

704

# TWIG

## ILLUSTRATED



**TWIG**  
ILLUSTRATED



*branches*

*art*

PEARSON  
BARR  
GILBERT  
ATOM  
GOODWIN  
LEE  
BARBI  
PAYSON  
REISS  
CAMERON  
COULSON  
ADKINS  
CARR

Cover  
BARR

Bacover  
ADKINS

SHAVINGS-----Guy Terwilleger  
SPLINTERS-----Dan Adkins  
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A PRACTICAL MAN  
-----Paul Wyszowski  
BNF vs NEO-----Honey Wood  
THE HOUSE IN THE HINTERLANDS  
-----Bob Leman  
DR. JESSUP ON UFO-----Robert Bloch  
HELL, YOU SAY-----Terry Carr  
ASSIGNMENT: BEM-ROBOT-GIRL----Art Section  
FIRST FANDOM-----ad  
LEAVES-----Adkins and Terwilleger  
BEST OF FANDOM-----ad  
SCALED BARK-----The Readers  
SAWDUST-----Terwilleger



## shavings

It isn't often that one fanzine can come in for two greatly diverse opinions in the space of a single month. TWIG ILLOED has recently had that honor.

Ted White, in his lengthy discourse, nearly 3 pages, had much to say, most of it showing he wasn't aware of the zine, that his circle wasn't aware of it. His attack on my editing may be right if you consider it in the way he edits. Frankly, I disagree with him. What he chooses to call my lack of editing, or no editing at all seems to have paid off for me. The point seems to be that Ted

I can't edit because I'm not issuing TWIG ILLOED in a "stellar" or a "void" format in the White manner. I haven't instituted a fannish TWIG with the avowed intent of being a focal point in fandom. Hell, if I did that, Ted, I might as well give up my own individuality. I have never looked at another fanzine and wished TWIG was like it. Oh, don't get me wrong. There are many zines I admire, that I think excellent: HYPHEN, GRUE, INSIDE, VOID, etc., but I am not trying to make TWIG ILLOED into copies of them.

Terwilleger has nothing to say, in the eyes of Ted. Actually, I've said quite a bit. The trouble is, Ted, I temper what I say with reason and logic--or at least I tried until now. If it is wrong to take a middle-of-the-road view of fannish doings, then I surely am in error. If it is wrong to keep my big mouth shut on things I don't understand, or know little about, then, again, I am at fault. I don't look at something, blow my top, get my foot stuck in my mouth and then have to eat crow. Perhaps this is one reason your review of TWIG ILLOED #14 hasn't bothered me. So much of it is blatantly in error--I can't get moved by it. Perhaps I should qualify that statement. It was my original idea to thank Ted for the review--after all, favorable or not in review, a zine must be worth something if it carries a 3 page review. Actually, I should thank him anyway, the

review has brought in a number of requests to see the zine. I feel sure that, once seen, a portion of these fan will continue to want to get TWIG ILLOED.

I would like Ted to answer some questions, though. Your words state that TWIG is an unknown fanzine, that no one looks forward to it, no one waits for it to come out and when it does come, it is looked at and forgotten. Where did you get your information? Where did you get hold of my circulation figures to know it is virtually unheard of? I haven't told anyone what my circulation is--not even Dan. The only thing I've said since going ditto is that I know I can get at least 150 copies from one ditto master and still have the colors come out in pretty good shape.

The other side of the ledger comes out a little differently. Ellik and Carr conducted their first fan poll through FANAC. Surprisingly enough, and as a direct contradiction to Ted's views, TWIG was voted as #10 of the top ten fanzines. This hardly leaves one to believe the zine is an unknown entity, soon forgotten. And, I am aware that the poll falls short of being a majority of fandom. There was enough voting, however, to let Mr. White know that TWIG is not an unknown. Considering that some zines have a circulation less than the number who voted in the poll, I think it proves my point.

Truthfully, the placing in the top ten was a surprise to me. I never once dreamed that TWIG was that well known, or that well liked. But, I'm damned glad to know it is.

With the two opinions, both at opposite ends of the poll, you can guess which I accept as the more valid. Naturally, it would be the FANAC poll, but not because I find it ego-boosting. Common sense tells me that the views of many are better than the views of one.

Ted says Dan is the dominant voice in TWIG ILLOED, so I thought it would be a good idea to show you that Ted is probably right and that I've sunk into the background as publisher only. First I go through the material on hand, read it over again and pick certain items for the issue--with balance in mind. Of these items I pick those that must be used in the issue and so inform Dan. Room is left open in case Dan should get something that is good and logically fits in the issue. He tells me about the item and I say yes or no. It hasn't been no yet, Dan has good taste. Dan then does the artwork--no easy job, mind you, by getting illos or fillers to fit the material. His work on art is law, as mine is on material. We don't argue this point. Yes, Dan is the dominant voice--"Ole Dominant Dan" I call him and by ghod, everytime I say it, or think it, this old six foot four inch frame of mine shrinks a little more. I'm shrinking into oblivion, into a tremendous void from which there is no escape.

The whole point in this disagreement between White and myself was not over the review--at least not at this end. I felt, and

still do, that the review was biased and done in a fit of temper at me. I consider this as being unfair to Dan, to myself, and most of all, to the men who contribute material to us. The reason for my feeling this way is the following letter: ((are my own comments on this.))

Dear Guy,

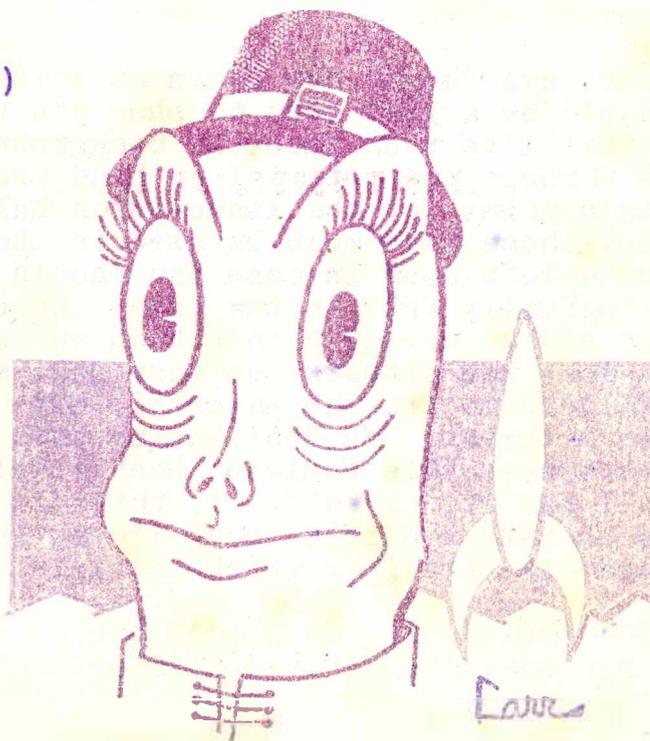
Very shortly you will receive VOID #15. It will be the last VOID you receive, and the only reason that you will be receiving it is that TWIG is mentioned in it. ((3 pages is just a mention?))

Since I reworked GAMBIT'S mailing list, about the middle of last September, you have received everything I have put out for general circulation, with a page count totalling over 100 pages. This has included GAMBIT and two VOIDS. ((I received no such amount of material. Perhaps half that much, but certainly not more.))

In that time you not only have not had the courtesy to either: send a letter of comment; send any trade copies of your own zines; or so much as drop me a card that you did not care to trade. Further, you apparently mentioned GAMBIT in TWIG 13, since I received a request for it when mentioned TWIG. ((Had taken the time to write me a post card and ask about this, he would have found that TWIG was being sent to him. I have no way of knowing who or what gets it after it is mailed. Ted could ask Boyd Raeburn, Bill Meyers, and several others about this. They are sent copies of every ish, yet, when I find they don't go through, I send another along right away. And, I did write a letter of comment at the time Ted wrote his review--that isn't the word--fine article on Kent Moomaw's death. I strongly voiced my opinion on Kent in said letter. And, I mentioned Kent in another TWIG, only to find that I am not supposed to talk about him since I didn't agree with what he did. Apparently, if you don't agree with Ted, you haven't freedom of speech and thought.))

In addition you apparently have cut my wife off of your trade list. ((Good ghod, Ted, TWIG trades on an issue for issue basis. When FLA-FAN stopped coming, TWIG also stopped going.))

I don't know where you picked up your knowledge of fandom, but this comprises some of the most grossly cloddish and churlish behavior I have ever encountered. As long as I'm citing chapter and verse, an earlier TWIG carried an article by Larry Bourne on



STELLAR which you not only agreed with in print while admitting you'd never seen a copy, but which I had to find out about by borrowing a copy from Bob Madle. ((Part of the agreement with Bourne when I used this article was that I send you a copy--which I did. You should have read that copy of Madle's a bit better. Ted. I drug out my copy just to make sure--and I did not agree in print with what Bourne said about STELLAR. He talked about a phase of fandom in that article and I agreed that I went along with him in his feelings--on the phase, not on STELLAR. I don't judge something without seeing it. A simple card could have prevented this base charge on my manners which are the best.))

To devote as much space as you apparently have in TWIG to my effort without so much as sending me a copy is the epitome of fan-nish bad manners. ((I haven't devoted much space to your efforts because I hadn't seen them.))

You are receiving VOID 15 because there is in it a review of TWIG. If it weren't for that, #14 would have been your last.

yhos  
Ted White

I'm glad #15 wasn't my last issue of VOID. It's a fine zine and I like to see it keep coming, especially since:

Dear Guy,

I had a three-page letter full of soothing words, conciliatory phrases, and constructive suggestions slated for this envelope when your latest letter arrived.

You have thoroughly succeeded in making an ass of yourself, and I trust you will enjoy appearing as such in print.

Until the next VOID,  
Ted E. White

To this I say, if Ted prints all of the letter I wrote, and if he prints the first letter I wrote in defense of TWIG, I have no fear of appearing as an ass. There are always two sides to every argument.

The purpose of this editorial has not been to rally any group of fans around me, or to send them running to Ted. I merely wanted to present my side of the story without interruption. Nor, is this to be construed as the beginning of a fan-feud between Ted and I. I have never agreed that feuding caused anything but hard feelings between, not only the two feuding, but between a lot of other fan who happen to be friends of both participants.

*Huy*

*splinters*



Here it is June 28th and this issue of TWIG ILLOED is as late as hell and it's mostly my fault. There must have been three bad spells of gafia on my part between this and last issue. That's the way things happen though.

Everyone clap hands on the count of two. I decided to reject the second half of BOOBY. How about that? Rejecting six pages of my own art? Gads!

No one liked the story. I sort of figured that, but I never realized that it would be so bad that not even one person would like it. Not even one. You too are cruel people. Anyway, why print art for art's sake? If any fan wants to know how it ended, write, and I'll mumble something about it.

Due to the number of reviewers saying TWIG was like SATA, I've attempted to give you somewhat different type of layouts than I usually use. Also, the art work will be more arty than usual. By that I mean more along the lines of art, instead of commercial illustrations. More styles will be used and more new approaches to fan art.

We have a special art feature this time: ASSIGNMENT: BEM, ROBOT, GIRL. This I hope you approve of and like.

Few other things here that I'll mention. Yes, I am Art Lee. At least the one that does all the drawings under that name. There is some kidding around with it in the letter column, but I've decided to stop playing around with the thing. You can laugh it all off.

By the time you read this I'll be married. Same will cause me to cut down on my fanning a bit, as I want time for my wife to get used to this horrible pass time of mine. So it goes.

Best,

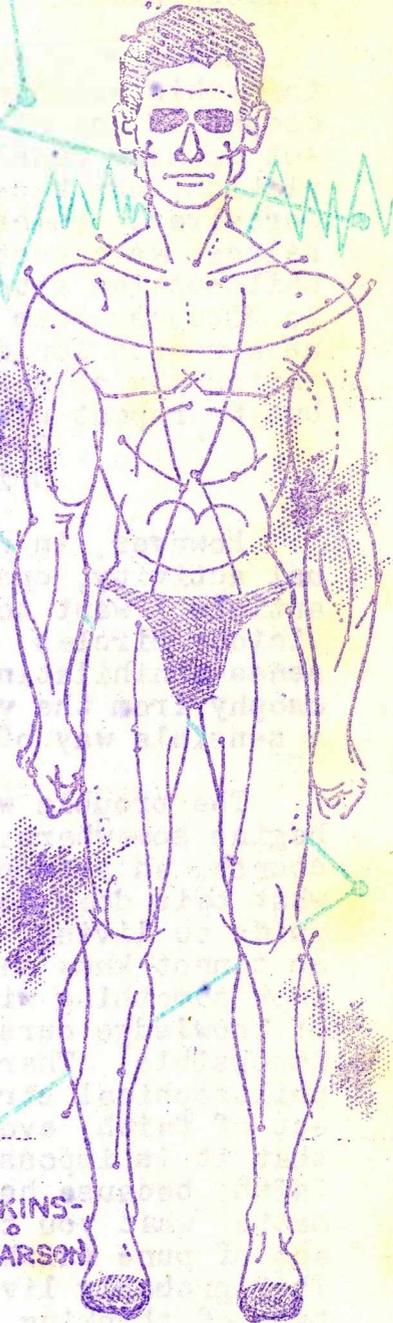
*Art Lee*

# the philosophy of a PRACTICAL MAN

by paul wyszkowski

I was talking with a philosopher the other day and he asked me, "What do you mean by a 'practical man'?" I didn't want to give a light answer, so I stopped to think it over. "A practical man," I said finally, "is the man who recognizes his limitations." "How do you go about recognizing your limitations?" asked the philosopher with that 'I-can-pick-holes-in-anything-you-say' air. "Quite empirically," I answered him, "in the course of his life a man acquires a certain amount of experience which tells him what is possible to him and what isn't." "In other words," sneered the philosopher, "you rely on the so-called common sense. Come now, the very fact that a man's experience is so very limited makes it a very unreliable guide!" "I don't think so," I replied. "A man is also capable of recognizing the limitations of his experience." "Now we're back to the same question," said the philosopher with satisfaction. "Assuming that it would be of any help, which is questionable, how do you recognize the limitations of your experience?"

I could have parried that thrust too, but I gave up at that point. In philosophy everything is questionable. Every argument is endless. On one hand, the philosophy keeps asking questions no



one can answer; on the other it constructs elaborate systems based on sets of arbitrary axioms to fit the facts that might not be there. Such isms are adimé a dozen: empiricism, realism, idealism, etc., not to mention thousands of less eminent or altogether crockpot philosophies.

However, I must moderate my remarks before I convey the idea that this article is intended as a critique of philosophy. Philosophy is one of the most important areas of intellectual activity, not so much because of any value inherent in philosophical contemplation, but because of sheer necessity to formulate our ideas about ourselves. Unless we possess some kind of knowledge about ourselves, we cannot act rationally. And basically that is what all philosophies attempt to do: to make a statement that we can live by, to discover some facet of the actual reality of our lives, to give us a reason for doing what we do. Indeed, unless we adopt one philosophy or another to guide our lives by, there remains nothing but to repeat with Omar Khayyam:

Drink! For you know not whence you came, nor why;  
Drink! For you know not why you go nor where.

However, in philosophy more than in any other area of intellectual activity, one can fail to see the woods for the trees. In this article I want to get away from the confusion of hair-splitting, vicious circles, philosophical paradoxes, and above all from the sense-annihilating questions, and to take a practical look at philosophy from the viewpoint of a man who has to formulate for himself a sensible way of life without getting lost in the fog of semantics.

The trouble with any philosophical system is that it necessarily begins somewhere. It must always start with an assumption. And of course, an assumption is nothing but a wild guess. You can see what this does to the authority of any system of philosophy as a guide to living. For instance, the empiricists firmly believe that we cannot know anything except what we perceive. Suppose we could know something without necessarily perceiving it, by creating a bit of knowledge ourselves. Nobody has been able to prove that this is impossible. There goes empiricism, this most solid and respectable philosophical structure. Thus every philosophy is based upon an act of faith, even that of a compleat sceptic. His philosophy is that it is impossible to know anything, which is also an act of faith, because he can't prove it. In fact, it turns out that no matter what you think, your convictions are ultimately based on an act of pure faith. The only true existentialists are the animals. They probably live from moment to moment by pure stimulus-response type of thinking, without stopping to ask why or how.

Because you are a member of a society (several of them in fact) you already do have some sort of a general philosophy of life which has been more or less imposed on you by the society. You probably accept it for granted, and as a matter of fact there is not much else you can do, unless you want to be labelled as non-conformist, an oddball, a case for a headshrinker, or just plain criminal, depending on the degree of your deviation from society's social code.

So whether you believe in it, or whether it is only a matter of convenience, that much of your personal philosophy of life is already settled. However, in this country, there remains a much wider area of life where you must choose your own philosophy, unless you prefer to waive your human privilege to use your reason, and become an existentialist.

Two facts, therefore, face any practical man: a) he must formulate some kind of a definite philosophy of life if he is to act with conviction and effectively in the large area of life where his behavior is not determined by society, and b) this philosophy must necessarily be based on an act of faith.

It will be readily apparent that if we act "as if" certain axioms were true, we can enjoy a much more satisfactory and productive life, than when we act "as if" some other set of axioms were true. For a practical man "as if" is a meaningless phrase. The truth of an assumption for him is determined by its practicability.

It is common sense, or perhaps we should say a logical observation, that those axioms which result in a better life (without going into a definition of good) are closer to truth than the ones which result in an inferior sort of life, because in the former case we are more in harmony with the universe as it really is, while in the latter case we try to move across the grain so to speak.

It is immediately obvious that the most practical philosophy of life will be such that will lead to a healthy body and mind and to enjoyment of the immediate environment. This sounds very simple, but actually the problem is made very complex by the fact that such a philosophy must also account for relations with other people, some of them with opposing philosophies of life.

