual fanzine that I have ever gotten. This doesn't apply so much ( in fact, not at all) to the contents, but a) to the title, which isn't much of a mystery to me as far as the meaning is concerned, but who ever heard of an American fanzine with a German title? - and b) to the (at



least to me) quite surprising fact that it is pubbed by a 16-year-old human female.

You know, somehow I had gotten the impression that SF in general, and fandom in particular, didn't lend itself easily to girls. ( the same as with chess.) //I like to watch people playing chess, but have long since given up trying to win. A game of luck is much more my speed. Like cards, although I do like to be given a chance to do a bit of fiddling with things. Gah, I don't mean that like it probably sounds like I do. I shouldn't compose comments on stencil.//Femme-fans on the continent are few and far between, and those that I know of in England and the USA seem to be of a more mature age. So I am glad to see that there is at least one girl who is sufficiently interested in fandom to pub a fanzine of her own. In case these remarks sound a bit 'grown-upish' to you, let me say that I passed the teenage-stage not much more than two years ago. //You didn't, at least not to me, anyway, I wouldn't trade places with you or anyone else right now, I enjoy being 16, and I have every intension of enjoying being 17 when I get there. Besides, if I were to switch places with you, I wouldn't be a girl ( or shouldn't that be Femme-fan?) and to quote someone...I enjoy being a girl!//



The articles I liked best in ETWAS #2 were your editorial and Bob Lichtman's piece. The reason is that they tell me something about the personalities of their writers - and that is what I am most interested in. Not that I read them with a handbook on Freudian psycho-analysis beside me, but I do like to learn as much as possible about those funny characters who call themselves fans.

Your name suggests that you may be of Scottish ( or Irish) ancestry. Correct? //both, plus lots more.// By the way, are you called Peggy, or Rae, or both? and how do you pronounce Rae? //I am called quite a few things, my correct first name, and the one I prefer, is Peggy Rae. but I get everything from Peg to Margaret to Rachel. But both Margaret and Rachel are completely wrong. My parents knew that I wouldn't be able to spell so they gave me an easy name. I put up with being called Peg and Peggy by people I like, and others if I am in a good mood, but I have always felt that there are few names that are as pretty as mine, so why not take advantage of it? And you pronounce Rae..like Lester del Rey pronounces his name.//

//Wolfrath Hans-bockler-strasse 52, Telefon, 617 Germany//

Another friend who knew what ETWAS meant...Helmut Klemm.. Ghee..do you speak German? I've never thought that in America someone would go and call their fanzine my a german name! Great GHU! //I don't speak or write German nearly as well as you or any of the people from Germany do, that I have gotten letters of comment from. I wish that I did, I would be getting A's in German instead of B's. And Frau Schmid would be much happier than she is.//

I do hope that you can understand my English, which is not very good, but I am only 15 and I hope to speak next year a little better. // Hel, I'm sorry that I cut your letter to pieces, //



Jan Penny ponders fondly in the dark corners of her mind that she and SLANfer could have encouraged ETWAS into the solid piece of pubbing that it is...

GMCarr once commented that SLANDER, issue 3, I think, reminded her of the time she stumbled accidentally onto a bus of high school kids; the editorial in ETWAS #2 is more like a pajama party..lots and lots of words, and the chatty, personal air of a letter to Mamma ( Charlie Weaver style of course.)

Didn't read A SUMMER PLACE //URGE//, but a glance at the punchline tells what it's about. Not that Pesta is a Pest, or anything. I never read sercon fanfiction. // But Jan, this is a SCIENCE FICTION fanzine, not a fandom fanzine. There are too many fanzines which tell about " Well, I went such-and-such a place, and met such-and-such a person, then we talked, and he showed me his such-and-such collection, then we went over to such-and-such a perdon's house, and talked with him, and then we went home thinking about what a fannish time we had." I don't want to have everything like that. Bob is fun, but more than one such thing is to have it out of proportion.//

Warner was excellent, as usual, but it's a little startling to be assured that prozines aren't really going out of business when the thought never occurred before. It's like saying that the TV networks got tired of playing the game, folded up their transmitters and went home. Catastrophes of that magnitude just don't happen. But -- God's in his heaven and Harry Warner says all's right with the world; fandom endureth forever. Amen. //Jan is one of the several of you who is an assorted people-type fan, thanks to you who sent artwork, the invitation is still wide open. Please...//

//1528 A Harmony St New Orleans 15, Louisiana//

Tom Schlück, whose Mother said:"There is an animal been come!!" she told me when I got home from school and asked for the mail, it seems that the outer staples came loose. "With a pigtail and stars, and a mask!" I was curious, and so I at once began to look through the whole thing. I first amused myself on the name. Most German fanzines have English names: The Bug Eye etc. And now I see a zine on the other hand, having a name from the German word something ; ETWAS. It's a funny thing, and I like funny things. //Hannover W, Germany Altenbekener Damm 10 //

// With an audible sigh of relief I think: I'm glad that that is done. One less thing to worry about. It is a shame that I can't do my editorial now, but I find it is better to do that last. So I have about eight lines to talk in. It is now January, and I must say that it is so far much the most fannish year that I have ever had. Not only have I been getting fanzines like mad, but soon after the new year rolled around I got an air mail letter from Ron Ellik ( RON ELLIK FOR TAFF) saying that he would be in New York soon, and would I like a little fannish company. Two weeks later, after he had come down, Les Gerber showed up at a PSFS meeting. The same one during which I was nominated for the offices of V.Pres. and Secretary. The outcome of that, I don't know yet. So the next day Les and I went to the Franklin Institute where I did some research for my science project. My space is about to run out, so I guess that it thinks I've talked enough. I can take a hint.//

to look through the whole thing. I just answered  
and said, "oh, no, no, I was out of the house."  
It seems that the other children were there. With  
the first one when I got home from school and asked  
for something, who's mother said, "there I am, an

\\1528 A Harmony St New Orleans 15, Louisiana\\  
wide open. Please. \\

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\\Jen is one of the several of you who have sent me  
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and he showed me his such-and-such collection, then we went  
and such a place, and met such-and-such a person, then we went  
and for many families which tell about a person, then we went  
in a SCIENCE FICTION fanline, not a random fanline. There  
of anything. I never read person fanfiction. \\ But I don't  
fantasies tell me what it's about. Not that he is a P. of.

Diana's read A SUMMER PLACE \\URGE\\, but a glance at the  
a letter to Emma (Charles never says of course.

party... lots and lots of words, and the charity, person of  
school kids; the editorial in EWING AS it was like a person  
ment of the time she studied accidentally in the like a person  
GMCRTV once commented that BLANDER, I think, reminded  
piece of pudding that is I... I think, reminded  
that a a and BLANDER could have an original idea of her own

Jan Penny borders fondly in the park

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