

ETWAS

NUMBER 7



JAMES LANCTOT

Goodmorning:

Now, to get rid of the nasty business first. That means, saying that ETWAS is published by Peggy Rae McKnight, etc. And now, we get to the ticklish business.....believe it or not, I don't really know where I live... What a ridiculous bit of nonsense! I think that I will leave it at this, Until the middle of December I will be at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont. Then, for January and February, I will be in California. Where, I'm not quite sure, but that is alright. Mail will no doubt reach me if it is sent to Ron's address. That is Ron Ellik 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, Calif. Then, someplace around February 28th, I'll be back at Goddard College. Next summer I'll also be in California, and after that is too far in advance for you to worry about.

I guess you would like an explanation for that. Goddard is an unusual college. Fabulous, but unusual. One of the things, the thing which concerns us at the moment, is that we have a two month work period during the winter.

Other nice things about the college are that there are: (1) no required attendences of classes, (2) no tests, (3) no rules about times when you must be in, you are just expected to use good sense, and when you don't, often enough, you get told about it, (4) the teachers are friends, (5) you can eat however much you want to at mealtime, (6) there is such an institution called inter-dorm visitation, this means that during some hours of five days of the weeks, girls can go into boys rooms and vice-versa, on Sunday from 2pm to 6pm, and on Tuesdays through Fridays from 4pm to 9pm. This could be much better, but it is fantastically better than other schools. (7) there are no required courses, that means that you choose courses which interest you not the deans, etc. (8) there is ~~another~~ great institution at Goddard, this is called taking an independent. If you wish to take some course which is not offered, then you outline your objectives and work with some professor as one of your classes. Of course, this independent must be approved, but if you are really interested in some idea you can do it. Examples of independents are pantomime, the ideas of various economists, the economics of radio industry, directing, acting, research of the works of various writers, etc. and, (9) there are many other things about Goddard which I love, it seems like a utopia when you read the college catalog, and, surprisingly enough, it comes very close. I'm happy, anyway.

Dispite what I said way back last issue, that I wouldn't be at Chicago, I went to Chicago. My convention report is really quite short. It follows: Boy was I sick!

I kid you not, those of you who were there and saw me will understand what I mean. I had had just too much excitement and just too little sleep. And my little old body rebelled, and so I spent a great deal of the convention asleep. It wasn't my idea, really, but did you ever try and argue with a six foot Squirrel who is right and knows it? I lost all nights except one, that isn't a very high batting average. The last night he let me stay up until 3 am. But the other nights he was very strict. And, he's bigger than I am.

Probably you are wondering, or, at least you were, if I had done something sinful like gafiated. No, that's an answer. Now, for the explanation, as I have said no end of times, I want to publish ETWAS when I feel like it, not because I have a deadline to meet. It is for fun, to relax me, not to make me worry. ETWAS will no doubt be published from time to time for many many years. You may receive issues several practically on top of each other. Last fall I was doing that. You had about four issues fairly close together. Last spring and winter I was busy being a Senior in High School, and this summer I was busy working for a living (horrible job), and now I am busy being a "13", (A Freshman at Goddard)

I might now devote a bit of space to the people who have talked me into publishing right now. (I wanted to go to sleep) James and John Lanctot (Lancelot) and Owen Hannifen are helping me no end. (Yes, Owen Hannifen is! I didn't believe it either) Jim is doing most of my artwork, including the cover which he says that I am to say is "The hegemony of the Superego". Owen is running it off, and showing me Lake Champlain which I have never seen before. And last, but not least, is John who is kibitzing. (and, he says, twitching.)

Well people, two things which I have seen recently which are worth while. Camelot (is magnificent) and A Very Private Affair. I saw the movie last night, and my reaction is that it is "fantastic", that is, not to say that it is excellent, that I am not about to comment on, I don't know, the effects were fabulous though. You see, that is something about Goddard College, it is possible to get very enthused about something. Yesterday in Play Production we were talking about lighting, and I have been working with pantomime and directing and acting, and the movie was just fascinating to watch. Because, for almost the first time in my life, I noticed things. I not only looked, but I also saw. It was a wonderful feeling.