--Paul Wyszkowski

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"IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY THING TO BE A FAN"

But it no longer need be lonely. A new club is being started, exclusively for the lone fan. If you are the only fan in your locality, and do not belong to any local fan club, you are eligible for membership. Interested? For further details, write to:

John Berg  
842 Louisiana St.  
Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin

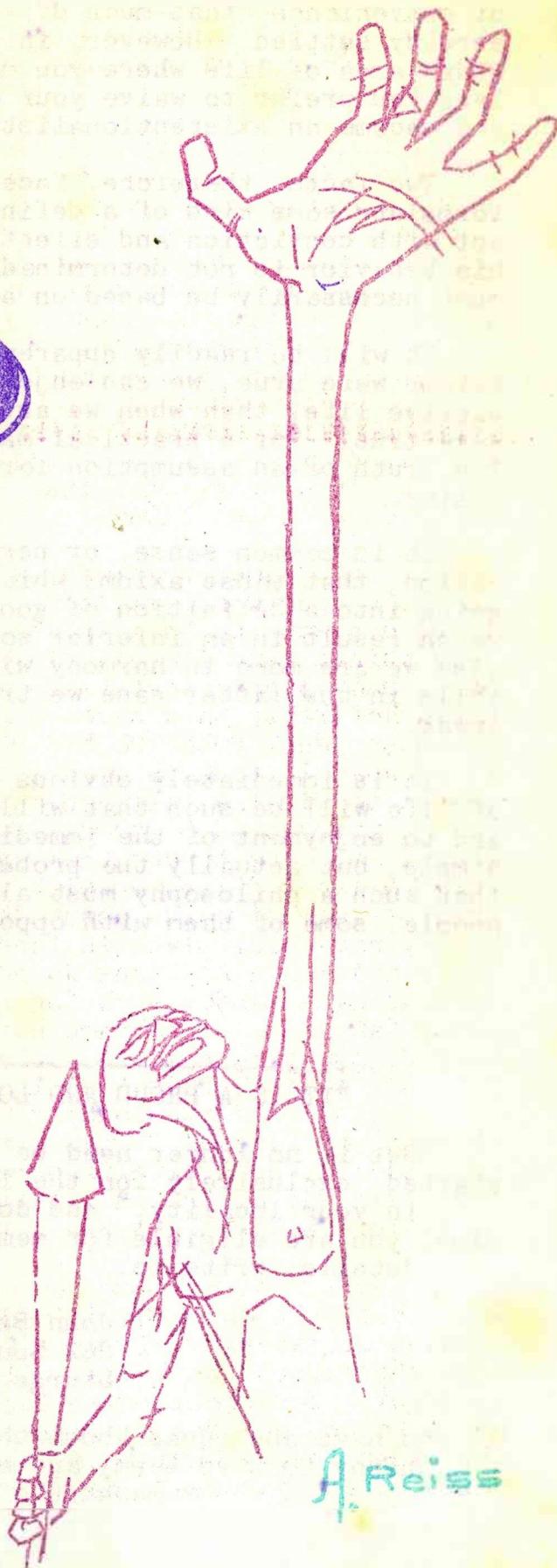
If you have any ideas about the club yourself, tell us; we'll be happy to have them, and may well use them.

\*-members of your immediate family excluded

# BNF vs. NEO

The subject of BNF vs. Neo's is viewed on my part with many mixed emotions. Some times I am prone to think, the hell with the Neo's, let them get where they want to go just like everyone else does. Other times, I do a complete about face and say, gads give them a helping hand if you can, some day they may look back and remember that you were a friend to them at a difficult time. For instance, if Lynn Hickman hadn't come to my rescue when I was floundering around as a neo, I probably would have never gotten to be a part of two conventions committees years later. As I said, I view the subject from both sides, one must always remember that they had to start out as a bumbling neo, long, long before they became a publishing giant of fan-zines, or a member of a convention committee, or even a pro.

honey wood



A. Reiss

There is the other side of the story, too. No one can make you a BNF except yourself, of course, the little helping hands are necessary. You may for instance put out the best fanzine in the world, BUT, if the other fans refuse to read it, or send material, you have a PROBLEM.

I think the major contributing factor for my wanting to become a BNF all goes back to one incident in my early years of being a neo. I had gotten interested in the letter columns in the back of the prozines, and started to write letters. One of the first people that I contacted was Lynn, and he kindly took time out of his busy, busy day to write to me and tell me that a Cleveland club was holding meetings, even who to contact in Cleveland, and off I went to my first fan gathering in a raging blizzard. Sure was a lot of snow that night, but I made it to the club meeting. My first batch of fannish friends were Nick and Noreen Falasca, Ben Jason, Steve Schultheis and Harlan Ellison. There were some 20 members in the Cleveland group. At that time, they were more or less passive fans. Harlan, of course, knew that he wanted to be a pro writer even in these days, around 1950.

At this time, this was my whole world of fandom, I didn't know that a bigger world existed. So, I was happy in my ignorance. Also, I did not want to be a BNF because I didn't know that there were such things, and I truly did not know that I was a Neo. There are many, many people that tease me about the N3F. My good friends Ron Ellik and Terry Carr have to give me the needle everytime they see me about "WHAT DOES THE N3F DO FOR FANS?" The reason I mention this is because it ties in with a lot of things and it also gives me a chance to finally tell Ron and Terry what the N3F does, without being interrupted by them. Even my threats to the both of them that I am going to buy them each a membership for Christmas and have their mailbox filled up with welcome letters doesn't seem to stem their stream of words about "What does the N3F, etc." The N3F has a very necessary place in fandom for certain types of fans. There, Terry and Ron. All fans do not fall into this class, and find other ways to make fandom work for them. There is a breed of fans that enjoy fan clubs. They are not publishing giants of fandom, because they do not have a mimeo, or a stylus, but they still have the urge to contact other fans. Well, here in the N3F they can satisfy this urge to their hearts content. I have made many, many friends through the N3F and it has always been one of the loves of my life in fandom. The active fans in the N3F do just as much work in their own way as the publishing giants do. They write up to 20 to 30 letters a week. Now that is work.

Well, the N3F was the road that I took to becoming a better known Neo. It was a hard road, my mailman wanted to quit his job, or have me evicted. I finally moved, just to please him, but just down the street, so I was still on his route. That lead the man to drink. You should have seen him Christmas day, staggering from house to house. Was he loaded. He paid me back in i'ull, that Christmas, every Christmas card that he didn't know where to deliver, ended up at my house. Never received so many cards in all my life,

from people I had never heard of.

I was having a wonderful time in fandom, between the Cleveland group and the N3F and, no doubt, could have gone on happily for years, in this world of fandom. The Chicago convention was the big event of the year, so we Cleveland fans all packed up and left for Chicago.

NOW CAME THE INCIDENT THAT MADE ME AN ACTIVE FAN RATHER THAN A PASSIVE ONE. In fact, this incident made fandom a different place for me entirely, and was the spark I needed to get out and push to get near the top of the heap.

When I arrived for the convention, I was suddenly tossed out of my happy world of friends, and here I met for the first time the SNOBS of fandom. And some snobs they were. The convention committee was very busy being talked to by only the people that counted.

They did not have the time to waste on all the little fans that had saved up money for a year to come to their damn convention. The party's were off limited to everyone that wasn't "IN." I was very bitter. I didn't mind being omitted from things but they just didn't want you around unless you were part of their "crowd." I decided then and there that I was going to be "IN" one way or another. I began working towards those ends and worked hard. I kept on with the N3F for a very good reason, my friends were there and I didn't plan to desert them in my efforts. I began working with Harlan on his fanzine S. F. BULLETIN



and it became one of the best fanzines out at that time. Not because of my help so much, but because Harlan also had a burning desire to get someplace in the world of fans, and also he wanted to be a writer, the love of his life, and still is I imagine.

Noreen and I discovered that Cleveland fandom was not in the swim of things and decided to approach the club on putting in a bid for a convention. We went to Philadelphia all fired up about taking the next bid for Cleveland. This again was one hell of a flop. It seems that all moral obligations belonged to San Francisco, and the year before when S.F. wanted a convention so badly and could have put on a wonderful convention, Philly sneaked off with it, but this is past history. So, when the Cleveland delegation arrived in Philly, we were given the cold shoulder because the fans suddenly had a very moral obligation to dear old S.F. Well, not getting the convention was a very, very lucky break for Cleveland that year. Actually, we were not ready for such a big event. But, Noreen and I didn't give up. We thought about it for one solid year. Then, when Noreen, Nick, Ben and Steve went to S.F. in '54, they walked off with the convention because it was suddenly a moral obligation to give it to dear old Cleveland who had worked so hard for a whole year. WE WERE READY FOR THE CONVENTION, AS DETROIT IS NOW READY FOR THEIRS, AND AS SOUTH GATE WAS READY FOR THEIRS.

Cleveland came back from S.F. ready, willing and with a strong desire. Make this a FANS CONVENTION. The hell with brown nosing all of the old standard things, making the BNF feel like they are the Golden Goose. We put on a convention for the fans, by fans, and it is one of the best remembered conventions to this day. We kept the convention suite open all night for anyone who wanted to visit with us. We also kept another room opened all night long, with movies showing till the wee hours for the fans who did not feel like going to a party. There were few, if any, closed door parties at the Cleveland convention. I think that if Cleveland did nothing else for fandom, they gave them a good convention and made everyone feel welcome.

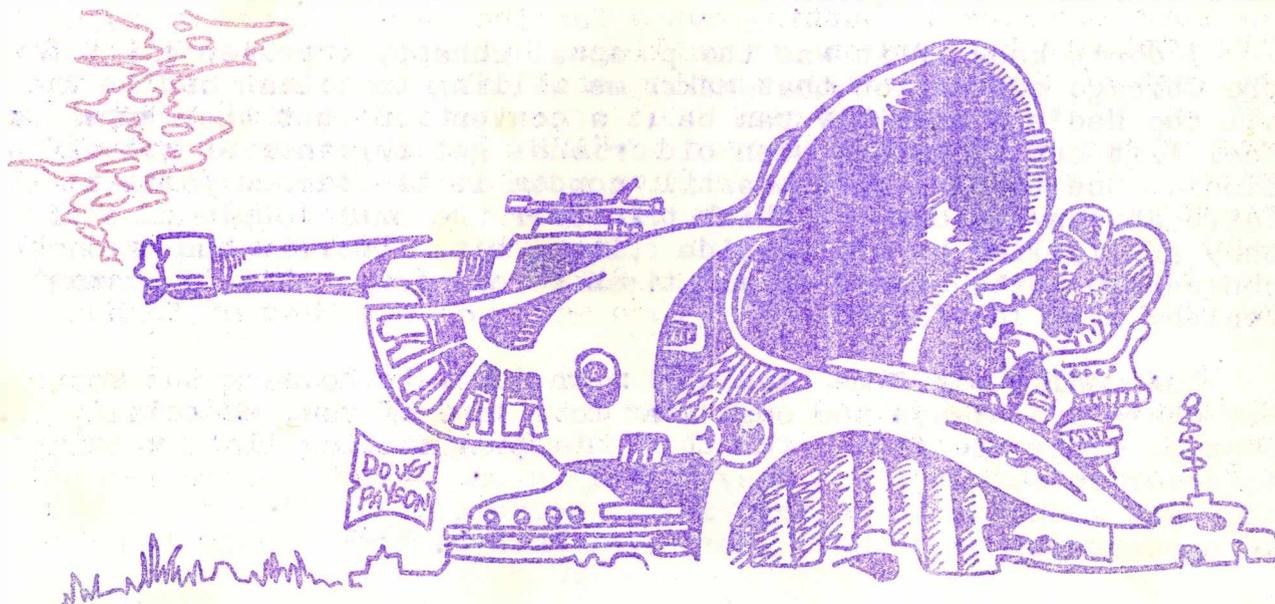
I don't know if it was the personal unhappy experience I had at the Chicago convention that makes me willing to listen and be with all the Neo's I possibly can be at a convention, but they sure can feel left out of things when old friends get together at conventions. One thing I most heartily condemn is the closed party affairs at conventions. I think that over the past couple of years they are falling by the wayside quite a bit. Detroit had their convention suite opened at all times to all fans, this is a very healthy sign for fandom.

The really big time fans on the whole are a very nice bunch, but there are always the ones that have to look down on other people. They use fandom for their whipping post. They are very inferior in society, but they excel in one thing, fandom, so when they get a chance to be superior to someone else, they don't miss an opportunity to do so. These are the type that fandom could do

without nicely.

The trend in the past few years has been moving away from this type of individual in fandom. About 1953 and 1954, there was a strong faction of them, but most of them have disappeared.

Another thing that is wrong with fandom is the hero worship angle. I think that the groups that advocate one person continually are a little tiresome. They have found one person, such as Walt Willis, Burbee, and there used to be a strong group that sat around the feet of Grennell and Tucker and Bloch. Yes, all of these mentioned have taken a strong place in fandom, but some fans worship them all out of proportion. Personally, I think Tucker and Bloch are two great fellows, and they have done much to help fans and fandom, and they should get their proper respect from the fans, I like to respect them myself, but for fans to sit around and quote what they have said to them is just going a little too far. I also agree with Twig in regards to his asking the question "Why did Walt Willis get the award for outstanding fan?" Actually, Walt is well liked among his circles of friends, but as far as I know, he hasn't been an outstanding fan this year. There are many, many more that have worked harder all year long than Walt has at fandom. Not because Terry and Ron are friends of mine, and many times I disagree with them 100%, they still did one tremendous job with Fanac this past year, and it has made S.F. Times look outdated with the news Fanac has been carrying. At one time, Walt was one of the leading lights of fandom, but I think he has been sitting in the shade all this year, while other fans have been out pushing. I guess it is just another one of those moral obligation deals of fandom. They get an idea, and nothing will do, but to carry it out. Nick and Noreen are two other people that have been very active this past year, and have done much for fandom. Where were they when the awards were being handed out? Actually, the voting systems of the conventions are not very good systems. It is not a fair cross-section of the fannish opinions. Personally, I think that Bob Bloch should be a guest of honor at a convention, he has done more



for fandom than most all the other pros lumped together. But of course they can not let him be a guest of honor because he was a guest of honor once a long time ago. Another moral obligation of fandom. I guess we are full of them, and I hope the Detroit group will do something about it all.

It seems that I keep wandering away from the subject at hand, but there are many factors that involve the fannish feelings, and must be considered to make a complete picture of just what makes the fans tick.

I thought that the awards at the Solacon were a rather fair sampling of awards, but it was no where close to what actually could have been done. I believe that the convention committee should nominate several people for each class and then have the membership vote upon the awards. This would narrow the field down, and not have 10 votes for this one and 15 votes for this one and so on, with just about everyone in fandom voting for a different person, and not giving anyone a real land slide of votes. Most important, I think that the selection for the fan award should be more carefully thought out. His work for the year should be taken into consideration carefully, rather than someone that has been on the scene for years, and had his name mentioned around for a long time be chosen when they haven't turned out much during the year. This is where the hero worship angle pops up. Other fans are screaming the praises of certain people and give the impression that they are really on the scene turning out all kinds of things, when all they are doing is quoting things that have been said 25 issues ago, when that fan was out pushing.

One of the things in fandom that is a nice thing in one way and a Snob Circle in another way is FAPA. (I can hear the screams now), but what in the hell does FAPA do (Ron and Terry, go on and tell me, I am listening). They run out reams of paper telling all about everyone elses issues, it gets so that it is worse than the Saturday Evening REVIEW, REVIEW, etc. They have all their private little jokes. O.K. maybe it sounds like sour grapes on my part, I know the work involved in putting out a fanzine, and I know how hard FAPA works to keep up on its mailings, but what are they doing for the rest of fandom, except quoting each other continuously. The N3F, at least, turns out real club organizers from time to time, and some of the N3F does drift over to FAPA if they can ever get off the bottom of the waiting list. I have a splendid idea, why don't all you members on the waiting list form your own club, why wait? I never could figure that one out. Then you could become more Snobby than FAPA. Any one that is an ex-FAPA member or ex-Neifer cannot get into your club, that would then make you the head of fandom.

I shall now end this, and sit back and wait to hear the roars of fandom. I hope that I hit home with some of you, especially the ones sitting down at the bottom of the FAPA waiting list, waiting to get into heaven.

--Honey Wood

THE HOUSE IN  
THE HINTERE  
ANDS OR RATS  
IN THE BELFR  
Y BY BOBLEM.  
AN

BEING A GOOD OLD FASHIONED WEIRD TALE



GOODWIN

In the blue twilight that was bringing to a close a long, hot summer day, I sat in my armchair before a French window and feasted my eyes upon my garden. I was bone-weary that evening, for I had spent the day toiling to bring the garden to its present peak of perfection, and both the armchair and the basin of hot buttered ospreic at my elbow were most welcome. But my toil had not been wasted: I had fed the Venus fly-traps, put fresh whitewash on the skulls that lined the paths, thrown a suckling-pig to the carnivorous orchids, and polished the headstones on the graves of several friends who had in other days come to dinner. The garden had never looked better, and viewing it made my spirits rise.

I truly loved my garden, and it somehow seems strange that a man of my character and habit should have possessed this love of the soil, for I have ever been scholarly to the exclusion of most other interests. Even during my schooldays, my schoolfellows bestowed upon me the cognomen "weasel" as a tribute to my assiduity in study, and at the university it was much the same, although by some process of undergraduate reasoning which I have never comprehended, the nickname was there shortened to "rat."

I was graduated with first-class honors in Mod. Grift., and before I went down the men of my college did me the honor of throwing me into the college well--an ancient tradition at Bathos College. I was some months recovering, and when I was again up and about, it was to learn that I had come into a small legacy. A distant relative (a foreigner who had emigrated to England from Transylvania) had met his death under somewhat mysterious circumstances--dispatched, some said, by a certain Dr. van Helsing--and had left me his ancient country house, together with an income sufficient for me to live there in a modest way.

I at once moved into Ghoul House (pronounced Cholmondely House) and settled down to the life of a gentlemen-scholar. I began to live for my books alone, and many were the nights that I pored over ancient tomes by the light of a guttering candle, little heeding the wolf-howl of the midnight wind. No forbidden corner of arcane knowledge was safe from my fevered researches, and I became privy to Dread Truths That Are Better Not For Men To Know. Fearing neither man nor devil, I delved deep into the mysteries of diabolism, witchcraft, electricity, horticulture and embroidery. Small wonder that the villagers were heard to mutter to one another, "What strange power does this man possess?"