Play Production is one of my classes at Goddard. This is another of the things which I like about the college. We have the equivalent of 18 hours, in three classes. I have Play Production, a course in Economics, and a combination Anthropology and Sociology course called Individual and Society which is taught by a man who was a special student of both Togore and Frost and has spend most of his live in his native land, India.

Play Production is my favorite closely followed by the course in Economics. Play Production is fantastic though. Some of things which we do are really great. I'll list a few things which we are doing. (1) trying to act during the first few weeks so that we could get used to the stage. (2) doing a technical assignment, mine is costumes, I am doing, with one other girl, the costuming of a show, (3) directing a scene from a play (I am doing a scene from ESCAPE by John Galsworthy) (4) acting in two plays (I am acting in THE LITTLE FOXES by Lillian Hellman and PRIVATE LIVES by Noel Coward.) (5) doing a pantomime by Loretto Carroll, (6) becoming familiar with every aspect of the theatre that is possible, and (7) reading everything possible. Fantastic course!

I'm being insulted! I just said that I thought that I was the only idiot around here, meaning that I was the only one that didn't have a driver's license, and John commented, quite unfairly, that he agreed with me.

I am being bombarded with thousands of Squirrel jokes. I don't know how they got started, but they now refuse to stop.

I really can't say when there will be another issue of ETWAS. I have no idea. I still have material, and I can probably squeeze another issue out of the material that I have, however, if you want it sooner, it would be wise to send material (Hello, Harry, Bernie, Joe Sanders, well, that's enough for the moment. But, I'd appreciate all.)

P.S. Have fun hunting! No
table of contents this time. Sorry ---
Mg

Peggy Rae
Peggy Rae McEllick

Harry Warner, Jr.: I don't know whether the mention of me in your editorial was a subtle hint for material or just an effort to obtain another customer for this house which you surprisingly enough admit that you're running. But I had a sudden idea for an allegory or something today. I've already told every fanzine editor on two continents, except you, that I have no time to write for fanzines while doing research for the fan history opus. So, I'm enclosing it.....

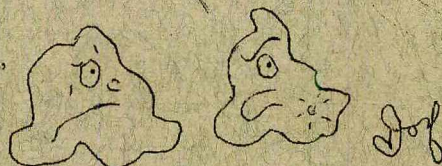
Jinx McCombs: I save the best for last,; your two sketches under "It Happened" would justify the existence of any zine. To the general interest of ETWAS they were the crowning touch. In the second especially--their charm is a little hard to describe, but much the same appeal is in the Barbi Johnson pointing I own. I wish my skill with oil paints was a little greater; I can see so clearly the little girl and the snow and the elf - I wish I had enough talent to get it down on canvas! Beautiful word-image, Peggy Rae. (← Thank you so much-ME→)

Buck Coulson: A few comments on ETWAS #6. So you run a house, do you? And you so young, too...should I start addressing you as "Madam"? I was going to say that ending a sentence with a proposition **was all right**; it was ending--with a proposition that got people in trouble--but that's a pretty old joke, come to think of it.

Warren Rothberg and Carla Branton are here and they would like to receive fanzines. They have been asking so very many questions that Owen and I decided that the only way to satisfy them was to expose them to fandom. their addresses are:

Warren Rothberg;
163 S. Prospect St. Burlington,
Carla Branton;
119 S. Union St.
Burlington, Vermont

EVER GET THE
UNCOMFORTABLE
FEELING THAT
MAYBE YOU'RE
NOT THE BE-ALL
AND END-ALL OF
EXISTENCE?



CENTS OF WONDER

—BY HARRY WARNER, JR.

Occasionally I have time to worry about things not connected with science fiction and fandom. As a result, I have recently begun to realize what a serious situation has been occurring all around us. I've not only located this situation, which most persons don't know about, but I've discovered the identity of the culprits who are responsible for its existence.

I grew suspicious while glancing through an old city directory of Hagerstown, published in the 1920's. It contained a listing of banks. There were seven of them in Hagerstown at that time. It seemed rather odd that the town should have doubled its size in the past four decades, but the number of banks should have declined to the present total of four. Then I remembered that a small town six miles from Hagerstown, Williamsport, had two banks until just a few years ago, when they merged. Moreover, another rural community nearby, Clear Spring, had an independent bank until two years ago, when one of the surviving Hagerstown banks purchased it, lock, stock, and assets. That means that the number of banks is down from ten to five in this area.

Then just before Christmas I received a number of advertising folders. These made me aware for the first time how much purchasing is done on credit. They not only assured me that I wouldn't have to make a down payment and wouldn't have to pay the first installment until the next May, but also went so far as to fail to include the total price of some of the merchandise. All that they listed was the size of the monthly payment. The number of months the money was due was not specified!

I hope you begin to see my point. There are some other pieces of evidence to remove any doubt about the situation. For instance the federal government has stopped minting certain types of coins. Silver dollars are no longer manufactured and it is only a matter of time before they become as obsolete as the half-cent piece. In the lifetime of some of us, the size of the dollar bill has been reduced by perhaps 40%. The post offices throughout the nation have stopped offering the postal savings accounts that once promoted thrift among Americans.

By now you must understand what I'm driving at: money no longer interests the American public as it once did. Something has happened to cause people to lose the intense delight that they once possessed in the acquisition and spending of dollars and cents. I admit that you will be able to find evidence that things are bought and sold today. But the decline in the number of banks, the reduction in the number of types of currency and the shrinkage in dimensions of other types, the declining popularity of cash payments, and all the other things I've listed make it obvious that we've lost the enjoyment that we found in money in the good old days. If any other proof is needed, look at the manner in which people put down ten or fifteen cents to pay for a cup of coffee. In the old days, they wouldn't have given more than a nickel of that real, genuine money for coffee.



JAMES LANE TOT

All this has happened since the 1920's, so it's obvious that in a few more years, there will not be enough of a market for money to support the pitifully few types of currency now available. I think that the blame should be placed squarely where it belongs. As I promised, I intend to reveal the culprits for the situation. They are the coin ~~for~~ collectors.

In the good old days, money was enjoyed for itself, in the way in which it was intended. Then the coin collectors came along. Instead of spending money as it was meant to be spent, they began to save it. What is worse, they began to behave around money in a totally different from the purpose and spirit of money. Instead of rushing out and using the nickel or dime, they studied its markings,

inquired about the number of coins exactly like it that came out of the mints in that year, tried to find shinier and less pockmarked examples of the rarer varieties of coins, wasted time constructing albums and frames in which to display their collection, even wrote articles and books about currency. But the most criminal actions of all came when they began to do two flagrant things that simply screamed their defiance of the real purpose of money. They began to trade one coin for another, instead of spending the coins for merchandise, and they began to buy money with other money.

It isn't hard to see what resulted from this failure to stick to the original purpose of money. When the collectors went off onto such tagents that had nothing to do with money, they began to take it out of circulation and they lessened the demand for money. People began to build their own barbecue pits and to take hot soup to sick neighbors, as a result of this revolutionary theory that money isn't everything in the world. That meant that masons and the Campbell factories had less work to do, and the spiraling curve of money proceeded inecorably further and further away from the good old ways.

I don't know if it's already too late to salvage the situation. MaMaybe if you can persuade all the coin collectors you know to realize what they've done, they'll grow interested in money in the right way again, spend all in their collections, and I won't have to publish my projected symposium on "Who Killed Money?"

Harry Warner, Jr.

I look up
From the bottom of my city
and see beauty.
Doesn't everyone?

ME

A SHORT ENEYISM ON IMMUNITY AND RADIATION

About that immunity-to-radiation jazz: it won't work.
Here's why.

Development of "immunity" works, biologically, in two ways. First way involves, generally, the antigen-antibody reaction which takes place when we become "immune" to a disease: the harmful agent (antigen) stimulates the soma to elaborate an antidote (antibody, that is) which neutralizes it. This is a true antidote; it can be isolated from the immune organism and given, as an antiserum, to another organism which is thus artificially made immune. The second way is that of biochemical adjustment to the presence of an unusual substrate: the organism, as it were "switches over" to a method of operation that isn't inhibited by the intruding substance -- imagine a parallel set of phones, one wired and the other connected by radio-beams; when you start getting lots of static, you've still got the wired phone and can send all the messages thru by that. Dig? This is the sort of thing involved when people become "immune" to arsenic, or junkies develop tolerance for morphine, or plants manage to utilize selenium instead of sulfur.