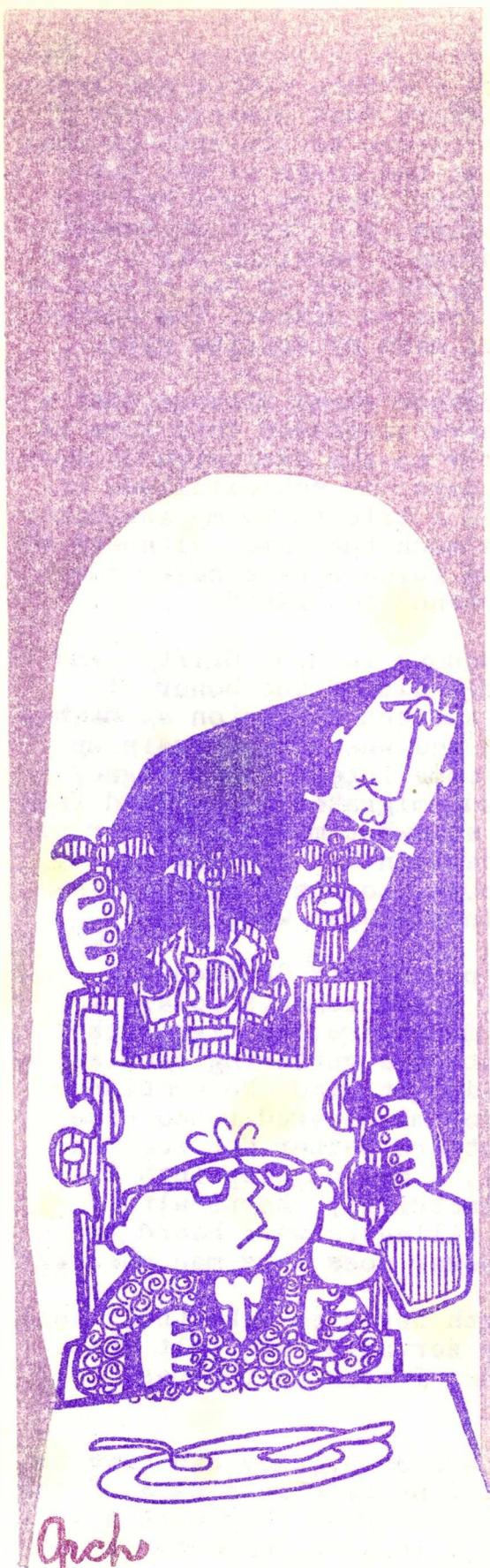
But my long hours of study at length began to take their toll of my health, and, at the urging of my servants, who felt that fresh air and exercise would restore me, I took up the task of reviving the garden.

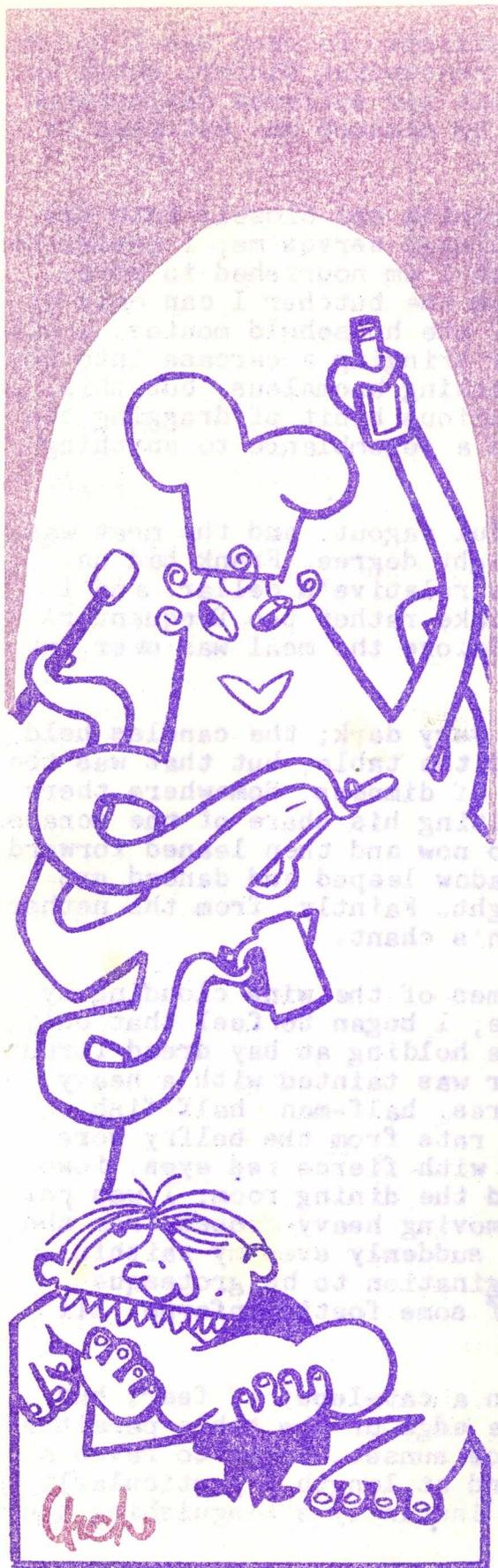
I have neglected to mention these servants; they had come to me with the house, and had, I presume, long been retainers of the relative from whom I had inherited the property. They were all somewhat odd in appearance, and would, I imagine, have had some difficulty in finding employment if I had dismissed them. The

butler, whose only name appeared to be "Frank", was some eight feet tall, and was notable for the curious squareness of his head, his oddly patched-looking skin, and the rivets which projected from the sides of his neck. Igor, my valet, was a dwarf, with an unpleasantly grating voice and a deformity that caused him to carry his head far to one side. The cook, however, was the most unusual of the three; I deduced at once that she was a foreigner, for she was conical in shape, about ten feet tall, of a purple colour, and possessed of numerous tentacles in lieu of arms. Her name was Cthluggn. At times I would hear her in her kitchen singing in her native tongue the guttural anthems of her homeland--whatever lost corner of the globe that may have been. Most of these songs appeared to have to do with a person named "Cthulhu" who drowned--or dreamed he drowned--at a place called "Really."

As I say, they were rather an odd lot; but then, inbreeding has had some curious results in many a forgotten corner of the realm, and their concern for my health was clear evidence that their hearts were in the right places. They had certainly been right about the tonic effect of labour in the garden. Not for years had I felt as well as I did now, sipping ospric in the gloaming, aware of a healthy appetite for my dinner. I let my mind wander along the garden paths, visualizing each lovely nook in my garden. But, as luck would have it, my mental strolling brought me round the corner by the bladder-trees, and a nightmare vision of the unspeakable shrine that stood there suddenly surged uninvited into my mind.

Oh, God, that loathesome shrine! Even today my poor brain recoils at the horror of it! I had found it that morning while clearing away a thicket of brambles which--judging by its





luxuriance--had not been disturbed for centuries. My mind, to tell the truth, was far from my work, for I was thinking about the monster rats which inhabited the belly of Cholmondely House, and about how those rats might be exterminated. But as the last clump of brambles gave way before my hook, I suddenly espied what appeared to be a rude stone altar, which had behind it, in a niche, a statue. And I--cursed, lost fool that I am--I brushed away the leaves and loam to examine the idol.

And staggered back, pale, clammy, faint and sick! There are Sights That The Human Brain Was Not Meant To Witness. I shall not describe it to you, for your mind would crack. Suffice it to say that it was a thing of unspeakable horror and blasphemous frightfulness, an artifact grotesque, weird and nauseating, the foulest creation ever conceived by an inhuman brain. It was quite ugly.

I had only looked for a few moments before I averted my eyes, but alas, I had looked too long. The eldritch convolutions of that unholy simulacrum had--how shall I say?--twisted off into invisibility, and somehow my mind had followed those twistings into an unhallowed and forbidden realm. For lack of a better phrase I shall coin a term, and call that frightful place The Fourth Dimension. And somehow I knew that one day a call would come echoing down the infernal anfractuositities of the pattern which had been imposed on my mind, and that when the call came I would go--go into the purlieus where Vandongen reigned. (Vandongen, I failed to mention, was the name of the god whose distorted idol it was--unless the name below that twisted horror was the signature of the artist who contrived it.)

Such were the black thoughts which cast a gray pall over the green

prospect of my garden in the blue twilight. So deep was I in my musings that I failed to hear Frank announcing dinner, until he tapped me on the shoulder. As the limb had suffered deslocation before, I did not permit the injury to disturb me, but went in impassively to dinner.

I have never felt disposed to enquire too closely into the composition of the dishes which Cthlluggn serves me; I prefer to believe that the pale meat upon which I am nourished is pork. The fact that I receive no bills from the butcher I can only attribute to her prudent management of the household monies. I will confess that chance glimpses of Igor bringing a carcass into the kitchen have at times suggested something anomalous, but this, I believe, is chiefly due to Igor's curious habit of dragging the meat home with his teeth, and not to a resemblance to anything but the carcass of a pig.

Tonights main dish was a flavorful ragout, and the meat was, as usual, "high" to precisely the right degree. Frank had unearthed a crusty bottle from my late relative's cellar, and I fear that the spicy meat led me to take rather too frequent recourse to the magnificent vintage. Before the meal was over, my head had begun to reel.

The dining room was, of course, very dark; the candles held back the gloom for a few feet around the table, but that was the only small island of light in a sea of dimness. Somewhere there in the darkness, Igor squatted, awaiting his share of the scraps, and behind my chair stood Frank, who now and then leaned forward to replenish my glass, while his shadow leaped and danced grotesquely in the flickering candlelight. Faintly, from the nether reaches of the house, came Cthlluggn's chant.

There in the gloom, with the fumes of the wine clouding my brain, nightmarish fancies siezed me; I began to feel that only the small flames of the candles were holding at bay dread forces of the night. I fancied that the air was tainted with a heavy pelagic odour, as from obscene figures, half-man, half-fish, lurking nearby; I imagined that the rats from the belfry were moving like rippling carpet studded with fierce red eyes, down the broad stairs of the house toward the dining room; I was persuaded that the idol Vandongen was moving heavy-footed from the garden to claim me as his prey. And suddenly even my faithful servants appeared to my fevered imagination to be grotesque figures of evil, damned creatures of some foetid inferno. All this made me somewhat apprehensive.

I crouched there at the table in a catalepsy of fear, huddling as close to the candles as the edge of the table permitted. The wind, which had been rising since sunset, began to raven at the eaves like a demented spirit, and at length a particularly vicious gust burst open the window, instantly extinguishing the candles.

And in that instant I knew that the horrors I had imagined were real, for pouring in through the door was an undulating sea of monster rats! Converging upon me from the corners of the room were obscene dripping creatures, half-man, half-fish! Thudding in at the window was the idol from the garden! And Frank, Igor and Cthlluggn were grinning with hellish delight! It looked like trouble.

But suddenly a glare of lightning revealed a tall figure in evening clothes at the window. Igor drew in a startled breath. "It's the Count come back!" he hissed, cringing in fear.

The man at the window imperiously barked commands in an unknown tongue. The rats, the fish-men and the idol bolted in headlong panic from the room, while the servants became their old obsequious selves. I was saved!

Igor slunk forward, fawning like a dog. "Welcome. Welcome back, dear master," he whined.

The newcomer laughed triumphantly and strolled into the room, contemptuously kicking Igor out of his way. "Yes, I have returned," he exulted. "That fool van Helsing with his wooden stake, thinking he could destroy me! It has been a long time, but I am back. And I am hungry."

I knew then who he was: the relative who had left me the house, unaccountably somehow still alive, and come to reclaim his home. I tried to speak welcoming words, but the shock of what had occurred, together with the wine I had drunk, caused my body to betray me, and I fell to the floor in what was all but a swoon.

As from afar off, I heard the voice of the house's owner: "What is this, Igor?" and Igor's growled reply, "He was master while you were gone, Count."

My vision blurred, but I knew that the black-and-white figure that suddenly loomed over me was the count, coming to minister to me in my faint. As he bent over me, his face came into focus, and for the first time I was aware of his extra-ordinarily long sharp teeth. . . .

--Bob Leman

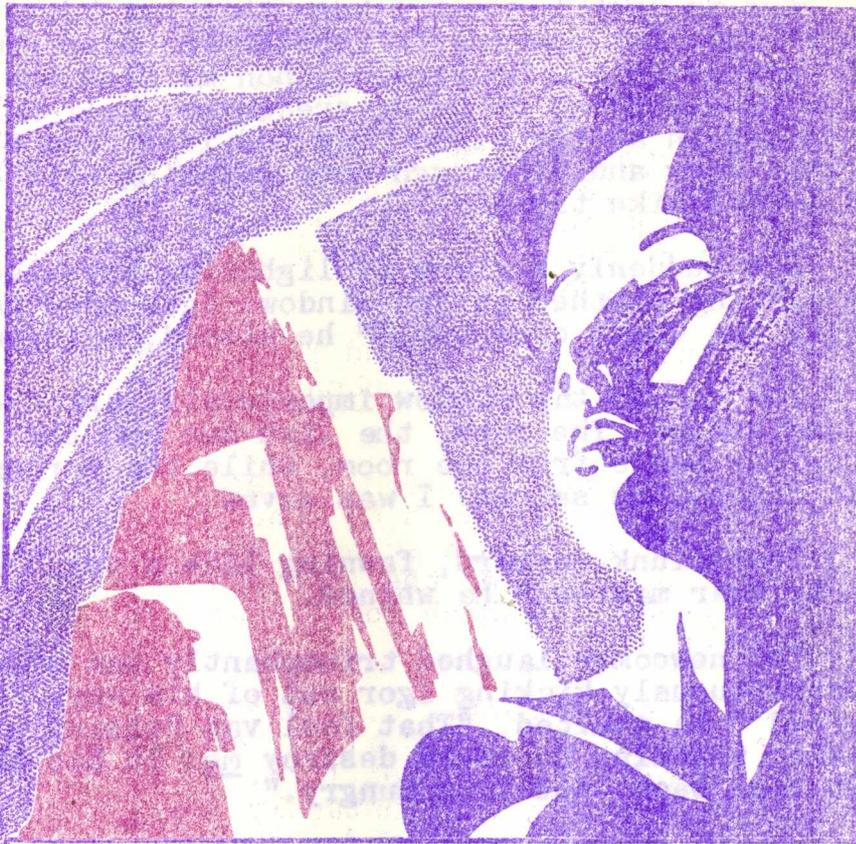
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.....

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B  
L  
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## DR. JESSUP ON UFO

"On March 23, 24 and 25, a watery sky sat on the Catskills and Adirondacks. It slipped and ripped its pants on a peak, and rivers invaded the streets of Troy and Albany. Lamp posts disappeared and furniture floated against the ceilings of rooms. In New Jersey, something called a 'cloudburst' grabbed factories and made a mess of them, cluttering up the nicely laid out streets."

Anyone familiar with the works of the late Charles Fort should be quick to recognize the literary style of the Master in the above quotation. But not

too quick, because it so happens that these lines were not penned by Fort. They are the work of M.K. Jessup and were selected more or less at random from his book, The Case for the UFO.

Admirers of the Fortean stylistic approach (and I happen to be one of them) will need no further urging to procure a copy of this volume--published in hard covers by Citadel Press, but now available in a Bantam paperback edition. Dr. Jessup has consciously or unconsciously modelled his prose upon a Fortean framework; of this there is not the shadow of a doubt--or Doubt, as the case may be.

But doubt dreeps in, and The Case for the UFO may not be, when we come to examine content rather than style of presentation.

UFO--unidentified flying objects--flying saucers--are the "erratics" Jessup chooses to consider. "This work," his preface declares, "is a serious attempt to bring order out of chaos, an attempt to pull all of the facets of this controversy into a basic stratum upon which to make an intelligent evaluation of the subject."

And his conclusion? "...there was long ago a very advanced culture, which could, and almost certainly did, invent a means of levitation and space mobility; that this world-wide culture was cataclysmically and instantly wiped out all over the world. Remnants of humanity escaped, and it is our suggestion that at least one space ship afloat at the time and escaped the disaster and sired a race of space dwellers which has ever after used the neutral at the limit of the earth's sphere of influence as an abode or headquarters."

Among other instances, Dr. Jessup supports his contentions with a discussion of inexplicable, ancient artifacts of earthly and--he theorizes--unearthly origin. He explains his concept of the "neutral at the limit of earth's sphere of influence" and advances the notion that space ships operate through the use of a form of "gravity control" or "gravity reactance."

But in consonance with his expressed intention to "pull all the facets of this controversy into a basic stratum" the reader is confronted with a resume of "reports" of UFO sightings from ancient times up to the present day; with a survey of animal, mineral, and vegetable "fallout" (to say nothing of water and ice-masses) over an equally great period of recorded history: with astronomical oddities, meteorological disturbances, fireballs and odd light phenomena, and such apparently anomalous matters as archeological speculations on prehistoric engineering feats and the classic "mysterious disappearances" of the crew of the Marie Celeste and Mr. Benjamin Bathurst.

In all of these matters, Dr. Jessup presumes to see a pattern substantiating his theorizations. The intelligence operating the UFO is responsible for much of the "fallout"--and may

also be responsible for "kidnapping" individuals like the equiphilic Mr. Bathurst. The same intelligence, utilizing knowledge of gravity beyond our own, had a hand--or lever--in the construction of the huge structures attributed to ancient civilizations. That same intelligence is evident in the continued nonscheduled flights of UFO. In some instances, such flights are veiled by artificially-created cloud-formations or meteorological disturbances. Our mundane activities are under constant scrutiny, but Dr. Jessup does not believe that we are in danger.

Unfortunately, his "case" rests upon such a wide range of unsubstantiated or unverified "evidence" that it is a comparatively easy matter to dismiss the bulk of it by pointing out the highly suspect nature of his sources. Interpretation of legend, mass hysteria, pure and impure fabrication are all grist for the mill; together with quite orthodox astronomical data and apparently authenticated eye-witness accounts of "erratic" phenomena.

Where, then, does this leave us?

As usual, right in the middle of the endless controversy which constantly is waged between the orthodox, conservative pragmatists and the so-called "lunatic fringe."

If Dr. Jessup has done us a service--and I believe he has--it lies not so much in his presentation of a theory as in wittingly or unwittingly pointing up the nature of the controversy revolving around UFO and all other "irregular" manifestations which have been either derided, dismissed, or ignored by the vested savants.

It is easy to play safe and espouse the cause of these learned gentry. They have assured us, with plenty of "proof" in the past, that the earth is flat, that heavier-than-air machines cannot fly, that there is no such thing as "hypnotism", and that flies are a product of spontaneous generation. And their learned assertions received general support. It was always so easy to point out the "crackpots" and the "dreamers" and the cussed, ornery, downright "malicious liars" in the ranks of the opposition. And it is still easy, today, to dismiss UFO phenomena in a similar fashion, merely by assigning one of these labels to every proponent of the existence of flying saucers.

"But," say you, in all probability, "when actual proof does come in, the scientists will change their tune."

Maybe. Unfortunately, Monsieur Pasteur was greeted with opposition long after he had demonstrated his theories: Herr Semmelweis proved childbed fever was contagious and yet was derided and ignored by many physicians who simply refused to accept the evidence of their own eyes. There were even instances of flat declarations on the part of certain "authorities" in the medical fields to the effect that "they didn't care if it was true or not"; they were going to keep on doing just what they had been

doing.