However, these won't work to give us "immunity" to radiation, because it has non-specific effects -- to simplify, it smashes the protein molecules it hits into all sorts of queer fragments -- and the given methods are highly specific...the antigen-antibody reaction, in fact, can distinguish even between different strains of one and the same disease. They depend on the presence of detectable amounts of a certain substance, and can't be expected to work on something that produces trace quantities of every-bloody-thing under the sun.OK?

Now, beyond these, there's something roughly called "immunity" but which is actually evolutionary adaptation; this is probably what you had in mind, since you refer to radiation immunity as a characteristic which can be



inherited. But the evolutionary mechanism won't do here. Radiation, as I said, acts on protein molecules in the individual cells and smashes them up mechanically or electrostatically--by direct particle impact or ionizing radiation. Now evolution depends on stress (simplifying like hell here, pardon)--the presentation of a challenge to which the evolutionary change represents response thankew Dr. Toynbee. But radiation doesn't produce a stress; it causes complete destruction of its target-molecule. You can't have evolutionary adaptation to something like that, any more than you could "adapt" to an environment which included a number of live 90 mm shells flitting thru the atmosphere; if you got hit, that would be that; if not, you survived; no middle ground. With radiation, the problem is complicated by the fact that the somatic cells die with the individual anyway and can't pass on by heredity anything that happens to them, while the reproductive cells represent only a code message. Radiation, of course, can cause the latter to mutate -- the "message" is carried by their molecules' structure, which can be changed by a radiation "hit", that is--but even if you assume for the argument that some offbeat mutation could develop a cell immune to radiation, just imagine the odds against the event taking place in the exact section of a reproductive cell which will in future "produce" the reproductive cells of the mature organism! Besides, such a chance event is not exactly what is implied by "man building up immunity with prolonged exposure."

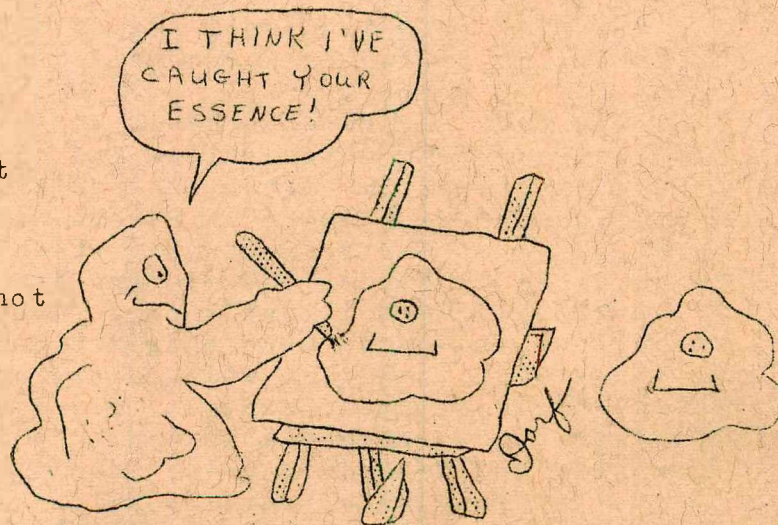
Ah, but there's a bright side to it all. Radiation hits are a random process, and are responsible for a number of lethal mutations--the number representing an equilibrium between the level of background radiation and human reproductive rate per unit time. Elevation in background radiation will be accompanied by an adaptation of sorts; the equilibrium will change, that is, but will stabilize itself at some different level. So there's hope for the future even at worst.

Betcha by 1972 my kids will have more heads than your kids do, I betcha.