Indeed, established science at times exhibits a singular reluctance to the earnest activities of its own membership. It does not care to acknowledge that the same Sir William Crookes who won fame with his work in chemistry and physics devoted much of his time to so-called "spiritualistic phenomena" and went on record as witnessing the levitation of the medium D.D. Home. It prefers to forget that the names of Pierre and Madame Curie can be found on documents verifying telekinetic and ectoplasmic phenomena during the seances of Eusapia Paladino. Let a Kinsey stick to his insects and all is well: when he applies the same methodology of approach to the sexual behavior patterns of the human mammal a certain percentage of his colleagues turn on him in unrighteous indignation. It is hardly necessary to mention the far from objective attacks upon Professor Rhine and his experiments.

But we are concerned here with the attitude of so-called "authorities" in the matter of UFO.

What can we accept as bona fide evidence?

First and foremost, the findings and reports of the United States Government, whose various service-arms have issued numerous "bulletins" and "reports" over a period of several years, including those of the special "Project Saucer".

A close study of the statements emanating from official and accredited sources reveals that (a) there are no such things as "flying saucers", and (b) some of the objects reportedly sighted by admissibly qualified observers remain "unidentified", and (c) well, maybe some people did see something after all because it turns out the government has been experimenting with "secret weapons". Interspersed with these three main categories of statements are infinite graduations, ranging from the possible presence of enemy weapons to a complete denial of their existence; from bald accusations of "hoaxes" and "optical illusion" to hints that Uncle Sam knows but will not reveal presumably "classified information." Put them all together and they don't spell anything.

Except that some people claim to have seen, and seen repeatedly, UFO.

There is ample proof of hoaxing and hoaxers, ample proof of optical illusion and demonstrable hallucination. There is ample proof of sensation-mongering and calculated attempts to "cash in" on general interest in the subject.

But at the same time, there is equal evidence that both the governing powers and the presumably objective scientific spokesmen have deliberately engaged in obfuscation when confronted

with eyewitness data they cannot adequately explain away--and hence choose, rather, to dismiss or ignore.

All of which sadly enough, does not help the case for Dr. Jessup. His "evidence", in all too many instances, doesn't stand up in court--and his theories are, in the light of present knowledge, far-fetched.

But running through his book; and running through countless other volumes by Fort, DeWitt Miller, and a wide variety of investigators in the fields of parapsychology and the so-called "borderline" phenomena, there is discernible an imposing accretion of data which remains unexplained by the savants and has been quite patently ignored by the very gentlemen who are self-professed "seekers after knowledge."

The ruins do exist, and modern archeologists and engineers cannot account for them. Astronomical vagaries have been noted, but little attempt has been made to reconcile them with orthodox theories. People continue to appear and disappear under what science is content merely to label as "mysterious circumstances?" and if our skies are empty then the ranks of chronic, pathological liars are indeed full.

All of which is not <sup>to</sup> be construed as a defense of Dr. Jessup. We hold that he has failed to prove his case in this book--and that he has been guilty of theorization so broad as to appear specious.

But we cannot but comment him for his obvious interest in a field which should interest his colleagues.

Moreover, we must take note of his willingness--indeed, his eagerness--to subject his theories to pragmatic methodology.

In the matter of space-flight, he recommends (on the basis of his theories regarding UFO) that we shift our concentration to the intensive study of gravity; holding that therein lies the solution to the problem. He urges the use of radar and astronomical devices in a serious attempt to locate and localize UFO. Such an attitude seems to be a bit more "scientific" than the blanket denials, name-calling, and newsprint warfare which up to now has characterized Flying Saucer disputants, pro- and con-.

--Robert Bloch

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"I can't understand it," said George. "There must have been some mistake. By Lovecraft's ghost, I could swear that this place I'm in were hell, except that there's no reason for me to be here. The rest of you belong here, that's for certain--Communists, all of you, seditious advocates of miscegenation hiding behind the mast of righteousness--but I shouldn't be here! Something is wrong."

It may have been the reflection of hellfire on Ted's

face that gave his expression such an angry caste, but his words were sharp: "If any one among us belongs here, it's you, George!"

"But do any of us belong here?" asked Walt. "We've all had our excesses, to one degree or another, and it's true that nothing succeeds like excess, but--"

"It's those puns of yours that have got you here," smiled Forry.

"Crikey, this really does warrant an investigation," said John. "I wouldn't be surprised if it were all James White's fault--he's my arch-enemy, you know. Heehee, let me tell you about the case I solved--er, well, I almost solved it. If I hadn't been attacked by fifty fans at once, beaten to a--"

"I think I know why I'm here," said Greg. "One night the thought passed through my head that I'd gladly sell my soul if I could publish a fanzine as good as GRUE."

"It will never stand up in court!" rumbled a second fan named George. "You didn't actually sign a contract, did you? My boy, you need legal advice! Now, if you actually signed a contract in blood, I don't think I can--"

"Who do you think you are, George?" asked Nick. "You're acting as though you were in 'The Devil and Daniel Webster'."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was once involved in a case very similar to that," said George. "It was a lawsuit, actually, and--"

"I'll bet I shouldn't have written those conreports," muttered Buck. "I should have known--"

"The thing to do," said Harry, "is to think things out calmly and rationally. The only thing we all have in common is that we were all in fandom when the world was destroyed. Aside from that, we're much different, and there doesn't seem to be much use in speculating on the peculiarities of each of us. For instance, just because somebody once asked me if I were ever going to attend a convention and I told him that I'd see him in Hell first, that doesn't mean--"

"Harry's right," said Ted. "There must be something we've all done that's put us here."

"The atomic war was all your fault!" said the first George, waving a hand to include the entire fannish assemblage. "Why should I be here?"

"Oh, come off it, George," said Sean. "Don't get so excited tell we find out what's going to happen. Be calm. Think of it as

a mysterious phenomenon, like fish in Baltimore waterpipes or something."

"Yes, let's be calm," said Buz. "Let's think this thing out."

"There was an undercurrent of grumbling in the crowd, which included every known fan, as far as anyone could tell. Sensitive fannish faces were everywhere, topped here and there by proper-lor beanies left over from the last convention--though there in that dark place, with the fires of hell burning around them, the scene was anything but conventional.

Suddenly, into this group strode a slender man with glasses. He made his way to the center of the crowd, the fans parting to make room for him. Several of them stared at him in awed recognition.

"Towner!" said Burb. "You old dirty-talking so-and-so! I should have known I'd find you here!"

Towner nodded to him, but continued on his way. He stopped in the center of the crowd and climbed upon a lava-rock to address the fans.

"So you're all in Hell!" he said to them. "Every last damned one of you is in Hell at last!" He laughed loudly, with obvious enjoyment in the situation. "Do you all want to know what's going to happen to you here?"

There were murmurs among the fans: "If he says one thing about queers..." "We'll probably have to read that damn fanzine of his for eternity..." "Is that Degler?" "Just like the old days, always talking..."

"I'll tell you what's going to happen to you!" said Towner. He pointed a finger. "See that pool over there? Think it's molten lava? It's hekto jelly! Some of you will be standing neck-deep in it for aeons!" He pointed in another direction. "See that mountain? That's no mountain, it's a huge typewriter, and they have a nice little system here whereby you cut stencils for an aeonish by bouncing headfirst on the keys!" He pointed again. "That cave is for solitary confinement. They play endless tapes at you that were recorded from under the tables at conventions! You can't understand a word said, except now and then you can hear your own name mentioned."

Towner paused. "Any fake-fans in the crowd?" he asked. "Anybody who doesn't like science fiction?"

For a moment there was no answer, then Max stepped forward. "There are lots of others, too," he called to Towner, "But they usually don't admit it!"

"You'll be discovered, don't worry," said Towner. "You will

have the undeniable privilege of reading an issue of Vargo Statten!"

"I guess I can take that," grinned Max.

Towner laughed loudly. "Over and over?" he asked. "Over and over and over and OVER, for eternity?"

Max paled visibly.

"What are you, Towner, the Chief Demon here?" shouted someone hidden in the crowd.

"I'm one of you," Towner said. "I've just been here longer, that's all. They've got an ingenious torture for me: I have to read every issue of THE ACOLYTE ten times a day!"

Several people laughed. Someone else called out, "Then why do you seem so happy about it all?"

"Because I know why we're all here!" shouted Towner.

This announcement brought a wave of talking over the assemblage: "It's those convention parites..." "I should have sent that sub money back when I folded my zine..." "Ghod, that blog was the devil's own brew..." "...sold a story professionally..." "...didn't pay S.F. Book Club..."

"Why is it, Meyer?" shouted Burb. "Why are we here?"

Towner looked at them from the rock. "We were telling them all along, Burb," he said. "We were telling them for years!"

"Come on, Towner, out with it!" Burb said.

Towner threw back his head and laughed. "Okay, Meyer, I'll tell you," he roared. "But you know it as well as I do. We've been telling 'em for years!"

He held up a hand for silence.

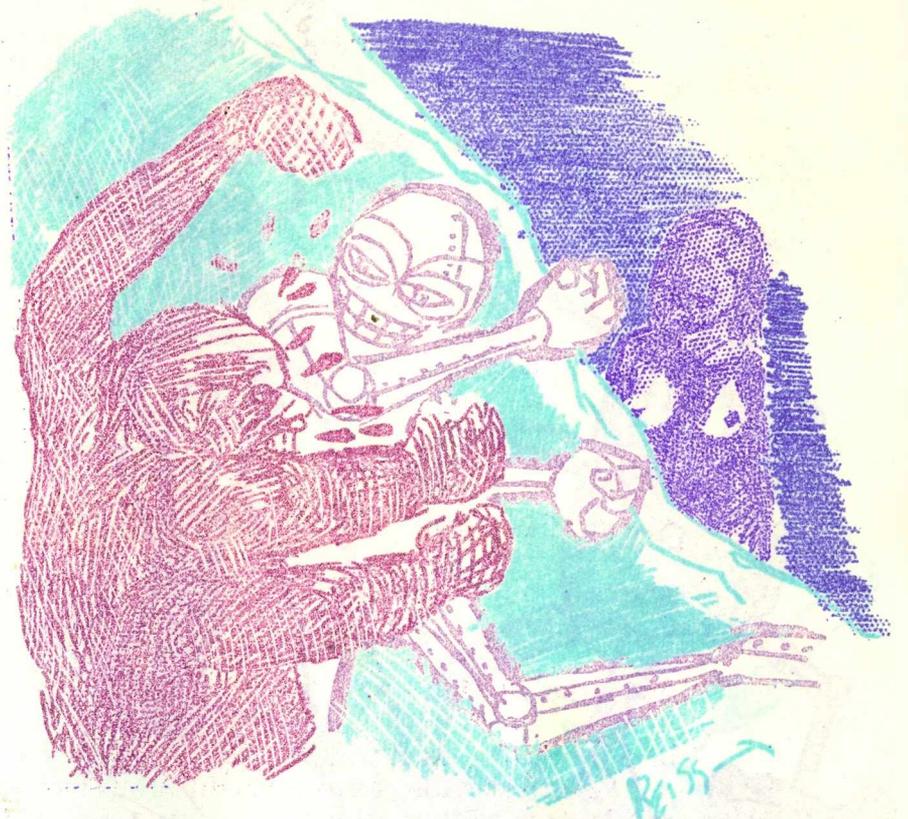
"Fandom," he intoned, "is just a God damned hobby."

--Terry Carr

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THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE (second printing) is now available from Ron Ellik, 127 Bennett Avenue, Long Beach 3, California, at 75¢ the copy. This is run from the original stencils with minor changes, which have been noted on the flyleaf. 100 copies in this printing, as opposed to 150 copies which were sold out in less than six months last year.

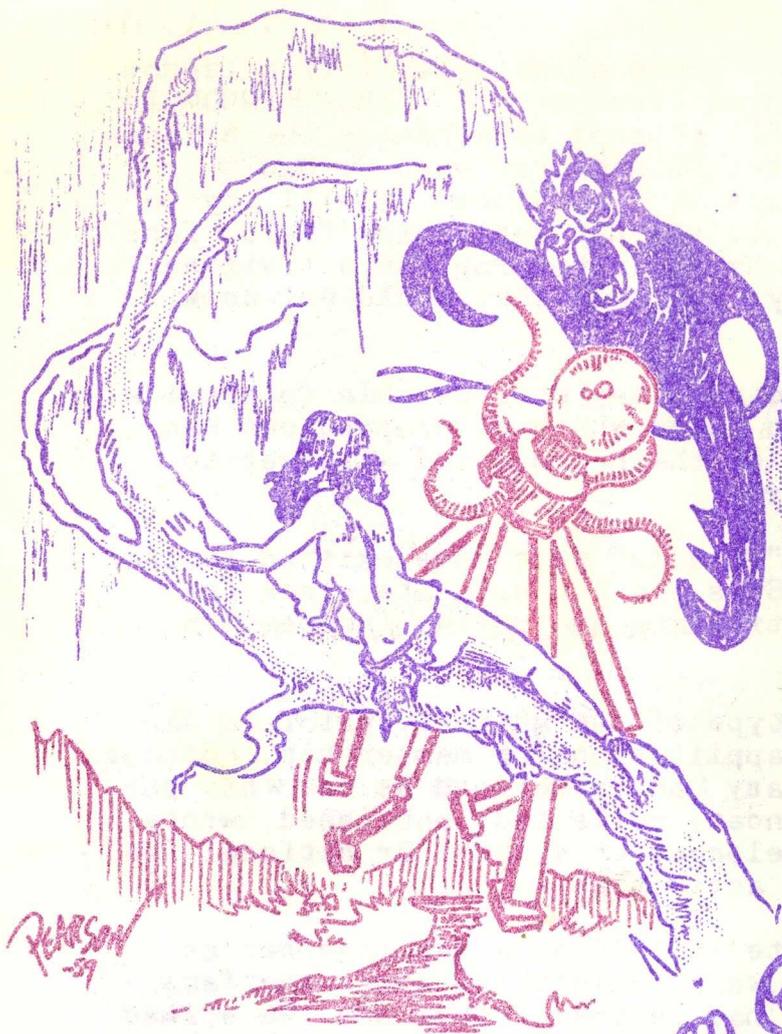
ALLEN



BEM  
BOULET  
GURL

GILBERT





★Goolwin★

# FIRST

# FANDOM

In announcing the formation of a new group in science fiction fandom it would be well to set forth the aims first of all. FIRST FANDOM is a fun loving organization, which will attempt to organize the science fiction and fantasy fans of the First Golden Era; when we had to hunt and search for our favorite type of literature. We will try to bring back to the conventions, and to the fan publishing field, fans who for various legitimate reasons have had to drop fan activities and have not come back because they feel that they would not know anybody today.

Many fans have never left the field and they will be able to provide the core or framework through which those who have dropped out can re-acquaint themselves with others of their time, and also get to know the fans of the present day era.

In discussing the various eras of "fandoms" that have existed in the past, we have selected Jan. 1, 1938 as the cut off date since the whole idea of FIRST FANDOM is to stimulate and revive interest in the older fans.

Thus, if you have engaged in some type of fan activity prior to Jan. 1, 1938, write to Don Ford for an application for membership. For our purposes a science fiction or fantasy fan is defined as one who: participated in conventions; corresponded; collected; published, wrote for, or subscribed to a fanzine; belonged to a local or national fan club, etc. Any one or all of these activities.

FIRST FANDOM was first broached late in 1958 at a get together at Doc Barrett's in Bellefontaine. We were reminiscing about the fans of earlier days and wondering what had become of them now. We worked over the details by mail for the past several months and have come up with the present set up in order to get things started.

The founders are: Bob Madle, C.L. Barrett, MD, Don Ford, Lou Tabakow, Dale Tarr & Lynn Hickman. We will run the club as a Board of Directors until we can get it going; and then the membership can elect regular officers. Dues are \$1 per year and it will be a non-profit organization. Most of the money will be expended in a club bulletin which will maintain an up to date roster of members...allowing them to get in touch with old friends they've been wanting to contact for years.

Temporary officers chosen by the Board of Directors are:

President	Bob Madle	3608 Caroline Ave.	Indianapolis 18, Ind.
Sec'y-Treas	Don Ford	Box 19-T, RR #2	Loveland, Ohio
Publisher	Lynn Hickman	304 N. 11th	Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Addresses of the other founders are:

C.L. Barrett, MD	119 S. Madriver St.	Bellefontaine, Ohio
Dale Tarr	3650 Glenway Ave.	Cincinnati 5, Ohio
Lou Tabakow	3953 St. John's Terrace	Cincinnati 36, Ohio

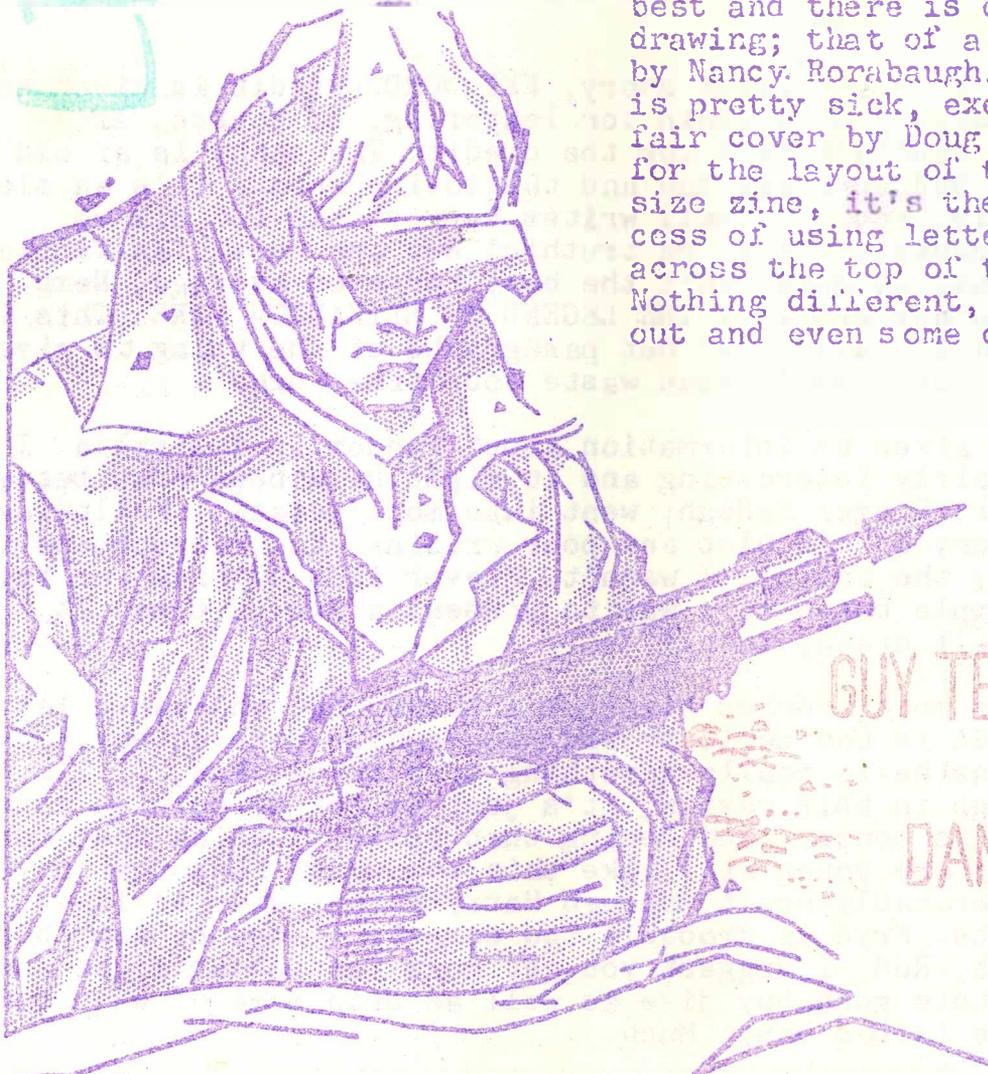
Applications for membership and other inquiries should be handled through Don Ford.