Best & All,
Dick Eney

PLEASE

Please
Handle me
Gently
And with the greatest
Sincerity
For I am of
A lighter stuff
Of which you would not
Understand
And of which
I myself
Do not
Understand



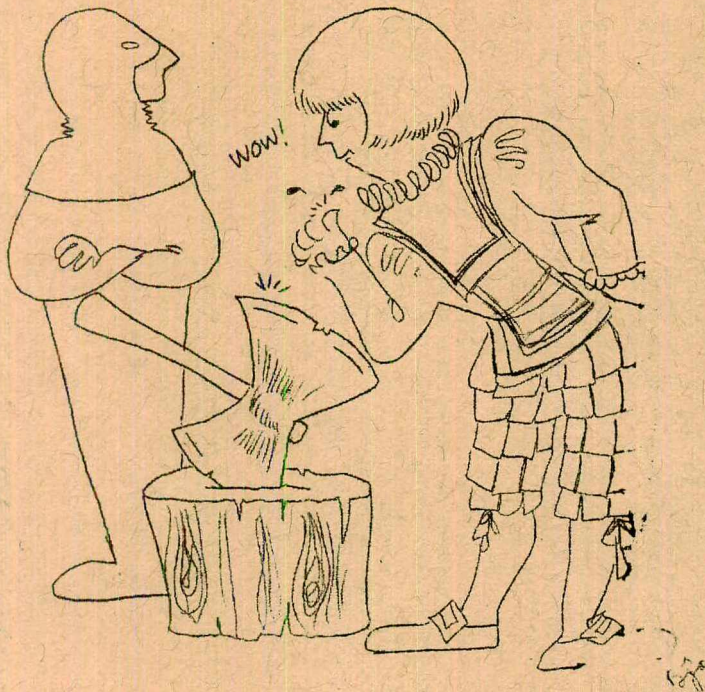
by: Dorothy Davis

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MODIFIED RAPTURE

BY

RON ELLIK



Bruce Pelz knows that I'm perfectly willing to take off for a day or a weekend on no other pretext than idle pleasure, and when he offered me the opportunity of driving him to San Diego to see Yeomen of the Guard, he had no need at all to flatter, cajole or persuade--so far from refusing was I that I spent some time talking other people into going along with us, because I enjoy Gilbert and Sullivan more with people I know. Therefore, eight of us foregathered on a morning at my house, and drove south to see San Diego State College's Opera Workshop in perhaps the most beautiful of the Savoy operettas.

Yes, it was a state college, not a professional company, and the accompaniment was equally unpretentious, for it was a mere four instruments. But you undoubtedly know how enjoyable an amateur, enthusiastic troupe can be, and we had small fear that the evening would be a flop. Ted Johnstone, a student at SDSC, had high hopes for the performance; he had auditioned for the part of Jack Point, and was more than fair in his praise of the final choice--"I would have been miserable if a worse man had beat me out, but without doubt he's better," he told us, as we seated ourselves in last row seats in a small auditorium. Last-row or not, we were close enough for all detail to carry, and until the lights dimmed we talked about Gilbert & Sullivan, specifically Yeomen, and the slow trip down we'd had, with Al Lewis' Peugeot kept below 40 mph to run-in a recently-overhauled engine.

The four instruments unfortunately included some manner of electric organ which wailed and squeeled through its part of the overture; but after that painful beginning the lights went down and rose again on Phoebe Meryll, and we had our first taste of the fine singing which filled the evening. As is accepted practice, the players had studied from the recordings of the D'Oyly Carte Trust's performances, and with only two exceptions the parts were sung and danced, spoken and choreographed in the strict tradition which draws an actor into his part so thoroughly. Wilfred Shadbolt, for some reason, didn't tap the high humor which can be poured into the role of Assistant Tormentor and Head Jailer--he wasn't wooden, but rather he played the role more heartily, with less of the Uriah Heap, than might have been asked; and Dame Carruthers acted more the cripple than the withered Tower of London conciergess, and

added to her awkward hobbling a musical-comedy manner and voice which jarred--she had no harmony in her solo songs, and would never follow through, though she often left tempos of dead air in her wake, having clipped off words which had no music to sustain them, the score intending that her voice fill the void.