LEAVES.

Hello there. Once again we're back here to go through the zines and see what the fans have come up with. This is the fifth time to be exact, and due to a number of requests for longer reviews, I'll go into length on them, while Guy returns to take care of the rest with short comments. You ready? Sure you are...

OMEGA #5, Rod Frye, Jr., 712 W. Franklin St.,  
Richmond 20, Va. 10¢ Mimeo

They claim to be the best S-F fanzine and your ads are planned by their commercial art staff for best possible layout and design for reader appeal. They claim this, but, buddy, don't you believe it! The material certainly isn't the best and there is only one good drawing; that of a girl's face by Nancy Rorabaugh. All the rest is pretty sick, except for a fair cover by Doug Payson. As for the layout of this digest size zine, it's the usual process of using lettering guides across the top of the page. Nothing different, nothing way out and even some of it is poor



BY

GUY TERWILLEGER

DAN L ADKINS-

L.E

hand lettering.

So much for the non-existing beauty of OMEGA. Let's see what the best material in fandom is like. I'm anxious to let you in on all this good stuff. They have an executive editor, two associate editors, an executive secretary and a fantasy editor stockholder among other titles, therefore you can bet with all this personal we're really going to have something here. God, just think, stockholders in a fanzine! Why this thing actually costs \$14 to publish. All that money! Makes you wonder how such people as Bill Pearson spent \$120 to put out his zine all by himself...

Editor Frye discusses fans accusing his writers of doing plagiarized stories. Two very similar to ones he checked up on but he's going to watch it from now on. Yes sir, nobody's putting anything over on ol' Frye boy! He calls out for you to join the many readers of OMEGA, the zine that is going places. Err... according to Mr. Frye.

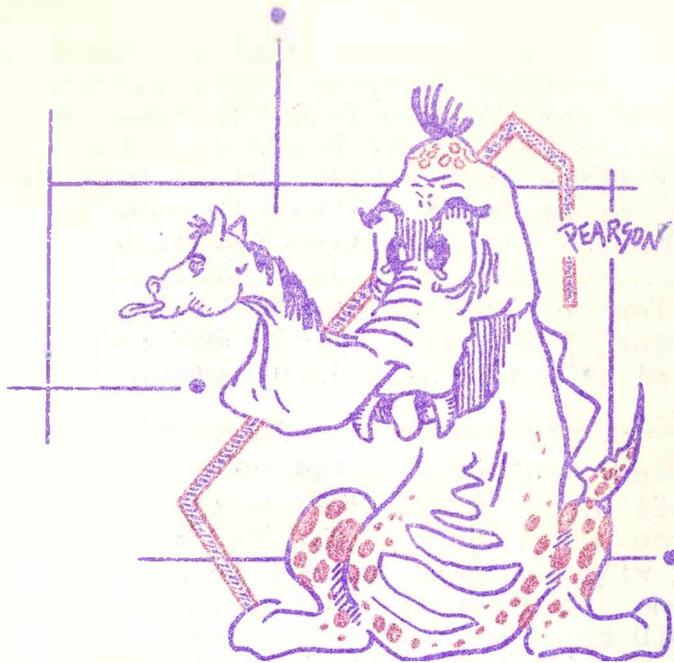
Don Mitchell does the first story, KEY WORD. Credit is given to Frye for illoing and to Stein for lettering, of course. If I were them, I wouldn't care for the credit. The story is of old Doc, the big bad business man and the loving robot. It's an old plot, slightly. And, Mitchell writes very simple for all us kids. He's readable and to be truthful not the worst fan-fiction I've read. But, it sure isn't the best, or even average. Next is a TRUE fantasy story of THE LEGEND OF ELIZABETH LAKE. This is pure crud and I could point out paragraphs of the thing to give you an idea, but I won't even waste your time. Ugh.

FANDOM WORLD gives us information about fandom in Australia. I found some fairly interesting and it might have been even better if the writer, Roger McHugh, went into more details. Following is a time story of old plot and poor writing. You're supposed to be shocked by the ending. I wasn't. Clever illo by Frye for this. Small and simple but a nice way to present a man in time. It isn't very well drawn, though.

There are two more stories here and a short, but enjoyable letter section. OMEGA is too serious, too neo-fannish-gosh-oh-boy-to-publish-a-fanzine-is-really-something type thing. Now, if I'm a little rough in this review, it's just to get my opinion across. That opinion is honest, and seeing that it is, I think that most neo fans that are young will like this somewhat. Fans that have been around probably won't, though Harry Warner did. At least, he liked parts. Frye is probably too sore to listen by now, but if you aren't, Rod, I suggest you get more fannish articles and cut out all this gosh-boy jive as well as drop some of that fan-fiction. Five is too many. Much.

PROfanITY #5, Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida, 15¢, Multilith.

One of those photo covers on this issue. Fans like Coulson,



Franson and Al Andrews. Bruce's editorial hasn't much personality. Instead, we ramble on books and the beat generation with no certain reason, I think. Just something to talk about. No complaint. No raving or jumps of joy for it either.

Al Andrews does a very funny story, that is over-written in places. Like he tries just a little too hard to get a laugh at times. It's really a fairly good attempt of making fun of the sf adventure story, with punch lines about every paragraph. Fanzine reviews are handled well by Buck Coulson, and a Dodd column is a bore. Why does he write so many poor things about movies? Then,

to my surprise, I find John Berry writing a most confusing, pointless tale called LIGHTING CONDUCTOR. If it was humor, the punch lines got lost, and if it was serious, where was any plot? In fact, what the hell was it all about? More of Al Andrews here with a review of STAR SCIENCE FICTION #4. Al doesn't hold back and lets the book have it. Good.

Rounding up here with the letter column we'll say that it has lively comments by the readers and proves to be about the solidest bit in PROFANITY. Not to be let out are clever poems scattered through the zine, and a kick at the mostly terrible art.

SLANDER #3, Jan Sadler Penney, 51-B McAlister Place, New Orleans 18, Louisiana. Ditto.

A poor DEA front cover, cause of her line of direction being wrong (figure that one out you non-artists) and a good back cover by her. Though Jan says little in her editorial, her personality comes across well. It's a good bit.

There is an easy, smoothly written piece of fiction about two persons going into some electrical equipment to get out the bugs. I can't seem to figure out if it was meant to be funny or what. The bugs turn out to be real bugs instead of just a 'saying', but the damn thing seems to be written seriously with no punch lines. Some cute talk, but...where is the plot, the point?

Wish the letter section was longer. Damn interesting stuff. Not so much about the zine, but the people who did the work in it. I mean they really discuss the thing. Jan is a strong personalized editor

with her words. Even short comments tell you this is alive, this is a real person talking. A lot of editors leave me impressed as cardboard. She doesn't. Most of the rest of the issue is taken up with her discussion of Colin Wilson's THE OUTSIDER and of GMCarr. Also, Jan reviews zines. The only thing wrong here is that they are a bit dated and not enough zines, or at least not enough known ones. I'd like to read her comments on some of these regulars.

VOID #16, Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas.  
25¢. Mimeo. Second editor, Ted White, who is moving to New York, I believe, and it would be best to write Greg for his latest address.

There are now four monthly fanzines in fandom, of which VOID is one. My own likes put them in this order as to the one that is best. First one the better, and so forth. CRY, VOID, YANDRO and JD. Lately JD has been improving with a little more life and may pass YANDRO, while VOID may become the leading monthly in a couple issues. This will be hard for VOID cause of CRY being large with its usually good quality. All of them are very good zines with their fine points. Both JD and YANDRO have good art. George Barr, one of fandom's top new artists, is soon to work for JD, and it's art will be tops. But on written material, life and personality, its going to be between VOID and CRY.

#### Why?

Because Ted White likes to insult fans and in general make trouble. This is a good thing if you want your zine full of heated, lively letters. What is more fun than to read insults and watch a feud develop, huh? Face it! Fandom needs a little spark. Buddy, you are going to have it in VOID from all appearances. Since White is moving in on Guy Terwilleger and myself, things are going to wake up around here, too. In fact, with White calling Art LEE a hoax, and Clod Hall writing nasty letters under LEE'S name, life in fandom is going to be a natural ball!

Let's get into this VOID now. Greg does an editorial that is interesting on a number of subjects. Unlike Ted, he doesn't write so much about himself and his friends. Like, letting us know his buddies are 'hip' and we all should vote for the Capicon and that jazz: the theme of White's edited bits.

Harry Warner does an over-long article on copyright laws for fanzines. It's well written but rather useless. He says he has gone into this thing but it would seem if he had that the first thing learned would have been that anything with a circulation under 200 is not usually subject to copyright laws. This law probably was made with the idea in mind that it would apply to school papers and the like. But it exists, and fits fanzines beautifully. No doubt there are bylaws and others that do concern fanzines, but I don't see any use to worry about a zine with its small circulation. And I don't care to go into a sickening discussion of law.

I had enough of that with the WSFS gab.

Let's move it on over to the letter column, real bang sort of. There. You'll notice how everyone is picking on Richard Geis. You know, the guy that is now down and everyone suddenly gets real big and kicks him a couple of times. So Geis is tired of fandom? So he sends out a request for dirty material? So what the hell? He wanted the stuff, he asked for it. He didn't ask to be judged. Ted White has even ran off such deals for Geis. Go ahead and try to deny it, White. It reminds me of the kid that used to belong to the gang but suddenly finds a new interest. He, of course, is thought of as no damn good by the gang after that. Geis rejects fandom and now fandom acts like a jilted lover. Like the girl that used to be a wonderful gal, until she cut out. Now the lover thinks she's a pig. You and I know dirty pictures are seen by everyone and the worn sheet stories. Geis is just more honest about his wants and has the brass guts to ask openly. Of course, you all people there have every right in the world to your own opinions and your tastes. Who am I to say what is right? But, I know Geis is 29, single, and it's his life. He had a good zine there, which I enjoyed and his request for dirty work didn't harm me a bit. Did it you? He still thinks for himself, and to me that's better than going along with the crowd with just being another person. He's just tired, AND fandom is just tired of Geis. But Geis is losing nothing and is not to be pitied. When Geis changed, it was fandom who lost out.

Lots of long, informative letters. More, huh, White? Greg?

Kent Moomaw finishes up the last and second part of his story. It's wonderfully well



written but the ending seems over dramatic. It might have been dull, otherwise, so no kick. This is the tale of a feud at a Con, between a cocky kid and an ageing, married lady. (See review of VOID in JD/#43) It'll be published in full form for 25¢. Get it.

Now we find DAN ADKINS OUT ON A TWIG, where in is a published reply 3 pages long, in a rebuttal to the review of TWIG in last issue. You might say I was 'gung-ho' on the subject. Lively bit. To straighten out one thing here. I say Guy

is 'meek' and I mean mild of temper. (See dictionary, White). I do not mean limp, washed out, as White implies. I think he'll find Guy far from what he things and less mild of temper than even I opined. Ted answered my points, but somehow, not interestingly enough for me to make any big deal over it. You'll find him interesting, though. Two sides always are.

That's VOID. Well mimeoed and laid out with a couple of good fillers by Atom, Eddie and Archer (Ted White's own hoax, using Archer's name to his art.)

It's your show, Guy. I is ging gang'n out. Zines not reviewed here that were sent my way appear in JD.

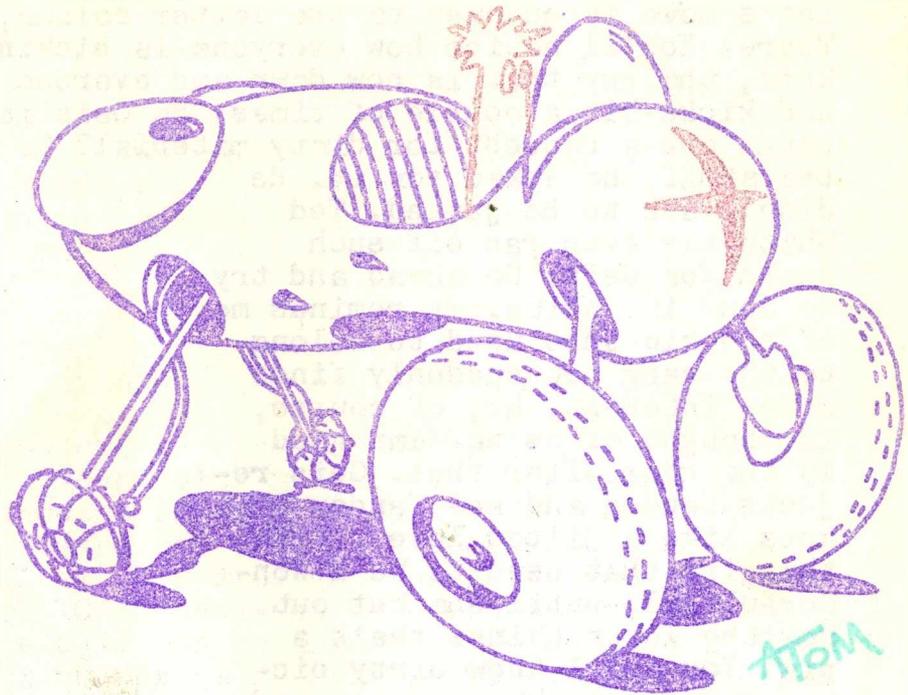
...-\*-...

...-\*-...

Okay, Dan'L, I'll take over with a few of my own comments. Since I'm such an un-fannish sort of guy, though, I find I can't bang, or bang, or any of those rash things. So, I'll content myself to sip my cup of Postum and slish and slosh my way along.

DISJECTA MEMBRA #2, Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland. Letters or trades. Mimeo.

Ted Pauls hits us with another new zine, this time a letter-zine, and, apparently, from the letters contained in this issue, this is just what fandom has been needing to tie it together,



Though I can't see the dire need of it. Ted does, though, have a going thing here and it shows promise of developing into a zine that will show me why a letterzine is needed.

Ted White gives forth with a defense of his views on why DC is a better city than Baltimore for a con. Since he seems to know both cities, his points are well taken. Since I didn't see #1, many of the letters are not swinging, but I do wonder if the time will ever come when I begin to worry about what fandom we are in. Do agree with Sneary on his view that being an active fan means doing a lot of things and writing a great deal, even if it is only letters.

Ted White, in his fanzine reviews, seems bent on dragging TWIG through the mire of his own mind into various other places. I wonder how he can so thoroughly damn everything I've done and yet say "Terwilleger has the ability to produce a solidly good zine." It's a statement that doesn't hold water. Where is his proof that I have the ability to do this if he doesn't already admit that I've done a good job? Nor does Ted have any legitimate reason to attack Dan and I and say that TWIG is Adkins dominated. This, mind you, on the basis of one issue. Of course, I could say that VOID is now Ted White dominated and little or nothing of Greg Benford. Three issues back up my assumption and I wouldn't be wrong from the Benford content in those three issues.

The fanzine reviews, in general, are pretty good--when White leaves out his personal bias. However, Ghod White makes it clear in his introduction to the column that there are certain members of fandom who "do not belong and the sooner they get out the better." Good luck in your crusading, Ted. So far it has done me a lot of good.

Ted (Pauls this time) rounds out this issue with remarks that read pleasingly. If you're interested in controversy, by all means get on the bandwagon here.

FANToccini, Leslie Norris, 7263 Farmdale, North Hollywood, Calif.

FAN is a revival of Les' zine of several years back and contains little other than an accounting of his activities during hte years of gafiation. The material is well written and interesting, and gives promise of things to come. The art work, on the other hand, is poor.

Any of you who were in contact with Les before should send for a copy.

FANVIEW #1, Johnny Bowles, 802 S. 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky. Butch Manka, 526 W. Riverside Drive, Jeffersonville, Indiana. 6/25¢. Mimeo.

Another newszine looms into view to ride the fanwaves with FANAC. Like so many of the recent newszines, this one lacks the

sparkle to put it into a solid orbit.

Typical of Bowleszines, FANVIEW sets up a rigid policy for itself. Call it what you will--either neofannish or serconish--it just hasn't got it at present. The major fault of this first issue is a series of "critiques" which fail to do anything but show the neofannishness of the writer, or a lack of ability to vary his wording. An example of what I mean: "This madness relates within seventeen pages the madness of Mars, the madness of dodging asteroids, and the madness of living alone with the Preying Mantis People." Or this outstanding review: "This is a chiller." Hardly the "critique" that it is labeled. It could be that they are trying to be funny with these reviews, but, I seriously doubt it. The tone is that of being sure of what one is saying.

MAMMON #2, Jim Moran, 208  
Sladen St., Dracut,  
Mass. Ditto.

This one takes on a much needed neater appearance with this issue--I could read all of it. This is a distinct advantage for any zine and I'm glad to see most fan-eds are paying more attention to this facet of pubbing.

Briefly to the content of the zine: Jim's editorial is rambling and somewhat neofannish. Franson, Donald by name, comes up with "How To You Do," an amusing piece of "do it yourself" on how to be a mad scientist. A long bit on the Gizeh Expeditions all in not so funny fun, a bit of mediocre fan fiction by Alfred Hill, and the best item in the zine, the fanzine reviews by the editor. Jim does a competent job here. Some poetry and a thing on the "beat" generation wind things up. Try it.



HYPHEN #22, Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast,  
Northern Ireland. 15¢, Mimeo.

Usually it is sufficient to say of "-" that it is its usual high quality--and this ish is no exception. There are a couple of items I did want to mention, though.

William F. Temple's "Anti-social Notes" puzzles me. Oh, I like it, but is he being factual on his feelings for Arthur C. Clarke, or is this all a joke, or just what? Highly entertaining no matter how you look at it.

Bob Leman does one of his best bits with "Sweet and Lo!" A take-off on the expression: "Who sawed Courtney's boat?", Bob Drens up three items, relates them, and then winds up with hilarious footnotes. Like many, I think Bob is on his way to becoming the top humorist of fandom.

If you haven't read "-", by all means send for one. I waited nearly two years before I did. This is the fan's fan-zine.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #127, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4,  
Washington. 25¢, Mimeo in blue.

Another of the old standby group. One of the old guard, you might say, but don't let that confuse you. CRY has, in the space of three years, become the leading monthly. Layout for CRY is abominable, but you get used to it and it wouldn't be the same any other way. Letters are one of the main fortes, though the other material is rapidly approaching top bracket...and CRY has the only decent prozine reviews in fandom. In many respects, this is the punniest zine you can read. It wouldn't surprise me some month to pick up a copy and find that Mr. and Mrs. Stonacrutch and their daughter CRY have written a letter.

VOID 16½, Ted White Publisher, Greg Benford editor, address earlier in zine.

Dan took care of the whole number, so, since there are a few comments I wish to make on this ½, I'll take care of it. First, Ted says he can be reached at his old address, but letters of comment should go to Greg.

This is a letter edition and I'm glad to see that some fen don't commit themselves on the apparent White-Twig feud. They show some intelligence considering the fact that: 1) I haven't been given a chance to voice my opinion on the subject even though I have written White two long letters, and: 2) there hasn't been an issue of TWIG ILLOED out since Ted's original blast at me, therefore, my side is, till now, unheard.

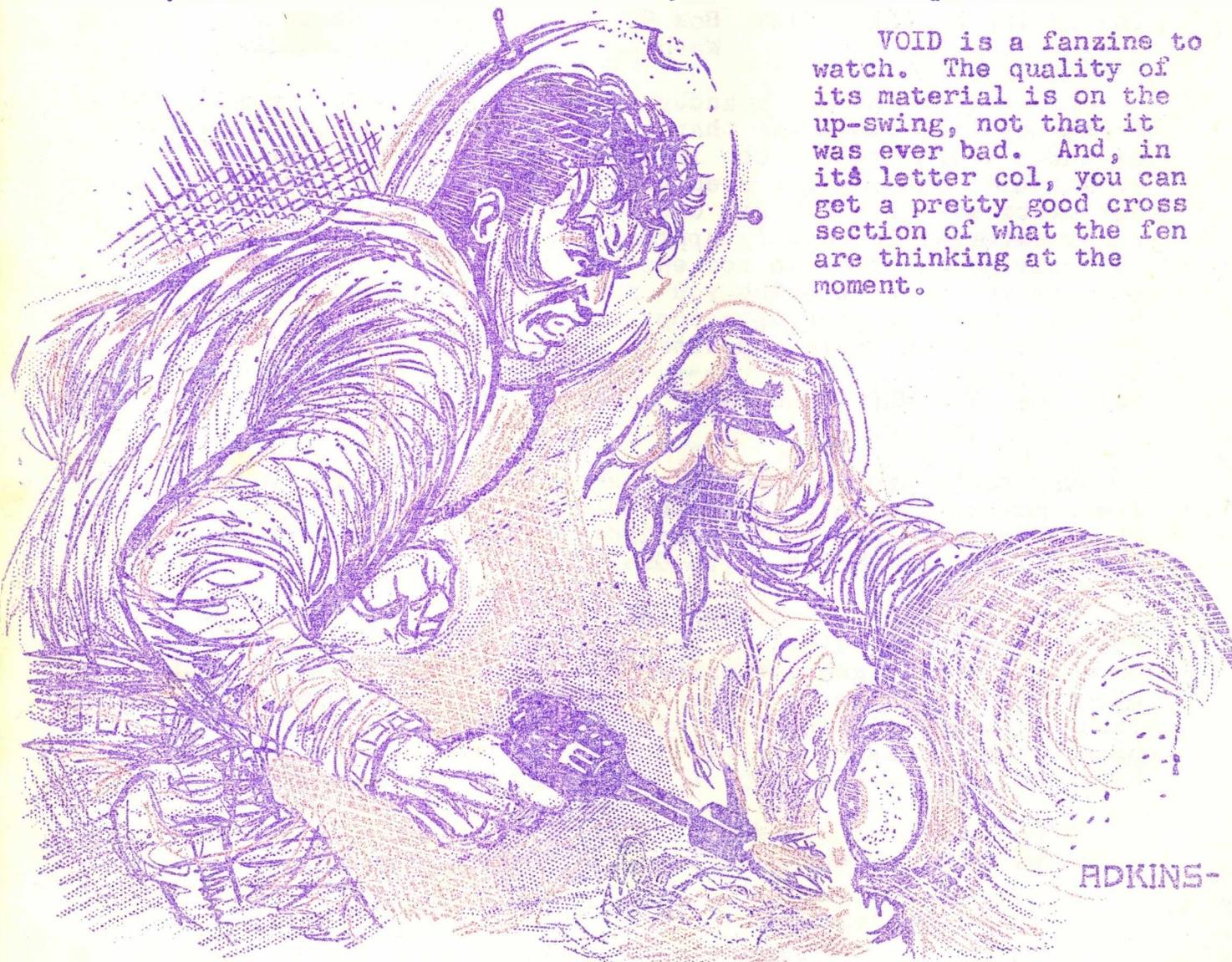
I was rather surprised at Marty Fleischman's letter in which he states bluntly that he will take Ted's opinion and

steer clear of TWIG ILLOED. Marty, I th ought you were less neofan-ish than to adopt this follow-the-leader attitude. And Larry Shaw, how can you say Ted's review is "a splendid example of genuine and intelligent criticism" and then admit you didn't get a chance to read TWIG ILLOED? Is your idea of reviewing criticism for criticism's sake and be damned if it's right or not?

Red Boggs asks the question I've asked--what is Greg's connec-tion with VOID now. Ted's answer is that Greg is editor of the zine right along with him. But, it sure isn't apparent in the zine. If Ted had taken the time to find out, he'd have learned his own sit-uation isn't much different than Dan's and mine, only I have the final say on what goes into TWIG ILLOED.

In answering Donalds Franson's letter, Ted says: "Not a contin-uing feud, but perhaps the opener to one." Well, Ted, I find feud-ing a very childish pastime, showing definite signs of immaturity. I'm not, therefore, out for a feud, but I'll not sit back and let you try to make a fool of me without saying something in my own de-fense. If you want to feud, say so. If not, at least have the cour-tesy to let me voice an answer to your biased charges.

VOID is a fanzine to watch. The quality of its material is on the up-swing, not that it was ever bad. And, in its letter col, you can get a pretty good cross section of what the fen are thinking at the moment.



ADKINS-

A BAS #11, Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.  
25¢, Mimeo.

A BAS, like "-", is one of those excellent zines that appear far too infrequently. If one stopped to think about it, this occasional schedule is undoubtedly the reason for the excellence of the material. I may not always agree with what Boyd, or his contributors have to say, but at least it is written in a manner that isn't so dogmatic as to be insulting to the reader. Boyd's con report, slightly long for my liking, plus his compilation of the "Derelicti Derogation" are the highlights of this issue.

A BAS is a must for any tru-fan.

APORRHETA, several numbers, H. P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236  
Queens Road, New Cross, LondonSE 14, England.

Suffice it to say that I dig APE the most. It is rapidly becoming the voice of British Fandom, and as such is required reading for any fan interested in the overseas element. At the outset, the column, "Inchmery Fan Diary", was a part of APE. Present issue at hand, the column has taken over the zine and all material is worked into it. Sandy takes great pains to put the zine together, has an interesting line-up of regular material, plus, plus, plus.

Highly recommended.

Dan said I was going to give short reviews--well, some haven't panned out that way. Space is running out, but I do want to give capsule mention to a few others at hand.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #42, 2548 W. 15th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif.  
25¢, Mimeoed in color.

SHAGGY has, in the last three issues, budded into a fine zine. At one time, it was a club zine and not much more.

The fanzine reviewer, whoever Plunkett may be, has read too much of Ted White on TWIG. How in the devil, with Dan and I only having put out one issue together, can anyone say Dan is overshadowing me. What do they base this assumption on? If three or four issues had come out and the comment was the same--then--and only then--I might get worried. Regardless of what I've said--I find the situation highly laughable.

Ellik's "Squirrel Cage" and Carr's "SC Annex" are interesting. Ron's especially since it concerns a subject so belittled by many fen--the N3F. I wonder what belonging to the N3F will do for Ron--or vice versa.

SPHERE #11, P.O. Box #212, Atlanta 1, Gorgia. 20¢.

Unfortunately, SPHERE saw quite a lapse of time between issues and parts of this one are dated. Brian W. Aldiss, in his



"Xanadu Regained", presents some interesting and humorous aspects of writing science fiction stories. (Makes me want to sit down and write an article on fiction writing--and I could, too, I just finished a course in Creative Writing in which I didn't have to write, but sure did learn a lot.

This issue isn't up to the par of previous ones, but--will undoubtedly get back into the swing. I happen to like SHHERE and thus recommend it.

THE COLE FAX #2, W.R. Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn 30, New York.  
Mimeo, 15¢.

Serious in nature, presenting a profile of Silverberg, a listing of his stories, and a short fiction item by him. Movie, book, and fanzine reviews make up the rest of the issue.

If you are a fan of Silverberg, by all means get this issue.

QUIXOTIC #2, Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.  
10¢, Ditto.

One to watch when a second issue can boast a list of contributors like Terry Carr, Harry Warner, Jr., and John Berry. If Don succeeds as well with the next issues, QUIX could go places. One of the above average newer zines.

AMRA #2, G.H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California. 20¢.

This is an off-sized pub concentrating on Conan the Cimmerian, but with other type material promised. If you're a fan of Conan, by all means get AMRA. Even if you aren't a Conan fan--and I'm not--you might find it interesting. Especially good art.

And, as a finale, I'll think about being dominated and sort of wither up and blow away until the next issue.

guy terwilliger

1412 Albright St.  
Boise, Idaho

## WRITERS

Robert Madle  
Ted Johnstone  
Ron Ellick  
John Berry  
Robert Bloch  
Kenneth Newman  
C.S. Youd  
Charles Burbee  
Bob Leman  
Marion Zimmer Bradley  
Terry Carr  
Harry Warner Jr.  
Len Moffatt  
Nigel Lindsey  
Jim Weber  
Sid Birchby  
Vinç Clark  
Bob Tucker  
Dean A. Grennell  
George H. Scithers

75¢

ADKINS-

## ARTISTS

George Barr  
Colin Cameron  
George Scithers  
Robert E. Gilbert  
Bjo  
Bergeron  
Juanita Coulson  
Art Lee  
Barbi Johnson  
Larry Bourne  
Tom Reamy  
Bill Pearson  
Atom & Adkins

# BEST OF FANDOM

Only a limited number left!

# SCALED BARK!

# LETTERS TO GUY!

ROD FRYE, 712 W. Franklin St., Richmond 20, Virginia.

In regard to Bob Bloch's and Bob Coulson's comments about me in the last issue of TWIG: They are right.

I have a long list of adjectives describing myself, all bad, but otherwise I am a normal male with two feet, with both of them in my mouth at the moment. I hope this open letter will permit me to take them out.

The only decent thing for me to do is say right now that I was wrong, and the comments made by me in the letter under discussion were made, not only out of ignorance, but also with out thought or consid-



eration even to myself. I really should lock myself up in a cold dark place when I desire to make a nasty comment, and not let myself out until I've simmered down. I acted very stupidly. (Grow up, FRYE!) There's only one way out of the situation I seem to have put myself in -- through the front door. Then I hope not to ever get back in there. At least I'll try more. Please, Bobs, forgive me.

Rod Frye--NUT!

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, (Don't have his New York address so won't....)

No doubt TWIG will be identified with the old SATA for a while. I found, as I read it, that TWIG was quite different. I suppose that fandom, at least the three or four percent with above-average intelligence, will recognize the particular flavor of TWIG.

Frankly, TWIG wasn't perfect. This, because of my habitually cynical attitude. "Terwilleger, the Fan Machine" was just so much crap--not even worth reading. And Dick Lupoff's item followed in the same cow track. Mussells' story may have read well in his college mag but the story doesn't contribute much to either the science fiction field nor to literature. However, I'm for more stf in fanzines--as is Mussells, if I remember correctly. Dammit! --I mean, More Fiction In Fanzines!

Adkins is a good cartoonist, no sweat about that, but he needs someone to do his book for him. Robert McMillan and B.L. Stewart could have fit the bill but only the Devil knows where either of them are now. I hope to see Adkins in about three weeks or so and tell him personally what I think of his comic strip.

((Did he tell you Dan? Actually, Claude, and the rest of you, Both Dan and I expect TWIG ILLOED to carry the comment that it is no more than SATA under new naming. However, take a good look at the material--it can't be said that the material is the same. And, the art isn't the same, either, if you take a good look. The reproduction of the zine, however is the same.))

LYNN A. HICKMAN, 304 N. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

TWIG Illustrated was real great!! Artwork extra good. Am glad to see Adkins as your art editor. He's real good in the illo field and is doing a nice job on the cartoon strip. Liked everything about this issue, Guy, and hope you will continue in the same vein with future issues.

((Included Lynn's comment since it was the general opinion of most of the readers. They like the zine the way it is progressing--and it is progressing.))

rich brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California.

Dick Lupoff did some fine word-twisting, most of which I find hard to understand. So I'll give with one, too; Wrai Bal-

lard is in OUT, and OUT is in so much that Wrai is in, but out.

For some reason, I never really seem to agree with Dan Adkins' reviews. He seems to like and dislike about the same zines that I do, generally, but his reviews, at least, don't come out the way I would think of putting things. Like, this one bit "... makes with the jokes on this mess he and Richard Brown have nerve enough to ask two bits for..." is objectional in two ways, to me. Firstly, the name has been Rich Brown for all but two or three things I've ever written. Nobody, except my mother, calls me Richard to my face and gets away with it. Secondly, I had nothing whatsoever to do with the editing of this, or any other, EQUATION. Ech, as I fondly daundamndoubledamn call it, was once going to be my zine, but I gave the title to Stanbery for his use. I published eight or so pages of the 64 page monster on my machine, the rest was done by Stanbery on his own machine. I wrote a few things for it, one bit about six months ago, which wasn't real bad, but wasn't particularly good, either, and another well over a year ago, that was hack, hack, hackhackhack,

and worse.

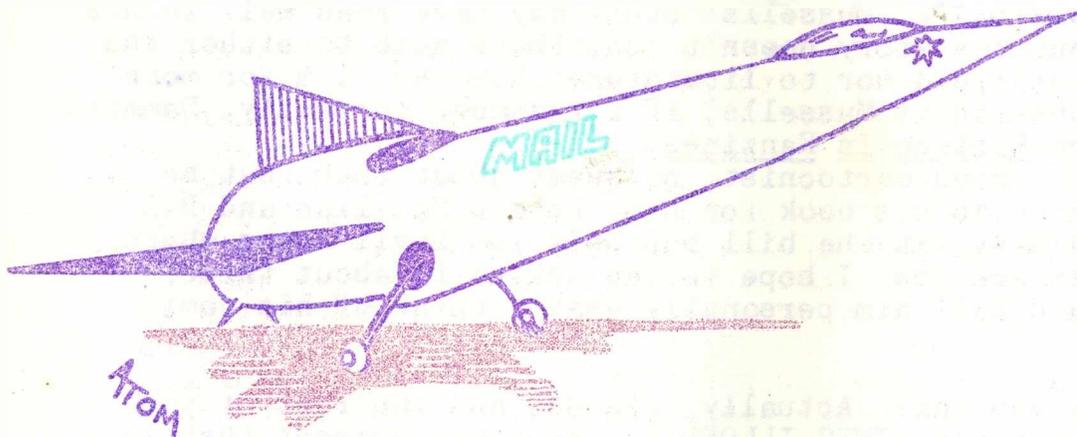
I loved that Reamy cartoon "Everyday, in every way..." etc.

I don't agree with you on fan history. Nobody can say just what fandom it is, and say, "That's fact," because a

"fandom" has not yet been defined, so it's 90% guess. And it's fun to guess.

I most especially don't agree with you that "Kent Moomaw is getting a lot of hoorah that he didn't deserve." Kent was recognized, before his death, as a damned good critic. It was obvious that he put a lot of thought behind what he said, something very few people did. Kent's critiques in this class, stood alone for that merit; he said what he believed--another thing that doesn't and hadn't happened much before or after him. Believe me, whatever is said about Kent, as far as his good qualities went, he worked hard for, and deserves them.

((For once and for all, I want to get this thing I said on Moomaw straightened out. I'm sick of the whole thing and pretty disgusted with certain elements of fandom that think I'm being an ogre for saying things that I said to Kent. I said, and I still maintain, that Kent was a developing writer and could have gone far. The point that he deserved all the praise he got if taken both ways is fine. You guys that insist on reading things into what



I write can go to hell, or get yourself a pair of glasses so you can read the printed page for what it is. And, have the courtesy to keep your mouth shut on what I said unless you can produce every damn letter I wrote to Kent. You accuse me of dragging Kent through the mire when it is just the opposite when you insist on putting words into my, and others, mouths that were never meant. Now, let this be the end of the argument. My mind is not changeable on the subject.))

TOM REAMY, 4047 Herschel, Dallas 19, Texas.

The new TWIG is terrific. Despite what you say, though, it does look a great deal like SATA. The personality is entirely different, of course. I guess with Adkins doing the layout, a resemblance is inevitable.

TERWILLIGER THE FAN MACHINE is moderately clever, but it'll never become a cherished memory. Rich has a few lines that are gems, but it's too long.

A PRIMER TO THE IN'S AND OUT'S is a ridiculous waste of 5 pages, so I guess I'm out.

LEAVES. Dan's reviews are adequate but not very penetrating, if any of the things are worth penetrating.