The chorus of villagers, and the Yeomen of the Guard themselves carried a large part of the operetta with their fine singing and enthusiasm. The entrance of the Yeomen was heralded with rousing song and dance, and the mob overcame a saucer-sized stage to chase Jack Point and Elsie Maynard out as if they really meant the boisterous mischief Gilbert wrote for them--these two spots can pick up an audience and put them in high good humor, as happened that night, or they can make everyone on both sides of the footlights uncomfortable.

But forget the crowd and the Yeomen, as everyone did when Jack Point entered. In mufti he is Fredric Berling, a tall, spare fellow with a not-unpleasant face; but as the Merryman he was a grotesque, fascinating tragic clown who could carry his rôle head and shoulders above anyone I've been privileged to see in equivalent parts in the other operettas. He was nicely garbed in a typical red-and yellow jester's costume for the first act, and his long legs and angular grace were as amusing as his facial contortions and quick wit. His timing, and his expressions, built the humor and the sadness of his blighted love and clumsy loving to a magnificent level by the climax, and none would give the prize to anyone but Jack Point that night.

The aspect of the actors was widely varied: While Phoebe was not overly-attractive, Elsie Maynard was a beautiful little blond with a voice as beautiful. Where the real Leonard Meryll was a boyish, handsome fellow who didn't look the part of a returning war-hero, Colonel Fairfax had an ordinary face with sad eyes and didn't at all look "a young and handsome soldier," let alone "the handsomest head in England." Everyone else fit more or less well -- Dame Carruthers and Wilfred looked fine, equally grisly as befitted their parts, and the Tower Warders looked very much like Beefeaters, although Bjo nearly split her sides laughing when they turned around and she saw the lamb-chop panties that were part of the costumes.

But most of the costuming was done well, with two gowns on the town girls which looked too fancy being the only exceptions. The high point of the costuming was Jack Point's second outfit; when he entered with "The Merrie Jesters of Hugh Ambrose," the assemblage sat up in their seats, for between acts he had swapped his red-and-yellow for a startling costume of maroon and green, with maroon hip-length cape which danced with him in his patter-song, "A Private Buffoon." The contrast of darkly exciting tights and Wilfred's dull back robes and stark make-up was further brought home by their positioning on stage during the connivance to report Fairfax' death--the two of them alone, looking a candle and its ash, the one prancing gaily and the other shuffling clumsily, with an interlude where they sit with the breadth of the stage between them, Point bantering on about the profession of humor, while Shadbolt gapes and mimes, trying to be a Merryman himself; oh,

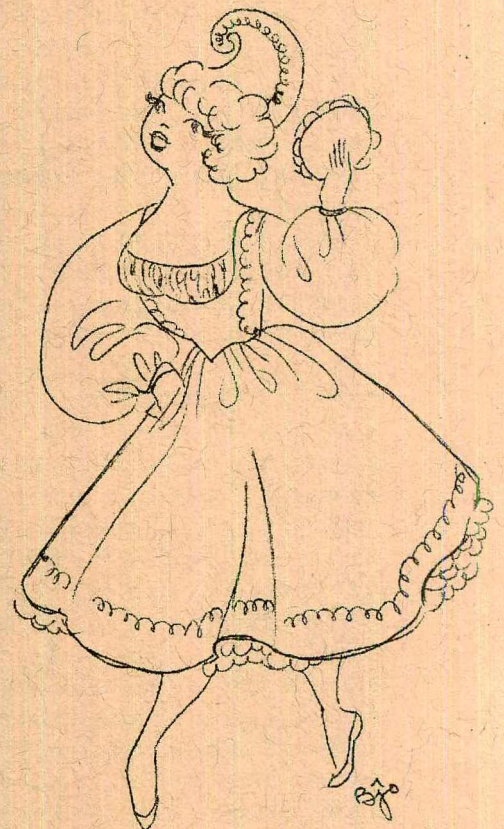
they had the audience roaring their ribs out, no doubt of that.

Elsie, however, did not change costume until she entered arrayed as a bride for the finale; thus through the second act she was in red-and-yellow, as she had entered accompanying Point earlier. This simple touch, we found later, was not deliberate--but suddenly she was dressed to fit a Yeoman's consort, not a Merryman's, for the Merryman had changed to maroon and green. Her gown was of the same red as the Beefeater uniforms, and Point himself told us backstage that this had just come about through the accident of having such-and-such costumes and so many actors.