A POCKET FULL OF STONES. A little mild compared to Lars' usual neurotic ramblings. As a matter of fact, he is almost coherent except the barracks bit at the first. I've decided that Lars is a terrific writer, if he would just use more length and a little purpose. His mood and character sketches are fabulous, but are usually too incoherent for the reader to give them the attention they deserve. I wish he would write a story with a beginning, middle and an end. Only really off-beat characters make a lasting impression on a reader (me at least). Sturgeon hasn't had a sane character since the year one. Neither has Faulkner, for instance. Lars could do it. Who could forget anyone in "More Than Human"?

"Here Are The Skies, The Planets Seven". The writing is extremely good, but the story is nothing. I didn't know Mussells could write that well. And what on earth has the title got to do with anything?

BOOBY is very strange. The artwork is, naturally, unapproachable, but the story is somewhat on the infantile side. Here we have this terrific conflict between the Sartans and the Vatas. Why? There's a clue when the emperor says, "Naturally, I can't share your religious beliefs...", but nothing more. Surely there's more to it than that. Who are the Zontas? The Sartans were emancipated from them, but are fighting a battle to see who can plant the most corpses with the Vatas. Very confusing. Isn't Booby a little bit too visible to creep around and spy on anybody? Maybe the next installment will clear things up a little.

TWIG has at last corrected its major weakness, the artwork. If the fannish fire in Boise doesn't dwindle, there should be Big Things ahead.

((Some interesting things on Moomaw were cut from this letter. In deference to White and a few others, they are cut from all



the following letters. In reference to your comment on what did the title have to do with the story--tell me, just what, in these times, do most titles have for the story they appear on? The fannish ire in Boise die? Not for awhile, I think. Have just joined SAPS, starting in the N'APA, and planning a companion volume to BOF called "This is My Best." Does that sound like I'm about to gaffiate?))

GEORGE NIMS RAYBIN, 1326 Grand Concourse, New York 56, N.Y.

I just finished reading a Primer to the In's and Out's of Fandom by Dick Lupoff and I don't know whether to be happy or sad. I am out. So be it. But is this good or bad? Would I be better off being in? or better off staying out? Part of this dilemma is easy to understand. Some of the outs I am proud to be

associated with; others I could do without very well. As to the ins, a similar reaction takes place. I wouldn't be caught dead with some of the ins; others are the innest with me. According to the primer, if I want in, then I am out. But suppose I don't want in, do I have to become in anyway? Here in the swamp, one of my friends is neither in nor out. Frenchie (the turtle) is actually only peeking. Then, there is the deacon who is always in everything but at the same time is always out of luck. I could go on--but I have run out of palm leaves.

POGO, as told to George Nims Raybin in a moment of intense weakness.

((Tell me, Pogo, when is the dog going to find out he isn't a butterfly? Did so enjoy that scene where he roiled up in the rug as a cocoon.))

BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida.

The artwork, of course, takes first prize in the issue. In fact, when it comes to Booby it's too bad the story was added to the art-- or rather, subtracted from it.

I enjoyed Rich Brown's story and Lupoff's article most. of the material itself. I'm surprised Rich didn't give the Jailer of South-  
ern Fandom a name--he's Dave Jenrette, SFAPAn 3rd. He lives in Miami,

so of course, he has charge of the Keys. And do I detect an unnamed name on the prexy of N. Fandom?

I don't believe that Adkinsillo next to Koning's letter.

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, California.

"A Primer to the In's and Out's of Fandom" was highly entertaining, and the best thing in the issue. Whether I agree with it or not, I don't dare say. Let's say that I agree with some of it. That sounds safe enough.

I like the way Rich Brown ran the transitions in his story, such as: "Captured? Good Ghu!" followed by asterisks and "Captured? Good Ghu!" in another voice, changing the scene but not the subject.

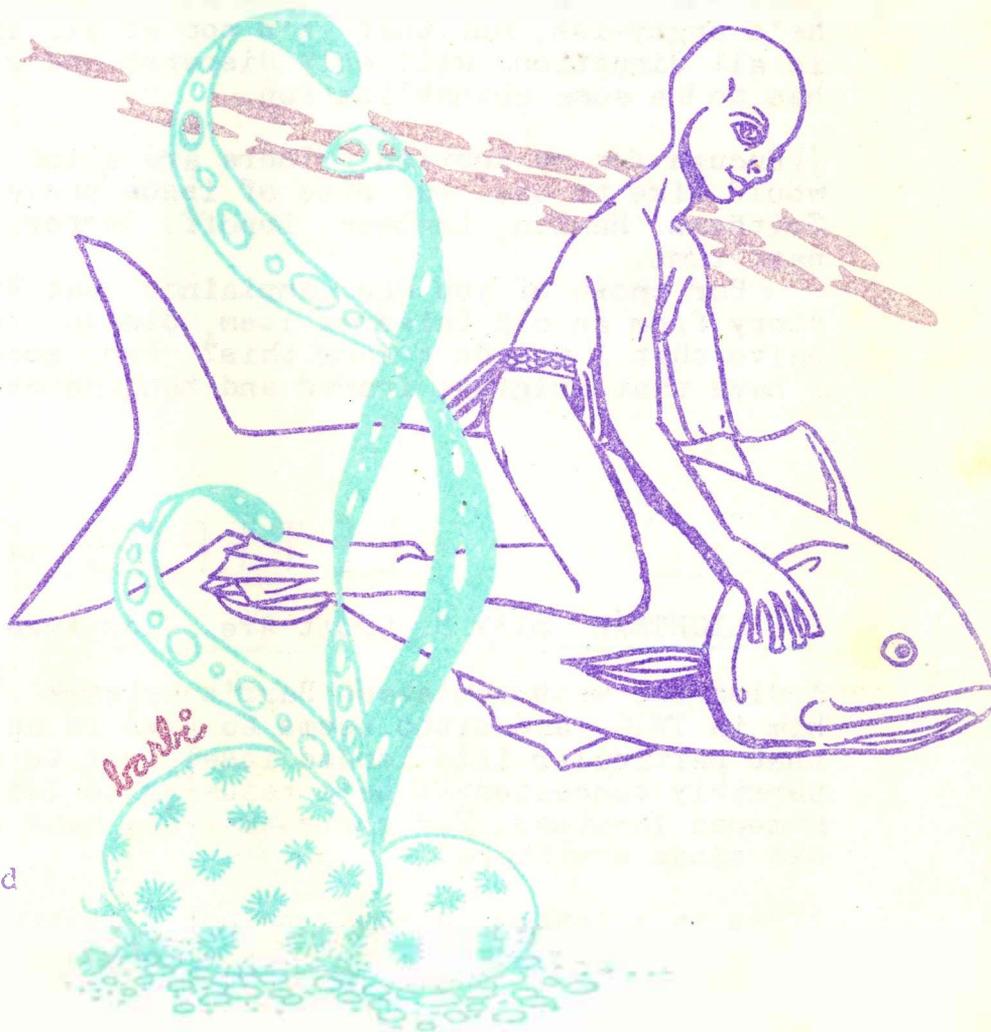
I won't agree with those who say that fan fiction is bad simply because it hasn't sold to the prozines. It might be bad, but is not automatically so for that reason. There are faults in fan fiction, but so there are in published stories. I can't pretend to be a critic, but to generalize, I'd say most fan fiction suffers from a shortage of fresh ideas--which is strange --you'd think fans would have radical ideas, though be unable to express them in good writing.

The comic is lousy, but the artwork is great.

((And, fan fiction suffers, I think, from the fact that few, if any, fan-eds are willing to give the author enough room to write a story that can have a beginning, an end, plus that vital middle part. I even find it hard to let one story have that much room and not feel guilty that I'm cheating the reader by not having more items in an issue.))

JOHN TRIMBLE (and I can't find his new address and I just mailed him a card last night.)

TWIG Illustrated is here. Aside from the name change, the first thing I noticed



in this issue was the cleaned up contents page; a welcome change. The format of TWIG has (and is) improved quite a bit, Guy, and I believe that Dan'l will keep it doing so.

As for Dan's work. Adkins' art-work is probably about the best in the fmz at the present; don't think anyone can dispute that. But I hope he gets better fiction if this comic strip idea is to be continued. I'd love to see a good fannish comic strip, but I don't think Dan would be the best artist for such a thing (Bjo or Atom, there).

Probably the two most memorable things (for me) in the issue were the Atom and Reamy cartoons. Atom's monster with the Hula Hoop, and Reamy's FAPA Waiting Lister. I've chuckled over these since I first glimpsed them, and will probably continue to do so. (Oh, that sublime happiness on the Monster's face as he rotates that hoop. Fabulous.)

I'm probably out, but Dick Lupoff's "Primer" was simply great. Greah horse laughs were heard all about as this was read. (Bjo read it aloud to a group of us who were putting out Shaggy #41, and came the laughs.)

Somehow, I think Rich Brown got lost toward the end, but still, somehow, "Terwilleger the Fan Machine" was pretty good fan fiction. Now, if Rich were a Carl Brandon... (He'd be several people?)

"Pocket Full of Stones" leaves me even more confused as to just what Lars is trying to do with this column. I still believe he's angry-ish, but that it's not at all in focus. Striking out in all directions will only disperse one's energy, Larry; there has to be some channelization.

((Enough for my section. There are a lot of others that I would like to use, but size of issue prevents this. So, Barr, Scithers, Hamlin, Lambeck, Lupoff, Gerber, and on and on, maybe next time.

For those of you who complained that Rich Brown stole his story from an old Universe item, did you really think me so naive that I wouldn't know this? And, good Ghu, don't you think I have that original framed and hanging over my bed?))

## LETTERS TO DAN'L:

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.

I disagree with you about Barr's artwork. There was one cut by him in TWIG, and ditto seems to give it an added touch. Shame that particular illo lended itself not to color. And Barr sounds terribly conceited if he's refusing to let his art appear in mimeoed fanzines. For chrissake, how many dittoed and photo-off-set zines are there?

(This is a letter in reply to one written by Clod Hall using

Art LEE's name. Art passed it on to me Bob, and here's Barr about working in zines. Does he really sound conceited?)

GEORGE BARR, 2480 South 5th East St., Salt Lake City 6, Utah.

I have no objection to appearing in other zines, but I don't want to get in so deep that I can't spend the time an illustration deserves. Also, I only want to be in those that can publish my work just as I do it - like ditto, multityp, off-set, etc. I think I'll steer clear of mimeo and the like. This egoboo you speak of, is a term I'm not familiar with. It sounds like a contraction of ego boosting. I'd be lying if I said that wasn't one of my reasons for wanting my work published. But I'm far more concerned with quality than quantity. While I'm not a professional yet, I hope to be some day and I don't want things appearing now that I'd be ashamed to claim later on.

(That straighten you out Bob Lichtman?)

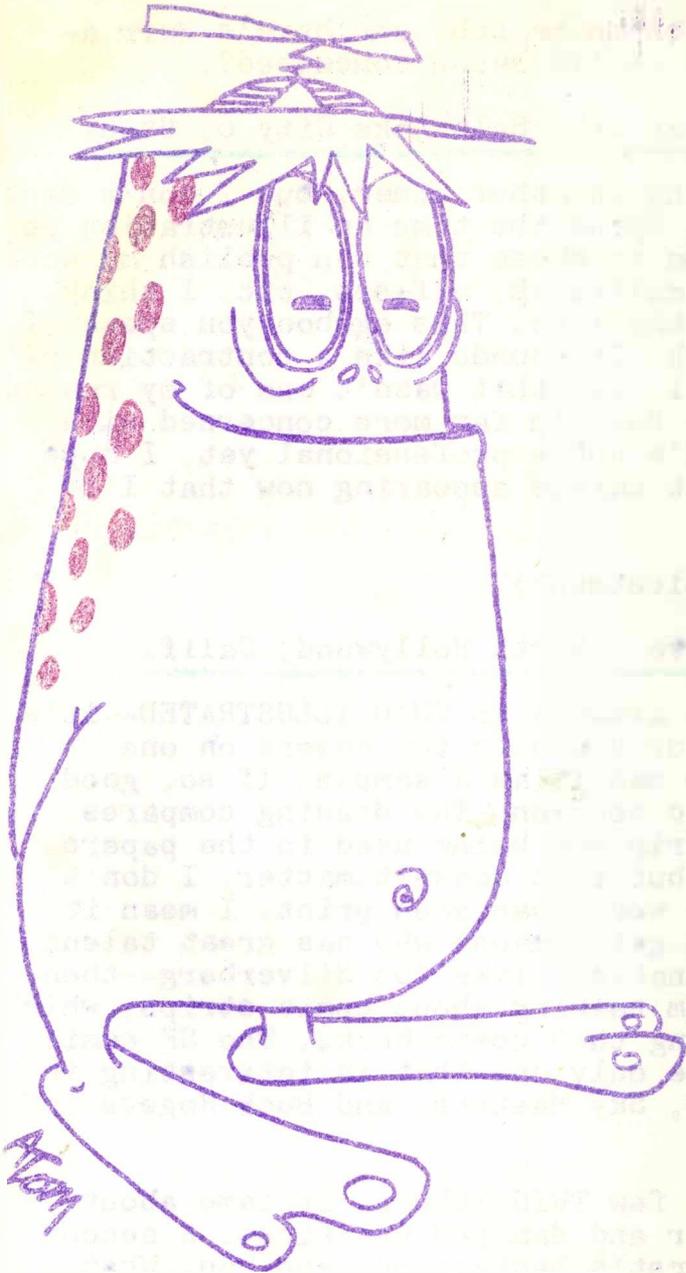
DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

I would like to comment on the artwork in TWIG ILLUSTRATED--it's tremendous. Don't see why Guy or you used two covers on one issue, but maybe you wanted to use it as a sample. If so, good luck, especially with the comic section. The drawing compares favorably with any SF comic strip now being used in the papers. The written material is ecch, but that doesn't matter. I don't mean it doesn't matter because worse has seen print. I mean it doesn't matter because you can get someone who has great talent and especially a fertile imagination--like Bob Silverberg--then you could really go places. I'm talking about comic strips, which I believe are far more rewarding than comic books. The SF comic strip today is pretty dull. The only one that is interesting in plot is Superman. Flash Gordon, Sky Masters, and Buck Rogers (of late) are nothings.

(The two covers were on only a few TWIG ILLO's. It came about when Guy had trouble with paper and damaged the first. A second was done, using some of the first's background, and run. What copies of the first came out good were used, therefore the two covers on some copies. BOBBY was my first attempt at a comic and the story was written in the usual comic way, not very adult. We have a strip coming up written by Ed Hannibal called SHOULDER THE SKY. He's a college writer, and fair better than myself. The story is not science fiction but of life itself today. You'll find it presented in brand new layout and a different Adkins-style. Not comic book art.)

MR. and MRS. HALLIE ADKINS, Rt. #2, East Liverpool, Ohio

Is your work different from that you were doing when you were there before? Are you planning on going to school again? How about the fanzines? I wouldn't quit them altogether but not



put so much time in on them. I'm glad you got such a nice place. Was disappointed because Janette wasn't coming here. I hope you change your mind for I think it's every Mother's wish and dream to see her first child married, but you do what is best.

(Hi Mom, Dad. Bet I'm the only 22 year old child in fandom, outside of Ted White, who must be older. Yeah, my job is a bit different. Think Guy's printing a bit in his editorial about it all. Nope, not going to school. No loot, no time, no interest. Except maybe nude classes. You know I was only kidding about quitting fanzines. Sure you do and I'm not over working myself. I get four hours of sleep each night. Janette and I still will be married here in June. Guess her Mother feels as bad as you Mom. Janette's never been out of Arizona and taking a 3,000 mile jump is going to worry her Mother. These women will do anything to marry a BNF fan boy! Don't anyone dare tell her I'm not one and spoil it all, now!)

JUANITA COULSON, 105 Stitt St.,  
Wabash, Indiana

The TWIG ILLUSTRATED is recently arrived and drooled over.

You have done a dandy job, Dan. Taking your artists one by one, Bourne and Irey left me cold, with the exception of Irey in the letter column. Your work is top notch all the way as usual, and Pearson's stuff comes off well. Reamy I'm indifferent to. Cameron does far better work for ditto than he does for mineo- those thick lines simply do not reproduce well on stencil, but they come off very well in ditto process. Thompson, Barr, Scithers and Gilbert all do their best stuff.

The comic strip idea of yours is a dandy...I've often yearned to do a comic strip myself and even went to the trouble of doing a complete book by hand when I was in high school. Pity there isn't any market for a fan artist produced monthly comic book. Some of the artists could supply their own sequence ideas, and

I'm sure there are plenty of writers itching to do that sort of work if they couldn't think of the continuity.

(Thanks for commenting on each artist. That helps me pick work. Err..Juanita don't be too surprized if within a few months a complete comic zine does hit fandom. Not from Guy or me, but there has been one in the making by an editor for half a year now. Just hope it's finished one of these days.)

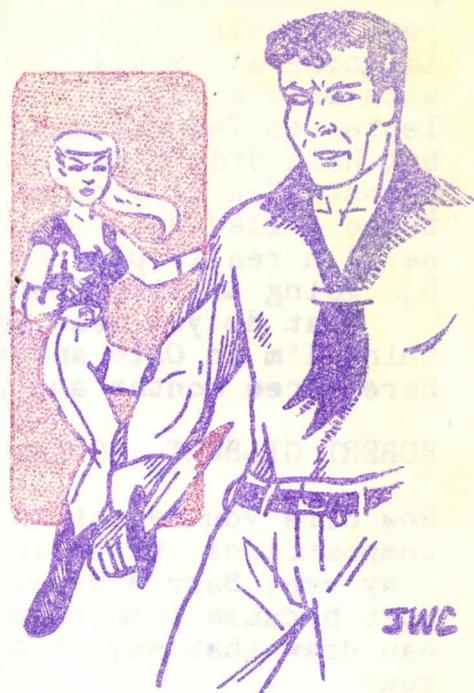
ROD FRYE, 712 W. Franklin St., Richmond  
20, Virginia

Thank you for some good criticism. What you say is true: OMEGA isn't fannish, and the fiction used does pull it down because the people who write it aren't as good as they should be, and then editing takes away from the story. I had the mistaken idea that to run a lot of fiction would help a lot of the people write better by having it published and then getting criticism on it, but it seems that things don't work out like that. I'm going to have a nice long talk with the others who have a say in OMEGA and consider changing the content all together: don't know yet what the format to go into next, but it will be somewhat different and most likely minus the fiction.

Guess I should go into the point and see just how wrong I am. I still think LEE is a pseudonym and Hall too for that matter and have strong suspicions of you and Pearson writing that letter. I noticed that a good bit of it matched the way Pearson writes. This may be the wrong idea, but that's what I think, but then it doesn't really matter who wrote it. They were right, except for the bit about all of it in OMEGA being written by the same person.

Have they really got a NEW YORK in Ohio?

(Am glad to see you take criticism so well and agree with me. Note: see review of OMEGA in LEAVES. This is getting to be very confusing on Art being real. Ted White thinks I do the drawing, and true, I ink some of the pencil roughs of Art's. He also thinks Clod Hall does the writing and it was Hall who wrote you the letter using Art's name, but Art knew nothing till he got your letter. You think it's Pearson and me. Pearson knew of the letter and so did I, but we didn't write it or even help. Hall sat down and knocked off about 12 letters one night using Art's name and that's that. Ted White came up, found Hall acting as LEE, and found out that it was really Hall by checking out his story. Then he claims LEE's a hoax. But, you don't even believe in Hall and I told you he was Editor of MUZZY, which has been



around 18 issues. You shock me with not hearing of Hall who has been around for years in fanzines. LEE has been around for half a year himself. And the fact of the matter is that LEE sits back laughing at us all. The night Ted came around he was out necking with some girl, while Hall played games. You see, Hall had sent a letter to Ted while writing everyone and got Ted a bit mad at Art, but Hall didn't care cause of being over six foot at some 200 pounds. You'll find me about half that, and I'll be damn if I care to be called Hall or LEE. Besides, next I'm afraid some one will say I'm really playing another hoax and am Bjo Wells, and how is Bjo going to like that?

What do you mean have they really got New York in Ohio? You think I'm in Ohio and get mail in New York? Man, like I've been here three months and you really are confused!)

ROBERT GILBERT, 509 West Main St., Honesboro, Tenn.

How dare you reject these matchless renderings, these flawless compositions, these incredible imaginings? How's this for modesty?

Wy yes, Barr's drawings looked all right, but I'm not impressed just because someone puts a million dots in a picture. Most anyone can draw that way if they take the time. I've done it, haven't you?

Did you ever get in touch with Reamy? Sometimes I wonder if he'd send my drawings back if I asked him. Maybe Pearson could use them in SATA. No, I don't suppose he would. Nobody does. Everything is by Adkins. I got YANDRO. Cover by Adkins. I got AMRA. Cover by Adkins. It's sickening.

"Art and Camera" finally woke up and bought that other article. That makes three they have on hand.

What does a fanzine need with an art-editor, anyhow? Do you have to put all the pictures on stencils and masters, or something like that? You did a good job of tracing my drawings. You keep that up and someday you'll be another Juanita Coulson. What kind of comic section is this where folks say damn and perform horrible tortures? You certainly don't subscribe to the comics code, or whatever it is. Your women have bosoms, too, which is forbidden in comic books. I liked your drawing on page...there aren't no page numbers! It's the middle of a letter by John Coning. It's not fantastic except in certain aspects, but I thought it was good.

(Robert speaks of Barr's art in SATA, and yes I've done that sort of thing. But like I haven't all the time now a days. See following Reamy letter to answer your question Bob. Also following that is a letter from the same people who put out ART AND CAMERA. You didn't think you'd sneak into a prozine and get away from my art did you? I is everywhere, son. Don't light it. Yes, I put the art on master, and a bit more. All the lettering is done free hand by ye' art ed, and the layouts. Also writing good artists like yourself and getting together over beer with pros like Arch Goodwin to discuss layout and art. Arch works for REDBOOK magazine, and I'm still serious Bob when I say, come on up huh? This is the place for artists man! I don't mean becoming some pro magazine illustrator; I mean getting together with other artists and really discovering art.

Me Juanita Coulson next? Like man Ted White says I'm Art LEE, Ron Frye says I'm Clod Hall...what is this, huh? What is this?)

TOM REAMY, 4047 Herschel, Dallas 19, Texas

I've decided to bury CRIFANAC, but not to cease publishing. When I get another issue out, it will be with a new title, new format, new direction, same old editor, but maybe I'll be a little different, too. You haven't lost the artwork by long shot. It will be in the first issue. I've decided on a completely new zine because of lapse of time since the last issue and the fact it was connected with Mosher. I've had two issues to practice with. I think it'll be an improvement.

I can think of nothing I'd like better than living in New York. That is, with a good job, of course. It would be nice to be in a fannish area. The fans in Dallas are mostly creeps and the ones I like are ex-fans. At the moment, the Benfords are the only active ones and they've made sort of a High Eschelon, Inner-Circle deal with Ted White on VOID so I don't know what's going on. Personally, the Benfords are nice kids, but fannish-wise they gripe me. They're accepted you know. I haven't seen them since the con in July when they agreed to put in an appearance, mostly to show off Kent Moomaw, but didn't participate.

(Shhh...don't let Robert Gilbert hear I'm in your new zine. He'll surely have a nervous break down. Seriously, wish you all the luck with your coming effort. Ted White has moved into New York fandom so you might as well stay there. I don't associate with New York fandom. When they finally learn to grow up, I might force myself to accept them...actually they've been pretty good to me. Bell Dietz has been good enough to ask Bill and I to dinner to save us from our own cooking at least one night. Then they invite me to their get togethers. One of these times I'll get around to going. I just like to joke about them. New York fandom, I'll behave. Honest. Don't put me down and cut out.)

CAMERARTS PUBLISHING CO., INC., 3755 West Armitage Ave., Chicago  
47, Ill.

We have just completed an article lay-out using six of your drawings. The article will appear in the Autumn issue of FIGURE ART magazine which will be on the stands late in July. Our check for these drawings is enclosed. The one remaining drawing is returned herewith. We would have liked to use this one also, but could not fit it into the layout.

We would like to see more of your artwork. Perhaps you could think up some unusual themes for a series of drawings which we could make into an article.

(Ghod, Ted White will put a hex on me for printing such an egoboo letter. Gosh what will I do? This letter really shows the power of a fanzine boy! Last issue we printed a letter from MEN'S DIGEST, which is published by the same co., and I said in reply: "You might remind the editor of CAMERA ARTS, around there in one of those



offices, that I have money due me for seven drawings she accepted sometime back." I sent them to the magazine over a year or more ago and nothing. Then Guy sends them TWIG ILLUSTRATED with the printed letter and soon, bing bang, check. I did the same sort of thing in SATA and Ray Palmer sends check. What power these fanzines carry boy!)

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 682,  
Stanford, Calif.

Incidentally, the original of the comic strip you're doing in TWIG is probably lots older than you realize; the story seems to be derived from the Jewish folktales of the GOLEM, a magically activated automation built by the working Rabbis to protect and avenge Jews. And that tale, which dates back to the middle ages

and to Bohemia, is probably based on the Biblical account of the plagues that were visited on the Egyptians and which resulted in the exodus, and which in turn was probably based on some other tale, Yahweh knows how many years before that. I am a bit disappointed at the strip, not that it isn't as good as any commercial strip, but because you don't take advantage of the specialized audience you are writing and drawing for, and the relative lack of censorship, to produce something that is substantially different from the run-of-the-press comic strip. Two minor details I particularly quarrel with: the term "Middle Ages of the Planet Verra", and "The Passover Feast of the Sartans", both of which terms simply cause confusion with just what you meant to say, and what the terms have to do with their earthly counterparts. Also=people who have good enough machine shops to produce trucks and pistols and mechanical devices aren't going to try doing street fighting with swords. Daggers, yes, but not swords=they are ill adapted to close fighting with practical, semi-automatic hand guns are available.

As for the plot, it seems to me at this time that logical development is: Beautiful wife bashes down door to attic, turns on BOOBY, fearfully begs it to go and rescue Hender, BOOBY smashes dungeons, kills dastardly Emperor, just before 1. Emperor does something really painful with that dagger or 2. Hender reveals all=and then either 1. the good, younger brother of the Emperor takes the throne, announces there will be no more persecution, or 2. A revolt is led which sweeps a democracy into power, also ending persecution.

(Thank you for the good criticism and detailed comments. BOOBY is from the story GOLEM, and my version tends to be confusing no doubt. We'll get better as we go along with this comic business. See the comic itself to find how close your guesses came as to the ending.)

## LETTER TO GUY & DAN

BRIAN DONAHUE, 18775 Crane Ave., Castro Valley, California

Everytime I get something from you I get groggy. You sir, are an artist. Each and every zine that comes from your ditto machine is a work of true perfection. And every time I receive one of your zines I really go a little off base (mentally). I fill up with a deep rich warmth, a calm settles over my entire being. I become glad I am a fan, I realize the great privilege it is to receive one of your undoubtably wonderful fan publications. Someday, lord, you will meet your master mark my words. But until that day your zines will rate number one with me. #Now I don't want to sound like a perpetual emotion machine, it seems, however that with TWIG I have no choice, it is just plain great. And now while there's still some truth in my words I'll quit this subject.

((Fooled all of you--that artist bit threw you off, didn't it? Well, that part of the letter was addressed "Dear Twig", meaning Guy.))

Dear Dan'l Adkins

You're great, someday I'll be as great as you I know, I feel it. But for the present I'd be content just being a fan artist. So all this ego building is just a prelude to my plea for your acceptance of what few meager drawings I may make so bold to send you...Ghod I feel poetic today.

I don't want to send you something you can't use and I'm sure you'd like something that would blend with the whole zine, as you've planned it.

(?) ((How can he answer? He hasn't even seen the letter until now.))

And that about winds up the old letter col for this issue. It's been fun, for me, anyway, since I like seeing the letters that Dan gets on the zine and watching which ones he gu (now how can I think of a word that means the same as 'gets' which begins with 'gu' to cover up that typo?)(ghod, it wasn't even supposed to be 'gets' it was supposed to be 'uses') in the column.

We both want your comments on the comic strip idea. As Dan points out, BOOBY ends this time and a 'fannish' type strip will be in the next issue. The comic is an experiment on our part and we seriously want all criticism on it--good or bad.

Remember to order your copy of THE BEST OF FANDOM-'58 from Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho. Only 75¢!

Things have really gone the way of the late with this ish. Just couldn't seem to get it underway and it is with a great sigh of relief that I put it to bed.

Time has been the most objectionable factor. Not only am I working part time at the Beverage Store, but Diane and I are also building that much needed new house. (Complete with "fanroom" so that I don't have to put all this stuff away after a session of fanning. The house takes up a full time job on my part. No, I don't get paid for building my own house. What I earn just goes to help defray the cost of the house. I could have had a pay check each payday, but what the hell, it would just mean turning it right back and having to pay income tax on it at the same time.

Consider, also, that I've been in the throes of getting the new N3F apa, N<sup>v</sup>APA, off the ground and sending out the first mailing. Same went out day before yesterday--this being July 13.

Top it off with my joining SAPS and having to get a zine into that group for the July 15th mailing and you have a pretty good idea of what has happened to this issue of TWIG.

Most important, though, was the trip to the WESTERCON in Seattle.

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #15 July  
Volume III Number 1

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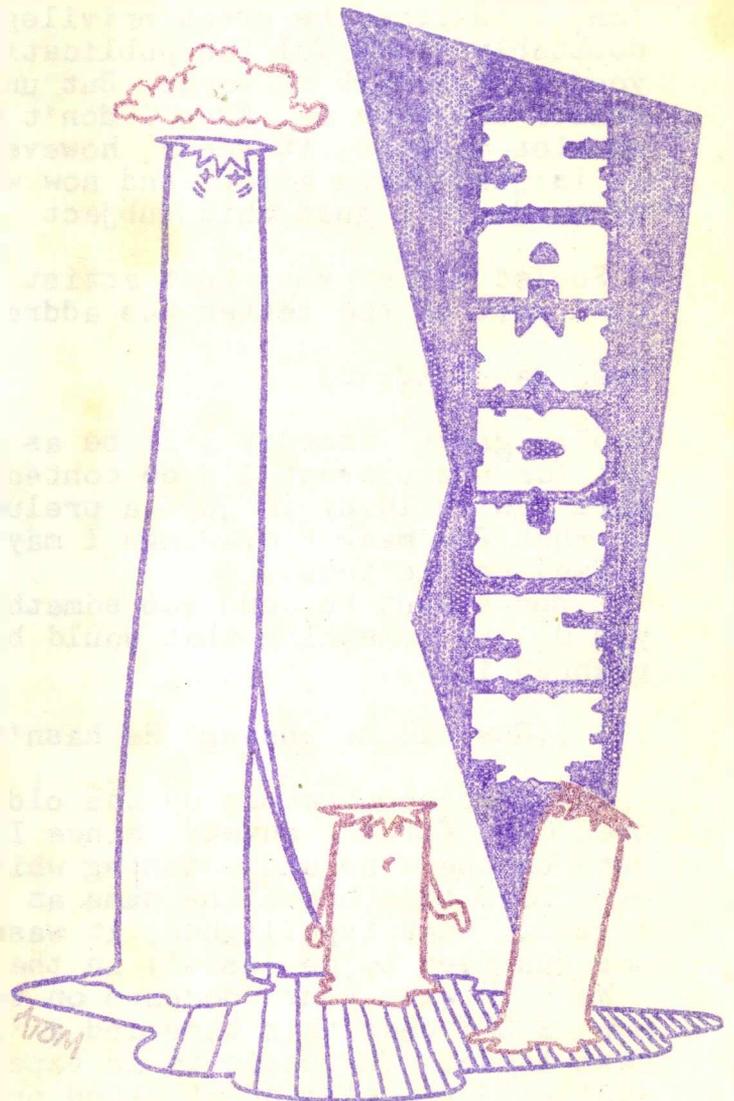
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A TWIG PUBLICATION



...AND SO, I HAVE DECIDED TO PUBLISH YOUR FANZINE FOR YOU AND BRING YOU TO GREATNESS"



ALL HE HAD ON HIM WAS A DOGTAG ASKING HIM TO BE RETURNED TO DWIGHT WAY

A full report of this will be carried in the next issue. Most interesting part of the trip, though, was that at least I now have a part time fan wife. Diane enjoyed herself no end up there and caused one of the main events of my fannish life to come about by just being there. You'll find BAREFOOT BOY WITH WIFE giving out with all the details next issue.

Also, next issue, will be an article by Gregg Calkins and one by Miriam Carr. Both are good and worth waiting to read. Next issue, by the way, if Dan and I can do it, will be out the end of August to sort of catch up on the laxity of thish.

At this writing, many of the things said up in the front of the zine are out of order. Ted White and I are not feuding. We didn't like the idea of a feud and have straightened things out between us. Comment, if you will, on what I have to say on the subject, but I won't guarantee to print them in the lettercol next issue. Still would like opinions on the subject, though.

## TERRY CARR FOR TAFF

You see a great many zines carrying the above slogan, and, until now, TWIG was one of them. You don't often find the editor of the zine giving his reasons for supporting a given candidate.

Why would I support Terry Carr for TAFF? It's a good question. One with various answers.

I've never met Terry, how, then, would I know he was a good fan for TAFF. Simple, when you look at it. Through the brief contacts I've had with Terry, I can say he is one fan I would certainly like to meet. His personality is imposing. He certainly must be classified as an outstanding fan from his work on FANAC, the zine I pick to take this years best award. His Carl Brandon items have given pleasure to hundreds of fans the world over.

Doesn't it seem logical, then, that if a number of us US fen would like to meet Terry so would a number of overseas fen also have this desire. He could do no less than be an excellent ambassador for us.

So, if you haven't voted, send that ballot in now with your 50¢ ((\$1 is much easier to send!)) to Robert Al Madle, 3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis 18, Indiana. December 31 is the deadline.

# PUCON

IN '61

No, that wasn't the last page of writing. Oh, sure, it was supposed to be, but I goofed and ran a page that should have been somewhere else and this is the end result. Terwilliger does make mistakes, no doubt of that.

Anyway, it gives me a chance to support the PUCON in '61.

Have seen a few reports on the subject already and must say that they haven't changed my mind one bit on the subject. I think it rather ridiculous to say that it would be bad to have a World Convention in Seattle in '61 just because the World's Fair is to be held in that city the same year. I would be inclined to think such a doubling up would have a good effect on the Con. Fen could take a real vacation: go early, enjoy the fair, then attend the convention. Certainly having the SOLACON in the LA area didn't hamper the convention, even if a few of the fen did take in Disneyland. No, the argument doesn't hold much water.

Also, after the Westecon this year, I'm more inclined to favor that site over any other that might come into serious running against Seattle. THE NAMELESS ONES, inspired by the Busby's, Weber, Toskey, etc., could do a marvelous job of presenting a world gathering.

Without a doubt, SEATTLE is the thinking man's choice for the 1961 World Convention.

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Would like to call to your attention a forthcoming zine from Clayton Hamlin called THE TERRAN DAILY GAZETTE. From the bits of it that I have seen in Clayton's small-zine THE ODD ONE, it promises to be an interesting addition to the fan field. For more information on the subject you should contact Clayton at: 28 Earle Avenue, Bangor, Maine.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

P.F. Skeberdis\*  
P.O. Box 21,  
Big Rapids, Michigan

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Colorado

\*Lest you forget, P.F. is formerly of  
CRAPO STREET!

IN '60

# WASHINGTON

And still more SAWDUST!

No, I have no special reason for backing Washington, it just came to mind that I would like to see that part of the country. I won't get to it, nor will I get to the PUCON in Seattle, our schools take up during convention time and they are most reluctant to let a teacher miss out on opening days for a science fiction convention.

I'm not bothering to make corrections tonight--and dammit, don't you dare mention that I didn't correct all of them before in the issue after promising to do so---TWIG, the fanzine that promises to make corrections---since I've spent the day nailing down 1700 square feet of sub-flooring on the new house. Strangely enough, it isn't my hands that hurt, but my feet. No, I don't nail with my feet. It's just that I'm not used to being down on hands and knees all day.

That reminds me: I did read about a lady (?) once who had no arms and actually did eat with her feet. It's nothing to laugh at, I know, but I always wondered what kind of clothes she wore to the table.

There will be more, much more, about the splurb at the bottom of this page. If interested, be sure to get on our mailing list for all bulletins as they come out.

In the time it is taking me to do these two pages, I could have had half of the remaining ones run off. As Diane says, instead of re-running one page, I'm typing two more to add to the postage.

THE 1960

WESTERCON

POW

WCW

BOISE, IDAHO

FROM) guy terwilleger, 412 ALBRIGHT ST. BOISE, IDAHO

TO: Joy & Vincent Clark  
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