The audience was unfamiliar with the operetta, which they revealed at the finale; but even so, Yeomen has never been appreciated so heartily by intimates. When Point entered for his climax and sang, "Oh, thoughtless crew! Ye know not what ye do!", the audience was being carried by the joy of the wedding festival, and didn't realize that their Merryman was not sharing the heady songs and gaiety--they laughed at his twisted face. In this they showed themselves new to Gilbert and Sullivan, and in the next instant, as Jack Point sang through sobs and gasps his last challenge and defeat, the auditorium dropped into an almost fearful silence--the lights went down in ringing applause that didn't stop till no one could keep it up any more. Had the cast been less bashful, the entire performance would have been repeated to satisfy minimally the crowds demands.

Johnstone took us backstage through a press of relatives and friends, and we got to talk to everyone. We SF fans mobbed the Merryman, who was flushed and smiling, somewhat surprised at our appreciation, and honestly pleased with the success of this last show of four. Just as we were getting ready to leave, Wilfred Shadbolt called all the Yeomen back on stage for some pictures, and Bjo got his name and address and a reluctant promise to make up extra copies of all the pictures he'd taken of the characters for a goodly price. During this, Point and Fairfax were clowning around the headsman's block, and Fairfax was snapping his fingers and sing "Oh, the doing and undoing" with a jive beat and a light step that had us in stitches.

We were looking around for all our crew, when a great explosion sounded backstage, and Ed Baker, and Bob Lichtman came out looking sort of sheepish. "Guess what," they said, "the arquebus was a cap pistol in an echo-chamber." On that note we decided to leave before SDSC passed laws about fans on campus...but I admit I wish I'd found that sound effect and had a chance to fire an arquebus from the wharf.



As said earlier, Al's car had to be kept under 40 because of a serious overhaul and the attendant brak-in of a like-new engine; so we decided to head north almost immediately, the hour being quite late enough for our tastes. We got to the parking lot and I reached for Al's keys--and found them not in my pocket, but in the ignition. I tried to figure out what I'd say to him when I brought his car back with a broken window, and Bruce Pelz tried to jimmy the lock or pry a window, and a city policeman drove by and offered some amusing monologues on squirrels but couldn't help us. Finally Bjo noticed that the driver's wind-wing could be forced to offer a slight opening; so Adrienne ran back to the ladies's room and returned with a coathanger. No second-story man worked so carefully as Bjo did, while John held a steady pressure on the wind-wing and she fished for the keys with the extended hanger. When they came out at last I stopped feeling sick and Adrenaline had me elated and nervous--I offered her a job if ever I was planning a robbery, and we decided that after that we needed some coffee.

Eventually, sometime after one ayem, we buckled down to the dull task of driving home to Los Angeles. John Trimble drove his Simca on ahead with his lockpicking wife. Blake Maxam and Bruce Pelz, and I settled behind the Peugeot's wheel for a long siege at impossibly slow speeds--the longest I've ever driven withing the speed limits, undoubtedly. It had taken me four hours to drive from LA to San Diego earlier, but on the return trip I was the only driver who could operate a stick-shift, and fatigue had caught up with me. The aforementioned elation at getting the keys out of the car kept me going to San Clemente, where we made our first coffee-stop; after that we stopped at least every half-hour for coffee or exercise or both, and it was sunup by the time I dropped Lichtman, Baker, and Adrienne Martine at their homes and sought my own rest until early afternoon.

But you know, if ever again San Diego State is performing Gilbert and Sullivan, I'm going to make that trip again. And while one hopes a newly-overhauled motor won't slow down the drive, I'd go through all that anytime for such a show.

--rde

Dear People,

Ron has a right to hate me for what I did to his bit, luckily, it doesn't age except for the people who were involved, I just hope that this will renew the pleasure which they felt. And, my friends, that is the one thing which is not so nice about publishing when I fell like it, it hurts things, like, they get dated. I really hope that you all enjoy it anyway, I know that I enjoyed reading everytime, and, even when I was cutting the stencil, I enjoyed it. And thanks so much, Bjo, for the illos.

Love you all,

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